

"ZABRISKI POINT"

Written by

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Sam Shepard and Tonino Guerra
and Clare Peploe.

Story by Michelangelo Antonioni

CHARACTERS

Daria

Mark

Morty

Lawyer

Bill

FADE IN:

A-28 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

A-28

Mark and Bill travel through various sections of Los Angeles;
Mark behind the wheel of his pick-up truck.

M-28 EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

M-28

Mark and Bill approach an intersection and Mark spots
something in the sky, pulls over to the curb, gets out and
reacts:

MARK
It's an SR-71.

BILL
A bomber?

MARK
(as he gets back in)
No. It's a reconnaissance.

They pull out.

Scs. 1, 1A, 1B OMITTED Sequence omitted from original script.

A-3 INT. MARK'S TRUCK EN ROUTE TO CAMPUS - DAY

A-3

Mark is driving, Bill is filling out a mimeographed, "Own
Recognizance" form.

MARK
What's that?

BILL
It's an O R form in case of a mass
bust. They release you faster if
you've filled one out in advance.

Bill offers an extra form to Mark, who doesn't take it. He
leaves one on the seat.

MARK
"Be prepared." Is that your slogan?

BILL
Well, you've got to be realistic
about...

MARK
(interrupting)
The day you don't count on losing is
the day I'll join the movement.

(CONTINUED)

A-3 CONTINUED:

A-3

BILL

What if joining isn't a matter of choice? For some people it's a matter of survival.

MARK

That's what I mean.

BILL

(confused)

What?

MARK

It's serious, it's not a game.

Bill nods, as if to say "thanks for the advice" - gets out. Before he closes the door he leans in and says:

BILL

Well, anyway, our line's gonna be in front of the Administration Building all day.

MARK

Yeah, well maybe.

Bill gives him a salute, then slams the door. Mark drives off.

SCENES 2, 3, 4, OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

POLICE SERGEANT

(through a megaphone)

It is my duty to inform you that this group constitutes an unlawful assembly. You are ordered to disperse immediately.

The students turn as a squad of police advances toward their rally area, then halts. Close ups contrast the fright and rigidity of the police with the informality and youth of the students. The police are wearing riot helmets with plastic vizors; they all hold riot-clubs (extra-long billies); pistols sag from one side of their belts, cans of mace from the other.

The black students, who now position themselves in a line facing the cops, arms linked, are dressed variously in dashikis, ivy-league clothes, Panther outfits (black leather jackets, berets). There are a few hippies among the whites, and a few faculty members in suits; but New Left types predominate in their pea-coats, fatigue jackets, depression-era caps. One white student carries a sign that says "No Class Today, No Ruling Class Tomorrow."

(CONTINUED)

A-3 CONTINUED: (2)

A-3

Another wears an Army field jacket

5 INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

5

A sergeant mans the information desk just inside the main entrance to the station. A few other officers are behind him running the switchboard, doing desk work. The office itself is modern, well-lit, well laid out.

NOTE: typing Effects over scene.

The sergeant ignores Mark for a few seconds, then looks up.

SERGEANT
(over mike)
"1-15-1, you're clear, continue
patrol"

SERGEANT
(noticing Mark)
Yes?

MARK
A friend of mine was arrested this
morning. I wonder if his case has,
you know, been settled.

SERGEANT
One of them from the college?

MARK
Yeah.

SERGEANT
They're being booked now. It'll be a
while. Have a seat.

He nods toward a bench in the corridor.

MARK
Do you know how long it'll take?

SERGEANT
(matter-of-factly)
Maybe five minutes, maybe five hours.

MARK
(sarcastically)
Thanks.

Mark goes out the door, heads around the side of the building.

5A1 EXT. STATION

5A1

Mark enters to the booking station.

5A INT. BOOKING ROOM - DAY

5A

The arrested students -- above five blacks and five whites, including Bill -- are lined up against the wall of a lock-up cage. A professor, last to be booked, is standing in front of a lieutenant's desk while a sergeant at an adjoining typing table records his answers.

OFFICER
(frisking him)
Empty your pockets.

LIEUTENANT
Name?

PROFESSOR
William S. Pollit. P-o-l-l-i-t.

OFFICER
Put your hands up on the cage.

LIEUTENANT
Any other name -- also known as?

PROFESSOR
None.

LIEUTENANT
Address?

PROFESSOR
1152 South Stoneman.

LIEUTENANT
What city?

PROFESSOR
Alhambra.

OFFICER
Take your glasses off.

LIEUTENANT
Occupation?

PROFESSOR
Associate professor of history.

LIEUTENANT
Won't fit, Bill. I'll put down clerk.
(ALTERNATE: "professor")

Other policemen laugh. We see the typewriter punch out the word, and can also read: "Charge: Felonious Assault."

(CONTINUED)

5A CONTINUED:

5A

The heading of the form is: "Booking Slip, Abbreviated, Los Angeles County Jail."

LIEUTENANT
Any money in the wallet?

PROFESSOR
Yes. Three dollars.

The lieutenant talks out the remainder of the items while he types them up.

PROFESSOR
(impatient)
Some of these people need medical attention right away.

LIEUTENANT
You didn't say you was a doctor.

The people standing around the room laugh. Mark is peering into the room through a gate leading to the driveway.

PATROLMAN
Who are you?

MARK
(shakes his head)
I'm just looking for my friend.
(ALTERNATE READING:) You got a friend of mine here. I came down to bail him out.

PATROLMAN
(interrupting him)
You're not allowed -- beat it!

MARK
I thought if you were trying to raise bail you were allowed...

PATROLMAN
You thought maybe the rules didn't apply to you, maybe you're somebody special. Go on! Get out!

MARK
(to Bill, over the patrolman's shoulder)
Hey man, anything I can do to help?

(CONTINUED)

5A CONTINUED: (2)

5A

The Lieutenant makes a move to have the gate opened after getting the high sign from the patrolman. The patrolman grabs Mark's arm and pulls him inside as the gate is opening. They wrestle slightly and the patrolman pushes Mark up to the booking window.

MARTY

Cool it - Mark, cool it.

LIEUTENANT

(to the other students)

All right, settle down - settle down!

PATROLMAN

Get your hands up there! All right, wise guy. Now you'll be able to see your friend after all...

(to the Lieutenant)

... a trespasser.

PROFESSOR

Easy friend.

(to Mark)

Patrolman makes a gesture as if to say 'mind your own business.'

PATROLMAN

Get your hands back up there!

LIEUTENANT

(preparing booking
slip)

Trespassing... and assault.

(to Mark)

Name?

MARK

Robert Dylan.

(ALTERNATE: Karl Marx)

Laughter.

LIEUTENANT

(without reacting)

How do you spell it...?

A5 EXT. MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT

A5

It is a small, chalet-style building off the quadrangle. A brass plaque near the door identifies it as The Meeting House. A sign stapled to the front door says, in magic marker: STRIKE COMMITTEE MEETING.

6 INT. MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT

6

The chapel has pews for 60 but it is a standing-room crowd of about 90 students. Seated in the platform are two blacks, a girl, JOANNE, and a tall black man named MCCABE is running the meeting.

To indicate the passage of time we will see the people at the meeting take on increasingly horizontal, sprawled-out positions; at one point coffee will be brought in; finally the chapel will be strewn with cups, sandwich paper, etc.

MCCABE

(Landon, haranguing)

That's the same old jive as three hundred years ago. If you're all so wild and heavy, why didn't you do that in the beginning... You can just go back and tell them sorry, this campus is closed down, on strike, Jack, we'll whistle when it's over...

DONNA

Why doesn't the strike committee add some of our demands: like ending R.O.T.C.?

HOLLIS

You want to end R.O.T.C. you go down to the R.O.T.C. building, you take a bottle, fill it with gasoline, plug it with a rag...

JEFF

Yeah man, and what if you want to end sociology?

LANDON

Listen, man: a Molotov cocktail is a mixture of gasoline and kerosene. A white radical ain't nothin' but a mixture of bullshit and jive.

MARK

If tough talk could bring down the government, Mac, you'd have taken power long ago.

ROBERT

(Panther)

Fuck you, punk. Get your reactionary ass out of here.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Well you can put us all out man -
and have the whole scene to yourself -
tomorrow morning you'll walk an empty
picket line.

BOBBY

(Panther)

Later for you, Honky. If you ain't
part of the solution you must be
part of the problem. (ALTERNATE:
Replacing the last three lines)

KATHLEEN

Quiet now! We didn't come here to
exchange insults to anybody. At this
meeting we're going to deal in a
political discussion. Now, does anyone
have anything political to say?

ANNE

Look, there's this professor, Novick,
has a grant from the Navy to make a
spray that kills rice in Vietnam.
(ALTERNATE LINE) Do you really want
a black studies program in a college
where they're making napalm? And
what about the military?

BILL B

No, no. It doesn't kill it; it just
takes the nutrition away so you think
you're eating but you're really
starving.
(ALTERNATE: Line dropped)

BILL

Look, man
they make Napalm everywhere. The
only colleges in this country with
honest names are Army and Navy.

LANDON

You think revolution is a good time
for jokes, chumps, but we got our
lives on the line.

(Improvised dialogue of the students' - general free
discussions of grievances, demands, organizing a strike):

NANCY

You know we ought to pick up on some
more of their demands - like, what
about a department of working-class
studies?

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Why not a department of counter-revolutionary studies?

NANCY

(improvised upon)

Look buddy, there's a lot of white people in this country who are miserable and unsatisfied and potential revolutionaries.

KATHLEEN

(improvised upon)

You know when people make revolutions? When their kids are starving to death, when there's no work; when they're afraid to say a word... Not because they're not getting layed enough.

