

BACKTRACK

aka

TIME TO DIE

Revisions by Tod Davies

INT. NEON SIGN FACTORY - DAY

An immense, blacked-out hangar full of blinking NEON SIGNS. Some are advertising signs; others display sequences of crawling words:

ABUSE OF POWER COMES AS NO SURPRISE.

BEING SURE OF YOURSELF MEANS YOU'RE A FOOL.

DON'T PLACE TOO MUCH TRUST IN EXPERTS.

ANNE BENTON studies one of the signs intently.
The sign says, EVERYTHING THAT'S INTERESTING IS NEW.

MARGARET'S VOICE

You've got to pick one now, Anne.
Come on, choose.

ANNE

There. See? It's slowing down.
There must be something wrong with
the wiring. Can we fix it?

ELECTRICIAN

I'll take a look.

The ELECTRICIAN sets to work on the wiring of the sign.
ANNE turns to her friend MARGARET MASON. MARGARET is
older than ANNE, and fond of silver bracelets.
She holds THREE 8X10 PHOTOGRAPHS.

MARGARET

Bob sent us two choices.

ANNE

(checking her watch)
I've got to --

MARGARET

Come on, Anne. You have to
choose the picture that you like
for the announcement.

ANNE studies the 8X10s in MARGARET's hands.
TWO PICTURES OF ANNE and the mock-up of an announcement of
ANNE's gallery show -- with a blank space where ANNE'S
PHOTOGRAPH should be.

ANNE looks at the photos and grimaces.

MARGARET

This one shows your take-charge facade. But I don't know, I like the other one. It shows your girlish vulnerability.

They look at each other and laugh.

A FACTORY WHISTLE GOES OFF. ANNE checks her watch again.

ANNE

Oh Christ, I've really got to go. I've got a million things --

She turns to go. MARGARET thrusts the PHOTOGRAPHS in ANNE's face.

MARGARET

Just PICK.

Without looking, ANNE picks and 8X10, hands it to MARGARET and is gone. MARGARET looks down at it.

ANNE has picked the MOCK-UP with no face.

MARGARET sighs.

EXTERIOR FREEWAY, SAN PEDRO - EVENING

ANNE's 1968 Mustang Convertible cuts skillfully thru traffic. The lights of San Pedro's gas and oil refineries burn against the evening sky.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

ANNE looks at her watch, accelerates to 75. She pops a tape into the cassette player --

BANG. A tire explodes.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Mustang skids across the freeway.

ANNE steers it to the shoulder of the road.
The car lurches to a stop.

ANNE
Shit...

ANNE opens the trunk.

The trunk is full of posters and gallery invitations,
art magazines. The SPARE TIRE is rotted and shredded.

EXT. SIDE OF THE FREEWAY - NIGHT

ANNE walks towards the lights of a GAS STATION half a mile
ahead.

A CAR filled with BEER-DRINKING GUYS slows as it passes
her. The GUYS yell at her.

ANNE rolls her eyes. She cuts down the grassy
incline to the service road.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT

ANNE climbs thru a hole in a rusted CYCLONE FENCE.
A sign on the fence says, LIQUID NATURAL GAS - EXPLOSIVE.

ANNE hears ANGRY VOICES.

TWO CARS and a HELICOPTER are parked adjacent to the
LIQUID NATURAL GAS PLANT. In the light of the oil burn-off
towers, two men are arguing - CARELLI and RIANETTI.

Both are smartly dressed, attended by FOUR OTHER MEN
in suits -- among them the lawyer LUPONI.

ANNE stops and watches them.

CARELLI shakes a fist at RIANETTI.

RIANETTI answers with an under-the-chin finger flick, starts to enter his Mercedes.

CARELLI leaps at him and viciously crunches RIANETTI'S head downward into the car roof... once, twice, then smashes it thru the driver's side window.

RIANETTI slumps to the ground, barely conscious and bleeding badly. CARELLI pulls him up by the hair, slits his throat with a SWITCHBLADE.

CARELLI sidesteps to avoid the spurting blood.

CARELLI
(pointing to RIANETTI'S BODYGUARD)
Get rid of him.

The OTHER MEN pull out GUNS and shoot RIANETTI'S BODYGUARD.

ANNE backtracks fast towards the Freeway.

CARELLI marches up and down, trying to calm himself.
HE SEES ANNE.

CARELLI
Jesus Christ! Greek, stop her!

EXT. SIDE OF THE FREEWAY - NIGHT

As she reaches the road, ANNE hears the whoosh of a BULLET whizzing by her head. She looks back and sees a man steadying a pistol with both hands, propped by his elbows on the chain link fence.

OTHER MEN are running up the hill towards her.

ANNE runs along the Freeway. A beat-up VW BUS comes up behind her. She flags it down and jumps in.

As the BUS speeds away, TWO MEN reach the road -- PINELLA and GREEK. PINELLA aims at the vehicle, but it's too far away. GREEK points excitedly at ANNE'S Mustang.

GREEK
That must be hers. Come on!

INT. VW BUS - NIGHT

ANNE clings to a makeshift seat behind a YOUNG COUPLE.

VW MAN

Jesus! What happened?
You get attacked or what?

ANNE

Please... the police. Please.

The COUPLE exchange glances.

VW WOMAN

Look, it's none of my business,
but I got friends who counsel for
the Rape Crisis Center. Don't
let the cops hassle you or ask you
about your sex life or if you
enjoyed it. You can report them
for that stuff now, you know.

ANNE stares blankly.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

ANNE bolts from the VW VAN.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

ANNE looks around and carefully walks over to the desk.

ANNE

I've come to report a murder and
they tried to kill me too.
Do I talk to you?

Suddenly there are four faces peering at her.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAWN

PAULING emerges from the Washington Redeye.
Rumpled and distracted, he hurries towards
Ground Transportation.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

ANNE is seated at a desk with the POLICE ARTIST and a DETECTIVE. PAULING whirls in carrying his bag. Another COP, CAPTAIN WALKER, rises to meet him.

PAULING
Walker? Pauling, Justice Department.
Where's my witness?

Walker points at ANNE. PAULING takes a step towards her. Walker restrains him, holding up the ARTIST's sketch.

We see it is a sketch of CARELLI.

WALKER
(softly)
Get this. She doesn't even know
who this is.

WALKER steers PAULING into his glass-walled office. Turns to the DETECTIVE en route --

WALKER
Don't let her leave without Martinez.

The DETECTIVE nods distractedly, handing ANNE the phone.

ANNE
(into phone)
Bob? Are you there? Pick up!

INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - LATER

WALKER and PAULING are sitting with their jackets off, poring over papers and computer printouts.

Thru the glass we can see ANNE, sitting tiredly outside.

WALKER
Lab and everybody's still over at
the oil refinery, picking up blood
samples.

PAULING
Any idea who the victim was?

WALKER
From her description, it could be
Albers, could be Rianetti...

PAULING
Hah. It doesn't matter anyway.
(stares at CARELLI'S PICTURE)
This is pure gold. I hope you've
got a safe place for her.

Thru the glass we see ANNE'S BOYFRIEND BOB arrive.
BOB is dressed to play raquetball. ANNE rises,
looks around, confused.

WALKER
Wait a minute. My men can watch
her for a couple of days, but after
that...

ANNE is ignored by everyone. She shrugs and leaves with
BOB. PAULING and WALKER haven't noticed.

WALKER
You need big guns for this girl.

INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sparsely furnished. ANNE and BOB enter.
ANNE's cat wakes up and cries.

ANNE
Freida, poor Freida.
Come on, I'll feed you.

ANNE goes into the kitchen and the cat follows.
BOB opens the drapes, fiddles with the compact disk player,
turns it off, looks at his watch. Goes to the kitchen door.

BOB
(calling into the kitchen)
You want to talk?
(no answer)
Look, why don't you get some sleep?
I've got raquetball at four. I'll
bring you some dinner later on.

Still no answer. BOB pauses, turns and leaves.

ANNE appears in the kitchen doorway.
She has been crying and looks terrible.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANNE is asleep.

A KEY CLICKS. FOOTSTEPS.

BOB'S VOICE

Anne?

ANNE wakes and turns the BEDSIDE LAMP on.

BOB enters, carrying a Wolfgang Puck Pizza.

BOB

Pop this in the Microwave?

ANNE

Give me a minute. I'm not sure
I'm up for pizza right now.
What time is it?

BOB

Nearly eleven. You slept a long time.

BOB opens the packet, starts nibbling on the cold pizza.

ANNE

How was the game?

BOB

Nothing special. I was off my usual
stride... Worried about you, I guess.
Anyway, I played a lousy game.

BOB tucks into the pizza. ANNE looks queasily on.

ANNE

When you've finished, would you
mind throwing the rest away?
In the kitchen.

BOB
(finishing his second slice)
I just wanted a bite. I ate earlier.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - LATER

ANNE and BOB are in bed. The light is out.

BOB kisses ANNE's shoulder. ANNE does not respond.

BOB rolls over.

BOB
We'll go skiing this weekend.
It'll take your mind off it --

BOB falls asleep. ANNE is wide awake.

EXT. ANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PINELLA rounds a corner. GREEK is standing in the shadows watching ANNE's building. GREEK lights a cigarette.

GREEK
You're late.

PINELLA
Dead battery... Had to call Triple A.
Did the cops show?

GREEK
Nope.

PINELLA
You sure?

GREEK
No cops --would I fucking lie to you?
She's up there.

INT. ANNE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. ANNE comes in from the bedroom. She looks at a digital clock. It is 11:59. She props a giant floor pillow in a corner, lays down on it. The cat mews, rubbing against ANNE's leg.

ANNE picks her up and settles into the pillow.

There is a METALLIC CLICKING. ANNE freezes.

The front door opens quietly. GREEK and PINELLA come into the room. The cat meows and struggles. Terrified, ANNE tries to muffle her cry.

GREEK motions towards PINELLA and they start towards the sound. The cat squirms free of ANNE's grip and jumps towards the men. Relieved, they move towards the bedroom.

ANNE remains frozen. She hears a quick pattern of SILENCED GUNSHOTS. ANNE tries not to scream.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

PINELLA throws back the bloodstained covers. He stares down, chagrined. GREEK, panicked, throws open the closets, looks under the bed.

PINELLA
Wrong house..?

GREEK shakes his head, continues searching for ANNE. Then he freezes. Thru the window both men see a POLICE CAR cruising down the street.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GREEK and PINELLA rush thru the living room and out the front door, missing ANNE. The cat rubs against her.

EXT. ANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The POLICE CAR is parked beside a walk-up BURGER STAND adjacent to ANNE's house. The COPS are eating burgers.

GREEK and PINELLA pile into GREEK's car and tear away.

INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

WALKER is on the telephone shouting at one of his MEN.
PAULING sits at WALKER's desk with ANNE.

ANNE is in shock. PAULING offers her a donut.

WALKER

(into phone)

Listen, I know what I said to you.
I said get Martinez on her. YOU
were supposed to get Martinez.
YOU!

PAULING

I'm afraid, Ms Benton, you don't have
a choice. The local police don't
have the resources to protect you.
Your only option is a Federal Witness
Protection Program.

ANNE

For how long?

PAULING

That's up to Carelli's lawyers.
It they're smart, and they are smart,
they can hold us up for months.

ANNE

How many months?

PAULING

Six, eight... plus appeals.
When it's over, we'll get you into
the FBI program that gives new
identities to witnesses against the
Mob. You'll be able to start a
whole new life. With a new name
and everything.

ANNE

I don't want a new name.

PAULING

Look, you'll have the best.

ANNE

The best of what?

PAULING leans back, disgusted.
WALKER motions him over for a conference.

