FADE IN:
1    EXT.   ROADSIDE DINER - EARLY MORNING

A strip of two-lane highway runs through a tall pine forest. There is a truck-stop coffee shop beside the roadway. A few 14-WHEELERS are scattered across the big dusty parking lot. Morning sunlight glints off their chrome stacks. It bakes the asphalt and warms the mangy hides of stray DOGS asleep in the dirt. A HELICOPTER hovers about the treetops like a lazy hummingbird. It's the beginning of a perfect day.

A highway PATROL CAR slowly trolls among the trucks and dogs and parks beside the slat and shingled building.
TWO TELEPHONE LINEMEN are scaling a power pole at the forest's edge.

2 POWER POLE - ANGLE ON TELEPHONE LINEMEN

High on the pole, the linemen lean back against their safety straps to work, their bodies forming a "Y." One of them suddenly turns, pointing at a nearby treetop.

FIRST LINEMAN
Lookee there!

He grabs a PORCELAIN INSULATOR from his belt, cocks his arm and hurls it across the open stretch. It lands smack in the middle of a treetop. SQUAWK! A rattle of leaves, a rustle of feathers and a huge BUZZARD comes flapping out. The lineman cackles over his marksmanship.

3 CLOSE ANGLE ON BUZZARD - MOVING SHOT
The big, frightened beady-eyed bird is lumbering through the sky, flapping for its life and suddenly...SPLAT! It crashes head-on into the bubble of the passing HELICOPTER.

4 INT. HELICOPTER
The ship rocks as the PILOT wrestles the controls. There are THREE OTHERS in the cabin. The man beside the pilot, ELI CROSS, is sketching in a manuscript and eating an apple. He glances up in irritation.

ELI
Hey, will you stop wiggling?!

-2-

PILOT
Don't yell at me...yell at the goddamn crazy bird! It tried to
ELI
(back to his manuscript)
Oh yeah, that's your story. What's the bird got to say about it?

Eli bites into his apple, grimacing at the mushy mouthful. He tosses it out the hatch.

5 EXT. FOREST - TREETOPS

The apple drops into the trees, bounces down from branch to branch and falls on the slanted roof of the ROADSIDE DINER beneath. It rolls down the eaves, off the edge and lands on top of the parked Highway Patrol car.

6 INT. PATROL CAR

FIRST POLICEMAN
Something hit the roof.

SECOND POLICEMAN
So will the Chief...if we don't grab this guy Cameron.

They climb out as we see a SECOND PATROL CAR sliding up behind them. MORE POLICEMEN emerge from the second car.

7 EXT. DINER - ON POLICEMEN

They huddle, then move toward the diner entrance. As they pass an open WINDOW the CAMERA HOLDS.

INT. DINER

A FRY COOK serves behind the long counter where MEN on stools eat action. The policemen are seen ENTERING b.g. A TRUCK DRIVER ambles up and straddles a stool.

TRUCK DRIVER
Gettin' hot early. It's gonna be a scorcher.

The fry cook fills the driver's empty water glass from a pitcher, then move down the counter.

-3-

9 ANGLE ON CAMERON

He sits a few stools away. He's about 25, even-featured, bone-weary. His appealing face needs a shave. The cook fills his water glass. The ice cubes rattle as Cameron's hand trembles. His eyes are riveted on the policemen.

10 CAMERON'S POV

Two policemen take seats at a booth across from the counter; one policeman moves to a WALL TELEPHONE, another stands near the CASH REGISTER looking at a magazine. They seem nonchalant, but are placed to block all avenues of escape.

11 ANGLE ON CAMERON

Suddenly startled as someone slaps him on the arm. He whirls to face the man beside him.

MAN
That's really a beaut...really a beaut!

The MAN is staring at the TATOO which shows below the rolled-up sleeve of Cameron's shirt, a large American Eagle with elaborate scrollwork and a patriotic slogan. The man pulls up his own sleeve to show a small tattoo of an anchor.

MAN (CONT'D)
My wife still yells about this...but yours -- that's some eagle...like a billboard.
CAMERON
(eyes on police)
Yeah, that's the grand old bird.
(a half-smile)
Right now I just wish the son-of-a-bitch could fly.

Cameron rises and moves across the diner to the pinball machine.

12 ANGLE ON PINBALL

The PLAYER wiggles and contorts, using body English to influence the balls.

-4-

HECKLER
Hey Morton, you think your ass is connected to the machine? You wiggle, it's gonna make the ball go where you want?

Cameron's eyes scan the room, passing the TV above the counter. On it, the commercial shows a beautiful girl (who we'll later know as NINA FRANKLIN) bending over a bowl of dog food. Her ass, too, wiggles engagingly. The pinball player leaves the machine. Cameron, stalling for time, works the plunger while a cop stalks closer; like the cat to the mouse hole.

POLICEMAN
Hey, you're lucky. Somebody left a free ball.

CAMERON
Uh huh.

Cameron shoots. The ball bounces crazily inside the machine, lights and buzzers flashing. Another policeman approaches.

SECOND POLICEMAN
You got 20,000! You're gonna win...
CAMERON

Win what?

SECOND POLICEMAN

A free game!

CAMERON

Terrific...

He rests his hands on the machine, glancing about. Escape seems hopeless.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

...that's just what I needed...one more chance to lose.

In a lightning-swift motion, the cop clamps his hands down over Cameron's wrists, snapping the HANDCUFFS on. The trap has sprung.

13 CLOSE ON COP AND CAMERON

Cameron nods his head in resignation. A big uncontrollable grin breaks and spreads over the cop's face.

Then suddenly, Cameron bolts, desperately springing full speed for the back door. He flings it open. The cops are moving toward him. One has almost got his gun out.

POLICEMAN

Cameron! Halt! I'll shoot!

Cameron lunges through the doorway, not realizing in his frenzy the screen door still blocks his path. He tears through it, but gets stuck halfway.

CAMERON

(panicked)

No!...God, don't shoot!

Swinging his manacled arms like a club against the tangled mesh, he
breaks free and runs.

14 EXT. REAR OF DINER

As Cameron flies down the back steps, a COP stationed at the rear door, caught off-guard, tries to stop him but is shoved back. Cameron weaves and scrambles across the yard, over fences, building, out the other side. Behind him, distant shouts and a gunshot.

15 INT. FOREST - MOVING SHOT ON CAMERON - DAY

As Cameron runs, he moves with a skill that suggests forests are not alien to him. He crouches low, following tiny avenues of tree trunks, scrambling on all fours over needles and fallen cones. Sweat pours down his face. His breath rasps in his throat. He breaks into a clearing and FREEZES...suddenly face to face with a MAN who crouches, blocking his path. It is one of the linemen we saw earlier.

16 WIDER ANGLE

The lineman, kneeling at his tool chest, is surprised by Cameron. Both stare at route blocked. Cameron's handcuffs. Cameron edges back, his escape route blocked. The man on the ground grabs a WRENCH and moves forward with the same gleam in his eye we saw when he scared that bird from the tree.

LINEMAN

Stand right there like a good old boy and do what I say. You wanna try and mess with me, you've had fair warning. I was a combat Marine in Korea. Okay?
The lineman advances on him as Cameron backs away.

**CAMERON**

Korea? No shit, so was my old man...

(he suddenly stamps his foot and shrieks)

Aaaaaaargh!

The lineman jumps in surprise. Then, enraged like a startled bull, he lunges forward with the wrench. Cameron uses the man's weight against him, his moves those of a trained fighter. A hard knee to his stomach doubles up the lineman. The handcuffed arms slam down like a club between his shoulder blades driving him to the ground. A kick thrown sideways to his head and the man is out. The other lineman who had started to descend the pole freezes and step back up. Cameron grabs the lineman's toolbox in his handcuffed grasp and dashes off into the forest.

**17 MOVING SHOT - ON CAMERON**

He slides down a slope on a carpet of fallen leaves, tumbling to the bottom and falls face forward into a running stream where he holds his head and drinks. CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the terrain. There are no pursuers, the forest is silent.

**18 CLOSE UP - HANDBUCFFS**

The jaws of a wire-cutter clamp down severing the chain connecting the cuffs around Cameron's wrists. He lifts his knee cutter handle. His arms are now free. He wedges a chisel against one bracelet and swings a sledgehammer against it. We hear his sharp outcry.

**19 ANGLE ON CAMERON**
Doubled up, holding his wrist in pain. The bracelet is still intact. He buttons his shirt cuffs over the metal bands and climbs the slope to the bright sunlight on the road above.

20 EXT. OLD ABANDONED ROAD - DAY

Cameron is trudging along the old road winding down through the mountainous pass. He crosses a bridge. Through the arches of its low stone railing, he sees a BLACK RIVER twenty feet below rushing toward the sea. Then, glancing back, he is suddenly alert.

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21 CAMERON'S POV

In the far distance, almost lost in the shimmering heat waves from the road, is a tiny speck moving toward him.

22 ANGLE ON CAMERON

He clambers down the embankment behind the railing, peering out from this hidden vantage.

23 ANGLE ON ROAD

The speck grows larger. The SOUND of the engine is faintly audible now. Sunlight flashes from metal and glass. Cameron's apprehension suddenly changes to wonderment, for the vehicle is not the police as he had feared, but something else. Moving in the shimmering heat wave is a splendid, high, humpbacked World War I vintage DUESENBERG SEDAN with gleaming brass headlights, roaring towards him.

24 ANGLE ON CAMERON

He scrambles up the embankment to thumb a ride. The Duesenberg roars past him, filling his eyes and mouth with dust. Suddenly there is a screech of brakes.
The Duesenberg goes into a skid and then bounces to a stop. Running, Cameron reaches the car, pulls the front door open and climbs in beside the DRIVER.

INT. CAR

CAMERON

Thanks. I thought you didn't see me.

The driver, BURT, is a husky, red-haired man about Cameron's age and deeply agitated. Pounding his fist against the steering wheel, he talks half to Cameron, half to himself.

BURT

Damn it. Screwed it up. Lost my nerve.

Fishing a Vick's inhaler from his pocket and shoving it in his nostril.

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BURT (CONT'D)

Goddamn sinuses. Can't even see straight.

Cameron looks at him, puzzled.

CAMERON

You want me to drive?

Burt whirls on him, enraged.

BURT

What the hell is that supposed to mean?!

CAMERON

(confused)

No offense...thought you might...

BURT

Every one of you jerks is a goddamn hotshot expert! Thanks for the vote
of confidence. If you think you can
do any better, just come and try it!

He puts his boot in Cameron's stomach and shoves hard.

27 EXT. CAR

Cameron comes flying out and lands on his back in the
road as the Duesenberg squeals forward, its open door slamming shut
from the moment.

Stunned, the wind knocked out of him, Cameron rises to
his elbows. Before the old relic has gone thirty yards, again the
brakes screech, swinging the car into a sliding salute turn,
one hundred-eighty degrees and it is suddenly screaming back toward
Cameron.

28 INT. CAR - ANGLE ON BURT

Driving with one hand on the door handle, his head
halfway out the window watching the bridge railing and the water

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29 ANGLE ON ROAD - CAR AND CAMERON

Cameron, sprawled on the road, is momentarily paralyzed
at the sight of the Duesenberg's great brass grill bearing down. His
hand closes over a rock and with the same illogical gesture that a
soldier in the direction of the car and frantically rolls sideways.

The big spinning tires brush him as they pass. We catch a
momentary glimpse of the rock smashing against the gleam of the passing
windshield.

As he stops rolling, once more face down in the dust,
eyes closed, expecting death, he becomes aware there is only
silence. He opens
his eyes, climbs to his feet. The road is empty. The Duesenberg is gone. Astonished, confused -- he walks to the side of where the railing ends and the car might have plunged nothing below but the rushing black water. Here and swirl to the surface. They could be from a sinking car caused by the current.

30 ANGLE ON CAMERON

His thoughts racing. Was it the sun, has he imagined the whole thing? Suddenly a HELICOPTER appears, hovering, almost at eye level. Sunlight flashes through the spinning blades like a strobe.

31 WIDER ANGLE

It is the same helicopter we saw in the opening sequence. It has swiftly descended beside the bridge just beyond the railing, catching Cameron with no chance to run or hide. FOUR MEN Can be seen inside the plastic cockpit barely a few feet away. The man beside the PILOT is ELI CROSS. He grabs the radio microphone and begins speaking into it. Cameron whirls, scrambles down a bank to a field. The helicopter drops to within a few feet of the water, hovers. Protected from sight, Cameron runs between the tall stalks, away from the road.

32 CAMERON - MOVING SHOT

Glancing back through the stalks as he runs, Cameron sees a STAKE TRUCK barreling toward the sight of the accident. In the back, THREE MEN are frantically putting on black wet-suits. They look, against each other. Cameron runs on.
33 EXT. BLUFF - OVERLOOKING SEASHORE TOWN

A few hotels, like a cluster of old Victorian gingerbread, surround a sandy cove beyond which is the sea. There is a fishing pier, with century charm...enough to keep the tourists sunbathing. The town's bucolic, turn-of-the-century charm might even survive these, if not for a monstrous yellow CONSTRUCTION CRANE, which juts ten stories into the sky from the center of the sandy cove. Cameron appears on the bluff.

34 ANGLE ON CAMERON

Surveying the town -- expressionless, a jungle beast going to survive no matter what -- at least for a few more hours. He reaches down and rips off his trouser legs at the thigh, turning them into cutoffs a vacationing bather might wear. He pulls off his worn boots and flings them into the brush, his eyes never leaving the town below. There are crowds to get lost in down there. He unbuttons his sleeve and looks at the handcuff still encircling his bracelet. Stopping beside a large rock, he smashes the bracelet against it. It won't open. Grimacing in pain, he re-buttons his sleeve, opens his shirt and begins descending the palisades toward the town.

35 EXT. BOARDWALK

The SCREEN is yellow and on it are the words: 'HAVE A NICE DAY.' THE ANGLE WIDENS and we realize the words are on the back of a YELLOW HAT that jiggles as its wearer walks. It is him we see the tide of tourists in oils and ointments...
their bikinis. The sun. Teenage girls at portable toilets adjusting cream vendors, sky, circling. The boardwalk cops in white shirts, looking like ice whom Cameron deftly avoids. Then, he looks up at the perplexed: the helicopter from the bridge is overhead, Cameron watches it warily as he walks.

35A ANGLE ON BOARDWALK

A BIG CROWD has formed at the railing of the pier. Many of the people with CAMERAS CLICKING at the sand below. Cameron notices the helicopter is now sharing the sky with a brightly painted open cockpit BIPLANE. It is a WORLD WAR I FIGHTER with BRITISH INSIGNIA.

35B ANGLE ON BOARDWALK AND SKY

Cameron works his way through the crowd. All eyes now look upward at the plane. A LOUD VOICE is HEARD coming through an electric BULLHORN.

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VOICE

All right, people. Quiet! We're losing the sun! This is a take! You're welcome to watch, but please, no flashbulbs. They'll spoil the shot.

Cameron's world has become more ordered again. It's a film company shooting on location -- this somehow must explain the Duesenberg. His eyes go to the scene below.

36 ANGLE ON COVE

A CAMERA RIG suspended from the end of the yellow construction crane is PHOTOGRAPHING the surf where EXTRAS in German WWI uniforms unload ashore. The bright little plane has started a lazy dive
toward the soldiers, its engine whining. From here it looks as fearsome as Snoopy and the Red Baron.

37 ANGLE ON THE BEACH

As the British plane pulls out of the dive, there is a tremendous explosion. In the flash of smoke and flame, barge, ammunition and people are blown sky-high. The smoke from the exploding ammunition momentarily obscures the scene.

38 ANGLE ON CROWD

The onlookers are very impressed and pleased and then abruptly their pleasure turns to horror and disbelief.

39 ANGLE ON COVE

As the smoke lifts, the Tom and Jerry violence has become a horrifying reality. Bodies are scattered about. One man has been severed in half, drenched in blood. Chunks of meat, arms and legs litter the beach.

40 ANGLE ON CROWD

Paralyzed by the sense of catastrophe.

MAN
(shouting)
Something went wrong.

Then, people begin to moan and scream.

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41 CLOSE ON CAMERON

Staring tensely at the carnage. By reflex, a shout escapes his lips.

CAMERON
Medic! Get the medics!

41A A WOMAN sags into a faint. A small child in the crowd is crying and clutching Cameron's leg.

42 ANGLE ON COVE
As the scene continues we hear a voice on the Bullhorn.

**VOICE (O.S.)**
Cut! I said CUT! That's a print.

Suddenly the reality of the horror turns into an obscene, absurd farce as what appear to be the missing parts of bodies begin wriggling out of the sand where the extras were partially buried to create the macabre effect and now the extras become whole human beings before our eyes once again.

43 **ANOTHER ANGLE**

The crowd reacts in various ways. Sighs of relief, laughter, anger.

The exhumed extras wipe sand from their eyes and shake it down their trouser legs.

**A.D.**
(yelling)
Beautiful, Harvey. You gave everybody a heart attack.

**HARVEY**, the Second Unit Director, yells back.

**HARVEY**
Eli will hate it. He said he wanted the shot in one? Now watch, he'll do six hours of pick-ups.

The crowd disperses. **A TOURIST** turns to Cameron.

**TOURIST**
Great...but why do they always use so much blood? It ruins the realism, don't you think?

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**CAMERON**
(still shaken, quietly mutters)
...asshole...
The tourist stiffens as Cameron turns away, his attention now drawn by the beating sound of the helicopter. He glances up.

44 CAMERON'S POV

The helicopter is descending toward the beach while the FILM CREW rapidly moves equipment from the last scene into piles to clear a landing site.

45 ANGLE ON FISHING PIER

Wary of the men in the chopper, Cameron is moving down the pier away from the landing site. Suddenly he stops short, caught by something he sees O.S. Excitedly he points and begins to shout.

CAMERON

Hey! Hey you...!

46 CAMERON'S POV

Below him, walking away on the sand is one of the actors with the same red hair, the same old British army jacket as Burt in the Duesenberg. Hearing the shout, the actor stops tentatively turns. It's a mistake. Clearly the features are different. It's not Burt.

47 ANGLE TO INCLUDE CAMERON

Cameron is puzzled. He watches as the red-haired actor looks about to see who called and finding no one, starts off, but is stopped by a LITTLE OLD LADY holding a parasol and offering her autograph book.

LITTLE OLD LADY

Mr. Bailey! Aren't you Raymond Bailey, the actor? Would you please sign your autograph? Write 'to Emily...for eternal peace.'

Raymond signs the book with the easy charm of a man who's done it a million times. He has those special rugged good looks that belong to Marlboro men and movie stars.
LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)
I'm certainly glad you're all right.
I lost my husband and my son in the wars...

The sound of the chopper blades has become deafening as it hovers for a landing. The Old Lady snatches her autograph book and heads for the landing site.

48 ANGLE ON HELICOPTER

As it touches the ground and its doors fly open. Out step the CREWMEN and ELI CROSS. The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR rushes up and shouts over the hissing blades of the idling chopper.

A.D.
What happened on the bridge?!

ELI
(deeply upset)
All the divers found in the car was the goddamn camera.

A.D.
(stunned)
And Burt?

ELI
(anguished)
No Burt! All gone...caught in the current probably and...they're diving downstream and searching the riverbanks, but...don't say anything to the crew yet...

A.D.
(softly)
Jesus Christ.

ELI
Yeah, Jesus Christ.

A.D.
What do you want to do?
ELI
I don't know...call my mother and have her tell me it wasn't my fault...
(desperately)
...What the hell could have happened?

Their words are lost in the sound of the rotor as the chopper slowly rises. The sudden WIND from its blades blows some screening off a pile of equipment. It falls on the Little Old Lady who has been approaching Eli and topples her into the surf. She is trapped in a tangle of ancient skirts and petticoats. Before she can regain her balance, a wave tumbles her further into the sea.

49 ANGLE INCLUDING CAMERON

Cameron, sitting on the edge of the pier over the water, has watched this mini-disaster. The undertow from the wave has swept the Old Lady directly beneath him. Reaching down toward her, he yells:

CAMERON
Hey! Hey, give me your hand!

He can't quite reach her. As a last resort, he drops off the edge into the water by her side.

50 ANGLE ON WATER

He grabs for the struggling Old Lady.

CAMERON
Don't be afraid! You're gonna be okay.

Like groping through seaweed, he reaches past her tangled skirts, grasps her waist and lifts her to keep her head above water. She is
choking, gasping for air. She turns her face toward him.

51  CAMERON'S POV

Her features are distorted; they seem to be melting away. She frees her hand and violently tears at her face, pulling away the RUBBER MASK on which is the melting putty and make up. With it goes her wig and what is left is a startlingly beautiful young girl.

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CAMERON

My God! (choking on water)
You're...I know you...that girl from TV...the actress. Nina...

NINA
(sputtering)
...Franklin.

The sun glistens on the wet, wild young perfection of her face, ingenuously sparkling laughter and for an instant it's breathtaking - a universal boyhood fantasy to suddenly be thrown this close to that kind of "movie star" beauty. It's something Cameron feels in the pit of his stomach.

CAMERON

My God!...Why the hell...?

NINA
(laughing and choking)
...Makeup test...it's for the film...

Regaining his composure enough to attempt flattery, but he means it.

CAMERON

They gotta be crazy to cover that face.
NINA
(laughing)
I'm only old at the end of the story.

As they are only in a few feet of water, there is no longer any reason to hold her. He starts to put her down.

NINA
No, don't do that. Rescue me!

CAMERON
In three feet of water?

NINA
Oh come on, please. I always wanted someone to rescue me from something...

Grinning, he carries her toward shore.

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ANGLE ON BEACH

Eli, surrounded by the crew and dozens of tourists, is standing at the water's edge as Cameron wades in and sets Nina down.

ELI
Nina! You damned near scared me to death!

At the sight of Eli, she becomes like a little girl who, having skinned her knee and run to daddy, now can allow herself to cry.

