STARCROSSED

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"STARCROSSED"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

MARY is running for her life, her youthful, exotic beauty strained but not quite marred by the fear that's tensed the muscles in her face, and stiffened the cords in her neck, and fogged her eyes with the shine of tears. She glances back.

2 ANGLE - BUILDINGS

Across their street-lit facades flit the ominous shadows of her pursuers, huge and distorted. And, along with these shadows, the echoing SOUND of their racing feet.

3 NEW ANGLE - MARY

Breathless, gasping, she intensifies her effort to outrun them, but it's hopeless. They're stronger than her, quicker than her.

4 ANGLE - MEN

There are two of them, built strong and tall. Both wear suits and ties. We're not close enough to see their faces but, curiously, chillingly, we can hear their labored breathing and sense not only their determination, but their anger.

5 ANGLE - MARY

She skids wildly around a corner, almost slips, almost falls.

6 ANGLE - MEN

Gaining... gaining.

7 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

Three young men, all in their early twenties, buddies, come from the bar, laughing, joking with one another.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Two of them are engaged in a little fancy footwork—shuffle-jab-jab-hook. Mary, running full out, but looking back again, over her shoulder, collides head-on with one of them, JOEY, not quite knocking the two of them to the pavement.

JOEY
(laughing)
Hey, hey, hey! You didn't see the stop sign, or what?

Shaken, disoriented, still pressed against Joey, his hands on her arms, Mary looks back. Joey and his friends look.

LONG SHOT - MEN

They run into view from around the corner, then pull up short as they see Mary with the three young men.

ANGLE - GROUP

Joey silently appraises the situation, glances at his pals, then back at the two men. It doesn't take a genius to put two and two together. He sort of hands Mary to one of his friends, like a package for safekeeping. Then, stepping away from them a few feet, he repositions himself and eyeballs the two pursuers.

JOEY
(continuing)
So? Something you want here?

ANGLE - MEN

Unmoving, mute.

FAVOR JOEY

JOEY
(continuing)
Well, come on, come on, you want it, come and get it!

CLOSER ANGLE - MEN

They're twins. Same size, same hair, same eyes, same restrained, but evident, ferocity.
CLOSE - JOEY AND FRIENDS

They can all feel it, like an iron fist held back, or maybe a claw, and they're hoping like hell that Joey's bravado, alone, will win the night. There's a pause that, with the tension, seems quite a bit stronger than it really is.

ANGLE - MEN

They turn away, walk away, and disappear around the corner.

ANGLE - GROUP

A collective sigh of profound relief, quickly disguised -- as best they can -- by some satisfied laughter.

STEWY
(with a slap on Joey's back)
Way to go, champ!

And then the other friend, RALPH, raises a megaphone-shaped hand to his mouth and issues a loud series of chicken sounds in the general direction of the departed enemy. Everyone laughs, and even Mary seems to relax a bit and almost smiles.

FAVOR JOEY

He turns to her, really looking at her for the first time. And now STEWY and Ralph do the same. There's a bit of discreet glancing between the three pals, as all of them come to the same and obvious decision: Mary is gorgeous.

JOEY
You okay?

She nods, smiles again -- just slightly.

MARY
Yes. Thank you.

It was just a few words, but enough to detect an accent; but not a readily identifiable one. What it does, though, is make her even more exotic than she already seems.

Joey glances at the empty street corner, then back at Mary.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOEY
Close call, huh? Couple of creeps.

RALPH
Looked like foreigners, if you ask me.

STEWY
(mockingly serious)
Yeah. You'd never see two guys in this city act like that.

Ralph slaps Stewy on the head. Stewy laughs.

JOEY
(to Mary)
So... everything's alright now? I mean, you'll be okay if we leave you alone?

MARY
(not too convincingly)
Yes.

Joey and the boys exchange dubious glances.

JOEY
You live around here?

MARY
I'm... visiting.

JOEY
Oh, yeah? You're not lost, are you?

MARY
No. I think I can find my way.

Joey nods. A bit of an awkward silence. Then, obviously reluctant to end it, but not sure how to continue:

JOEY
(to the guys)
What d'you think?

Stewy and Ralph exchange a glance.

STEWY
What d'we think? We think you'd be nuts to leave her out here all by herself.

(CONTINUED)
RAF
(indicating)
Those guys could still be
waiting for her, just hiding
out, right around the corner
there.

Joey nods, mulling it over.

(JOY
What d'you say I give you a
ride someplace...put you on a
bus or something.

FAVOR MARY
She hesitates, as if trying to read something in
Joey's eyes. Then she nods.

MARY
Thank you.

FAVOR JOEY

JOEY
Well, it's settled then. My
car's right over there.
(then, to Stewy,
and Ralph)
You guy's gonna be okay?

STEY
I think we can handle it.

RALPH
(nods; then)
Yeah. Take it easy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED

JOEY
Right.

STEWY
(to Mary)
It was a real pleasure... running into you.

Mary nods, smiles shyly. Stewy taps Joey's shoulder.

STEWY
See you in the morning.

Joey nods. Stewy and Ralph take off across the street after a final, private grin toward Joey and Mary.

ANGL E - JOEY, MARY

A moment of silence between them.

JOEY
Well, you all set?

She nods. He gestures. They head toward his car, an early 70's Chevy convertible with the top down. It's in mint condition. As they approach it:

JOEY
Know anything about cars?

She shakes her head; again the shy grin.

JOEY
Too bad. Been working on it for two years.
(grins)
It'll just about fly.

Mary looks at the car with new interest as Joey opens the passenger door for her, then moves around to get in behind the wheel.

JOEY
So...is this your first time in Chicago?

EXT. VARIOUS CHICAGO LOCATIONS - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLES as the Chevy cruises through light traffic. We don't hear Joey's conversation but he looks like a tour-guide. He's proud of his city and his car. Mary's interest is keen.

CUT TO:
EXT. STREET CORNER — NIGHT

Joey pulls the Chevy to the curb. He's stopped in front of a bus stop. Mary looks at it. It's a well-lighted area, but a lonely one. There's a lengthy pause, as if both are undecided about what they should do next. Then, with some reluctance, she opens the car door and steps out, closing it behind her.

Another pause. She looks back at Joey. He nods, smiles just slightly, then sort of salutes her with a little wave. Mary returns the gesture — almost as if imitating it.

Joey shifts into gear, spins the wheel, swings a U-turn.

WIDER — SCENE

Mary approaches the bench and sits neatly. The Chevy cruises slowly away.

CLOSER — MARY

She watches the taillights begin to fade away.
ANGLE - JOEY

Driving away, he keeps one eye on her small image in the rearview mirror. She looks vulnerable as hell. He steps on the brakes.

CLOSE - MARY

For the first time we see a sign of hope in her expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

There's just a few cars parked beside it. Joey's is one of them.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The only other customers sit at the counter. Joey and Mary are opposite one another in a booth, the WAITRESS standing beside them, waiting with her pencil and order pad.

JOEY

What're you gonna have?

Mary doesn't respond, seeming uncertain, or maybe even confused.

JOEY

(continuing; to Waitress)

I'll have a bowl of chili; double side of oysterettes.

WAITRESS

Somethin' to drink?

JOEY

Coffee.

WAITRESS

And you, dear?

MARY

The same?

WAITRESS

It's up to you, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)
Mary seems at a loss again. Joey takes charge.

**JOEY**

Just make it for two, huh?
Nice and easy.

**WAITRESS**

(Leaving)
Thanks, hon.

There's a silence between them. Joey's not only charmed by her, he's puzzled. But now, nodding in agreement to his own statement:

**JOEY**

I'll tell you what I'm thinking. I'm thinking you're not just from another part of the country... but from a whole **different** country.
(taps his ear)
I'm hearing an accent.

Mary lowers her eyes.

**JOEY**

(Continuing)
Give the man a prize.

He repositions himself in his seat, really starting to enjoy this.

**JOEY**

(Continuing)
Okay... let's see how Sherlock Holmes would do this...

A pause for serious concentration. Then, using his fingers for emphasis, as he counts off his major deductions:

**JOEY**

(Continuing)
One: you're on the run. Two: like Ralph said, the guys that were after you looked like foreigners. Three: you don't talk a lot, maybe because you're trying not to give yourself away. Which means... four: that you've got something to hide. Which leads me to... five: that wherever you're from, you're not supposed to be here.

(Continued)
CONTINUED (2):

A silence. He watches her, searching her expression for clues.

JOEY
(continuing)
What d'you say? Am I getting warm?
(he grins)
Maybe even a little "red" around the cheeks?

Joey glances around, surreptitiously. Then, leaning forward and lowering his voice:

JOEY
(continuing)
Do I see an Iron Curtain in your not-so-distant past?

Mary merely stares at him, looking like she doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. Joey shrugs.

JOEY
(continuing)
Hey, forget it, it's none of my business, right?

He sits back, picks up his spoon, plays with it. Mary watches him curiously. Then, terrifically conversational:

JOEY
(continuing)
So, tell me, you married? Got a boyfriend?

Mary shakes her head "no."

JOEY
(continuing)
Me either. I mean, I'm not married either. Don't even have a girlfriend. Can't afford one.

He politely waits for her to pick up the conversation. When she doesn't:

JOEY
(continuing)
Any sisters? Brothers?

Mary shakes her head again. It's starting to sound like an interview, which means it's starting to sound like a first date.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
(continuing)
I've got one sister, kid sister.
Goes to college in Wisconsin.
(humbly but proudly)
That's why I'm broke all the
time. I help her out, you know?
(pause; then)
How about your folks? Still
living?

MARY
No, I haven't any parents.

JOEY
(nods sympathetically)
Well, you see that? We've got a
couple of things in common.
Mine are gone, too. Died when I
was sixteen. Annie was only
twelve, poor little kid.

He seems to momentarily drift off in a melancholy way.
Mary appears to be studying him. The Waitress returns.

WAITRESS
Here you go, kids: two bowls
of chili, extra oysterettes,
two coffees. Cream and sugar
on the table.

After the momentary racket of plates and cups hitting
the formica, the Waitress leaves and the silence
returns. Then --

JOEY
Go on, dig in, you look hungry.

Mary stares at the chili, once again seeming uncertain.
Joey begins preparing his own, practically drowning it
in oysterettes. Watching him, Mary does it the same
way. Joey grins.

JOEY
(continuing)
No chili in the U.S.S.R., huh?

She doesn't respond. He smiles, then laughs a little --
quite proud of his insightful detection.

CUT TO:
28 EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The two of them walk out.

    JOEY
    Nice place, huh? We call that a "greasy spoon."

    MARY
    Greasy...?

    JOEY
    Spoon. First time, right? I mean, having chili.

    MARY
    Yes.

    JOEY
    Well, what'd you think?

    MARY
    It was... very good.

    JOEY
    (smiles)
    You don't sound too sure.

    MARY
    It was different.

    JOEY
    I bet. Wasn't even on pumpernickel.

He opens the car door for her and she slides in. Then, just before Joey slides in after her, he catches a glimpse of a car parked across the street.

29 ANGLE - CAR

It's a big new Mercedes four-door, bullet gray, hulking and formidable in the darkness.

30 FAVOR JOEY

He slides in behind the wheel of the Chevy as if he never saw the car.

    JOEY
    (continuing)
    I've got to ask you something:
    Those guys -- did they have wheels?

    (CONTINUED)
MARY
I don't understand.

JOEY
A car.

Sensing the very subtle edge in his voice, she starts to look around.

JOEY
(continuing)
Don't turn around.

Rigid, in fear again, she sits motionless, facing front. Joey starts the engine, acting casual as all get-out.

MARY
They have a gray car.

JOEY
(nods)
Yeah, and expensive taste.

He pauses a moment to think. She watches him.

JOEY
(continuing)
Tell me something else: are they packing?

MARY
What?

JOEY
Guns. Are they carrying guns? I mean, how serious are these guys?

A silence. Mary looks away. Then, making a decision to trust him:

MARY
They're very serious... and very dangerous.

Joey nods, his worst suspicions confirmed.

JOEY
Okay. One more thing: how well do they know this city?

MARY
They've only been here for two days... like me.

(Continued)
CONTINUED (2):

JOEY
(mutters under
his breath)
Be thankful for little favors.

Now, with determination he shifts the car into first
gear. He glances at her and smiles briefly, as if to
reassure both of them.

JOEY
(continuing)
Hang on.

He revs the engine, pops the clutch. The tires screech
and spin and smoke. The Chevy roars out of the diner's
parking lot.

ANGLE - MERCEDES

The headlights flash on, the engine fires, and with a
powerful lurch, the big car takes off after them.

EXT. VARIOUS CITY LOCATIONS - NIGHT

It's not so much a chase as it is a game of follow-the-
leader... through an obstacle course. Joey's a native
and he knows the city inside out and backwards. He
also knows that the Mercedes is twice as quick as his
old Chevy, so the only hope he's got is to run and hide.

Specific locations will be selected which will
ultimately allow Joey -- with his superior knowledge of
the turf -- to escape the pursuers, but not before he
and Mary come perilously close, more than once, to
disaster.

It's a hair-raising sequence that establishes one thing
with extreme clarity: the two men who are after Mary --
for whatever reason -- are determined to succeed; maybe
even if it means their own destruction. Regardless of
how many times Joey manages to elude them, they reappear;
the gray Mercedes rising out of the ashes like some
terrible beast: pushing on, coming back, unstoppable.
Through the tinted windows of the car their faces are
obscured, but not their savage tenacity.