WALKER
(under his breath)
Call her a Hostile Witness.
Get an order for Protective Custody.

PAULING
I hate to do that. It's a
lot of trouble.

WALKER
Yeah, but it's better than her
being DEAD.

ANNE scans the OUTER OFFICE thru the glass windows.

She sees a MAN in a business suit, with his back to her,
talking on the phone. The MAN turns and looks her in
the eye. It is LUPONI -- CARELLI'S LAWYER.

ANNE
Where's the bathroom, please?

INT. HALL - DAY

ANNE walks to the bathroom, followed by a UNIFORMED COP.
LUPONI watches her, talking excitedly into the phone.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

ANNE leans on the sink, trembling. A toilet FLUSHES.
A young black HOOKER comes out of a stall. She is
heavily made-up, street-whore flashy, wearing a trench
coat and a wig.

She pulls an afro from her purse and CHANGES WIGS.

ANNE
I'll buy that wig and change coats
with you for thirty dollars.
(the HOOKER eyes her sceptically)
Look, there's a guy out there who
I just don't want to deal with right now.

HOOKER
I been there. Forty dollars.

Anne digs in her purse, takes out her cash and counts.

ANNE
I've only got thirty-six.
I'll need a dollar for the bus.

HOOKER
Okay. You owe me five.

She takes the money. They exchange coats.
ANNE takes the wig, her hands shaking.

HOOKER
(exiting)
Good luck, honey.

INT. HALL - DAY

ANNE emerges from the bathroom. She walks past the OFFICER assigned to watch her. He is talking to another cop and doesn't notice her. She continues past LUPONI, thru the main room past WALKER'S OFFICE, and out the front door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

PINELLA sits in his car, smoking and reading the sports page. He sees a BLONDE WOMAN emerge from the Police Station and climb aboard a BUS.

PINELLA goes back to his paper.

INT. BUS - DAY

ANNE sits in a window near the back of the bus.

Out the window she sees various trendy shops and art galleries. The bus passes the MARGARET MASON GALLERY. A sign outside says, ANNE BENTON RETROSPECTIVE 78-88.

ANNE turns and cranes her neck to watch the Gallery until it DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT.

INT. BANK - DAY

ANNE stands at the counter, agitated.

TELLER

I'm sorry, Ms Benton, but I can't give you that much money without prior notice. It's almost three thirty. If you come back tomorrow --

ANNE

How much can you give me now?

TELLER

Well, let me see. I guess we could manage fifteen thou --

ANNE

Fine.

ANNE writes herself a check for \$15,000.

EXT. BANK, DOWNTOWN - DAY

ANNE flags down a CAB and climbs in.

INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

PAULING tears apart his Winchells Donut box.
WALKER is barking orders to the assembled COPS.
The OFFICER assigned to watch ANNE cowers by the door.

LUPONI has disappeared.

WALKER

I want a squad car outside her house.
I want you to check the bus stations,
the train station, the airport --

PAULING

I come two thousand miles to collect
a witness who can put away a major
Mafioso and you let her walk out of
here not once but FUCKING TWICE!

INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY

ANNE joins the line of people waiting to buy tickets on P.S.A. There are fifty people in front of her.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Final boarding call for Sun Air
flight 110 to El Centro --

Thru the glass doors, we see SEVERAL SQUAD CARS and UNMARKED CARS pull up outside.

POLICE OFFICERS enter and start showing ANNE's picture to the TICKET AGENTS.

ANNE has gone.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

ANNE runs towards a small prop-driven SUN-AIR COMMUTER PLANE.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY

The COPS scour the airport.

One COP bumps into a man in a business suit - PINELLA.

PINELLA
Oh, excuse me.

They hurry past each other.

Through the windows we see SUN-AIR flight 110 depart.

INT. EL CENTRO AIRPORT - DAY

ANNE studies the list of departing flights.

This is a tiny desert airport and there are only half a dozen flights a day.

INT. PLANE - DAY

ANNE looks out the window.

The plane is flying north up the California coast.
ANNE looks for something to distract her.
She finds the Airline PROMO MAGAZINE.
ANNE thumbs idly thru the pages.

She comes upon an article -- "ART SCENE: LOS ANGELES."

Anne can't help it--she starts to cry.
She puts on her sunglasses.

INT. MARGARET MASON'S GALLERY - DAY

In almost total darkness, a LONE FIGURE wearing SUNGLASSES
stands beside one of ANNE's art pieces - a SARCOPHAGUS.

MILO.

He moves into another room, where ANNE'S NEON SIGNS
play on the wall. He eyes them sceptically.
"Truisms" slide past.

SOLITUDE IS ENRICHING.

ENSURE THAT YOUR LIFE STAYS IN FLUX.

MONEY CREATES TASTE.

MARGARET, carrying the Announcement, approaches MILO.

MARGARET

They're good, aren't they?

(MILO does not reply)

Are you interested in prices?

MILO points at the PIECE in front of him.

MARGARET

The pieces start at twenty thousand
dollars. The larger ones are --

MILO

I want that one.

EXT. MARGARET MASON'S GALLERY - DAY

MILO emerges carrying the PIECE.
The electrical extension cord is wrapped around his LEG.

The DRIVER of a STRETCH LIMO approaches him. FRANKIE.

FRANKIE

Can I take that for you, Milo?

MILO

Be careful with it, Frankie.

FRANKIE takes it. The extension cord TIGHTENS
around MILO's leg.

INT. LIMO - DAY

MILO sits beside LINO AVOCA, a patrician Mafia don.

The LIMO pulls away.

AVOCA

I'm sorry, Milo. I hold no brief
for Rianetti. But this Carèlli
business... ach. We need to keep
our mad dogs on a shorter leash
in future. Can you find this girl?

MILO

Probably.

AVOCA pats MILO on the leg.

INT. LUPONI'S OFFICE, CENTURY CITY - DAY

PINELLA and GREEK sit fascinated by ANNE'S ART PIECE,
which is plugged into the wall.

MILO sits with CARELLI and LUPONI.
CARELLI clips a cigar, offers it to MILO.

CARELLI

You'll like these. Havanas.
THE BEST.

MILO
I don't smoke.

CARELLI
Greek.

GREEK eagerly takes the cigar. PINELLA is jealous.
MILO takes out his NOTEBOOK.

MILO
Would you bring me up to date?

LUPONI
The problem is she got away from the
cops. If they hadn't let her slip,
she'd be, how shall I put it...

CARELLI
Dead meat by now is what she'd
be!

(disgusted)
Those dumb cops.

MILO
I understand there was another
opportunity.

CARELLI glares at GREEK.

GREEK
(defensively)
We got her boyfriend.

A new TRUISM flashes across the SCREEN --

KILLING IS UNAVOIDABLE BUT
NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF.

PINELLA laughs and points at it.

MILO
Did Mr. Avoca speak to you
about my extending my franchise?

CARELLI
Done.

LUPONI
Can we anticipate any of
your expenses?

PINELLA
(points at ANNE'S ARTPIECE)
Yeah, how much did this thing cost?

MILO
(ignores him)
Each situation is different... unique.

GREEK
(to PINELLA)
Hey, it's an investment. When
the broad dies, the price'll go
through the roof.

CARELLI
(to MILO)
Anything. Anything you want.

MILO
All I want is information.
(opens his notebook)
How cold is the trail?

INT. WALKER'S CAR - DAY

WALKER drives. PAULING is in the front seat, fuming.
They are stuck in traffic on the FREEWAY.

PAULING
Thirty hours! Thirty fucking hours!

WALKER
I think we should get off the freeway.
Get some food.

PAULING
I hate Carelli, man. I HATE him!
I'm gonna BUST his fucking ass!

WALKER
Aren't you hungry? Have you ever
been to In And Out Burger?

PAULING
We're missing something.
Some way of tracing her.
There's something we haven't
thought of yet.

WALKER
Can't think on an empty stomach.

PAULING
How do we find her?

INT. MARINA DEL REY APARTMENT - DAY

A large empty space high up with a view of the Marina.

The door opens. LUPONI ushers MILO and CARELLI in. He hands MILO the keys. GREEK and PINELLI follow them in carrying bags of groceries.

CARELLI
You like it? Look, you got a view of the bay. You got an upstairs too.

LUPONI
Can you work here, Milo?

MILO stands in the middle of the room, staring at his notebook.

MILO
By noon tomorrow I'll need a list of her friends and relatives. Names, addresses, phone numbers. I need a phone company insider to find out if any of them have received long distance phone calls since she disappeared.

PINELLI and GREEK are in the kitchen, unloading lettuce and ground beef into the fridge. GREEK notices several large plastic bags.

GREEK
Hey! You got ASBESTOS in here!

PINELLA
Great place, Milo. You want to go out for a little dinner later? Me and Greek could bring some FINE GIRLS up here.

MILO (ignoring them)
Who's the heat in this?

LUPONI
Justice Department prosecutor
named Pauling.

PINELLA
(snickers)
Pauling's IN LOVE with Carelli.

Everyone laughs but MILO.

MILO
Good. Passion is hard to conceal.

INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PAULING prowls thru ANNE's house. TWO POLICEMEN slouch
against the door, waiting for him. The floor is still
STAINED WITH BOB'S BLOOD.

We TRACK with PAULING during his CURSORY SEARCH.
As PAULING leaves, the TRACK ends in the CUPBOARD
with MILO, watching, concealed.

The cat appears, rubs up against the cupboard.

MILO emerges and does his own - more intimate - search.

He reads her letters, smells her perfume,
fingers her clothes, and pockets her cosmetics.

He goes slowly thru her lingerie drawer.
He finds a small satin lingerie bag.
Hidden in the bag is ANNE'S PASSPORT.

He opens the PASSPORT, finds a POLAROID PHOTOGRAPH inside.
It is of ANNE - seductively attired in the contents of
her lingerie bag. MILO flips the photo over.
On the back it says,

BOB YOU FORGOT THIS - LOVE ANNE

He puts the photo down, pockets the passport.

He picks the photo up again, and looks at it.

EXT. SHOTS OF A CITY - DAY

Downtown buildings; railroad yard; busy street;
waterfront; houses by a river; NOTHING IDENTIFIABLE.

ANNE'S VOICE

I can't, Margaret. I just can't
tell you where I am. Will you go
to my house, please? And get
Freida. I can't talk to you now.
I'll call you later. Or else
I'll send you a message --

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

ANNE crosses the cemetery, walks among the graves looking at tombstones. She finds one that reads,

KATHERINE LOUISE MARKS

AUG 11 1963 -

APRIL 8 1964

She writes the name and birth date down, heads back across the cemetery towards the SEATTLE SKYLINE.

LUPONI 'S VOICE OVER

This'll interest you. Her friend Margaret Mason came to visit Anne yesterday. When the police told her what had happened, Mason asked if she could take care of the cat.

INT. MILO'S MARINA APARTMENT - DAY

Milo sits with the phone under his lone contribution to the apartment: a print of Hieronymus Bosch's "The Garden of Earthly Delights." The rest of the apartment is still bare--even the asbestos bags still sit untouched. Pinned up on one wall over a table are a series of index cards written on in a careful hand.

MILO (to phone)

Very convenient--for the cat.

INT. SEATTLE CITY HALL RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

Anne waits at the counter, drumming her fingers. A clerk hands her a birth certificate for "Katherine Louise Marks."

MILO'S VOICEOVER

What about her family?

LUPONI 'S VOICEOVER

None living, that we can find.
You guys have something in common.
That's handy, isn't it?

INT. MILO'S MARINA APARTMENT - NIGHT

More time has passed. More index cards, more computer printouts and computer screens. Still no furniture.