TIME LAPSE: The meeting has drawn to the early hours of the morning and people have come and gone and repositioned themselves: Barbara enters, takes a seat:

NANCY

(general meaning;
improvised upon)

You know, I don't want to feel overly optimistic - but we really do have power. Half the people I know have been busted for grass, etc. I think they're really getting scared because they're cracking down hard. Course we could all end up in concentration camps.

BILL B

Do you think things have to get worse before they get better?

KATHLEEN

Things aren't even bad yet. You know what? Things are going to get worse and then they're going to get even worse.

MORTY

We can't worry about things getting worse. That's not the question we have to ask. The question we have to answer is not what might happen --it is our actions that determines what happens.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Excuse me... There's no more coffee left... Somebody want to make some more? (Could you make a new pot please?)

BILL

Jenny walks out of the kitchen:

JENNY

What's the matter -- can't men make coffee any more? (Around here)

JENNY

General cheers and laughter.

LISA

(improvised upon)

I'd like to bring up a point. We all know that the police had a press conference today and said they found a green book-bag full of guns on campus. They're trying to frame us... and I think we should go on TV and deny the whole thing.

BARBARA

(improvised upon)

We can't make ourselves clear that way. We have to make our publicity on campus -- get those 200 students on the line. We tell the truth to those 200 people and then we can reach 2,000. The media builds up our efforts and distorts them and if we can only operate directly to those we can relate to - right on campus, then word of mouth will reach others. 'To your own self be true.'

(Improvised dialogue takes place here with Barbara, Kathleen, and other students about black and white motives and problems, some regarding gun usage and problems with police and school and state officials agencies -- and resistance to the same -- in an organized fashion):

DAVE

(in reply to Barbara)

Why don't we go on TV and demand to get the guns back!

(CONTINUED)

HOLLIS

There's only one way to talk to a mother-fucker (man), and that's in his own language. If the dude's language is guns, you talk to him in gun-talk and, baby, I'm ready to talk.

DAVID

("Manny") Are you willing to die?

KATHLEEN

A lot of black people have already died and a lot more are going to die... I mean, we've paid for the leadership of this thing in blood and we're going to keep it!

MARK

I'm willing to die, too... but not of boredom.

HE EXITS. GENERAL REACTION:

EMILY

Since when is suicide so revolutionary?

JASON

Maybe that's why Che went to Bolivia.

DAVE

Che made a revolution first.

JOHN MOHR

You ain't no Che Guevera man.

JOHN FOX

The trouble with you all is you misread Debray. This isn't Bolivia. This is the United State of America.
(ALTERNATE VERSION: After Mark exits)

JEFF

Who the hell is he?

MORTY

He's okay. He's my roommate. I guess meetings just aren't his trip.

BOB MANDEL

Hell - he should've come to join us or he shouldn't have come at all.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (5)

6

BILL

Why the hell not -- how else is he going to find out if he wants our bag or not?

FRANK

(improvised upon)

Then how's he going to be a revolutionary? Somebody ought to tell him that Lenin had an organization behind him. Castro had an organization behind him and even anarchists spend most of their lives talking in meetings.

BLACK BROTHER

First page of the red book says no hero-worship. Tell him there's going to be a revolution and get out of this bourgeois thinking.

APOLLO CAMPANNA

(improvised upon)

We've got to have a defense plan for a strike -- and I suggest four or five men cause a disturbance when the cops come - to create a diversion behind the picket lines.

Free discussions.

Improvisations regarding tactics, strategy and structure of strike. Donna discusses the bail situation. Orville, David counter-discuss. Kathleen brings up having separate meetings. Lisa discusses protection against mace, and what procedure to follow if arrested, etc. Bob, Frank, Kathleen elaborate.

7 OMITTED

7

Sequence omitted from original script.

8 EXT./INT. SUNNYDUNES DEVELOPMENT BLDS. - DAY

8

Daria, a calm pretty girl of 19 is walking toward the building, enters the lobby.

9 A WHITE-HAIRED PORTER

9

is sitting in the middle of a circular desk inside which are attached several security TV screens. The porter looks up at the girl.

DARIA

Is the door open to the roof?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

The porter shakes his head.

DARIA

Can you... I mean... may I go up?

The porter shakes his head again.

PORTER

Company rules.

Daria looks puzzled by the absurd rule. The porter doesn't hide his diffidence.

PORTER

How do I know you won't commit suicide?

The girl looks now astonished.

DARIA

Commit suicide? I just wanted to get a book I left up there at lunch time.

PORTER

What book? Why don't you eat in the cafeteria.

DARIA

(with exaggerated
patience)

A book called "Stranger In a Strange Land."

10 IN THE MEANTIME

10

one one of the TV security screens a man can be seen entering one of the elevators and pressing the button. The elevator starts to descend.

DARIA

Well. Who could give me permission?

11 THE PORTER

11

points to the man in the elevator, on the TV screen.

The elevator stops. The man walks out and comes down the hall, attache' case in hand. He is Lee Allen, a business attorney. A handsome, well-groomed man in his late 30's.

12 THE PORTER

12

gets up to open the lobby door for the lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

PORTER
Evening, Mr. Allen. Working late tonight.

LAWYER
Always keeping busy.

Daria approaches him. He turns and smiles at her.

LAWYER
Can I help you?

DARIA
I hope so. I was taking the place of... someone's secretary today and I went up to the roof... I mean at lunch time, and I left something...

PORTER
A book.

LAWYER
A notebook? You do secretarial work?

DARIA
Well, it's not something I really dig to do. I just work, when I need bread.

LAWYER
I see.

The girl interests him. He smiles at her and she smiles back.

R12 OMITTED

R12

Sequence omitted from original script.

A-18 EXT. GUN STORE- ENTRANCE - DAY

A-18

Mark and Bill drive up, enter.

17 INT. 1ST GUN STORE - DAY

17

Up front the store appears to be a true sportsman's store, with duck-hunting apparel, decoys, hunter's caps. In the back it takes on a military tone, with Army shirts and weapons prominently displayed. Two uniformed POLICEMEN are looking over a high-power rifle. There is a stack of petitions and signs saying: "Help us win our fight against Gun Laws" and "You can Register to Vote Here." Also, a stack of bumper stickers on the counter urging: "Register COMMUNISTS, not Firearms." Two policemen walk out as Mark and Bill enter.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

OFFICER #2

`Bye.

SALESMAN

`Bye.

We HEAR the sound of the cycles starting up outside, as:

SALESMAN

Help you, boys?

BILL

We need some weapons right away. For self-defense.

SALESMAN

(nods)

Well, the law is: you buy the guns now, then they check you through Sacramento to make sure your record's clean, and you can pick it up in four or five days.

BILL

But the law was made for peacetime. This is an emergency.

MARK

We live in a neighborhood that's, you know, borderline. Know what I mean? We've got to protect our women.

SALESMAN

Well I'm sure as hell not going to see you go defenseless...

He takes a used .38 revolver out of the display case.

SALESMAN

For your purposes, fellas, I wouldn't recommend anything smaller than a .38.

18 INT. 2ND GUN STORE - DAY

18

Bill is paying a different GUN SALESMAN. Mark takes from the counter a bulky package -- two rifles wrapped in plain brown paper. The salesman leans across the counter and whispers to them, confidentially:

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

SALESMAN

Say boys -- one other thing about the law: it says you can protect your house. So if you shoot 'em in the backyard, be sure and drag 'em inside.

BILL

Okay -- thank you.

18A EXT. GUN STORE - DAY

18A

Mark and Bill get into the pick-up, exit down the street.

19 INT. SUNNYDUNES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

19

The screen does not show a full panavision image but a narrower one. There are wide black borders left and right. The central image consists of vertical lines and the kind of sworls one sees in turning on a television set. Then it comes into focus -- the face of an announcer. We see a technician adjusting a tape machine as in closed-circuit TV broadcasting.

20 COMMERCIAL

20

We are in the conference room. It is a large room with walls covered by relief maps and sliding panel maps with bright colors indicating different land values. About 7 businessmen are situated -- some sitting, some standing -- around a table. They are watching the TV commercial.

21 EXT. L.A. STREET #2 - DAY

21

The lawyer is driving his car, an Eldorado, toward downtown. A fellow businessman is sitting next to him, reading a story in the L.A. Times describing America's multi-millionaires. The radio is playing.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Elsewhere in the news, the Defense Department today released figures on American casualties in Vietnam. In the last week, two-hundred-and-thirty-seven servicemen were killed, a sharp drop from the four-hundred-and-sixteen of the preceding week.

LAWYER'S FRIEND

Did you see this? We have seven centimillionaires.

LAWYER

Who's we?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

LAWYER'S FRIEND
California; Texas only had four but
New York still has the most.

LAWYER
So far, that is.

LAWYER'S FRIEND
Hah, that's right, (so far).

The lawyer is listening to the radio, but when his friend
begins to speak he gives him all his attention:

LAWYER'S FRIEND
A hundred-and-fifty-four firms
collapsed last week. The week before
it was a hundred-and-ninety.

The lawyer looks at the light, which turns green, and catches
a sight of a billboard of an enormous wrist watch and
immediately looks what time is on his own watch, and drives
faster.

22 EXT./INT. SUNNYDUNES DEVELOPMENT BLDG. - DAY 22

The car stops in front of the Sunnydunes Building. The lawyer
gets out leaving the car to his friend, and enters the lobby.

23 INT. SUNNYDUNES DEVELOPMENT BLDG. - DAY 23

The Porter approaches him.

PORTER
Good morning, sir.