NINA
Oh hell, it's all ruined now and I wanted you to see the makeup, Eli. Where were you?...I even got Raymond's autograph and he didn't know...You'd have been proud...

Nina is surrounded by people who are rubbing her with towels, taking pictures, all shouting at once. The CROWD closes in,
Cameron to the outskirts.

**ELI**
(to the A.D.)
Get her into a tub, then bed...and I want to see her in makeup and costume again before dinner.

THREE CREWMEN hustle her off, as she searches the crowd for Cameron...then spots him.

**NINA**
Hey! Thank you! That was really gallant...rescuing an old lady!

Cameron waves and starts to wander off as they whisk Nina away.

53 **ANGLE ON ELI**

He moves toward Cameron.

**ELI**
Wait a second! I want to thank you, too!

As Eli trots up, Cameron tenses, finally facing this man who saw him from the helicopter.

**ELI (CONT'D)**

Don't run away. What is that, a habit with you?

**CAMERON**
Yeah, I also smoke too much.

**ELI**
You and Burt on the bridge...how about telling me what happened?

Eli begins to stroll along the sand toward the pilings which support the pier. Cameron hesitates, but Eli's manner compels him to follow.

**CAMERON**
I don't know. He must've gone crazy. He tried to run me down.

**ELI**

Oh?...Why would he do that?

**CAMERON**

(flustered)

...I didn't ask him why! All I know is he was comin' at me very fast.

(quoting an axiom spouted by top sergeants in a thousand boot camps)

'You want to get home for Thanksgiving, you better figure the guy comin' at you is tryin' to kill you'...That's one thing I learned from the gooks.

**ELI**

Gooks?...That has a nostalgic ring...

They have reached the pier. Eli stops, he is watching something

*O.S.*

**ELI (CONT'D)**

You guys really used to call them gooks? I thought that was just Time Magazine.

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**CAMERON**

That was 'Nam. What should I call 'em, WOPS? Nobody'd known what I was talkin' about.

He turns to follow Eli's gaze.

**54 CAMERON'S POV - POLICE CAR**

A POLICE CAR has driven onto the beach. From it, THREE OFFICERS have emerged. They are armed and efficient looking. The PRODUCTION MANAGER moves to greet them. Eli takes Cameron's wrist and gently pulls him back into the shadow of the pilings,

(privately reacting
Chief, is irate enough to be clearly heard from this distance.

JAKE
All right, this time you've had it!
Where is he?!

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Chief, I'm glad you dropped by. Eli says you gotta do something about all these people on the beach.

JAKE
(bellowing)
Thirty minutes is what you've got to get your goddamn equipment off this beach and out of town!...You tell Eli Cross if your men are on the streets after four o'clock, I'll throw their ass in jail!

55 ANGLE ON ELI AND CAMERON
Eli squats down on his heels and leans back against a piling, smiling up at Cameron.

ELI
Speaking of jail...would you get upset if I asked how many cops were after you?

CAMERON
(suddenly grim)
What are ya talkin' about?

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ELI
(off-hand)
Your I.D. bracelet...the look on your face...the way you ran from the bridge...
   (with exaggerated delicacy)
I...don't suppose you want to tell me what you did.

Cameron studies Eli, not knowing what to make of him.

CAMERON
No...I don't.
ELI
(brightly, with humor)
...Could I try categories?

Cameron half laughs despite himself.

ELI (CONT'D)
(glancing O.S.)
Ever done any stunt work?

CAMERON
What?

ELI
How'd you like to be a stunt man?
You look like you're in pretty good shape, fast on your feet. You could do it.
(getting to his feet)
Besides, You're not gonna have much choice.

WIDER ANGLE

Jake has spotted them and is approaching with his men and the Production Manager. Eli puts his hand on Cameron's shoulder and steps out into the sunlight.

ELI
(softly, to Cameron)
Now, don't get hasty. And, remember your ass, it's just like mine... maybe I can save them both.

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PRODUCTION MANAGER
(trailing after Jake)
...but we've gotta have three days to finish this picture...

JAKE
(striding toward Eli)
You said you'd be gone four days ago, before the season started. You lie, break promises...
(he is now close enough and shouting at Eli)
Cross, I've gone out of my way, but this time...

A TRAM beeps, clangs and passes between them, interrupting Jake and leaving him sputtering. As it departs, Eli seizes the moment.

**ELI**

Jake, it's been a rotten morning.
You're hot and tired. Let's go in, have us a drink and find out what's eating you.

**JAKE**

(turning beet red)
Don't treat me like these other morons! You know goddamn well what's eating me is that Duesenberg on the bottom of the river with the dead man in it!

There is silence. Eli stands thoughtfully kicking the sand with his toe. Then Jake starts shouting again.

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

I mean, that is a goddamn public bridge and a public river! You go there without permits, without any precautions and get a man killed!

**ELI**

(gently)
Jake...

**JAKE**

No more bullshit explanations. Just go...before I figure out how to hang you with a manslaughter charge!

**ELI**

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(after a pause; quietly)
No explanations...don't have any. But, maybe he does...
(staring at Cameron)
Go ahead, ask him, Jake.
Eli's words are exploding in Cameron's mind -- that illusory event on the bridge has crystallized into hard reality.

CAMERON
(wide-eyed)
...Now wait!...You're not blaming me for...

ELI
(wheeling on Cameron)
Why not, Burt?! Because you're a fake?! Because you're just a goddamn daredevil with a head full of marbles?!

Cameron vaguely understands that Eli is trying to pass him off as Burt and that he, somehow, may be saved by going along with this madness. Eli, turning to Jake, continues passionately...

ELI (CONT'D)
He grabs the bread, blows the shot, screws you up...screws me up. He's dumb, Jake, but thank God, he ain't dead yet. So do me a favor, put your handcuffs on this son-of-a-bitch and put him some place where he can't get hurt!

The Chief is dazed. If this is Burt, the stunt man, he is obviously alive. Jake goes to Cameron.

JAKE
How did you get out of the car?

ELI
He didn't get out. Our divers got him out...and brought him back in the chopper.

The Chief stares at Cameron. His clothes and hair are wet. There is a small bruise on his cheek from when he fell out of the Duesenberg. He looks the part. Jake turns to Eli with resignation.

JAKE
- 23 -
Cross, when these three days are up, I'm going to arm my men with shotguns and tell them it's open season on any fruit carrying a camera.

He walks to the waiting police car, surrounded by TOURISTS snapping pictures. He glares at them, angry at the world. Eli puts on Cameron's shoulder and leads him through the dispersing crowd toward the hotel. Eli is now easygoing and friendly.

ELI
You did that very well.

CAMERON
I didn't get a chance to say a word. I just listened.

ELI
There are only a few actors in the world who have mastered that art. Anyway, it was a good audition. You landed the part.

CAMERON
How? What about the crew? They going to look at me and say, 'Hi, Burt?'

ELI
Unless you prefer, 'Hi, Elizabeth.' Don't worry about my crew, they'll call you anything I want 'em to. Look, I'm not being callous. Burt is a fucking tragedy, but there's nothing in the world I can do about it...I've gotta have this location for three more days...and you need a place to hide.

They have reached the steps of the HOTEL. A BUS has stopped in front. TOURISTS are piling out. The POLICE CAR pulls up and nearby. Jake and his men can be seen surveying the crowd.

A.D.
(shouting in b.g.)
Eli! The crew's waiting. We need the next setup!

ELI

- 24 -

The hand! Close-up of the hand! Be there in a minute!

A.D.
An Eli minute or a real minute?!

Eli turns back to Cameron as they mount the steps.

CAMERON
By tomorrow the local cops'll know what I look like. I can't hang around.

ELI
(expansively)
"Burt," stop worrying! Haven't you heard of "movie magic?"
(pointing to the etched glass doors of the hotel)
That door is "the looking glass," and inside...is Wonderland. You're gonna pose as a stunt man, who's posing as an actor, who's posing as a character in a movie...who's posing as an enemy soldier...In that big a crowd, who's gonna notice you? People like to believe in things and cops are just people.

The have reached the front door. Eli holds it open for Cameron.

ELI
(with mock confidentiality)
Frankly, your problem's so simple, it's almost beneath me. Have faith, 'Alice.' Close your eyes and enjoy.

In exhaustion and resignation, Cameron nods and wearily closes his eyes.

SCREEN GOES BLACK
DENISE'S VOICE
Open your eyes...and don't touch.
It's wet.

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56 INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - CLOSE ON CAMERON'S REFLECTION
His eyes open. He stares at his face in the mirror, pleased at the subtle transformation. His hair has been cut shorter and dyed red, somehow changing his whole aspect. He rubs the red mark on his wrists where the bracelet has been removed.

56A WIDE ANGLE
Part of the laundry room is being used for the film's Hairdressing Department. Cameron sits in a barber chair wearing a plastic apron, surrounded by dryers, wigs, etc. In b.g., washing machines churn constantly. DENISE, the Hairdresser, an attractive earthy woman of thirty-two, stands over him. He is still wary and trying not to show it.

CAMERON
(looking in mirror)
...Could be worse...could be green...I think I like it.

DENISE
Of course you like it...ask anybody... Denise gives great hair. Got any grass?

CAMERON
(shaking his head)
Nope.

She touches his hair to test the dryness, holding her hand there for a moment longer than seems necessary. He grins at her, rises and crosses to the wall mirror to get a better look.

DENISE
What else don't you have that I need?

She moves to a basement window and gazes out.

57   **POV - BEACH**

Through the window, the crew is setting up a shot while Eli rehearses with Nina and his red-haired male star, Raymond Bailey, (who Cameron earlier saw on the beach). Bailey is dressed as a World War I British aviator and Nina as a young girl of that era.

**DENISE'S VOICE**

Our male star isn't going to like you...

---

**TWO SHOT - CAMERON AND DENISE**

**CAMERON**

(moving toward window)

Why not?

**DENISE**

You're too good looking. His idea of a perfect stunt double is two-hundreds pounds of hamburger in a red wig...

He studies the view, his attention focused on Nina.

**CAMERON**

What's she like? I've seen her on TV.

**DENISE**

(irritated by his interest in Nina)

At selling douche powder, she's fabulous; dog food?...I'm not sure she's sincere.

**CAMERON**

What are you sore about?

**DENISE**

I'm not sore. Isn't that what you
wanted to know?  
(with sarcasm)  
...Or did you mean, what's the real Nina Franklin like--without the greasepaint and tinsel...  

Moving to a pile of laundry heaped on the floor, she pokes around with the toe of her shoe.  

DENISE (CONT'D)  
...You mean, what's she like -- underneath?  

Snaring a crumpled garment, she kicks it toward Cameron, who catches it instinctively, then holds it up for inspection -- a pair of (Nina's) lace panties. He grins, mildly embarrassed by the charade.  

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DENISE (CONT'D)  
(moving toward him)  
What do those say about the girl who wears them? Shy? Delicate? Sensitive?  

She reaches for the panties, but instead takes his hand and yanks laundry pile sharply, pulling him off balance, falling back on the surprise on with Cameron on top of her, their faces inches apart; his, amusement on hers.  

DENISE (CONT'D)  
(touching his hair)  
Still wet...very wet.  

Cameron is trying to remember: what was it Eli said? "Close your eyes, relax and enjoy." Across the room the washing machines churn, whirl and heave.  

59 EXT. BEACH AREA
Eli and his crew are shooting a scene: a "pick-up" shot for the explosion sequence we saw earlier. Eli and GABE, the cameraman, are lying beside the camera. Before them, the "severed" arm protrudes from the sand in which its owner is buried, out of sight.

**ELI**
You sure he can breathe?
(a mumbling assent from beneath the sand)
Where's Raymond?
(Raymond kneels beside him)
Remember, you just crashed...you were wandering the beach behind the German lines looking for a place to hide when you saw the explosion. You're stunned by the carnage. That bomb was dropped by a guy in your squadron. Okay? Roll the film.

60 **POV THRU CAMERA**
Through the CAMERA, WE SEE the 'arm' protruding from the sand. We HEAR o.s. VOICES yelling: "Turning"... "speed"...
the fingers begin to move spasmodically. Eli's voice yells: "Okay, Raymond!"

Suddenly the fingers on the hand start to swell, bigger and bigger...like a rubber glove filling with air...then BANG! BANG! BANG! The (balloon-covered) fingers EXPLODE.

61 **ANGLE ON BEACH**
Everyone has broken up with laughter at the prank, including Eli. Gabe is patting Eli's face, Raymond squeezing his jaw affectionately as one would a pet dog's.

**RAYMOND**
(cackling)
Gotcha that time! Didn't we?

ELI
(through his laughter)
Yeah, you got me another half-hour behind.

Eli climbs to his feet as the laughter subsides.

Cameron, now wearing a uniform exactly like Raymond's, watches from the sidelines.

RAYMOND
(gently, grinning)
Thought the chief could use a little cheering up today.

ELI
(turning quiet and serious)
...So you heard the news about Burt...

RAYMOND
(nodding)
Any more word?

ELI
(bitterly)
Afraid not...there's no picture ever made that's worth it.

RAYMOND
(shaking his head)
I'll never understand why these guys do it -- take the chances.

- 29 -

ELI
(thoughtfully)
Don't know. Trying to beat the system, I guess...we all know that some day we're gonna die of nothing more important than wrinkles...and that makes us so scared and crazy, we'll do anything. Go off bridges...fight windmills...wars... anything.
There is great sadness among them. Eli breaks the mood lightly.

ELI (CONT'D)
That's what our film's about -- or didn't you know?
(see Cameron)
Hey, Burt, come over here.

Cameron crosses to them. He and Raymond stand appraising each other, red-haired men in identical uniforms. As Raymond offers his hand:

RAYMOND
(to Eli)
My new cock and balls?

ELI
(quickly)
Not new...It's important not to let that get around as yet. So, for the time being, let's make like he's the same guy.
(adding a touch of color)
But no longer known as "Bad-assed Burt." Ever since his 'fortunate rescue,'...we call him "Lucky."

62 EXT. CHURCHYARD - ANGLE ON CHUCK - LATER THAT DAY
CHUCK BARTON is a tall, rugged-looking man in his mid-thirties, the Stunt Gaffer on Eli's film. A MESSENGER trots up and presents a receipt book. Chuck sets down his stunt bag and signs it absently.

MESSENGER
Your film from that camera in the Duesenberg's on the way to the lab. Put it on the plane with my own little hands.

CHUCK
- 30 -

When do we get it back?
Meesenger
Don't know. Stamped it "rush."

Chuck
If I stamp "rush" on my mare's ass, she'll still take eleven months to foal. Call the lab and find out when!
(quietly)
I lost a man today. I wanna see that footage and find out why.

As the Mesenger leaves, Chuck strolls over to where Cameron stands waiting, circles around him, sizing him up. Cameron is no longer wearing the uniform, but now is in jeans and a work shirt.

Chuck
Done any stunt work?

Cameron
Not really.

Chuck
Not really? You have or you haven't?

Cameron
(good-naturedly)
I got out of Vietnam in one piece. Let me tell you that wasn't a bad stunt.

Chuck
(skeptically)
That's ancient history.

Cameron
Seems like yesterday.

Chuck
(pointing at church steeple)
Could you jump from that tower to the that roof?

- 31 -

63 Angle on Cameron (and steeple)
Gauging the fifteen-foot gap between the CHURCH STEEPLE and the roof of the nearby MUNICIPAL BUILDING. He unconsciously grimaces at the four-story drop between them.

CAMERON
(being glib)
Once, to save my ass, I jumped out of a banana tree into an oxcart full of buffalo shit. Does that count?

CHUCK
We'll see. Put these on.

He throws Cameron some knee pads from his stunt bag and begins marking off two lines on the bare earth between the gravestones in the churchyard.

CAMERON
(puzzled by the pads)
Where do they go?

CHUCK
(tapping his knee)
Under the pants.
(pointing to lines he has drawn)
I want you to jump from here...to there.

Cameron hops up to the starting line, finishing with the knee pads clumsily, surveys the distance of not more than seven feet.

CAMERON
Okie-dokie.

Makes a casual jump, landing on the line and looking at Chuck for approval.

CHUCK
Very good. Except you're dead!! Your brains are scattered all over the goddamn pavement. You landed on the edge and fell backwards four stories. Where do we send the body?
CAMERON
(returns to the starting line)
Don't bury me yet.

He takes a running start and leaps hard. While he's still in mid-air, Chuck yells.

CHUCK
You're still dead! You fell over the other side of the building.

Cameron has landed three beyond the mark and looks up at Chuck a bit shaken.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
You wanna try it right, once? You should land in a tuck-and-roll.

CAMERON
Show me, sergeant.

Chuck launches himself head-first. His hands touch the ground just beyond the second mark to break his fall, easing him into a shoulder roll, he somersaults to his feet.

CAMERON
Very fancy.

He takes a running start and does the same. Not quite as well, but well enough. As he rolls to his feet:

CAMERON
Okay?

CHUCK
Better.

CAMERON
My speciality is Hopscotch.

Chuck turns on him enraged, overreacting.
CHUCK
And Burt's specialty was drowning. You know one goddamn daredevil on this picture was enough! What the hell was Eli thinking, giving me a smart-ass, cocky, amateur kid when I need a stunt man! It's a little different running across that roof when they're pumping tracer bullets over your head.

CAMERON
(eloquently pleading his case)
I was running for twenty-six months with guys shooting at me...not over my head...at my head and I'm alive. I knew daredevils. I got nothing against them...it's just they're all dead. So ease off and give me a chance...

Cameron is surprised to see that Chuck is grinning.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(genuinely)
Hey, were you putting me on?

CHUCK
Me? I wouldn't know how to do that.

Chuck starts to walk away, then stops and looks at Cameron.

64 EXT. ROOFTOP MUNICIPAL BUILDING - CLOSE ON CHUCK - MINUTES LATER

CHUCK
(pained)
Can you imaging Eli doing a World War I picture without horses? Do you know the gags I could do with four runaway horses pulling a caisson?

Cameron sailing into the SHOT. Chuck ducks slightly, catching Cameron on his back and flipping him into a somersault. Cameron lands on the sharply slanted slate roof of the municipal building.
Chuck stands beside him straddling the peak. The church steeple can be seen in b.g. (and we now realize time has passed and we are no longer in the graveyard of the previous sequence, but atop the building).

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CHUCK (CONT'D)
...Next time hit me higher.

CAMERON
(climbing to his feet)
What's Eli got against horses? I love horses.

CHUCK
Don't butter me up.

Cameron goes running at Chuck and once again flies over his shoulder. Sprawling on the slippery slate, he looks up to see Chuck strolling down the hazardous incline like a mountain goat. Cameron scrambles to follow.

CHUCK
(as he walks)
We'll draw a sight line for you to follow down the roof here, while you're rolling. Now there's nothing very difficult. But this is where you gotta think. Your mind can't be on snatch. It's gotta be on grabbing that gutter.

They have reached the lower edge of the roof. Cameron looks down at the drop.

CAMERON
Or my brains are all over the pavement again, right?

CHUCK
(walking away)
You know a good falling horse makes more money in four minutes than a
bank president does in a year?

CAMERON
Picture's not over. Maybe you'll still get your chance.

Chuck has stopped and they peer down through a skylight to where the crew is setting up a shot in a room below.

CHUCK
(sadly)
Naw, all they care about is story.

They move to another edge of the roof overlooking a NARROW CENTRAL COURTYARD. They gaze down at a WINDOW AWNING two stories below that juts from the side of the building-wing across the court.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Now here's where the scuffle ends. When the pipe breaks loose, you fall and hit that awning. Then Eli yells "cut" and old Raymond takes your place for the close-ups and the glory. That's where the German soldiers catch him and throw him in the nuthouse. They're shootin' that scene downstairs now.

CAMERON
(staring at awning)
That's supposed to hold me? Probably doesn't hold rain.

CHUCK
It's not a real awning, it's a catcher.

65 EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING ROOF - CLOSE ON CAMERON - DAY Cameron's face is beginning to sweat and the veins are bulging from the growing strain of some physical effort.

CHUCK'S VOICE
It's no harder up here than it is on the ground...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Cameron dangling from a section of rain gutter, four stories above the ground.

CHUCK'S VOICE (CONT'D)
It's the same gag...it's just a little scarier. And that's what you get paid for.

CAMERON
(alert)
Yeah, how much?

CHUCK
You're stealing candy with this gag.
You get six hundred bucks.

CAMERON
(almost falling)
- 36 -

Jesus!...

CHUCK
...Christ! Watch it, will ya?
(helping Cameron onto roof)
What did you think a stunt man is?
He's a professional. If the camera jams, that's another six hundred and if Eli says "try it again," six hundred more.

CAMERON
(exultantly)
Yahoo! Six-fucking-hundred-bucks!!

66 INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - ASYLUM SET

In a large vacant hall on the ground floor of the municipal ward room in filming a shaved, wild-
eyed, advance toward Raymond, shrieking (as though in
echo of
Cameron's exultant yell).

67   CLOSER ANGLE

Raymond, dressed as a British Flyer, his face bloodied,
crouches and
retreats in terror, a man caught in a nightmare, as
derelicts suddenly swarm over him. One, like a mad dog,
goest fro
his throat, another wields his own artificial limb as a
crubit.
Raymond (in character) breaks free and screams.

RAYMOND
...STOP!...Get away!!

For an instant, the inmates stop in stunned silence --
broken only
by a distant shout overhead.

CAMERON'S VOICE
(on the roof overhead)
...Six-fucking-hundred, gorgeous,
beautiful dollars! I can't believe
it!

The slavering madmen look up, then out at the camera,
madmen no
longer, simply bewildered actors.

ELI'S VOICE
All right. Hold it! Hold it!

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ANGLE ON CREW

Eli stands amidst the camera crew photographing the scene.

He is
waving for order.

ELI
...Save it, everybody.

A.D.
(storming in)
Jesus Christ, what the hell was
that? Somebody get their ass up on that roof...

ELI
(cutting him off)
...Never mind. I didn't like it anyway.

As Eli steps down from the DOLLY, a solemn, quiet man approaches him from among the onlookers. It is SAM BAUM (the writer).