MILO
Maybe.

EXT. ADVERTISING AGENCY, SEATTLE - DAY

ANNE walks down a windy downtown street. She wears a career woman business suit and carries a small briefcase.

INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY - DAY

ANNE emerges from the elevator, passes the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
Good morning, Kate.

ANNE smiles and continues on.

LUPONI V/O
My client is beginning to get nervous, Mr Milo.

INT. MILO'S MARINA APARTMENT - DAY

MILO looks tired. He is talking to LUPONI on the phone.

MILO
I don't blame him. Mr Avoca would like this cleaned up, too. I'll get her. It may take a while, but I'll get her. The question is, can Carelli hold up?

LUPONI V/O
Well, he's a very volatile person, Mr Milo. The sooner you can clear this up, the better for us all.

MILO hangs up the phone.

MILO leans back, stretching. His eye is drawn to ANNE'S MACHINE. The message reads,

SOMETIMES SCIENCE ADVANCES
FASTER THAN IT SHOULD.

KNOCK KNOCK. There is a knock at the door.

MILO sees three photos of ANNE lying on the counter. He hides them under other papers, takes out his SILENCED ~~SNUB~~ NOSE 38.

MILO
Who is it?

HIGH-PITCHED DISGUISED VOICE
Telegram!

MILO edges towards the door. The chain is on. He opens it. No one is visible in the hall.

INT. HALL - DAY

MILO throws the door off the chain, leaps out into the hall - jamming his pistol against the head of --

AL PANSULLO.

AL is the same age as MILO, tanned, dressed country club, maybe too handsome. AL breaks up laughing.

AL
You're gonna shoot your only friend.
Go ahead. You'd be doing me a favor.

AL laughs as if he's joking, breezes past MILO into his apartment.

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - DAY

AL kicks the ASBESTOS BAGS.

AL
Nice place, Milo. You shoulda held out for some cardboard boxes on the beach.

MILO
There doesn't seem to be much here, Al. You want to go out?

AL
I know you wouldn't have anything. You never have anything. All you ever get are the Family's hand-me-downs. He grins and produces a pint of Chivas Regal in a brown paper bag.

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

MILO and AL sit in the window on two folding chairs, drinking AL's whisky.

AL
Fuckin' Avoca.

MILO
He's been very good to us.

AL
Speak for your fuckin' self. I did five years for that son of a bitch. Kept my mouth shut, too. You know what? He didn't even send a car to pick me up when I got out.

MILO
He's always been good to me.

AL looks around at MILO'S SPARTAN QUARTERS.

AL
Yeah, but you never been to jail. I tell you, Milo. They OWE me.
(MILO shakes his head,
puts it in his hands)
C'mon, Milo. The Family's got more money than it knows what to do with. Avoca's never gonna miss a little piece --

MILO

You're off the board, Al.
You don't fuck with the Family.
How much do you need?

AL

That's not the point, Milo.
It's not what I need,
it's what I WANT.

MILO

How much do you WANT?

AL

I want EVERYTHING. The BIG SCORE.
Here's to US! Masters of TIME
and SPACE!

MILO

Tell you what, Al. Take some of
my money. I got plenty.
Just got paid.

AL

I don't want YOUR money, Milo.
That's no fun, taking money
from your friends.

MILO

(standing up)
No, look. I'll turn my back
and you can pick my pocket.
Make you feel better.

AL roars with laughter, tries to get more liquor from
the bottle. It is empty.

AL

You know what? You know what we
should have done? We should have
gone to NEW ZEALAND like we said
we were gonna. We'd be BIG MEN
out there by now. Big time SHEEP
FARMERS. Governer of NEW SOUTH
WALES. Fuckin' Avoca.

MILO takes out a large wad of money, lays it on AL's knee.

MILO

Don't say "Fuck Avoca," man,
fuck you. Just take the money,
Al. Make me feel better.

AL smiles, makes a gesture of refusal,
takes the money anyway.

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MILO sits alone on the floor with his SAXOPHONE.

He fingers the keys, but does not blow enough to make
a sound.

He studies ANNE'S ART PIECE. It reads,

EVEN YOUR FAMILY CAN BETRAY YOU.

MILO pulls the plug out of its socket with his foot.

He turns to the BOSCH PAINTING on the wall,
continues fingering the sax.

No PG.
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INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - DAY

MILO has three computer screens displaying the same information as PAULING's. On his desk are three airline tickets--to SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, and HOUSTON.

Milo ignores his three computers.

He leafs thru the pages of Interview and various West Coast art magazines, occasionally looking up at Anne's ARTPIECE. Sees two ARTICLES titled "CONCEPTUAL ART" and "HAPPENINGS."

He pages idly thru a copy of Vogue, and suddenly comes upon a voyeuristic LIPSTICK AD. The slogan: PROTECT ME FROM WHAT I WANT.

He stares at this for a moment, then picks up the phone, as he fingers the plane tickets in front of him.

INT. PLANE - DAY

MILO sits in the First Class section.

He makes a checklist in his notebook.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT tries to offer him champagne. He waves her away.

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - SEATTLE - DAY

ANNE leaves for work. Bells hang from every doorknob and window. Wind chimes hang at odd heights in all the doorways.

ANNE V/O
(recording a taped letter
to MARGARET)
Life's not what I'm used to but
it's not so bad.

INT. ANNE'S HALLWAY - DAY

ANNE closes her apartment door. She tries to hang a matchstick on her doorknob. It falls off. She tries again. No luck. ANNE dusts the doorknob with her powder puff.

INT. TAXI - DAY

MILO sits in back, efficiently checking his PISTOL out of the TAXI DRIVER's sight line.

ANNE V/O

I just have to form new habits,
but they get just as automatic
as the old ones.

INT. SIGN FACTORY - DAY

ANNE sits in the glassed-in upper office, dictating. She is alone in the room.

ANNE

Well, Margaret, I guess that's all
I've got to say for now. Don't
worry about me. Everything's
going to be fine.

She clicks off the tape player.

ANNE'S POV -- below her, on the factory floor, two doors open. PAULING and a BUNCH OF PLAIN CLOTHES COPS enter.

PAULING starts questioning the FOREMAN.
The COPS spread out among the signs.

ANNE bolts out of the FIRE EXIT door.

EXT. SIGN FACTORY - DAY

ANNE jumps down off the fire escape and runs across a patch of waste ground where TRUCKS park and turn.

PAULING and the FOREMAN appear at the top of the fire escape. PAULING shouts something ANNE can't hear.

ANNE ducks among the TRUCKS.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

ANNE runs across the miniature golf lanes adjacent to the factory. She turns and sees the POLICE following. They haven't spotted her yet. ANNE ducks into the --

INT. GINGERBREAD HOUSE - DAY

Anne gropes her way into the dark house, trying to get as far out of sight as possible.

EXT. GINGERBREAD HOUSE - DAY

POLICE directed by PAULING search the area. They RUN BY the gingerbread house.

INT. GINGERBREAD HOUSE - DAY

Anne sags with relief, and LIGHTS A CIGARETTE as she moves back to lean against a WALL.

She leans into MILO who stands behind, waiting for her.

She looks quickly over her shoulder, and in the light of her match, sees his face INCHES from her own.

Milo catches her by the waist. And in that moment, he LOOKS DOWN AT HER.

She elbows him in the stomach, jams her heel down on his instep, and then she's GONE.

Milo curses silently, and goes to the door, looking out on the police scouring the area fruitlessly.

No sign of Anne.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Pauling curses, not so silently.

POLICEMAN
We'll get her at the airport,
or at the bus station...

Pauling gives a CRY OF RAGE.

EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

The TRAIN screams by, heading south.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

Anne slumps tiredly in her seat.

The blue Pacific flashes by on her right.
On her left are the MISSILE SILOS of Vandenberg AFB.

INT. LUPONI 'S OFFICE - DAY

CARELLI is furious. MILO is impassive.
LUPONI attempts to mediate.

CARELLI

It's fine for you to say you're sorry.
I'm the one whose fuckin' ASS is on
the line!

MILO

I'm not saying I'm sorry.

LUPONI

These things happen. We're not
blaming you.

CARELLI

Speak for your fucking self.

MILO

This woman's smart. She's lucky too.
I'll get her, but it'll take time.
Every time we stir her up she gets
smarter. You're just going to
have to calm down.

CARELLI

You don't tell me what to do.
I TELL YOU --

LUPONI 'S SECRETARY appears nervously in the doorway.

SECRETARY

Mr Avoca's on the telephone.

CARELLI

I'll take it in here.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr Carelli. He only
wants to talk to Mr Milo.

INT. AVOCA'S MANSION - DAY

AVOCA sits in a huge neo-classic library, surrounded by ROMAN BUSTS that look like him.

He talks to MILO on the speaker phone.

AVOCA

Hello, Milo. How's it coming?
How's our friend Carelli holding up?

MILO'S VOICE

(phone)

Like a blowtorch in a dynamite factory.

AVOCA allows himself a thin smile.

AVOCA

He was always like that. Even as
a child. So restless. Not like
you at all. You were always
strong. Always reliable,
So even tempered...

AVOCA drifts away. We hear MILO clear his throat.

MILO'S VOICE

Is that all, Mr Avoca?

AVOCA

Your friend Pansullo - Al Pansullo.
He is no longer with us. He went...
for business reasons. You understand.
I wanted to let you know personally.
I knew you were close.

MILO'S VOICE

Thank you... Lino.

AVOCA

Not at all. Good luck, Milo.

The phone goes dead.

AVOCA sits staring out the window at the grounds.

AVOCA (TO FRANKIE)

Time to have the hedges trimmed.

INT. LUPONI'S OFFICE - DAY

LUPONI shows MILO to the door.
CARELLI is in the inner office, shouting at GREEK.

LUPONI
Anything else that I can do for you?

MILO
What? No. Oh, yes --
Keep an eye on Margaret Mason.
Phone calls, letters, visitors,
everything.

LUPONI
Will do. Is everything okay?

MILO
Fine.

LUPONI
Maybe we should have dinner.
Get together one night,
some time soon --

MILO
Yeah. That would be nice.

MILO leaves.

EXT. AMTRAK STATION, LAMY, NEW MEXICO - DAY

A DUST STORM blows thru the deserted depot as the Amtrak
Southwestern Chief pulls in.

A handful of PASSENGERS get off and are met by friends.

ANNE disembarks just as the train starts pulling out.

She emerges from the empty depot building as the
LAST TAXI drives away.

She sits down. Dust blows around her. LONELY WIND.

An old Ford PICKUP TRUCK pulls up. A figure in a
cowboy hat within. A WOMAN, wearing lots of silver
bracelets. MARTHA.

MARTHA
What happened to your shoes?

ANNE looks down. Her shoes are a mess from the chase. One of her heels is hanging off.

ANNE
I've been traveling.

MARTHA
Well, you're not going to travel very far in those.
(smiles)
You want a ride?

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

MARTHA drives. ANNE sits beside her.

MARTHA
Where you from - Los Angeles?

ANNE does not reply. She is starting to shake.

MARTHA
Where you going?

ANNE starts to cry.

MARTHA looks over, concerned. She reaches out to put an arm around her - ignoring the road -

THE BLAST OF A TRUCK'S AIR HORNS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

MARTHA has veered into the oncoming lane.

A HUGE SEMI-TRUCK swerves onto the shoulder to avoid them.

The two vehicles narrowly miss.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Both of them look back at the DISAPPEARING TRUCK.
The danger is already over.

MARTHA

Gotta remember to watch the road.
Our troubles were almost over.

EXT. SANTUARIO DE CHIMAYO - DAY

The PICKUP is parked outside an old adobe church.

