

**NURSE BETTY**

Screenplay by John C. Richards & James Flamberg

Story by John C. Richards

Shooting Script

(FINAL)

**3/9/99**

**FADE IN:**

**1 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY 1**

A tense surgery in progress. Meters flicker, instruments flash in the bright overhead light. In the midst of it all stands DR. DAVID RAVELL, 35. The master of his domain. Ravell leans forward so a NURSE can mop the sweat from his brow as he completes a last, delicate procedure. His co workers sigh collectively with relief.

**DAVID**

(to Asst. Surgeon)  
Close her up, will you?

**2 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 2**

Dr. Ravell comes out of surgery, clearly exhausted. Without his surgical mask he is ruggedly handsome. TWO NURSES follow, attending him like a fighter fresh from the ring: CHLOE, 25, Raven-haired and striking, and JASMINE, 24, an exotic mix of African-American and Asian.

BLAKE DANIELS, 58, the silver-haired Chief Surgeon, rushes up the corridor. On his heels is DR. LONNIE WALSH, 33. Lonnie is also conspicuously handsome, but he'll always be second to David. In everything.  
The look on Blake's face stops David in his tracks.

**BLAKE**

There's been a train crash near Santa Barbara. They're flying an aortal trauma here now. How can I ask you this,

David...

David rubs his eyes. Thinks about it.

**DAVID**

I can do it, Blake.

His bravery isn't lost on the two nurses, although Chloe exchanges a quick, covert glance with Lonnie.

**CHLOE**

Is he crazy, Jasmine? He's been on his feet for fourteen hours.

**JASMINE**

Chloe, it's been this way since Leslie died. Losing himself in his work, poor thing...

2.

**YOUNGER MAN'S  
VOICE**

(O.S.)

... I'll give you something to lose yourself in...

**OLDER MAN'S VOICE**

(O.S.)

Excuse me, miss?

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL: WE ARE LOOKING AT A TELEVISION SCREEN BEHIND THE COUNTER OF A SMALL-TOWN DINER.**

**INSERT: FAIR OAKS, KANSAS**

3 **INT. TIP TOP DINER - DAY**

3

Quaint, Midwestern eatery. Knick-knacks and photos abound. The booths and counter are packed with LOCALS. A family dining section off in one corner.

TWO GUYS sitting at the counter in team jackets. The older of the two holds up his empty coffee cup. But his WAITRESS, standing a couple seats down from him, doesn't move. She's completely absorbed in watching the soap opera that plays on two battered, fuzzy TV sets.

BETTY SIZEMORE, 30, has a wholesome attractiveness that competes with a bit too much makeup and a cheesy white waitress uniform. TWO OTHER WAITRESSES attend to customers behind her.

The younger of the two guys is involved in the soap opera. But the older one, still wants coffee. He gestures toward Betty.

**OLDER MAN**

Miss?

Betty leans forward, grabs the coffee pot and moves in front of him. Without taking her eyes from the TV, she pours the java, which somehow lands in his cup without spilling a drop.

**OLDER MAN**

(cont'd)

Very impressive. That is very...  
(turning to others)  
Did anybody see that?

The LOCAL GUYS around him don't even bother to look up. Of course, they've seen it before. Betty smiles.

3.

**OLDER MAN**

(cont'd)

Thank you. Could I bother you for a little more...?

Before he can even finish, Betty is topping him off with milk.

**BETTY**

Skim, right?  
(tears open an Equal)  
And half a pack, if I remember correct...

The older gentleman's mouth works a bit but nothing comes out. He is flabbergasted by her attention to detail. She looks at the younger man, who is still following the show and gobbling down a huge bacon burger.

BETTY (cont'd)

You know, you're never too young to start on a lean meat substitute...

**(BEAT)**

You wanna try some turkey bacon on that?

**YOUNGER MAN**

You want a tip when I'm through?

**BETTY**

It's your body...

Betty turns back to change pots. The older man watches her intently as the younger of the two mumbles to himself.

**YOUNGER MAN**

(to himself)

That's right, so why don't you get up off it...

**OLDER MAN**

Wesley...

(to Betty)

I've told him the same thing. Thanks for the suggestion.

**BETTY**

No problem.

Betty flashes the men a winning smile and moves off, one eye always on the TV as she approaches two local types.

SHERIFF ELDEN BALLARD, 32, a short, tightly wound little man, sitting at his own booth. Ballard is spit and polish all the way: creases in his shirt, a glossy shine on his shoes. Badge proudly displayed. He sits with

4.

ROY OSTREY, 31, a gangly, bookish local reporter. Betty drops five ketchup packets and four mayonnaise packets on the table for him. Another smile.

**ROY**

Hi, Betty. You're looking good...

**BETTY**

Thanks, Roy, you're sweet... a big liar, but sweet. I liked your editorial this morning...

**ROY**

Oh, appreciate it. I was trying to, ahh, give a sense of history to...

**BALLARD**

(interrupting)

Yeah, it was great. Really put the whole idea of "church bake sales" in perspective...

**ROY**

You know, Elden, some people actually read more than just the Classifieds...

**BALLARD**

Why don't you go back to doing something you're good at... like that Lonelyhearts column?

(chuckles to himself)

I'll take a refill there, Betty...

His cup is full before he can even finish the sentence.

**BETTY**

Hey, Sheriff. How's everything?

**BALLARD**

Oh, you know, the usual... keeping the world safe.

**BETTY**

... I meant your food.

**BALLARD**

Oh, right... 's fine. Thanks.

**ROY**

I thought you said the eggs weren't...

**BALLARD**

It's fine. Mind your own meal...

5.

**ROY**

You should get the order you want.

**BALLARD**

And you should keep your nose out of another man's omelette...

(to Betty)

It's no big deal, Betty.

**BETTY**

There's yolks in there, huh? It's no prob'... gotta keep you on track.

Betty grabs Ballard's plate without another word, gives him a reassuring rub on the shoulders and moves off. He smiles appreciatively after her, then turns on Roy.

**BALLARD**

Why you always gotta embarrass me? I been eating lunch with you since grade school and you always gotta embarrass me!

**ROY**

They're just eggs, Elden, how embarrassing can eggs be?

**BALLARD**

... plenty

**ROY**

Who eats eggs for lunch, anyhow?

**BALLARD**

Mind your own business. You just said that shit so you could look at her a little longer, anyway...

Still carrying Ballard's plate, she returns to the counter.

**BETTY**

Come on, guys, I told you it's egg whites  
only for the Sheriff...

(quietly)

... I put him in that 'zone' thing.

**COOK #1**

Well, it better be a pretty good size  
zone if he's in it...

Betty and the cooks share a quick laugh. They move to change  
his order while Betty glances up at the TV.

6.

4 **INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - RETURN TO TV SCREEN**

4

Lonnie catches up to Blake in the corridor.

**LONNIE**

Blake, I can handle that transplant!

**BLAKE**

We need someone with the right kind of  
experience, Lonnie.

**LONNIE**

Even if he's falling asleep on his feet?

**BLAKE**

Lonnie, it's a complex procedure. Why  
don't you observe?

**LONNIE**

I'm not some snot-nosed resident fresh  
out of medical school, Blake.

**BLAKE**

No, you're not. You're a good doctor,  
Lonnie, but you're not David Ravell.  
I've made my decision. Now, if you'll  
excuse me ...

Blake exits. The camera moves in to hold on a CLOSEUP of  
Lonnie's face as he simmers in anger. Music soars.

5 **INT. TIP TOP DINER - DAY**

5

Plates of food are piling up on the shelf in front of the

COOKS. One of them turns the TV off by remote.

**BETTY**

Hey! We were watching that!

**COOK #1**

The other girls've got orders up... we're not one 'a them goddamn Nelson families, y'know.

Betty snatches up several plates to help out. Ballard's food appears with A CLATTER of porcelain.

**BETTY**

It's "Nielson"...

**COOK #1**

Yeah, well, we ain't one 'a them, neither.

7.

**(BEAT)**

Go on now...

**DARLENE**

When you gonna get those things fixed, anyhow?

**COOK #1**

When you all quit watching 'em for a living...

Frustrated, Betty delivers several plates and drops them at tables where the people know her by name. She moves off toward FOUR LOCAL GUYS in a booth jangling their empty cups. Betty weaves her way over to them and pours refills. When a hand strays around to touch her ass, she pushes it away with her foot and keeps right on pouring. Absently, Betty takes a look around the restaurant. The other waitresses are gone and no one is behind the grill. Alarmed, she pushes through the double doors into the kitchen.

6 INT. TIP TOP DINER - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

6

THREE WAITRESSES, along with the DISHWASHER and TWO COOKS are standing in a row waiting for her.

**BETTY**

... alright, I get it, no more TV.  
Sorry.

No one moves, then DARLENE leads them in a huge SURPRISE! They produce a life-size cardboard cut-out of Dr. David Ravell, who looks dashing in his green hospital scrubs.

Betty backs up in disbelief.

**BETTY** (cont'd)

Oh my gosh, this is so embarrassing!  
Where did you ever find this?

**DARLENE**

On the goddamn internet, where else?

**BETTY**

You're joking...

**WAITRESS #1**

... nope, got him at "T.V. Hunks with  
Sweet Little Asses.Com."

**WAITRESS #2**

Seventy-five dollars...

**COOK #1**

... Seventy-eight fifty.  
(everyone looks at him)

8.

Well, I paid for the damn thing, I oughta  
know.

**WAITRESS #2**

C'mon, Betty! Pose with him!

Betty laughs and puts her arm around the cardboard man. A  
flash photo is taken. A cupcake with a single candle is  
placed in her hands.

**DARLENE**

One candle... uh-oh, you're getting up  
there! Doesn't David like 'em young?

**BETTY**

I'm over the hill, what can I say?

Darlene gives Betty an envelope with cash showing.

**WAITRESS #1**

A little something for those nursing  
classes you've been wanting to take...

**DARLENE**

... but keep putting off thanks to a  
certain husband we won't mention...

**BETTY**

Oh, guys, you didn't have to do that!

**DARLENE**

So how you gonna celebrate? Del takin'



you into Wichita for a big fancy dinner?

The others laugh; they know better. So does Betty.

**BETTY**

Yeah, Dairy Queen, maybe... Oh, I should probably call him. Thanks, you guys...

**COOK #1**

Alright, alright, come on... I'm not running no bed & breakfast, we got customers. Let's go...

Smiling, Betty grabs a wall phone as the others mingle about.

**7 INT. SIZEMORE MOTORS - DEL'S OFFICE - DAY 7**

The trailer/office of a small-time car dealership. As the PHONE RINGS, the CAMERA PANS across pictures of DEL SIZEMORE, 35, dressed as Napoleon, Caesar and Abe Lincoln, arms raised in a high-energy sales pitch.

**9.**

The PHONE RINGS again. We see a framed certificate of achievement from General Motors, dated 1986.

After the THIRD RING an ANSWERING MACHINE clicks on. It's loud.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(Del's voice)

Hello there! You've reached Sizemore Motors, home of the best selection of used General Motors cars in the Big Springs - Fair Oaks area. We can't come to the phone right now 'cause we're out making a sale, so leave us a message; better yet, come on down and steal one 'a these beauties right out from under us! Coffee's always on!

**BETTY (V.O.)**

Hi Del, it's me. I guess you're busy.

**8 INT. SIZEMORE MOTORS - TRAILER/OFFICE - DAY 8**

Del's very busy. He's on the rented sofa in the trailer's lounge, screwing his secretary, JOYCE. But as he rocks the couch, he's listening to Betty's message.

**BETTY (V.O.)**

I know you want the Oldsmobile back tonight, so... I was wondering if I could take one of the new Buicks.

Del pulls out and lurches across the room. He reaches for the desk phone but misses, spilling down onto the carpet. He gathers himself and his pants up in disgust, pawing around the desktop until he finds the phone.

**BETTY (V.O.)**  
**(CONT'D)**

So, call me when you--

**DEL**

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hang on a second there, baby. Why do you need one of the new Buicks?

**BETTY (V.O.)**

Oh, you're there. You sound out of breath.

**DEL**

I ran back in to get the phone.

**10.**

The answering machine is on, so their VOICES are BOOMING. The phone cord is stretched across the trailer as he tries to get back to Joyce. He motions for her to join him but she remains where she is, fuming.

**BETTY (V.O.)**

I don't need one, but it's kind of a special night, and--

**DEL**

What's so special about it?

LONG PAUSE. Joyce looks at Del, incredulous. Then pissed off. He signals to hold on.

**BETTY (V.O.)**

Sue Ann's taking me out and I thought it might be fun to go in a nice car...

Joyce wriggles to a sitting position and begins to pull up her panties. Del shoots her a look that says 'I'm not finished yet!' They pantomime frantically back and forth until Joyce throws him the finger and SLAMS out the door.

**BETTY (V.O.)**  
**(CONT'D)**

What was that?

**DEL**

Nothing... it's, ahh, busy here. Look, you don't need a LeSabre to go out with Sue Ann. Take the blue Corsica. I'll see you when I get home.

He throws the phone onto the cradle, then bangs on a window to get Joyce's attention as she fires up a smoke.

**DEL (CONT'D)**

(through the pane)  
Shit! Joyce, open the damn gate, will you?!