SAM
What's wrong?

ELI
The scene's wrong.
(yells to the A.D.)
Call a break.

The A.D. Calls "Five minutes" and the crew moves toward the coffee urn. Eli wanders toward the door, Sam pursuing.

SAM
(fighting for his scene)
Eli, it played like a dream. My God, it was Marat-Sade.

ELI
(glumly)
It played like shit!

- 38 -

SAM
(desperate)
Well, who was that on the phone in the middle of the night when you first read it, raving about the magical madhouse scene, the upstairs maid?

Eli rips the page with the "madhouse scene" from his screenplay as they stride out of the building.

69 EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING

There, beside the rear entrance on a pile of construction sand, sits
Eli, cross-legged, staring morosely at some kids who play nearby. He is absently folding a torn script page into a paper airplane.

Behind him, at a respectful distance, stand the Production Manager, A.D., half a dozen assorted crew chiefs and Sam Baum, all looking concerned. Sam looks at the others, shrugs and approaches Eli, squatting beside him on the sand pile.

**SAM**

What do you wanna do, Eli?... They're all waiting.

While Sam talks, Eli takes a fistful of sand and pours it in Sam's shoe. Suddenly noticing, Sam yanks his foot away.

**SAM (CONT'D)**

(irritated)

Being childish isn't going to help your movie...You know, there's nothing wrong with the story.

(remove his shoe and shaking the sand out)

The real problem is since I wrote this thing two years ago, you've had Watergate, the energy crisis, Women's Lib, the economy is down the tubes...You want to talk about burning issues?...There's arsenic in the glue on the back of food stamps! That's why you don't like the "madhouse scene." Your goddamn war story has lost its relevance.

**ELI**

Don't be negative, Sam. We can start a new one in time for the preview.

- 39 -

Sam has finished replacing his shoe and Eli pours a fistful of sand into Sam's other shoe.

**SAM**

Cut it out, will ya?
Eli is at the head of a long table, CAMERA PULLING BACK
to reveal a
dozens of the company dining with him. Nina sits
beside Eli,
listening with rapt attention to Sam's monologue, her
dessert fork
sensuously lingers at her lip.

SAM
Two years ago you were all charged
up to make a great big anti-war
statement and they wouldn't let you.
Now they let you, but you haven't
got a war. What you've got is egg
on your face because Vietnam's long
gone and it's too late!

ELI
Our picture's not about fighting
wars...

SAM
Oh?

ELI
...It's about fighting windmills.

The truth in Eli's statement registers on Sam. Cameron
sits farther
down the table, watching Nina watch Eli...and wishing
she were
watching him.

ELI
War isn't the disease...It's only
one of the symptoms.

SAM
(hooked)
What's the disease?

- 40 -

ELI
That's the big question, Sam. Name
the disease and you've licked the
screenplay.
(indicating Cameron)
Ask him. 'Cause he knows what the film is about. Right Lucky? Tell 'em...How'd you like Vietnam?

**CAMERON**
How'd you like bubonic plague?

**ELI**
You drafted?

**CAMERON**
No.

**ELI**
See, Sam? Here's another one who hates war...but he enlisted.
(to Cameron)
You fought in Vietnam for two years?
...I mean actually were out there killing people...

**CAMERON**
...Hey, I didn't kill that many people...

**ELI**
Don't be modest, Lucky. Everybody digs a little violence...What was that you said on the beach?

Cameron is starting to bristle at Eli's needling, particularly with Nina watching.

**CAMERON**
About what?

**ELI**
About getting home for Thanksgiving?

**CAMERON**
(tentatively)
...that you better figure the guy coming at you is trying to kill you...?

**ELI**

- 41 -

Yeah. See, Sam?...That's what the
disease is about...being scared shitless. Inventing enemies. Whistling in the dark. I wish you'd talk to the kid, Sam, I mean it. You know, really, you guys should room together.

**SAM**

(getting the last word)
Hey, Lucky, give me your cot by the window and I'll let you read a great madhouse sequence.

They all laugh.

**SAM**

(surrendering)
All right, Eli. I'll write you another scene. What difference does it make? The studio will cut it all out anyway and what you got left is a lot of swell battle scenes, which, when I was back there they said were "just terrific."

**ELI**

(simply)
No, they won't.

**SAM**

Yeah, what makes you different?

**ELI**

(quietly)
Because they know if they cut my picture, I'll kill 'em.

The deadly in Eli's voice was more than intended and there is suddenly an awkward silence at the table. Cameron eyes Eli with a wry smile.

**CAMERON**

You mean, bang? Kill 'em, just like that?

- 42 -

**ELI**

(matter of fact)
No. I'll kill 'em and eat 'em...I hate to waste anything.

SAM
(laughs)
They call him "Eli the Terrible..."

ELI
Sam, my picture is the only kid I've got! If the studio said your daughter, Jennifer, would look better with her fingers chopped off, what would you do?

SAM
Being an insecure writer, I'd call my agent...and get another opinion.

Everyone laughs.

Jake, the Chief of Police, is seen in the background approaching the table. Cameron spots him and starts to rise.

CAMERON
...If you'll excuse me...

JAKE
(arriving)
Don't go away, Burt. I want you.

ELI
(broad welcome)
Jake! Long time, no see. You taken care of my problem with the beach?

JAKE
I'm not talking to you.
(to Production Manager)
I understand you got that film out of the Duesenberg...

ELI
(cutting in)
It's at the lab, Jake.

- 43 -

JAKE
I'm talking to this gentleman.
(to Production Manager)
We want to see it.

Cameron, realizing the film might disclose his presence on the bridge, reacts with alarm, which increases as Eli says...

ELI
Tell the Chief it's our pleasure. Soon as it gets back...but ask him why.

JAKE
(choked up with its importance)
You can tell your Mr. Cross this inquiry comes from a source so high it is not his to question...
(now at a loss for proper words)
...it is his to do it, or else. Someone they're looking for may have been on that road when the car went off.
(to Cameron)
Burt, you see anybody?

Then, suddenly noticing something different about Cameron's appearance...

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hey, did you have red hair before?...

CAMERON
(indicating Denise)
She sprays it every day so I look like Raymond...I didn't see a soul.

ELI
(to the rescue)
Tell the Chief that Burt was so busy being brilliant, he wouldn't have noticed Jesus Christ walking on the water.

Jake pulls a PHOTOGRAPH from a manila envelope and hands it to Cameron.

71 INSERT PHOTOGRAPH
A wire photo, front and side views of Cameron, taken at his military induction. War ages a man...he looks younger and quite different in his GI Haircut.

ELI (V.O.)
Hey, Burt! You got it upside down. The eyes go on top.

72 ANOTHER ANGLE
Cameron hands the photo back to the Chief, who passes it around the table. Denise receives the photograph, studies it and glances up at Cameron, expressionless. He returns her gaze.

JAKE (V.O.)
A couple of telephone linemen say they saw him headed this way.

Eli takes the photograph.

ELI
Looks like a nice clean-cut kid.

JAKE
I know about fifty guys who don't think so.

ELI
What'd he do?

JAKE
(to Production Manager, ignoring Eli's question)
The minute that film gets here you give me a call.

CAMERON
(yawning and rising)
I don't know about those fifty guys, but I know one weary guy who's gonna crawl upstairs and hit the sack.

Eli looks at Cameron with grudging admiration.
GABE
I know a weary guy who's driving to Cape Long to dance and booze all night...

RAYMOND
- 45 -
(camping, takes Gabe's hand)
I know a weary gay who's going with him!

They mince off (the fag act all the more amusing because of Raymond's strictly masculine looks). Eli shouts after them.

ELI
So long as you're back in ninety minutes. It's a work night for some of us.
(loftily)
...Those who give a shit.

Raymond "gathers" Nina along the way, wrapping his arm about her shoulders -- Cameron watching silently. Then, charging from across the dining room like a tanker steaming in their wake, comes a gushing, overwrought, blue-rinsed MATRON.

MATRON
Miss Franklin! Miss Franklin! Your 'Feminique Spray' commercial is on TV. My God, it's simply heavenly!

73  INT. CAMERON'S HOTEL ROOM - CLOSE ON DRESSER - NIGHT

Drawers are slamming open and shut as Cameron hurriedly stuffs his few belongings into his pockets.

WIDER ANGLE
It's a mean little bedroom, with Sam's clothes, typewriter, etc., in evidence. Seeing Sam's wallet, Cameron pulls a wad of money from
it, at the same time accidentally knocking Sam's false
dresser. He hesitates, then stuffs back all the bills
He strides to Sam's closet, pulls out shirt and slacks,
in a cloth beach bag, also belonging to Sam and starts
Then he stops, gets on his hands and knees, looking for
teeth, which he finally finds. Now, annoyed at himself
"nice guy," he throws them carelessly on the dresser
exits.

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74  EXT.  HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

As Cameron moves down the steps, the returning company
pulls to a stop in the driveway. Nina, Raymond and a
emerge from the car. Cameron turns away so as not to
they pass him on the steps heading for the entrance.

DENISE
Bet they're looking for that nut
who killed all those campers in
Montana...

RAYMOND
(drunk)
...Too many campers, weed 'em out!
...Imagine, sitting an hour at a roadblock.

NINA
We should have waited, it wouldn't
have been an hour.

74A  They've entered the hotel. Cameron continues to the
bottom of the
stairs, hesitates, looking back at Nina.

75  CAMERON'S POV

Silhouetted through the etched glass doors (on the
other side of
"The Looking Glass") he sees the lithe, gay,
exquisitely beautiful
figure of Nina -- light sparkling from the cut glass
dances about
her face -- a hauntingly romantic image.

76 ANGLE ON CAMERON

He watches for a moment with hopeless longing.
Finally, turning
from her, he looks about at the dark water and
deserted boardwalk.
There come some of Eli's crew, laughing, joking,
cutting a swatch
through the stillness, pushing their heavy brutes
toward some nearby
spot to light a night shot. There's the CHURCH TOWER.
He stares at
it, wavering in his resolve to leave, wondering what
would happen
if...

NINA'S VOICE
What next? Do you rescue the maiden
from the tower?

She has come up behind him, unnoticed. He turns,
startled, and
there she stands.

- 47 -

CAMERON
(smiles)
Hi.

For a moment they search each other's eyes -- for
intentions. Then
she glances at the tower.

NINA
Yes. It does look pretty high.
(with concern)
Are you worried about tomorrow?

Cameron's mind is racing over all the things he'd like to
say so she
would know him instantly. But his answer is simple and
sounds
sincere.

CAMERON
Not much. I guess if there were any
real danger, Eli wouldn't let me do
it, would he?

NINA
(quickly, reassuring)
No. I'm sure it's safe.

CAMERON
(abruptly, with a boyish grin)
Good. Then you jump.

NINA
(laughing)
Okay.

She understands the slightly jealous rebuke for her blind faith in Eli. Her laughing answer hangs like a challenge.

CAMERON
Well, come on.

NINA
(willing, but flustered)
What, right now?

For a moment he weighs it: whether to "run" or stay. Then acts on his decision. Starting to laugh, he takes her hand and pulls her toward the tower. She holds back, struggling playfully.

- 48 -

NINA (CONT'D)
Wait, I'm afraid of heights! What if I freeze up?

CAMERON
(pulling her along)
Don't worry, I'll give you a push. Isn't that what a pal's for?

77 INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

It is crowded with bells, a small walkway and railing surrounded by sheds where crewmen are preparing the next day's shooting. Just beyond is the
overwhelming silhouette of the huge CRANE. Nina and
Cameron reach the top of the stairs winded and laughing, as they rush
railing and lean over. Nina gasps, clutching Cameron in fright.

NINA
(gasps)
Oh, my God! It's terrifying! You can't jump from this...you'll get killed! It's crazy!...

CAMERON
(laughing)
...It's not that bad. It looks worse at night... Chuck says it's like robbing a candy store.

NINA
(getting angry)
Now stop that! ...I'm going back. She whirls to go. He stops her, taking her by the shoulders.

CAMERON
...What's wrong? Her concern for him has turned to anger, like a mother slapping her child for running in the street.

NINA
It's just dumb...to strut around trying to talk brave...

His arm still restrains her. She takes hold of it, then suddenly softens with a look of slight surprise.

NINA (CONT'D)
- 49 -
Oh...you are scared...aren't you?

CAMERON
(seriously)
Not really.
NINA
Yes. You are...You're trembling.

After a moment, he answers quietly.

CAMERON
So are you...and you're not even gonna jump.

It's true. She is trembling and so is he -- not from fear. He slowly draws her toward him, her mouth reaching up to his. And then they are devouring each other. Abruptly, they're illuminated by a fierce blast of white light. They separate and stare, blinking in shock and confusion.

ELI (V.O.)
Okay, hit two and three.

They are pinned in the crossbeams of two more giant arcs. Quickly she yanks him down with her out of sight behind the railing.

78 EXT. CHURCHYARD - ELI AND CREW - NIGHT

Eli is lounging in the bucket suspended from the crane. Beside him Gabe adjusts one of the giant brutes.

GABE
(business as usual)
I could kill this brute and fill with juniors. You'd get a halo around the tower.

ELI
(struggling to resist)
Got no time...it's an establishing shot...two seconds on the screen. (giving in) ...You got six minutes.

Gabe smiles, scurries off. Eli glances at the tower, grins, having toyed with them long enough, he yells.
ELI
Hey! While you're up there, be useful. We're lighting. Stand up and look towards the sea so you're in profile!

79 CLOSER ANGLE ON TOWER - NIGHT

As Nina's arm raises into view with the middle finger extended.

NINA (V.O.)
(hollering)
Light this, Eli!!!

80 EXT. CHURCHYARD - BENEATH THE TOWER - NIGHT

The church door swings open. Nina and Cameron emerge, covering their embarrassment with bravado. Nina is prattling as though to a tour guide.

81 CLOSE ON CAMERON AND NINA

NINA
...And those bells are so interesting. Imagine four hundred years ago by boat from Amsterdam. Thank you for the tour. It was so informative. I'm going to write my father. He's so interested in God and things like that.

ELI'S VOICE
Hiya. Want a lift?

Eli miraculously appears from above. He descends and rides around beside them in the bucket of the crane.

NINA
(ducking)
Oh, for Christ's sake...

ELI
There once was a maiden fair, smooching a guy with red hair...

NINA
Eli, get away with that thing!
...Could it be Raymond who's turning this dame on? ...Or his double, young Lucky Pierre?

Unable to elude Eli in his basket, Nina turns on him in mock frustration.

NINA
It's gotten to the point where I have to look under the stopper of the bathtub when I take a shower to make sure I've got some privacy!
(broadly gesturing to group)
Thank you one and all and good night!

Privately, she gives Cameron's arm an affectionate squeeze, then disappears around the corner of the building. He is left holding the beach bag, pursued by the Peter Pan in the basket. It has now dropped to ground level so Eli is looking up at Cameron.

ELI
Step right in, folks...the "Killer Crane" ride of the century.

CAMERON
Thanks, I'll walk.

Eli's basket now moves up a few feet so he's looking down at Cameron, riding beside him while he walks.

ELI
Ah, youth. Six hours in town and caught with the leading lady. Not bad. Shouldn't be so upset.

CAMERON
Okay to be upset about what happened in the dining room? Why'd you promise to show that cop the film? He'll recognize me.

ELI
You really don't trust me, do you? Hop in. I got a present for you.
He pulls Cameron into the basket beside him so unexpectedly that Cameron drops Sam's bag. Eli picks it up and plops it into Cameron's lap. Suddenly Cameron finds himself soaring skyward at a stomach-churning rate -- while Eli rattles on... probing, disarming, quixotic...

ELI (CONT'D)
You constantly amaze me. You don't go to movies. What's that tattoo, a disguise? You a Commie? Don't you know that King Kong was only three feet tall? He came up to Fay Wray's belly button. If God could only do the tricks we can. What are you worried about the film and the cop for?

Now, hanging ten stories above the city, Eli is adjusting his viewer, looking at a cluster of RED FLASHING LIGHTS IN THE DISTANCE.

We see a telescoped view of THE POLICE ROADBLOCK at the end of a highway with cars waiting to get past ARMED POLICE.

CAMERON'S VOICE
(muttering)
What am I worried about the cops for?

ELI'S VOICE
Another one over there.

THE VIEW WHIPS to a second police roadblock at the other entrance to town.

ELI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
It's a pair.

CAMERON
(puts viewer down)
Is this my present?

ELI
No, your present is a piece of good advice.

CAMERON
Keep it.

- 53 -

ELI
(patting Sam's beach bag)
You've got that look again. That gleam of the sprinter about to set a record for the 50-yard dash. Is that why all those cops are chasing you? What are you, some kind of sex freak running across America with your fly open? Is that why they're after you?

CAMERON
You're close. What's your advice?

ELI
Button your fly and be at the airport on Sunday at three o'clock with the rest of the crew. Climb aboard our chartered 707 and fly away with us to where the setting sun bleeds into a million swimming pools a man can hide in. You do swim as well as run?

CAMERON
(overwhelmed by the offer)
I'll swim like a fish. You really mean it?

(Eli nods)
Why are you trying to save my ass?

Eli hesitates, then answers quietly -- for him there is great meaning in it.

ELI
...Because you're as crazy as the guy I'm doing the picture about.
...Besides, I've fallen madly in love with the dark side of your nature.

- 54 -

82 EXT. CHURCH TOWER - NEXT MORNING - BRIGHT DAYLIGHT

The thunderous clang of bells! Cameron ready, coiled tight, heart pounding as loud as the bells. A burst of machine gun bullets tears through the railing beside him, sending splinters flying against his face.

83 CAMERA CREW

HARVEY (Second Unit Director) and CAMERA OPERATOR behind the MITCHELL, looking up tensely. Harvey gestures, yelling.

HARVEY

Now!

84 IN BELL TOWER

Near Cameron, the SECOND A.D., crouched out of sight with a walkie-talkie, stabs a finger at him.

SECOND A.D.

Go!...Go!

A burst of tracer bullets streak past Cameron. Sparks fly, as stray bullets seem to bounce and ricochet off the bells.

85 MACHINE GUN

A 50-calibre MACHINE GUN, a SPECIAL EFFECTS MAN in Levi's and sport shirt, pumping tracers past the bell tower.

86 TWO SHOT - BELL TOWER

The Second A.D. slams his hand down on a PLUNGER, setting off a series of explosive squibs. Like machine gun bullets, they start shattering the railing, moving toward Cameron, forcing him to the edge of the tower.
Vaulting over the rail, he clings to the side of the bell tower. Explosive bursts disintegrate the railing in his hand. He shoves out, launching himself into space. Twisting, hurtling across the gap between the buildings, falling, crashing to the slate roof, crawling and scrambling for a hand hold. The relentless tracer bullets chip the slate beside him. Crouching low, Cameron, like an animal, moves across the roof to the safety of a water tower. Squibs burst over his head and spouts of water stream from the tower.

Moving around the tower, suddenly there are TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS running at him with bayoneted rifles. He wheels and there stands ANOTHER GERMAN (Chuck), who leaps toward him, slamming down his rifle butt. The blow glances off Cameron. They grapple, kicking, clawing, rolling down the steep slope, picking up momentum. The roof's edge rushes toward them, below it a fearsome drop. Cameron's hands reach out desperately grabbing for the railing as Chuck, screaming, hurtles off the edge, writhing as his body tumbles in space toward the ground.

Sweat pouring from his face, a gash on his cheek gushes blood, his eyes glazed, he pulls himself back on the roof. Chuck, lying relaxed on the straw and mattress safety pad which
caught him on the ground, looks up, cups his hands and shouts at Cameron.

**CHUCK**

Go!...Go!

---

Cameron, running for his life along the edge of the roof, the soldiers shooting down at him from the roof's peak. He reaches the far end, looks down. There is the awning jutting from an adjacent wall two stories below. He scrambles off the roof. Clinging to the down spout, he starts descending it.

**SPECIAL EFFECTS MAN**

Looking up from the ground, he yanks a control rope.

**CAMERON**

The bracket holding the down spout breaks loose. The spout starts to fall away from the side of the building. Cameron clings to it, riding its downward arc as though it were a falling tree.

---

At the end of the arc, Cameron throws himself free for a safe landing and smashes against the awning. Instead of holding, it rips apart like paper and, in that unexpected instant, Cameron's eyes widen in genuine terror as he plummets through the shredded canvas toward a skylight one floor below.

**SKYLIGHT**

Exploding in a shower of glass and wood as it is struck by Cameron's body. He hurtles downward toward a blur of images.

---
Collapsing from the impact of Cameron's fall. The MAN and WOMAN who were making love on the cot have been flung to the ground and roll entwined with him. Cameron is dazed. Like a drowning man, he rages to free himself from the tangle of naked limbs and smothering flesh. A painted face shrieks in laughter -- as the door to the room he is in is thrown open, revealing:

96 BROTHEL SET INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING

Cameron has fallen into a cubicle in what appears to be a World War I German army brothel. In the high-ceilinged room, there is a row of cots separated by makeshift screens. COUPLES jump up from the cots startled. A line of partly naked GERMAN SOLDIERS waiting their turn at the whores have broken into shouts and laughter at Cameron's unorthodox entrance. They crowd around the cubicle where Cameron fell and now struggles with the couple.

97 ANGLE ON CAMERA CREW

Gabe at the EYE PIECE, Eli beside him, photographing the scene.

ELI

Keep rolling!
(calling out to soldiers)
The clothes!...Do the clothes!

98 ANGLE ON CAMERON

The men tear him free from the couple shouting playfully.

ONE MAN
(dialect)
What are you a field marshal?

- 57 -

SECOND MAN
(dialect)
Wait your turn like the rest!
Cameron's confusion changes to helpless fury as he kicks and struggles against a forest of grasping hands ripping his clothes away, passing him back toward the rear of the line.

**THIRD MAN**
(dialect)
Where are your manners?

**WHORE**
(dialect)
This is a whorehouse, not a stable.

Whores have left their cots to join in the assault, screeching in glee. As he maniacally lashes out at his good-natured molesters, the blood from Cameron's face smears a whore's body.