INT. SANTUARIO DE CHIMAYO - DAY

MARTHA leads ANNE past the altar into the Pilgrims' Room. The Pilgrims' Room is filled with the discarded crutches, canes and artificial limbs of PILGRIMS.

ANNE follows MARTHA to the corner of a small room. A hole in the floor there contains LOOSE RED EARTH.

MARTHA

It's a healing well. The soil here is the richest deposit of lithium in the world.

(grins)

Calms you down, you know?

Anne watches as Martha scoops a handful into a small leather pouch. Anne scoops a bit of the dirt up in her hand, lets it fall through her fingers. It leaves behind a SMALL POTTERY SHARD. She and Martha look at it for a moment in silence. Then at each other.

MARTHA

Look. You need a place to stay?

INT. EL CORTEZ THEATER - DAY

MARTHA shows ANNE around the half-restored El Cortez Theater. A kitchen and reception area leads into a wood-floored theater and stage. The theater is full of old movie projectors, crated trees of life from Mexico, and art pieces - including one of ANNE's.

The art piece reads,

THE FAMILY IS LIVING ON BORROWED TIME.

MARTHA

This place belongs to a loony art collector from El Paso. He never comes up here. Just sends his stuff up from time to time. I'm supposed to house sit all this.

(staring at ANNE'S PIECE)

Can you believe that? You know how much that guy must get for those? What a racket.

ANNE

And it's okay for me to stay here?

MARTHA

You'd be doing me a favor.

Water the plants, pick up the mail.

I'll be back in a few weeks.

Got to get out of the CITY for a while.

EXT. EL CORTEZ THEATER - DUSK

MARTHA climbs into her truck and drives away.

The streets of Ranchos de Taos are deserted.

ANNE watches from the doorway until MARTHA's truck is out of sight. It is the only car on the road.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, EL CORTEZ THEATER - NIGHT

ANNE climbs the stairs to the unfinished bedroom, carrying a cup of tea. The TOP STEP moves beneath her foot. The step is loose. She reaches down and lifts it. There is a narrow, closet-sized space beneath.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - LATER

ANNE lies on the sofa bed. The walls are unplastered adobe. The colors of the San Berdoo IRON DUKES hang on the wall. ANNE speaks into her TAPE RECORDER.

ANNE

Hi, Margaret. It's me, I guess...

INT. CHUCK ARNOLDI'S STUDIO, VENICE - DAY

ARNOLDI is working with a CHAINSAW on his latest piece of ART. MILO stands beside him. MILO is smartly dressed as always, but seems tense and tired.

ARNOLDI

I haven't seen Anne Benton in a long time. Our forms aren't simpatico. Who did you say you're working for?

MILO

Bank of America. I need a hundred pieces, For lobbies up and down the state. I'd really like to talk to Anne. My people like her work.

ARNOLDI

For banks, Anne's stuff is no good. Too distracting. Too literal. Gets in the way of business as usual. You need something NON-THREATENING. ABSTRACT.

(carves wood with CHAINSAW)
I do work in wood, and now I'm working in aluminum. My friend Laddie Dill works in concrete.

MILO

I used to work in concrete. Shoes. We don't work in concrete anymore. We work in aluminum, too. Aluminum cylinders. Put the body right inside and shoot 'em out of submarines in Lake Erie. It's more than CONCEPTUAL. It's like it's HAPPENING. You know what I mean?

ARNOLDI's chainsaw sputters. MILO marches out.

EXT. CHUCK ARNOLDI'S STUDIO, VENICE - DAY

MILO emerges, furious. His black BMW has got a ticket. He sees PINELLA parked across the street in a Dodge K Car.

MILO storms over to PINELLA. PINELLA looks the other way, pretending he's not there.

MILO

If I see you again, you're dead.

He turns away, turns back again, and shoves the TICKET
in PINELLA's face.

MILO
And pay this.

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT, MARINA DEL REY - NIGHT

MILO paces up and down, like a caged animal.

He cannot rest or relax.

He sits down and fingers his SAXOPHONE.
He looks at the sax in fierce disgust.

EXT. MILO'S APARTMENT, MARINA DEL REY - NIGHT

The SAXOPHONE crashes thru MILO's window.

It falls many storeys to the ground.

EXT. EL CORTEZ THEATER - DAY

Snow on the ground. The last snow of the year.

ANNE emerges from the Theater. Across the street a TANKER TRUCK is parked with its motor running.

The TRUCK bears the words FLAMMABLE / AVOCA OIL & GAS and the Avoca insignia. The Avoca insignia resembles the mailed fist logo of the Iron Dukes.

ANNE crosses the street lighting a cigarette. She carries an envelope. The TRUCKER'S GIRLFRIEND, standing beside the truck, points to the sign saying FLAMMABLE.

ANNE backs up. She offers the TRUCKER'S GIRLFRIEND a cigarette. They both smoke.

ANNE

Doesn't it scare you, driving in that thing?

GIRLFRIEND

No, I like it actually. We make good time. Never get stopped. Everyone gets out of our way. We'll be in Canada in two days.

ANNE

Would you do me a favor?
(holding out envelope)
Mail this for me when you get to Canada? It's for my ex-husband. I don't want him to know where I am.

GIRLFRIEND

(taking the envelope)
Sure!

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

The TRUCKER hits his horn. GIRLFRIEND jumps in and slams the door. ANNE is walking up the road outside.

TRUCKER

(putting truck into gear)
What's that?

GIRLFRIEND
I told that chick I'd
mail it in Canada.

TRUCKER knocks truck out of gear and grabs ANNE's envelope.
We see it is addressed to MARGARET MASON.

TRUCKER
Huh. We're going to mail this
in Canada, eh? With American
stamps?

EXT. RANCHOS DE TAOS HIGHWAY - DAY

We TRACK with ANNE, walking into town.

Behind her, we see the TRUCKER get out from his cab and
MAIL ANNE'S ENVELOPE at the Post Office.

He gets back in and takes off.

The TRUCKER and his GIRLFRIEND honk and wave cheerfully
at ANNE as they pass.

ANNE'S VOICE
(her letter to MARGARET)
This time I actually believe I'm safe.
No one knows where I am. Eventually
all this will be forgotten and I'll
be forgotten too.

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - DUSK

A desolate SANTA ANA WIND whistles thru the broken glass
of MILO's window.

MILO studies ANNE'S ENVELOPE, listens to her tape.

ANNE'S VOICE
(from taped letter)
The worst thing is that you have to
forget me too. And so does everybody
else that's known me. I can't go back
and I can't stop being scared by what's
ahead.

MILO consults the ZIP CODE DIRECTORY.
The zip code on her Envelope is "RANCHOS DE TAOS."

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

MILO's BMW streaks across the desert, heading east.

ANNE'S VOICE

(from letter)

I miss you very much, and this is probably the last you'll ever hear from me.

MILO's car flashes past a lipstick billboard saying,

PROTECT ME FROM WHAT I WANT.

EXT. CARELLI'S MANSION, MALIBU - DUSK

All kinds of Cadillacs, Mercedes and Porsches in the drive.

INT. CARELLI'S MANSION - DUSK

CARELLI is with his usual coterie.

MRS CARELLI marches thru the living room.

MRS CARELLI

Leo, remember. No red wine on my white sofas. Tell the boys.

CARELLI and LUPONI study a photocopy of ANNE'S ENVELOPE. PINELLA peers over their shoulders.

GREEK

(holding the phone)

No one's seen Milo since yesterday. His car's gone, too.

CARELLI

(snarling at Pinella)

I told YOU to keep an eye on him. Where do we think he is ?

LUPONI

New Mexico.

CARELLI

The shit. This man is not a team player. If he fucks up again --

PINELLA

Hey, boss --

CARELLI

What's with this "Hey BOSS" shit?
Did I tell you to call me that?
This place might be BUGGED!
How would you like it if I call
you "BOSS" all the time?

PINELLA

Let me go after her, b --
I won't fuck up. I'm a TEAM
PLAYER.

GREEK leaves immediately, laughing into his hand.
CARELLI looks at PINELLA, then embraces him.

EXT. RIO GRANDE BRIDGE - DAY

ANNE walks across the suspension bridge.

A MAN is standing on the bridge, staring into the Rio Grande canyon. He wears a hat and his collar is turned up.

ANNE crosses to the far side of the bridge to pass him.

The man turns and looks after her. It is MILO.

EXT. D.H. LAWRENCE'S TOMB - DAY

MILO stands half way up the hill watching ANNE at Lawrence's Tomb.

ANNE is seated beside the Tomb, hugging her knees against her chest. A WIND blows clouds of an impending storm across the sky.

MILO reaches for binoculars.

There is a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder.

MILO looks up. ANNE has disappeared.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

ANNE, soaking wet, shelters in a small room filled with D.H. Lawrence's paintings. She ignores the pictures.

It is raining outside.

ANNE is very nervous, but does not know why.

EXT. PLAZA, TAOS - SUNSET

The storm has stopped.

ANNE emerges, looks around. She crosses the square, nods to the SHERIFF in his cruising police car.

Looks around again. Sees nobody.
ANNE enters a BAR.

EXT. PLAZA - DUSK

MILO appears from behind a tree.

He watches ANNE, seated at a table on the upstairs balcony. Ordering a single glass of wine.

EXT. UPSTAIRS BALCONY - DUSK

ANNE looks down into the Plaza.

HER P.O.V. - MILO'S LEGS retreating, so that MILO's face is hidden from her view by LEAVES --

All she sees are his shoes.

Another pair of shoes appear beside them.

EXT. PLAZA - DUSK

PINELLA stands just behind MILO.
He grabs MILO's arm.

MILO swings around and grabs PINELLA by the throat --

PINELLA gags and chokes.

The SHERIFF cruises past.

MILO drags PINELLA into an ALLEY.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

MILO throws PINELLA up against a dumpster.

MILO

What are you doing here?

PINELLA

What are YOU doing here?
That wasn't very smart you taking
off without a word to any of us --

MILO

Pinella, how did you get here?
Tell me you didn't fly to
Albuquerque and then rent a car.
Tell me you didn't do that.

PINELLA

What did you expect me to do?
Walk?

MILO lets PINELLA go.

MILO

Now the police know we're here.
And that means they know Anne
Benton's here. You dumb asshole.

PINELLA

I'm not DUMB. You're a SICKO.
I been watching you SPYING ON HER.
You're supposed to kill her and
you're just WATCHING. What
are you, some kind of PERVERT?

MILO looks sad and starts playing with his ring.

MILO

Oh, Pinella...

PINELLA

What?

MILO

Did I ever show you my lucky gun?
The one I use on all my hits...

PINELLA

No, Milo... I never have.

MILO

Well this is it.

He puts his gun up to PINELLA's head and pulls the trigger.

His gun is silenced. No one hears.

PINELLA falls among the garbage.

MILO pumps two more silent shots into PINELLA.

MILO

Shit.

EXT. RANCHOS DE TAOS CHURCH - NIGHT

MILO pulls up in front of the church.
He parks the BMW beside a black CHEROKEE JEEP.

MILO locks the BMW and unlocks the CHEROKEE.
He gets in and starts to leave the parking lot --

INT. CHEROKEE -- NIGHT

MILO slams his brakes on. In the dirt alley ahead
of him a GROUP OF INDIANS is marching past,
half dancing, carrying a BURNING STRAW MAN.

EXT. EL CORTEZ THEATER - NIGHT

MILO's Cherokee pulls off the road and
circles round behind the Theater.

EXT. EL CORTEZ THEATER BALCONY - NIGHT

MILO stands on the balcony beside the Theater sign.
He looks thru the window into ANNE's half-finished BEDROOM.

ANNE is undressing for bed.