As Del zips up his pants Joyce trudges across the lot to bring in the "Closed For Lunch" sign and open the gate. Del silently studies the much nicer car lot next door for a moment. He takes in the banners, the signs, etc.

DEL (cont'd)  
... that's what we need, some goddamn flags.

11.

9 **INT. OFFICE/TRAILER - LATER**

9

Betty enters the office. Joyce is on the phone. She looks up, irritated, and says something under her breath to the caller.

**JOYCE**

Uhh, no, we haven't picked a date yet... well, once he dumps her we will.  
(to Betty)  
He's out pricing banners... I don't expect him back.

**BETTY**

"Banners?"

**JOYCE**

You know, flags and shit... he said "for a livelier look" or something.

Betty nods and swaps her car keys for a set Joyce gives her.

JOYCE (cont'd)  
'S too bad about the LeSabres... they're a really sweet ride.

As Joyce prattles on, Betty notices the Buick LeSabre keys on a rack behind her. She sidles around Joyce, deftly removes a set from the hook and drops them in her purse. She smiles and starts to wave goodbye as Joyce puts her call on hold.

JOYCE (cont'd)  
Need something else?

**BETTY**  
No, I was just... How you doing?

**JOYCE**  
Great. Good. Content...

**BETTY**  
Oh. How come?

**JOYCE**  
I dunno. Job satisfaction, I guess...

**(BEAT)**  
How's things at the Tip Top?

**BETTY**  
They're fine... you miss it?

**JOYCE**  
You must be joking.

12.

**BETTY**  
Hmm.

**(BEAT)**  
So, Del get that car he sold you up and running yet?

**JOYCE**  
Oh, yeah, he's got things up and running, alright...

**BETTY**  
'Kay, good. Bye, then...

**JOYCE**  
Uh-huh.  
(back to phone)  
Anyway, I'm thinking Easter, 'cause I just fucking love pastels.

She whispers, then laughs loudly as Betty leaves.

10 **EXT. SIZEMORE MOTORS - DAY**

10

The cardboard doctor is standing next to Betty's Olds. She thinks about leaving him, but picks him up and tosses him into a blue Corsica. He lands with his face against the passenger window.

She stands for a moment by the Corsica, dangling the LeSabre keys before her eyes. Suddenly, she jumps inside the Chevrolet and slams the door.

**11 EXT. SIZEMORE MOTORS/TRAILER PARK - DAY 11**

The blue Corsica leaves the parking lot and pulls onto the street. The car makes an abrupt turn into a trailer park directly behind the car lot and glides to a halt behind a row of battered airstreams.

Betty gets out of the Chevy and looks back: the handsome face of Doctor David Ravell is staring at her from the car.

**BETTY**

Oh, Christ, what am I gonna do with you?

She goes back to pick him up, then starts off.

**12 EXT. TRAILER PARK - SAME TIME 12**

A row of cheap trailers on both sides of a crumbling driveway. Betty appears with her cardboard man tucked under one arm and then disappears behind a pickup truck.

**13.**

**13 EXT. SIZEMORE MOTORS - SAME TIME 13**

She tosses the cardboard "David" over a concrete slab wall, climbs over herself and walks straight to the LeSabres. Her key opens the last one - maroon. She puts the doctor on the passenger seat, gets in the car and inhales the new car smell.

Joyce can be seen inside the trailer, still talking on the phone. She misses the whole scene as she works on her nails.

**BETTY**

We deserve this.

**14 INT. LESABRE - DRIVING - DAY 14**

Betty has the car at 75 m.p.h., on the rural Kansas roads, wheat fields for miles on both sides of her. The RADIO is blasting Bonnie Raitt and she's singing along.

She sees her speed and punches the accelerator ... 80 m.p.h.

... 85 ... 90 m.p.h. She turns the radio up louder.

When she approaches a sign saying "You are leaving Kansas" Betty suddenly becomes self-conscious. She eases up on the gas ... slows down ... does a U-turn and heads back toward Fair Oaks. She glances wistfully in her rear view mirror at the billboard that quickly fades into the distance.

**15 EXT. BETTY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER**

**15**

Betty enters a modest residential neighborhood and pulls into a driveway. She parks in a detached garage and looks over at the cardboard David. There's no way he's going in the house. She puts him in the trunk and closes the garage door.

**16 EXT. SUE ANN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME**

**16**

She walks several houses down. On her way to the door we hear a DOG BARKING, CHILDREN and GENERAL COMMOTION from inside. SUE ANN ROGERS answers Betty's knock. Her hair is matted with sweat as she struggles with CHILDREN, ages 4, 3 and 6 months. Suddenly, Sue Ann is hit by an errant rubber ball.

**SUE ANN**

Hey, darling... oww! Sorry, got my own little Gulf War going on here.

Betty takes the baby as Sue Ann pulls a videotape from a shelf. It's all one move; they do this every day.

**14.**

**BETTY**

Did you watch it yet?

**SUE ANN**

Sure did. I'll tell you, if that man was any better looking it'd be a crime 'a some sort...

**BETTY**

Yep. Hey, I got a surprise for tonight. We're going to the Starlite in style!

**SUE ANN**

Oh, Betty--

**BETTY**

I'll give you a hint. If you scrunch up your eyes a bit it looks just like a Jaguar...

**SUE ANN**

Honey, I'm really sorry, I was gonna call you about tonight. Larry's got a lodge meeting. There's no way I can get a sitter this fast.

**BETTY**

(disappointed)  
No... what about your sister?

**SUE ANN**

I can't ask her again-- Nathan, stop it! Jesse, don't take that, hit back!-- I feel terrible, hon.

After a beat ...

**BETTY**

It's all right.

**SUE ANN**

You sure? Maybe next week we could...

**BETTY**

Uh-huh. No, we'll do it later. 'S only a birthday, right? I'll have another one next year...

Betty forces a smile, kisses the baby and hands it back to Sue Ann, who hands her the videotape.

**SUE ANN**

Aahhh...

**(BEAT)**

So what color is it?

15.

**BETTY**

What?

**SUE ANN**

The LeSabre!

**BETTY**

Maroon.

**(BEAT)**

I stole it.

**SUE ANN**

What?

**BETTY**

He wasn't going to let us use it, so I just took it.

**SUE ANN**

Oh, I wish we could just get in it and drive, and drive, and drive!

**BETTY**

Yeah, me too.

**SUE ANN**

Sorry, hon. Happy Birthday...

**BETTY**

I gotta go make dinner.

Betty throws her a look as Sue Ann closes the door. Betty turns around, frustrated. She starts yanking her apron off as she crosses the street.

17      **INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY**

17

A low-end ranch. A worn-out sofa and loveseat form an 'L' that dominates the living room. Romance novels line a small bookcase. SIX CANARIES in cages chatter away in the kitchen.

Del sits at the dining room table, agitated. He is presently attacking a pork chop, baked beans and a loaf of Wonderbread. All we hear is A FORK CLICKING and BIRDS CHIRPING. Betty stands at the breakfast counter, barefoot, still in her uniform and quietly eating a salad.

**BETTY**

Sure you don't want any salad?

**DEL**

No, I do not want any goddamn... what was all that shit on the phone about the new Buicks?

16.

**BETTY**

I told you. Sue Ann was gonna take me out tonight, but...

**DEL**

She's not comfortable in a Corsica? 'S got air and leather...

**BETTY**

I took the blue Corsica, Del. Relax.

**DEL**

All right, then. Actually, I'm glad you're going out. I got something going



on tonight. Some serious clients, with  
real potential.

Del BELCHES, smiles, then CLUCKS at the birds nearby.

**BETTY**

... like the water purifiers?

**DEL**

What?

**BETTY**

Or the vitamins? Or the...?

Del almost comes out of his chair, pointing his finger at  
her.

**DEL**

Hey, the FDA screwed me on that when they  
changed the law, and you know it!

**(BEAT)**

Anyway, 'least I try shit, still got some  
dreams left... you're a goddamn waitress,  
what do you got?

**BETTY**

I got you, Del...

**DEL**

... well, then you ain't got much.

**BETTY**

Oh, I know.

**(BEAT)**

So, who're these clients?

**DEL**

Couple 'a guys in from outta town. They  
want to see the new LeSabres.

Betty hides her reaction.

17.

**DEL (cont'd)**

And I don't need Sue Ann's fat ass around  
to fuck it up...

**BETTY**

Just knock it off, 'kay? Anyhow, they're  
97's, they're not even new.

**DEL**

They're new to us...

Truce for a moment. Del plucks a copy of Soap Opera Guide

from Betty's purse while absently taking a bite from Betty's cupcake. He narrowly misses the candle.

DEL (cont'd)

Jesus... you know these actors are mainly models, which are mainly fags. They've done studies. The rest're assholes. But you know what bugs me most about these soaps?

She silently mimics him as he says...

DEL (cont'd)

It's people with no lives watching other people's fake lives.

**BETTY**

Yeah, I guess there's nothing like watching those tenpins fall, huh, Del?

**DEL**

That is a skill!

Del lurches to his feet and crosses to the bird cages as the canaries CHIRP and SING EXCITEDLY at his approach.

DEL (cont'd)

Daddy's here, babies... daddy's here.  
(to Betty)  
Be back later... clean up.

He exits. She collects his dirty dishes, puts them in the sink and starts to wash them. Then she stops.

**BETTY**

What the hell am I doing?

She drops the dishes with a clatter, pours herself a glass of wine, lights the candle on her deflowered cupcake and opens the one card on the table.

**CLOSE ON**

**18.**

a traditional greeting from her grandparents. Red hearts and lace. A color photo of them enclosed.

Betty smiles at this. After moment, she quietly sings a quick refrain of "Happy Birthday" to herself.

**18**

**INT. LONNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (ON TV SCREEN)**

**18**

Standing wrapped only in a towel, Lonnie speaks into the

phone.

**LONNIE**

Tell me something good, Sugar.

**19 INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (ON TV SCREEN)**

**19**

The beautiful nurse Chloe is curled up seductively on her sofa with her phone in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

**CHLOE**

We're all set. I told him my car's in the shop. He said he'd be happy to give me a ride home.

**LONNIE**

**(V.O.)**

You're beautiful.

**CHLOE**

Tell me something I don't know...

Betty hits FAST FORWARD. Characters flit on and off the screen at top speed until David Ravell appears.

**20 INT. WOODED ROADSIDE - NIGHT (ON TV SCREEN)**

**20**

Chloe's magnificent legs are folded into the seat of David's 560 SL. She struggles with her seatbelt, so he helps her. She makes sure their hands touch.

**CHLOE**

Thanks for pulling over, David... I can't go that fast without taking a breather.

**DAVID**

Sorry... it's nice to see what this little beauty can do, though. I guess, somehow, all that speed helps me forget the past...

**19.**

**CHLOE**

I'm sure it does...

(touching the seats)

Mmm, leather. How far do they recline?

David smiles, a little uncomfortable.

**CHLOE (cont'd)**

Listen, David, I know I've said it

before, but I want to tell you again how  
sorry I am about your wife.

**(BEAT)**

It must make you scared to get close to  
someone again.

She puts her hand over his on the gear shift. A moment.  
Finally, he has to move her fingers to start the car.

CHLOE (cont'd)

Let's not go... not yet.

BETTY sits on an old couch in the den and watches, eyes glued  
to the screen. Suddenly, she hears the sound of TIRES ON  
GRAVEL. HEADLIGHTS sweep across the window.

**BETTY**

Damn!

She hits PAUSE and crosses to look out.

**21 EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**21**

Del gets out of a black Lincoln Town Car, followed by CHARLIE  
and WESLEY - the guys in the team jackets from the diner.  
Charlie is 63 years old. He wears a dress shirt, slacks and  
docksiders. The suburban father look.

Wesley is 28. He's in jeans, T-shirt and white Reeboks. Clean  
cut; the kid who used to mow your parents' lawn.

Betty quickly snaps out the light and closes the door until  
it is open only a crack.

**22 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**22**

Del swaggers into the house. The two men follow politely.

**DEL**

... you can have the best damn running  
backs in the world, somebody's still  
gotta block for 'em.

**20.**

**CHARLIE**

You're a hundred percent right. They  
rely on what's-his-name's arm too much...

Del stops and looks around, deflated by the mess.

The den is only a short flight of steps from the living room

and the kitchen. Betty has a clean view of both from where she sits on the couch.

**23 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT**

**23**

She hears Del come in, but doesn't take her eyes off the TV screen.

**DEL (O.S.)**

My apologies, gentlemen. I asked my wife to straighten this shit up before she went out.

**23A INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**23A**

Del crosses to an old stereo and puts on an LP. He smiles as the music overtakes the room. Charlie and Wesley stand nearby, appreciating the quaintness of the surroundings.

**DEL**

Now, what can I get you gentlemen to drink?

Del crosses to the cupboard. Charlie and Wesley stand leisurely in the living room.

**CHARLIE**

Bourbon, little water, thank you.

**WESLEY**

Beer, please.

**DEL**

You got it.

Wesley looks at a wedding portrait of Del and Betty.

**WESLEY**

Hey... you got a fine one right here!

**CHARLIE**

Wesley...

(to Del)

Your wife's a very lovely woman. Have I seen her before?