In the end Joey and Mary sit in the parked Chevy in some
dark and unseen crevice and, holding their breath, watch
the Mercedes roar past and fade into the night -- this
time, at least, not to return.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Joey turns to her, and she to him. It's too soon to feel the exhilaration of having somehow, miraculously, won this battle. Knowing it or not, wilful or not, he has saved her life two times this evening. She stares at him curiously. For some inexplicable reason, she doesn't understand why he's acted the way he has. But, as for Joey -- up to this point -- he's merely acted out of instinct.

Joey breaks the silence for the first time since he and Mary left the restaurant. It's a masterpiece of quiet understatement:

JOEY

I think we better have a talk.

Brief pause.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The two of them are trudging toward the top floor, the fifth floor. Right now they're between the third and fourth floor landings. The stairway is poorly lit and the building looks like it's probably older than the hills.

JOEY

I've been climbing these stairs for eight years. When I first moved in, the super says to me: Kid, you're going to have legs like iron pipe. Then last month this new guy moves in. I hear the super tell him: Kid, it's fantastic for the cardiovascular system. Funny how times change, huh?

INT. FIFTH FLOOR STAIRWAY - NIGHT

They're nearing the top.

JOEY

(continuing)

So now I got legs that'll outrun The Six Million Dollar Man; a heart like a rocket pump; and a pair of lungs that could blow up a blimp.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

JOEY (cont'd)
But you know what? I'd give it all up for an extra hundred bucks a week and an apartment in a building with an elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and Joey steps in, standing aside for Mary to enter -- which she does, with great curiosity. Joey comes in, flips on a light, closes the door.

FAVOR MARY

She merely stands there, trying to take as much of it in as she can. He watches her in silence.

JOEY

May not be much, but it's home to me.

As Mary continues to survey the interior, Joey walks into the kitchen. The apartment is three rooms; living room/bedroom, kitchen, and bath. The furniture is in okay condition, even though it hasn't been changed since the 50's. The apartment looks pretty clean, actually homely in a way. There are a few posters on the walls, carefully picked. One's a nice picture of Marilyn Monroe -- just her sad smiling face. Another one's a photo of some wild horses galloping through a stream. In a corner is a baseball bat, glove and ball; and beside that, a bowling ball in its bag. Mary pauses in front of a couple of framed photographs.

JOEY

(continuing; at the fridge)
My folks, back in '74. And that's Annie. Beautiful, isn't she?

MARY

Yes, very beautiful.

JOEY

How about a beer? I know they've got beer where you come from.

(CONTINUED)
Joey pulls two cans from the fridge, pops the tabs, and walks back into the main room, handing her one.

JOEY
(continuing)
How d'you say it? Skol? Nyet?

She doesn't respond. He gives up, taps their cans together.

JOEY
(continuing)
Cheers.

He takes a slug, slumps down onto the couch, seeming weary for the first time. She watches him, once again following his lead, sits down on a chair opposite.

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT

They silently appraise one another.

JOEY
(continuing)
How about we start with names.
But let's keep it simple, okay?
First names only.
(pause; pointing to himself)
Me Joey.
(points to her)
You...?

MARY
(after a beat)
Mary.

Joey stares at her, not believing it for a minute.

JOEY
Mary? That's a Russian name now? Like in Jesus and Mary?

Mary smiles shyly. Joey takes another sip of his beer, never taking his eyes off her.

JOEY
(continuing)
You don't have the slightest idea of what I'm talking about, do you?

(CONTINUED)
A silence. He leans forward, as if to see her more closely.

JOEY

(continuing)
Look, I don't want to poke my nose in where it doesn't belong. But the way I see it, you've got a problem. And because we sort of... got together... I feel a little responsible, and I figure I ought to try and do something to help you out.

Mary continues to listen intently, but to say nothing. On occasion -- usually after he does -- she takes a sip of her beer.

JOEY

(continuing)
But you've got to give a little, you know? You've got to tell me what's going on. Just so I'm not groping around in the dark, running into walls and things, stubbing my toes.

He's remarkably earnest, and Mary would have to be from another planet not to sense at least some of that. She stands, walks across the room to one of the windows facing the street. She pulls the curtain aside and looks out. He watches her, his eyes squinting a bit, his brow furrowed, as his brain continues to be severely taxed by her mystery. She turns back to face him.

MARY
Those men...

JOEY

Yeah?

MARY
They want to capture me. (pause; then) Or kill me.

JOEY

(the reality is hard to accept)
Kill you? Just because you jumped the wall?

(Continued)
MARY
Because I ran away, yes.

JOEY
I don't understand. Are you some kind of scientist or something?

MARY
They have orders.

JOEY
Orders to kill?

A somber pause.

MARY
They have orders to bring me back... alive or dead. This is so they can show the others — prove to the others — that there's no hope in escape.

FAVOR JOEY

There was no denying the tragic sincerity of her words, or the manner in which she spoke them. Joey begins to boil. He puts his can of beer down, stands up, walks across the room, stops, stares at a wall — almost burning a hole in it with his seething anger, his outrage. Then, turning back to face her:

JOEY
(quietly, but with chilling determination)
You've got my word, right here and now, that even if I'm going to die trying, there's no way those bums are going to get what they came for. This is a free country, and I'm a free man — born and raised. And so long you want to stay here, with me, you're free.

(pause; then)
Okay?
FAVOR MARY

There are tears in her eyes.

MARY
I don't understand why you would be willing to do this.

FAVOR JOEY

Her question wasn't unexpected. His eyes appear to twinkle. He's so proud of his thoughts, he can hardly be any prouder to voice them.

JOEY
That's because where you've come from, freedom's not a tune you whistle. But believe me when I tell you: once you learn that tune... nobody, not anybody... can take it away from you.

A beat, and then he extends his hand. She's hesitant to respond, but then she does. He takes her hand in his and shakes it. A pause.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOEY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

No cars move on the street, and only a few lights glow from behind curtained windows.

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joey's asleep on the couch beneath a blanket. The covers have been pulled back on the bed, but Mary's not in it. Instead, she stands, still dressed, by the window, staring out.

MARY'S P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDOW

to a starry sky and a delicate, crescent moon.

ANGLE - MARY

The stillness surrounds her like a veil of loneliness. She turns to look at Joey.
ANGLE - JOEY

He sleeps undisturbed, a pure and untroubled soul.

ANGLE - MARY

She quietly crosses toward a chair. Several lamps are on in the room. As she passes them, she glances toward each one, and each one, in turn, goes out.

NEW ANGLE - MARY

She sits down in front of the small black and white television, curling her legs under her. She stares at the set for a second or two. It switches on, by itself. She settles back to watch an old western. She doesn't bother to turn up the volume. She watches in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAWN

The city begins to wake and stretch.

EXT. JOEY'S BUILDING - DAWN

Still quiet.

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT - DAWN - CLOSE - JOEY

He wakes to an unexpected aroma, blinking his eyes, sniffing.

FAVOR MARY

She sits where we last saw her, on the chair in front of the mute television. She smiles.

JOEY

'Morning.

MARY

'Morning.

JOEY

What's that I smell?

MARY

Something for us to eat.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Joey pushes the blanket aside and rises from the couch in his boxer shorts and T-shirt. He walks into the kitchen, Mary trailing behind him, appearing a little anxious.

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT

Joey follows his nose to the stove. There's a pot of coffee brewing, and a pot on the stove, covered. He glances at her, quizzically.

MARY
I found things in there and there.

She points to a cupboard and the refrigerator.

MARY
(continuing)
Was that alright?

Joey looks back at the covered pot, then reaches out -- a bit tenuously -- and raises the lid.

CLOSE - POT CONTENTS

FAVOR JOEY

JOEY

Chili?

She nods, evidently pleased that he at least recognized it.

JOEY
(continuing)
For breakfast?

Her hopeful expression begins to fall.

JOEY
(continuing)
No, no, I love chili! It's my favorite thing in the world.
I just never thought of having it first thing in the morning.

He grabs a spoon, spoons up a mouthful, almost inhales it. Mary watches intently. He savors it, chews, swallows. It's truly good.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

JOEY
(continuing)
It's fantastic! You could win a contest.

She nods, very pleased. He nods, happy to make her happy. He takes another spoonful, makes the appropriate delighted faces.

JOEY
(continuing)
You sure you didn't defect from Mexico?

Mary stares at him, confused. He laughs.

JOEY
(continuing)
You've got a lot to learn, Comrade Mary.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

He comes from the bathroom, dressed in his mechanic's uniform. Mary's watching television again, still without sound, now a particularly silly game show. Joey leans down and turns up the volume.

JOEY
Better, huh?

She nods, but we're left with the distinct and lingering impression that she's always been hearing the sound.

JOEY
(continuing)
I've got to go to work. I want you to stay here, okay? We've got the weekend coming up and we'll have time to try and work things out. You understand?

MARY
Yes.

JOEY
Promise me... no tours of the neighborhood, no boat rides, no shopping. Okay?
CONTINUED:

MARY
Okay.
A beat. He glances at the television.

JOEY
We've got lots of channels, you know. You can learn all kinds of stuff.

She nods, smiles. He stares at her.

JOEY
(continuing)
I think I figured out why they want you back so bad. You've got a face that could launch a thousand missiles.

She may or may not have understood him. He smiles at her, clearly reluctant to leave. But then, knowing he has to, he reaches out, touches her cheek.

JOEY
(continuing)
See you at four-thirty.

Then he turns, crosses the room, and walks out without looking back.

CLOSE - MARY
She stares after him, after he's gone, warmed by his brief touch.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY
Joey bounds lightly down the stairs, whistling a tune, and maybe even rides a banister or two.

INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - DAY
Joey rounds the landing and starts down the final flight.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR
It opens with a glare of sunlight.
ANGLE - JOEY

He looks.

ANGLE - MEN

The twins from last night fill the frame with their massive bulk. (From this point on, for descriptive purpose, they'll be referred to as the Nazis.)

CLOSE - JOEY

Momentarily immobilized.

CLOSE - NAZIS

They've seen him.

ANGLE - JOEY

Barely taking the time to mutter an indecipherable curse under his breath, he spins around and takes off back up the stairs.

ANGLE - NAZIS

Following.

INT. STAIRWAY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

Counting his blessings for eight years of developing his iron pipe legs, rocket pump heart, and blimp inflating lungs, Joey almost flies up the stairs. It's as if he's jet-propelled.

The Nazis jog in unison, one step at a time -- clearly not as quick as Joey, but just as clearly unphased by the effort. There's something almost robot-like in their perfectly even pacing. And in their expressions, the same frigid coldness we saw last night.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Mary stands in front of the open medicine cabinet, an opened bottle of cologne in one hand, an open tube of toothpaste in the other, tentatively sniffing them.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

But now, sensing danger, she looks toward the living room.

Joey (V.O.)
(muffled; distant)
Mary?! Get out! Run!

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Joey sails around the fourth floor landing and charges up the final flight.

JOEY
Mary! Mary!

ANGLE - NAZIS

Machine-like, frighteningly precise, their legs piston up and down on the wooden stairs of the third floor.

INT. 5TH FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Joey, sweating, gasping, hurls his body onto the landing and spins around the corner toward his apartment door.

ANGLE - DOOR

It opens, and Mary's there. Joey doesn't slow down, just barrels through, taking her with him, slamming the door behind them.

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joey lurches back around, slams the deadbolt.

JOEY
Why're you still here?! Didn't you hear me?! I told you to get out!

Not waiting for her response, he grabs her hand, hauls her across the room. In the b.g., we HEAR the tromp-tromp-tromp of the Nazis' feet.
NEW ANGLE - JOEY, MARY

He flings open one of the windows, leaps out onto the
to e s c a p e , t h e n r e a c h e s b a c k t o h a u l h e r o n t o t h e
with him.

INT. 5TH FLOOR LANDING - DAY

The Nazis take the final few steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Hand in hand, Joey in the lead, they clatter noisily
down the iron stairways. The fire escape shudders
against their weight.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door bursts open, as if from the blow of a sledge-
hammer. The Nazis enter.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Joey and Mary are on the second flight from the street.
Mary glances up.

ANGLE - NAZIS

They step out onto the fire escape from Joey's window.
One of them reaches under his jacket and withdraws a
gun.

FAVOR MARY

MARY
(a frightened
shout)

Joey!

He spins, looks up.
ANGLE - NAZIS

The one with the gun fires. It's a louder explosion and a brighter flash than we're used to seeing.

ANGLE - JOEY AND MARY

Whatever was shot from the gun now strikes the iron stairway just a few feet above them, blowing a flaming hole in it, six feet around. The portion of the stairs Joey and Mary are on begins to buckle and groan.

JOEY

Hang on!!!

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

With both of them clinging to the railing, they watch in horror as bolts snap from the ancient concrete side of the building and, slowly, their portion of the stairs begins to sag, and then sink, and then fall toward the street. Thankfully, though, none of this happens in a rush. Instead, bending under its own weight, the staircase politely arcs closer and closer to the ground.

ANGLE - NAZIS

The shooter shoots again.

ANGLE - JOEY AND MARY

They jump the last few feet to the alley floor, and not a second too soon. Behind them, the last existing portion of the lower stairway explodes like the Fourth of July.

JOEY

(shouting to Mary)

Are those guys crazy?! I asked you if they had guns, not canons!

(then, grabbing her hand)

Come on! Run!

They run toward the street.
CLOSE - NAZZI WITH GUN

For the first time we see the weapon in close detail, and curiously it doesn't look all that different than a streamlined 9mm semi-automatic. What it shoots, though, is clearly another story. And now the Nazi shoots for the third time.

ANGLE - JOEY AND MARY

Racing toward the street, the impact of the explosion ten yards ahead of them knocks them to the ground. What went sky-high was Joey's car.