LAWYER
Morning Tom.

24 HE CROSSES 24

The lobby and reaches the glass door of a bank.

25 INSIDE HE STOPS 25

In front of a big panel. Illuminated numbers move across the
panel.

26 INT. SUNNYDUNES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 26

In the conference room all the business men are now seated
around a table. They have finished watching the T.V.
commercial.

26A THE TECHNICIAN

26A

Switches off the commercial.

TECHNICIAN
Care to see it again?

1ST BUSINESSMAN
No thanks, Tim. We're going to
brainstorm a while. Tell your boss
we'll call him if we decide on any
changes.

TECHNICIAN
Okay.

The lawyer enters. He nods.

LAWYER
Boys... Hi Edie...

They all acknowledge.

MAURICE
(to the lawyer)
Hi -- do you want to see these
commercials?

LAWYER
No later. I have that conference in
Phoenix...

WESLEY
What time is your plane?

LAWYER
Couple hours.
(pauses)
Well, we should get a rebate on our
insurance... I hear the earthquake's
been postponed.

Laughter.

AUSTIN
For how long?

LAWYER
'Til next year.

EDITH
Maybe the insurance companies started
the whole rumor.

(CONTINUED)

26A CONTINUED:

26A

G.D

They sure scared us!

LAWYER

The contractors weren't scared...
they keep building highrises -

G.D

And how...

Maurice and Ben ad lib while others react out window.
(Looping:)

MAURICE

(1) What is that?

BEN

(2) Maury, you want to take a look
at some of these...

TECHNICIAN

(3) Excuse me...

MAURICE

(4) Oh, sorry, quite all right.

BEN

(5) Here are the costs for the T.V.
campaign.

MAURICE

(6) For the complete year?

BEN

(7) Yes.

MAURICE

(8) I see.

BEN

(9) I think they're a little high.

(NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SCENE WAS MOVED UP TO THIS POSITION IN
THE STORY AFTER IT WAS SHOT, WHICH IS WHY THE NUMBERS ARE
INCORRECT. BUT IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING NOW THAT JUST THE NEW
SCENE - "X-38" - and "38-D" WILL REMAIN IN THE PICTURE,
HOWEVER, I HAVE KEPT THE ENTIRE SCENE TOGETHER -- FOR
REFERENCE. BONNIE, 4-7-69)

38 INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

38

The living room of the apartment Mark shares with Bill and
Morty. It is a high-ceiling room in an old Los Angeles home.
The plaster is peeling. Dirty dishes lie on various ledges.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

The walls are full of paintings the boys have done themselves. Mark has made most of the furniture -- a coffee table of driftwood, bookshelves made out of fruit crates, a bed on redwood columns that saves floor space, a couch converted from the backseat of a Volkswagen microbus. Bill is switching off an enormous old radio.

BILL

We gotta go find out what's happening.

MORTY

I can find out by calling Jimmy Hall.

MARK

(pulling on his boots)

Look man, years from now somebody might ask if you were there when it happened. And you're gonna say, 'uh, no - I saw it on the tube.'

X-39 (NEW LINE WHICH REPLACES MARK'S PREVIOUS ONE, BOTTOM PAGE 23- X-39 A.)

MARK

No, don't bother, let's just go.
Wow, I had the feeling something was going to happen this week.

BILL

Gimme a hand with the guns.

MORTY

Do you really think this is it?

BILL

Just in case.

MARK

After that call, keep the line free.
We might have to call back.

Mark crosses to the hallway closet, gets his revolver out, inserts it into his left boot and exits down the stairway.

38D EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

38D

Mark runs out the front door to his pickup and drives off down the street, peeling rubber as he goes.

27 EXT. L.A. STREET #3 - DAY

27

Mark and Bill are driving his pickup. There are old tickets strewn over the front seat and floor. Mark runs a few red lights, almost collides with an on-coming car. The other driver is an old gentleman.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

GENTLEMAN
Careful, sir. That's a violation.

28 THEY ARE STOPPED

28

Behind two other cars at a light on Santa Monica Boulevard in Beverly Hills. The car in front of them is a red Mustang convertible. Two girls in tennis clothes and sun-glasses, about 17-years-old, turn around and one, the driver, smiles and waves at Mark. He scowls, veers out into the on-coming lane and runs the light.

BILL
Who was that?

MARK
A girl from my long gone past.

BILL
What's her name?

MARK
Alice...
(reluctantly)
My sister, man.

29 OMITTED

29

Sequence omitted from original script.

29 INSERT: WEATHER WHEEL

29

30 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

30

The lawyer enters his office. For a few moments he is silent. Then he pushes a button on the telephone. No answer. He presses another.

NATALIE
(over intercom)
Yes, sir?

LAWYER
Natalie - where's Daria?

NATALIE'S VOICE
I don't know sir. I haven't seen her.

LAWYER
Try her at her home, will you?

NATALIE
Yes, sir.

31 INT. DARIA'S OFFICE - DAY 31

The lawyer goes into another office which is obviously that of Daria's. No one is there. The office is very messy; underground newspapers strewn around, a small transistor radio is still playing.

32 INT. RADICAL PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY 32

A bearded young man wearing a rumpled shirt is on the telephone. The place is a large room with tables, chairs, sofas, office furniture. Everything shabby and messy. The walls are covered with papers, posters, notices, clippings, etc. Some of them are very big.

(QUOTATION OF GUEVARA) "IF THEY USE VIOLENCE THEY DO NOT START A NEW CHAIN OF VIOLENCE BUT TRY TO BREAK AN ESTABLISHED ONE." MARCUSE Music on radio interrupted by voice of announcer:

ANNOUNCER

Escondido's chancellor John Burns, in an early morning press conference, answered the student ultimatum with an ultimatum of his own. He announced that if the strike leaders had not called for a return to classes by eight o'clock this morning he would have the strife-torn campus forcibly cleared of students by whatever means the police deemed necessary.

CHANCELLOR'S VOICE

The strikers have put themselves outside the pale of law... By behaving like criminals they have forced the college to treat them like the criminals they are. The tactical patrol squad has been called to the campus and will deal with the strikers as they deal with rioters, looters, and other anarchistic disturbers of the public peace.

A boy lowers the volume and Harrison says:

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

HARRISON

Yeah: police with riot guns, tanks
and tear gas have arrived on the
scene and dispersed the crowd:
Casualties: the entire contents of
four liquor stores. Black militants
are claiming a victory for the
revolution.

(as his call comes
through)

Is Mr. Allen there?

NATALIE'S VOICE

(over telephone)

May I ask who's calling?

HARRISON

Progressive... etc.
(ALTERNATES:) ... Students' Alliance.
P.A.S. S.D.S.

NATALIE'S VOICE

Could you tell me what it concerns?

HARRISON

I wanted to remind him... Look, could
I just speak to him for a second?

NATALIE'S VOICE

Hold the line please. I'll see if
he's in.

HARRISON

Thank you.

33 INT. DARIA'S OFFICE - DAY

33

The lawyer is in an ante-room of his office, straightening
Daria's desk. He puts her name plate back in place on her
desk and looks around at the untidiness. He sees a picture
of Frank Zappa on the window and starts to remove it but
backs off when he thinks he might be noticed by his staff.
He walks out of her office through the corridor to the
secretarial pool.

33A INT. SECRETARIAL POOL - DAY

33A

NATALIE, a sweet and solicitous woman, approaches him and he
appears a little embarrassed:

NATALIE

Excuse me, sir... but you're wanted
on the line. He's from P.A... wait...
I'm not sure... All those initials...

(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED:

33A

LAWYER

Who?

LAWYER

Oh yeah... No, I don't want to speak to them. What a mistake giving them money. They're just going wild...

Natalie leaves and the lawyer walks back toward his office.

34 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

34

The lawyer sits down at the desk, opens his brief case and starts to take out some papers. The telephone rings. He picks it up.

LAWYER

Yeah...

NATALIE'S VOICE

I called Daria's home, sir, and...
(she hesitates)
... there's no answer. Perhaps she is sick and she doesn't...

The lawyer stops her.

LAWYER

Yeah, okay Natalie - thanks.

NATALIE

Okay.

35 THE LAWYER

35

Puts down the receiver nervously. He dials a number. A man's voice answers.

MAN'S VOICE

Good-bye.

LAWYER

Hello. This is Sunnydunes offices calling. Can you tell me where I can reach Daria.

MAN'S VOICE

No idea. I'm crashing here. She left real early this morning.

LAWYER

She left? What flight did she take?

MAN'S VOICE

Flight? She took my car.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

The lawyer is surprised and remains quiet for a while.

LAWYER

Would you mind telling me who it is
I'm speaking to?

MAN'S VOICE

Yeah. I mind. Hello.

The phone hangs up on the other end. The Lawyer hangs up and looks out of the window. Outside we see sky-scrappers with huge letters and billboards mounted on them. Thousands of windows of offices exactly like the lawyer's.

36 SOMEONE

36

Knocks on the door.

LAWYER

Come in.

Natalie enters.

NATALIE

Pardon me, sir. Are you going to be
able to manage all by yourself in
Phoenix? Do you want me to come?
(pause)
I'm so sorry about Daria.

LAWYER

That's all right. She'll be there.
She's driving. Afraid to fly.

NATALIE

Young people seem very old-fashioned
these days, don't you think?

The lawyer forces a smile. Natalie exits. The lawyer pushes another button. Over the intercom we HEAR the discussion of the men at the conference meeting.

VOICE

There'll be three million more people
here in the next ten years. That
means you've got to develop a quarter
of a million acres. Do you know what
that comes to? Four hundred square
miles of land!