**21.**

**DEL**

If you ate at the Tip Top you did.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, yes, with the coffee...

**DEL**

Yep, Betty pours a pretty mean cup.

Del reaches into the fridge and produces a Miller for Wesley, then mixes two drinks and walks into the dining room and Charlie and Wesley follow to the table and sit down.

**CHARLIE**

I like this. I like doing business in the home. It's cozy...

(noticing the card and cupcake)  
Who's birthday?

**DEL**

Ahh... my wife's.

**WESLEY**

What'd you get her?

**DEL**

Huh? Oh, umm, a car.

**(BEAT)**

So, to a successful transaction...

They raise their glasses and drink. Del tosses back his drink in one gulp.

**24 INT. DAVID'S CAR - WOODED ROADSIDE - (ON TV SCREEN) 24**

Chloe is on top of David, kissing him on the mouth as he resists. He finally has to push her away forcibly, and we hear a TEARING SOUND. Chloe's blouse has been ripped.

**DAVID**

I'm sorry, Chloe.

She starts to cry. David reaches out to comfort her.

**DAVID (cont'd)**

It's not that I don't find you attractive. I'm just not ready...

David looks up to find her lips on his. In spite of himself, he gives in to the warmth of her kiss and responds hungrily.

Betty is mesmerized.

**22.**

**25 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

**25**

The men have retired into the dining room, sitting or standing around a worn wooded table. Charlie and Wesley are just finishing their drinks.

**DEL**

All right gentlemen, let's get down to it. I need to know if you're for real.

**CHARLIE**

If we're for real?

**DEL**

You don't exactly look like drug dealers.

**WESLEY**

Isn't that the point?

**DEL**

Yeah, well, I don't have time to screw around. I got buyers in Dallas, Houston and Vegas who are ready to snap this stuff up.

**CHARLIE**

We appreciate that. But you just poured me a drink, I'd like to enjoy your hospitality for a few minutes.

**DEL**

Fine. You got five...

**CHARLIE**

It's a nice place you got here. Real comfortable. Sweet little town, Fair Oaks. You like it here?

**DEL**

(laughs)

Are you kidding me? What's to like?

**WESLEY**

Seems like a nice place.

**DEL**

It is, if you like idiots...

**CHARLIE**

What do you mean?

**DEL**

It's a small town, man. I never should have left Omaha. People here think

small. They act small. They're a bunch

of dumb fucks.

**WESLEY**

Really?

**DEL**

You better believe it.

**CHARLIE**

Could you give us an example?

**DEL**

Of what?

**CHARLIE**

I'm asking you for an example of one of these dumb fucks being a dumb fuck.

**DEL**

I don't follow...

**CHARLIE**

You're not a dumb fuck, are you, Del?

**DEL**

(warily)

No...

**CHARLIE**

I didn't think so. So, give me an example of a stupid person doing a stupid thing. Not being stupid, you're equipped to recognize it.

**DEL**

Are we gonna do business here, or not?

**WESLEY**

Relax, we brought the cash.

**CHARLIE**

I'm just curious. Can't you give me an example?

**DEL**

(annoyed)

All right ... lemme see ... okay, new Burger King opens up. These assholes get excited and start lining up. Like it's some five star restaurant. The place is mobbed. Right?

24.

**CHARLIE**

Hmmmm. "Five Stars," huh?



**(BEAT)**

Is that stupid, Wesley?

**WESLEY**

No, that's ignorant. They just don't know any better.

**CHARLIE**

That's what I thought.

(to Del)

You better give me another example.

**DEL**

This is bullshit, can we get down to business here, please?

Off a look from Charlie, Wesley produces a pistol and gently nudges the barrel into Del's ear.

**DEL (CONT'D)**

Jesus Christ!

**WESLEY**

He's waiting...

**DEL**

Okay, uh... the, umm, Injuns're stupid.

**WESLEY**

"Injuns?"

**CHARLIE**

You did not just say "Injuns," Del.

**DEL**

The Indians, Injuns, whatever. They're always drunk and doing stupid things.

**CHARLIE**

Like what?

**DEL**

Driving their cars into trees... puking on the sidewalk... stupid shit!

**CHARLIE**

Let's see... around here that would be Kiowa, Kickapoo or Osage, if I'm not mistaken.

**DEL**

I... I don't know...

**CHARLIE**

Well, my idea of stupid is very different from yours.

**(BEAT)**

So here's how this is gonna work. Would you take your socks off, please?

**DEL**

My socks?

**WESLEY**

You heard the man.

Del slowly takes his shoes and socks off. He's sweating, trembling.

**CHARLIE**

I'm gonna talk to you and when I'm finished, you can answer. But I don't like being interrupted. Now roll them into a ball...

Del does it.

**DEL**

Oh, Jesus, please... Please, God.

**CHARLIE**

... and put them in your mouth.

At a sharp look from Charlie, Del obediently stuffs the socks into his mouth and starts to cry. Wesley produces a roll of duct tape and fastens Del's hands to the back of his chair.

**26 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT**

**26**

Betty is glued to the TV, oblivious to the men. Chloe and David are still talking in his car. She continues to cry.

**DAVID**

**(V.O.)**

You're wonderful, Chloe, you are... But I just know there's something special out there for me.

**27 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

**27**

**CHARLIE**

Now I'm gonna tell you what stupid is. Stupid is taking something that doesn't belong to you. Right Wesley?

**26.**

**WESLEY**

That's right.

**CHARLIE**

Stupid is trying to sell it to other people who are, by their very nature, untrustworthy.

**WESLEY**

That is so right.

**CHARLIE**

Stupid is calling people in Kansas City who are affiliated with the rightful owners of the thing you stole, and trying to sell it to them. Right Wesley?

**WESLEY**

Now, that's really stupid.

**CHARLIE**

So you see, we have totally different ideas of what's stupid and what's not. Don't we?

Del nods; crying, sweating.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

Good. Now we're getting somewhere. You agree that you were stupid?

Del nods again. Wesley collects Charlie's glass and mixes him another drink. He gets a beer for himself and stands behind Del. Charlie sips his drink slowly, savoring it.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

You know, a hundred and fifty years ago you'd have been scalped for that remark about Native Americans. Right here where your house is - you'd have been scalped.

**WESLEY**

Hell of a way to die.

**CHARLIE**

It wasn't always fatal, Wesley. We could scalp Del right now, and he'd be plenty alive to tell us how it feels.

Del's eyes get huge.

**CHARLIE (CONT'D)**

It's pretty simple, too.

**(BEAT)**

First you take a knife and just draw a mark right across the hairline.

Wesley produces a long knife and traces a line across the very top of Del's forehead. Trickles of blood wind their way down his brow. Del is MOANING and PANTING through his socks.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Hold still, Del, we're just talking here...

(pointing to a spot)

Then you grab a big handful of hair and pull as you cut. It's amazing how easily the scalp comes off.

WESLEY

A mark, huh?

Wesley takes a jab at Del's forehead with his knife, leaving a small cut.

Del starts twitching, rocking back and forth as Wesley grabs a fistful of his hair.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Shut the fuck up! I bleed more than that when I shave...

Del stops moving. He breathes furiously through his nostrils.

CHARLIE

Now. I want to know the particulars of your stupid act: how you got what doesn't belong to you, who helped you get it, and of course, where it is now.

Charlie pulls the socks out of Del's mouth. Del splutters, gasping for air.

DEL

It's in the Buick! I swear to God it's all there!

28 INT. BLAKE DANIELS' OFFICE - DAY (ON TV SCREEN)

28

David enters. Blake nods to him grimly.

DAVID

You wanted to see me, Blake?

BLAKE

I wish I could say I had good news.  
(off David's look)  
David, I'll get right to the point.

Chloe Jensen has filed charges of sexual

28.

assault against you.

**(BEAT)**

You can continue to practice at L.A. County, but I'm afraid I have to revoke your privileges here at Loma Vista until this is resolved.

HOLD on David's shocked expression ... MUSIC UP AS

**DEL (O.S.)**

**PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!!!**

Betty's not sure what Del said, but the panic in his voice got through. She hits PAUSE and takes a look.

29 **INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

29

Del is facing her, tiny rivulets of blood running into his terrified eyes. Wesley stands at his shoulder, still holding a handful of his hair, still poised with the knife.

**DEL**

I got it from a truck driver named Duane Cooley, out of Amarillo. He brings my cars down from Detroit. But I haven't touched it, I swear to you... Please! Please! Please!

Annoyed, Charlie stuffs the socks back in Del's mouth.

Betty stares. Her gaze shifts from Del to Wesley, drawn by Wesley's demonic expression.

**CHARLIE**

Consider yourself lucky. Luckier than those 'Injuns' you have such contempt for.

Wesley stares at the top of Del's head. Betty stares at Wesley. Charlie walks into the kitchen for another drink.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

I'll tell you, if anyone got a raw deal it's the American Indian. This country has a black mark on its soul for what was done to them.

Wesley's nostrils flare. Betty leans forward.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

I'm all for them owning casinos, getting

rich off the white man's greed. It's a beautiful piece of irony, isn't it, Wesley?

29.

**WESLEY**  
**IT SURE IS!!**

And with a long SCREAM, Wesley rips Del's scalp from his head. It makes a sickening sound like fabric tearing. For a long moment, there is only silence. An eerie silence.

Suddenly, Del SCREAMS into his socks and thrashes in his seat, blood pouring down his head on all sides.

Somehow, he manages to get to his feet, the chair still taped to him, and begins smashing into whatever is near. Blood flies and curios shatter as Del thunders through the room. A dying bull, only messier. It's quite a show.

**CHARLIE**  
**JESUS CHRIST!!!**

Wesley steps back, staring at the dripping scalp in his hand, as if wondering how it got there. Betty is transfixed, horrified.

Charlie re-enters. The two men look at each other over Del's MUFFLED SCREAMS as he plows headlong into wooden paneling, a china cabinet, and finally, back toward them near the breakfast counter. Del bashes blindly into it.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
(to Wesley)  
What the fuck is the matter with you?!

Wesley is practically foaming at the mouth, still rushing on what he did. Charlie draws a silenced pistol and mercifully SHOOTs Del through the head. The big man stops suddenly, blinks once or twice, topples over.

30 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

30

Betty points her remote at the dining room and clicks it, as if trying to make the image disappear. Finally, she gives up, slowly turning away from the carnage and aims at the TV. "A Reason to Love" pauses on the face of David Ravell and Betty sits in absolute silence.

31 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

31

Charlie quickly begins to hide their tracks, producing a plastic baggie and collecting the beer cans and his own glass. He also wipes down the fridge as Wesley watches.

**CHARLIE**

Are you out of your mind? You scalped him!

30.

**WESLEY**

You told me how to do it!

**CHARLIE**

That was to get him to talk!

**(BEAT)**

Get rid of that thing, will you?

Wesley crosses to the garbage can, steps on the lever. He looks at the scalp one more time before dropping it in.

**CHARLIE (CONT'D)**

This is great - just great! Now we don't know where the goddamn stuff is.

**WESLEY**

He told us it's in the Buick.

**CHARLIE**

We don't know which Buick, do we?

**WESLEY**

Well, why'd you shoot him?

**CHARLIE**

I had to shoot him! It was the only decent thing to do.

They exit the house.

**CHARLIE (O.S.) (cont'd)**

This is very unprofessional, Wesley.

32 **INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT**

32

Betty is still in the family room, staring at the TV. She pushes 'play' again and David Ravell begins to speak.

33 **EXT. SUE ANN'S HOUSE - STREET - LATER**

33

Sue Ann comes out of her house, balancing a homemade cake in front of her. The candles give off an unearthly glow as she

picks her way up the Sizemore's gravel drive.

**34 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DEN - SAME TIME 34**

Betty is catatonic, staring at the frozen image of David Ravell on her TV. Downstairs, Sue Ann comes in.

**31.**

**SUE ANN**

**(O.S.)**

Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday to  
you! Happy Birthday, dear--

A terrified SCREAM as the cake lands unceremoniously on the entryway.

**ON BETTY**

As she hits 'Play':

**DAVID**

... you're wonderful, Chloe, you are...  
But I just know there's something special  
out there for me.

**35 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - FOYER - LATER THAT NIGHT 35**

Roy enters the foyer and looks around, carrying a pad and pen in hand. He hears VOICES from the kitchen, sees FLASHBULBS going off. He sneaks down the hall when A VOICE stops him.

**DEPUTY**

Hang on there, Roy. Nobody comes in.

**ROY**

Elden called me. He wants to, ahh, make  
a statement for the paper...

The deputy nods him through and Roy moves off toward the sewing room where he has spotted Betty.

**36 INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - SEWING ROOM - SAME TIME 36**

Betty is packing an overnight bag on her bed when Roy enters and quietly closes the door behind him. She is working with a purpose, almost like a different person from the woman we first met. Still bright and cheerful, but with a willful glint in her eye. Determined.



**ROY**

Hey, Betty. Are you okay?

**BETTY**

I'm great, good, content.

(stopping)

What happened to your arm, Roy?

**ROY**

Oh, nothing, it's fine. I just need to keep it wrapped for a few...

32.

**BETTY**

Make sure it's elevated...

**ROY**

Uh-huh.