**ELI'S VOICE**
Cut!

Instantly everything stops. Cameron is sprawled half-naked on his knees at the end of the line. Enraged, he whirs toward Eli caused this humiliation. Then the CLAPPING begins, the CAST CREW applauding his stunt. People slap him on the back and admiringly.

A robe is thrown around him. He is helped to his feet. Suddenly the Nina is there flinging her arms about him and kissing him on mouth.

**NINA**
I'm so proud of you...I could just die!

He is pulled away from her by the backslappers. Now Cameron responding to this strange new sensation -- the warmth of acclaim. He regains his poise, hoping his embarrassing anger noticed. Chuck is now beside him, reaching up to the wound on Cameron's face and pulling away the plastic makeup patch with fake
blood inside; the "wound" is gone. He starts feeling Cameron's shoulders, arms and ribs for possible damage.

CAMERON
(quietly to Chuck, wincing in pain)
Why didn't you tell me about the awning? I could have been killed.

- 58 -

CHUCK
No chance. You were in your mother's arms from the time you hit the sugarglass skylight. Those stunt men you fell on would have got you out of anything.

CAMERON
Stunt men?

CHUCK
The one with the tits and the other guy.

CAMERON
Why didn't you tell me? Afraid I'd chicken out?

CHUCK
Eli likes some things spontaneous. Makes 'em more believable. You're okay. Whaddya want?

CAMERON
Not to think I'm going crazy.

99 ANGLE ON ELI

He is moving through the crowd.

ELI
(yelling)
Where's Raymond? Raymond, were you watching that closely?

RAYMOND
(appearing)
What can I tell you? I'm a brave son-of-a-bitch.
There is general laughter. Eli, raising his arm like a referee.

ELI
All right. We're doing the coverage. Camera here.

Eli continues toward Cameron. Chuck is spraying ethyl chloride on his bare tattooed shoulder.

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ELI (CONT'D)
(to Chuck)
Careful. Don't blind the eagle.
(to Cameron)
I owe you six hundred bucks.

CAMERON
(acknowledging the compliment)
If anything bothered you, be happy to do it again.

Eli laughs and moves off, Cameron staring after him.

CAMERON
(to Chuck)
I can't take my eyes off the son-of-a-bitch. Everybody does what he wants them to, even me. I feel like thankin' him 'cause I fell on my ass.

CHUCK
(sarcasm)
...It's just a crush. You'll get over it.

99A ANGLE ON SAM

Approaching Eli, who turns to Sam, eager, vulnerable.

ELI
What did you think?

SAM
You are a smug, insufferable son-of-a-bitch. When I read the insane
asylum scene to my wife and four children, my wife cried, my oldest son shook my hand for the first time in his whole life. So, why is it, Eli, that this vulgar little scene turns out to be so much...stronger, more moving?

- 60 -

ELI
(touched)
God knows, Sam. Maybe...because you get the feeling that the enemy might just be some poor horny slob like you, lookin' for the nearest whorehouse.

(putting his arm around Cameron)
How about that, Lucky? When that stunt man's boob hit you in the mouth, was it just another boob...or did it taste like kraut?

The crew laughs and so does Nina. Cameron feels humiliated by Eli's patronizing tone.

CAMERON
It tasted lousy. But what do I know? You try it, Eli. You're the expert in bad taste.

ELI
(for the group)
Uh-oh, sounds like the soldier's got his feelings hurt.

CAMERON
Naw, naw. I just don't know about Germans. Where I was we only raped gooks.

100 INT. HOTEL GARAGE - CLOSE ON ELI

As though continuing previous dialogue.

ELI
(genially)
Oh, is that why the cops are after you? ...After all this time?
CAMERON
(sarcastic)
Damn! You finally guessed it!

100A WIDER ANGLE

Revealing Eli and Cameron walking through the hotel garage toward a replica of the lost Duesenberg which a mechanic works on.

ELI
- 61 -

...Really? Rape? No. I think you're putting me on. Come on, now, no more hints.
(he thinks)
Let's see...Christ, could be anything. I know a guy in this state got 20 years for having cunnilingus with his wife.
(studies Cameron)
No...I guess you're not the type. More likely some hideous crime of violence...

Eli is getting under Cameron's skin. They stop at car.

ELI
(to mechanic)
Have you seen Harvey?

MECHANIC
I think he's in there.

Mechanic nods toward a door at the rear of the garage. Eli pats the fender of the Duesenberg. Cameron views it with a strange sense of unease. Putting his arm around Cameron's shoulder, Eli leads him toward the back door yelling to mechanic.

ELI
You'll have it ready on time?

MECHANIC
Yeah, but don't look under the hood
or you'll find a Chevy.

100B  At the door, Eli can barely open it to squeeze through.

101  INT.  STORAGE ROOM

An incredible number of people have wedged themselves into this tiny smoke-filled room, peering over each other's heads toward a lighted area at the far end.

ELI

(shouting)
Harvey in here?

- 62 -

OFFSTAGE VOICE

(yelling)
Quiet. We're shooting.
(then back to business)
Come on...let me have a little more face...a little more face!

Eli squats on his haunches peering between the legs of the onlookers and tugs on Cameron's sleeve to join him.

102  POV

Hazily, through the restless shifting limbs, male and female, like the first rays of morning sun breaking through to the depths of the eight millimeter epic: Two people screwing in a rowboat. Raymond suddenly throws his hands up in despair.

RAYMOND

(screaming)
Cut!
(indignantly)
Jesus, Kenneth. Great control. All right, who's doubling for Kenny on the inserts?

103  ANGLE ON ELI AND CAMERON
Cameron and Eli rise to their feet.

ELI
Can you believe this? They spend the whole day working in a whorehouse and look how they relax? That's dedication. You think sex can save the world?
(grins at Cameron)

CAMERON
That's not my bag, Eli.

ELI
Sex, or saving the world?

CAMERON
...The world, that's your special job. And Jesus, are we all lucky to have you around...

Suddenly Cameron is shoved backwards by the door as someone pushes against it to get in.

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104 ANOTHER ANGLE

It is Harvey standing in the doorway with Nina.

HARVEY
(to Eli)
Hey Chief, ya lookin' for me?

Nina tries to peer over the heads of the crowd, pushing into the room. Cameron steps toward her without thinking. He wants her out of there.

NINA
What's happening? What's going on?

GABE
(joking)
Look who's here! Nina, we need you. Still got your makeup on?

Nina, who by now has seen what's happening, laughs.
NINA
That's a daring touch, Raymond!
rowboat. Terribly symbolic.

There is general laughter, but not shared by Cameron. He surprisingly finds himself angry at Nina's presence everyone's easy familiarity toward her. She sees
through the smokey dimness and works her way toward
Eli puts his arms about her shouting over the din.

ELI
(kidding her)
Just like the old days, huh kid?
Remember the sunglasses and garter belts back when we got our start?
Make you nostalgic?

More laughter. Nina turns to Cameron.

NINA
Hi Lancelot. What's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?
Going to rescue the maiden from the boat?

ELI
He just asked if he could do the rowing. Didn't you, kid?

CAMERON
Having fun with me, aren't you?
It's Eli's potty training class.
Show little Lucky the pretty lady.
Make dirt on the pretty lady. Watch little Lucky puke. Trouble with you is you think the whole world is your own personal crapper.
(Cameron starts to exit)
Have yourself a time...Just wallow around in it, man. Watching you makes me feel like Mr. Clean.
Cameron storms out in a rage. Eli watches with a thoughtful smile. Sam, who has witnessed the outburst, turns to Eli, furious:

**SAM**

...Goddamn little prudish bastard!

**ELI**

No more than you and me...it's the human condition. We just hide it better.

**SAM**

...Are you kidding?...If That guy in the rowboat was a Marine sticking a bayonet in her instead of a cock, that uptight son-of-a-bitch would have saluted.

Eli starts laughing.

**SAM (CONT'D)**

Fucking Fascist. What are you laughing at?

**ELI**

It's just...that girl in the rowboat, she looks exactly like your daughter, Jennifer.

**SAM**

(outraged)

Goddamn you, Eli. That's not funny!

He grabs Eli by the shirt front, cocking his fist.

**ELI**

(laughing and wrestling)

- 65 -

Get 'em, Sam! Sic 'em! Kill 'em, boy! That's my uptight killie doggie...

Sam's anger fades to a sheepish grin, realizing he's fallen into Eli's trap. Where his daughter is concerned, he's just as prudish as Cameron. Eli snaps an affectionate headlock around Sam's neck.
SAM
Son of a bitch.

ELI
(still laughing)
See what I mean? Old Victoria's still got us all by the balls. God save the queen!...Only difference is, we like to make movies about it.

With hardly a pause, he turns.

ELI (CONT'D)
Harvey, dailies at six o'clock tomorrow morning. We're shooting at seven.

Rubbing his hands together (the old pro taking over), he starts pushing his way through the crowd.

ELI (CONT'D)
All right now, let's put a little bit of class into this production!

He elbows his way to center stage.

105 INT. BASEMENT SCREENING ROOM - NEXT DAY

On the folding chairs facing the PORTABLE SCREEN, a dozen people are silhouetted against the light from the projected dailies. Cameron enters, pausing so his eyes can adjust to the dark.

- 66 -

106 POV

In the dimness, Nina sits separated from Eli, Sam and a few others.

On the screen, a World War I British biplane in steady flight is interrupted by a couple of subliminal cuts. Another flash holds and replaces the scene on the portable screen. It's a "NUDIE" SHOT -- a rear view of the lady taken in the night before.

VOICE
What the hell is that?

The watchers all break up, recognizing the work of Raymond and Gabe.

GABE
Hey Nina, there's your toothpaste commercial!

RAYMOND
I love her smile...

As Nina laughs good-naturedly, the airplane is back on the portable screen.

ANGLER ON CAMERON

Involuntarily smiling to himself and now less uptight about last night, he walks over and sits down beside her.

CAMERON
(whispering)
How they get the film developed so fast?

Without even glancing at him, Nina gets up and moves to a chair some distance away. He is stunned, then angry. Then confounded. Then resigned to the ways of women, he goes over and sits beside her.

CAMERON
What's the matter?

NINA
(turning on him)
Don't let the fact that Eli treats you as an equal go to your head. You're not!

CAMERON
Thanks.

ELI'S VOICE

- 67 -

Nina, we're watching dailies.
NINA
I'm sorry, Eli.

CAMERON
But he can say anything and that's okay...

NINA
...That's right...

CAMERON
...That's great...

NINA
...What goes on in that dim little head of yours? How dare you open your mouth to him like that? Have you the vaguest idea what he's trying to say to people with this film?!...That man is the most dedicated, kindest...!

Eli's voice interrupts, angry, like a schoolteacher dismissing a child for talking.

ELI'S VOICE
Nina, you can go now.

Nina, close to tears, quickly gets up and hurries out of the theater, as Cameron sits there numbly staring at the screen.

107A  POV

On the portable screen, Raymond in helmet and goggles is in the cockpit of an airplane. He stuffs a bottle of champagne into a leather flying boot, dangles the package over the side and lets it go. Raymond looks down and salutes (like that famous "WINGS").

PRODUCTION MANAGER'S VOICE
Who says nothin' changes? Like to see one of our boys in a B-52 try that.
Eli's voice yells 'cut' on the sound track. The angle on the portable screen widens and we see that the airplane sits on the ground with an electric fan blowing wind in Raymond's face.

Now the scene on the portable screen changes: from the ground, we see the same biplane flying low. An object drops from the cockpit (the boot). Then there is a burst of flame in the engine. Trailing smoke, the plane wobbles, crash-lands (sliding alarmingly close to CAMERA). It ground-loops, goes up on one wing and, as it crashes down, we see that the pilot who we assumed was Raymond, is really a dummy that is flapping absurdly and falling to pieces before our eyes during the crash. There are groans, laughter and raspberries O.S.

107B INT. SCREENING ROOM (AS THE LIGHTS GO UP)

HARVEY
Jesus, Eli, I'm sorry. I'll do a pickup.

ELI
(laughing)
It's so awful, it's beautiful.

Wish I could use it.

SAM
(sarcastic)
That's all we'd need.

107C ANGLE ON GROUP

ELI
(getting morose)
We goddamn well need something, Sam. Something better than we got...

SAM
(tight-lipped)
Better? How better?

ELI
Wilder, crazier.

SAM
(starting to shout)
Dropping a dead man's boots over his own airfield, out of chivalry... that's not crazy enough for you?!

ELI
They did it in "Wings." Even the dummy was bored.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

- 69 -

(anxiety at the breaking point)
...Eli, please! You simply will not accept the fact that we are living on borrowed time...

But Eli and Sam are not listening.

ELI
You can't shake your finger at 'em, Sam. If you've got something to say, you better slip it in while they're laughing and crying and jacking off over the sex and violence. He should do something...outrageous!

SAM
(belligerent)
Like what?

ELI
Something to catch the stink of madness behind all that good clean fun. Why the hell did we pick World War I in the first place?...The ultimate romantic insanity!

SAM
(shouting)
Like what?!
ELI
Like...I don't know what! What would Lucky do if he were on the wing of that plane? Picture that because it would be a hell of a lot realer than that flapping dummy.

Cameron is startled. He was not aware that Eli even knew he was in the room.

SAM
Is that what you're after, reality? I thought you wanted something outrageous!

ELI
Reality can be pretty outrageous. Look at soldier boy there, jumping off fucking buildings, risking his ass every day, doing stuff way over his head!...What would you do in that plane, Lucky, if you were about to die?

CAMERON
(off guard, embarrassed)
What else? I'd dance for joy...I'd probably do a jig.

ELI
Great! That's what we'll do.

SAM
Eli...

ELI
All right, not a jig...a Charleston...

SAM
A Charleston?

ELI
...On the wing of the airplane!

SAM
(contempt)
...That's ridiculous.

**ELI**

You're damn right...

**SAM**

The Charleston is silly...They won't believe it.

**ELI**

(excited)

I'll do it so they'll believe it!

**SAM**

(smugly)

You'll get a laugh, Eli.

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**ELI**

Only when I want them to laugh!...

(toward rear of the room)

Right, Lucky?

109  **(SHOCK CUT TO SKY) - CLOSE ON GERMAN FIGHTER PLANE - **

**DAY**

It screams down vertically, full power, machine guns blazing, then smashes into the earth, shredding to fragments hurled in every direction. The dead German pilot is flung crumpled to the ground. The plane's carcass explodes, filling the screen with fire and black smoke and flames, and tumbles to the ground, rolling, his parachute now ablaze. It is Cameron dressed in a British flyer's uniform.

110  **ANGLE WIDENS**

To show the hand-held Arriflex at Gabe's eye, Eli behind him, steering Gabe by the back of his belt and carrying the battery pack as they photograph Cameron shedding the harness. With
they crouch and move together like a three-headed, four-armed, four-legged creature.

Banking steeply, a British fighter roars past Cameron, its wingtip almost brushing the ground, machine guns rattling, driving some advancing German soldiers back toward the woods. The plane touches down to rescue Cameron, the pilot beckoning. Cameron has pulled off the dead German pilot's boots and helmet. Stray bullets strike about him as he sprints to the idling British plane. It is a single-seater. It starts to pick up speed. He grabs a strut and scrambles up onto the lower wing.

111 ANGLE ON CONSTRUCTION CRANE

Smoothly Eli guides Gabe backward, seating him in the bucket. The bucket rises, lifting Gabe while he photographs the scene, as the plane with Cameron on the wing becomes airborne.

112 ANGLE ON PICKET FENCE

Behind it is a CROWD OF SPECTATORS who jump up and down shrieking. CAMERA PANS to show Nina among them, her excitement hardly more controlled.

113 ANGLE ON CRANE BUCKET AND BRITISH AIRPLANE

The giant arm of the crane swings and rises with the HELICOPTER dropping, completing Gabe's spectacular shot. Now we see a perfect tight formation with the chopper and the vintage British plane bank together in the wing
struts like a flying Christ, as they soar into the sun.

Seated on the wing, his back against he fuselage, legs firmly against the struts. His white silk scarf streams into the tearing wind. Jamming a champagne bottle into the German's boot, he holds it up. The pilot grins approval, popping the cork on a second bottle which spouts foam into the slipstream.

Laughing, he passes a glass to Cameron and pours from above. The liquid is lost in the wind. Shrugging, he swigs from the bottle and hands it to Cameron. Cameron drinks. The champagne pours down his throat and face and, holding the strut with one hand, he rises to his feet. The pilot waggles his wings, giving Cameron a seesaw ride to get his bottle back. Cameron now seems drunk. He lets go of the end of the plane. The pilot starts to sing to Cameron's rhythm, "How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm..." And Cameron dances the Charleston.

Gabe at the eyepiece of the Mitchell, slowly tilting up and down to follow the action.

Fan-fucking-tastic. Whaddya been feeding that soldier-boy...brave pills?

Through the plastic bubble, the biplane can be seen in going through its antic maneuvers.
Eli
It's not what he's eating...it's what's eating him...that makes it sort of interesting.
(through intercom)
Okay, drop the package.

116

CLOSE ON BIPLANE
Cameron holds the boot poised, lets go. Then, the pilot is struck by a bursting shell. As he slumps over, the plane skids and slips as the pilot is struck by a bursting shell. As he slumps over, the plane skids and slips as the sickening momentum grows, until his feet are flung out from under him and he dangles from the wing, whipping in space.

117 WIDE ANGLE
Suddenly it becomes clear how what we are seeing is possible -- the airplane is no longer in flight, but is dangling a few feet above the ground, suspended from the cable of the huge crane. The crewmen shove at its tail and wingtips to keep it revolving. Cameron is, indeed, clinging to the wing strut, his feet held in centrifugal force. But, if his hands slip, he will fall ten feet instead of to certain death.

118 ANGLE ON ELI AND CAMERA CREW - SHOOTING FROM GROUND
Eli
How is it?

Gabe
(panning and tilting)
Su-fucking-perlative.

Eli
(into walkie-talkie)
Okay, now level out.

119 ANGLE ON CRANE OPERATOR
Easing some levers back.

120  **POV THROUGH LENS**

As the spin slows down and the plane appears to level out, Cameron regains his footing, perches on the wing and looks forward in growing horror.

121  **WIDER ANGLE**

As the swinging arm of the crane glides the plane forward toward a stand of trees at the edge of a clearing.

122  **PAST CAMERON – MOVING SHOT**

We see the rapidly approaching trees. Closer and closer, until with a horrendous crash, the plane sails between two trunks, shearing off the wingtips, the nose smashing into another, hurling Cameron off the wing like a crumb flicked from the table.

123  **EXTREME CLOSE UP – CAMERON**

Apparently hurtling through the air, his eyes widen at the impending impact. A gasp and then a sharp cry. But instead of the crash...the ANGLE WIDENS and we see it is Cameron reaching orgasm. With extreme contentment on his face, he rolls over, revealing Nina, who, it is clear, has also had a lovely time.

124  **WIDER ANGLE – INT. NINA’S HOTEL BEDROOM – NIGHT**

They are in bed in a pleasant large room (the Queen Anne Suite), untidy, with script pages, wigs, costumes, fresh leftovers of a room service dinner. Nina caresses his back, noticing bruises. She kisses them gently and starts to giggle. He looks at her quizzically.

NINA
That's twice for me today. Now.
And when I watched you do the stunt.

The ALARM CLOCK on the dresser BEGINS RINGING. He
sits up, puzzled.

**NINA (CONT'D)**
I have to study my scene for
tomorrow. The Old Lady at the
cemetery. It's brutal. I set the
clock in case we dozed off.

Cameron gets up, moving toward the dresser to turn off
the clock, but instead stops at the stand holding the Old Lady
wig. He runs

his fingers through it as the clock continues to ring.

**CAMERON**
How come they cast you as an old
lady?

**NINA**
I start out as a young girl hiding
this American flyer. I'm Austrian...
Will ya turn off the clock?

Subtly, we sense something is bothering Cameron. He
ignores the

still-ringing clock.

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**NINA (CONT'D)**
Anyway, his patriotism is stronger
than his love and he leaves me with
another little patriot in my belly.

During this he has taken the wig and puts it over his head,

in the mirror.

**CAMERON**
Why can't I double for both of you?
I could use the money and I don't
look half bad.

**NINA**
(seriously)
Honey, you'll ruin it. Take it off.
He does.

**NINA (CONT'D)**
The clock's electric. It'll ring forever.

Instead of turning off the clock, he crosses to the Old Lady's dress on a hanger. He looks at the dress appraisingly.

**CAMERON**
Eli might really go for that, the big soldier as a little old lady.

Disturbed, Nina leaves the bed, turns off the alarm clock and adjusts the wig properly on its stand.

**NINA**
What's wrong?

**CAMERON**
Everything's beautiful.

They embrace and cling to each other. She starts back for the bed, but he detours for the clock and pulls out the alarm again, and again it BEGINS RINGING.

**NINA**
What are you doing?

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**CAMERON**
We've got to consider Eli. If you don't study the scene, he'll be mad...then you'll get mad...and I'll get shot out of a cannon.

With the alarm still ringing, he starts toward the bed.

**NINA**
Did you fall on your head today?

**CAMERON**
I want it to ring.

**NINA**
Why?
CAMERON
For me, that's why. That's Eli yelling for you to work on your scene and us saying, "Up yours, Eli," and I like that.

NINA
Do you want to leave?

CAMERON
I want to make love to you while Eli is screaming his head off.

The whole idea is so incongruous that she starts laughing. He gets on the bed with her. THE ALARM CONTINUES TO RING. They struggle about, giggling at the absurdity.

NINA
I can't make love with the clock ringing.

CAMERON
Betcha can.

While he moves over her body, she grabs a pillow and hurtles it at the clock. It falls over, but keeps on ringing. By now, Cameron has entered Nina and she is rapidly becoming more involved in that, than in the clock.

CAMERON
(to ringing clock while making love to Nina)
You tell 'em, Eli.