CLOSER - JOEY AND MARY

Sprawled on the pavement, he whirs around to look back up toward the top of the fire escape.

LONG SHOT - NAZIS

A beat, and then they disappear back into the apartment.

FAVOR JOEY

He doesn't understand. His surging adrenalin mixes with his anger and defiance and massive confusion. He leaps to his feet, stares in pain at his destroyed car, then turns back to where the Nazis were.

JOEY

(continuing; shouting crazily)
Where're you going?! Why don't you try and finish what you started!

(then, to Mary, and still shouting)
I don't understand this! I don't understand any of this! What the hell is going on here?!

A brief, crushing silence.

CUT TO:
INT. SERVICE GARAGE

A dozen cars in various states of disrepair, four or five mechanics in uniform – including Stewy and Ralph. A telephone is ringing but no one is acknowledging it. Stewy slides out from under a car, muttering a curse. Then,

STEWY
(louder)
What's the matter? Everybody gone deaf around here all of a sudden.

He crosses to the phone, wiping his oily hands on an oily cloth. He lifts the receiver.

STEWY
(on phone)
Tony's.
(pause, then)
Yeah, it's me. Where've you been, man? It's almost noon. What? What happened to your car?
(looks at his watch)
Yeah, yeah, alright, okay, we'll pick you up. Lunchtime. Where? What're you doing there? What? Hiding from who? Joey? Joey?

A beat and then Stewy hangs up the phone, confused and frustrated. Ralph has been watching.

RALPH
What's going on?

STEWY
Joey's flipping out. I think it's that chick from last night.

RALPH
What's wrong with his car?

STEWY
Wouldn't say. But it's not his car I'm worried about. It's his head. I think she's fried his brains.

CUT TO:
INT. POOL HALL - DAY

There's no one in the place except Joey and Mary. Mary's standing beside one of the tables, quietly intent as she very carefully arranges the red balls on a snooker table into a particular - if unpredictable - pattern. To one side of the table are three white balls.

FAVOR JOEY

He's speaking to Stewy over a pay phone, his voice low, his manner quietly urgent.

JOEY
(over phone)

Never mind what happened to my car. I just need yours, okay? Look no more questions, alright?
(looks at his watch)

Okay. Noon. Right.

He replaces the receiver.

OMIT SCENE
WIDER - SCENE

Joey crosses the room toward Mary. He glances warily over his shoulder, as if expecting another enemy raid.

TWO SHOT - JOEY, MARY

Beside her now, he watches as she finishes her arrangement of snooker balls. Then, done, she looks at him.

JOEY
That's not exactly how the game is played.

MARY
I wasn't playing a game.

The tone of her voice was one he never heard before. He stares at her, waiting.

MARY
I want to explain...everything.

JOEY
Good idea.

She looks back down at the arrangement of balls.

MARY
You have to be willing to believe.

JOEY
I already believe...that the two of us are in this way over our heads.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MARY
More than that. Much more.

She looks back at him, steadily, into his eyes.

MARY
(continuing)
I’m not from anywhere around here. Not five thousand miles.
Not a hundred thousand miles.
Not a hundred million miles.

He returns her stare, not even close to ready to believing her; but for a number of reasons -- some seen, some felt -- not ready to object, either.

She returns her look to the snooker table. She places the first white ball near the corner of the table closest to them.

MARY
(continuing)
Earth.

He watches her, oblivious to the fact that he’s begun to hold his breath. She places the second white ball just an inch or two away from the first.

MARY
(continuing)
Your sun.

CLOSE – JOEY

It’s too much, too crazy -- but he continues to watch her, almost as if under a spell.

FAVOR MARY

She walks the length of the snooker table, and there, on the opposite side from where Joey stands, she places the third white ball. She looks up at him.

MARY
(continuing)
My planet. My home.

FAVOR JOEY

He stares at the table. His eyes slowly sweep from one end to the other -- the distance suddenly appearing as vast as the universe. He looks back at Mary. Silence.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

Nothing has changed. The silence continues. Then,

100 FAVOR MARY

MARY

For a long time, the people of my planet lived in peace... so long that we forgot war, forgot what it meant to have an enemy. But now we do. And because we know no other way, we've become their slaves.

She searches his eyes for understanding. Then,

MARY (continuing)

I escaped. I travelled for a long time; I don't know how long. But when I found this planet, your earth, I thought I would be safe. (pause; she looks away, defeated)

I was wrong.

Another brief silence.

MARY (continuing)

They didn't kill us this morning, because they want me alive. They want me as an example. But I know this enemy; I know the planet they come from; I know what they've done; and I know that they will kill me, if I give them no other choice.
MARY
(continuing)
Today was a warning... to you. Next time, unless I surrender to them, they'll kill both of us.

WIDER ANGLE - SCENE

Although Mary did all the talking, Joey feels exhausted. He slumps back against the table behind him. She watches him. Then, shaking his head, groping for words, feeling somehow embarrassed and not knowing why:

JOEY
I don't know what to say.

MARY
It's difficult to accept, I know that.

JOEY
(chokes on a laugh)
Difficult?

MARY
But not impossible, I hope.

But it is almost hopeless. He turns away, stares at a wall, stares at the other tables, then looks back at her.

JOEY
Can you do something? I mean, can you... can you... (waves his hands vaguely) ... do a trick or something? Work a miracle? Fly around the room. Turn invisible?

His desperation is steadily increasing.

JOEY
(continuing)
I mean, you've got to... you can't just expect... (then, almost anguished)
Give me some proof!
FAVOR MARY

A silence. Understanding his need, she slowly turns and begins to look around the billiard room. He watches her. Then, spotting a dozen balls scattered on one of the tables, she slowly approaches it.

INTERCUT - MARY, BALLS, JOEY

She stares down at the numbered balls. Joey watches, having no idea of what to expect. For a moment, nothing. But now one of the balls begins to roll, just slowly, toward one of the pockets.

Joey's mouth drops open a bit. A tiny bead of perspiration appears on Mary's forehead. The rolling ball, still traveling slowly, approaches the pocket, crosses the lip, drops in.

Joey moves from his position, moving like a man under water, his eyes never leaving the pool table, as he comes closer to it.

Another ball has started to roll, this one just a little faster; and this one, too, drops into a pocket.

Joey stares at her. More perspiration has appeared on her face, but she seems impossibly calm. Then, a SOUND. Joey looks back down. Two balls now, and then three, begin to roll toward different pockets. And then, even before all of them have sunk, others start rolling.

Joey's eyes dance around the table, watching first this ball, then that one, then another, then still another, until -- finally -- all are in motion, and all are gone, and the table is bare.

CLOSE - MARY

She turns to him, her face shimmering with perspiration.

FAVOR JOEY

He turns to her... almost, but not quite entirely, ready to believe. She senses his hesitation, his turmoil, his innocence battling with whatever has jaded him, has jaded nearly all of us. And she knows that what she's said and what she's done still isn't enough.
She turns away from him again, again looking around the room at the empty tables. Joey stares at her, actually frightened by the prospect of what might await him next.

The quiet intensity again.

The pool tables and billiard tables erupt, spitting and spewing their contents like insane geysers. Scores — maybe even a hundred — colored balls come flying out of the pockets, shooting straight up into the air, some bouncing off the ceiling, creating an unholy RACKET.

And, as if this isn't enough, there now begins a general cosmic upheaval within this room. The overhead lights begin flashing on and off irregularly, creating a strobe effect. The jukebox in one corner of the room lights up and a ROCK TUNE begins to blast from it.

Joey stares open-mouthed. Balls continue to bounce around the room, off tables, off the floor, off the ceiling. The room is a storm of colored balls, soaring up, falling down, shooting back up again.

It's fantastic!

CUT TO:

Joey is following Mary into the back seat of Stewy's car. Ralph is in the passenger seat, and like Joey and Stewy, he also wears the service garage uniform. There's a new urgency in Joey's manner. He slams the door shut.

STEWY

What gives?

JOEY

Just drive, okay?

STEWY

Drive where? We've got to punch back in in forty-five minutes.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOEY
(brittle)
Please, Stewy, just do me a favor and drive, will you?

Stewy glances over his shoulder at both Joey and Mary, and then at Ralph beside him. Ralph encourages him with a nod.

STEWY
Sure. Whatever you say.

WIDER - SCENE

Stewy's car pulls forward and begins to wind its way out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO LOCATION - DAY

It's an area within the city, but remote in its own way. Stewy's car appears, slows and stops.

CLOSER ANGLE - CAR

Stewy cuts the engine and for a moment the four of them merely sit there in silence, each of them staring straight ahead.

STEWY
(continuing; still without turning)
So? Are you going to let us in on this or not?

Joey's wrestling with the answer, confused, almost painfully confused. Ralph turns to face him.

RALPH
Look, since when did any of us start going it alone? All for one and one for all, right? Isn't that how it's always been?

JOEY
Yeah, yeah, but this time...

He trails off into uncertainty. Stewy turns around. He looks at Mary, then at Joey.

(CONTINUED)
STEWY  
Just spit it out, will you?  
You're in trouble. Maybe the  
lady's in trouble. But how bad  
can it be, huh? I mean, you  
just met her yesterday, so she  
can't be pregnant, right?  

He looks from Joey to Mary, hoping to crack a smile.  
But no luck. He glances at Ralph. Ralph shrugs.  

STEWY  
(continuing; to Mary)  
Pardon me, miss...  
(then, to Joey)  
You know what your problem is?  
It's the same as it's always  
been: you don't know what you  
want out of life. So when  
something good happens to you --  
like maybe meeting this nice  
young lady, here -- you get all  
crazy and confused.  

He pauses again, to see if he's getting through. By  
Joey's expression, it seems doubtful.  

STEWY  
(continuing)  
Remember back a couple of weeks  
before I got married? Remember  
that? Remember how I went a  
little nuts? All of a sudden I  
didn't know what I...  

JOEY  
(cuts him off)  
Mary's from another planet.  

What follows is a silence like no other we've heard thus  
far. So complete, it's like a vacuum. But then --  

STEWY  
What did you say.  

JOEY  
(disturbingly calm)  
She's from another planet. From  
another... galaxy.  
(pause; then)  
She's not a human being.  

Another brief, but excruciating, silence.  

(continued)
RALPH
(a simple, straight-forward question)
Are you crazy? I mean, have you completely freaked out?

A pause.

JOEY
Look, forget it, okay? Just let me borrow the car for a couple of days, that's all I need right now.

STEWY
That's all you need? Are you kidding me? That's all you need? You need a straight-jacket, that's what you need! The two of you!

JOEY
Are you going to loan me the car or not?

STEWY
For what?! So you can drive her home?!

Giving up, Joey opens the rear door, climbs out -- pulling Mary after him -- then slams it shut.

JOEY
I'll see you around.

Still with Mary in tow, he trudges away.

STEWY
(calling)
Hey, wait a second! Just wait a second!

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

Joey stops, turns back. Stewy climbs from the car.

JOEY
Yeah?

STEWY
Well, I want to ask you something.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
No, I haven't been drinking.

STEWY
Well, let me ask you this, then...

But then he pauses, turns to Ralph.

STEWY
(continuing; awed by himself)
Why am I even standing here trying to talk to this man?

RALPH
(shrugs)
Beats me.

A pause. Stewy, obviously a glutton for punishment, turns back to Joey.

STEWY
Okay. Answer me this: if this lady here is from another planet, from another... galaxy...
(pause; then)
How come she happens to look exactly like we do?

A silence. Joey looks at Mary, then back at Stewy. He seems stumped. Stewy waits, now folding his arms across his chest, quite pleased with himself.

JOEY
Well, let me ask you something.

STEWY
Shoot.

JOEY
You believe in God?

STEWY
What?

JOEY
Do you believe in God?

STEWY
What kind of a question is that? Of course I believe in God. You know I believe in God. How many times have we been to church together?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED (2):

JOEY

Do you believe we were created
in God's image?

Stewy smells a trap but can't quite figure it out.

STEWY

(haltingly)

Yeah. So?

JOEY

So how many images do you think
He has?

Zapped. Joey nods to both Stewy and Ralph, takes Mary's
hand, starts to march away. But Mary resists. She
stops to look back at Joey's friends.

JOEY

(continuing)

Come on, we're wasting our time
with these lugs.

FAVOR MARY

She seems to be struggling with a decision. But now she
makes it.

CLOSER - MARY

A glimmer of intensity flickers across her expression.

CLOSE - JOEY

He watches her, then turns toward Stewy and Ralph.

FAVOR STEWY AND RALPH

Stewy, suddenly sensing something, looks up. Ralph
looks up.

WIDER ANGLE - FAVORING STEWY AND RALPH

It's snowing on them. Just on them. Nowhere else. A
lovely, soft and silent snow.
CLOSE - JOEY
His mouth drops open.

CLOSE - MARY
A tiny smile.

WIDER - SCENE
It continues to snow, gently, on Stewy and Ralph. Mary reaches out and takes Joey's hand, and now it's she, instead of he, who leads them away. Joey continues to stare back over his shoulder. Stewy and Ralph seem to have turned to stone as they stare up in breathless wonder at the falling snow.

CUT TO:
122A INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Joey and Mary are in the place. Joey engaged in conversation with the Chinese waiter. Mary watching, fascinated by the new language. The waiter speaks no English. Joey speaks no Chinese. The problem is that Joey is attempting to order a particular dish, only he can't remember what it's called. All he can do is try to describe it - increasingly more elaborate detail. But since the waiter doesn't understand English, the situation seems hopeless.

Joey's frustration intensifies. He begins using his hands in his attempts to communicate visually. It's beginning to look like a game of charades.