37 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #1 - DAY

37

An old car is streaking down the desert highway. Daria is at the wheel. A rock song is ending.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Members of the tactical squad and a detachment of State Highway Patrolmen were again called to strife-torn Escondido College this morning as the student boycott of classes moved into it's fourth week.

Daria turns the dial until she finds a station playing rock music. For a while, with no cars coming the other way, she drives in the wrong lane, singing along with the radio.

38 (TRANSPosed SCENE. FOLLOWS SC. 26A. SEE PAGE 23)

38

Scs. 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 OMITTED Sequence omitted from original script. [Section details]

44 EXT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY

44

A number of policemen take positions in front of the building and a squad car pulls up. Cops squat behind it with carbines trained. A lieutenant speaks through the P.A. system:

LIEUTENANT

This is Lieutenant Bell - Metropolitan Police Department. You are in violation of Section 415 of the Penal Code.

(pause)

We know you're armed. If you don't throw out your weapons immediately and give yourselves up, we'll be forced to get you out by other means.

There is no response. The lieutenant nods to a cop behind the car who lobs a tear-gas cannister through a window of the library. Then another. Cut to:

46 INT. MEETING HOUSE - DAY

46

Members of the Strike Committee are in the reading room, a high-ceilinged room filled with books. We see the cloud of white smoke rise within the room. Cut back to:

47 EXT. MEETING HOUSE - DAY

47

Four members of the Strike Committee run out, choking; the men are stripped to the waist; all have their hands up.

COP

(pointing his carbine)

Down on your stomachs. Spread yourselves on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

They obey. Another black man, choking from the fumes, runs out.

COP
(frightened, waving
his rifle)
Get down! Get down!

The black man is doubled up, gasping; he looks at the cop with defiance, keeps staggering forward.

COP
(panic in his face)
I said get down!

2ND COP
He's got a gun.

48 THE COP

48

With the rifle blasts the black man, point-blank. Bill begins to run up the roadway, toward the van.

49 A JAPANESE CAMERAMAN

49

Dashes up from another part of the campus and begins to film the scene, just as Mark grabs his pistol, leans out from the roadway, and takes aim at the cop. A shot. The cop with the rifle falls. The police wheel to see where the shot came from. Many seem to be looking in another direction. Mark runs down the roadway and cuts behind another campus building.

50 A MOMENT LATER BILL

50

in the van, drives up to where Mark had been, sees that he has gone, and quickly wheels the van around and drives off the campus.

v50 OMITTED

v50

Sequence omitted from original script.

53 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #2 (CROSSROADS) - DAY

53

Daria is streaking down the desert highway.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

RADIO ANNOUNCER

All is quiet again on the Escondido County College Campus, but the violence that erupted this morning has left two dead and fourteen injured. One of the dead is Tactical Squad Patrolman Ernest Kelly, thirty-six, the father of five. A bulletin just received in our KHJ newsroom says that Kelly's assailant was a white youth of about twenty. The youth fled the scene on foot.

Daria has stopped at a crossroads where there are a number of signs. She studies a road map, becomes irritated, twirls the map, has trouble folding it properly, finally throws it on the back seat. She starts down the left-hand road, changes her mind, takes the one heading right.

54 EXT. STREET NEAR CIVIL AIRPORT - DAY

54

Mark gets out of a bus. He looks around, hesitating, and sees a Delicatessen-Liquor store. A WORKER comes out with some beer and stops to drink it. He opens a can and takes a long swig; then he crushes it, one-handed. Mark, reluctant and a little frightened, enters.

55 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

55

The walls of the store are lined with liquor, and the delicatessen counter seems cramped and out-of-place, as though it were added as an afterthought. TWO WORKERS stand in the narrow aisle across the counter, which is manned by the MANAGER, a stooped man in his early 60's. He is slicing baloney, ham and luncheon meat for some half-dozen sandwiches.

Mark makes his way to a phone against the rear wall. As he passes, one of the workers scowls at him.

MANAGER

What kind of bread?

1ST WORKER

Shit, I don't know. Hero-bread...

2ND WORKER

Rye for me... A lot of mayonaise.

Mark finishes dialing a number.

56 INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

56

In Mark's house Bill picks up the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

BILL

Hello.

MARK

Hi.

BILL

Where are you?

MARK

Phone booth.

BILL

You better cool it. You were on TV...

MARK

What? No, wait a minute...

BILL

On the news, man. The whole thing:
ready, aim, fire...

MARK

But Bill, listen...

He can't continue. He holds the receiver away from him as his friend's voice comes through.

BILL

What are you gonna do, man... That's right, no point saying it over the phone... Listen, do you need anything?... The van is too hot, but... Hello? Mark? Hello?...

57 MARK

57

Hangs up the receiver.

The 2nd worker has been putting various items onto the counter: beef jerky, roll-aids, candy bars. The 1st worker is returning down the aisle.

Mark watches the manager cut the bread, smear it, and pile on the various meats. He feels in his pockets, checks his wallet for a bill.

2ND WORKER

(to the manager)

Why you goin' so light on the meat,
Pop? I ain't on no diet.

MANAGER

(shrugs)

You want extra, you pay extra.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

1ST WORKER

We're paying, don't sweat it... What the hell did you do before we started buildin' out here anyway? Collect welfare?

They all laugh. Mark forces a smile.

MARK

Say, could I ask you a favor?

MANAGER

Shoot.

MARK

I'm wondering if you'd trust me for the price of a sandwich?

MANAGER

(without looking up)

It's not that I don't trust you, personally, but if I trusted you I'd have to trust everybody in the world.

Mark is about to argue, thinks better of it, starts to leave. 1st worker grabs him, playfully.

1ST WORKER

Just wait till those Army barbers get a crack at you, kid. Straighten you out in 20 seconds.

MARK

(pulling away)

I can wait.

1ST WORKER

(calls after him)

They'll get rid of your wise-ass mouth, too.

58 EXT. STREET NEAR CIVIL AIRPORT - DAY

58

Mark walks slowly down the street. He looks fed up with himself, the world and everything else. The street flanks a small airfield and he stops to have a look.

59 IT IS FULL OF PRIVATE PLANES 59

the propeller type and jets. Lots of them are brand new, with a steely shine in the morning sun. One look is enough to give you an idea of the people who use them: big business men always rushing from one place to another, or making vacation spots in a couple of hours: Bahamas, Miami, etc... Some of the planes are taking off, others landing at a cheerful rhythm.

60 MARK 60

Watches them with strange interest. He sits down on the grass and seems to have got over the thoughts that were nagging him before. Suddenly he gets up and walks into the airfield impelled by an idea he can't resist.

61 EXT. CIVIL AIRPORT - DAY 61

Close by there is a group of people standing near one of the planes. The pilot and two passengers are boarding the plane.

Mark stops. Hesitates. He is about to turn back. But then he walks determinedly to another plane standing on its own in a distant corner of the airfield. The attendants are too busy to take any notice. Except that at one point an attendant turns and gives him a look, but then goes on with what he is doing.

62 MARK 62

Gets into the plane. It has a name written on the side: "LILLY-7". A small plane with a propellor. Yellow. The boy fastens the safety belt and rummages in the pouches around the pilot's seat. But he can't find the papers he wants with the plane's code number etc. .

63 MARK 63

Presses a button and the propellor instantly begins to spin. The little plane moves over towards the runway.

It taxis across the grass to get to the strip.

64 ANOTHER PLANE 64

Stands on the field, with a mechanic busy in the engine. As the mechanic notices LILLY-7 go past he looks up in amazement.

MECHANIC

Hey!

The boy opens the window.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

MARK

What?

MECHANIC

Where do you think you're going.

MARK

Oh, you want to come? Just a little scenic flight.

MECHANIC

Oh. No thanks. I got work to do.

MARK

O.K.

He gives it gas. He turns around to see if anyone else has noticed. Now the attendants do seem to be aware of what is going on. Two of them come running toward him waving their arms.

One stops. Then he turns around. We see him reach one of the hangars.

65 INSIDE THE HANGAR

65

The attendant is at the telephone.

ATTENDANT

Hello Tower, do you have Lilly-7 leaving?

66 THE PLANE

66

Is now on the strip gathering speed. It goes faster. It takes off. It climbs fast. Then it wings around.

67 IT SWEEPS LOW

67

Over the airfield while the men on the ground watch in amazement.

68 MARK

68

Opens a window, waves down, swings around still low then tilts back and shoots up into the sky.

69 INT. SUNNYDUNES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

69

The lawyer is seated with other businessmen in the conference room. They are discussing a current land project. One of the businessmen is on the telephone in a corner of the room.

(CONTINUED)

IVAN
(on phone)
Yes...

BEN
Well, I don't know - are we satisfied
with cost projections for the first
phase?

IVAN
(on phone)
Yes...

He holds the phone out to the lawyer.

LOU
Steve can answer that.

AUSTIN
Yes, we've funded \$200,000,000 and
set aside \$40,000,000 against
contingencies.

LAWYER
(walking to phone)
Wait a minute - why should we tie up
\$40,000,000 for contingencies -- I
mean what contingencies?
(on phone)
Hello...

DARIA'S VOICE
Hello...

LAWYER
Hi. Hold on a minute -- I'll take
this in my office.

IVAN
We have found that in certain areas
there are differences in the water
table.

LAWYER
(on way out)
Excuse me...

BEN
Soil tests have shown density factors
that may increase our costs.

WES
We've not been able to figure
accurately the costs of blasting
rock slopes.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

EDITH

When will we have the exact figures?