CLOSE ON MOVIOLA
In the darkness, the machine is like an ominous hunchback, splattering shards of light against Chuck's intensely watching face. He is highly disturbed at the unseen image.

CHUCK
(to himself)
Crazy bastard!

ANGLE WIDENS, showing a small STORAGE ROOM has been converted to a makeshift EDITING ROOM, where Chuck sits working the MOVIOLA.

Slowly becoming aware of someone, he glances up through the spinning reels and dimly sees Cameron leaning in the doorway.

CHUCK
There was no way it could go wrong...unless he just went ape.

Cameron ambles over as Chuck reverses the film to see it one more time. Even as he catches a glimpse of the film whirling backward, he realizes he's seeing BURT'S DEATH SCENE in the water. Now Chuck has reached the beginning of the film and is moving it forward again.

125A  CLOSE UP - VIEWER OF MOVIOLA

The film whirs as we see through the windshield over Burt's shoulder, the car flying through the air, hitting the water and sinking beneath the surface. Burt goes through the motions of a man trying to free himself.

CHUCK
The harness is okay...the roof is holding...it all seems fine.

CAMERON
But look at him struggle...

CHUCK
...Badly. Eli wouldn't use a foot of it...poor slob died for nothin'.

126  ANOTHER ANGLE

Sweat is running down Cameron's face. Finally, with dread...

CAMERON
That crack...in the windshield...

CHUCK

- 78 -

What about it? Probably from the impact. No water coming in.

Cameron's face reflects immense relief. At least he's not guilty of that. The flung stone was not the cause. Now, abruptly, Burt's body begins to move more violently.

CHUCK'S VOICE

There! Look at that. He's starting to panic. Will you, for Christ's sake, tell me why?

As Chuck slows the film, we see Burt's head duck beneath the view of the underwater camera, leaving only the steering wheel and light and the crack glows brightly, like a spider web. Burt reappears, his face now toward camera, wild with terror. The slow motion lends a bizarre elegance to his agony. Abruptly, the FILM GOES BLACK.

CHUCK

Shit. That's where it stops. That fuckin' Henry...got spooked and took his finger off the remote button.

CAMERON

Is this how the story was supposed to end, with the flyer dying in the water?

CHUCK

Sure as shit ended that way for Burt, didn't it?

127 INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

In one of the private DINING ROOMS off the lobby, tables and chairs
are pushed against the wall to make room for a
rehearsal now in
progress. Some early morning TOURISTS have gathered
outside the
entrance, watching. A few members of the kitchen staff
peer through
an inside doorway. Sam and key crewmen stand on the
sidelines as
Eli rehearses with Nina.

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ELI
(gesturing)
The graveyard's over here...
(he takes a few steps)
...Her car's parked here.
(set down a folding chair)
...Lots of these little graveyards
along the roadside...most of the
stones are unmarked...

He takes Nina by the hand and pulls her down beside him,
kneeling on
the floor.

ELI (CONT'D)
You're tired...you're broke...all
things which meant so much are gone.
What's left is a single memory...
that brief bright love.

Nina's listening intensely but something catches her eye.
Among the
tourists at the doorway stands Cameron, who has paused to
watch, his
costume slung over his shoulder. He nods to her with a small
tender
smile. Subtly, so Eli won't notice, she smiles back, then
renews
her concentration.

ELI (CONT'D)
...You spent your month's pension in
hiring the car. You just can't look
for his grave any longer...so you
pick one...any one. You kneel...
then lay the flowers down.
(yells to the prop man)
What have we got for her?
PROPERTY MAN

I got roses.

ELI

No...something she picked herself...
wildflowers or something.

Sam crosses over to them and kneels beside Eli and Nina.

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SAM

(hesitantly)

Eli. An idea, maybe. Instead of
flowers, what if she brought him the
things of their life together...of
their sexuality...like her
ightgown, her underclothes...

Eli looks at him thoughtfully.

SAM (CONT'D)

'Course they'd be rags by now, but
let me show you this...

From a paper bag, he takes a SMALL BRONZE CASTING of a
BEAR and A
GIRL on a SWING beneath a tree. He sets it down.

128 INSERT ON THE BRONZE

Sam's hand presses a lever on the side of the bronze.
There is a
whirring of the clockwork and a music box melody
begins to swing. The bear slides toward her. She
mechanically
lifts her bronze dress until they meet, performing
their clockwork
love rite. Nina giggles.

SAM'S VOICE

It's authentic. Early Victorian. Mechanical bronzes were quite a
thing.

129 ANGLE ON GROUP

Eli shakes his head patiently, kindly.

ELI
Sam, you'll get a belly laugh.

SAM
What do you mean? It'll break their hearts!

Eli begins to beam. Sam, realizing he has again fallen into the trap, winces, chagrined. Eli grabs him in a bear hug.

ELI
Welcome to the picture, Sam!

Sam struggles to escape from the iron grip as Eli dances him about in joy.

130 INT. BASEMENT - HAIRDRESSER SECTION - CLOSE ON CAMERON'S HEAD

Denise, with spray can and fingertips, is massaging in red dye, as the CAMERA PULLS BACK.

CAMERON
Naw, nothin' too unusual today... get run over by a tank, blown up by a land mine, a house falls on me... Easy stuff, but I can use a rest.

DENISE'S VOICE
...And some manners. As one of the world's greatest middle-weight lovers, I hate to play a one-night stand. I heard you been busy, but you know the old saying... like, if you can't come, call?

CAMERON
 appeasingly) I wanted to, but I was scared. They're so square where I hail from. Twice is considered a love affair... didn't want to rush you.

DENISE
... Three times is a love affair. Twice is nice...
VOICE (O.S.)
(yelling)
Hey Denise, for Christ's sake! We got a set call in forty minutes.

131 ANOTHER ANGLE

To include a MAKEUP TABLE against the far basement wall with THREE ACTORS sitting at it, wearing plastic aprons to shield their uniforms.

DENISE
(to Cameron)
You just sit here...dry...and repent.

She crosses to the men at the makeup table.

ACTOR
Glad ya could tear yourself away.

DENISE
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Don't panic. He's still got that whole big emotional thing to do with the dog food lady before they even get to you. You may not work 'til midnight.

ACTOR
You wait. Eli'll wave his wand and get it out of her in five minutes.

DENISE'S VOICE
(trimming his hair)
You're confused...He got it into her in five minutes. To get it out of her...it takes longer.

There is general knowing laughter as Denise crosses back to Cameron and sees by the look on his face she has hit her target. The thought of Nina and Eli as lovers had never occurred to Cameron.

DENISE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Oops...somebody didn't know...

The effect is stronger than she had expected. Now compassion sets in.

**DENISE (CONT'D)**

(softly)
Hey. C'mon, Red...I'm a woman scorned...I'll say anything.

Cameron just sinks back in the chair, slowly dying.

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - CLOSE ON "MECHANICAL BRONZE"**

Over the tinkling sound of the music box, the BEAR and MAIDEN perform their ritual as the CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing the GRAVESTONE decorated with the worn filmy lace undergarments of another era. They flutter in the soft wind and amber light of a summer afternoon, strangely beautiful against the mossy granite marked "UNKNOWN." Somehow these rotting women's underthings have the dignity of a sacred tapestry draping an altar.

**OLD LADY'S VOICE**

...You terrible bear... so impatient... tearing something so beautiful...

The ANGLE WIDENS and we see Nina, now made up to look wrinkled and gray, tragically old, her eyes moist as she kneels beside the grave.

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**OLD LADY (NINA)**

(sudden deep sincerity)
Why do I lie? I couldn't wait either. I think both of us are bears.

(a soft nostalgic smile)
Go, young maiden, you'll be late for your piano lesson.
An elegantly-dressed CARIBINERRI (ITALIAN POLICEMAN) appears.

    CARIBINERRI
    Signora...signora...

    OLD LADY (NINA)
    I'm almost finished.

    CARIBINERRI
    Signora. This desecration... some flowers perhaps...would be permitted.

    OLD LADY (NINA)
    But, we want these.

    CARIBINERRI
    Please, signora. It's not right. The grave is unmarked.

    OLD LADY (NINA)
    Ask the driver how many graves we visited today. I could have chosen five hours ago. I came here and my soul said, "Oh yes." I know that is hard to believe...

    CARIBINERRI
    (shrugging)
    Anything is possible, signora.
    (tries urging her to her feet)
    Now, you must permit me to escort you to your car.

    OLD LADY (NINA)
    As soon as I am gone, you will take everything away.

    CARIBINERRI
    No...

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    OLD LADY (NINA)
    (tears streaming down her face)
    You will, and I can't stop you, and it's wrong. We loved each other... Where else should these go?
The unexpected sound of laughter makes her turn to see a SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE who've gathered beside their PARKED CARS watching.

OLD LADY (NINA)
Yes, I know I'm ridiculous, but you laugh without knowing anything. You would buy a plastic wreath for a man of such importance.

She pulls free of the Carabinerri and, trying to kneel down, stumbles and falls. Now, like some confused child, she searches among the garments. Taking a SCROLL from a wooden box, she shakes it at them like a schoolteacher would a ruler.

OLD LADY (NINA)
President Wilson... from the President of the United States... for heroism. To me for sheltering him...
(smiling to herself)
How silly. I 'sheltered' him to be with him. He was my beloved... Where is it?... Oh, here, did you see this?

She now holds up a fist from which dangles a swastika on a sash.

OLD LADY (NINA)
Given to me by Adolf Hitler... for our son. Our son...

Her voice suddenly fierce with the pain of that memory.

OLD LADY (NINA)
... Our son!!!
(then, with simple reverence)
... A thousand years of peace... is what he said. That would be very nice.

The Carabinerri, spellbound, has taken a backward step, bumping into a REFLECTOR, which now teeters and falls into the scene, knocking off his hat, barely missing the Old Lady and crashing across the
grave and shattering all illusion. The Carbinerri stands there

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with his eyes closed and his fists clenched, wishing he were in the grave. Nina stands in speechless horror.

133 WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDING CREW SHOOTING

ELI
(quietly)
Cut...

CARIBINERRI
Eli, I'll kill myself.

ELI
...and print.

It's deadly silent as Eli walks over to Nina. They stare at each other for a moment.

ELI
(eyes brimming over)
Thank you, baby.

They fall into each others arms like lovers never do.

134 MEDIUM - CAMERON WATCHING ELI AND NINA EMBRACE

Everybody is applauding, wild with joy over Nina's great performance. Tears of happiness run unabashedly down Sam's nose. Only Cameron is sullen, seething with anger and jealousy as he views them in the light of his recent information.

A.D.
(through bull horn)
All right, that wraps the graveyard. Don't pack it...just stick it in the truck. Come on, we're losing sun, everybody. In ten minutes at the farmhouse!

Cameron is standing aside, while Nina vainly looks around for him.

Denise is unpinning her wig. Chuck approaches Cameron.
CHUCK
Change of plans. We're making the stunt a fire gag. When you come out of the barn, you're in flames...wanna try it.

Cameron, still watching Nina and Eli in the now dwindling circle of admirers, doesn't answer.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Look, don't do it if you don't wanna...

CAMERON
What does Eli say?

CHUCK
You know Eli... "Tell the soldier it's an extra hundred bucks and he'll do it without the asbestos." Whaddya say?

CAMERON
Tell Eli to do it.

CHUCK
Hey, what the hell is wrong with you?

CAMERON
I'm tired of being somebody's goddamn clown!

ELI
(moving into the shot)
Hey, you don't want to do it, don't do it, but be happy! It's a great day! Did you see her performance? Terrific. It's a day for humility and brotherly love!

CAMERON
Fine, Eli. Let's be brotherly. Milk brothers, sucking from the same tit.
135  ANGLE - EXT.  FARMHOUSE - DAY

ON FIRE. He trying to smother filled with a THUNDERING driver dead and with terror. top of him. He the caisson bursting all a low stone wall hurtles into shell.

136  CLOSE ON TRAMPOLINE

As Cameron falls into the shot, landing on a hidden TRAMPOLINE near the stone wall, bouncing up and down 'til he finally comes to rest.

OFFSTAGE VOICE

CUT!!

137  ANGLE TO INCLUDE ELI AND CREW

ELI

Who said that?

Cameron stares over the edge of the trampoline as assistant cameraman, uneasily faces Eli.

HENRY

We had a film run-out.

ELI

(to Gabe)

How many feet are left in that camera?
GABE
(checking the Mitchell)
Thirty-six feet.

Eli advances murderously on the assistant cameraman, building to a rage we have not seen in him before.

ELI
Goddamn you! How many times are you going to do this to me? How dare you yell cut on my set?

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HENRY
(defensively)
Thirty-six feet is nothing...

ELI
It's twenty-two seconds! In twenty-two seconds, I could break your spine...I could pinch your fucking head off like an insect and smear it on the pavement...I could put twenty-two bullets in that fat gut of yours! The only thing I can't seem to do in twenty-two seconds is keep you from fucking up my film!

Cameron is so intrigued that he hasn't realized an EMBER is burning through his asbestos protector, until suddenly he feels the flame and frantically begins beating it out and thus, is even denied the pleasure of savoring Eli's anguish.

138 EXTREME CLOSE UP - NINA (INT. SAM'S AND CAMERON'S ROOM - NIGHT)

Rosy-faced and dewy-eyed and wearing a big floppy hat. Sensing trouble with Cameron and that she might be at fault, she has decided to do a campy, cutesy Blanche Dubois stepping off "THE STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE" number, ten years too soon.

NINA
(southern-belle sarcasm)
...I can't tell you how pleased I
was with your conduct. When you congratulated me after my scene this afternoon, all the other glowing tributes faded to nothing...

139 WIDER ANGLE – INT. CAMERON'S AND SAM'S ROOM

Sam has stopped typing and sits silently, waiting for the storm.

Cameron lies on his bed in a T-shirt and shorts, an elastic bandage around his knee and an ice bag at his neck, coldly watching Nina's performance as she grandly moves through the doorway into the room.

NINA (CONT'D)

...Nevertheless, I'm cancelling your invitation to an intimate party given by my parents, who arrived unexpectedly to honor me on the occasion of my birthday...but don't feel too badly. As consolation for a lovely evening missed, I'm presenting you with the "good-sport-of-the-month" award.

From behind her back, she takes an APPLE with a tiny cocktail parasol stuck in it and holds it out to Cameron. Cameron lies glaring at her with mounting rage.

NINA (CONT'D)

Mr. Baum, will you notify this young savage that it's customary to cover one's privates when accepting an award? It's one of the common courtesies, like...congratulating people.

CAMERON

(coldly)

What should I congratulate you for? The fucking scene or for fucking the director?

Nina stands there shaken, looking at him sadly.
NINA
For fucking the director, honey.
(biting into apple)
Didn't you know that's how little girls get into the movies?

She leaves. Cameron lies there seething, then abruptly leaps up and storms into the bathroom. Sam sits rubbing his head, resumes typing. Cameron rages out of the bathroom, flings himself onto the bed. Unwinding the elastic bandage, he sprays ethyl chloride on his knee. Sam's typing stops.

SAM
(quietly)
Young man, taking my life in my hands, I must inform you that you are an asshole.

Cameron ignores Sam.

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SAM (CONT'D)
Being a devout masochist, it follows that I'm Eli's best friend. I know quite a lot about him and Nina.

CAMERON
You and the entire crew, buddy.

SAM
(wryly)
He met her three years ago. Two lonely people rattling around New York. A brutal winter. Eli's marriage had just broken up...

CAMERON
(interrupting in anger)
...All she had to do was tell me!

SAM'S VOICE
She could have done that in four seconds. They went to bed once and they were lousy as lovers. But they had a problem. They liked each other. They recognized some area of mutual sensitivity. I'm boring you.
CAMERON
You telling me he banged her once three years ago?

SAM'S VOICE
(disgusted)
I'm going to see if they can put me up in the employees' toilet.

He begins to type again, then philosophically...

SAM'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I think he 'banged' her twice to confirm the awful truth...Was she supposed to be a virgin?

CAMERON
Yeah...

But he says this so sadly and looks so miserable that Sam knows he has reached him and it touched.

SAM
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I had a virgin once. Had to go to Guatemala for it. She was blind in one eye and had a stuffed alligator that said, "Welcome to Miami Beach!"

Cameron sits there feeling dumb and full of regrets. Then he gets up, goes to Sam's closet and begins rummaging through the clothes. Sam watches him curiously.

CAMERON
So how's the new ending coming?

SAM
I got fourteen versions. Take your pick.
(worried about his clothes)
What are you doing in there?
CAMERON
(overly casual)
...Fourteen gory ways to die?

SAM
Thirteen. In one version he lives...turns the girl in, opens a gay bar in Berlin, gains fifty pounds and changes his name to Goering...
(now deeply concerned)
...Please, anything but the sweaters. You'll stretch the hell out of the sleeves.

140 INT. RESTAURANT

The pleasant SEAFOOD RESTAURANT is on the pier over the water. Cameron, now wearing Sam's sweater after all, is searching about the crowded room trying to find Nina and what might be her family. He is about to leave when he sees a group at a window table, a MAN and WOMAN in their early fifties and a FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL, attractive despite the baby fat. Something about the composite of all their features is familiar enough to give them a second look. In doing so, he sees a half-eaten BIRTHDAY CAKE on their table, in front of an empty place. He goes to the table.

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CAMERON
(hesitantly)
I was sort of invited to a birthday party and I can't seem to find it...and this seems to be a birthday party...

The FATHER, a hearty, bluff, good-natured man, looks amiably and with a father's intuition.

FATHER
A birthday party is a birthday party...sit down.
(Cameron does)
Who was this birthday party for...
animal, vegetable or mineral?

NANCY, the fourteen-year-old, giggles.

NANCY
...Mineral.

MOTHER
Will you stop teasing this young man?

CAMERON
She's really worth finding, ma'am.
She's a very rare mineral.

FATHER
(pleased with Cameron)
How old is this mineral?

CAMERON
This morning she was acting about ninety, but she might be lying a year or two.

The father now really comfortable, recognizing a fellow humorist.

FATHER
No, you got the wrong table...this one's acting like she's six...but the missus tells me birthdays are very emotional for the ladies.

At this moment Cameron can tell from their faces that they've seen Nina behind him. He turns.

141  POV

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Nina has emerged from the ladies' room looking miserable and is walking toward them. At the shock of seeing Cameron, her hand flies to her mouth in such embarrassment and joy and confusion at the way
she feels, that she starts back to the refuge of the
ladies' room. Catching herself, she turns back to face him, her eyes
now glowing with tears of happiness.

142 HOTEL CORRIDOR - CLOSE ON CAMERON - LATER THAT NIGHT

He moves forward and kisses Nina. We now realize we
are at her HOTEL ROOM DOOR. She on the inside, he on the outside,
kissing through the doorway, which stands slightly ajar. With
their mouths barely parting:

NINA
I'm sorry it got so late...that damn five o'clock makeup call...I feel as bad as you do...

CAMERON
In the same place I do?

NINA
Will you take a raincheck?
(slapping her room key in his pocket)
...A permanent one?

He puts his hand on the pocket and grins at her.

CAMERON
A season pass.

NINA
(smiling)
Good night.

Closing the door.

143 INT. HOTEL BAR - LATE NIGHT

On HENRY (the ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN who Eli screamed at), his luggage beside him, his elbows, empties, loose change scattered before him on the bar top.

HENRY
(looking up)
Lucky...hey Lucky, come over here!
ANGLE shifts to include Cameron a few stools down. He looks up from his beer and crosses to Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Guess who tole 'em to take their job and stuff it?

CAMERON
Ya quittin'?

HENRY
Fuckin' A. Gettin' out tonight. But not without splittin' a Schlitz with the one guy, 'cept me, who wouldn't take shit from that screwball.

As the BARTENDER is taking away the empties, Henry puts his finger down on a DIME.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Change is for you, except that. That's a very special dime. (holds it up for Cameron to see) Know what this is? Ask me!

CAMERON
It's a dime...am I close?

HENRY
It's Eli Cross' ass. People think 'cause you're easygon' they can walk all over you. Bull-shit...I'm blowin' the whistle with this dime in that phone...killin' a man and hiding it from the police...are you kiddin'...? Who is he think he is?

Cameron pales, knowing that drunken Henry's desire for revenge can expose him to the police. He grabs the dime from Henry's fingers and drops it into a PEANUT VENDING MACHINE.

HENRY
What the hell you doin'?
Cameron stuffs the bag of peanuts in Henry's shirt pocket, grabs his suitcase and hustles him out of the bar toward the FRONT DOOR.

CAMERON

- 95 -

I'm putting you in a cab for your own good and sending you to the airport. He's mine, Henry, all mine. Just leave that son-of-a-bitch to me!

They have reached the HOTEL DOORWAY. By now, Henry is convinced Cameron means business. He stops.

HENRY

Do whatever you wanna do, but I better do it with ya! You'll need help 'cause that goddamn looney is dangerous.

CAMERON

(blustering)
Not to me, he ain't. I'm going to the cops. You gotta earn your living in pictures, but I don't give a shit. He can't hurt me.

HENRY

Don't be too sure. Damned psycho nearly strangled me! Don't believe me? Wanna see marks...?
(tears open shirt collar to show bruises)
...Lucky to be alive!

CAMERON

(confused)
Henry, what are you talking about? I watched that whole thing today, he didn't even touch you.

- 96 -

HENRY
Not today. When Burt went into the water.

(Cameron is wide-eyed)
I could tell from up there in the chopper something' was wrong. So, I stopped shootin' and that crazy man gets me by the throat and starts screamin' to roll the film...I mean that guy's down there dying and he's screamin', "Keep shooting! Keep shooting!" Then, he starts fighting me for the switch and it falls down...like a crazy house up there, with him thrashin' on the floor...He didn't care about Burt. All he cared about was to get that man dyin' on film! Sickest thing I ever seen!

As Henry's last words sink in, Cameron stands pale and shaken.