The waiter continues to rattle off the names of every single Chinese dish he can think of. But not one of them rings Joey's bell.

But now, after listening carefully, Mary has caught on the basics of the Chinese vocabulary. She turns to Joey and speaks for the first time in this scene. What she says, very clearly and very precisely, is the name of the mystery dish.

The waiter looks at her. Joey looks at her. There's a brief, stunning silence, and then both men practically explode in enthusiastic affirmation. With immense relief the waiter walks back to the kitchen to place the order. Joey stares at Mary, once again awed by her.

JOEY
I don't get it. How did you do that? I couldn't think of it. He didn't know what I was talking about. But you figured it out.

MARY
You were thinking about it, Joey.

A pause. In a way he understands what she means, but he's not quite ready to accept it. He shakes it off, wants to change the subject.

JOEY
Chopsticks.

He picks his up. She looks at hers, picks them up similarly.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
You've got to think of them
like an old fork, you know?
Like all the teeth fell out.
Watch.

He demonstrates, using his chopsticks to pick up an
imaginary bite of food and place it into his mouth.
A dubious hesitation, and now Mary does the same. He
watches her carefully, silently encouraging her. Then,

JOEY
Crazy, huh?

MARY
I like it.

He grins, shakes his head.

JOEY
Figures.

Another silence. Then,

JOEY
What am I going to do with you?

She stares at him curiously.

JOEY
I don't suppose you brought a
map with you so you could show
me where you live... where you
came from.

She shakes her head. Another pause, and now a thought
begins brewing in Joey's head.

JOEY
Wait a second... Wait a second...

Another pause, and now he suddenly jumps up, turns
toward the kitchen, shouts to the waiter:

JOEY
Can you make that 'to go'?

CUT TO:
123 EXT. PLANETARIUM - DAY - LONG SHOT - JOEY AND MARY

They walk side by side, Joey setting a fast pace, talking to Mary non-stop, gesturing.

124 EXT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

They almost jog up the wide stone stairs and enter the building.

CUT TO:

125 INT. OBSERVATORY BUILDING - DAY

The hall echoes with their footsteps. Joey knows where he's going. He leads her down a hall, up some stairs, and finally into one room in particular. He quietly closes the door behind them.

126 INT. PLANETARIUM ROOM - DAY

The large, domed-ceilinged room is empty and dim. In the center, the hulking form of the projector. He takes her hand and leads her to the intricate piece of equipment. The two of them stare down at the vast panel of switches and dials.

CUT TO:
FAVOR JOEY

He's at a loss to know what to do, which switch to pull. Knowing he's got to start somewhere, he reaches out --- tentatively --- toward one likely-looking switch.

FAVOR MARY

She stops his hand, shakes her head. He stares at her. She looks down at the panel, obviously trying to familiarize herself with it, to understand it. And now, slowly, she goes to work.

VARIOUS ANGLES - SCENE

Joey watches in awe as Mary manipulates the panel, dims the lights in the room, causes a pattern of stars to appear on the black ceiling. She changes the pattern once, then again, then again. The last one to appear on the ceiling is minutely detailed and would seem to include every celestial body in the universe, and all of their magnitudes, motions, and constitutions.

FAVOR MARY

She stares intensely at this latest map of the universe, then finds the control that directs the lighted arrow along the ceiling. She wants to be as precise as possible. She takes her time, checking, rechecking. And then, with great precision, she stops the arrow at one particular point.

FAVOR JOEY

He stares at the lighted arrow, knowing what it represents, trying, somehow, to absorb the wonder of it all, the staggering implications.

PROFESSOR HOBBES (O.S.)

May I help you?

Joey whirls around, ready to fight. Mary turns.

ANGLE - PROFESSOR HOBBES

She's a no-nonsense woman in her mid-forties, briefcase in one hand, a cluster of books in the other.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR HOBBS
(continuing)
Perhaps you'd like to offer an explanation... before I call security.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

Joey takes a few steps toward her, stepping from the shadows.

JOEY
Professor Hobbs? It's me...
Joey Donizetti. Remember me?
I'm the guy who always works on your car?

She recognizes him, but still seems very uncertain.

PROFESSOR HOBBS
What are you doing in here, Joey?

Joey seems to be at a momentary loss. How can he possibly explain it?

FAVOR MARY

She's made a decision. She reaches for something in her pocket. Joey's anxious, unsure, maybe even afraid of what she might pull out.

CLOSE - MARY'S HAND

She withdraws something from her pocket that's at first unrecognizable. It's a piece of flat metal, maybe copper, maybe gold. The edges are uneven, as if it's part of something larger that's been broken off.

CLOSE - JOEY

He stares at the object in Mary's hand.

CLOSE - PROFESSOR

Could it be that she knows what it is? Her eyes narrow as she squints across the distance at it. And now, slowly, she begins to approach them.
NEW ANGLE - SCENE

We still haven't been given a close view of the object in Mary's hand. The Professor stops advancing when she's come within touching distance. She stares at it, breathlessly. She raises her eyes to Mary.

PROFESSOR
(continuing)

May I?

Mary hands the piece of shiny metal to the Professor, who takes it and holds it and stares down at it as if it were a piece of the original Ten Commandments presented to Moses.

CLOSE - OBJECT

We see it clearly for the first time. Etched into the broken piece of gold-plated copper is a partial rendering of the human male and female figures, and a simple map-like drawing of our solar system, and our planet.

FAVOR PROFESSOR

She looks back at Mary, then turns to Joey. She seems to be having a profound religious experience.

PROFESSOR
(continuing)

Do you know what this is?

JOEY

I'm not sure.

PROFESSOR

It was part of the Voyager satellite that we launched eight years ago.

Then, almost instructionally, to Mary:

PROFESSOR
(continuing)

The complete package included a phonograph record of scientific data... examples of sixty languages spoken on earth... microfilm photographs of the human race... music from all of our major cultures...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She trails off. A dead silence. Then, to Mary:

PROFESSOR
(continuing)
Where did you get this?

FAVOR MARY

She returns the Professor's probing stare, but says nothing.

PROFESSOR
(continuing)
Where did you get it?

FAVOR JOEY

A slight smile appears on his face. He glances up at the giant chart of the cosmos.

JOEY
Probably from somewhere in her neighborhood.

The Professor stares at him. Joey points to the glowing arrow.

JOEY
(continuing)
That's pretty close.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

The by-now familiar silence encloses all of them. Professor Hobbs stares at the chart of the universe, then at Mary, then back down at the shiny metal in her hand.

CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSE ANGLE of the object.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

144  EXT. PLANETARIUM - DAY *

Lights glow from various buildings.

CUT TO:

145  INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY *

Joey stands alone in the quiet on one side of a glass wall. On the opposite side are Mary and Professor Hobbs. Within the room are a number of computers of various size and description. Colored lights glow. Joey can't hear what's being said on the other side of the glass, but the essence of the scene is apparent. Copying an amazingly complex mathematical question from a small sheet of paper she holds, the Professor is writing it onto a blackboard. There appear to be more symbols than numbers. Even the majority of us, who will have no idea of what it is that she's writing, will understand that to comprehend such a question takes a real measure of brilliance. Mary merely watches, quietly watches.

Finally finished, the Professor hands the stick of chalk to Mary, gives her some brief, last-minute instructions, then checks the time on her watch as she walks away, heading toward one of the computers.

Joey stares at Mary, staring at the mass of symbols and numbers on the blackboard. The Professor sits down at a computer, the small sheet of paper beside her, ready to enter the same question. She raises her hands to begin typing, but suddenly stops. A SOUND has distracted her. She looks up. Joey looks.

Mary is writing the answer to the question, writing steadily, in large and clear numbers and symbols on the blackboard. Professor Hobbs stares in speechless awe. Joey begins to grin. Mary continues to write. The Professor slowly stands. Joey's grin widens. Mary draws a line under her work, puts the chalk in the rack, turns toward the Professor — without even the smallest trace of superiority in her expression. The Professor, staggered by this display of genius, feels suddenly weak in the knees and slumps back onto her chair. Mary turns to look through the glass wall at Joey. He raises a thumb.

CUT TO:
Joey stands over the Professor's shoulder as she sits facing Mary's back. The Professor is turning cards face up from a deck. Mary's measured tone never falters, nor does she ever make a single mistake.

MARY

The Professor stops turning cards. A breathless, incredulous silence.

MARY
(continuing)
Black eight.

The Professor stares at the downturned cards. Joey stares. Then, reaching out with a slightly trembling hand:

147 CLOSE - CARDS
She turns the next card face up. Black eight.

148 CLOSE - MARY
Knowing now, for certain, that she was right, she allows the barest hint of a smile.

CUT TO:

149 INT. OBSERVATORY BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY
Silent and deserted except for the three of them. Mary stands alone on one side; Joey and the Professor stand side by side fifty feet away. Directly between them, lying on the ball floor, is an unabridged dictionary that looks like it weighs twenty pounds.

150 INTERCUT - MARY, JOEY AND PROFESSOR, DICTIONARY
The anticipation is extreme. Joey and the Professor stand and stare, their eyes darting between Mary and the dictionary. Mary's face is bathed in perspiration. Joey seems to be trying to help her, his jaw twitching, his muscles tensed. For a moment it looks hopeless.

151 CLOSE - DICTIONARY
Sudden as a jack-in-the-box, it pops straight up off the floor, a three-foot leap, and then immediately flops back down, falling open, approximately around the middle page.
Thank You
For a scientist, Professor Hobbs looks like she just witnessed a miracle. Joey can barely conceal his pleasure.

She glances down at the open dictionary. Then, with quiet precision:

**MARY**

Planetarium. Noun. An astronomical mechanism which, by the movement of its parts, represents the motions and orbits of the planets and other heavenly bodies on a domed ceiling; the building in which this mechanism is housed.

**MARY**

Planetary. From the Latin planetarius. Of, pertaining to, or resembling a planet or the planets; terrestrial or mundane; wandering or erratic.

They stare and listen in awe as Mary continues.
INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Professor sits behind her desk. Joey and Mary sit opposite. All around the room are the signs and symbols of the Professor's world: heavenly globes, lush photographs of celestial bodies, a kinetic sculpture of the solar system. The atmosphere is scholarly; the mood portentous.

By the Professor's attitude, it's apparent that even with all she's seen, and even though she wants to accept it fully, the pragmatic side of her won't quite allow total commitment.

PROFESSOR
Before I ... suggest ... a course of action, I'd like to understand a little more. For instance: your method of space travel.

MARY
It's difficult to describe.

PROFESSOR
I see. But would it be possible for me to see ... it? Your ... ship?

MARY
I'll take you there.

(CONTINUED)
The Professor nods

PROFESSOR
These... men. Your... enemy. You've implied that they're determined.

JOEY
Yeah. Determined to kill.

PROFESSOR
Can anything be done to... neutralize... this threat?

MARY
No. But you should know that in another two days the alignment of our planets will change, making it impossible to intercept the necessary orbit.

(pause; then)
None of us will be able to return.

PROFESSOR
Until?

MARY
Your year, two thousand ninety-eight.

PROFESSOR
So, if you stay?

MARY
We'll live out our lives here.

PROFESSOR
You're prepared for that?

MARY
My planet is no longer my home. I have no choice.

PROFESSOR
And the enemy? Do they have a choice?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED (2):

MARY
They won't return without me.

Both Joey and the Professor can clearly sense the terrible finality of her words. Then,

Professor
Do you have any idea of what it will be like for you here once your presence is acknowledged?
can you imagine how difficult it will be for you?

A pause. Then, simply:

MARY
As I said, I have no choice.

Stung by the reality, Joey looks away.

PROFESSOR
May I ask one more question before we leave?

Yes.

PROFESSOR
How do you explain the fact that physically, you appear identical to human beings?

Joey looks up, looks at Mary, then to the Professor:

JOEY
May I ask you something, Professor?

Yes.

PROFESSOR

A pause. Then,

JOEY
Do you believe in God?

Brief, curious pause.

CUT TO:
EXT. OBSERVATORY BUILDING - DAY

Joey and Mary stand on the stairs, waiting for the Professor to join them. For a moment, only the quiet.

JOEY

I'm sorry.

She turns to him, questioning him with her eyes.

JOEY

(continuing)
For the last twenty-four hours, all I've been thinking about is two things: keeping us alive... and patting myself on the back for being the first man on earth to have found himself a real E.T.

(pause; then)
I never stopped to think about how you must be feeling... being alone.

(pause; then)
I'm sorry.

A beat, and then Mary reaches out and touches him lightly on the face — exactly in the same way he touched her, early this same morning. He takes her hand, then slowly raises it to his lips and kisses it very gently. She clearly doesn't know how to respond.

JOEY

(continuing)
Do you... kiss?

A pause. She shakes her head, no. Then, like a secret admission:

MARY

I saw it on your television last night... for the first time.

He nods.

JOEY

(tentatively)
Would you like to try?

Still another pause, and then she nods, shyly. A beat, and then he places his hands lightly on the sides of her arms and slowly draws their bodies closer together. They kiss, as sweetly as kids on a first date. Mary keeps her eyes open. They part.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
(continuing)
What d'you think?

A pause.

MARY
Can we do it again?

Joey nods. They kiss again, exactly the same as the first time, but much longer this time. Toward the end of it, perhaps instinctively, Mary lightly shuts her eyes.

CAMERA BOOMS UP, leaving them, and PANS ACROSS the second floor windows. Light shines from one of them, and in it we can see Professor Hobbs, speaking to someone on the telephone, the broken piece of gold-plated copper in her hand.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - NIGHT

The Professor's car travels slowly over a rutted path, then stops near a ramshackle barn. The doors open and the three of them step out into the night. Mary points toward the large opening in the front of the barn that once had doors. They begin toward it.
PLEASE NOTE:
The following scenes, ending on page 61 (Scene 199), will take place in and around an AUTO WRECKING YARD within the city, as opposed to a rural farm and abandoned barn.