The INDIANS pass behind MILO,
carrying their BURNING MAN.

INT. EL CORTEZ THEATER - NIGHT

ANNE is seen thru the glass of the old projection booth.
Moving around in her room.

MILO watches from the darkness at the side of the
stage.

ANNE's light goes out. MILO moves slowly thru
the moonlit theater. He bumps into the boxed Mexican
Tree of Life. The huge tree almost falls.
MILO holds onto it and steadies it.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Police cars with flashing lights surround PINELLA'S BODY.

The SHERIFF kneels beside it.

PAULING stands behind the SHERIFF, holding ANNE's picture.

SHERIFF
(rising)
Haven't had a serious murder here in
seven years. Eight years.

PAULING
You're going to have another one
unless we move fast.
(showing the SHERIFF Anne's picture)
Do you know this woman?

SHERIFF
Yes, I do.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, EL CORTEZ THEATER - NIGHT

MILO pulls a scarf down from a hanger. ANNE is sleeping.

He puts a hand over ANNE's mouth, and wraps the scarf
around her neck, pulling it taut.

ANNE stares at him, terrified.

MILO
You know what I'm here to do?

He lowers his face, closer to hers. She nods.

MILO

I know everything about you.
You know nothing about me.
All you need to know is that
I'm giving you a choice.
Either I finish you now, or
I let you live. But if I
let you live, your life is mine.
You will belong to me. You go
against me in any way, I'll
finish you.

ANNE says nothing. He shakes her.

MILO

It's your choice. Make it.

ANNE (whispering)

I want to live.

MILO

You understand?

ANNE

Yes.

Red and blue lights flicker across the room.
MILO turns to face the window.

FOUR SHERIFF'S CARS are pulling up outside.

INT. EL CORTEZ THEATER DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

The front door flies open. PAULING and the SHERIFF'S
MEN pile in with flashlights and shotguns.

They stampede thru the Theater, turning on the lights.

PAULING rushes upstairs to --

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANNE and MILO are gone.

ANNE'S SCARF lies on the bed.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

PAULING rushes down the stairs again.

The top step is loose.

PAULING ignores it, shouting orders to the SHERIFF'S MEN.

INT. BELOW THE STAIRS - NIGHT

ANNE and MILO are pressed together in the narrow space.
MILO's hand is clamped over ANNE's mouth.
His GUN is in his other hand.

We hear the COPS moving to and fro above them.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The COPS have searched everywhere.

They have overturned the Trees of Life and broken them.

Now they are filing out, talking on radios outside.
PAULING is the last to leave. He stares at ANNE's
art piece, which declares:

GO ALL OUT IN ROMANCE AND
LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

INT. BELOW THE STAIRS - DAWN

Birds begin to sing outside.

ANNE has fallen asleep in MILO's arms.

There are no sounds in the building.

MILO
Get some clothes.
It's time to go.

EXT. THEATER - DAWN

MILO and ANNE exit via the back door. No one is around.
MILO has trouble starting the Cherokee.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

MILO heads south out of town. ANNE hunches against the door, as far away from him as possible.

A mile ahead of them, POLICE VEHICLES block the road.

EXT. HIGHTWAY - DAY

A POLICE ROADBLOCK. All traffic is being stopped and searched.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

MILO pulls off the highway onto a dirt road.

ANNE
Where are we going?

MILO does not reply.

EXT. RIO GRANDE CANYON - DAY

PULL BACK as the Cherokee disappears down a dirt road.

INT. CARELLI'S MANSION - DAY

LUPONI enters. CARELLI is apoplectic, shouting at the phone.

CARELLI
Who killed him? Where?
And WHERE THE FUCK IS MILO?

LUPONI runs across the room and slams the phone down --

INT. VAN - DAY

The FEDS sit among surveillance material. They look at each other.

The TAPE RECORDERS roll.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, TAOS - DAY

PAULING uses the local SHERIFF's phone.

Much excitement. Thru the window we see the SHERIFF giving a press conference to a local TV NEWS CREW.

PAULING
(into phone)
Who is Milo?

EXT. EL RITO - DAY

The Cherokee pulls up in a small New Mexico town.

MILO goes around to the passenger side and opens ANNE's door.

ANNE does not get out.
She stares at MILO.

He extends a hand to help her.

She ignores it and gets out on her own.

INT. COFFEE SHOP, EL RITO - DAY

MILO and ANNE sit at a corner table.
MILO waves the MENUS aside.

MILO

The lady will have half
a grapefruit, dry wholewheat toast,
a glass of orange juice and a cup
of mint tea.

WAITRESS
We don't have any mint tea.

MILO
Black tea with honey, then.

MILO leans back and looks at ANNE.

MILO
Your fallback position.

ANNE stares at MILO. MILO grabs the WAITRESS
as she walks away --

MILO
Hey, hey. I'LL have two
hamburger patties, rare, a green
salad and a cup of black coffee.
(turns back to ANNE,
counts on his fingers)
You love Mexican food, you've had
six old Mustangs in the last eight
years, your favorite movie is LAST YEAR
AT MARIENBAD.. You send tapes instead of
letters, and you're allergic to Certain
cosmetics, especially men's cologne.

He takes a sip of his coffee and looks at her.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

They bounce along another dirt back road.

ANNE hesitates, scared to talk, but unable to
keep quiet any longer.

ANNE
Can I ask you a question?
Is this a kidnapping or what?

MILO
You can call it that.

ANNE
What do YOU call it?

MILO does not reply. They drive on in silence.

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

MILO hurtles thru a STOP sign without slowing down.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

ANNE is more nervous, agitated.

ANNE

Why didn't you just kill me like
you killed Bob?

MILO

I didn't kill Bob. I came on
after that.

ANNE
But you would have killed
him, wouldn't you?

MILO
No. I would have killed YOU.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Cherokee parked outside a motel cabin.
Signs of construction all around.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dominated by a LARGE BED.
ANNE leans against the far wall, smoking a cigarette.
MILO sits on the bed, removing his watch and cuff links.

MILO
You know, you smoke too much,
Anne. It's bad for you.

ANNE stares at him, smokes faster.

MILO
Don't look at me like that.
Come here for a minute.
(pats the bed)
Come here.

ANNE doesn't move.

MILO
Why don't you get comfortable?

He produces ANNE'S LINGERIE BAG.
He pulls ANNE'S NIGHTGOWN from it.

MILO
Put your nightgown on.

ANNE stares at her nightgown, her eyes widening.

MILO

Want a Coke or something from
the machine? We could drink a Diet
Coke together. Want to do that?

ANNE gives him a look of horror,
disappears into the bathroom.

MILO stands up, goes to the bathroom door to say
something, changes his mind, sits down again.
He picks up his aftershave, looks at it.
Tosses it in the trash.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

ANNE tries to find a way out of the bathroom.
The only window is set high in the wall and BARRED.

She sits on the toilet seat, pressing her fists to
her forehead. She pulls on the NIGHTGOWN.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

ANNE emerges from the bathroom.

MILO takes his jacket off, hangs it on a chair.
His GUN hangs in a shoulder holster.

MILO turns towards her as she enters.
ANNE sees the gun and freezes.

MILO takes her by the hand and leads her to the bed.

MILO

I always thought you were
pretty, but I never realized
how beautiful you were.

MILO sits ANNE down beside him on the bed.

MILO

I want to tell you something...

Unconsciously, MILO removes his GUN and puts it on
the bedside table. He removes his shirt.

ANNE stares at the GUN on the table.

MILO

There's something going on here
that I don't really understand...
but I like it....I don't know....
Shit....You know what I mean?
Yeah. I know you know what I
mean.

ANNE stares at the GUN.

MILO leans back against the headboard of the bed,
pulling her gently back with him.
ANNE lies there, rigid, silent.

MILO

I'm just not good at talking.
(he looks down at her)
God, look at you...

He starts to kiss her neck.
His hands rub her body reverently.

He starts to make love to her.

ANNE lies there, staring at the GUN.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

MILO sits on the edge of the bed with his shirt unbuttoned.

ANNE moves, as far away from him as possible, gathering
up her things.

MILO puts his shoulder holster on, watches her.

MILO

You want to get some breakfast?

ANNE violently stuffs her NIGHTGOWN in the LINGERIE BAG.

ANNE

No.

Her movements become more and more angry.

MILO

You should eat.

ANNE
(gritting her teeth)
I'm not hungry.

She TURNS HER BACK on him.
MILO watches her for a moment, then STANDS.

MILO
We'll eat later.
On the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEW MEXICO - DAY

The CHEROKEE hurtles past a stand of prickly scrub bushes.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

ANNE sits, stony, against the window.
MILO throws her one sidelong look.

MILO
You better cheer up. I don't
think you understand the
situation. All the rules have
changed --
(snaps his fingers)
-- like THAT! The sun is blue
now, the moon is red, the sky is
green, and the sea is pink. We're
in another world. If you're thinking
of escaping, you're thinking of
DYING. You made a choice. It
was the only choice you had, but
you MADE IT.

ANNE can't stand this any longer. She BLURTS --

ANNE
Not only are you a MURDERER and
a RAPIST, but you are a POMPOUS ASSHOLE.

MILO
A RAPIST? I...I...I...
I am not a rapist!

He turns on her threateningly.
ANNE SHRINKS BACK.

MILO

Ah. You're afraid of me.
I don't blame you. In fact, I'd
get a lot worse from you if you
weren't. You SHOULD be afraid
of me.

ANNE flares up again.

ANNE

AFRAID of you? Afraid of a guy
who's so hard up he's got to
KIDNAP someone to have SEX with
him?

MILO TURNS on her.

ANNE

(screams)
Don't touch me!

MILO turns back to the road.
ANNE watches him warily.

MILO

(muttering)
Oh, Christ. I don't know...
I haven't even had a date in
twenty years. I've had sex, but...
(pause; louder)
I've done this all wrong.

They drive on in silence.
MILO looks over at her, hesitates.

MILO

Look, maybe I'm not so hot
at feelings, you know?

He looks back at the road. He takes a DEEP BREATH.

MILO

Maybe you could...you know...
teach me.
(pause)
Think you could do that?

ANNE looks at him. She slumps in her seat, thinking.

INT. AVOCA'S MANSION - DAY

CARELLI, LUPONI and GREEK stand nervously in AVOCA's study. AVOCA sits before them in a leather armchair, passing judgement.

AVOCA

You are slow learners, gentlemen.
Either you sort this out quickly,
or you are no longer welcome in
my house.

LUPONI and GREEK attempt to leave.
CARELLI leans in closer to AVOCA.

CARELLI

Lino, I am afraid that
this situation is more complicated.
Our friend Mr. Milo has left
the Family circle. And he has
taken Anne Benton with him.

AVOCA sits impassively, digesting this.
He waves the others away.

FRANKIE ushers the three of them out.

AVOCA sits alone.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

PAULING sits poring over a FILE on MILO.
The file contains MILO's photograph, but no fingerprints.

SHERIFF

He must have taken her with him.

PAULING

That's impossible. This
guy's a professional. We
don't even have his prints.
Professional hit men don't run
off with their victims.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

MILO drives.

MILO

Like it or not, Anne, you and I are tied to each other.

ANNE

My mother didn't raise me to sleep with a murderer.

MILO

My mother didn't raise me to BE a murderer. I don't think you realise what I've done for you. I can't go back now. They're looking for me as hard as they are looking for you. Probably harder. You understand? They want to kill us both.

As MILO continues, intent on what he's saying, ANNE's eyes wander to the GAS GAUGE. They are RUNNING ON EMPTY.

ANNE

Milo.

MILO

You got to face some HARD REALITIES here. That's what you artists don't have, is a sense of HARD REALITY. You know what I'm saying?