**HENRY (CONT'D)**
I better grab that cab.

Henry takes the suitcase from Cameron's numb hand and pushes through the door, looks back for a parting shot.

**HENRY (CONT'D)**
You tell 'em everything...don't mince words...

As he goes towards cab, some MERRYMAKERS push their way into the lobby.

**CLOSE ON CAMERON**

Staring ahead, Henry's words echo like his own death warrant. The merrymakers jostle past him, discussing suntan ointments. Cameron turns and walks across the HOTEL LOBBY and UP the STAIRS...his pace increasing until he is taking them three at a time.

**CLOSE ON DOOR LOCK**

Cameron's hand thrusts KEY into the hole, flings open
NINA'S BEDROOM and barges in.

CAMERON
(overwrought)
Nina...your crazy Eli...

He FREEZES. Over his shoulder, we see Nina, naked, lying on the bed. Raymond, also naked, sits slumped on the edge of the bed, utterly disconsolate. The three stare at each other, an absurd tableau. Cameron whirls and leaves, slamming the door almost off its hinges.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Cameron stumps across the steps like a madman. Raging, he takes him out of the lobby toward the glass doors that will take him out of Eli's grotesque wonderland. He collides with a group of returning night FISHERMEN still in their slickers, carrying their equipment, tangled in their tackle, FISH TUMBLING AND SLIDING along the marble floor.

FISHERMAN
Jesus...don't step on 'em.

Cameron stares at them, whirls and rushes back across the lobby and up the stairs.

INT. NINA'S BEDROOM

As Cameron bursts in. She stands in her robe in the center of the room, glaring at him.

NINA
(screaming)
Get out of here!
Hearing WATER running in the bathtub, he dashes in, but finds the bathroom empty. He moves to the closet and slides the door so violently that it almost falls off: No Raymond.

NINA (CONT’D)

Get out!!!
(raging)
I'll have you thrown out!

She crosses to the phone.

CAMERON

Is there anybody in this whole company you haven't screwed?

In the HALLWAY, a little group of PASSING TOURISTS turn in wonderment at the tumult through the open doorway. Nina leaves the phone, crosses to the door and kicks it shut in the people's faces with all her strength.

NINA

- 98 -

(furious)
You stupid, ignorant bastard! How dare you storm in here like you won me in a raffle?!

Cameron, realizing for the first time that instead of being ashamed or frightened, she is livid with rage?

CAMERON

(coldly)
My girl gave me her key!

NINA

I am not your girl! I am that man's girl! That man and I have been lovers for six months! I've known you two days!

CAMERON

(ironically)
Then gee, ma'am, I sure hope you
didn't tell him about all that ballin' last night.

NINA
Don't you dare be clever with me! He came scratching at the door tonight like a beaten dog, begging me to say that you were some twenty-four hour nonsense. (against her will she starts to cry) ...and I had to tell him I thought I was falling in love with...

CAMERON
(not giving an inch) You couldn'a said that with your clothes on?!

Nina lets out an incoherent roar of rage.

NINA
Goddamn you! The wounded stud! He is entitled to some dignity! To lose his "pure and faithful lover" without the new boy barging in! Where do you suppose he is now?

CAMERON
Did ya look in the laundry hamper?

- 99 -

NINA
GET OUT! Get the HELL OUT!!

Cameron crosses to the door. Searching through this madness for some kind of logic, turning on her.

CAMERON
I don't have any rights? I don't have the right to be pissed off...?

NINA
You don't have the right to breathe! I knew him before I met you! Do you understand that?! Before I met you!! If we were frightened, we woke each other in the dark...we
slept in each other's arms...

CAMERON
(interrupting)
The word is "fuck!"

NINA
All right, the word is fuck! You narrow, insensitive, stupid...!

CAMERON
(interrupting)
Don't. Don't push me. I don't know this freaky world you live in, but I know that there still must be a couple of places where people somehow believe in...

He is at a loss for words.

NINA
Believe in what? You're blushing. A place where what? Don't get embarrassed at this late date!

CAMERON
...A place where a guy has a right to blow his top if he finds his lover screwing...

NINA
(interrupting)
Raymond's lover! Raymond's lover! Say it! Raymond's lover!

- 100 -

Cameron, exhausted, slides down the wall and sits on the floor.

NINA (CONT'D)
I'll have it typed up and notarized...! Raymond's lover! And you will sign where it says, agreed!

He says nothing. She on the bed and he on the floor, are drained of all strength and emotion.

NINA (CONT'D)
You won't turn me into some rotten whore because your papa once told that a woman is a certain way "and that's how it's gonna be 'til Gabriel blows his horn."

CAMERON
(wearily)
Okay...okay. I just want to sit a couple of seconds without having to say a word. Because if I start trying to say, "I'm sorry I caught you and Raymond fucking," I'll start laughing and when I laugh too hard, I get the hiccups and they can last for days.

NINA
(after a long beat; softly)
Don't get hiccups.

CAMERON
(quietly)
Isn't anything what it seems to be?...

NINA
(quietly)
No...

148 INT. BASEMENT SCREENING ROOM - MORNING

They sit there unable to leave each other, unable to move to each other. They just sit there.

Dailies are in progress. Eli watches, surrounded by a few crew
MOTHER, FATHER
SCREEN is a shot
of Nina as a wild, radiant eighteen-year old Austrian
girl running
dodging children and
bicycles. She collides with an OLD MAN, her basket
falls, its contents scattering; his momentary anger vanishing as
he is infected with her joy of life. He helps her refill the basket
and she rewards him with a sausage and a kiss. The old man
wistfully as she runs away.

149 ANGLE ON PARENTS
There's a tear of pride in Nina's mother's eye. Father gently puts
his hand on top of hers as the room lights come on.

ELI’S VOICE
You okay back there?

FATHER
Happy as clams.

150 ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING ELI
MOTHER
(brightly)
She's so beautiful. Isn't it amazing how they put it all
and...

But Eli is already involved in the SCRIPT GIRL's notes.

- 102 -

ELI
...132 through 40 next? Sam should see this. I think I left in a line
of his dialogue.
(yelling to projectionist)
Go ahead.
The room dims and the film starts. We see a slate board reading "150A Take 1." The clapper claps and the board is removed, revealing an ATTIC. Nina sprawled on her stomach, stark naked, atop Raymond's naked body, her breasts resting on his chest, her legs apart, interlocked with his. They look directly at the CAMERAl people waiting for the Wilshire bus. The MAKEUP GIRL appears in the shot spraying Nina's back and ass with glycerin sweat from an aerosol can. She disappears as Eli's voice on the sound track calls, "ACTION." The ANGLE TIGHTENS into a less revealing, more artistic composition. Their mouths meet. Their bodies writhe.

They stare at the screen in open-mouthed shock and horror. Their once gentle hands grip each other like iron claws, trying to squeeze away the nightmare.

In shock and anger, leaning forward on the edge of his chair, looking from Eli to the parents, not knowing what to do to stop this.

She sinks down in her seat, her surprise becoming malicious pleasure at the reaction of her parents.

ELI
(upset)
Sweet Christ! I told 'em to hold that...

SCRIPT GIRL
(starting to leave her
I'll stop it.

ELI
(restraining her, resigned)
Too late now...only make it worse.

We hear the passionate murmurings from the screen as Eli scrunches down in his seat.

156 ANGLE ON PORTABLE SCREEN

The lovers convulse with erotic abandon as they approach orgasm.

157 ANGLE ON NINA'S PARENTS
Like a Charles Addams' rendering of a Brady tintype. Their faces wear the stiff frozen smiles of the hopelessly insane.

158 EXT. MOVIE SET - CLOSE ON NINA

She's now made up to look like a woman in her forties. Everything about her tells us these have been brutal years, filled with pain and loss. She is reacting in anguish to something O.S. But, even though she manages a few tears, it doesn't quite ring true. Eli steps into the shot.

ELI
(to the crew, O.S.)
All right, save it.

159 ANGLE TO INCLUDE CAMERON
On the sidelines, as he coldly watches Eli put his arm around Nina and stroll her away from the crew so they are out of earshot.

160 ANGLE ON ELI AND NINA - MOVING

ELI
Nina. The shame of it...the shame! You've lost your son, your lover. You want to tear his throat out... but you stand meek...your guts burning with the shame of it.
NINA

God, I don't know what's wrong with me.

She has looked up at her parents, who stand off to one side like zombies, watching.

NINA (CONT'D)

- 104 -

Maybe it's them...I feel like I'm in a zoo. Let me say bye-bye and get 'em on their way. It might help.

She starts to move towards her parents but Eli puts a restraining hand on her.

ELI

(upset)

Honey...you better know this...don't get all shook up now...

Nina looks at him with foreboding.

ELI (CONT'D)

Something got screwed up...the dailies...

NINA

What?

ELI

The attic scene. The bare-ass attic scene... I'm sorry... I don't know how... it was too late to stop it... your parents...

161 CLOSE ON NINA

She has not blinked, not turned her heard, for fear that her father's eyes might meet hers. She is like a statue trembling in an earthquake, about to shatter. The sick, loathsome shame that fills her, brims over and the statue's blind eyes flow tears.
CLOSE ON ELI

Tense, barely breathing.

ELI
(an urgent whisper)
...Roll film.

He eases back out of view. The ANGLE SLOWLY TIGHTENS.

CLOSE ON NINA

As she falls apart before our eyes, and an O.S. VOICE on a PLAYBACK TAPE insinuates into our consciousness, echoing as though heard through many loudspeakers.

VOICE
I envy you the pride you must feel today. A young hero has fallen gloriously on the field of battle.

Hands reach in and drape a sash around Nina's throat. From it dangles a SWASTIKA. For Nina, there is still no voice, only the obliterating shame for that image of her naked body burned into her father's memory. And yet, that shame is so similar to the shame she should be feeling as the woman in Eli's film mockery of her son's death.

VOICE (CONT'D)
A nation has lost a son! A mother has lost a son!

The sound has now grown to a proportion reminiscent of those German newsreels of Hitler victory rallies.

VOICE (CONT'D)
This sacrifice in blood brings closer man's noblest dream...a thousand years of peace!
"Sieg Heil!" has shattered Nina's isolation. She is now aware that her personal despair has been used to accomplish an acting trick, and it only adds to her degradation and sense of shame, ironically making her performance even more poignant. The crowd playback roars with fanatic zeal.

164 Ext. Hall - Close on Cameron - Later

Striding rapidly down the hall, looking like a man who hopes to find a fight, to dissipate his residual anger. He rounds a corner, almost colliding with Eli, who comes rapidly from an intersecting corridor. Eli puts his arm around Cameron's shoulder, hurrying him along even faster.

ELI
Giddyap, soldier. Last one there's on Medicare.

Cameron shrugs his arm off in annoyance as they round the corner and hurry down some stairs.

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CAMERON
Where are we rushing to? I was asleep...

ELI
Trouble staying awake, huh?

They reach the bottom of the steps and move swiftly down another corridor, as Eli fishes through his pockets and comes up with a piece of chewing gum.

ELI (cont'd)
Stick of gum? Makes you hum!
(ignored, he chews it
himself)
Do you read?

CAMERON
Short words.

Eli finds a BOOKLET he has been looking for and hands it to Cameron.

ELI
Schickel and Bergenstadt... couple of Dutch comedy writers. See, it's got pictures. But don't skim. Chuck's gonna quiz you. If you pass, you get a free trip to Amsterdam and you can stick your finger in a dike.

CAMERON
(looking at the book as he walks)
What the hell is this?

ELI
A pamphlet on how to get out of a sunken car. You know, they got this problem in Holland...those canals. So these guys are experts.

CAMERON
Did Burt read this?

ELI
Off hand, I'd say no, wouldn't you?

CAMERON
(hands it back to him)

- 107 -

No chance.

ELI
There you go rejecting me again. 

Eli pushes open the double doors and they find themselves standing in the MAKESHIFT SCREENING ROOM.

ELI (CONT'D)
You've gotta think positive, Burt.
INT. SCREENING ROOM

Jake is there with SEVERAL OTHER MEN. But before Cameron can even register who they are, Eli is saying...

ELI

I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I've got exactly two minutes of borrowed time. I'm in the middle of a scene.

(to projectionist)
Get it started.

Immediately the lights snap off and the film is projected on the screen. In the dark, the men in the room fumble their way to seats.

On the projection screen we see a helicopter SHOT OF THE DUESENBERG a jungle

His eyes dart O.S. film. One face looks disturbingly familiar, but in the dark he can't place it.

JAKE

(addressing a man next to him)
This fellow here is the stunt man driving that car.

(to Cameron)
Thompson is from the FBI. They wanted you here in case they have any questions.

On the projection screen, we see the DUESENBERG GO OFF THE EDGE OF THE BRIDGE, disappear in the water.

THOMPSON

I don't see anybody else on the road...did you, Burt?

CAMERON

No.
The MAN Cameron couldn't recognize speaks out.

**OTHER MAN**

My buddy and I saw that son-of-a-bitch break out of the woods and head that way, down the road.

The lights go on and Cameron looks at the speaker, recognizing him as one of the TELEPHONE LINEMEN. Apparently, the lineman doesn't recognize Cameron in his new identity.

**LINEMAN**

...I had a clear view. I was on top of the pole.

**THOMPSON**

Do you mind if we see that again?

**ELI**

Help yourself, the room is yours. But I've got thirty people on the set being paid for doing nothing. (moving toward the door and calling) Come on Burt, you've got some reading to do.

Cameron follows Eli as the lights go out and the film begins again.

**JAKE**

Hey Burt, glad you're still alive, considering who you're working for.

166 **INT. HALL**

Cameron moves swiftly down the corridor behind Eli, who starts up the stairs, still blithely chewing his gum.

**ELI**

Something wrong? Why are you lagging?

**CAMERON**

I'm trying to figure it out. That film. Where was I?
ELI
How tall is King Kong?

CAMERON
Three-foot-six.

ELI
Good boy. I got all kinds of versions. Wanna go back and see some?

Cameron understands the implied threat and Eli, knowing he has made his point, continues good-humoredly.

ELI (CONT'D)
I've even got a version where you fly the helicopter and I'm driving the Duesenberg. It's a dilly.

166A They have now charged out of the building and are racing across the grounds toward the set.

CAMERON
What about the version where I go over the bridge and die in the water?

ELI
(chewing gum)
Hey, kid, what is this with you? That red dye must be eating through your scalp and affecting your brain. Why would I want to hurt you?

CAMERON
Because you don't like my tatoo.

ELI
I think it's beautiful. It's heroic! I think it's a major work that may rank with the Edsel grill! Now goddamnit, I gotta go back and do my picture! Will you take this thing and read?!

He holds the booklet out to him and it is very hard for Cameron to
reach out and take it. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees the FBI MEN leaving the building, heading off in another direction. He stares at the booklet.

CAMERON
(softly)
I knew a guy...who stepped on a bouncing Betty booby trap. Stepping on it wasn't his problem...they explode when you step off. So all he could do was just stand there. It was getting light. If we didn't get out, we'd of been shot up. So we left...

Eli has been watching him thoughtfully.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
...He had this screwy West Texas accent, I remember, "Hey fellas...hey fellas..."

Eli blows a BUBBLE with his gum that POPS on cue as though it were the explosion of the bouncing Betty. Grinning, he sticks the booklet in Cameron's shirt pocket, turns and walks off.

167 ANGLE ON ELI - MOVING SHOT
Sam catches up and walks beside him toward the set.

SAM
Why don't you let the kid go before he gets hurt?

ELI
Chuck keeps an eye on him.

SAM
He's dangerous to have around. Stop playing games, Eli. Tell Jake you've replaced him. What are you so hooked on?
ELI
He helps me understand the kid in our story.

SAM
Bullshit.

- 111 -

ELI
He's like one of those land mines left over from a war, that go off from time to time. You read about it in the paper two or three years later...some kid in a bell tower shoots a dozen students for no reason at all...his mother says he was always such a good boy...I guess I'd like to know what he really did.

As they reach the set, Gabe, the cameraman, charges up.

GABE
Did you bring the tampax? Raymond's still acting like he's got the "curse."

ELI
(with black humor)
You suppose Raymond knows how to drive a Duesenberg?

168 INT. NINA'S BEDROOM

Scattered about the room are suitcases, a wardrobe trunk, the almost completed packing for tomorrow's departure. Nina lies in bed staring into nothing, Cameron beside her. Each is talking aloud to himself, adrift in his private world, unaware they have lost contact with the other. The room is semi-dark, except for the nightstand light on Cameron's side, by which he studies the BOOKLET Eli gave him.

NINA
...It was so unnecessary...For
Christ's sake, I'm no shrinking violet...I've had my ass pinched black and blue by account execs for not showing enough enthusiasm for Vitalis. But this from Eli...it was so pointless...sadistic...

CAMERON
(reading)
"Open All windows slowly to keep pressure from caving in the roof, should an unexpected skid achieve aquatic consequences..." That's kind of witty.

NINA
- 112 -
(still in her own world)
...Could've handled it later on. It doesn't look so raunchy after it's cut...Maybe I'd of got them stoned...something...but for Eli to trap them like that...

CAMERON
(eyes on the book)
Beautiful...There's a second school of thought that says the first school is all wet. It says, "Keep the windows rolled up tight and wait for the air bubble."

NINA
Say it was an accident...benefit of the doubt. But then to use me that way...like a gadget...Why would Eli do that? He's not a cruel man...

CAMERON
(not looking up)
He's not a cruel man. He's a crazy man. A maniac.

NINA
What?

CAMERON
(reading)
"The water pressure at two hundred
feet can crush a man into the size of an egg." He wants to get that on film....so he's gonna kill me.

NINA
(jumping out of bed)
What in God's name are you babbling about?!

CAMERON
It's a rotten shame about your folks and your naked ass, but dying always scared me a little, okay?

NINA
- 113 -

...and you are beginning to scare me. You're talking like a wild man!...

CAMERON
Did you know that Eli almost strangled a man because he stopped the camera when Burt got killed?!

NINA
What is going on in that head of yours?! You take the word of some...malcontent...technician!

CAMERON
...I saw the bruises!

NINA
...And I saw Eli that night when he had to tell Burt's brother on the phone...I saw the tears.

CAMERON
She saw the tears! Did you ask him what he was crying about?! 'Cause you can bet your sweet tits, it wasn't over Burt. He was crying over losing his fucking shot!
To keep from exploding, Nina opens her luggage and furiously starts repacking.

**NINA**

Didn't they give I.Q. tests in the army? What did you get...minus twelve? Haven't you figured out yet why he's working himself to death? What his film is all about? He's trying to tell people not to kill each other!

**CAMERON**

And you know what? You want the shock of your life...? I understand what the son-of-a-bitch is saying, and he may be right...which makes me what? Minus twelve, the dumb schmuck with a gun. That doesn't change the fact that he's crazy. If he had his way, there wouldn't be a soldier left alive by morning. But all he's got on hand is me. I don't know if he is doing it consciously, but it's a hell of an idea. If he can really get it on film, a genuine dumb fuck grunt cashing in, before your very eyes, I mean the real McCoy...that's gotta help his picture...Then he's killed two birds with one stone. It's got a nice logic. Trouble is, both birds are me.

Against her instincts, Nina is emotionally affected by what Cameron says.

**NINA**

Stop it...sweetheart...I'd die if anything happened to you.

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Her head whips to look at it. It continues ringing, but she doesn't move.
It's my father...I won't talk to him...You're all driving me crazy...I won't talk to him.!

Cameron calmly picks up the phone.

CAMERON
Hi...hello?

NINA
(whispering)
Tell them I'm not here. Tell them anything. Tell them I'm working.

CAMERON
(glancing at Nina)
Okay, Chuck. I'll meet you in an hour.
(he hangs up)
For me. Amazing how they keep secrets around here.

He walks over to the still-stricken Nina and tenderly embraces her.
She leans against him, the trembling subsiding.

CAMERON
What if I told you I wasn't going to do the stunt?

- 115 -

NINA
I'd say fine.

CAMERON
And what if I told you I was gonna get out of here tonight...and that I want you to come with me?

NINA
(upset and confused)
But there's just one more day of shooting...

CAMERON
What if I can't wait?

NINA
I...I have two more scenes...
That's a shame.

**NINA**

...I could meet you...

When he doesn't answer, Nina resorts to her last defense, irrational anger.

**NINA (CONT'D)**

...Look, don't do the stunt! If you believe Eli's a killer, call the police...Why are you doing this to me? That's all I need right now, with all I've been through!...For you to give me now-or-never ultimatums and tell me my director is insane!...

By now she is stalking about the room throwing things from one suitcase to another as Cameron silently watches her.

- 116 -

**INT. GARAGE - LATE NIGHT - LOW ANGLE ON THE BLACK DUESENBERG**

Which stands alone like Moby Dick awaiting its victim.

Chuck and Cameron appear from behind the car, stalking it like the Sunday Special on a used car lot, Chuck the "hearty" salesman, Cameron the reluctant customer.

**CHUCK**

Look at this mother...I'll bet these guys could build an Arabian out of a jackass.

**CAMERON**

Why not? You built a stunt man out of one.

**CHUCK**

Stunt man? Three days and you've already grown those big brass balls? Jump up and down and let me hear 'em clang, and then do me a favor and leave 'em home for this gag.

(yanks open the door)
There's just enough room in that Duesenberg for a normal guy...who thinks!

(Cameron slides in)
Show me how long you can hold your breath.

Cameron inhales deeply and Chuck clicks his stopwatch.

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CHUCK
Now, look around. Whaddya see?...No roll bar in the roof. That's because the roof caving in really looks gassy on film. You got your protection in the back of the seat...steel sheeting. If the roof goes too far, you get your goddamn head down quick! You listening to me?!...Nod Your head.

(slapping Cameron on back)
You got good lungs.

(buckles Cameron's seatbelt)
You got no shoulder harness because it would show on camera. So when you hit the water, you brace yourself against the steering wheel. It's reinforced. You couldn't break it loose with dynamite...you gettin' light-headed yet?

Cameron shakes his head, "No."