Dialogue will remain the same. Action will be changed as necessary to suit the new location, but will remain as much as possible as is.
NEW ANGLE - GROUP SHOT

With Mary slightly in the lead, the three of them approach the dark entrance. Joey glances nervously over his shoulder, always wary. Mary is the first to reach the opening.

FAVOR MARY

She stops, abruptly.

JOEY
(intensely alert)
What is it? What's wrong?

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

Joey and the Professor take the last few steps, coming up alongside Mary. They look.

ANGLE - DESTRUCTION

Unrecognizable as a space craft -- or, for that matter, anything -- the center of the decrepit structure is a mass of twisted metal, charred metal, in the middle of a six-foot deep crater.

NEW ANGLE - GROUP

JOEY
(continuing)
That was your ship?

Mary can barely accept it. She shakes her head, as if to deny the reality.

JOEY
(continuing)
They destroyed your ship?

And then, suddenly, the realization. Joey whirls around, his eyes scanning the darkness.

ANGLE - FARM YARD

Something glints, almost imperceptibly, like shiny steel briefly reflecting a moonbeam.
He spins back around.

JOEY
(continuing)
Get down!!!

He pushes both women hard on their backs. Both of them lurch forward. Joey dives on top of them, as one side of the barn erupts in a roaring fulmination of flaming splinters.

Professor Hobbs screams in terror as she starts to rise, hysterical, having no idea of what she's doing.

JOEY
(continuing; shouting)
Stay down!

He reaches out for her, but misses by inches. Professor Hobbs screams again. And now, a second explosion.

ANGLE - PROFESSOR

Her body is hurled through the fiercely-glowing darkness by the force of the explosion. She dies instantly.

FAVOR JOEY

He whirls around to face the farm yard and the invisible, deadly enemy.

JOEY
(continuing; shouting insanely)
Damn you!

FAVOR MARY

She pulls him down beside her, her face smudged with dirt, her hair filled with ashes.

MARY
Listen to me, please! They only want me. Don't you understand? They only want me!

Joey is like a crazy man.

(CONTINUED)
169 CONTINUED:

JOEY
Well, they're not going to get you! No way!

He glances around, feverishly, looking for a place to hide. Then, remembering the crater, he grabs her, hauls her her to her feet, and yanks her after him.

JOEY
(continuing)
Run! Run!

170 NEW ANGLE - SCENE

They race toward the crater and leap into it just as a third explosion rocks the barn, blowing out another massive piece of wall. Chunks of flaming wood rain down around them, as they huddle beneath the lip of the crater.

171 CLOSER - JOEY AND MARY

A momentary silence. He raises his head above the crater's edge and peers through the darkness.

172 LONG SHOT - FARM YARD

The Professor's car remains where it was, gleaming in the moonlight thirty yards away. The two Nazis suddenly appear, dashing from one hiding place to another -- but this time closer to the barn.

173 ANGLE - JOEY AND MARY

JOEY
(continuing)
We've got to get to the car.

MARY
It's impossible.

JOEY
(angry)
It isn't impossible! Nothing's impossible! We've just got to figure it out.

But now still another explosion. Joey and Mary duck.

(continued)
It’s like the entire world is blowing up around them, piece by piece. Then, when the noise subsides, Joey leaps up again.

JOEY
(continuing; shouting)
Where’d you guys learn to shoot? In the R.O.T.C.?

He drops back down, feeling better. Then, the inspiration. He spins around to face her.

JOEY
(continuing)
You’ve got to do it.

She doesn’t understand.

JOEY
(continuing)
No games now. No parlor tricks. I want you to move the car.

She stares at him, incredulous.

MARY
I can’t.

JOEY
You can! I know you can!

MARY
Even if I could, they’ll destroy it.

JOEY
Are you kidding me? Those guys hit a moving target?

She takes his hand, holds it tight.

MARY
(intense)
You’re not listening to me, Joey. If they wanted me dead, I’d be dead. They’re giving us a chance, don’t you understand? They’re willing to let you live... but only if I walk out of here alone.

And now he grabs Mary, and his intensity is even greater.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED (2):

JOEY

Joey Donizetti doesn't roll over and play dead! Okay? Alright? And neither will you... not so long as we're together!

And then, like a grand punctuation to his speech, another section of the barn goes up in flames.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING MARY

She rises, tentatively, and peers over the lip of the crater to the car. Joey watches her. Her face doesn't betray the effort, but the perspiration immediately begins to form on her face, and mixes with the soot and grime, and starts to streak.

Joey looks anxiously toward the car. Nothing's happening. He turns back to her.

JOEY

(continuing)

One more thing...

(then, with almost a smile)

Try for about thirty miles an hour, will you?

CLOSER - MARY

The perspiration covers her entire face, her arms, her hands.

FAVOR BILLY

He gives her all the support he can, silently urging her on, nodding his head, glancing back and forth between Mary and the car. Then, a horrible thought. He shuts his eyes.

JOEY

(continuing; half-whispered)

Please, God, don't let her have set the brake.

CLOSE - WHEELS

They move, just a bit, and then just a bit more.
FAVOR JOEY

He's seen it.

JOEY
(continuing; quietly)
It's moving. You're doing it.
It's moving.

CLOSE - MARY

For the first time we see evidence of the strain, see it in her expression. If the Nazis don't kill her, this just might.

ANGLE - NAZIS

They're positioned well ahead of the car, can't see it unless they look back, and evidently haven't heard it begin to coast forward yet.

CLOSER - NAZIS

One of them is aiming his weapon toward the fragile remains of the barn.

ANGLE - JOEY AND MARY

as another explosion tears a gaping hole in the roof, not quite over their heads. Joey ducks instinctively, but not Mary -- so intent in her effort that she may not have even noticed it.

CLOSER - MARY

Embers and ashes and splinters fall onto her hair and shoulders, but she makes no move to rid herself of them.

NEW ANGLE - JOEY AND MARY

He rises again, sees her, sees the car -- imperceptibly picking up speed.

JOEY
(continuing; intense)
Now, Mary! You've got to do it now!
CLOSE - MARY

She does.

ANGLE - CAR

It lurches forward in a sudden burst of motion, heading directly toward the barn, rapidly gaining momentum.

ANGLE - JOEY

staring, awestruck.

ANGLE - NAZIS

Hearing the motion, they spin around. The car rushes past them, quiet as a sailboat. Momentarily shaken by this unexpected sight, they forget to act.

ANGLE - JOEY AND MARY

He leaps from the crater, almost explosively.

JOEY
(continuing; a victorious shout)

Yeah!!!

He reaches down and hauls Mary out.

ANGLE - NAZIS

Both of them fire.

ANGLE - CAR

Two misses. One of the explosions carves a new crater in the earth, ten feet from the back of the moving car. The other misses entirely, even misses the barn. No longer under Mary's control, the car slows as it approaches the entrance to the barn.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

Joey leaps for the door handle, flings open the door, shoves Mary into the car, then jumps in after her. He fires up the engine, crams it into reverse, revs the motor, pops the clutch.
195 INT. CAR

Joey crams it into first, floors the accelerator.

196 ANGLE - REAR WHEELS

They spin crazily.

197 ANGLE - CAR

It almost rockets away, smashing through a rotten fence, and out over a rugged field.

198 ANGLE - NAZIS

They get to their feet and stare in silent rage toward the by-now distant car.

199 LONG SHOT - CAR

Bouncing almost merrily over the field, under the moonlight, on toward freedom. CAMERA TILTS UP, way up, to include a distant helicopter, hovering at first, but now beginning to move in the same direction. Over this:

RADIO (V.O.)
(filtered)
Eagle Five to roost: subject vehicle under visual surveillance, heading north, northeast. Will advise progress. Eagle Five out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

199A EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Professor Hobbs' car appears from around a corner, drives toward camera, pulls to the curb and stops. Traffic continues by on the drivers side. Beyond the passenger side of the car is an outdoor skating rink, surrounded by shimmering lights.

199B INT. CAR - NIGHT

Joey and Mary sit in silence. Both are dirty, exhausted, emotionally drained. Joey turns to her. He's at a loss to know what to say, but he knows that he has to address the issue.

    JOEY
    I can't say I know how you feel, because I don't. But if it's anything even close to what I'm feeling, then we've got to talk about it. Okay? Will you talk to me, Mary?

A pause. Then,

    MARY
    Professor Hobbs is dead because of me.

    JOEY
    No!

    MARY
    If I hadn't come here ... if I hadn't met you ... 

    JOEY
    (cuts her off)
    Wait a minute! Why don't we go back a-ways. How about if I hadn't been born ... or the world didn't exist ... 

    MARY
    Joey ... 

    JOEY
    No! Let's do it right. You want to toss some blame around? How the brains on your planet who built the ship that got you here. How about the people that built this car, Professor Hobbs' car.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
(continued)
Hell, if they'd designed it so it could've gone ten years without an oil change, she never would have brought it into the shop, and I never would've thought of going to the planetarium in the first place.

MARY
She's dead, Joey.

JOEY
Yes, she's dead. But not because of you. You didn't ask her to go out there tonight. It was her idea, her decision.
(pause; then)
Look, I don't know how things work on your planet ... things like life and death. But here we don't get a choice. Death is the only sure thing we've got. Everything else ... is up for grabs.

They stare at one another in silence, and then Joey makes a concerted effort to break the mood. He grins gently, then,

JOEY
Tell me the truth: Do I look as Burned-out as you do?

A pause. She nods. He starts the car.

JOEY
Ever take a bath?

She doesn't respond.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car drives away.

CUT TO:
EXT. RURAL MOTEL - NIGHT

It's a joint; just about half a step better than a dive. Stewy's car pulls into the lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Joey and Mary are standing in the tiny bathroom, staring at the water pouring into the tub. She seems a bit uncertain.

MARY
I just... sit in it?

JOEY
Well yeah, sort of. You can do a lot of things. You can read a book; just kind of relax; wash up...

He trails off. She's getting the picture. She nods.

JOEY
Okay?

(continuing)

MARY
Yes. Okay.

And without further tadoo, and in complete innocence, she pulls her sweater up and off over her head, and then immediately begins to unfasten her bra. Joey almost jumps.

JOEY
No, no, wait!

Mary stops, staring at him quizzically. He feels ridiculous. He might actually be blushing. He stammers.

JOEY
(continuing)
Well, it's just that... well, we don't...

He's saved by Stewy's KNOCKING on the front door, and then his voice:
STEWY (O.S.)
Hey, Joey! You in there?

Joey turns back to Mary.

JOEY
That's Stewy. I better go let him in.

Mary nods. Joey nods. He backs out of the bathroom and politely closes the door -- with profound relief. He takes a beat to compose himself, then crosses to the door and opens it.

FAVOR STEWY

He walks in without speaking. He's carrying two grocery bags. He glances around the room. He sees the light glowing from beneath the bathroom door.

STEWY
The she-creature in there?

JOEY
Mary's in there, if that's who you mean. She's taking a bath.

STEWY
No kidding? They take baths on her planet, too?

He drops the bags on the bed, points to one of them:

STEWY
(continuing)
Pants, shirt, underwear, socks, shaving things.

JOEY
Thanks.

STEWY
(pointing to the other bag)
The only way I got Grace to part with that stuff was by telling her she'd be the only woman on her block loaning clothes to a Martian.

Joey makes a conscious effort to ignore the cynicism.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
Thank Grace for me.

STEWY
Don't mention it.

He withdraws a plastic zippered bag and displays it.

STEWY
The makeup was Grace's idea.

Joey nods his appreciation. Stewy puts the cosmetic bag aside and pulls a couple of beers from one of the bags. He offers one to Joey. Then, eyeballing the room again;

STEWY
Nice place.

He suddenly lashes out and slaps his hand down on some crawling thing.

STEWY
Getting friendly with the regulars?

JOEY
I only had eighteen bucks on me.

STEWY
Yeah? In a place like this, that ought to be good for a week.
(sips; then)
So, tell me about the goddess: she likes taking baths? Or maybe she saw that movie, you know? About the mermaid? Splash?
(glances toward the bathroom door; nods to himself)
Think about it.

JOEY
What she likes, I think, is trying new things.

STEWY
(shrugs)
When in Rome...

JOEY
(remembering)
She started taking off her clothes, right in front of me, like it didn't mean a thing. I had to tell her we don't do that here.

STEWY
Who doesn't?
JOEY
You know what I mean.

STEWY
How far did she get?

JOEY
Not far.

STEWY
So you didn't see anything?

JOEY
What d'you mean, I didn't see anything? What was I supposed to see?

STEWY
What're you, a cabbage-head all of a sudden? The girl's supposed to be from another planet, right? Didn't it ever occur to you that something might be different?

A thoughtful pause all around. Then, shaking his head:

JOEY
Forget that.

He sips his beer, trying to do as he preached, but it's not easy. He's got to admit, even if it's only to himself, that it's a provocative consideration. Then, lowering his voice:

STEWY
I suppose you realize what we've got here.

JOEY
What?

STEWY
I mean, that stunt with the snow...

He makes a wavy-hand gesture that he accompanies with a slightly musical sound: outer limits.

STEWY
(continuing)
She had Ralph and me talking to ourselves for the rest of the day. I was putting a new muffler on this Caddy? Welded it in upside-down and backwards... swear to God.

(Continued)
JOEY
(nods)
Yeah, it makes you wonder, alright.