G.D

Oh, Edie, we can't make exact estimates until phase one is 65 - maybe 75% completed.

MAURICE

Then we can be more accurate with phase two.

70 INT. DESERT CAFE - DAY

70

Daria is on the phone in a corner of a cafe in a small desert town.

DARIA

What?

LAWYER

What's up, Daria? Where are you?

DARIA

I'm in some ghost town. I just called to say I may be a little late in Phoenix.

LAWYER

Why?

DARIA

I'm looking for a little town that sounds like Blenville or Balliville or something like that. Something with a ville in it. You know the desert - does that ring a bell?

71 THE LAWYER

71

Looks at the map on his wall and runs a finger down a list of names of towns.

LAWYER

A ville? Danville?

DARIA

Somewhere in the desert, man. Danville's in Connecticut - Or maybe it's hill, something hill.

LAWYER

Why do you have to go to this town you don't know the name of? Got somebody to meet?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

DARIA

My friend said it's a fantastic place
for a meditation.

LAWYER

(relieved at first)

Oh! Your friend... what do you do on
a meditation?

DARIA

You think about things.

LAWYER

Look, why don't you give me the number
you're calling from and I'll try to
find out the name of the town and
call you back.

DARIA

Oh no. You'll probably have a
helicopter sent out here to pick me
up.

LAWYER

Be serious, Daria.

OPERATOR

Thirty cents please for the next
three minutes.

LAWYER

Just a second operator. Look, Daria,
give me the number then hang up and
I'll call you right back. I'll pay
for the call... Daria?

DARIA

See you in Phoenix.

She hangs up. He jiggles the receiver.

72 INT. DESERT CAFE - DAY

72

Daria crosses to the owner, who is leaning over the counter,
reading a newspaper. Behind him the wall has sacred and
profane memorabilia in separate areas. Among the sacred are
a black-bordered picture of his son in uniform; the first
dollar bill he ever made, framed; a wedding picture; a picture
of a grandchild. Among the profane are corny sayings about
marriage, sex and drinking, printed on lacquered hickory
chips. The owner is in his late 50's, sunburned and unhappy
looking.

(CONTINUED)

DARIA
Say, do you know of a place around
here called Glenville or Balliville
or something like that?

OWNER
Ballister?

DARIA
That's it.

OWNER
Sure do. You're standin' in it.

DARIA
Far out!

OWNER
(less friendly)
You haven't come here to see one
James Patterson, have you?

DARIA
(nods)
How'd you know?

OWNER
You look like the type... Well, tell
him for me he's gonna be the death
of this town. Gonna destroy a piece
of American history.

DARIA
Jimmy!

JOHNNY
(to Daria)
You remember Johnny Wilson.

Daria shrugs 'No.'

JOHNNY
(continuing)
... I was middleweight champion of
the world in 1920.

DARIA
No, I don't remember Johnny Wilson.

JOHNNY
That's me... middleweight champion
of the world.

DARIA
That's great.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

JOHNNY

That's right.

OWNER

Count of bein' a do-gooder. He brought these kids out here from Los Angeles, sayin' they was sick -- emotionally sick, you know what that means?...

(Daria nods)

...but if Los Angeles don't want 'em, why should we want 'em?

Daria shrugs as if to say "I see your point." Suddenly a rock crashes through the window. Glass flying everywhere. Daria ducks. The owner grabs an empty coke bottle and bursts from behind the counter toward the door.

OWNER

God-damn it!!

73 EXT. DESERT CAFE - DAY

73

The owner opens the door and heaves the bottle. No one is in sight.

OWNER

Goddamn criminals! Come around here again and I'll...

(to Daria)

Well, I guess you seen for yourself. That window cost me thirty bucks.

74 DARIA

74

Looks around. There are a few houses with a hotel down the end of the road. The rest is desert and wind under a blinding sun.

75 ONE BY ONE, BOYS

75

Appear from hiding places behind posts, garbage cans, cars. The boys are very grim, and stare at her with hard-set faces. One of them pops a paper bag and she jumps a little. The others have paper bags, too, and also blow them up to pop.

DARIA

Hey! Hey listen!

They run off and she pursues them.

DARIA

Hey, come back!

She spots one boy by a broken piano on the side of the street.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

DARIA
Say kid... where's Jimmy?

He doesn't answer. She runs after the others.

BOY
(hiding)
Hey, hey - here she comes.

As she nears them, they come out from hiding and one boy touches her dress.

DARIA
What are you doing?

BOY
Could we have a piece of ass?

DARIA
Are you sure you'd know what to do
with it?

They all start pinching and tickling and pulling at her skirt.

DARIA
Now cut it out!
(they are laughing
and dancing around
her)
Just cut it out!

She breaks away and runs back to her car.

76 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

76

From the plane the landscape below changes from green vegetation to flat barren desert.

Mark flies low to the ground to get a better look.

Beneath Mark the desert stretches to the horizon. White sand, now yellow, now brown, hills, sand dunes, etc...

77 THE PLANE

77

Flies over a road and Mark keeps over the long straight highway.

The road is interrupted by a patch of red. The plane swings down lower: a water tank with a car parked beside it.

78 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #3 - DAY

78

A girl is filling a can with water to put in the radiator. The girl is Daria.

(CONTINUED)

- 78 CONTINUED: 78
- Mark flies still lower, low enough to see it is a girl. She waves to him and then gets into her car and drives away.
- 79 DARIA 79
- Drives on in her usual languid way. After a while the plane suddenly comes charging towards her from the end of the highway. Flying very low this time, it comes straight at her, swings lower. Daria brakes hard, swerves, the plane is now only about twenty feet or so above her, brushing the telegraph wires. It roars over her as the car does another screeching swerve and comes to a halt on the earth at the other side of the road.
- 80 DARIA 80
- Gets out to see what the Hell the maniac in the plane is doing. The plane turns and flies back towards her again. Daria runs to a sand dune, falls, scrambles up again.
- The plane stirs up a cloud of dust that completely envelops her. She shakes her fist at the plane.
- 81 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 81
- Mark grins down at her and laughs. He looks delighted at this unexpected adventure. Then he looks around for something and finally picks up a sort of red dressing gown. Then he roars at the girl again and the moment he is over her, opens a little window in the plane and throws the dressing gown down to her.
- 82 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #3 - DAY 82
- The dressing gown drops about two hundred feet and lands near the car.
- Daria picks it up. It is a curious garment with writing on the back and a short zip in front to pee through. She cannot help smiling at this, then looks around for a way of replying. Finally she picks up a stick and writes very clearly on the ground: SPLIT.
- 83 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 83
- The plane flies over again and the boy howls with laughter. But not for long. The plane engine begins to miss. He checks the instrument panel and sees the gasoline is giving out. Then he turns the plane in a certain direction and flies away.
- 84 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #3 - DAY 84
- Below Daria watches him disappear over the horizon, with something like regret, then she goes back to the car.

85 EXT. CIVIL AIRPORT - DAY

85

The news of the stolen plane has created quite a fuss. Police. Journalists. Helicopter radio service. All the airplane owners are there including the one whose plane has been stolen.

A police officer is conducting an interview:

OFFICER

Did you use the plane very often, sir?

OWNER

Yes, of course.

OFFICER

Was the plane insured for theft and liability?

OWNER

Of course it was. It's a small plane but they don't come cheap I can tell you that much. My wife was in love with that thing. I had it painted her favorite color. Yellow. Pink.

BRUCE

"A little closer gentlemen -- a little closer."

86 A LITTLE FURTHER BACK

86

A reporter is interviewing the mechanic who spoke up to Mark as he was taking off.

REPORTER

So, you actually talked to this kid?

MECHANIC

Yeah, I talked to him.

REPORTER

What did he say?

87 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

87

The same reporter is interviewing the owner of the restaurant.

REPORTER

And what was your impression of the boy?

OWNER

Frankly, he acted like a criminal.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

REPORTER
How could you tell?

OWNER
Well, he didn't have any money...

88 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #4 - DAY

88

Daria's car still racing along the interminable highway. She is listening to the mechanic's interview:

MECHANIC (V.O.)
He asks me if I wanted to take a ride. He acted like it was his plane.

REPORTER (V.O.)
And you believed him?

MECHANIC (V.O.)
No...ahh. .
(realizes his own mistake)

REPORTER
Then why did you let him go?

MECHANIC
I don't know.

REPORTER
Do you remember what he was wearing?

MECHANIC
Yeah. He had on a shirt and dark hair.

REPORTER
How old would you say he was?

MECHANIC
Oh about thirty, thirty-one I guess.
Or twenty. .

(ALTERNATE: WILD TRACK:) Oh about thirty, I guess. Or maybe younger -- twenty... twenty-one...

Daria laughs.

89 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY NEAR DRY LAKE - DAY

89

The car approaches a dry lake on which the plane is landing. We can hear Daria's radio playing. In the middle of the lake is a small oasis. By the side of the lake is a house.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

Daria's interest is aroused. She swings off the road and drives across the lake, to the plane, and stops. The music stops as the ignition is turned off.

90 EXT. DRY LAKE - DAY

90

Daria gets out, crosses over to Mark with the red gown in her hand, behind her back.

Behind Mark is an old frame house. The old man who lives there is mixing some paints outside. Parked nearby is a fairly new -- yellow -- panel truck.

DARIA

Thanks alot for the nightie but I don't think I can use it.

MARK

How come? Wrong color?

DARIA

Wrong sex.

(pause)

Are you a member of the U.S. championship sleeping team?

MARK

Hell no, they're a bunch of amateurs.
(changing the subject)
Which way are you headed?

Daria points.

DARIA

Phoenix.