CHUCK
Keep your hands off the doors...
You're leaving through the window. You lower them slowly as you sink to equalize the pressure. What are you waitin' for? I'm not gonna be down there holding your hand.

(Cameron lowering windows)
Slower. When you hit bottom, the windows are open and you're gonna make like a minnow. But first, a little fresh air wouldn't hurt. You reach down under the seat and, what do you know, a respirator...Make
Cameron reaches for the non-existent respirator.

**CHUCK (CONT'D)**
No, keep your face forward, the camera is behind you and it's still running.

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By this time, Cameron's breath is giving out and he's struggling to hold it.

**CHUCK (CONT'D)**
You feel like your lungs are gonna burst? Good. That's the way you're supposed to act like you feel. The moment that water gets above your nose, you gotta look like you're drowning. Remember? Burt wasn't so good at that.

That knocks the wind out of Cameron.

**CAMERON**
He sure as hell convinced me.

Chuck clicks his stopwatch and scowls.

**CHUCK**
(defensively)
Things happen crossin' the street! If somethin' goes cockeyed...screw the scene! Get that mask on. There's enough oxygen to get you to China.

(rolls up the window)
We'll try it again.

**CAMERON**
(still panting)
Let me catch my breath.

**CHUCK**
What you'll catch is a lungful of water! You're at the bottom of the river!...You breathe when I goddamn tell you to breathe!
CAMERON
   (the pupil tricking the teacher)
Hey, Chuck, you blind?...Can't you see I've got my respirator on?

CHUCK
You just goddamn remember you don't have gills!!

169A Chuck has stalked over to the WORKBENCH and angrily picks up the PHONE, which has been ringing incessantly over the last few lines.

- 119 -

CHUCK
   (shouting)
What?!!
   (listens, then yells to Cameron)
Eli's at the police station!

CAMERON
That's the best news I've heard. Let's hope it's a felony.

CHUCK
He needs Gabe. They're lookin' for a driver so I'm gonna take him. Come on with me.

CAMERON
For what?

CHUCK
   (climbing into the company car)
You and me are gonna talk about windows and oxygen and seat belts and things like that. And if you're a good boy and listen and don't be a smart ass, maybe I'll let you sit in the back seat with Nina Franklin.

CAMERON
Nina?
Chuck, already in the car, is grinning. Now he's even for the "respirator" bit.

CHUCK
You might even get to hold hands.

170  EXT.  POLICE STATION  -  MOVING SHOT ON CAMERON

The POLICE STATION comes into view, seen through the window of the company car, which slows as it moves toward the curb. Eli, sitting on the front stoop, leans wearily against the stone lion. As he sees the car approach, he moves toward it quickly, opening the door almost before it stops.

- 120 -

ELI
(beckoning)
Gabe, Nina...

Eli pulls Gabe and Nina toward the police station, yelling back to Cameron and Chuck.

ELI (CONT'D)
You two better wait here.

Cameron watches them, confused, as they start up the steps toward the station house.

171  ANOTHER ANGLE  -  ELI, NINA, GABE  -  MOVING SHOT

NINA
I hate this, damn it! Couldn't you have done it without me?

ELI
Let's say you owe it to him. Until two or three days ago, I had a pretty good actor on my hands. Next time you take out the clippers, be a little humane, make sure the guy's got one to spare.

NINA
(furious)
What did you want me to do? Take him in the back room and unzip his fly every time he fluffed a line? What else can I do for your film?

ELI
Just get your greedy little ass inside and make sure you give the performance of your life.
(icily)
This next number, I dedicate to you...dear.

- 121 -

172 INT. POLICE STATION

As the three enter. The station is old with a high sergeant's desk and wooden benches against the walls. Raymond, beyond tears, destroyed, sits among the other refuse of the night: derelicts, stoned kids, etc. On one bench is a SAILOR, with that look that betrays the weakness he tries to hide with his "butch" arrogance. Jake, in the doorway of his office, savors the fact that he has finally nailed Eli Cross. Eli captures the setup in a glance...then, instant theater. He strides across the police station to Raymond, takes his head in his hands and kisses him smack on the mouth.

ELI
(vehemently)
Who's better, booby...him or me?

Gabe has come up behind a PATROLMAN, grabs him by the hips and shrieks in dismay and tries to escape, but Gabe trots along as if they were locked.

ELI
(shouting)
Jake! Throw some water on him, quick! Only way to get 'em apart!
Gabe is now distracted by the sight of the sailor, who is agape with growing disbelief. Gabe ogles him.

GABE

Yummy...look at the seafood! You're a humpy little number.

(then to Raymond, stamping his foot)
You nasty boy. You could've died of mercury poisoning.

The sailor leaps to his feet in horror, screaming.

SAI

Jesus Christ, they're all faggots!

173 ANGLE ON SERGEANT'S DESK

Eli has stormed to the counter and slams his fist down furiously, confronting Jake.

- 122 -

ELI

(shouting)
I'm registering a complaint! Thirty-two members of my company got V.D. from your local virgins. The Chamber of Commerce didn't say anything about that in their brochure.

JAKE

You can stop clowning, Eli, I've got a sworn complaint from this sailor...

(jabbing his finer in Raymond's O.S. direction)
...Your man over there touched his genitals.

174 ANGLE ON RAYMOND AND NINA

She is snuggled against him tenderly, her open mouth kissing his neck and cheek. Raymond, although aware of his desperate situation, is too sick with self-loathing to respond.

175 ANGLE ON ELI AND JAKE
ELI
Oh, Jake! Come on! You wouldn't know your anal invert from a hole in the ground. Raymond makes bad jokes, but they're not illegal. Christ, you've seen us all on the set...clowning around.

176 EXT. POLICE STATION

Cameron stands, peering in through the big front window, feeling once again betrayed. It's like watching TV with the sound shut off. From here, Nina and Raymond are very convincing. Chuck leans against a lamppost, smoking a cigarette, as the charade goes on.

- 123 -

177 INT. POLICE STATION

Eli now going full blast.

ELI
My company's been pouring sixty thousand dollars a week into this place, for which your mayor and governor seem very grateful! We paid enough in taxes and fees alone to buy you parking meters from here to the boardwalk!

SAILOR
(feeling it's all going wrong)
Everything I said in that statement is the flat-ass truth!

Eli pays no attention, knowing that he's got Jake. He gestures toward Nina embracing Raymond.

ELI
Jake, I got a very horny leading lady who's got an early call and would like to spend some time with her boyfriend before she makes "night-night." Now, can I please get 'em outta here before they really do something illegal...and in
It's three o'clock in the morning. The corridors are empty as the elevator door swings open and Nina and Eli step out and move down the hallway, functioning on their last ounce of nervous energy.

ELI
Sorry I had to put you through that. I know it was humiliating.

NINA
...It was awful...I hated it. But you did save that man's life.

ELI
Yeah, that was really nice of me. I'm a nice person. I just wish I had the strength to go to his room and break his spine. On the last day of filming the queen decides to come out of the closet! Wouldn't that have made a lovely headline? You understand, of course, that the film would've been destroyed. Doing that to me...

NINA
Eli, what's wrong?

ELI

Eli, on the edge of nervous exhaustion, is actually close to tears.

ELI (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but you know...it's too goddamn much. Why's everybody on my back? When's somebody gonna say, "There, there Eli?" I'm really surrounded by friends, allies and you..."What else can I do for your
film, Eli?"

NINA
(wounded)
That's not fair.

They have reached a turn in the corridor where each would go his separate way. They stop.

ELI
What's not fair...getting my feelings "hurt?" When did I lose you to that soldier boy, Nina? That nice, wholesome, swell-looking kid...wanted by every cop, the FBI and God knows who else, for God knows what crime.

Nina is paralyzed with shock.

- 125 -

ELI (CONT'D)
Come on, Nina, those blue eyes have bedazzled our little girl. For Christ's sake, he reeks of blood.

NINA
You sound as crazy as...
(she stops)

ELI
(wryly)
As who?

NINA
He thinks you're trying to...
(she can't say 'kill')
...harm him.

ELI
Any number of people are trying to harm him...

He walks off down the corridor.

179 INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT
Partly crated props and costumes, luggage belonging to the departing
film crew is piled against the wall and on shelves. In the cavernous half-lit room, Cameron, once again the coiled, stealthy animal, moves through the shadows among the racks of suitcases, pulling them aside, searching. Discovering one, he sets it on the floor. It's locked. With a metal bar, he breaks the lock and eagerly rifles the contents. Then, sensing a presence, he turns. There stands Nina at the base of the steps watching a glance to her, he goes on with his search.

CAMERON
How'd you know I was down here?

NINA
The desk clerk...

He finds a WALLET, opens it, getting to his feet triumphantly.

CAMERON
How about that for luck? Burt's from Idaho...no picture on the driver's license.

Cameron stuffs the wallet in his pocket, moving along the row of suitcases. He pulls out a duffel bag, unzips it, shaking the contents on the floor. Now with the open bag on his arm, he goes along the row of costumes and props like a man in the supermarket, stuffing in things he will need: a pair of hiking boots, a couple of work shirts, a heavy jacket. Passing a shelf of bayonets, he picks one out and throws it in the bag.

NINA
(quietly)
Who are you?
CAMERON

(ignoring the seriousness)
Name it...

Above the bayonets are army helmets. He tries one on.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Hey, how's this? A World War One, uh...what did they call 'em?... dogfaces... somethin'... doughboys.
(flings a nurses uniform at her)
Wanna be the nurse?

CAMERON (CONT'D)
...You tell me this wouldn't work? A pretty nurse pushing a vet in a wheelchair? When we hit that roadblock, we'd have 'em crying like babies.

NINA
(quietly)
Who the hell are you?

CAMERON
Somebody trying to stay alive...anybody--that can get past the dogs and the quicksand...
(making a shrewd guess)
Who did Eli say I was?

NINA
I'm asking you, God damn...

She has fiercely grabbed his naked shoulder.

- 127 -

CAMERON
Easy with that tattoo...it mighta lost me Eli, but it won me Lt. Emily Schmidt, the greatest boobs in Southeast Asia...and a very patriotic chick. So I got this tattoo, for 28 bucks. And when she
saw this shoulder, let me tell ya, holy Jesus! Following which I got the clap from the Lt. And hepatitis from the tattoo needle. You know what bothers me? I think Emily is gonna be very offended by Eli's picture.

Nina cannot endure another moment of this charade.

NINA
Why do they want you? What did you do?

CAMERON
Eli'd tell you...I was a soldier. I did the same as everybody, just one of the boys...emptied my M-16 at any sound...don't know whether I killed gooks or cherries...the new kids from the States, we call 'em cherries, which they were for maybe fifteen minutes. The dry season is when it really breaks loose. You get very tired. It's like falling asleep at the wheel. You close your eyes and it still goes on. You're killin' them, they're killin' you. Couldn't tell ya now what was real except I'm here.

We sense in him the fatigue he is describing, then, pushing aside that memory.

- 128 -

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Hey, once when things were rough and the grass ran out, I shot the hell out of a water buffalo.
(he considers, then passes judgment on himself)
Actually, I wasn't a bad soldier...better than most. Got lotsa pretty ribbons. Funny...sort of like when I did that first stunt and everybody started clapping...nothing like a slap on the back to ruin a man, blow his sense of proportion. So, I got home...and,
uh...I guess I expected something. Nothing fancy, but... something, you know...a free car wash, double blue chip stamps, extra time on the parking meter... I don't know... Instead, people... uh, didn't seem too pleased.

(trying to hide a lot of pain)

In fact, they acted like I was gonna start killing babies...

She crosses to him, deeply moved.

**CAMERON (CONT'D)**

Shit. I was supposed to get married, run an ice cream parlor.

(picks up his suitcases)

I gotta go.

Although they're standing only a couple of feet apart, he lifts his hand tentatively, as if to wave goodbye.

**NINA**

...What about the roadblocks?

**CAMERON**

I'll go through the woods.

**NINA**

Don't you suppose there'll be cops in the woods.

- 129 -

**CAMERON**

I suppose there are cops in the woodwork! But what the hell...it's a nice night.

(he starts to go)

Lovers facing farewells have a gift for suspending time, and Nina speaks out, unable to let him leave.

**NINA**

I've always liked the woods at night. They're very romantic... You can hunt for truffles. It might be such fun, we'd just keep going.
Cameron can't afford to fall for her softness.

CAMERON
You said "we." What about your two scenes?

NINA
That's true...One of them is three pages of me making a tunafish salad for an American flyer in 1917... And I've got to weigh that against losing the man I love. It's a big decision.

CAMERON
Nina, you're making me crazy.

NINA
I'm sorry. I'm a little crazy myself. I can't let you go and I don't even know who you are.

(suddenly the dam bursts and all self-control is gone)

Why are they chasing you?! What have you done? What happens to me in the woods? Will I need a bayonet too?

179C

He stands there, staring at her, his face suddenly savage. After the duffel bag he puts down, he turns to her with his

130

He picks up and moves for the door, then turns on her, punishing her with his words.

CAMERON
The charge was attempted murder. I bashed this cop's head in. It took the jury about two fucking minutes. It could of been worse. It could of been life. But the judge...he looked real nice at me, and said you were a damn good soldier, son...So he only gave me twenty years. No way! Enough!...You know how long I was in that prison -- nineteen months -- and then I was gone! I
was gone!

She stares in shock and horror. His anger is like ice.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Caught me breaking into a store...oh, not to rob it...I went there to kill the bastard who owned it...

NINA
Why?

CAMERON
...Because...

Suddenly the ice turns to steam. His self-control shatters like glass. There in the basement of a 100-year old hotel, before an audience of one, Cameron ERUPTS, spewing out the memory of his mortification and crucifixion...not without the silent resignation of Jesus, but with the howling rage of a mad dog...Pluto with the rabies...

CAMERON (CONT'D)
...Because...it seemed like a good idea to twist his fucking head off! Said I could be his partner when I got back...lyin' son of a bitch was "real sorry things were slack..."
Slack my ass...he just didn't want me hangin' around because he was bangin' my old lady. So I go down and start bangin' on his door!

(he starts pounding on the mirror)

- 131 -

CAMERON (CONT'D)
...He's closed. It's two o'clock in the morning. I want to smash his face in and he's closed! "OPEN UP, YOU BASTARD."

Cameron's fist SMASHES his own face in the dressing table mirror.
His reflection crazes and falls to pieces.

**NINA**
(screaming)
Your hand!

Cameron holds up his fist to her, shaking it in glee.

**CAMERON**
Bang! That bright, shiny front window went bye-bye!
(reveling in his own insanity)
...Maybe he's screwin' her behind the counter...I climb in there screamin' "WHERE ARE YA? Come out here and be a man! Where are ya? Behind that counter, you son-of-a-bitch?"

Cameron kicks over the makeup table as though it were the counter...tubes and glasses shatter all over the floor.

**CAMERON (CONT'D)**
Ya know what's behind that counter?...
(the ultimate horror)
...41-DIFFERENT-KINDS-OF-ICE CREAM..." and all that fuckin' SYRUP!...

179F There is a rainbow row of makeup jars and hair tints.
He starts HURLING them against the wall where they smash, punctuating his speech with bursts of gooey color.

**CAMERON (CONT'D)**
...And these little Mickey Mouse faces on the walls!...with candy eyeballs!...

He pauses, catching his breath, as another image emerges from the swirl of memory.

**CAMERON (CONT'D)**
- 132 -
(tense and frightened)
...Then...I see this thing glowing in the dark...I hit that floor so fast. Christ, I nearly swallowed my heart. That second I was sure...it was Charlie...a cigarette butt, some guy on a V.C. Patrol... (his panic subsides)

Know what it was? It was the GODDAMN PILOT LIGHT ON THE HOT FUDGE MACHINE!! That did it! That DID IT! HOT FUDGE?! Me buried in shit, being the damn good soldier the judge said I was, yes sir, people sitting there on their fat asses feedin' their fat faces. "Can I have an extra cherry? Can I have an extra cherry?"

Cameron rips Denise's electric hair dryer from the wall and hurls it across the basement.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I smashed that fucking fudge pot across the room, smack into that shelf full of animals...and it starts raining pussycats and monkeys and kangaroo cookies like Noah's Ark!

The hair dryer smashes against a shelf, toppling ammunition boxes and bottles onto the carcass of a disassembled World War I airplane. The propeller topples and falls through a German recruiting poster, and just out at the Kaiser's crotch.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
"How long should a girl wait" she says? FOR GODDAMN EVER, BITCH, THAT'S HOW LONG!

Cameron's hands have come to rest on a metal laundry bin. He grips it and lifts it over his head.
CAMERON (CONT'D)

I picked up this fifty-pound ice cream vat...FLAVOR-OF-THE-MONTH!...ROYAL-BAVARIAN-CHOCOLATE-

MIST!...and

I started running with that son-of-a-bitch...

CAMERON (CONT'D)

SCOOP THAT UP YOUR ROYAL BAVARIAN STRAWBERRY SNATCH!

With the effort, Cameron's feet fly out from under him as if he had stepped in oil. In fact, he has stepped in paint, and lands flat on his ass in the green goo. Nina "bracks" out an uncontrollable guffaw.

CAMERON

(bellowing)
It's not funny!

Shamed, Nina runs to him.
NINA
Oh, baby...

But, as she reaches him, her feet too are caught in the paint and she slides forward like an ice skater, spraddling him, landing on her ass. His rage vanishes as he points at her, breaking into a fiendish, uncontrollable cackle. These pratfalls are a catharsis that has released the pressure and the madness. They attempt to gain their feet, skidding and sliding in the paint. He succeeds, but Nina fails.

NINA
(through laughter)
Let me go to the bathroom. I'm gonna have an accident.

- 134 -

CAMERON
You'll miss the main part! Killer Cameron's ghastly crime! I was freaked out of my head! And, suddenly there's this big flashlight shining in my face. I just grabbed that goddamn ice cream bucket and slopped it...right over the guy's head!

Although Cameron's got nothing in his hands, he pantomimes swinging that fifty-pound ice cream bucket around in the air, losing his balance and landing on his back in the paint beside Nina. Her hysteria is renewed, but Cameron stops laughing.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(quietly)
It's not funny. It wasn't him. It was a cop. I got out of there like a shot. I didn't know he was knocked out. How the hell did I know he was gonna lay there all night with his head in the ice cream?
NINA
(suddenly serious)
Oh, my God. He died?

CAMERON
No, he's in the hospital.

NINA
Oh, no.

CAMERON
Oh, yes. That ice cream's goddamn cold!
(struggling for a proper description)
His nose...it froze and his ear froze, see...and...

Despite the horror of it, Nina starts giggling. She can't help it.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(indignantly)
No, it's terrible!...He lost the tip of his nose and his ear lobe...

Then, Cameron, realizing the absurdity, starts giggling too. Out of control, Nina scrambles to her feet and dashes for the ladies room. Cameron follows her to the door, still talking as it closes behind her.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I'll tell ya, it's a bad year to mess with cops. You get the FBI screaming down on your ass...

NINA
(through the door)
Oh, God. Too late...Thanks a lot!

Abruptly, Cameron's energy is gone. The hilarity is over. He leans his forehead against the door in exhaustion and despair.
...If we woke up Eli and told him about the ice cream...would he forgive me and call off the stunt?...

180  INT.  GARAGE - PRE-DAWN

The DUESENBERG STANDS silhouetted in the darkness, light glinting dimly off it like the gleam from fine wood of a splendid coffin waiting in the slumber room before services begin. Behind it, a side door of the garage opens. But it is not visitors coming to pay their last respects, it is Cameron and Nina. He is wearing Burt's clothes. Nina moves quickly to a WHITE CONVERTIBLE as Cameron crosses to the SWITCH. NOTHING happens. He flips another switch and harsh overhead lights illuminate the reality of the garage. Nina has started the convertible, as Cameron tries to lift the garage door handles.

CAMERON
How the hell d'ya open this thing?

VOICE (O.S.)
Sorry, folks, it's locked.

Nina gasps. Cameron whirls towards the voice. A COP with a big flashlight stands in the open doorway peering in at them.

COP
Can't...not 'til seven o'clock. Mr. Cross's orders.
NINA
(the actress)
I'm sure Mr. Cross will understand when you tell him that Miss Franklin had a sudden desire for Swedish pancakes for breakfast and this gentleman had a sudden desire to keep me company...I'm Nina Franklin, the star of the film.

COP
Pancake house don't open 'til eight.

NINA
That's all right, we'll find some place.

COP
Town's closed up pretty tight this time of night.

NINA
Then we'll drive to Cape Long.

COP
Ya'll never get through the roadblocks.

CAMERON
Why not?

COP
Chief's orders. Mr. Cross didn't want any members of the company leavin' town tonight. Guess he wanted everybody good and rested for the last day. (he grins) Figure it's no secret about the Chief hopin' this is the last day...

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NINA
(fiercely)
Are you telling me that if I decide to take a drive at any time of the day or night or whenever I damn please, I need Mr. Cross's permission? Mr. Cross does not control me or anyone else, including
this gentleman and he does not control the public roads!

**COP**

No, but the police do. I'll wake Mr. Cross up and ask him if you want, but it's an awful hour. Should be somebody in the hotel kitchen by now. I'll get 'em to rustle somethin' up for you. Maybe not pancakes, but eggs, if you want it.

**CAMERON**

I think the lady had her heart set on pancakes, but thanks.

**COP**

Okay. You change your mind, call... I'll be around.

He leaves. The officer is gone and so is their plan. They're in limbo... people in a waiting room whose flight has been cancelled.

--- 138 ---

**CAMERON**

I can't believe it... He knows. The son-of-a-bitch knows whatever I'm thinking. I'm beginning to feel like something that Sam wrote! I'm not real. I'm some jerk American flyer from World War I who has to go over a bridge and die because the goddamn script says so! It's crazy... I'm trapped in his goddamn story. If somebody lost that page, I'd be fine. If he crossed it out and wrote something else like -- "At the last moment, he veers the big car from the railing--then goes speeding on to live happy ever after..."