ANNE

Milo.

MILO

You live in a dream world. An ivory tower.
(they pass a GAS STATION)
Me, I'm from the streets. You want to learn about reality,
You don't sit in a fuckin' Eames chair. You get out. Pound the pavement.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DAY

MILO and ANNE walk back along the highway.

MILO carries TWO GAS CANS.

MILO

You really ought to listen to
me when I'm talking.

MILO keeps on trudging.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The gas station is closed. The pumps are padlocked.
ANNE's expression clearly says, I told you so.
MILO starts to pick the lock on one of the pumps.

MILO gets the lock open and starts filling his CANS.
He is not adept at this and spills gas all over his shoes.
He swears and hops around.

MILO

You got a tissue or something?
We should have brought that
fucking scarf.

No answer. MILO looks around. ANNE is gone.

Adjacent to the GAS STATION is a --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

No one is around.

MILO cautiously makes his way thru the piles of lumber,
looking for ANNE.

He pauses and looks up in time to see --

A STACK OF 2X4S FALLING, about to crush him --

MILO leaps back.

ANNE appears above him, looking down.
They glare at each other for a moment.

MILO

Well, I guess I owed you that one. C'mon, let's go.

ANNE looks around. She sees no people and no cars for miles. She starts climbing down the LUMBER PILE.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER

ANNE and MILO are visible a long way down the road.

A WATCHMAN steps out of a PREFAB OFFICE, staring after them.

EXT. POSADA - NIGHT

A discreet adobe lodge. The Cherokee is parked adjacent to an adobe cabin. SMOKE rises from the chimney.

INT. POSADA - NIGHT

ANNE and MILO sit on either side of a big bed. A WOOD FIRE burns in the grate.

Laid out on the bed are a lace and satin MERRY WIDOW, matching PANTIES and black seamed SILK STOCKINGS -- the contents of ANNE's lingerie bag.

ANNE stares at the LINGERIE, aghast.

ANNE

I can't believe you brought this. You went thru all my drawers?

MILO

I bet you look nice in it.

ANNE

Is that what this is all about? You want me to put this on for YOU?

MILO

(stung)
Why not? I thought it would be fun. You did it for that jerk Bob, I bet.

ANNE

That was different.
I was in love with Bob.

MILO

You were NOT. You saw him
once or twice a week, when you
could pencil each other in.
That's not love, honey.

ANNE

You don't know what love is!

MILO

No! I know. YOU don't know.
You've never done anything for
anyone. I gave up my career for
you. I gave up my LIFE!

MILO stands up and turns around, grabbing at his head.
He turns back around.

MILO

Now you're going to do something
for ME. Put that shit on!

ANNE looks at him narrowly, seething.

ANNE

Oh. Fine. Big man with a gun.

She snatches up the lingerie, heads for the bathroom.

MILO

Not in there. Here.
Go on.

ANNE

Oh, you...
(furiously starts to change)
This is what you want, huh?
Fine. I can do that.
Want a hooker? Want a Playboy
Centerfold? A vulgar little tart?

MILO

(taking off his shirt)
That would be nice.
(directing her)
Slower.

ANNE makes a big deal of slowing down.
ANNE stands with her hands on her hips,
in an exaggerated sexy pose.

ANNE
(teeth clenched)
You want to know a little secret
about men, Milo? They have no
imagination.

She walks provocatively over to him.
MILO sits on the bed, pulling off his shoes.

She puts her foot on his shoulder, rubs her
silky instep on his neck.

ANNE is in a RAGE.

ANNE
(purring)
YOU have no imagination, Milo.

MILO pulls her down onto the bed.

MILO
I DO have an imagination.
I can think of lots of things.
In fact, I'm thinking of a few
of them right now.

ANNE
(seductively)
Oh, that's right, Milo. Like last
night. Right on top of me.
Came in two minutes.
(kissing his chest)
That was QUITE imaginative.

MILO groans. ANNE continues to exaggerately work on him.

ANNE
(silky)
Are you REALLY into this, Milo?
Yes, I guess you are. Well...
don't you think it would be
exciting if I tied you up?
You should give me the gun.

MILO
(weakly)
Maybe when we know each other
better...

ANNE
Chicken...

MILO hungrily kisses her neck and breasts--
ANNE PULLS BACK, holds him for a moment at arm's length.

ANNE
(provocatively)
You said slower.

And slowly, sensuously, they come together.

INT. POSADA - EARLY MORNING

The bed is empty.

ANNE is asleep wrapped in blankets beside the embers
of the fire. MILO is nowhere to be seen.

ANNE wakes and looks groggily around.

She remembers where she is, and lies back thinking.
Then she sees --

a LIGHT SUMMER DRESS hanging in the window.
A pair of SPRING SHOES sits beneath.

She gets up and fingers the thin dress.

The door opens. MILO enters with the sports page, which
he quickly puts behind his back.

ANNE
This is no good. It's cold.

As MILO watches, she goes to his bag and pulls out a
LUMBERJACK SHIRT. She puts it on.

ANNE
We've got to get me some jeans.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

MILO drives. ANNE weard the lumberjack shirt and jeans.

A Mulligan tape plays on the cassette player.

ANNE

Milo.

MILO does not reply.

ANNE reaches out and touches MILO's arm.

ANNE

Milo. What's it like?

MILO

What's what like?

ANNE

You know. What's it like to be a hit man?

MILO

(uncomfortably)

It's just a job. I don't think about it much.

ANNE

Well...what does it FEEL LIKE, doing a hit?

MILO

It doesn't feel like anything. You're too busy making sure everything goes okay.

ANNE

You don't feel ANYTHING?

MILO

Well, let me put it this way. I don't go out and have a BIG MEAL afterwards.

EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - DAY

The Cherokee flashes down the road towards the mountains.

A SMALL PLANE circles overhead.

It drops lower for a CLOSER LOOK.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MILO tucks into a combination plate.
ANNE picks at her tostada.

ANNE

Milo, stop eating for a minute.
Listen to me. If we're going
to go on like...like THIS,
we're going to have to do
something about BIRTH CONTROL.

MILO

Why?

ANNE

It's obvious. You can't be
on the run with a pregnant woman.
Throwing up every morning, having
medical problems. It's not practical --

MILO

What's the matter?
Don't you like kids?

ANNE

That's not the point.

MILO

I like kids.
I'd like to have kids.

ANNE does not reply.

She tries to eat her food but has no taste for it.

She puts down her fork.

ANNE

(very calmly)
You can't go on thinking I'll
do anything you want.
It isn't right. It isn't fair.
This is my life, not yours.

MILO

No. This isn't your life.
(he eats some more food)
It isn't my life either.
(drinks some coffee)
This is OUR life.
(muses)
I wonder if the kid'd look more like
you or me. I hope like you.

ANNE doesn't quite know how to answer.

BEHIND her the front door starts to open.--

MILO

Get under the table.

ANNE looks at him. She does not move.

MILO pushes her head down, reaching for his gun.

The FRONT DOOR flies open.

A MAN IN A LEATHER JACKET enters,
pulling a SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN from his coat.

MILO rises, aims his pistol, shoots the MAN.

PEOPLE start screaming. MILO picks up his BURRITO.

MILO

Anne. Front door.

ANNE

(rising)
Back door?

MILO

Front. They're covering
the back.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ANNE runs for the CHEROKEE.

A WOMAN IN BLACK comes round the side of the building.

ANNE freezes, staring at the WOMAN.

The WOMAN fires an UZI at ANNE.

ANNE runs for the car.

MILO steps out of the front door, chewing his burrito,
and kills the WOMAN.

ANNE drives the vehicle in a circle,
slowing to pick MILO up.

ANNE and MILO speed away into the night.

INT. CHEROKEE - NIGHT

MILO tucks into his burrito.

ANNE looks pointedly at it.

MILO
This wasn't a hit.

ANNE shakes her head, looks back at the road.

MILO
Want a bite?

ANNE
Sure.

She takes a bite.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

From far away we see the Cherokee stop on an empty road.
The DRIVER and the PASSENGER change places.
The Cherokee drives on.

INT. CHEROKEE - BEFORE DAWN

ANNE slumps against the door, sleeping.
She cannot get comfortable. She moves over against MILO
and settles in against his shoulder.

MILO puts his arm around her.

Outside, a FOREST flashes by.

INT. MILO'S CABIN - BEFORE DAWN

The door bursts open. MILO half-carries ANNE into a homely, rustic cabin. Stone fireplace, wooden bed and closet, iron stove.

ANNE opens her eyes.

ANNE
(sleepily)
Is this yours?

MILO looks at her and the cabin.

MILO
I guess it is.

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

ANNE steps out of the cabin and walks a few feet to a rocky precipice.

DAWN BREAKS OVER THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

MILO unloads an ice chest from the Cherokee.

ANNE squats down and digs in the dirt with her fingers.

She finds an Anasazi POT SHARD.

ANNE takes the other POT SHARD from her pocket.

The TWO PIECES fit together almost perfectly.

EXT. PROMONTORY - MORNING

A long finger of rock winds away from the cabin.

ANNE walks along it, scattering a small herd of GOATS and SHEEP. The SHEEP retreat ahead of her.

ANNE gets to the end of the promontory. The SHEEP escape in all directions. ANNE pauses, staring down into the Valley of the Moon.

She hears a faint BLEATING.

She peers down into a crevice in the rock. A LAMB is trapped, bleating.

ANNE runs back towards the --

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

MILO is at work behind the cabin, his shirtsleeves rolled up. ANNE appears.

ANNE
Milo, there's a baby goat or lamb
trapped down the mountain.
It's stuck. It's going to starve.
It's all my fault. You've got
to help me get it out.

She pulls MILO back to the --

EXT. PROMONTORY - MORNING

ANNE watches anxiously from above as MILO climbs down the mountainside and extricates the LAMB.

EXT. CABIN

ANNE walks back to the cabin alone, carrying the little lamb.

She sees MILO and stops, giving a short gasp.

MILO looks up, inquiring, from where he dresses a FRESHLY SLAUGHTERED SHEEP.

MILO
What?

ANNE
Nothing. Nothing.

MILO goes back to his job. ANNE retreats.

EXT. CABIN - SUNSET

MILO roasts LAMB KEBABS over an open fire.

ANNE sits, eating, beside the fire, as she feeds the lamb sugar water from a spoon.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

ANNE is looking for a blanket for the LAMB.
MILO sits at the kitchen table.

MILO
The way I see it, we can stay here two weeks. Three at the outside. Then we'll head south, leave the country. We'll need plastic surgery, I guess.
(looking at ANNE)
It's a damn shame.

ANNE opens the closet. She finds a SAXOPHONE covered with cobwebs. She takes it out of the cupboard.

ANNE
Do you play this?

MILO
(embarrassed)
Oh, you know... Just...
(he fingers the air)
I never played for anyone before.

ANNE
Ah, come on. Play for me.

MILO
Nah...

ANNE

What's the matter, don't you TRUST ME?

MILO looks at her sceptically,
takes the SAXOPHONE.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The AWFUL SOUNDS of MILO's saxophone skewer the night.

ANNE laughs and laughs.

INT. CABIN - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

ANNE and MILO are in bed, in the dark.

MILO

Anne, are you awake?

ANNE

Mmm hmm.

MILO

Come on, it's your turn.

ANNE

My turn to what?

MILO

Tell me something secret about yourself.
Something you never told anyone before.

ANNE

I thought you knew everything about me.

MILO

C'mon.

ANNE sits up in bed.

ANNE

Okay. Here's something I've never
told anyone. It's so embarrassing.

MILO

Embarrassing?