MARK

Phoenix? What for. There's nothing in Phoenix.

She shrugs.

MARK

Well, look, I'm having a little trouble here...

Daria nods, smiles, as if to say "So I see."

MARK

(continuing)

..."And since you've come along with a car -- and know where to go you might as well give me a lift so I can get some more gas."

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

DARIA
How far?

MARK
I don't know. This gentleman says
maybe twenty miles.

DARIA
Okay.

They walk.

DARIA
The radio said somebody stole a plane
in L.A. this morning.

Mark reacts.

DARIA
...You really stole that thing?

Mark nods.

DARIA
How come?

MARK
I needed to... to get off the ground.

The girl opens the car door. They cross over to the car.
Mark tosses the red gown in the back seat as they get in and
drive off toward the distant highway.

91 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #5 - DAY

91

The car is streaking down the road which cuts straight through
even more fantastic landscape.

92 EXT. ZABRISKIE POINT - DAY

92

At a crossroads a notice points to a particularly interesting
local spot: Zabriskie Point. The road rises slightly and
leads to a broad parking place where you can see the entire
circle of the horizon. At the start of the last stretch of
the lead-up are two iron sheds painted in red with MEN and
WOMEN written on them: two blotches on the landscape. But
from the look-out point you can see a vast undulating ochre-
colored valley with a blackened dried-up river bed at the
bottom. A sort of primeval desert still having the
conformation of what it once had been, the bed of an ancient
lake. There is a notice cut into a wooden board on top of a
pole:

(CONTINUED)

ZABRISKIE POINT

This is an area of ancient lake beds deposited five to ten million years ago. These beds have been tilted and pushed upward by earth forces and eroded by wind and water. They contain borates and gypsum.

A wierd stillness. The heat is stifling. Daria looks around spellbound. Then her eyes fall on the notice, and she reads it.

DARIA

Borates and gypsum?

MARK

Two old prospectors who lost their way.

They sit on the wall of the lookout, their legs dangling over the valley.

DARIA

How do these plants make it in the sand... they're so beautiful.

A pause as they stare out at the strange sand formations.

DARIA

What do you do besides fly airplanes?

MARK

`Til yesterday I drove a forklift truck at a warehouse. I've done other things.

DARIA

Been to college?

MARK

Some.

DARIA

Why'd you leave? Grades?

MARK

(shakes his head)
Extra-curricular activities.

DARIA

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Like stealing hard-cover books instead of paperbacks...Making phone calls on the Chancellor's stolen credit card number...whistling in class. And bring illegal things onto campus... like a woman, for instance.

DARIA

What's wrong about that?

MARK

We made love out front. Yeah, they kicked me out when I snuck into the Dean's office and re-programmed the computer. This put them up-tight.

(Mark jumps down to lower landing)

Know why? I made all the engineers take art courses.

DARIA FOLLOWS HIM DOWN:

MARK

She's gonna follow me down.

DARIA

You know it.

(laughs, settles next to him)

So tell me the rest of your criminal record.

MARK

Once I changed my colors but it didn't work... so I changed back.

Daria ad libs, "Good". Another pause. There is a vast silence.

DARIA

Did you hear that the Mexican Air Force is bombing the grass along the border?

MARK

Terrible breakdown of law and order in this country.

(pauses)

Wonder what's going on in the real world... Hear any news about the strike?

DARIA

Not much. I prefer music.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (3)

92

MARK

It's getting like they don't even
report it unless 2 or 300 people get
hurt.

DARIA

(it's got to be)
Yeah.../ some kind of record.

MARK

Or a cop.

DARIA

Oh, a cop got killed. .and a
student... and I forget. I was looking
for a rock station. I think they
said the guy who killed the cop was
white.

MARK

(feigning surprise)
Oh, a white man taking up arms with
the blacks, huh?
(laughs)
Just like old John Brown.

DARIA

Want to walk down by that river bed?

93 MARK

93

Follows and walks ahead of her to the edge of a steep, sandy
slope which ends at the river bed.

MARK

(yells after him)
See you at the bottom.

DARIA

(running after him)
Wait a minute.

He pushed off and starts running down the side of the slope,
sand exploding all around him. He lets out a roar. Daria
breaks into laughter. He lands at the bottom in a heap, in
the river bed.

DARIA

(shouting to him)
Hey! Hey! Whatever your name is.
Hey, tough guy.
(Mark stays frozen)
Are you all right?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

He waves his hand to her. She runs back up the hill to the car and digs into her purse for a joint.

We see her enter to Mark at the river bed and Mark sits up as she reaches him.

DARIA
Want some smoke?

MARK
(jumps up and brushes
himself off)
Do you know you're talking to a guy
who's under discipline?

Daria takes out a joint, lights it, takes a drag.

DARIA
What's that?

MARK
A joke, I guess, but... this group I
was in had rules about smoking. They
were all on a reality trip.

DARIA
What a drag. Let's go find some shade.

They walk off.

We see them sitting on the side of a mountain base, Daria still smoking.

DARIA
What do you mean reality trip? Oh,
yeah... You're into revolution. What
kind? Students? The movement. . What
group?

MARK
I wasn't really in a group. I guess
I couldn't stand their talk, you
see... I was a loner...

Daria laughs.

MARK
(contunuing)
...But when it comes to choosing one
side or the other...

DARIA
There's two billion sides, not just
good and bad.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

MARK

Oh stow that... What's your name?

DARIA

Daria.

MARK

(continuing)

Point is, if you don't see some men
as bad, you can't get rid of them.

We see them now in a different location:

DARIA

You think if you could only get rid
of them, we'll have a whole new scene?

MARK

What not?... Can you think of any
better way we can go about it?

DARIA

Who's we? Your group?

MARK

You and me, babe.

DARIA

You and me...

93 EXT. ZABRISKIE POINT - DAY (ADDED SEQUENCE)

93

DARIA

Pretend your thoughts are like plants.

MARK

(shuts his eyes)

Okay.

DARIA

What do you see -- neat rows, like a
garden, or wild things, all kinds of
ferns and weeds and vines...?

MARK

I see sort of a jungle.

DARIA

I see a farm.

A long pause.

(CONTINUED)

DARIA

It would be nice if they could plant thoughts in your head. So nobody would have bad memories. They could plant, you know, wonderful things you did, a happy childhood with really groovy parents... only good things.

MARK

To make you forget how terrible everything was.

DARIA

(excited)

But that's the point: nothing is terrible. All that matters is what you remember. Like the stars...

MARK

(confused)

Huh?

DARIA

When you look at a star, the real star may not be there any more, it may have disappeared millions and billions of years ago.

MARK

(quietly, impressed)

Far out...

We now see Mark and Daria in a different location:

DARIA

When somebody says 'a small town' is there one special picture that always comes to your mind?

Mark nods and smiles.

DARIA

Is it a real town?

MARK

No.

DARIA

How do you know?

MARK

It doesn't have any parking meters.

(CONTINUED)

DARIA
My small town has white frame houses
down a tree-lined street. There's a
square and an ice-cream parlor.

MARK
Is there a pizza stand?

DARIA
I don't see any.

MARK
Then yours isn't real, either.

We see Mark and Daria silhouetted on top of a hill:

DARIA
Can you imagine infinity?

MARK
No.

DARIA
Well try.

MARK
(shuts eyes)
Okay.

DARIA
Now imagine something bigger.

We see them in a different location: Mark scowls, Daria
giggles.

DARIA
So anyway... So anyway...

MARK
What?

DARIA
So anyway ought to be one word. The
name of a place. Or a river. The So-
anyway river.

NA

We see them at a cave entrance:

MARK
Here's all that's left of that poor
old prospector.

(CONTINUED)

DARIA

Borates?

(reacts to hill)

Is that gypsum over there.

MARK

Well - it sure ain't table salt.

We now see them in a different location, walking:

MARK

It was nice of you to come with a
guy who doesn't turn on.

DARIA

I'm pretty tolerant.

MARK

(joking)

... What are you doing out here
anyway? Phoenix? Was that for real?

DARIA

My boss wants me there. Some
conference.

MARK

You are pretty tolerant.

Daria shrugs, walks ahead of him and then stops, looks around
at the landscape, which is empty as far as the eye can see.

DARIA

Sometimes I feel like screaming my
head off.

MARK

Now's your chance. There's no one
around. Go ahead. Look. No man's
land.

DARIA

But someone...

MARK

Who... a ghost? A head pioneer?

(he screams)

End the troops in Vietnam, bring the
war home! End the troops in Vietnam,
bring the War home!

She joins in a strange counterpoint. Little by little the
line becomes unintelligible - a series of sounds like: "Am!",
"hom!", "uuh!". After a while, they break into laughter.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (4)

93

R-93A

B

50MM

11/12

RE-TAKE of Sc. 93-W. Two-shot, favoring DARIA (cr) past cl
Mark's profile.

COM. 90'

com. 100'

com. 100' pt.

COM. 90'

pt.

INC. 50'

cam. report indicated mis-slanted t-4?

INC. 70'

Inc. 40'

COM. 90'

pt.

COM. 90'

pt.

R-93A

A

ZOOM LENS 110MM

11/12

RE-TAKE of SC. 93-W. Two-shot, favoring MARK (cl) past cr
Daria, M. C. S.

COM. 90'

com. 100'

com. 100' pt.

COM. 90'

pt.

INC. 40'

INC. 50'

INC. 40'

com. 100' pt.

COM. 90'

pt.

WILD TRACK (shot on location) to be used over scenes 93-X,
93-Y:

93-X VERSION #1

com. pt. (1st good)

/22 MARK AND DARIA

com. pt. (1st good - fly in last line)

MARK

Are you teasing me? Do you think
that's what I want?