(he looks at the Duesenberg appraisingly, then grins as a plan starts to form)

...How about that?! Empty road, me out there all alone, the crew 'way
back, breathless as I approach the bridge. And then..."Hey, what happened?!" A fucking rewrite's what happened! I'll have a fifteen-minute jump on them before they figure out they're shooting a new version!

Nina has come to life, her eyes aglow like a shrewd little girl who's already decided how the fairy tale will end!

NINA

...And what about the love story? What happens to the Austrian girl? People will leave the movie feeling terrible...I know! She goes with him!

CAMERON

How?

Nina has walked around to the back of the Duesenberg and opens the TRUNK.

NINA

In here.

CAMERON

- 139 -

(cautiously)
Not bad. But, I think they arrange to meet later...like in a Greyhound Bus station a couple of towns away.

NINA

No...look...
(she climbs in)
See how big it is? Comfortable, too...Honestly, honey, it's a better ending.

CAMERON

(firmly)
Nina, get out of the trunk.

The pretending has ended.
NINA
And what happens in the morning? Do I show up on the set in my little pink pinafore and say, "Hi, Eli. Where's my hug and kiss...?" How do I do that now?

CAMERON
(sternly)
...Get out of the trunk.

NINA
...Or should I trot up to my room to catch a couple of winks and cuddle up with a dozen sleeping pills?

CAMERON
(angry)
It's my nightmare...Stay out! This isn't the time to solve your neurotic problems! I'm trying to stay alive!

NINA
(shouting back)
So am I. And I never claimed not to have "neurotic problems!"

CAMERON
(interrupting)
Oh, for Christ's sake...

NINA
- 140 -

...They come with the body! It's all one. A package deal!

The shouting ends...and in despairing silence, VOICES of approaching WORKMEN are heard, grumbling that the coffee's late.

CAMERON
(urgent whisper)
Nina, please, there's somebody coming. Get out of the trunk...

As we glimpse the WORKMEN in the doorway, she reaches up, grabs the
inside of the trunk lid and pulls it down,
disappearing from sight,
as the trunk slams shut.

181 EXT. THE OLD ABANDONED ROAD - EARLY MORNING

In the stillness, as the morning sun crests the trees,
their shadows
move like a parting curtain, leaving sunlight to warm
the old stones
of the abandoned road. The ancient bridge spans the
black river,
except for the
idling toward the sea. It is a perfect day, tranquil
consciousness. As it
grows louder and LOUDER, a flock of birds is
frightened from the
trees, a rusty beer can by the roadside begins to
tremble and roll
from the vibration.

dozens kids on
looking back
an incredible
Long, short,
towing portable
Cortez Camper
rattling like
vintage German
motorcycles, the
Caterpillar treads,
a morning
few technicians
the midst of
Duesenberg -- the

Rounding the bend of the road into view are a half-
bicycles, peddling furiously, laughing and yelling and
at what now appears behind them: the first vehicle of
carnival parade -- or is it a funeral procession?
Long, short,
tall, fat vehicles; the stretch-out car, the cab
toilets, the tractor pulling a generator rig, the
dressing rooms, the stake-bed loaded with reflectors
radar screens, panel trucks with studio emblems, a
army truck filled with soldiers, patrol cars and
huge, bright yellow construction crane on its
its pneumatic snout jutting forward thirty yards like
hard-on sniffing around for some tunnel to hump -- a
straddle it having their morning Danish and coffee. In
these, on a low-slung flatbed trailer rides the
coffin on its caisson.
The caravan grinds, hisses, wheezes to a halt and the A.D., astride the hood of the first vehicle, dismounts and raises his electric bullhorn to begin what will be an incessant squawking instructions, reprimands, coaxings and complaints.

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A.D.
All right, people...the rest period is over. Another fifteen minutes and we start losing sun. Come on, let's get the equipment off those trucks.

The Second A.D.'s run around like sheepdogs herding the laborers, snapping at their flanks, barking their instructions over electric horns.

A.D. (CONT'D)
Chuck...Chuck Barton, where do you want the Duesenberg?

Grips and laborers are carrying the big reflectors through the brush into the hills.

A.D. (CONT'D)
Mr. Cross, please. The camera crew's ready for a setup.

182 ANGLE ON ELI AND THE CAMERA CREW

They are already huddled, squatting on their haunches under a tree.

ELI
The R-35 in the chopper on the maxi-mount, the underwater Imo in the Duesenberg...

GABE
I'll hide an Arri with a zoom up on the hill.

ELI
And what about number four? Maybe
hang a platform under the bridge with the speed camera?

GABE
(admiringly)
Heavy...From the top of the screen right into the water...squish.

183 ANGLE ON THE DUESENBERG

Being rolled up to a mark in the center of the road.
Crewmen swarm; in and under it, tuning, polishing, testing, installing camera, sound, electrical equipment, as Chuck hovers over them.

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A.D.
All drivers, please...I want every equipment vehicle back behind the bend...

As motors rev, the two sheepdogs squawk: "Out of sight..." "Behind the bend...," then are lost in the rising dust of their herd.

184 ANOTHER ANGLE

Cables are being strung out of sight along the side of the road, snapped into junction boxes that spread their electrified tentacles, strangling the landscape.

A.D.
(pointing at the mike boom)
What's that supposed to be, Ralph? ...An elm or an oak? Get that mike off the boom and into the bushes. Come on, people, let's think! We're losing the sun!

185 ANOTHER ANGLE FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

Gabe, Chuck, the A.D. and a Technician move down the road toward us, shoulder to shoulder, halting on the bridge. Chuck and Gabe move to the stone railing. Chuck taps on it, producing a hollow sound.
Gabe, examining a corner of this false section...
GABE
(to A.D.)
Have 'em touch up that corner of the section. It looks phony as hell.

The A.D. has been drawing a chalk line across the road.

A.D.
(to Technician)
Climb down there in the bushes and stay out of sight.

TECHNICIAN
What about earphones?

A.D.
Just watch your mark.

186 WIDE ANGLE ON THE DUESENBERG

Behind it, the last of the equipment trucks is being jack-knifed out of sight. A row of reflectors stand like sentinels on the hill, bathing the Duesenberg in light. Workmen swarm about it like ants on the queen's birthday.

187 ANGLE ON ELI

ELI
(into walkie-talkie)
Where's the chopper? We'd kinda like to have you join us...if you can find the way.

VOICE
(over walkie-talkie)
Fifteen minutes, Eli. We're just warming her up.

Eli grabs an electric horn from the hand of a passing A.D.

ELI
All right, everybody...may I have your attention, please?
Instantly the frantic A.D.'s begin squawking, "Everybody put down what you're doing, the director wants to talk."

**ELI**
(thru speaker)
This is the one and only Duesenberg we have in stock. When that car goes into the water, we're not going to see it again. So, once the action starts, no matter what happens, keep it going.

188 **ANGLE ON CORTEZ DRESSING ROOM**

As Cameron steps out through the open doorway, buttoning his costume.

**ELI (CONT'D)**
...We must have this shot. Therefore, I now order no camera to jam and no cloud to pass before the sun.

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189 **LONG SHOT ON THE DUESENBERG**

As Cameron moves toward it uncertainly. Eli, some distance away, surrounded by members of his crew, glances up.

**ELI**
(yelling)
How ya doin', soldier? Where'd ya learn to do without sleep?

Without awaiting an answer, Eli returns to his work, as Cameron approaches the Duesenberg.

190 **CLOSE ON DUESENBERG**

Cameron walks around it, testing and checking, but moving and a police car slides up. Jake leans out the window, waves at jovially.
JAKE
How do you guys get accident insurance? Must cost you an arm and a leg...
(chuckling)
...that's a good one.

He drives on toward a parked German army truck, in which lounge several soldiers. Chuck approaches Cameron.

CHUCK
You're lookin' real strong, kid. Is that loose change I hear jinglin' or are they beginnin' to grow?

CAMERON
(flatly)
Wanna check?

CHUCK
C'mon, lemme show you this truck...

They walk towards the German truck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I'm sending it on ahead. During the gag, it's gonna be comin' down the road towards you when you get to the bridge.

Cameron tenses at this information.

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CHUCK (CONT'D)
Relax, what does it change? I'm only tellin' you so you don't buzz off into space when you see 'em. They'll be shooting at you and that's what's supposed to make you go into the river.

They've reached the truck where Jake stands proudly. The Property Man is handing out rifles and boxes of bullets to the German soldiers, whom we now recognize as police officers from the town.
Cameron like an old buddy -- the officer from the garage last night.

**COP**

Hey, you ever get those pancakes?

**JAKE**

...My boys...Can't recognize 'em. How could I say no, after all the crap they've taken because of this company the last six weeks?

**CHUCK**

(good-naturedly)

Yeah, a cop'll do anything for fifty bucks, even be an actor.

**SECOND COP**

These guns are kinda modern for World War I.

**PROPERTY MASTER**

(to Chuck)

You want me to drive back and get the old ones.

**CHUCK**

(deciding)

Shit...forget it. How much'll they see from the helicopter?

If Cameron was upset by the change in the stunt, he is now really unnerved by the sight of those cops with guns. The second cop is loading cartridges.

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**CAMERON**

(starting back to Duesenberg)

Hope those are really blanks.

**SECOND COP**

(chuckling)

Don't say so on the box!
As Cameron arrives and casually leans against the trunk and then gently taps. He must get Nina out of there. With determination, he reaches for the trunk handle. Arms wearing the same costume as his own reach in, holding the trunk closed. It is Raymond.

RAYMOND

No need to look... If she loves you, she's still there. If she doesn't...then it doesn't really matter...does it?

How can he know? -- Everything is out of control -- a voice calls.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

Hey, Lucky, we need you!

He turns and moves numbly to the car door.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Get in, will ya?

Dazed, Cameron climbs behind the wheel.

192 INT. DUESENBERG

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

(leaning in passenger's side)

Look straight ahead, can you see that red light out of the corner of your eye?

A tiny red light is mounted in the corner over the windshield.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

That'll let you know when the film's running, so be sure you don't turn your face to the camera.

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The technician tightens a final screw on the red light then, leaning back out of the car, yells O.S.
TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
All right, bump it once.
(to Cameron)
Does it work?

Cameron, barely hearing, looks straight ahead without response.
Jake lounges at the driver's window, kibitzing the operation.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
(yells O.S.)
Bump it again.
(looks back into the car)
CAMERA ON?

CAMERON
(by reflex)
What?

The words "CAMERA ON" sound exactly like "CAMERON." It sounded as though his real name was called and he automatically answered. Has his identity been exposed? His eyes widen. The technician, getting no response, calls to Jake.

TECHNICIAN
Ask him if it's on?

JAKE
Cameron?

He whirls to see Jake staring at him. His hand darts to the ignition key, the engine roars to life.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(startled)
Hey, they wanna know is the CAMERA ON?

Cameron realizes his error, but it's too late, he's in a panic. In his mind, he's given himself away. The road ahead is clear — GO!
He jams the car in gear and slams the accelerator to the floor. The Duesenberg leaps forward, screeching wildly. In its wake -- chaos.
Everyone running, yelling...
CHUCK
(yelling)
That crazy bastard! Who cued him?

A.D.

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Not me!

ELI
(cold; urgent)
Roll! Roll the film! Move your asses -- I want that shot!

At their master's voice, they leap.

A.D.
(screams)
End markers!

SOUND MAN
(shouts)
Speed!

193 INT. DUESENBERG

Speed. The needle hits sixty-five -- seventy --
climbing fast.
Cameron grips the wheel, looking at that empty road.
An involuntary shout swells up and escapes his mouth.

CAMERON
(exultantly)
Yahoooo!
(toward Nina in the trunk)
Hang on to everything, baby, we're on our way! You okay?

The needle hits eighty -- eighty-five. Ahead, the bridge is rushing
toward us. Now the arches of the stone railing are strobing past.
Through them, he sees the black river which he has escaped.
Triumphantly, his hand rises, middle finger extended.
Suddenly the red camera light goes on, the underwater camera behind
whirring. He moves his finger behind him for a perfect close-up, 

(recalling that moment in the tower):

    CAMERON
    (screaming)
    Shoot this, Eli!

The center of the bridge is an instant away, an approaching blur.

    194  EXT.  ROADSIDE - ANGLE ON TECHNICIAN

Crouching -- tensely watching the chalk line on the road as the Duesenberg flashes past. His finger presses a button.

    195  INSERT - FRONT WHEEL OF DUESENBERG

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an explosive charge. Blam! The whole front wheel of the car is blown off by

    196  ANOTHER ANGLE

The Duesenberg drops on one axle. Metal screams against stone, as though it were Cameron himself, screaming. Skidding, spinning, tearing through the papier-mache railing, plunging out of control into space, where it hovers for a brief instant and arcs downward like a dying bird.

    197  INT.  DUESENBERG - CLOSE ON CAMERON

A cry of such anguish and despair.

    CAMERON
    (screaming)
    Ninaaa-a-a-a-!!

    198  INT.  DUESENBERG - WIDE ANGLE PAST CAMERON THROUGH WINDSHIELD

deafening, The river rushes up and the car smashes into it with a shattering roar, plunging beneath the surface to a dark and
soundless world -- except for a tiny red light, the
whir of a camera and Cameron's desperate cries. Tearing his seatbelt
off he flings himself toward the rear of the car, clawing at the
back seat to reach Nina. Incredibly, there is sunlight again as the
car is buoyed to the surface. There, again, is the living
world - the road, the trees. In that brief instant, through the
rear window, Cameron has a wild, tilted glimpse of a pink pinafore
standing by the rail looking down, Eli beside her. The
car noses downward, water rising swiftly over the rear window.
The last image on Cameron's retina is that wild, eager, little-girl
Nina's face. Then he's alone again, entombed in the
darkening water as the car plunges toward the bottom.

betrayal is to this -- moment of his

Outrage galvanizes him to action. He reaches for the
door handles, to rip them open -- they snap off in his hands. Now
there is a implode,
the rear
torrent. The front window risen to his
his head.

red light glowing, camera whirring, to capture the death.

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memory of Chuck's voice..."the windows." He lowers the
slowly. The water now pours in faster. The level has
chin. He gasps a final breath and the water rises over
Still the red light burns. He reaches beneath the seat for the oxygen cylinder and tries to pull it loose. It won't move. The impact of the car hitting the water has bent the seat frame. His groping hand finds the hose, the oxygen mask. A hope. Though every second is robbing his chance for life, his movements as in slow motion. Pulling the mask to his face, he breath and chokes as water fills his mouth. The rubber tube has broken loose from the cylinder and is floating free -- as it must have with Burt. Pressure of the onrushing water has stopped as the water reaches the roof. For a moment there is a strange stillness which Cameron, his lungs bursting, swims through, out toward the surface.

199 ANGLE ON CAMERON

Moving upward through river slime, in a world that grows lighter, in a desperate race to reach air.

Daylight! Gasping, half unconscious, barely able to move his arms to stay afloat. Adrift in the current, he touches the rocks and pulling himself onto the shore. His muscles, still moving by motor reflex, driven by survival instinct, take him crawling from the river bank through the tall grass -- fugitive, the "man on the run." Then, he lifts his head and stops at what he sees before him:

200 POV

Fanned out across the field is a row of men, guns held ready. Moving forward which, as it moves, Policemen from the truck in their German uniforms slowly -- carefully searching the terrain in an arch closes, must irrevocably reach Cameron.
ANOTHER ANGLE

It's over. Without strength or will, he lies waiting though his eyes were made of glass. They see him now, but their pace doesn't change. As they take the last few steps toward him, he sees their shoulders, waists, knees and then only a circle of feet around him.

Their hands roughly grab him, pulling him to his feet, shoving him brutely about. Angry cop faced growling: "Kill the son-of-a-
bitch," "Shoot 'im," "Cut it," "Hang 'im," and then loudly, "Cut it!" He feels a blow on the back, then another. They seem too gentle. Why is that cop smiling? Some of them are walking away. Where are the handcuffs? Why is he shaking my hand instead? Then what they pay thinks being finally sinks in, the insane, absurd, devastating, humiliating realization that it was all just another scene in a movie that came off as planned.

He is alive and free. Is that gurgle we hear in Cameron's throat the water that he swallowed or an unseemly giggle? Then it chokes into laughter.

POV

Here comes Chuck, running across the field with his silly stunt bag filled with elastic bandages. How funny. Here's the helicopter hovering with Gabe descending the rope ladder bearing film for Eli,
who runs to meet him. How hilarious. There's the pink pinafore...Nina holding the skirt up to her waist as she wades through the tall grass towards him. How sweetly absurd.

A.D.
All right, come on...let's get the stuff in the trucks, we're losing sun!

203 ANGLE ON CAMERON

Chuck has reached Cameron, throwing a blanket over him. He pulls a pint from his back pocket.

CHUCK
Take a belt. Don't be stingy.

As Cameron tilts his head back, the bottle to his mouth, he sees skin divers setting down their rescue equipment and stripping out of their dripping wet-suits.

CAMERON
Those guys down there the whole time?

Chuck, who is rubbing Cameron violently through the blanket to restore his circulation, replies with the highest compliment he can pay?

CHUCK
I can't hear ya...they're clangin' too loud.

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204 ANOTHER ANGLE

Nina has reached an impasse twenty yards away in her journey of love toward Cameron -- a muddy section of swamp.

NINA
(shouts across the distance to Cameron)
I can't come any further. What should I do? I'll get the dress all muddy and I need it for the next scene.

**CAMERON**
(grinning with good nature)
Tunafish salad...I know.

**NINA**
(shouts)
They found me five minutes after you left. I felt ridiculous.

**CAMERON**
(waves back)
Just as well!

**NINA**
(shouts)
When Eli told me you'd changed your mind and decided to do the stunt, at first I didn't believe him, but I guess you really did. I tried to find you.

Eli is standing nearby listening to this macabre exchange between lovers.

**NINA (CONT'D)**
(to include Eli)
I'm sure glad you two made up! Boy, Lucky, were you wonderful...I guess I have to go now. See you after.

She awkwardly turns, her dress still held high and yells back over her shoulder...

**NINA (CONT'D)**
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I'm sorry I was so nutty last night. I always get crazy at the end of a film.

Nina continues picking her way toward the road. And then...
Suddenly she turns, running headlong, pell-mell across the swamp and through the mud holes, drenching her pink pinafore into a muddy rag, losing a shoe, ripping her hose -- and then wildly into the arms of Cameron, smearing him with love and mud! And then, just as quickly, she is gone, racing back across the field, hopping like a rabbit without her shoe, toward the road.

Cameron is brimming with pleasure. Chuck, totally ignored, picks up his stunt bag.

CHUCK
(dryly)
Lover, I think your circulation's back to normal. And please, next time will ya listen for the cue -- the word is "action."

He walks off, leaving Cameron draped in the blanket like an Indian. Eli steps up to him looking very serious, lifts his hand in the Indian sign of greeting and says:

ELI
"How!" I have always had a great compassion for your people. Long before it was popular, I felt a repugnance for General Custer.

Cameron stares at him, incredulous.

ELI (CONT'D)
My God, I think he's breathing. There're days I can't do anything right. I hope this doesn't screw up our relationship, your being alive and all.
CAMERON
(shaking his head)
...You sure took a hell of a chance, Eli...why didn't you just let me go last night?

ELI
What, with Nina in the trunk? I've got scenes to shoot with her...

CAMERON
...All right. This morning then. Chuck could have done the stunt.

ELI
(thoughtfully)
I knew a guy who made an anti-war film. When they previewed it in his hometown, army enlistment went up six hundred percent. I'm making this film trying to convince the whole world that maybe there's a better way to get home for Thanksgiving...and I can't even convince one dumb kid with a tattoo...I couldn't have you run around paranoid the rest of your life thinking I was trying to kill you.

CAMERON
Paranoid?

Sam has run up, out of breath, followed by crew members.

ELI
Hey Sam, the kid just licked your screenplay. He named the disease.

SAM
Yeah, what?

ELI
...a social disease, very common.

SAM
...like gonorrhea...

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ELI
You're close. It's spread the same way...by screwing your fellow man.

**CAMERON**
I hope you find an easier cure. That was the hardest thousand bucks I ever made.

A horn honks. It is Jake who, in his enthusiasm, has driven the police car bumping over the marshes to Eli and Cameron.

**JAKE**
You guys want a ride back?

**ELI**
(moving toward the helicopter)
No, we're goin' in the chopper.

**CAMERON**
(considers it)
Thanks, Eli, but that looks too dangerous. I think I'll ride with Jake. Good luck with the picture.

He moves toward police car.

**ELI**
(yelling to Cameron)
Don't miss that plane, Burt!

**JAKE**
(leaning across Cameron to yell at Eli)
He better not! Any member of your company found within city limits after five o'clock tonight, gets shot on sight!

Eli stops, suddenly registering what Cameron had said.

**ELI**
...What thousand bucks? That stunt paid six-fifty.

**CAMERON**
(surprised)
Chuck told me a thousand...

**ELI**
(firmly)
Six-fifty!

CAMERON
(getting upset)
A thousand!

ELI
(relenting)
Okay, seven-fifty. Split the difference...

CAMERON
Bullshit! You're trying to screw me!!

ELI
(exasperated)
Christ! You're doing it again!
(striding toward the chopper, shouting)
Sam! This paranoid little bastard still doesn't understand your damn screenplay!

Eli is climbing into the helicopter.

CAMERON
(shrieking)
That's your big problem, Eli! You use people! I want my money, a thousand bucks!

ELI
(to Cameron)
Six-fifty!!
(to Sam)
Rewrite the battle scene and let the tank run him over! The stunt pays six-fifty!

The helicopter takes off, zooms under the bridge, up into a hammerhead and soars back, while Cameron continues to scream at it.

CAMERON
Come back here. I'm tired of being your goddamn clown! Pay me my thousand bucks!
Eli's voice on the helicopter's P.A. speaker echoes through the canyon, as the chopper cavorts overhead and skims away.

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ELI'S VOICE (ON P.A.)
How tall was King Kong...

- FADE OUT -