Stewy pulls his chair closer to where Joey's sitting, then lowers his voice yet another notch: true conspirators.

STEWY
Remember all those lottery tickets we bought? All those sweeps tickets? Remember all those dreams we used to have?

A pause. He grins as he reaches out and pats Joey on the knee.

STEWY
(continuing)
Well, they're about to come true, my friend... every last one of them.

Joey stares at him. He still isn't catching on.

STEWY
(continuing)
We've got ourselves a gold mine, Joey. No, strike that. We've got ourselves a diamond mine!
(pause; then)
You know what this lady could do for us in Atlantic City? You know what she could do for us at the track? I'm talking millions, Joey. I'm talking millions and millions.

A silence. Joey's finally caught on. He's so personally offended he can barely speak straight.

JOEY
What're you...? Are you saying we should...?

Stewy, righteously indignant, sits back in his chair.

STEWY
Hey, this is me, Stewy. Don't go innocent on me, alright? Okay? We know each other.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
(shaking his head)
No... No... I don't think we do.

STEWY
Come on, man, climb down off it. We've been friends for what... fifteen, sixteen years? Step in front of a truck for each other, right? Am I right?
(then, almost fiercely emphatic)
I know you, Joey. So don't go getting holier-than-thou on me all of a sudden, will you, please? This is the greatest thing that's ever happened in any of our lives. What're you going to do, toss it away?

A silence.

JOEY
(almost calmly)
There was this friend of mine, this nice lady whose car I used to work on. She said to Mary: Do you know what's going to happen when people find out about you? Do you know how nasty it could get?
(a pause; then, really hurt)
I never thought she was talking about you, Stewy.

Another silence. Joey stands up.

JOEY
(continuing)
Do me a favor, will you? Go home and think about it. Talk to Ralph. Tell him what I said. Tell him how I feel. And tell him I'm in trouble, Stewy. Me and Mary both are.

STEWY
What d'you mean? What kind of trouble?

Joey ignores the question; just continues on:

(CONTINUED)
202 CONTINUED (5):

JOEY
And then tomorrow morning... if
you're with me... come on back
here and the three of us will
put our heads together, just
like we always have, and we'll
figure a way out of it.

A pause.

JOEY
(continuing)
I need you guys, Stewy. I need
your help.

Brief, uncertain silence.

CUT TO:

203 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Stewy exits the room, but even before he can look around,
four plain clothes federal agents are literally on top
of him, pinning his arms, gagging his mouth, and hauling
him away. One of the agents reaches into Stewey's
jacket pocket, withdraws his car keys, and tosses them
to another man.

As they manhandle Stewey away from the area, with Stewey
struggling helplessly, camera pans to a motel room
that's on the opposite side of the parking area,
directly opposite Joey and Mary's room.

CUT TO:
INT. 2ND MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

that includes a tabletop; a two-way radio; a portion of a reel-to-reel tape recorder, reels spinning; a burning cigarette in a butt-filled ashtray; two styrofoam cups of coffee; and the arms and hands of two men, playing gin.

From the radio:

RADIO (V.O.)
(filtered)
Eaglethree to roost. Subject apprehended. Situation secure. Returning to base. Out.

From the tape recorder, the SOUND of a door opening, then:

JOEY (V.O.)
How was the bath?

MARY (V.O.)
Different.

Still on a CLOSE SHOT, CAMERA TRACKS to follow a cord from the tape recorder's mike input, across a short distance, then to a partially open window. There, on a black-chrome stand, facing out across the parking lot to the opposite wing of the motel, is a long range audio surveillance microphone.

JOEY (V.O.)
You look... fresh.

MARY (V.O.)
Is that good?

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

JOEY (V.O.)
Yeah.

A SLOW RACK FOCUS, and now we can clearly see the exterior of the unit occupied by Joey and Mary.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mary stands in the bathroom doorway, wearing something Stewey brought for her.

MARY
Is this alright?

JOEY
Sure. Grace's things fit okay?

MARY
Yes. It was kind of them.

JOEY
We go back a long way.

A silence, and then Joey shakes his head, sort of laughs.

JOEY
(continuing)
Every once in a while I kind of forget who you are. I mean, I find myself talking to you like you're just another... person. Crazy, isn't it?

MARY
I am just another person... in my world.

Another silence. She crosses to the bed and sits. They stare at each other. She smiles gently.

MARY
(continuing)
You'd like to ask me things.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
I guess I would, yeah. Like
the big one: what's it like...
where you came from?

MARY
That is a big question.

Nevertheless, he waits for her answer.

MARY
Before I met you, before I knew
the enemy had followed me here,
I had two days to try to
understand your world.
(pause; then)
Do you remember how quickly I
was able to solve the problem
Professor Hobbs gave me?

JOEY
Who could forget?

MARY
It's because the people of my
world are...

She trails off. He helps her to the point:

JOEY
Smarter than us.

MARY
I'd rather say... older than
you.

JOEY
You mean you've been around
longer.

MARY
Yes. And we've had time to
develop certain abilities.
But none that humans won't also
develop, in their time.

JOEY
(grins)
But right now we kind of seem
like Planet Of The Apes, right?

She doesn't understand.

(CONTINUED)
(continuing)
Forget it. Go on.

MARY
I had two days... to visit your libraries, your museums, watch your television.

JOEY
And in two days you were able to understand us?

MARY
(smiles)
No. But I was able to learn your language, and some of your ways.
(pause; then)
One of the books I read was the Bible.

JOEY
The whole thing?

MARY
Yes. And I read about... heaven.

JOEY
(grins)
Nice place to visit, but I'm not quite ready to move in.

MARY
What do you think heaven is like?

A pause.

JOEY
(shrugs)
A lot of lying around on clouds, smiling, feeling good... not having to worry about paying the rent, catching cold, going hungry. Kind of like going fishing on a summer day, kicking back, having fun, dreaming about the Cubs winning the world series.

A pleasant silence. She stares at him levelly. Then, slowly, he seems to understand. His expression changes to one of total awe.

(CONTINUED)
205 CONTINUED (3):

JOEY
(continuing; quietly)
That's what your world is like?
Heaven?

A pause. Then, looking away, perhaps trying to hide her grief:

MARY
That's what my world was like... before the enemy came.

206 FAVOR JOEY

The magnitude of her loss settles over him like a suffocating fog. He moves beside her, reaches out, gently takes her into his arms, holds her.

CUT TO:

207 INT. 2ND MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - TAPE RECORDER

The reels continue to spin even though there's only silence now.

208 CLOSE - MAN'S HAND

A cigarette is crushed out in the overflowing ashtray.

CUT TO:

209 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

There are no lights from any of the rooms now. Only the neon signs continue to glow, and one small light from the motel's office.

210 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mary is still seated on the bed. Joey is standing by the window, peeking through the blinds. He turns toward Mary.

JOEY
Did you say something?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MARY

No.

Joey's confused.

JOEY

Are you sure?

MARY

Yes. I was only thinking.

A pause. Joey's still confused. He shakes his head.

JOEY

I could've sworn I heard you say something.

Mary merely watches him. Joey moves away from the window. Then hesitantly:

JOEY

There's something I've been wanting to ask you.

(pause; then)

Do men and women in your world ...?
He doesn't complete the question, but she understands him.

MARY

No.

JOEY

Not at all? I mean... never?

MARY

No.

JOEY

I don't understand. How do you have kids?

MARY

In ways not unlike some of those you're beginning to experiment with on earth.

JOEY

You mean, artificially?

MARY

Except when something is done a certain way for so long, it isn't considered artificial, but natural.

JOEY

You don't have parents?

MARY

We have many parents... and many children. But no one has only one parent, or one child.

JOEY

What about love?

MARY

Yes... we love; but not with any greater feeling toward one, than toward another.

Joey turns away and lies back on his pillow.

JOEY

It's hard to figure.

A silence.
M A R Y
Will you teach me your way?

A beat, and then Joey turns back to face her. He searches her eyes, perhaps needing assurance.

M A R Y
(continuing)
I'm part of your world now. Help me to feel it.

A final hesitation, and then Joey begins to do as she's asked... so gently, so purely that it's as if he's experiencing it for the very first time; aware of, and willing to accept, the profound weight of his responsibility.

After a moment, but with the sounds of their lovemaking continuing in the b.g., CAMERA SLOWLY DRIFTS away from them and toward the window. There, it PEEKS THROUGH a crack in the blinds, and then -- as it did once before, but from the opposite wing of the motel court -- it RACKS FOCUS to include the darkened window across the way.

CUT TO:

E X T. M O T E L - D A Y
Without the cover of night, the motel looks even more decrepit.

A N G L E - M O T E L D O O R
It cracks open and Joey peers out, checking the area.

I N T. M O T E L R O O M - D A Y
Dressed in the fresh clothes Stewy brought, he turns to Mary -- who's still in bed, under the covers, looking very much at peace with her new world.

J O E Y
I'll be back in ten minutes. Don't go out, and don't open the door for anyone -- not even Stewy or Ralph, okay?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOEY
(continuing)
Promise me.

MARY
Yes. I promise.

He lingers for a moment, staring at her. Then, quickly
crossing back to the bed, he leans down and kisses her.
She responds, eagerly. He reluctantly pulls away.

JOEY
(grins)
Talk about a fast learner...

She smiles. He crosses back to the door, peeks out
again, then sets the latch, steps out, closes the door
behind him. We HEAR the bolt close.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Joey walks, then jogs around to the back of the motel —
glancing more than once over his shoulder.

EXT. REAR OF MOTEL - DAY

We see where Joey parked the Professor's car, half-
hidden between a pair of garages. He unlocks it, gets
in, drives off.

CAMERA TILTS UP to include a helicopter, so high above
that its engines can't be heard, and barely more than
a brief gleam in the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Mary is standing in front of the sink and mirrored
medicine cabinet. From the angle we're shooting we
can't get a direct look at her face. We know, however, *
that she's applying makeup, because lots of it is *
scattered all over the sink top.

NEW ANGLE - MARY

Still a teasing shot, we can't quite see what she's *

ANGLE - BATHROOM DOOR

It violently burst open as two men leap into the room and two others cram the doorway, each armed with an Uzi.

CLOSE - MARY

She whirls around, and for the first time we see her face. She's created a mask of makeup which is at once charming and - surely through the eyes of the Feds - frightening.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

One of the agents shows his identification.

MAN
Federal Agents, Miss. Please don't try to resist.

Mary stares at the four very nervous-looking men, and the four seapons aimed at her. She looks like a young girl who's been playing with her Mother's makeup.

Either that, or someone from another planet.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

219 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Joey, returning, passes it by -- checking the area, always on guard. He turns the car into the alley.

220 EXT. REAR OF MOTEL - DAY

Joey parks the car where it was earlier, hops out with a restaurant-bag of breakfast food. He heads toward the motel.

221 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Continuing to survey the area, he approaches the door, fishing for his key. He unlocks the door and steps in.

222 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

He seems to sense her absence even before he can confirm it. The room is empty; the bathroom door partially ajar.

   JOEY

   Mary?

   He tosses the bag onto the bed, runs across the room and shoves open the bathroom door. Finding the room empty, he whirls around.

   JOEY

   (continuing; a crazed shout)

   Mary?

223 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

He runs from the room and out into the parking area.

   JOEY

   (continuing)

   Mary?!  Mary?!

224 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

The door flies open as Joey bursts in, wild-eyed.
FAVOR MANAGER

He's a tough-looking man in his forties, unshaven, wearing soiled pants and a sleeveless T-shirt.

JOEY  
(continuing; in a rage)  
Where's the girl?!

MANAGER  
What girl?

JOEY  
I came in here last night with a girl! I left her in the room ten minutes ago and now she's gone! Who took her?!

MANAGER  
Sorry, pal. Didn't see a thing.

Joey almost launches himself across the counter, grabs the man by the shoulders in a vice-like grip.

JOEY  
If you're lying to me, I'll kill you!

The two men glare at each other. Then, without giving an inch to fear, the Manager reaches up and yanks Joey's hands free.

MANAGER  
What I said was: I didn't see a thing.

A brief, dangerous silence.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY  

Joey runs back out of the office and into the center of the U-shaped court.

JOEY  
(bellowing)  
Mary?! Mary?!

He's like a wild animal that's lost its mate; like a lion that's lost its cub. We feel his wrenching pain; and even more, his deadly anger.

CUT TO:
231 EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN SHORE — DAY

Joey and Ralph are alone, sitting on some rocks, the two of them staring out across the lake, the city looming behind them. The atmosphere is desolate. For a moment, just the distant shriek of birds.

RALPH
Suppose I believe you... what then?

JOEY
(shakes his head)
I don't know.

RALPH
We could go to the cops; tell them.

JOEY
They'd lock us both away. Me for murder; you for believing me.

RALPH
Then what do we do, huh? Sit around skipping stones across the lake?

(viciously quiet)
Where the hell is Stewy, man?! Who's got him? What're they doing to him?

232 FAVOR JOEY

A pause, and then he turns — suddenly — and rivets his gaze at Ralph... or through Ralph.
FAVOR RALPH

Uneasy, almost scared.

RALPH
(continuing)
What's wrong with you? What're you looking at me like that for?

CLOSE - JOEY

He turns away from Ralph, but his stare actually intensifies.

CLOSE - RALPH

Watching Joey, he feels a chill. He shakes it off.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

Joey stands up. Ralph doesn't take his eyes off him.

RALPH
(continuing)
Joey? You okay, man?

Joey turns to him. The tension in his face seems to drain away. His normal focus returns. He looks at Ralph, actually seeing him now.

JOEY
She's in the Federal Building.

RALPH
What?

JOEY
It was the Fed's who got her. And now they're holding her there.