DARIA

I feel so much anger in you.

MARK

It's a means to an end.

DARIA

There are no ends. Only means.

93-X VERSION #2

com. pt. (END SLATE)

/22 MARK AND DARIA

MARK

You shouldn't tease anyone 'til you
know them well.

DARIA

Did I make a mistake? You don't want
to play this game?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (6)

93

MARK
I don't want to play any games.

93-X VERSION #3

com. Pt.

4/22 MARK

com. pt.

MARK
You got it wrong. We are the moon
people.

93-X VERSION #4

com. Pt.

/22 MARK AND DARIA

MARK
I always knew it would be like this.

DARIA
Love?

MARK
The desert.

93-X VERSION #5

Com. pt.

/22 MARK AND DARIA

COM. PT. (LITTLE LAUGHTER)

MARK
Would you like to go with me?

DARIA
Where?

MARK
Wherever I'm going.

DARIA
Are you really asking?

MARK
Is that your real answer?

(CONTINUED)

DARIA
 (a little mean)
 Don't you feel at home here? It's
 peaceful here.

MARK
 It's dead.

DARIA
 O.K. It's dead. So let's play a
 death's game. You start at one end
 of the valley and I'll start at the
 other and we'll see who can kill the
 most. We'll start on lizards and
 snakes, then move up to mice and
 rabbits. If we're lucky we might
 find an antelope. At the end we'll
 count up how many deaths each of us
 has and the winner will get a special
 prize: the right to kill the loser.
 Sound like fun?

MARK
 (deadpan)
 Sounds great.

DARIA
 The only trouble is, the winner won't
 have anyone to play with when it's
 over.
 (pause)
 He'll just wander around through all
 these corpses and all of this sand
 and finally drop dead with the rest
 of them. And one day about a million
 years from now some moon people will
 come by here and take a look around
 and say: "Just like we thought. Not
 a living soul."

The valley has changed color as the sun moves around. The
 shadows have shifted. We see Mark and Daria making love.

Additional improvised dialogue in 94-DD

Mark: "Can't we be friends."

Daria: "Maybe..."

"YES!"

Unintelligible soft talk, laughter.

Mark: "Did ya ever see Blow Up?"

(CONTINUED)

93E CONTINUED:

93E

Daria: "Getting closer."

Mark: "Double chin."

Daria: "I do not."

(laughter, whispers.)
(Another take, same
slate:)

Mark: "I don't know what's so
funny..."

Daria: "What's up the end of that?"

(the remainder unintelligible, soft talk, laughter...)

NOTE:

I was not present during shooting of additional footage of Mark and Daria's love scene (11/12/68) - but obtained notes and information from Harrison Starr and from viewing dailies... Bonnie (11/20/68)

95 EXT. ZABRISKIE POINT - DAY

95

Up on the lookout the car radio plays a tune... The sense of panic there before in gazing down into that prehistoric lake has gone, leaving a soft serene atmosphere in its wake.

96 EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - DAY

96

Beside Daria and Mark are another couple making love. They too are young and their love-making is tranquil and warm. A little further off another couple are laughing and joking: the phase that goes before love. Then they kiss and stretch out on the earth.

97 MORE COUPLES

97

Suddenly appear on the hills around. Gradually the couples become more numerous.

98 STREWN ACROSS THE DESERT

98

From horizon to horizon there are thousands of young boys and girls all making love. There is not only love between both sexes, but also between boys with other boys, and girls with girls.

99 AFTER A BIT, A LIGHT BREEZE SPRINGS UP. 99

Then it blows harder and harder. All the boys and girls have to quit their love-making. They stand up. The wind is blowing so hard now they have trouble even standing up. Great gusts of dust blow into their faces so they can hardly breathe. They struggle away through the dust, towards any shelter they can find - hand in hand. They have their arms around one another as they push ahead. The hot desert wind is a force of nature, destructive as a whiplash - a screaming curtain of black dust against which the young couples are seen battling desperately, as they appear now and then in the distance.

100 A SLIGHT BREEZE 100

Ruffles the hair of Mark and Daria. They come out of their embrace. They look at each other. They smile. They are alone again.

101 EXT. ZABRISKIE POINT - DAY 101

El Dorado Dodge camper with boat attached. A large motorcar has driven up onto the lookout heralded by pointless honks on the horn. It has a trailer (with boat) clanking along behind. The hideous thing stops with a screech of brakes in the center of the lookout.

Two people get out: a man stripped to the waist, flabby looking; and a fat girl in short pants, both laughing and giggling.

On the back seat of the car is a small child licking an ice cream.

They go to a little wall and look around at the landscape.

MAN

They should build a Drive-in up here.
They'd make a mint.

WOMAN

Great idea. Maybe you should do it.

The man gives out an exclamation which means: all balls - the Drive-in, the pop-corn, the landscape, everything. He turns and walks back to the car. Then he gets in. He puts on the radio which instantly starts blaring out a cheerful stupid commercial, which over-whelms all voices and sounds, including the music from Daria's car radio.

102 EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - DAY 102

Mark and Daria are now standing up, ready to come back to the lookout.

103 EXT. ZABRISKIE POINT - DAY

103

The car with the tourists is driving slowly down the ramp and onto the highway as the sound of the radio dies slowly away into the roar of the engine. The music is over too.

104 EXT. ZABRISKIE POINT - DAY

104

Mark and Daria have just reached the spot where the two lavatories are when they hear another noise: An approaching police car. The boy sees the policeman and rushes into the Men's and shuts the door. The girl is just about to do the same, into the Women's but the cop has stopped at the side of the road and they see her. The girl then stops and waits.

The cop comes over to her. Daria is now only a few steps away from the cop who is armed to the teeth but she doesn't bat an eye.

COP

Having trouble?

DARIA

Oh - Uh - No. I was just going to the bathroom.

COP

Where's your car?

DARIA

I left it. Along with my driver's license, my Bank-Americard, my Traveller's checks, my social security number, my birth certificate, my... and...

The cops looks arround. Absolute stillness again. You can't see where the car is parked from where they are. The highway is far in the distance and out of sight. One cop is about forty and a strong he-man. He seems to be wondering whether he could take her. A few moments of tension which Daria is well aware of. But she just stands there quietly, her arms loosely hanging, looking at the policeman and smiling. The smile does it.

He walks away.

DARIA

Bye.

105 HE

105

Has scarcely gone twenty yards when Mark comes out of the Men's. Room. He pulls out his gun and slowly points it at the policeman who is pulling away in his car. Mark takes careful aim.

DARIA
Man, you're really crazy. Is it loaded?

MARK
Naw.

He opens the cartridge chamber - the bullets fall onto the sand. There is a pause and he begins digging at the earth with his heel.

DARIA
Digging for water?

MARK
I'm going to bury it.

106 THERE IS ANOTHER PAUSE.

106

DARIA
Why did you ask me about the strike?
Were you there?

MARK
Yeah...

DARIA
The guy who killed the cop...

She realizes. Long silence.

MARK
No. I wanted to, but... somebody else was there.

DARIA
But they said...

MARK
They! Who's they!

DARIA
On the radio.

MARK
I never got off a shot. We should shoot them all and I can't even shoot one.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

He kicks the bullets - Daria gets down on her hands and knees and starts picking up the bullets.

DARIA
You'll need them. You're going to have a hard time making them believe you.

MARK
I ain't gonna try.

DARIA
Why? I believe you...

She kneels beside him, touches his legs.

MARK
I don't know.

DARIA
You wouldn't be copping out...

MARK
There's no difference between a cop-out and what people think is a cop-out.

DARIA
But what about what really happened? Doesn't that matter at all?

MARK
Yeah. Sometimes, I guess. But not in this country now. Anyway, what matters for me is to get another turn.

(ALTERNATE LINE:) But what matters for me is what I'll do next.

(quietly)

There'll be plenty more chances.

DARIA
Let's go back to the car. We can drive out of here. If you cut your hair they'd never recognize you.

MARK
Do I need a haircut?

DARIA
No. You look beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

Silence. Mark and Daria walk back up the hill, towards the car.

107 EXT. DRY LAKE - DAY

107

Daria and Mark are on the dry lake near the stolen plane. It is now partly painted in very loud, vulgar colors. We read the words: "FREE COME", "NO WAR"

There are huge paintings of male and female sex organs -- so intricately drawn that it is hard, at first, to see them. Mark is doing the painting. Daria is putting flowers and flourishes over the figurative violence.

Mark puts down the brush, and looks at the plane.

MARK

You know... they might not even think it's a plane - - "Strange, prehistoric bird spotted over Mojave desert with its' genitals out."

DARIA

You are just crazy enough to take this thing back to L.A.

MARK

Sure. You don't just borrow someone's private plane, take it for a joy ride and never come back to express your thanks.

He paints the word "thanks" on, very small.

OLD MAN

It's nice to see a young man show some respect.

The old man is painting on the nose of the plane.

OLD MAN

Come over here.

MARK

(to old man)
Looks pretty great.

OLD MAN

Sure is.

Daria crosses over toward Mark.

DARIA

Do you really think you have a chance?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

MARK

I'll just set it down on the runway
far enough from the tower so I can
make it into this field. From there
I've got it made. I'll be in town
before they know what's happening.

DARIA

But why take it back? You could just
ditch it here and ride with me to
Phoenix. You don't even have to take
the risk of...

MARK

I wanna take the risks.

Mark steps back, admires his artistry - as the old man walks
away picking up a portable radio on the way.

MARK

Don't you think she looks beautiful?