**BETTY**

You want me to make you a sling? It's no problem...

Betty starts whipping a T-shirt into place but stops abruptly. She turns curiously to Roy.

**BETTY (cont'd)**

What're you doing here, Roy?

**ROY**

Well, I was worried about you and I wanted to make sure you were alright... and I guess I was sort of hoping I could ask you about what happened...

**BETTY**

Oh, that... Sure, I saw the whole thing. It was disgusting!

**ROY**

My God... did you get a look at who did it?

**BETTY**

Yes.

**ROY**

You did? Was it anyone that you...?

**BETTY**

It was Chloe...

Sheriff Ballard enters the house, surveys the scene of the crime where one deputy wipes blood off his boot with a paper towel, and erupts when he sees Roy.

**BALLARD**

Hey, you guys wanna try not stepping directly in the evidence, please?

(to Roy)

Ostrey, you and your goddamn police scanner! I leave for ten minutes and... Betty, I'm sorry about this.

He motions to a female officer.

33.

**BALLARD (cont'd)**

Why don't you take her down to the station? We'll be along in a bit...

She leads Betty out the kitchen door.

**BETTY**

'Night, guys...

37      **INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

37

As Ballard leads Roy into the next room...

**BALLARD**

Okay, let's go... I got nothing for the record yet.

**ROY**

Oww! My arm, careful!

**BALLARD**

Ahh, what'd you do now... fall off your bike again?

**ROY**

No, it's nothing, I... my piranha just mauled me a little when I layed their food out.

**BALLARD**

Good God...they're meat eaters, Roy, just drop the shit in there!

**ROY**

I can't...they prefer a more formal presentation. I don't usually go so close to the surface, but I was...

**BALLARD**

...you are so goddamn weird.

**(BEAT)**

Oh, and by the way, get the hell outta here!

**ROY**

No, Elden, I need to...

**BALLARD**

You need to get yourself gone from my crime scene. And leave Betty alone, she's...

34.

**ROY**

She knows who killed Del. Elden, she said it was a woman.

**BALLARD**

It wasn't a woman.

**ROY**

Yes it was. Betty saw the whole thing! Your killer's name is Chloe...

**BALLARD**

I'm tellin' you it wasn't no woman, Roy!

38      **INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

38

Ballard drags Roy into the living room, where he sees Del. He has been turned upright and is being carefully examined.

**ROY**

Jesus...

**BALLARD**

You think a woman did that?!

Roy runs into the kitchen, covering his mouth.

39      **INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

39

Ballard and his cronies delight in watching Roy struggle with the dry heaves. Roy runs to the kitchen sink, almost loses it, then wipes his mouth with a paper towel.

**BALLARD**

Kinda' looks like a burnt out roman candle, don't he?

**(BEAT)**

Del must've sold a lemon to the wrong Indian, and got paid back the old

fashioned way. Them Kickapoos get pretty mean when they drink...

Roy sees Del's scalp in the garbage can as he goes to drop his crumpled towel inside.

**ROY**

So, you think you're gonna find his scalp hanging in some tepee?

**BALLARD**

They no longer live in tepees, Mr. College Graduate.

35.

**ROY**

Did you send anyone out there?

**BALLARD**

You bet I did. I got a squad car on the way to the reservation right now.

**ROY**

Bad idea ...

**BALLARD**

You just go write your little story, Roy. I'll handle the police work...

**ROY**

You better handle what's in this garbage can first.

40 **EXT. SIZEMORE MOTORS - NIGHT**

40

Every car on the lot has its trunk open and spare tire on the ground behind it. Charlie and Wesley are at the last car.

**WESLEY**

I still don't understand how you knew Del was telling the truth.

**CHARLIE**

I saw his soul Wesley. He was face to face with his God, and no one lies in that situation. But your Geronimo act rattled me, and I abandoned my instincts.

**(BEAT)**

Never abandon you instincts.

**WESLEY**

I didn't. You gave me a look!

**CHARLIE**

What 'look'?

**WESLEY**

That one look you got! I thought you were done, so I took him out...

**CHARLIE**

I wasn't done, I was just sick of hearing him whine. And you didn't take him out, you scalped him. Christ, I almost puked, did I tell you that?

**WESLEY**

Well, why'd you have to tell that Indian story?

36.

**CHARLIE**

What the hell does that mean? If I'd told a Ty Cobb story would you have clubbed him to death with a bat?

Wesley is stung. Charlie slams the last trunk in disgust. The rest remain where they are; open.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

It's not here. Let's go.

**WESLEY**

You just gonna leave these cars sitting here like this?

**CHARLIE**

Why not, it'll confuse 'em... gotta do something, now that you fucked it up.

**WESLEY**

I wanted to make a statement.

**CHARLIE**

Let me tell you something. In our business you can't put food on the table if your phone doesn't ring. The guys who get the calls are good - not flashy, just good. They get in, they get out. Nobody knows a goddamn thing. Understand? Boom, boom, boom. Three in the head and you know they're dead.

**WESLEY**

... that's a good motto.

**CHARLIE**

Fine, I'll get you a bumpersticker, but

you better start believing it! It's the only statement you need to make.

41 INT. POLICE STATION / OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

41

Betty is questioned in a holding room by a POLICE OFFICER and a DOCTOR. Ballard and Roy watch through a window.

DOCTOR

And did your husband know these people?

BETTY

Sort of...but he ignored them.

DOCTOR

And how did that make you feel, Betty?

37.

BETTY

I felt all cold inside. And angry.

Ballard looks both ways to make sure he won't be overheard.

BALLARD

I questioned Joyce about all this...

ROY

Yeah?

BALLARD

Seems she was pretty familiar with 'ol Del. On a regular basis, if you get my drift...

ROY

... and half the other guys in this town. Including you, I believe...

BALLARD

Junior year!

ROY

Anyway, so what?

BALLARD

So? ... Suppose Betty found out about them?

ROY

You said a woman couldn't have done it.

BALLARD

A woman can write a check.

**ROY**

So you're saying Betty Sizemore - our Betty Sizemore--who you were in swing choir with--has now hired somebody to scalp her husband in her own kitchen while she watched? You're amazing.

**BALLARD**

'S just a theory...just 'cause I'm thinking it don't mean I like it.

The doctor comes out of the holding room.

**BALLARD (cont'd)**

How is she?

38.

**DOCTOR**

She's in a kind of shock. I see all the signs of a post-traumatic reaction with possible dissociative symptoms.

**BALLARD**

Could I have that in American?

**DOCTOR**

It's a type of altered state...it allows a traumatized person to continue functioning.

**BALLARD**

So she did witness it?

**ROY**

Oh, you're sharp as a tack, Elden.

**BALLARD**

That's it! YOU'RE GONE!

He spins Roy around and marches him toward the door, one arm bent behind his back.

**ROY**

Oww, the arm, the arm!

**BALLARD**

You just don't know when to quit, Roy! You were jealous of me when I got hall monitor in seventh grade, and you're still jealous now!!!

**ROY**

One question, Doctor, please! (outside the door) You can't do this! I'm the

press, I have rights!!

**BALLARD**

That's right, you have the right to remain silent.

Ballard pushes Roy out the door. As he returns, Roy reappears behind him, leaning in to listen. Ballard doesn't see him.

**BALLARD (cont'd)**

Sorry you had to see that. You were saying?

**DOCTOR**

I was saying that it seems probable that she witnessed the murder, but her memory of it is gone, at least for the time being. I also think you ought to have her

39.

stay with someone tonight.

**(BEAT)**

Any idea who Chloe or Lonnie are?

**BALLARD**

No... Friends from the diner maybe?

**DOCTOR**

Well, you should find out. She keeps talking about them...

Ballard nods, sure he's got a clue here. He looks in at Betty again, just as she begins repacking her travel bag. He frowns at this, his suspicions fueled all the more.

42      **EXT. SUE ANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

42

A police car pulls up to Sue Ann's house. Betty gets out, carrying her overnight bag. Sue Ann appears, embraces her and leads her inside.

43      **INT. SUE ANN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER**

43

Betty lies down in a bright red race car bed. Sue Ann tucks her in and turns out the light.

**SUE ANN**

Let me know if you need anything, okay?

**BETTY**

Are you and Larry happy?





honest. We haven't  
always say people  
have some. I'm

even face you. But I need to be  
been happy for a long time. You  
need their space, and now you'll  
sorry.

Betty

She takes off her wedding band and puts it on the table.

**45 EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT 45**

Betty raises the garage door, tosses her overnight bag and birthday money envelope into the LeSabre, and gets in. She drives through Fair Oaks, past the town limits. She keeps on driving until her car recedes into the moonlit prairie horizon.

**41.**

**46 EXT./INT. LESABRE - DRIVING - NIGHT 46**

She comes to a sudden halt in front of the "You are Leaving Kansas" billboard. She stares hard at it through the windshield. Suddenly, she hits the gas and bolts off along the Oklahoma blacktop. She never looks back.

**47 INT. BETTY'S LESABRE - THE NEXT DAY 47**

Betty yawns, looks at her watch and increases her speed. When she sees a sign for a MOTEL ahead, she pulls off the highway.

**48 EXT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL - DAY 48**

She parks at a truck stop/restaurant/motel complex, hops out and runs to the motel office window.

**49 INT. TRUCK STOP - MOTEL ROOM - DAY 49**

Betty enters her room, immediately turns on the TV, and plops down on the bed.

**VOICE (V.O.)**

And now we return to "A Reason to Love."

50           **EXT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL PARKING LOT - SAME TIME**

50

A crowded truck stop in the Texas flatlands. THREE TRUCK DRIVERS in jeans, flannel shirts and denim jackets walk across the parking lot.

One is an old, grizzled veteran with a salt-and-pepper stubble and a greasy CAT cap on his head. It's CHARLIE. Next to him is DUANE, a burly young driver in fancy cowboy boots. Flanking Duane is WESLEY.

**WESLEY**

So you got Asian women?

**DUANE**

(Southern accent)

Sure, I got Asian. Got black, white, any color you like, video and magazine. Got fat chicks and animals too, if you want 'em. They're extra...

**CHARLIE**

Mmmm. Well, it was a piece of luck running into you, Duane. I thought I was

42.

gonna have to take Wesley out and hose him down. All he talks about is those Japanese gals.

**WESLEY**

I like 'em small. When you're inside a little Asian chick, it's like your dick is the axle that holds her body together.

**DUANE**

That's nicely put. You outta get yourself to Thailand...

They reach Duane's truck, an empty car-carrier with Michigan plates, and climb up into the cab.

51           **INT. DUANE'S TRUCK - DAY**

51

Two Confederate flags criss-cross over Duane's CB unit. On the dashboard is a Rebel flag pin, a bumper sticker that says "The South Will Rise Again" and a dozen country music tapes.

Duane gets in the sleeper cab, where stacks of porno tapes and magazines reach the ceiling. Wesley takes the driver's

seat, Charlie, the passenger seat.

**CHARLIE**

What part of Dixie are you from, Duane?

**DUANE**

Georgia. In case I didn't tell you, it's cash only, gentlemen.

**WESLEY**

We can live with that.

**CHARLIE**

I'm a Yankee, myself. Massachusetts.

Duane passes two videos to Wesley.

**DUANE**

Here's Ghengis Kunt and The Demilitarized Zone. Get it?

(laughs)

They're Korean, so they're pretty hot.

**CHARLIE**

You know, it's interesting. The South lost the Civil War, but they still seem to get all the glory.

**DUANE**

Huh?

43.

**CHARLIE**

Jeb Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis - they're all losers in my book.

Charlie smiles. Duane stops digging through the videotapes.

**DUANE**

The fuck you talking about?

**CHARLIE**

Even Robert E. Lee was a loser.

**DUANE**

(to Wesley)

He goin' crazy on us, or what?

**CHARLIE**

Did you know the most brutal, inhumane prison of the entire war was in Georgia?

**DUANE**

Really. And where was that, old man?

**CHARLIE**

Andersonville.

**(BEAT)**

They did horrible things to men there...

52      **INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - (ON TV SCREEN)**

52

Chloe is curled up on her white leather sofa, cowering as Lonnie hovers over her accusingly.

**LONNIE**

I think you better tell me what's going on here, Chloe.

**CHLOE**

I just feel... funny about what we did.

**LONNIE**

(laughs)

You feel guilty? Let me remind you of something, sweetheart. You're in this up to those fabulous eyes of yours. Understand?

The camera holds on her face for a melodramatic beat ... Chloe's trapped, and she knows it.

PULL BACK to reveal Betty lying on the bed in her motel room, out cold.

44.

53      **INT. DUANE'S TRUCK - LATER**

53

The flag poles over the CB unit are bare. Duane is in the sleeper cab, his forearms bound to his thighs with duct tape. A telltale piece of Confederate red fabric hangs out of his mouth. There is a purplish bruise on his forehead. He's quiet, but glowering at his captors.

**CHARLIE**

... So, at a rest stop outside Logansport you noticed that two guys were slipping something extra in one of your cars, and you decided to see what it was. Then you figured you'd take this valuable commodity and go into business yourself, even though it didn't belong to you. But you needed a crackerjack salesman to move it, so you made the biggest mistake of your short life and chose Del. Sound right so far?