RALPH
(wary)
How d'you know that?

Joey stares at him evenly.

JOEY
I know.

It's in his voice, in his manner. Ralph senses it: Joey does know.
JOEY
(continuing)
There's a room... not an office
but a room, big room. There's
eight, ten, maybe twelve people
in there -- all of them staring
at her, jabbering at her.

RALPH
What's she telling them?

JOEY
(pause; he shakes
his head)
Nothing.
(grins, proud
of her)
She's not giving an inch.

RALPH
What about Stewy? Can you see
Stewy?

Joey pauses, trying to perceive the answer. Then,
brightening:

JOEY
Yeah. He's in there somewhere.
too. And he's okay. He's okay.

He looks back at Ralph. Ralph looks away, feeling
uneasy.

JOEY
(continuing)
She's in there, Ralph. I'll
bet my life on it. They both
are. Sixth floor.

RALPH
Yeah? Well, your life's not
going to be worth two cents,
you try and bust in there.
It'd be easier getting into
Fort Knox.

A silence. Then, quietly, but grimly, intent:

JOEY
She's talking to me, Ralph. She
doesn't have to be here, she
doesn't have to speak...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JOEY (cont'd)
She doesn't even have to open
her mouth. But I can hear her.
I can hear her in my head, just
as plain as day.

A beat, and then Joey suddenly turns and begins walking
away.

RALPH
Hey! Where're you going?

NEW ANGLE - SCENE
Joey keeps walking, doesn't even glance back. His look
of determination is almost ferocious.

JOEY
Going to get her, Ralph. I'm
going to spring her.

RALPH
(shouting now)
You're crazy, man! You can't
just go waltzing into the
Federal Building!

JOEY
(half under his
breath)
Let 'em try and stop me.

He keeps walking. Ralph looks frustrated to the point
of tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY
An institutional-gray facade. Joey walks in. CAMERA
PANS to include the gray Mercedes with the tinted
windows as it pulls to the curb, a quarter of a block
away. A beat, and then the doors open and the two
Nazis step out.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY
People move in and out. One security guard mans the
information desk.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Two other guards monitor a railed passage through which all visitors must pass to gain access to the building's elevators. It's immediately evident that no one is admitted without an identity card or pass.

FAVOR JOEY

He stands, standing alongside the large office directory, his tension very apparent as he watches the routine, the display of passes, the guarded admissions.

NEW ANGLE - JOEY

He moves away from the office directory and begins toward the guards, walking casually, slowly, not really clear as to what he'll say or try to do. But now, a sudden break:

ANGLE - SCENE

An alarm BELL goes off, a harsh, clanging sound that immediately gathers everyone's attention. Then, from one of the two-way radios the guards wear in holsters around their waits, a garbled communication.

FAVOR JOEY

He stops dead in his tracks. Is it him? Have they already spotted him? He looks around, scared half to death.

ANGLE - GUARDS

One of them shouts to the security man at the information counter:

GUARD

Take it over! Now!

He indicates their station, and now both guards immediately turn and race off toward the fire stairs, abandoning their post.

FAVOR JOEY

He turns to look toward the security guard. He's an older man, a slow-moving fellow, who must extricate himself from behind his counter. It'll take a few seconds, precious seconds, during which the main post will be vulnerable.
NEW ANGLE - SCENE

Joey takes off, sprinting toward the railed passage.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey!

Joey keeps running. He leaps the railing and almost flies toward the elevator. The elevator operator closes the door in Joey's face. Joey watches in anguish as the elevator rises out of sight.

ANGLE - SECURITY GUARD

He tugs at his gun.

ANGLE - JOEY

He runs for the stairs and charges up.

NEW ANGLE - Joey

He takes the stairs two and three at a time.

JOEY

I'm coming to get you, Mary.
Just hang on.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, 3rd FLOOR HALL - DAY

Joey appears at the top of the stairs. A number of employees pass here and there. Getting his ragged breathing under control, Joey begins down the hall.

CLOSE TRACKING SHOT - JOEY

His eyes flit from one side of the hall to the other. An endless number of doors; the sameness almost stupifying.

JOEY
(muttered)
Where are you, Mary? Tell me where you are?
A door he passes now suddenly opens. Joey spins around, momentarily frightening the secretary who steps out. He tries to force an apologetic smile. The secretary doesn't seem all that reassured. She walks away, in the opposite direction.

He continues down the hall, and again issues the whispered plea:

JOEY
(continuing)
Come on, Mary. I'm here. I'm close. Give me a clue. Talk to me!

Another door opens unexpectedly, and again Joey whirls around. A grim-faced man in civil servant's suit steps out, glaring briefly at Joey as if he was his worst enemy. But now:

STEWY (O.S.)
(a shout)
Joey!

Joey looks past the man and into the room he's come from.

He leaps from a chair and tries to run toward the open door, but two other men, federal agents, grab him and hold him back.

STEWY
(continuing)
Get outta here, man! Are you crazy?! Get the hell outta here!

Joey immediately starts for the open door, but the man who was standing there suddenly ducks back into the room and slams the door in his face. Joey pounds on the door.

(CONTINUED)
256 CONTINUED: 

JOEY (shouting)
Stewy! Stewy?! 

257 ANOTHER ANGLE - SCENE 

People throughout the hallway have stopped and turned to look. Joey steps back from the door. All eyes are upon him. 

258 ANGLE - FIRE DOOR 

It flies open and several agents step into view. 

259 CLOSE - JOEY 

He whirls around to look the other way. 

260 ANGLE - FIRE DOOR 

on opposite end of hallway. It, too, bursts open, and three more agents step into the hall. 

261 FAVOR JOEY 

Trapped. 

262 NEW ANGLE - SCENE 

The agents begin advancing from both ends of the hall. The civilians in the hall step aside, step back, clear the way. Joey runs to the closest door, tries the knob, finds it locked. He races to the next. The agents are closing in. Joey tries the next door; it, too, is locked. He races back across the hall and throws himself at a third door. This one isn't locked. It opens. Joey leaps in. 

263 INT. ROOM IN FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY 

Joey slams the door shut, fumbles with the lock, throws his weight against the door, then turns to face the interior of the room.
She sits alone at one end of a mammoth conference table in this stark, cold, windowless room. She looks small, *terribly vulnerable.

His heart goes out to her. But now he senses something, *senses danger. He turns.

The wall is as dark as night -- until it slowly begins to brighten, and finally to reveal what's behind it: which is another room. There are a dozen people in this room, all of them standing behind the glass partition, all of them dressed in bureaucratic clothing, wearing bureaucratic expressions, and staring -- with bureaucratic insincerity -- at Joey.

He looks away from them and toward Mary, as if for understanding.

He's the major bureaucrat,

* When he speaks, his voice is not heard * directly, but through a speaker mounted on a wall in Joey and Mary's side of the room.

SPOKESMAN

Thank you for coming, Joey. We've been waiting for you. Anxiously.

(pause; then)

I hope they didn't make it too hard for you to get in.

He smiles, gently. A brief, stunning silence.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE, FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Nothing has changed. Everyone is still where they were. Joey isn't liking it at all.

JOEY
Who're you?

SPOKESMAN
A friend.

JOEY
Yeah? Why don't I believe you?

He turns, unlocks the door, tries to open it. It's securely locked from the hall side. He looks back at the Spokesman and the dozen other bureaucrats, shielded behind the glass wall.

SPOKESMAN
(he's never threatening)
Our colleague, Professor Hobbs, a distinguished scientist and a remarkable woman, is dead. With respect to her memory, and so that she'll not have died in vain, we're asking for your cooperation.

Joey turns to Mary, then back to the Spokesman.

JOEY
(truthfully)
I don't have the slightest idea of what you're talking about, man.

A pause. The dozen bureaucrats flanking the Spokesman stare at Joey like a silent Greek chorus.

SPOKESMAN
We've been aware of... Mary... since she arrived on our planet several days ago.

JOEY
(shocked)
What?

(Continued)
SPOKESMAN
It would've been quite easy to have... detained her. But a decision was made -- a good one, I think -- merely to watch and, of course, to monitor, the young lady's activities.

FAVOR JOEY
It's getting through to him now. We see the dawning in his expression.

JOEY
You've been watching us?

FAVOR SPOKESMAN
If he senses Joey's growing outrage, he doesn't show it. He continues, cool as a cucumber.

SPOKESMAN
And hoping to continue to do the same. With your cooperation, of course.

FAVOR JOEY
He stares at the man, beginning to hate him.

JOEY
The same meaning what?

SPOKESMAN
Clinical observation.

Joey begins walking toward the glass wall.

SPOKESMAN
(continuing)
We're not gathered here for our amusement, but in the name of scientific exploration.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE
Joey stands at the glass wall, separated from the Spokesman only by the two inches of glass between them. His voice is unsteady now, his anger extreme.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
Like watching rats in a cage...

SPOKESMAN
That isn't fair.

JOEY
Running around the hoops and the mazes...

SPOKESMAN
I'm confident that you're a bright enough young man to see the...

JOEY
No chance!

He didn't say it loudly, but the emphasis was inescapable. There's a dead silence.

SPOKESMAN
If you'll just let us...

FAVOR JOEY
He explodes, beating at the glass wall with his hands, kicking it with his feet, bellowing at the Spokesman and the others:

JOEY
No chance! D'you hear? Not a chance!

He continues to bash at the glass wall, but it doesn't give an inch. Now, though, the light in the room beyond the glass begins to fade. The Spokesman and the dozen others -- watching impassively, clinically -- slowly disappear in darkness. Joey continues to shout at them, his voice growing hoarse. And then, finally, he stops -- exhausted, sweating -- and turns to face Mary.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE
There are tears in her eyes.

MARY
I'm sorry.

A beat, and then Joey suddenly moves away from the glass, quickly crosses the room, sits down beside her, takes her hands in his.
JOEY
(intense, but quiet)
No more apologies. Okay? No more.

A beat, and then Mary nods. Joey glances over his shoulder at the dark glass wall, then turns back to Mary and moves even closer to her.

JOEY
(continuing; whispering; an almost painful urgency)
This morning, when I came back to the motel and you were gone, I knew that I'd been waiting for you all my life. And even if I could never keep you, I had to see you again. I had to touch you again.

She searches his eyes.

MARY
Why did you say that? About not being able to keep me?

JOEY
Because I know the future, Mary. Just like you do.

She looks down, tears in her eyes again. He holds her hands even more tightly.

JOEY
(continuing; still whispering)
We connected, you and me. I heard you talking to me this afternoon, even though we were miles apart. And I can hear you now... loud and clear.
(pause; then) You're going home.

She looks up at him through her shimmering eyes. He wipes a tear from her cheeks.

MARY
Do you understand why?
JOEY
(nods)
I think so. But I want to hear it from you. Only not now. Not here.

He glances over his shoulder again at the glass. Then, turning back to Mary:

JOEY
(continuing)
Can you get us out of here?

FAVOR MARY

A beat. She glances around the room, then back at Joey, and she nods. Joey stares at her. God only knows what she's planning. A drop of perspiration has appeared on her forehead.

ANGLE - GLASS WALL

We see nothing beyond the darkness, but we can sense the watching eyes.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING MARY

As we've seen before, the slight hint of strain in her expression.

FAVOR CONVERENCE TABLE

It's five feet wide and twenty feet long. It begins to tremble.

FAVOR JOEY

He'd been leaning on it, but now, as if he's been electrically shocked, he jerks away.

INTERCUT - MARY, JOEY, TABLE, GLASS WALL

The trembling intensifies and soon becomes a genuine RUMBLING. Joey moves away from it in awe. Mary continues to apply the energy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

And now, not too gracefully, the massive table begins to rise off the floor: two inches, five, ten! Mary stands up, but her focus remains on the levitated table. Joey's eyes are darting around the room, from Mary to the glass wall.

ANGLE - GLASS WALL

It, too, has started to tremble. And now, as the commotion intensifies, the huge piece of glass begins to crack, and the SOUND of it is like gunshots.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

The glass doesn't break apart, but shatters nonetheless. The table, however, literally flies across the room, slams into the opposite wall, and explodes through it -- creating a gaping hole.

INT. ADJACENT OFFICE

There are several people in this office, all of them now pale and trembling in their seats as they stare at the massive table protruding through the wide hole in their office wall. And now, as if that wasn't enough, Joey and Mary suddenly leap through the opening and into their office, don't even bother to glance their way, run for the office door, open it, and leap out into the hallway.

INT. ROOM IN FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

The door bursts open and four agents burst in, each armed with an automatic rifle. They immediately begin to run toward the shattered wall.

SPOKESMAN'S VOICE

No!

The agents stop, turn.

ANGLE - SPOKESMAN

The lights come on behind the shattered glass wall and we see the spokesman, now alone, his face distorted through the shades of glass.

SPOKESMAN

No shooting. There's to be no shooting.

Brief pause.
294  INT. FEDERAL BLDG.; STAIRCASE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

INTERCUTTING between Joey and Mary and the federal agents, all of them racing up the concrete stairs toward the building's roof.

295  EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING, ROOF - DAY

The fire door is flung open and Joey and Mary appear, breathless, gasping.

(CONTINUED)
Joey slams the door shut, looks around, grabs Mary's hand, runs with her to one edge of the roof.

NEW ANGLE - JOEY, MARY

They peer over the edge.

JOEY
I don't suppose you can fly... Can you?

Mary shakes her head, no, Joey takes her hand.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

They run to another side of the roof and look over. It's a long drop to a lower level of roof.

JOEY
Can you jump?