ANNE
Disgusting. You know what food
I get the most incredible cravings
for? I mean, it's completely
embarrassing. I'll be...I'll
be like eating in the West
Beach Cafe in Venice, eating
my arugula salad and a half
order of capellini and bay
scallops, and all of a sudden
I have to have...a HOSTESS
SNOWBALL.

MILO laughs.

ANNE
I really like the pink ones.

She lies back down and closes her eyes.

ANNE
Good night.

MILO
Good night, Anne.

INT. CABIN - BEFORE DAWN

MILO lies, propped up on one elbow, staring down at
a sleeping ANNE.

He gets quietly out of bed.

EXT. CABIN - BEFORE DAWN

MILO steers the CHEROKEE silently down the road, starting
the engine up away from the cabin.

EXT. LITTLE COUNTRY STORE - DAWN

MILO knocks on windows, rousts the STORE OWNER, who
emerges, tucking his shirt into his pants.

They both DISAPPEAR into the store.

ONE MOMENT LATER - MILO appears in the store door,
carrying an ARMLOAD OF CELLOPHANE WRAPPED PINK HOSTESS
SNOWBALLS.

INT. CABIN - MORNING

ANNE wakes up.

She and the bed are covered with PINK HOSTESS SNOWBALLS.

ANNE laughs. MILO stands watching her.

ANNE holds out her arms.
They kiss, and fall onto the bed.

ANNE and MILO make love among the SNOWBALLS.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

MILO and ANNE eat SNOWBALLS, peeling the coconut
off the chocolate and sucking out the cream centers.

ANNE
This is the right way to
eat them, Milo. In courses.

MILO
You were right.
They ARE disgusting.

MILO eats another one, watching the LAMB gambol about.

MILO
I've been thinking.
You know the safest place
for us? NEW ZEALAND.

ANNE
Oh, Milo.

MILO
No, I'm serious. New Zealand is
the place. Hardly any people.
Lots of sheep. You'd love it.
We can take a cargo boat.
That's kind of like a SEA CRUISE
only better. Fewer assholes.

ANNE

Oh, yeah. As if the Mafia is going to let us take a CRUISE.

MILO

I can fix it.

ANNE

Look, Milo, let's be real. Us playing Ma and Pa Kettle on a farm in paradise is not a happening option. This PASTORAL STUFF is great but it's just temporary. You and I need a CITY to survive.

MILO (stung)

I can do other things besides kill people. I own a chain of laundromats. I can do electrical work, and carpentry --

ANNE

But what about ME? I need people. I need museums and art galleries. I need a cultural environment.

MILO

"CULTURAL ENVIRONMENT"?
Now who's a POMPOUS ASSHOLE?
What a load of crap!

ANNE

Crap? You're talking about my work here. You're talking about my life! I'm an ARTIST --

MILO

You think you're an artist? HAH!
Let me tell you about ART, baby --

ANNE

ART! HAH! What you know about art could fit in...
(she makes a VERY SMALL SPACE with her fingers)

MILO

Art is Charlie Parker! Art is Hieronymous Bach, or whatever his name is. Call yourself an ARTIST? Your art doesn't exist without a WALL SOCKET to plug it into!

ANNE

You're a MORON. And a PHILISTINE.

MILO

Yeah? Well I got an IDEA for you. Why don't you just go right back to the land of fucking WALL SOCKETS!

ANNE

Maybe I will.

MILO

Fine.

ANNE

Fine.

MILO

FINE. Here's the fucking KEYS. Go on.

ANNE

I'm going.

ANNE stamps towards the Cherokee jeep.
She drives off, meshing the gears --

MILO

(throwing a SNOWBALL after her)
And take your fucking Snowballs with you!

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

ANNE is steaming, driving down the dirt road. She takes the corners too fast, nearly skids off the road. She stops and stares down into the VALLEY.

ANNE'S POV - FOUR BLACK JEEPS, crawling up the dirt road in the distance.

ANNE jams the jeep into reverse, four-wheels back uphill.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

ANNE comes to a fork in the road.
ANNE halts. Then takes the road uphill to MILO.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

MILO paces up and down, clenching and unclenching his fists. He hears the Cherokee approaching, in high gear.

He sits down, turns his back on the driveway, and picking up his SAX he casually STARTS TO PLAY.

ANNE screeches up the path and jumps out, running towards him --

ANNE
Milo! Milo!

MILO
I don't feel like talking
to you right now.

ANNE
Milo, listen!

MILO continues blowing on his SAX.
ANNE pulls it out of his hands.

MILO listens.
He hears the sound of FOUR JEEPS in the distance..

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

MILO drives furiously up the hill.

ANNE has the LAMB in her lap. She keeps looking behind her.

ANNE
How did they know we were here?
Milo! Who else knows about this place?

MILO
It was a gift from my employer.

ANNE is amazed. She stares at MILO in silence.

MILO
Okay, I admit it. I fucked up.
Are you HAPPY?

EXT. CABIN - DAY

ARMED MEN with flack jackets and machine guns pour out of the cabin, stamping on the SNOWBALLS.

They climb back aboard their JEEPS and roar uphill.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

ANNE looks anxiously ahead.

ANNE
Where does this road go?

MILO
It's a dead end.

ANNE
Stop! Stop!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Cherokee halts. ANNE opens the door and lets the LAMB out. It runs and joins a FLOCK OF SHEEP.

The Cherokee accelerates towards the dead end.

The JEEPS appear, in hot pursuit, scattering the SHEEP.

INT. CHEROKEE - DAY

Thru the windshield, we see an OIL EXPLOITATION SITE -- a scarred hilltop from which all the trees and foliage have been cleared.

An idle OIL DERRICK is ahead.

A grounded HELICOPTER comes into sight next to it. It bears the logo of AVOCA OIL.

MILE drives towards the helicopter.
ANNE looks to MILO, relieved --

ANNE
Oh, thank God.

MILO
Do you know how to fly one
of these things?

ANNE
What? NO!

EXT. OIL EXPLOITATION SITE - DAY

MILO pulls up in a cloud of dust beside the HELICOPTER.
He and ANNE jump out. The JEEPS' MOTORS can be heard.

MILO
Lucky I do!

MILO produces keys, unlocks the helicopter door.
MILO and ANNE jump in.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

MILO fastens his seat belt, starts the CHOPPER up.
Outside, the FOUR BLACK JEEPS appear in the clearing.

EXT. OIL EXPLOITATION SITE - DAY

The HELICOPTER takes off, covering the whole area
with dust.

The OCCUPANTS of the CARS pile out, firing their
guns into the air. They cannot see a thing.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

ANNE relaxes. MILO dons his RayBan AVIATOR SHADES.

ANNE
Milo, you're all right.

MILO salutes her.

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP. An OMINOUS SOUND fills the air, cutting thru the sound of their own engines.

MILO and ANNE look back --

IN THE AIR

a fat POLICE HELICOPTER is in hot pursuit of their small craft.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

MILO swings away, trying to shake the other CHOPPER.

ANNE
Milo, about that fight we had --

MILO
Forget it.

ANNE
No, Milo. I think it's important.
I want to clear the decks in case...

MILO
ANNE!

MILO makes another dive, in the opposite direction. The BIG CHOPPER stays on their tail.

ANNE
That's all right. If you
don't want to talk about it...

EXT. IN THE AIR

MILO takes more evasive actions, swooping low into the Valley of the Moon. The BIG MACHINE follows the little one a few feet above and thru WEIRD ROCK FORMATIONS.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

MILO looks back. They are still pursued.

MILO

You know what? This whole area used to be a city. Anasazi pueblo. Thousands of families lived here. Used to be like fuckin' L.A.

ANNE

(eyes on their pursuers)
Uh huh.

MILO

And before that it was under water. Those cliffs used to be the WATERFRONT. The Navajos say they had the LARGEST NAVY in the World, and one day the mountains rose and the oceans left. But that was two hundred million years ago!

IN THE AIR

MILO hurtles towards the cliffs. At the last moment he banks steeply up, avoiding the rock face.

The OTHER CHOPPER, less maneouverable, almost hits the cliffs - it banks, recovers and comes after MILO --

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

MILO, shaken by the failure of his plan, groans.

He gets caught in a sudden downdraft, almost loses it.

The PURSUIT CHOPPER gains on them. GUNFIRE is heard.

ANNE nervously watches MILO's morale plummet.

ANNE

I read a book about the pueblos once. I bet you'd like it.

MILO

(teeth clenched)
Yeah? I don't read much.

IN THE AIR

The HUGE CHOPPER closes on the TINY CRAFT.
MEN are hanging out of the ports, blasting at MILO
and ANNE with automatic weapons --

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

MILO hurtles towards another set of cliffs.

MILO

Shit. I can't do it.

ANNE

The thing about this book is,
it's hard to get into. You've
got to stick with it. But it's
very rewarding in the end.

MILO stares grimly at the rapidly approaching cliffs,
measures the distance --

MILO

Okay.

IN THE AIR

MILO banks upward at the last possible moment.
The POLICE HELICOPTER tries to do likewise.

But it is too large and has just too much momentum.
One of its ROTOR BLADES catches the cliff face.

The POLICE HELICOPTER explodes.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

MILO and ANNE look back at the burning wreckage.
ANNE laughs and claps her hands.

MILO looks depressed. ANNE sees his reaction and
calms down. Realization starts to dawn on her.

ANNE

Oh. I guess we're COP KILLERS, huh?

MILO
They weren't cops.
They were something worse.

ANNE
Worse?

MILO
Much worse.

EXT. AVOCA MANSION - DAY

Roses bloom and peacocks wander thru the grounds.
Sparkling fountains play.

INT. AVOCA MANSION - DAY

AVOCA hangs up the phone.

There is a vase of roses in front of him.
AVOCA plays with the thorns of a stem.

AVOCA
(barely audible)
Absalom, Absalom...

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

The HELICOPTER is parked on the dry lake bed.

ANNE tends a fire and watches MILO.

MILO stands apart, smoking a cigarette.

ANNE
I thought you didn't smoke.

MILO
I don't.

ANNE waits, stirring the fire.

ANNE
(brightly)
So. What's the plan, Milo?
What do we do now?

MILO
I don't think there's anything
we CAN do.

ANNE
What do you mean?

MILO
I think we've played it out as
far as we're going to be allowed.

ANNE
"ALLOWED"?

MILO
You don't know these people.
Shit. I was living in a
dream world. The big guns
are after us, and the more
trouble we give 'em,
the worse it'll be in the end.

ANNE
What about New Zealand?

MILO
Frankly, we won't even
make it to the airport.

ANNE
Who said anything about the
airport? We're supposed
to be taking a CRUISE,
remember?

MILO says nothing. He stares at the last rays
of light.

ANNE comes over to him.

ANNE
Come back to the party, Milo.
You're a hit man, for God's sake.

MILO
What does that mean?

ANNE
It means you hit people.
Hit THEM, Milo.

MILO

Hit a couple of Mafia Dons and
a Beverly Hills lawyer...
sure. Why not?

ANNE

Well, why not? I believe in
you, Milo. With me behind you
you can kill anyone you want.

She puts her arms around him.

MILO

(touched)
You're sweet.

MILO fingers her hair. The wind picks up.
CAR HEADLIGHTS flicker on the highway far away.

MILO

There is a possibility.
There is a chance that ONE
of us can get away.

ANNE

No, no...

He puts his finger to her lips.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE, SAN PEDRO - DAY

MILO emerges from a car. He is alone.

He crosses the wide street towards a PAY PHONE.

FADE IN SOUNDS OF POLICE STATION.

INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

WALKER enters and finds PAULING at his desk.
Trash is already piling up around PAULING.