DARIA

(nods)

Yes.

Mark says good bye to Daria, gets in plane and takes off.
Daria waves him farewell on the ground. When he is out of
sight, she walks back to the old shack, and spends a moment
with the old man.

OLDMAN

Bye, Bye Lady. God Bless You.

DARIA

Bye, bye. Thanks... Bye, bye.

She gets into her car and drives away from the dry lake.

108 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY (#6)

108

The car is streaking again down another long endless highway
cutting through a fantastically desolate landscape.

But Daria isn't looking at the country. She is gazing up at
the twists and loops of a gaily painted little airplane.

109 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

109

Mark waves down to her before disappearing.

110 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #6 - DAY 110

The girl puts her hand onto the back seat and hauls over to the seat beside her the red dressing gown with the famous zip well in evidence. She laughs as she looks at it.

She drives on at a steady speed, occasionally swerving from side to side to break the monotony. [Section details]

111 EXT. CIVIL AIRPORT - DAY 111

Less movement and fuss than last time. But still the radio service. A few journalists. The usual airport attendants.

Three police cars with cops inside are parked at the sides of the runway.

112 AN OFFICIAL 112

Is speaking into a mike in the control tower.

DETECTIVE #1

(Jim)

The tower has just received a request to land from LILLY-7. He's entering the pattern now from the South.

113 ON THE AIRFIELD 113

Not far from the runway another detective receives the message on his walkie-talkie and signals to the other policemen who immediately start up their car engines.

DETECTIVE #1

All take-offs are being held and incoming planes are in a holding pattern.

114 ON THE SIDELINES 114

Our ground correspondent hears his radio set-up and runs over to his dispatch car.

115 THE GROUND 115

Correspondent tries to get in touch with the helicopter reporter.

GROUND CORRESPONDENT

KHT 759 -- this is KHT 652. Come in, please.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

REPORTER (O.S.)
KHT 652 - this is KHT 759. You should
see this thing. You wouldn't believe
it.

GROUND CORRESPONDENT
What's wrong?

REPORTER (O.S.)
Nothing's wrong. It's got all these
funny jokes painted all over it.

GROUND CORRESPONDENT
Jokes? Like what?

REPORTER (O.S.)
Well, like "SHE-HE-IT," and "NO WAR."

116 THE GROUND

116

Correspondent answers his colleague of the helicopter.

GROUND CORRESPONDENT
Sounds like a real wise guy!

The detective from the tower runs onto the field and informs
the photographers to clear the area.

DETECTIVE #1
Hey, hey you two. You two come on
off the field. There'll be plenty of
time for photographs later!

117 NOW THE PLANE

117

Begins to be visible in the sky over the airport. It maneuvers
around to get a straight comedown on the runway, and wobbling
a bit as though driven by a none-too expert hand, descends
to the tarmac. It's almost landing.

The police cars start off, one each side of the runway, and
one from behind, ready to surround the plane.

118 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

118

Mark notices them from the control cabin and sees they are
police. He attempts to get the plane up again, to escape,
but it is too late, one wheel has already touched down and
the plane shudders badly.

119 EXT. CIVIL AIRPORT - DAY

119

All the boy can do is to get the plane landed as well as he
can.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

The police cars hug it on three sides.

The plane tries to go off the runway into the open country across the flat expanse of grass. But he finds one of the police cars blocking the way. He almost seems to be trying to crash into the car.

The car just scuttles off in time by accelerating. A policeman's arm emerges from the car holding a gun. The policeman fires: one, two, three, four times.

The plane looks as though it has been shot dead. It does a terrible swerve then slows to a halt in the grassy area off the runway. The propellor jerks to a stop and so does the engine.

Police leap out of their cars, guns in hand and rush to the plane.

One opens the door. Mark's body falls out almost on top of him. Dead.

LIEUTENANT

(Bob Roberts)

Call an ambulance... and get a tire iron from the car!

120 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #7 - DAY

120

Daria's car is stopped in the center of the road, askew as though suddenly and violently braked. The window is open and there is no one in the car. The radio still on, playing.

REPORTER

As we told you before, the small plane stolen early this morning by an unknown thief was being returned just moments ago by a young man who apparently was attempting a landing then saw two squad cars awaiting his arrival. Reports thus far say that the youth panicked and tried to get the plane airborne again. After repeated attempts by the police to block the plane and with no result, an officer, whose name we don't know just yet, fired several shots into the cockpit, killing the youth immediately. The plane stopped out of the runway. This is all we know so far. Any further reports will be broadcasted later on. We return you now to Jerry Faye.

Jerry Faye music.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

Beyond the car, way out from both sides of the highway is a Mexican type desert. Stretches of sand with jagged red rock, bushes and high isolated cactus. Daria stands beside a big spiky cactus, petrified in her despair.

A-121 EXT DESERT HIGHWAY #8 - DAY

A-121

Daria drives by airplane storage field.

121 EXT. ROAD NEAR COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

121

Perched high on a mountain of egg-shaped rocks piled on top of each other is the low, flat, modern country house of the Lawyer. Around it spreads the harsh fascinating desert. Solitary rocks like animals, tufts of tamarisks and Arizona cactus. Far in the distance is Phoenix. Daria drives up to house, enters by poolside, passing women at the engaged in ad lib conversation.

122 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

122

Inside the house, in a large living room, a meeting is taking place between the lawyer and several businessmen. They are all seated around a table starting at a big aerial photograph of desert land with little flags sticking up.

They are two groups facing each other: the lawyer and his associates on one side. On the opposite side the businessmen, who appear to be trying to conclude the important deal.

BUSINESSMAN #1

Well, Lee, if these are your final conditions I can't see how I can possibly submit them to our associates. A proposal like this is just... unacceptable.

LAWYER

Listen Jack, you know as well as I do that the price of anything is never high or low except in relation to its potential use. Right? So, the question is -- is this land of value to your people or not...?

BUSINESSMAN #3

Well, frankly, I don't think that it is. We certainly don't want to get in over our heads any more than you people do. (We can't take a chance of getting in over our heads any more than you are)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

Silence. The lawyer's associate looks at the group in front of him and watches their faces as though looking for a sign that they're bluffing. Then the lawyer motions toward the terrace and they leave the businessmen to discuss it among themselves for a while.

Still silence in the living room. They light cigarettes, pour drinks and ad lib conversation by associate #2.

123 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE TERRACE - DUSK

123

ASSOCIATE

What do you think, Counselor? Shall we call their bluff?

ROD

Let's uh...

The lawyer gives a gesture as if to say, 'Take it easy, they'll give in.' The associate meets up with a girl.

NICKI

Hello G.D.

124 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE POOL - DUSK

124

The wives of the businessmen are gathered around the pool, drinking, smoking, gossiping.

125 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE CORRIDOR - DUSK

125

In the corridor, Daria is looking through a large sliding glass door at the meeting inside. She watches as the lawyer returns to the group from the terrace with his associate.

Daria goes to the front door and enters the house, starts down the entranceway.

126 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE HALLWAY - DUSK

126

The lawyer is coming in from the terrace and spots Daria down the end of the hallway.

127 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE CORRIDOR - DUSK

127

He goes to her. He sees that she's upset.

LAWYER

Hey...

(reacts to her being
soaking wet)

Daria? What'd you do -- try and go
for a swim?

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

She shakes her head. He puts his arm around her and continues talking as if nothing is abnormal.

LAWYER

Well, you finally arrived and that's the most important thing. Why don't you go to your room downstairs and change your clothes... First door on the right - at the bottom of the stairs. . ok?

She looks at him blankly.

LAWYER

I'll come down and join you as soon as I'm through with all this. (up here)

He heads back to where the meeting is. Daria stares after him a moment then moves down the stairs slowly. She stops in front of the door and stares into space as though not realizing where she is or how she got there. She hears a rustling sound and her eyes open. A pretty Indian maid, around her own age, appears in front of her, and passes on her way upstairs. Suddenly Daria turns around and knows she wants to be anywhere but inside this house with these people, involved in this world. She runs out the glass door, up the hill to the side of the house and heads for her car.

128 OMITTED

128

Sequence omitted from original script.

129 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE DRIVEWAY - DUSK

129

She reaches her car and jumps in. The car lurches backwards then roars off down the road.

130 EXT. ROAD NEAR COUNTRY HOUSE - DUSK

130

She stops again on the long straight road that cuts the desert in two. Slowly, as though lost in thought, she gets out of the car and turns to look back at the house high up in the rocks.

131 AFTER A FEW MOMENTS

131

She hears the increasing roar of a squadron of bombers. The volume becomes deafening. Daria never takes her eyes from the house.

132 OMITTED

132

Sequence omitted from original script.

- 133 TREMENDOUS, OVERWHEALMING EXPLOSIONS. 133
- 134 EXT. ROAD NEAR COUNTRY HOUSE - DUSK 134
- The house is blown to splinters, to dust, and debris is blasted one hundred, two hundred yards away...
- 135 OMITTED 135
- Sequence omitted from original script.
- 136 EXT. AMERICA - DUSK 136
- Explosions. Close-ups of individual items representative of typical American household pieces -- as they are blown into the sky.
- 137 EXT. ROAD NEAR COUNTRY HOUSE - DUSK 137
- Daria keeps watching without moving. Her face is tense with her teeming, terrifying imagination. Very gradually her expression relaxes.
- 138 INT. AIRPLANE - DUSK 138
- What she sees now is the smiling face of Mark flying the airplane.
- 139 EXT. AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - DUSK 139
- And the airplane flying in the sky with its joyous cargo of insults, flowers and words of freedom.

FADE OUT:

THE END