Duane nods.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Del's dead, by the way. I sent him to  
the Great Beyond.

WESLEY  
Actually, I scalped him, and then you  
killed him.

Duane narrows his eyes in disbelief.

CHARLIE  
Exactly.  
(BEAT)  
Now, the one thing I don't get is that we  
checked all the Buicks on that lot. Four  
'97 LeSabres and nothing in 'em.

Duane smiles mockingly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Ohhh ... There weren't four, were there?

Charlie reaches up above the visor and pulls down a rumpled  
manifest. He leafs through it.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
There were five, damn it! I should have  
known!! Goddamn...

(BEAT)  
So, what happened to the fifth car?

45.

Duane shrugs his shoulders.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You know you're going to die, don't you,  
Duane?  
(Duane nods)  
And you really don't know where that  
other LeSabre is, do you?

Duane shakes his head. Charlie sighs, resigned.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
He's telling the truth. He doesn't know.

WESLEY  
Should I kill him now?

CHARLIE  
Wait. Any last words, General Lee?

Duane nods emphatically. Wesley pulls the Confederate flags out of his mouth.

**DUANE**

Suck my dick, you Yankee piece of shit.

He spits in Wesley's face. Charlie has to restrain Wesley.

**CHARLIE**

God, I admire that. Ya see that, Wesley?  
That's why they get all the glory.

Charlie climbs down from the big rig and heads across the parking lot. The Town Car is parked near the adjacent motel, just a few spaces away from Betty's LeSabre.

With a furious calm Wesley wipes his face, then takes out a can of lighter fluid, sets it on the dash and looks at Duane.

**WESLEY**

...why'd you spit on me?

**54**

**EXT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL PARKING LOT - DUSK**

**54**

Charlie pulls the Town Car alongside Duane's rig and drums the steering wheel impatiently. It begins to rain. There are flashes of LIGHTNING in the distance.

**CHARLIE**

Come on, Wesley, three shots.

A FLASH OF ORANGE FLAME ignites inside Duane's cab. Charlie sighs. Finally, THREE DULL THUDS reverberate from inside. Wesley climbs down clutching a videotape and gets in the car.

**46.**

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

What the hell was that, another statement?

**WESLEY**

Well, no one ever spit in my face before.  
Especially some cracker fuck.

**CHARLIE**

You have to rise above it. The professionals rise above that kind of thing...

As they drive away FLAMES are beginning to dance inside the cab.

55 INT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

55

The FLICKERING LIGHT of the TV screen is the only light. Betty lies asleep on the bed. The NEWS comes on and she starts to stir as ...

**NEWSCASTER**

... small town of Fair Oaks ... has left  
people shaken ... owner-manager of  
Sizemore Motors ...

Betty sits up. On the TV screen is a shot of Del as Julius Caesar from one of his commercials.

**NEWSCASTER**

(cont'd)

... police are still investigating.

She blinks at the screen, confused, as the next story comes on. Betty reaches for the phone.

56 INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

56

Ballard is doing paperwork. Roy is asleep on a nearby bench. A DEPUTY picks up a ringing phone and hands it to Ballard.

**DEPUTY**

Sheriff, it's Betty Sizemore, on two!

**BALLARD**

SHHH!... (Whispering) BETTY? WHERE ARE  
YOU?

47.

57 INT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL ROOM - ON BETTY

57

**BETTY**

I'm in a motel. Has something happened  
to Del? Did he do something stupid?

**BALLARD (V.O.)**

**BETTY, I NEED TO TALK TO YOU...IN PERSON!  
WHERE'RE YOU AT?**

**BETTY**

**IF THIS IS ABOUT DEL, FORGET IT! I'M NOT  
COMING BACK!**

**BALLARD (V.O.)**

**GODAMMIT, BETTY! ... WHO'S CHLOE?**





**BALLARD**

I spoke to Betty Sizemore yesterday.  
(the reporters hush)  
That's right. There's no doubt in my  
mind, folks... she's on the run. Whether  
or not she's mixed up in all this remains  
to be seen...

**ROY**

That's bullshit, Sheriff! You think  
she's a suspect!

**BALLARD**

I'd like to apologize for our local boy.  
He's been in love with Betty since the  
fifth grade, y'see. He means well, but  
he's in over his head on this.

61 INT. TIP TOP DINER - NEXT MORNING

61

CLOSE SHOT of a headline in the Wichita Eagle: "EYE WITNESS  
TO BRUTAL MURDER MISSING" over a picture of Betty. Charlie is  
one of MANY CUSTOMERS reading a copy. Wesley is plowing  
through a stack of pancakes.

**WESLEY**

So how do we know that car's still in  
Fair Oaks?

**CHARLIE**

We don't. But a '97 Le Sabre'll be easy  
to find if it's here, town this size...

**(BEAT)**

He said he gave his wife some car as a  
gift, remember?

Charlie turns the page for emphasis and studies Betty's  
features.

49.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

This is bad, Wesley. Very, very bad.

Wesley happily adds three strips of bacon brought by A  
WAITRESS, who wears a button with the word "Missing" over  
Betty's face.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

... extremely bad.

Wesley finally looks up, directly at the picture of Betty.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

Did you hear what I said?

Wesley nods, his mouth stuffed with food.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Maybe you don't appreciate the gravity of this situation. It's bad enough that we don't have what we came here for. It's worse that we don't know where it is. And now this.

(points at the headline)

This was supposed to be my last job. I already put the deposit down on my boat.

**(BEAT)**

How can you eat at a time like this? I get nauseous just watching you...

**WESLEY**

I can eat because I know we didn't kidnap that woman. I can eat because they aren't looking for us. And I can eat 'cause I'm fucking hungry...

(off Charlie's look)

... relax. She's gonna end up on a milk carton and that's about it.

**CHARLIE**

I hope you're right...

**WESLEY**

... I know I am. Let's just do what we gotta do here, and get the fuck gone.

They sit for a moment in silence. Wesley swallowing without chewing and Charlie studying Betty's photo.

**CHARLIE**

She got out of town awfully fast. And wasn't she quiet in that house? I think most women would have screamed, don't you? I know they would've...

**(BEAT)**

50.

We could be dealing with a cunning, ruthless woman...

62 INT./EXT. SUE ANN'S HOUSE - DAY

62

Sue Ann opens her front door to find Wesley standing before her. It's a new Wesley: glasses, conservative suit, and a convincingly humble manner.

**WESLEY**

Mrs. Rogers? I'm Dwight Campbell, with Neighborly Life Insurance. I'm looking for Betty Sizemore.

**SUE ANN**

I wish I could help you, but I can't.

Wesley is hit by a flying action figure. He doesn't flinch. Kids run by.

**WESLEY**

Aren't they precious?

**(BEAT)**

Ma'am, she has a substantial death benefit coming to her from the tragic loss of her husband. Does she have any relatives in the area?

**SUE ANN**

No.

**(BEAT)**

Well, her grandparents are down in Oklahoma, but that's it...

**WESLEY**

I see. And are you in touch with Mrs. Sizemore?

**SUE ANN**

No. But I'm taping her show every day so she can watch it when she comes back.

**WESLEY**

Her show?

**SUE ANN**

"A Reason to Love."

Wesley's eyes light up. He can't help himself.

**WESLEY**

I see.

**(BEAT)**

Did Chloe testify?

51.

**SUE ANN**

(reassuring)

I don't think she will. She's a slut, but I just don't think she's that mean. Jasmine'll bring her around...

**WESLEY**

Jasmine... Do you have yesterday's show on tape, by any chance?

Sue Ann holds the door open, smiling, and Wesley enters.

63

INT. TIP TOP DINER - KANSAS - DAY

63

Charlie nurses a cup of coffee at the counter while talking to Darlene. His Federal Marshall's badge rests on the counter. She hands him two photos of Betty taken at her birthday celebration. In one she's holding the cardboard David Ravell. The other, a closeup shot.

**CHARLIE**

... and how long did she work here?

**DARLENE**

Oh, five years, give or take.

**CHARLIE**

Hmm... you two in high school together?

**DARLENE**

Aren't you a sweetheart... no, not quite. Anyway, she's been with us awhile.

**CHARLIE**

But she wanted more out of life, right?

**DARLENE**

No... she just wanted something outta life. Anything. And with Del, she wasn't getting nothing. That's her husband, Del. I'm sorry about what happened and all, but that's the way I feel about all of this...

**CHARLIE**

I see.  
(holding up photos)  
May I?

**DARLENE**

If it helps bring her back, be my guest...

52.

**CHARLIE**

Thank you for your cooperation.

**(BEAT)**

Just one more thing... did she ever talk about getting rich?

**DARLENE**

... who doesn't?

Darlene tries to smile and returns to the kitchen. Charlie studies the snapshots, comparing them.

64 INT. APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

64

Wesley is in bed on top of Joyce, humping her slowly.

**WESLEY**

... and what kind of car does she drive?

**JOYCE**

Well, she wanted a LeSabre, but Del made her use that blue Corsica...

**(BEAT)**

So, is this what you boys'd call 'pumping me for information?'

Joyce GIGGLES as Wesley stops moving.

**WESLEY**

Did you say LeSabre?

**JOYCE**

Look, she didn't kill Del over no car if that's what you're thinking.

**WESLEY**

But she could have taken one, right?

With her knees, Joyce prods him into humping her again.

**JOYCE**

Maybe, but I don't think she had the nerve. I know her. And I'm a pretty good judge of character...

Joyce reaches for a cigarette on the nightstand and takes a deep drag. Wesley closes his eyes and turns away, offended.

**WESLEY**

... yeah, I can see that.

53.

65 EXT. DESERT ROAD - WILLIAMS, ARIZONA - DAY

65

Betty drives along a lonely stretch of highway that slowly reveals a desert town in the distance.

Big ol' place. Lots of wood and red leather. Betty rushes in as the clock on the wall reads 2:58. The Town Drunk, MERLE, is alone at the bar watching "Bass Masters" on a huge TV screen. In front of him is a remote control. A FEW OTHERS at tables.

Betty sidles up to the bar and sits down. She looks at Merle, at the clock, at the remote.

**BETTY**

Would you mind very much if I changed the channel at three o'clock?

**MERLE**

Yes.

He BURPS, then finally looks at her with bleary eyes.

**BETTY**

Please? It's very important to me. "A Reason to Love" comes on at three around here.

He ignores her. Betty puts her wallet on the bar.

BETTY (cont'd)

I'll give you money.

Merle SLAMS his hand down on the bar, scaring her.

**MERLE**

**ARE YOU DEAF?!!**

It's 3:01. ELLEN DRABER, 40's, appears behind the bar, looks at the clock and takes the remote from Merle. She changes the channel to "A Reason to Love" as the opening titles end.

Betty can't believe it. Merle smiles at her wickedly.

MERLE (cont'd)

Please keep it down, it's time for "A Reason to Love..."

54.

**BETTY**

That's real funny. Why don't you have another drink?

**ELLEN**

What's the matter here?

**BETTY**

I begged him to let me put that on!

**ELLEN**

He's a prick. Merle?... You're a prick.

MERLE grunts in reply. Ellen turns back to Betty.

**ELLEN (CONT'D)**

So you're into "Reason," too? Finally, someone civilized! I'm Ellen, what can I get you?

**BETTY**

Hi, I'm Betty. I'll take a Miller, if you got it...

67 INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - DAY (ON TV SCREEN)

67

Chloe paces in front of her white sofa, a matching white telephone in her hand. She looks worried.

**ELLEN (O.S.)**

What's that bitch up to now?

We hear the BEEP TONE of an answering machine.

**CHLOE**

Lonnie? It's Chloe. We need to talk ...  
I don't think I can go through with this.

She hangs up. The camera stays on her for a melodramatic beat of introspection as we GO TO COMMERCIAL.

68 INT. CANYON RANCH BAR - RETURN TO BAR

68

**BETTY**

Do you have a phone?

Ellen swings a phone up onto the bar.

**ELLEN**

If it's long distance you can leave me a buck when you're done.

Betty dials ...

55.

**BETTY**

Sue Ann? It's Betty. I just wanted to let you know I'm okay ... Huh? I'm at the Canyon Ranch Bar in ...

(looks at Ellen)



**MERLE**

Phoenix...

**ELLEN**

Shut up, Merle... Williams.

**BETTY**

Williams, Arizona. About halfway there,  
I guess.

69      **INT. SUE ANN'S HOUSE - DAY**

69

Sue Ann is in her kitchen, ignoring the pleas of all three children.

**SUE ANN**

Halfway where? You've gotta come home.  
We've been worried sick about you. Are  
you alright?

**BETTY (V.O.)**

Sue Ann, I thought you of all people  
would back me up on this, you know what  
Del's like. How did he take my note?

**SUE ANN**

Betty, honey, listen to me. A man came  
by from Mutual Life Insurance. He says  
you've got money comin' to you from Del's  
policy.

**(BEAT)**

Del's life insurance policy-- Are you  
with me?

**BETTY (V.O.)**

What are you talking about?

70      **INT. CANYON RANCH BAR - DAY**

70

"A REASON TO LOVE" comes back on the TV.

**BETTY**

Tell Del I'm sorry. I left so quick, but  
I need to do this.