WALKER

YOU! What are you doing back again?

PAULING

Carelli is acting like a madman.
He made 150 phone calls yesterday.
This is about to break.
I can feel it.

EXT. CARELLI'S MANSION, MALIBU - DAY

CRASH! A VASE breaks within.

MRS CARELLI'S VOICE

LEO!

INT. CARELLI'S MANSION - DAY

CARELLI stands surrounded by the fragments of the vase.
MRS CARELLI is furious, in the doorway.

CARELLI

If you don't get out of here
Grace there'll be more than RED
WINE spilled on your white couches!

MRS CARELLI leaves. CARELLI paces up and down.
LUPONI and GREEK watch him nervously.

CARELLI

I'm a dead man. I'm a dead man.
Shit! Does Avoca know about
the helicopter yet?

LUPONI

Presumably.
(the PHONE rings)
I imagine that'll be Avoca now.

CARELLI

Greek, get it. Tell him I'm not here.

GREEK answers the phone, intimidated.

LUPONI

Have you thought of taking a
vacation, Leo? You and Grace.
I have friends in South Africa --

CARELLI groans.

GREEK
(holding the phone)
Boss. It's him. It's him.
It's Milo.

CARELLI
Gimme a phone.

LUPONI hands CARELLI another TELEPHONE.
LUPONI and GREEK listen on EXTENSIONS.

CARELLI
Hello, Milo? Is it you?
Where are you? Where's the girl?

EXT. PAY PHONE, SAN PEDRO - DAY

MILO talks to CARELLI on the phone.

MILO
I killed her.
I want to do a deal.

INT. CARELLI'S MANSION - DAY

CARELLI draws his finger across his throat.
LUPONI breaks into the conversation.

LUPONI
Hello, Milo. This is John Luponi.
Are you sure you killed her?
We had the impression you were
fairly close.

EXT. PAY PHONE, SAN PEDRO - DAY

MILO
Maybe I lost it for a minute.
But not now. I killed her as an
act of good faith, and I expect
some consideration in return.

LUPONI 'S VOICE
What do you want?

MILO
I want to talk.

INT. CARELLI'S MANSION - DAY

LUPONI sits down, talking to MILO.
CARELLI points to the floor.

CARELLI
(whispering to LUPONI)
Get him here. On our turf.

LUPONI
We want to talk as well, Milo.
Why don't you come on over.
We were just sitting down to lunch.
A little friendly lunch.

MILO'S VOICE
(from phone)
No way. I'll meet you in the
High Desert. Lancaster.

CARELLI shakes his head.

LUPONI
Out of the question. Why don't
we meet at my office.

MILO'S VOICE
What do you think I am, stupid?
Think of some other place, Luponi.
Some place NICE AND OPEN.

LUPONI looks at CARELLI. CARELLI shrugs.

GREEK
What about San Pedro? Where
you popped Rianetti, boss.
The refinery.

CARELLI
Fine.

LUPONI
Do you know where San Pedro is,
Milo? Where the refineries are?

MILO'S VOICE
No, I don't. I don't want --

CARELLI
(interrupting)
It's our final offer, asshole.
Take it or get fucked!

LUPONI
(laying a restraining hand
on CARELLI's shoulder)
It's easy to find, Milo.
And it's convenient for all of us.

MILO'S VOICE
Well, okay. But don't bring
any soldiers with you.

CARELLI
I got to bring someone.

MILO'S VOICE
All right. You come, Luponi ..
And bring Greek.

GREEK is flattered. Sticks his chest out.

GREEK
Ask him when.

LUPONI
Oh yes. What time, Milo?

MILO'S VOICE
Five hours from now.

CARELLI
That's a long time, Milo --

EXT. PAY PHONE, SAN PEDRO - DAY

MILO
I got to get there first.

MILO hangs up the phone. He crosses the street, heading
for his car. He is parked ADJACENT TO THE OIL REFINERY.

INT. VAN - DAY

PAULING and WALKER sit with the SURVEILLANCE EXPERTS.
PAULING removes his headphones.

PAULING
We got a taped confession
to a murder, and four hours
to get in place. Let's go.

WALKER
How many men is Carelli fielding?

FED
He said only two.

PAULING and WALKER look at the FED pityingly --

EXT. LIQUID NATURAL GAS TERMINAL, SAN PEDRO - DUSK

FOUR BLACK CARS are parked on the service road which
leads to the TERMINAL. TWENTY MEN in suits with guns
cluster around the cars.

A LIMO pulls up. GREEK is at the wheel.
LUPONI and CARELLI sit within.

GREEK
(leaning out)
Seen any heat?

MAN
We're clean.

GREEK nods. His window slides shut.

The MEN make room for the LIMO to slide thru,
heading for the TERMINAL.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - DUSK

Farther up the Service Road.

FOUR BLACK AND WHITES pull up and block the road.

PAULING stands beside his car. He holds a WALKIE-TALKIE
and is tightening the straps of his BULLET PROOF VEST.

INT. LIMO - DUSK

GREEK drives them thru the TERMINAL GATE.

CARELLI and LUPONI nervously check their attire.
BOTH ARE WIRED FOR SOUND.

CARELLI looks over at an office building.
An AVOCA OIL HELICOPTER sits on the roof.

CARELLI sweats profusely.

LUPONI
Don't sweat so much.
You'll short it out.

CARELLI
Where the fuck ARE they?

GREEK
Boss!

GREEK points out the window.

A PINK RIBBON is hanging from the pipeline of a gas
burnoff tower.

Another RIBBON flutters from a gantry, twenty feet away.

The three men look at each other.

CARELLI
Follow 'em.

EXT. TERMINAL - DUSK

The LIMO cruises deeper into the refinery,
following the ribbons.

Finally they turn a corner and the road dead ends.

More ribbons hang from a catwalk leading into
a tangle of pipes and machines.

GREEK emerges, opens the door for CARELLI.

CARELLI, GREEK and LUPONI follow the ribbons on foot.

EXT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

MILO'S POV -- watching from above as CARELLI, LUPONI and GREEK follow the TRAIL OF RIBBONS to its end.

The three men stop and look in all directions.

They hear a METALLIC SOUND of something falling.

GREEK pulls his gun.

MILO'S VOICE

Be careful, Greek. Put it down.

MILO stands on a catwalk up above them.

His .38 is pointed at GREEK's head.

GREEK sets his gun down on the ground.

MILO

Good boy.

(pointing his gun at the
TANKS surrounding them)

Liquid Nitrogen. One spark is
all it takes. This whole place
could go up.

MILO starts coming down the metal staircase.

CARELLI

You'd go up, too.

MILO

(shrugs)

So what?

MILO picks up GREEK's gun.

GREEK

(friendly)

How you been, Milo?
You're looking good.

MILO

I feel good, Greek.

LUPONI pulls a .357 MAGNUM from the back of his pants.
He takes aim at MILO's head --

BANG!

LUPONI spins around and hits the dirt.
He lays at the foot of a burnoff tower, jerking
spasmodically, blood spreading across his shirt.

ANNE appears, lowering her .303 rifle.

MILO scoops up LUPONI 's gun.

MILO
Now, Anne. What did you do that for?

ANNE
He was going to shoot you.

MILO
Not LUPONI . LUPONI wasn't dangerous.
(indicating CARELLI and GREEK)
These are the dangerous ones.

ANNE swings and levels her rifle at CARELLI.
CARELLI backs away.

CARELLI
What's going on?

MILO
I guess we're going to have to
take you with us, Leo.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

AVOCA listens to a RADIO TRANSCEIVER,
picking up the bugs on LUPONI and CARELLI.

CARELLI'S VOICE
I'm not going anywhere with you.

MILO'S VOICE
You've got no choice.

AVOCA
(disgusted)
Go in there and finish it.

A GROUP OF MOBSTERS hurries out.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT

PAULING watches thru binoculars.

HIS POV -- the BLACK CARS at the roadblock start up and head towards the L.N.G. TERMINAL. MEN come running from the office building into the maze of pipes and tanks.

PAULING
Move in, men.

Red and blue lights flare up.

EXT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

ANNE advances on CARELLI, pointing her rifle.

MILO watches GREEK.

ANNE
Move it! MOVE!

MILO
Anne, cool out. Let me handle this.
Come on, Carelli. Move.

CARELLI
I don't like this.
I'm not going with you.

The wounded CLAUSON cries out.

CLAUSON
Don't leave me!

MILO
Move it, Carelli --

GREEK
Come on, Boss. Milo's all right.

CARELLI
But what about the TRIGGER
HAPPY BITCH?!

ANNE
I'm going to shoot you TOO!

She cocks the rifle, aims it at CARELLI's head.

MILO

ANNE!

They hear POLICE SIRENS.

ANNE

Shoot 'em! Shoot 'em!

They all look at each other. CARELLI BOLTS.

ANNE

Milo! He's getting away!

MILO

Shut up, Anne!

GREEK, frozen, looks questioningly at MILO.

The SIRENS are louder.

MILO hesitates, then gives GREEK a little wink.

GREEK

(whispered)

Thanks, Milo.

GREEK runs after CARELLI.

ANNE is trying NOT TO LAUGH.

MILO taps ANNE on the shoulder.

They take off running in the opposite direction.

EXT. GAS STORAGE TANKS - NIGHT

CARELLI and GREEK sprint down a corridor of LIQUID NITROGEN TANKS.

GREEK looks over his shoulder, sees ANNE and MILO disappearing into the maze of pipes --

GREEK

Boss! They're running the other --

CARELLI's foot trips over a WIRE.

BOOOOOM!!

EXT. L.N.G. TERMINAL - NIGHT

The far corner of the Terminal EXPLODES.

A COLUMN OF BURNING GAS mushrooms into the sky.

EXT. TERMINAL GATES - NIGHT

COP and MAFIOSI VEHICLES bottleneck the gates.

Everyone freezes in the GLOW OF THE EXPLOSION.

WALKER, furious, starts shouting at PAULING.
We can't hear what he says.

PAULING, disgusted, gets back in his car.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

AVOCA sits in the passenger seat, looking down.

Reflected in the window glass, we see the
REFINERY ABLAZE.

INT. PAULING'S CAR - NIGHT

PAULING drives away from the CONFLAGRATION.

Emergency vehicles pass him, heading towards the BLAZE.

POLICE RADIO VOICE #1
Any bodies? Recovered any bodies?

POLICE RADIO VOICE #2
Not a chance.

PAULING switches the RADIO off.

He hears the sound of AVOCA'S HELICOPTER.

EXT. PAULING'S CAR - NIGHT

PAULING leans his head out, sees AVOCA'S CHOPPER.

The CHOPPER banks away to the LEFT.

PAULING takes the LEFT FORK in the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

PAULING'S CAR passes a storm drain.

PAULING's eyes are fixed on the sky.

He does not see --

-- ANNE and MILO, blackened but very much alive,
emerging from the storm drain.

ANNE and MILO race across the concrete waste ground
towards the San Pedro Harbor.

EXT. SAN PEDRO HARBOR - BEFORE DAWN

FROM THE AIR.

Smoke still rises from the TERMINUS.

A CARGO BOAT pulls out into the Harbor,
headed for the open sea.

EXT. CARGO BOAT, SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY

MILO and ANNE take the sun in two lounge chairs.

MILO plays his saxophone.

ANNE laughs and laughs.

A HUGE METAL DOOR SWINGS SHUT ON THE SCENE

And for a second all is in darkness.

Then, one of ANNE'S ARTPIECES appears, and says in a crawl,

THE END

And, FADING AWAY, we hear a lone last TOOT from MILO'S SAXOPHONE, and one final light LAUGH from ANNE.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA fades away into the distance.