Mary doesn't look happy. Joey grins with assurance, climbs over the edge.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

Joey lowers his body over the side, hesitates, then lets go. He drops twenty feet.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SCENE

Joey's okay. He looks up at Mary.

JOEY
Come on. I'll catch you.

CLOSE - MARY

She's frightened. A sound behind her. She looks.

ANGLE - DOOR

It opens to reveal the Feds.

ANGLE - MARY

She climbs over the edge and drops.
NEW ANGLE - SCENE

Joey breaks the fall. They look up.

ANGLE - FEDS

They run to the edge and look down.

ANGLE - JOEY AND MARY

Hand in hand they race across the roof and disappear behind a structure.

ANGLE - FEDS

They're reluctant to make the twenty foot drop to the lower roof.

ANGLE - JOEY, MARY

They see a partially open window. Joey crawls in, helps Mary in.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The spokesman speaks to someone over the phone.

SPOKESMAN

I want every man who's available to us! Every vehicle, every piece of equipment. Do I make myself clear? And I want them now!

INT. STAIRS

Joey and Mary race down.

EXT. FED. BUILDING REAR EXIT - DAY

The door bursts open as Joey and Mary leap out.
The two of them are racing toward a corner and are a split-second from rounding it when the Nazis appear. Mary cries out. The Nazis are briefly caught off guard. Joey's pace never falters and he plows directly into them, straight-arm ing the two of them, knocking them both flat onto their backs.
FAVOR WEAPON

The gun under one Nazi's belt is dislodged and clatters across the sidewalk. Joey almost dives for it, grabs it, spins around and aims it at the two Nazis.

AGENT (O.S.)

Hold it!

Joey looks.

FAVOR AGENTS

They're twenty-five yards away, poised in firing positions.

FAVOR JOEY

Ignoring the Nazis and the agents, he grabs Mary's hand, tugs her toward him, and the two of them race around the corner and disappear.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

The agents start running toward the corner. The Nazis leap to their feet and burst away in the opposite direction.

FAVOR AGENTS

They arrive at the corner in a mass of confusion, look one way, then the other. Joey and Mary have lost themselves in the crowd, as have the Nazis.

AGENT
(profoundly frustrated)

Damn!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX
ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

313 OMITTED

INT. POOL ROOM

It's Friday night and the joint is jumping. Joey and Mary have just entered and are working their way across the crowded flood to the bar. Joey's a popular fellow and everyone seems to know him and greet him warmly. Mary, of course, is a newcomer, and her exotic beauty doesn't go unnoticed. She smiles in her shy way, breaking hearts left and right.

Joey calls to FRANKIE, the owner.

   JOEY
   Frankie? Can I use the office?

Frankie nods.

   JOEY
   (continuing)
   Thanks. How 'bout your car?

   FRANKIE
   How 'bout paying my taxes... while you're at it?

   JOEY
   It's important.

   FRANKIE
   So's my paint job.

There's a brief standoff, and then Frankie relents, reaches into his pocket, tosses Joey the keys.

   JOEY
   You're a saint.

CUT TO:

315 INT. FRANKIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Joey and Mary enter, Joey closing and locking the door behind them.

(Continued)
The office is a mad clutter of sports memorabilia: framed glossies, autographed; press clippings, yellowed with age; bats, balls, ancient leather mitts, a rusty catcher's mask, and more. Mary takes it all in.

JOEY
(understanding)
Frankie's kind of a sports nut.

And now he sort of flops down on the cracked naugahide couch, his profound weariness suddenly overtaking him. A moment, and then Mary sits beside him. She takes one of his hands in hers.

MARY
There's very little time left.

Joey nods, knowing it.

MARY
(continuing)
When I came here I was afraid. I'd run away from everything and everyone I knew... because I could see no other way. But then I met you, and saw the way you lived your life, and saw how you were ready to fight and even die for what you believed in, and just as ready to fight for me -- who you barely knew.  

(pause; then)
I felt ashamed. You have so much courage, Joey. So much dignity. And I've been a coward: running, hiding, pretending I could forget everything I had if I could only get far enough away from it.  

(another pause; then)
What you've shown me, what you've taught me, I now have to find a way to teach the people of my world. Because if I don't... if I can't... that world will end... and I'll be as much to blame as our enemy.

Joey's making an extraordinary effort to control his emotions.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

His heart is being ripped to shreds, but he won't allow himself to succumb to the pain... not now, anyway.

JOEY
Do you know where their ship is?

MARY
Yes.

JOEY
Can we get there in time?

MARY
We have to.

A pause.

JOEY
Do we have any time at all?

She stares at him, understanding his meaning. She moves back into his arms. They kiss passionately, desperately, as their entwined bodies slowly sink onto the cushions of the couch.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Frankie's car, driven by Joey, speeds down a rural road.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

MARY
What will happen to you, after I'm gone?

JOEY
You mean with the Feds?

MARY
Yes.

JOEY
Well, I kind of imagine they're just a little upset with me right now. But they ought to cool off... I guess. After a while, anyway.

A pause.

(CONTINUED)
MARY
I want to tell you some things, about my world, so that you can tell them.

JOEY
What kind of things?

MARY
Ways of extending life... of increasing the rate of plant growth... of developing new forms of energy... of controlling disease... of space travel...

JOEY
(awed)
You have answers to all that?

MARY
Yes. And soon you will, too.

JOEY
But how? There isn't time. I'd never even learn part of it.

MARY
(patiently)
Listen to me: just like we were able to communicate before, without speaking, I'm going to give you as much of my knowledge as I can. And after I have, it will be the same as if that knowledge has always been within you. It'll be your knowledge, Joey... in exchange for all you've given me.

He glances at her, still unsure, very uneasy. She smiles, reassuringly. He looks back through the windshield at the road.

CLOSE - MARY

She settles back in her seat, then closes her eyes. She seems instantly at peace.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS to include Joey, staring straight ahead, as they speed on through the night. But the transfer of intelligence has already begun.
320 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The headlights pierce the gloom like beacons of wisdom.

CUT TO:

321 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A number of dark, angular structures, abandoned long ago.

322 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT *

Frankie's car drives into one of the hulking, empty buildings, slows, then stops. Joey turns off the lights.

323 INT. CAR - NIGHT *

Joey stares straight ahead through the windshield, confused, even awed by what he sees.

JOEY
Is that ... the ship?

MARY (nods)
Yes.

A beat, and then Joey exits the car - Mary does the same.

324 NEW ANGLE - FAVOURING JOEY *

He stares at the outer space ship. Clearly, it must be something unlike anything he might have expected.

325 ANGLE SHIP *

Forty yards away, it hovers motionlessly about eighteen inches off the floor, backlit by moonlight streaming in through a row of enormous windows.

It's a gloriously simple creation, barely more than ten feet high and five feet wide, a pair of triangular-shaped glowing glass tubes connected at the base by a third tube, this one an oval. It looks like a piece of kinetic sculpture, shimmering with it's neon-like gasses in ice-cream colours.
He remains in quiet awe of this object.

JOEY
(almost whispered)
I don't understand. You travel in that?

MARY
Yes.

JOEY
But it's ... nothing. It's open. It doesn't have any walls, any seats, any engines, any controls ...

MARY
No. But we do travel in it ... like light.

He stares at her, still very unsure.

JOEY
It's one of your ships?

MARY
Yes. Their's are very primitive. They couldn't have come this far in one of their own. (pause; then) They have very little compared to us. Which is why they wanted our world ... and took it.
CONTINUED:

A silence. Joey searches the surrounding darkness.

JOEY
Do you think they're here?

She looks at him. Then, almost as if it's a test:

MARY
Do you?

A beat. He looks around again, this time letting himself "sense" the area, as well as see it. Then, nodding:

JOEY
Yeah. But I don't think they're together.

A silence, as they both try to pin down the enemy's location. Then, taking her by the arms, he gently turns her toward him.

JOEY
(continuing)
We don't have the time to play cat and mouse with them. I've got to smoke them out... draw their fire.

MARY
No.

JOEY
There's no other way. How long will it take you to get off the ground, once you're inside?

MARY
It's almost immediate.

JOEY
Alright. Then you're going to have to be ready to make a run for it. Okay?

She doesn't speak. He pulls her against him. She wraps her arms around him, fiercely. Then, grinning through his own tears:

JOEY
(continuing)
Will you write?

(CONTINUED)
MARY
As long as we live, we'll always be together.

She lifts her face to his and kisses him, and this time it's as if they'll never part. But then, when they do:

JOEY
Will you come back? Ever?

MARY
How long will you wait for me?

JOEY
As long as there's hope.

MARY
Then hope. Always hope.

They kiss again, even more intensely. And then, in the most selfless act he's ever made, Joey breaks away from her and runs.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

He's like a dark streak, racing across the emptiness, having no idea when -- or even if -- an attack will be launched.

ANGLE - NAZI

He steps out from the cover of his hiding place.

CLOSE - MARY

(continuing)

Joey!!!

ANGLE - JOEY

He doesn't take the time to look, just hits the floor and rolls like a tumbler. The night brightens with the explosion from the Nazi's gun. The wall twenty feet in front of Joey erupts like a volcano.

CLOSER - JOEY

He continues his roll and comes up on one knee, aims and fires.
ANGLE - NAZI

A direct hit. The Nazi, along with whatever he was standing near, is pulverized in a flaming, thundering explosion.

ANGLE - JOEY

He drops back down to the ground.

JOEY (shouting)
Now, Mary! Run! Run!

ANGLE - MARY

She races from the safety of her hiding place, running directly for the ship.

CLOSE - JOEY

He scans the area, desperately looking for a clue to the other Nazi's position.

ANGLE - SHIP

The second Nazi is suddenly there, directly in front of it.

CLOSE - MARY

She stops abruptly, staring in horror.

MARY

Joey!!!

ANGLE - JOEY

He whirls around, prepared to fire.

NEW ANGLE - SCENE

The Nazi stands in front of the ship, Joey's weapon aimed directly at him.

JOEY
(an anguished, frustrated cry)
I can't shoot! If he goes, so will the whole ship!
For an instant, he almost seems to smile. But it's a chilling expression, more like the rictus grin of a corpse. And then he slowly raises his hand, and in it, another weapon, aimed not at Mary, but Joey.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - MARY

MARY

No!!!

ANGLE - NAZI

as, doubtlessly for the first time in her life, Mary uses her power to destroy a living creature, and the Nazi seems to blow apart from the inside out.

ANGLE - JOEY

He's momentarily staggered by the sight.

ANGLE - MARY

She turns her head away.

WIDER ANGLE - SCENE

Joey runs to her, takes her into his arms, holds her. She looks at the ruin around them.

(continuing)

Is this the price of freedom?

A beat.

JOEY

Nobody can answer that but you.

(pause; then)

But you better figure it out before you get home.

She looks up at him, her face shimmering with tears, then reaches out and touches his cheek as she did once before -- as he taught her. In the b.g., the distant THUD of helicopter rotors. She breaks away and runs to the ship, and steps into it where she, too, seems to hover eighteen inches above the warehouse floor, surrounded by the delicate tubes of coloured light.
CLOSE - JOEY

We can see the pain in his expression.

ANGLE - MARY

A beat, and then she slowly disappears.

ANGLE - JOEY

We see his lips form her name, but no sound comes out.

FAVOUR - SHIP

It's immersed in new light, laser-like beams, radiant, almost blinding. And now the entire shape begins to rise off the floor, the light moving with it.

CLOSE - JOEY

There are tears in his eyes.

VARIOUS ANGLES - SCENE

The light hovers over the floor, floats gaily, turns, then suddenly accelerates.

CLOSE - JOEY

He's terrified.

ANGLE - SHIP

It speeds toward the massive windows and smashes directly into them.

CLOSE - JOEY

JOEY

(A horrified shout)

Mary!

ANGLE - WINDOWS

A fantastic explosion as millions of bits of glass fly outward into the night, all of them tinted by the colours of the glowing ship.
356 ANGLE - JOEY

He races across the warehouse to the destroyed window and stares out.

357 CLOSE - JOEY

He searches the sky. For a beat, there's nothing. But now...

358 EXT. SKY - ANGLE SHIP

The light reappears, shimmering brilliantly, a kaleidoscope rainbow of colours against the black sky.

359 CLOSE - JOEY

He stares up at the light until it's gone from sight.

In the b.g., the roar and thud of the helicopter. Joey looks.

360 ANGLE - HELICOPTER

It hovers a couple of hundred feet off the ground, it's searchlight playing down over the warehouses.

361 ANGLE - JOEY

He steps back from the windows, then turns to look at Frankie's car, forty yards away.
362  ANGLE - CAR
It hulks there, motionless.

363  ANGLE - JOEY
A bead of perspiration appears on his forehead.

364  ANGLE - CAR
Nothing.

365  ANGLE - JOEY
More sweat.

366  ANGLE - CAR
It begins to roll.
Concentrating intensely, trying not to smile.

Picking up speed, coasting nicely

A grin begins to turn up the corners of his mouth.

The headlights flash on, almost merrily.

He stands there illuminated by the headlights as the car rolls to a polite stop in front of him.

In the b.g., the thundering roar of the helicopter as it sets down outside the shattered windows and it's spinning rotors make the dust inside the structure swirl around Joey and in front of the headlights, twinkling and shimmering like a tiny but active universe.

A massive steel door slides open behind Joey and a dozen federal agents slowly step into the warehouse, each man armed with an automatic rifle, all of them silhouetted by the light behind them.

He doesn't even seem to notice them as they slowly fan out in a wide semi-circle and begin their cautious approach.

Instead, his gaze is locked on the moon and stars beyond the shattered window. And— in his mind, at least— A single pinpoint of light fading into infinity.

FADE OUT

THE END