**SUE ANN (V.O.)**

Do what?

56.

**BETTY**

I gotta go.

**SUE ANN (V.O.)**

Betty! Listen to me! Del is ...

Betty hangs up.

71 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT (ON TV SCREEN)

71

David is at a bar staring into his drink. Lonnie is with him.

**LONNIE**

How you holding up, amigo?

**DAVID**

I just wish I knew why she's doing it.

**LONNIE**

Yeah. Women are an unsolved mystery.

**ELLEN (O.S.)**

If that little weasel ever walked in here  
I wouldn't serve him.

**BETTY (O.S.)**

I'd slap his face.

**ELLEN (O.S.)**

I'd kick him in the nuts, if I thought he  
had any.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

72 INT. CANYON RANCH BAR - LATER

72

There are two empty beer bottles in front of Betty. The THEME  
MUSIC and CLOSING CREDITS of "A Reason to Love" are playing.  
Betty pushes the phone back across the bar.

**ELLEN**

Where you headed, Betty?

**BETTY**

Los Angeles, California.

**ELLEN**

And you called your friend, and she's  
telling you not to go?

(Betty nods)

When I went to Europe my friends told me  
I was crazy.

57.

**BETTY**

Europe? The Europe?

(laughs)

This is my first time out of Kansas.

**ELLEN**

I should call you Dorothy.

**(BEAT)**

When I left here I went straight to Italy. Everybody told me not to go. But I wanted to go to Rome ever since I saw Audrey Hepburn in "Roman Holiday," and goddamnit, I went.

**BETTY**

Did you love it?

**ELLEN**

Sure I loved it! It was great.

Ellen rinses a few glasses as she talks to Betty.

**ELLEN (CONT'D)**

Let me tell you something. I got groped by these Tunisian guys who thought I was a slut for wearing shorts, it was hotter than stink the whole time, and I got some kind of weird gum disease from the water. Plus, it ended my marriage--

**BETTY**

That's horrible!

**ELLEN**

No, he was a toad. Even more of a toad than Merle... I just wear the ring to keep the flies away. Rome was the best thing I ever did, because I DID IT! And I swear to you, it changed me. I've been to Rome, Italy! I sat every morning at the Cafe Sistina and had my cappuccino, and watched the pilgrims walk to mass, and no one can ever take that away from me.

Betty leans across the bar conspiratorially. She looks at Merle to make sure he won't hear her.

**BETTY**

I left my husband two days ago.

**ELLEN**

Really?

**BETTY**

I'm getting back with my ex-fianc. He proposed to me right around here, so I guess this is just sort of a sentimental stop...

**ELLEN**

Wait, I thought you said you'd never been outta Kansas...

**BETTY**

Oh. I mean, except for that.

**(BEAT)**

Yep. I'm trading in a car dealer for a heart specialist, so that's pretty good...

**ELLEN**

Nice move. Cedars Sinai?

**BETTY**

No. Loma Vista.

**ELLEN**

(laughs)

I s'pose his name's David Ravell.

**BETTY**

(truly shocked)

How did you know?

**ELLEN**

What's his real name?

**BETTY**

Dr. David Ravell.

**ELLEN**

You mean... George McCord, the actor?

**BETTY**

No, I mean David Ravell. He's a surgeon.

Ellen looks at Betty.

**ELLEN**

Yeah, I know, we just watched him together, remember? Up there on the TV.

(off Betty's earnest look)

Good God Almighty ... You're serious.

I've heard about people like you.

Ellen whistles, wipes the bar down to buy a few seconds. Merle looks over at Betty, then catches Ellen's eye.

**ELLEN (CONT'D)**

Piss off, Merle.  
 (to Betty)  
 So how you gonna find him, Betty?

**BETTY**

I'll go to the Hospital.

**ELLEN**

What if you can't find him? What if you  
 get out there, and nothing's the way you  
 thought it was gonna be?

**BETTY**

Like Rome?

**ELLEN**

Worse.

**BETTY**

You made out alright.

**ELLEN**

Yeah, but at least I knew Rome was gonna  
 be there when I arrived...

Ellen walks to the end of the bar and starts rinsing glasses.  
 After a beat, Betty gets up and moves down close to her.

**BETTY**

Ellen, this is the biggest thing I've  
 ever done, but I've gotta do it.

**ELLEN**

You take care of yourself then, Betty,  
 and don't let anybody stop you...

**BETTY**

To tell you the truth, I can't believe  
 I've made it this far. It may not be  
 Europe, but I just know there's something  
 special out there for me...

Ellen looks into Betty's eyes - sees the innocence, the hope  
 and enthusiasm - and has to look away. Betty takes it as her  
 cue to leave. She smiles, puts two dollars on the bar near  
 the phone and leaves. Ellen stands perfectly still, watching  
 the door.

**MERLE**

What planet is she from?

73           **INT. BETTY'S LESABRE - GRAND CANYON - MOVING - DAY**           73

Betty approaches the GRAND CANYON, driving slowly along the South Rim, searching for a specific spot. Finally, she pulls over abruptly. This is it. We can tell by the joy in her expression.

74           **EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY**           74

Betty walks to the rail and gazes out at the canyon. Turning her head slowly, as if expecting it, she sees DAVID RAVELL leaning on the rail about twenty feet away, clutching a bouquet of roses.

Betty starts toward him... he starts toward her... A magic moment... Shattered when a black sedan appears, inching its way along. She freezes. David vanishes, and ... An ELDERLY MAN helps his wife out of the car and snaps her picture in front of the canyon. Betty moves away.

75           **INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - KANSAS - MOVING - NIGHT**           75

Charlie and Wesley drive across Kansas farm country.

**CHARLIE**

So she gets rid of the asshole and is set for life in the same day.

**WESLEY**

You think so? Joyce says she's timid.

**CHARLIE**

Joyce was screwing Del.

**WESLEY**

... among others.

**CHARLIE**

I'd say that about torches her credibility, wouldn't you?

**WESLEY**

Yeah, well, if the wife's trying to sell it she'll fuck up. She's an amateur, just like Del was.

The CAR PHONE RINGS. Charlie answers.

**CHARLIE**

Maybe...  
(into phone)  
Yes?

**SUE ANN (V.O.)**

Is this Neighborly Life Insurance?

**CHARLIE**

Sorry, you've got the wrong number.

He hangs up.

**CHARLIE (CONT'D)**

No, I see Betty as a Midwestern Stoic type. Ice water in her veins. A clear thinker. Probably a Swede or a Finn.

**WESLEY**

A 'Finn?' What is a Finn?

**CHARLIE**

You should read more. Listen to me. I think this woman was waiting for a chance to do this, and we gave it to her. She kept to herself for years, living with a pompous asshole. Then she sees her opportunity, and BOOM! - she leaves that little mudpatch in the dust. These heartlanders can't figure it out, 'cause that's not their sweet little Betty. Hah! We've been tracking her for, what, three days and I already understand her better'n most the people in that shitty little burg.

Charlie pulls out the close-up photo and studies it.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

Betty, Betty, Betty...

**WESLEY**

So what the fuck's a Finn?

**CHARLIE**

Oh, for Chrissakes. It just means the kind of person who can eat shit for a long time without complaining, then cut their momma's throat and go dancing the same night.

**WESLEY**

Like... us?

**CHARLIE**

No,... like a worthy adversary, Wesley.  
Like a very worthy adversary.

76        **OMIT**

76

76A       **INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

76A

Roy approaches his fish tank cautiously. He leans down and looks at the piranha as a TV commercial ends and "A Reason to Love" comes on.

He then returns to his computer, struggling to find the right words and to type them with only one hand. He types a little, stares at the screen, then deletes an entire sentence one character at a time, hammering on the 'Delete' key. He glances up at the television as the words 'Chloe' and 'Lonnie' are repeated.

77        **INT. POLICE STATION - BALLARD'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY**    77

Roy and Sue Ann go straight to Ballard's office, where they find him at his desk eating lunch out of tupperware containers. He wears a napkin tucked into his shirt-top.

**BALLARD**

What the hell do you want?... Hey, Sue Ann, what's up?

**ROY**

We think we know where Betty is.

**BALLARD**

Ah, shit... Do I have to hear this now?

**SUE ANN**

What's with the tupperware, Elden, did Meredith run outta baggies?

**BALLARD**

No reason to get a plate dirty.

**ROY**

I see you're sticking to the diet Betty put you on...

**BALLARD**

Worry about your own goddamn lunch!

**ROY**



(excited; to Sue Ann)  
Tell him what you told me.

63.

**SUE ANN**

Betty is a big, big fan of the soap opera, "A Reason to Love." Look...

She tosses a copy of "Soap Opera Digest" on the desk. Ballard ignores it and keeps eating.

**BALLARD**

Why do I need to see this? Did he ask you to...?

**ROY**

Listen! I saw 'Chloe' and 'Lonnie' on T.V. They're television characters.

**SUE ANN**

Betty's in love with Dr. David Ravell, from the show. What if she's out in Los Angeles looking for him? The actor, I mean...

**BALLARD**

That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

**ROY**

Yeah? Well, she called Sue Ann yesterday from Arizona.

**BALLARD**

She said she was in Arizona, did she?

**ROY & SUE ANN**

Yes!!

**BALLARD**

You people are even more stupid than I thought. The woman's on the run and she's gonna just phone in her location?

**SUE ANN**

Come on, Elden, she's not on the run. Couldn't you at least call the Los Angeles Police Department?

**ROY**

You gotta do that much.

**BALLARD**

Hey, I'm the law. I don't gotta do nothing...



husband?

65.

**ELIZABETH**

I don't like talking bad about the dead, but now that he's gone I can tell you she put up with things in that marriage I wouldn't have. And yes, she, of all people, was the one who defended him. And that's why what that sheriff said makes me so angry.

**CHARLIE**

What do you mean?

**ELIZABETH**

If anyone had paid to have that husband of hers killed, it would have been me.

**CHARLIE**

(taking her hand)

Mrs. Blaine? I can tell you right now, without a doubt, that your granddaughter is alive, and did not kill Del Sizemore.

**JERROLD**

You've got to be missing a piece of your soul to kill someone. That's not our Betty...

**WESLEY**

(defensive)

... why do you think you have to be missing a piece of your soul to kill somebody?

**JERROLD**

Because it ain't natural, young man.

**WESLEY**

What are you talking about? Killing's totally natural. It's dying that isn't natural...

**CHARLIE**

(covering)

My partner's still young, Mr. Blaine, and he loves his job.

(laughs)

He'd like to kill all the criminals himself!

**(BEAT)**

Now, if Betty was running from someone, where do you think she'd go?

80-82            OMIT

80-82

66.

83            **INT. BETTY'S LESABRE/ EXT. COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - MOVING -83  
AFTERNOON**

Betty drives through Boyle Heights - East L.A., holding a map and checking street signs. She is wearing a brand new Nurse's uniform. Up ahead, she sees the hillside complex of L.A. County/USC Hospital. Hurriedly, she pulls over and checks herself in the visor mirror. She is underwhelmed.

**BETTY**

God... I still look like a waitress.

84            **INT. HOSPITAL - CHIEF NURSE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**            84

The CHIEF NURSE, a large, dynamic woman in her 50's, faces Betty across her desk.

**CHIEF NURSE**

Of course, I don't know every doctor who works here...

**BETTY**

Dr. Ravell's the finest surgeon on the staff. You must know him. He's incredibly handsome, gentle, considerate. He's being sued for sexual assault right now, but--

(Off Chief Nurse's look)

It's not true. He was set up.

**CHIEF NURSE**

Well, I certainly would have heard about that.

**BETTY**

Of course, he's only here two days a week. He's also on staff over at Loma Vista.

**CHIEF NURSE**

... I don't think I know that hospital.

**BETTY**

It's in a very pretty area that gets a lot of sun, has palm trees out front, mountains in the background...

**CHIEF NURSE**

Really? You've just described all of Southern California.

The Chief Nurse looks at Betty for a moment, then stands abruptly, signaling the end of the interview.

67.

**CHIEF NURSE**

(cont'd)

Well, I'm sorry, but I can't even consider you without references or a resume. And frankly, I don't know how you could have forgotten them.

85      **INT. HOSPITAL / HALLWAY - LATER**

85

On her way down the hall Betty passes a patient's room when the sound of A PERSON MOANING stops her. She can't help but go inside. A TV plays commercials.

AN OLDER WOMAN lies in bed, alone and staring at the ceiling. Betty looks around and notices several arrangements of flowers on a deserted nightstand. She brings them over to the older woman's bedside, positions them, then gently strokes her head.

**BETTY**

There... you rest now.

The woman's eyes flutter. She is disoriented at first, then calms as she adjusts to the comforting sight of Betty. Betty takes her hand.

**OLDER WOMAN**

Who... who're you?

**BETTY**

I'm... I'm Nurse Betty.

The woman smiles serenely at this and begins to drift off. Betty checks her monitors as the opening credits of "A Reason to Love" begin to play.

She glances up at the doorway at the same moment and sees Dr. David Ravell standing at the entrance. He checks the chart on the door, smiles warmly at Betty and then moves off. In a flash, Betty is up and after him.

The THEME MUSIC is her private soundtrack as she checks out every man in surgical scrubs, looking for David Ravell. Then... She sees him. In all his glory at the end of a

corridor walking away from her. Betty gives chase. She gains steadily on him, her heart racing. As they near Emergency the NOISE LEVEL picks up. He stops at the nurses' station. Betty closes the gap. She starts to run.

**BETTY (CONT'D)**

**DAVID!!!**

68.

He turns to face her ... It's not David Ravell.

BETTY (cont'd)

Sorry, I thought you were someone else.

**(BEAT)**

Do you know Dr. David Ravell?

The man shakes his head. Betty keeps going, looking around: it's incredible - the size, the activity, the intensity.

**86 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY AREA - SAME TIME**

**86**

DOZENS OF PATIENTS lie on gurneys awaiting treatment in a holding area. It's still more intense at the entrance: VOICES talking back and forth urgently, POLICE OFFICERS, CIVILIANS, DOCTORS AND NURSES converging.

**87 EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY AREA - LATE AFTERNOON**

**87**

FIVE AMBULANCES unload patients at the same time. At that moment a group of TWENTY JAPANESE HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATORS reaches the E.R. portion of their tour.

A WHITE MERCEDES tears up the ramp and SCREECHES to a stop. A YOUNG MAN in gang colors is pushed out, bleeding heavily. A DOCTOR runs at the Mercedes to head it off, yelling indignantly. The car plows right into him and takes off. Another ambulance crests the ramp, lights flashing. The Mercedes SLAMS into it head-on. NURSES AND DOCTORS run into the parking lot. A GANGBANGER gets out of the Mercedes, dazed and wobbly. He pulls a pistol. Everyone dives for cover.

The Mercedes driver is unconscious. The driver of the smashed up ambulance is slumped over the wheel. The rear doors fly open, and a young Hispanic woman, ROSA HERRERA, leaps out.

**ROSA**

**SOMEBODY HELP US! PLEASE, SOMEBODY!**

Doctors and nurses work on patients and try to get to the injured doctor, but the kid with the gun keeps them away.

SECURITY GUARDS draw their guns and scream at him to drop it.

ROSA (cont'd)

**WHY ISN'T ANYBODY HELPING US?!!**

(to gunman in Spanish)

Hey, you little shit! If I had a gun I'd shoot you right now!

The loading area is jammed with panicked people. Doctors and nurses creep out of the hospital on all fours, trying to stay

**69.**

low. No one is getting to Rosa, whose frantic eyes find Betty. They look right at each other.

ROSA (cont'd)

What are you standing there for?!

Betty walks toward her calmly, indifferent to the danger as Rosa pulls the gurney out of the ambulance herself. A PARAMEDIC lies unconscious inside.

ROSA (cont'd)

You gotta help him, he's hurt bad!!

On the gurney is a YOUNG MAN with a chest wound, nearly dead from blood loss. A DOCTOR appears and quickly examines him while keeping one eye on the gunman. He looks up at Betty.

**DOCTOR #1**

Forget it! He doesn't have a chance.  
Help us over here.

The doctor takes off. Rosa looks at Betty, crying.

**ROSA**

Please!

Betty hesitates, then checks his pulse - he has none. She peels back the bandages over a huge chest wound.

**ROSA (CONT'D)**

Danny, it's gonna be all right!

Betty looks at Rosa again; looks around for help - there's no one. She plunges her fingers into the wound.

ROSA (cont'd)

(panic)

What are you doing?

**BETTY**

He has no heartbeat!

**ROSA**

You're hurting him!!

**BETTY**

I'm massaging his heart. I saw it done once.

**ROSA**

**ARE YOU CRAZY?!! STOP IT!!!**

**BETTY**

**LISTEN TO ME! IF I DON'T DO THIS, HE'S DEAD!**

70.

She keeps working on him. We hear a GUNSHOT, and the kid with the pistol falls to the pavement. The loading area immediately fills with DOCTORS, NURSES and COPS.

**BETTY (CONT'D)**

All right, we're moving him inside! Give me a hand!

Rosa is shocked into motion. Together they wheel Danny toward the entrance. A DOCTOR and TWO NURSES come out to take over. Betty, her white uniform now covered in blood, steps aside.

88 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

88

The DOCTOR tries to calm Rosa and keep her from entering the treatment area.

**ROSA**

Is he gonna live?

**DOCTOR**

He's got a chance. Thanks to what that nurse did.

They exit together as AN ADMINISTRATOR and several Japanese officials approach. The Chief Nurse hovers nearby.

**ADMINISTRATOR**

(to Chief Nurse)

Harriet? Who is that remarkable nurse?

**CHIEF NURSE**

That's Betty Sagamore. I hired her today.

89 INT. CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT

89

SEVERAL LOW LIFES are hanging out in the lobby. When Betty



comes in with a bag of groceries they look up, ready to hassle her as she approaches the DESK CLERK.

**BETTY**

May I have my key, please?

She puts the bag on the counter, revealing that the front of her white uniform is covered with blood. She smiles at the low lifes, stopping them in their tracks.

90 INT./EXT. MOTEL ROOM - HOUSTON, TEXAS - DAY

90

The Town Car's looking a little muddy around the rims. Charlie and Wesley look tired as they wait in a seedy motel

71.

room. Charlie sits near a window, reading diary entries aloud. Wesley kicks back on the bed, fast-forwarding through "Genghis Kunt" and talking back to the screen.

**WESLEY**

Thas' it, thas' it... conquer that bitch.

**(BEAT)**

What time're they coming?

**CHARLIE**

It's not an exact science, Wesley. He said they'll be here... My Houston contact has always been very reliable.

**WESLEY**

And then we're gonna do her right here. Right?

**CHARLIE**

You're always so coarse... "Do her right here." Let's just see what happens, okay?

(reading)

"I wish that I could find a way; To speak my thoughts on Mother's Day. There are no words that quite express; My gratitude or happiness. A pleasant smile perhaps a kiss; I would not fail to give her this. I'd make her glad the whole day through; By sayin' 'Mother', I love you!' P.S. I wish I could say this to my mother's face, but I can't anymore."

Wesley rolls his eyes and turns up the volume. Finally a car pulls up outside and Charlie snaps the book closed. He makes a quick attempt to arrange himself and motions to Wesley, who turns off the tape.

A WOMAN with greasy blonde hair and skinny legs shown off by a short skirt comes in with another MAN. Charlie looks her over disgustedly as his face falls.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Who are you?!  
(to the man)  
What the... Who the hell is this?

MAN #1  
Easy, Charlie! She's exactly who you said you were looking for.

CHARLIE  
Wait, wait a minute. We have a major miscommunication here. This not Betty. This is not even close to Betty...

72.

WOMAN  
What the fuck're you talking about? My name's Betty...

CHARLIE  
Then I'm sorry... Wrong Betty.

WESLEY  
Let's get out of here. We got another long drive ahead of us.

(BEAT)  
... the fuck where I do not know, but I know it's gonna be long.

CHARLIE  
(gathering his things)  
Betty would never dress like that. She's not some trailer park slut!

WOMAN  
Fuck you!

CHARLIE  
And she doesn't have a sewer for a mouth...

WESLEY  
Okay, thank you, goodbye... Keep in touch...

CHARLIE  
... She's got class, and poise. Lots of poise...

The man looks at Charlie, then at Wesley, who shrugs in reply as he steers them out the door.

**WESLEY**

Will you ease off on the 'poise' shit,  
you're spooking me here...

91      **INT. HOSPITAL - CHIEF NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY**

91

The Chief Nurse sits behind her desk. Betty faces her like a student in the principal's office, now dressed in her white waitress uniform. She hopes no one notices.

**CHIEF NURSE**

What you did yesterday was reckless at best. You are not an employee of this hospital! If that boy dies I don't even want to think of the lawsuit that'll follow. Are we communicating here?

73.

**BETTY**

Yes, ma'am.

**CHIEF NURSE**

Good. I'm prepared to offer you a job. You can help out in the pharmacy until your California certification and references arrive, but you are not to touch anyone. Is that totally clear?  
(Betty nods)  
Fine...

The Chief Nurse gets up, and Betty follows suit.

**CHIEF NURSE**

(cont'd)

You can start tomorrow. And don't say a word about this to anyone.  
(studying Betty's uniform)  
Is that issue?

**BETTY**

Umm... yes. Back home.

**CHIEF NURSE**

Alright. Oh, and one more thing about what you did yesterday... Well done.

92      **INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY**

92

Danny Herrera is in bed unconscious. Rosa and her MOTHER are keeping vigil when Betty enters. Rosa jumps to her feet.

**ROSA**

Hey, it's Supernurse! Betty, right?

Rosa hugs her and tells her mother in Spanish who Betty is.

**ROSA (cont'd)**

My mother doesn't speak English.

Sra. Herrera smiles at Betty and starts to cry. As she steps forward, Rosa stands aside. The short, stocky woman envelops Betty in a bearhug.

**MOTHER**

No podremos olvidar lo que hizo ayer.

**ROSA**

(translating)

We can't forget what you did yesterday  
... How can my family ever repay you?

74.

**BETTY**

Tell her I was just--

**MOTHER**

Yo s que es su empleo, pero...

**ROSA**

She doesn't care if it was just your  
job... Danny would be dead now but for  
you.

Sra. Herrera kisses Betty's hands and smiles through her tears. Then she motions to Rosa to take her place as she goes to Danny's bedside. Betty picks up Danny's chart and reads it.

**ROSA (cont'd)**

You don't sound like you're from here.

**BETTY**

I'm not. I just drove in from Kansas.

**ROSA**

So why'd you come to L.A.?

**BETTY**

I came for love. My fianc is here.

**MOTHER**

Bravo! Mi hija no hace nada para amor...

**ROSA**

You're making me look bad... My mother

says I wouldn't move across the street  
for love.

**BETTY**

It's something I had to do. For David.

**ROSA**

'David.' That's your guy. So, you  
staying with him?

THE ICU NURSE enters and adjusts the bank of machines  
feeding, medicating and monitoring Danny. Betty watches with  
interest.

**BETTY**

No... I don't really know where he is  
yet. I'm at a hotel around the corner.

**ROSA**

Man, that is love.

75.

**MOTHER**

Ella debe quedar contigo.

**ROSA**

What? Ahh, Mom says you should stay with  
me... Okay, yeah, why not?

Betty looks at Sra. Herrera curiously.

**ROSA (CONT'D)**

You can go get your stuff right now. I'll  
walk you down.

**BETTY**

No, that's not, I couldn't...

**ROSA**

Listen, when someone does the kind of  
thing you did, you gotta do something in  
return. So, you stay with me until you  
find your David and live happily ever  
after. Okay?

Rosa follows Betty out the door.

93 **EXT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

93

Betty and Rosa make their way up the stairs of a Silverlake  
apartment house.

At the sound of SCREECHING TIRES they both look down as a

black Lincoln Town Car drives by. Betty shudders.

**ROSA**

You okay? This neighborhood, you get used to it...

She nods. Rosa continues to talk as they climb the many stairs that lead to her door.

ROSA (cont'd)

I got this apartment with a guy.

**BETTY**

The one you were telling me about?

**ROSA**

No, this one was worse...I had to have the place sprayed when he left. Twice... He was two guys before the last one--not counting a little office thing in there, which I'm trusting you with, 'cause if it gets out, I'm on the street...

76.

94 INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

94

The place is neat. As well furnished as a legal assistant's salary will allow. The living room is dominated by a large glass tank filled with tropical fish. Betty checks out the space.

**BETTY**

It's lovely...I really like your aquarium.

**ROSA**

Yeah, well, at least fish don't use your razor or pee on the seat...

**BETTY**

Hmmm. Sounds like you've had a pretty tough go of it with men...

**ROSA**

Oh, I dunno...but just once I wish I'd run into a guy who noticed the Koi before my tits.

Betty smiles, a little embarrassed.

ROSA (cont'd)

...come on, I'll show you your room.

The black Lincoln Town Car is parked on a lonely stretch of prairie highway. Wesley sits in the passenger seat with the door open. The RADIO is on. Charlie is on his cell phone nearby.

**CHARLIE**

(into phone)

No, we don't know where she is... I understand... No, we'll find her...

**(BEAT)**

I understand.

He hangs up and looks out at the horizon, where huge black storm clouds are gathering. Then he walks slowly to the hood of the car, staring at the ground in front of his feet.

**WESLEY**

What'd they say? Can we go back to Detroit?

Charlie rests his hands gently on the hood, as if considering buying the car. Wesley's MUSIC BANGS from the radio.

77.

**CHARLIE**

They said find it. Find her, find it. Finish the job you were paid to do.

**WESLEY**

Half.

**CHARLIE**

What?

**WESLEY**

They paid us half. They still owe us half...

**CHARLIE**

(disappointed)

There it is again. That lousy attitude that got us here in the first place. That "make a statement," do an end zone dance, shake your ass and sue everybody in sight attitude that's dragging this whole country down the drain.

**(BEAT)**

They don't owe us shit, Wesley! **WHEN YOU FINISH THE JOB, YOU GET PAID!! WE HAVEN'T FINISHED THE GODDAMN JOB!!**

Charlie POUNDS on the hood of the car, scaring Wesley.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

That woman could be in any one of four states. Four big states where the deer and the antelope play, Wesley! We're not in Rhode Island!

**WESLEY**

I know that.

**CHARLIE**

**AND TURN THAT FUCKING MUSIC OFF!**

Wesley switches it off. Charlie turns his back to the car and addresses the angry clouds on the horizon.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Do I deserve this? In the twilight of my career, do I deserve this? I don't think so! I've always tried to do what's right. I never took out anybody who didn't have it coming. I'm a professional!

**(BEAT)**

**AND WHERE THE FUCK AM I? I'M IN PURGATORY!**

78.

**WESLEY**

Worse... you're in Texas.

**CHARLIE**

Well, I should be in FLORIDA now! If Carl hadn't gone in to get those stones removed, you wouldn't be here and I'd be on my way to the Keys. On my boat, RELAXING WITH A GLASS OF PORT!! Re-tired!

The first raindrops begin to fall.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

I'm very tired, Wesley! I've worked hard, and the work should be over, but IT'S NOT! This job is just beginning.

(he turns around)

**GET IN THE CAR!**

Wesley is in the car, but he's too scared to tell Charlie, whose eyes are blazing. Charlie silently walks around to the driver's side and gets in. He and Wesley stare at each other over a photo of Betty, which is between them on the dash. Charlie starts the engine and snatches up the picture.



CHARLIE (cont'd)  
What're you thinking, girl? What's going  
on in that pretty little mind of yours?  
Huh? You can tell me...

He paws at the picture, imploringly. He mutters to himself.  
Wesley shakes his head and stares out.

96 INT. HOSPITAL - PHARMACY - DAY

96

Betty sits in an office along with a CLERK who taps away at a  
computer keyboard while she studies a printed list of names.

**BETTY**

I can't find Loma Vista Hospital...

**CLERK**

I never heard of Loma Vista Hospital.

**BETTY**

I don't believe this! You're the second  
person here who's told me that. That's  
like Ford saying they never heard of GM!

**CLERK**

Try another county...

79.

He exits.

97 INT. LAW FIRM - LATER

97

Rosa is on the phone at her desk in a law office.

**BETTY (V.O.)**

Hey, Rosa...it's Betty. How do you get to  
this town called 'Tustin?' It's in Orange  
County...

**ROSA**

Tustin? Take the Hollywood Freeway to  
the Five...

**BETTY (V.O.)**

The Five?

**ROSA**

Just look for the really crowded road and  
follow that.

**BETTY (V.O.)**

Okay...oh, umm, would you mind if I borrowed some clothes?

**ROSA**

Huh? Sure, look in my closet, take any dress you want!

**(BEAT)**

We're still on for tonight, right?

**98 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - LATER**

**98**

Betty stands in a sexy pink dress, trying to decide if she should put on a hospital gown and waits, tensing each time she hears a voice from the hallway. Finally, the DOORKNOB **BEGINS TO TURN.**

A man's hand and the bottom of a white sleeve appear. The door swings open and a silver-haired, bespectacled DOCTOR in his mid-60's enters. The nametag on his white coat reads "DAVID RAVELL, M.D."

**99 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

**99**

Tasteful jazz, plenty of red leather booths. Betty winds her way through a PACKED CROWD, passing out small white cards. Rosa spots her and goes over to meet her.

**80.**

**ROSA**

You made it! Hey, that looks great on you. 'S classy... (BEAT) So, how'd it go today? You find him?

**BETTY**

Ummm...no, no. Different 'Ravell.'

Rosa starts to lead her to the bar.

**BETTY (cont'd)**

You know, the more I think about it, this really isn't David's kind of place.

**ROSA**

What are you talking about? This bar is packed with professional people!

**(BEAT)**

Everybody says if you're going to get married, this is the spot to meet someone... Luckily, I'm currently off men, so I've got the luxury of not giving a shit.

**BETTY**

I know what you mean, I recently had some trouble with a man, a different man...and David's still getting over Leslie.

(off Rosa's look)

His wife.

**ROSA**

He has a wife?!

**BETTY**

Had. She died in a car accident last year. She was decapitated.

**ROSA**

God, that's awful!

**BETTY**

It may not have been an accident. They never did find her head...

**ROSA**

Her 'head'?! You're making this up...

**BETTY**

No, no! Well, see, she was having an affair with a Russian diplomat who I believe was mixed up with the Mafia...

81.

**ROSA**

Jesus, I thought my love life was crazy...

**LATER**

Rosa and Betty are sitting in a booth, talking over drinks. The place is a little quieter now.

**ROSA (cont'd)**

... so, we'll hit the library first and fan out from there. They've got all the L.A. phone books, plus medical directories...

**(BEAT)**

We're not gonna let him hide from you any more, okay? I'm making this my personal mission.

**BETTY**

David isn't hiding from me, I left him standing at the altar six years ago and now I'm...

**ROSA**

Fuck the details, they're always to blame... Look, too many of these guys duck out on us, especially after they become doctors or lawyers. I see it at my company all day long! So I'm just gonna make sure you get your, you know, fairy tale ending or whatever...

**(BEAT)**

One of us should.

**BETTY**

Rosa, I can't believe you're doing all this for me...thank you.

Rosa glances over to see Betty pass a business card to A WAITER who checks on them. When he is safely gone, Rosa touches Betty on the sleeve.

**ROSA**

Hey, how 'bout a card for me? What is that?

(takes one, reads)

"Please call if you have any information on David Ravell." This is my phone number! How many of these have you given out?

**BETTY**

How many men have I talked to?

82.

**ROSA**

Jesus! They're all gonna be calling me!

**BETTY**

You said in L.A., anything goes.

**ROSA**

I was talking about what you could wear!

100      **EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - THE NEXT DAY**

100

The Town Car's parked on a barren stretch of desert highway, white smoke billowing from the hood. Half a mile ahead Charlie and Wesley are walking in the sweltering heat.

They're in their shirtsleeves, drenched in sweat as the sun beats down on them.

**CHARLIE**

See, in a LeSabre Betty's probably getting twenty-two, maybe twenty-five

miles to the gallon, where we're topping out at fifteen.

**(BEAT)**

She's probably all cool and fresh, and comfortable in that nice air-conditioned car right now.

Wesley wipes the sweat from his eyes and trudges on in silence. Charlie takes out a photo of Betty and speaks to it.

**CHARLIE** (cont'd)

You don't look comfortable here. That's 'cause you don't like being the center of attention, do you? Nah. You're like me.

**WESLEY**

What the hell's the matter with you?

Wesley grabs the photo, tears it in half and tosses it. Then he starts walking. Charlie is stunned for a moment, but recovers quickly. He finds the pieces and stuffs them in his pocket, then catches up to Wesley.

**CHARLIE**

That was a really shitty thing to do.

**WESLEY**

I'm sick of looking at her mother-fucking face.

A beat... they walk for a moment.

83.

**CHARLIE**

Don't talk like that. She's my last one, Wesley, my final target.

(to photo)

Don't you realize your special, that you represent something?

This is too much. Wesley explodes.

**WESLEY**

What? What does she represent?! What could some cornbread white bitch from Kansas who's dragging our sorry asses up and down the Louisiana Purchase possibly mean to you?! I'd just love to know...

**CHARLIE**

I dunno... something.

**(BEAT)**

Why is she doing this to me? Why?...

**WESLEY**

I don't know, but when we find her she's gonna die for it.

101-102

MOVED

101-102

102A

INT. ROADSIDE GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

102A

The Lincoln Town Car is raised up high on the hydraulic jack. Wesley is at a pay phone out front.

**WESLEY**

Can you describe her to me?... Okay...  
Yeah, that sounds like her... Thanks.

He hangs up and goes into the garage, where he addresses the Town Car above him.

**WESLEY (cont'd)**

They found her in Vegas.

No answer.

**WESLEY (cont'd)**

Perfect match on the description.

**ON CHARLIE**

Lying across the front seat taping the reassembled photo of Betty to the dash. Charlie's beginning to come apart. His hair is uncombed and his clothes are wrinkled. His eyes have a thousand-yard stare.

84.

**WESLEY (O.S.)**

**(CONT'D)**

Sounds like she's with the buyer Del lined up.

Charlie pulls himself up on the door and looks down.

**CHARLIE**

How'd they describe her?

**WESLEY**

You know, blonde, thin, whatever...

**CHARLIE**

Not so fast! Slower... 'blonde, thin', yes... Did they say she had style? A kind of grace or anything?

Wesley rolls his eyes, then goes straight to the levers controlling the hydraulic jack.

**WESLEY**

(to mechanic)  
How do I get this fucking thing down?

**MECHANIC**

I wouldn't if I were you. He got pretty upset when I tried it...

103

**INT. LAW OFFICE - A DIFFERENT DAY**

103

MERCEDES LOPEZ, early 40's, impeccably dressed, enters her office loaded down with a bulging briefcase and a stack of files under her arms.

(The entire scene is in Spanish.)

**MERCEDES**

What do you think my father would do if I told him I didn't want to be a lawyer anymore?

**ROSA**

Probably the same thing my mom would do if I got engaged... have a heart attack.

**MERCEDES**

So how's it going with your new roomie? What's her name?

**ROSA**

Betty. It's O.K. except I'm worn out. We spent all weekend looking for her

85.

doctor-boy. How can a big time heart guy leave no trace of himself?

**MERCEDES**

So tell her to settle for the old one in Orange County.

**ROSA**

She's gonna have to 'cause I'm out of ideas.

**MERCEDES**

Maybe we're suing him for malpractice. What's his name again?

**ROSA**

David Ravell.

**MERCEDES**

God, that sounds so familiar. Ravell,  
Ravell... where's he out of?

**ROSA**

I'm not sure now. She said he used to be  
over at Loma Vista. I never heard of it.

**MERCEDES**

Loma Vista?

(laughs)

You mean like the guy on "A Reason to  
Love?"

**104 INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - LATER**

**104**

Rosa enters, tosses her purse on the table and goes straight to the VCR. Written in magic marker on a video is "A Reason to Love, Apr. 23." The tape Sue Ann gave to Betty. She pops it in and turns it on. The OPENING TITLES start ... The characters appear ... one is an impossibly handsome man over the title "DOCTOR DAVID RAVELL."

**105 INT. HOSPITAL PHARMACY - LATER STILL**

**105**

Betty working at a desk in the pharmacy. The same clerk as before busies himself at another counter. Rosa appears at the glass partition and raps urgently on it.

**ROSA**

Guess who I saw today.

**BETTY**

Who?

**86.**

**ROSA**

Doctor David Ravell.

**BETTY**

What? Where was he?!

**ROSA**

**ON TELEVISION!!**

(off Betty's puzzled look)  
Cut the shit, will you!

A BEAT. Rosa SLAMS the videotape down on the counter.

**ROSA (CONT'D)**

Either you're making a fool out of me



because you get off on it, or you got serious problems. Which one is it?!

**BETTY**

I have no idea what you're talking about.

**ROSA**

**I'M TALKING ABOUT DAVID RAVELL!!**

**BETTY**

Shhh! I heard you the first time.

**ROSA**

(suddenly calm)

I spent my weekend looking for someone who does - not - exist. I should have been here at the hospital with my brother, but I was with you.

**BETTY**

If you didn't want to do it, you should have said so! Is this about gas money?

**ROSA**

**IT'S NOT ABOUT GAS MONEY!!**

**(BEAT)**

You have a thing for an actor on a stupid white soap opera, and we searched all over town for his character! Not the actor - whose name is George, by the way. His character!

Rosa stands over Betty, fuming.

**BETTY**

Are you having a nervous breakdown?

Rosa SCREAMS and smacks her hand on the glass as Betty watches. SEVERAL PEOPLE in a nearby lounge look up. Rosa stares at them until they look away.

87.

BETTY (cont'd)

Why'd you help me in the first place?

**ROSA**

I helped you because I'm an idiot! Ask my mother, I love it when people take advantage of me! I TRUSTED YOU!! I **THOUGHT HE WAS REAL!**

**BETTY**

**HE IS REAL!!**

Betty tries to return to her work but Rosa confronts her

loudly. The nearby VISITORS and STAFF pretend to be busy.

**ROSA**

You need help, Betty! Even if this is your idea of a joke, you need **SERIOUS HELP!!**

(walking away - to herself)  
Necesitas un mdico! Pront simo!

**ON BETTY**

fuming in her humiliation. After a moment, Rosa reappears at the window.

**ROSA (cont'd)**

I'm not going back on our arrangement. My word is good, and my family owes you. But I think it's best for both of us if you get your own place as soon as you can.

**BETTY**

Fine.

106      **OMIT (NOW 102A)**      106

106A      **EXT. SIZEMORE MOTORS - KANSAS - NIGHT**      106A

Roy and Joyce approach the door to the trailer/office. She takes out her key, then stops. It's been padlocked and barred with yellow police tape, as is the whole lot. Roy pulls hard on the lock, then starts looking around.

**JOYCE**

You're wastin' your time, Roy.

**ROY**

Look Joyce, I need your key to the files, not advice, okay? This is a complex case.

**88.**

Roy works on opening a side window.

**JOYCE**

Nothin' complex about it. Del's dead, Betty's gone. She's probably dead, too.

**ROY**

You'd like that wouldn't you? You've hated Betty since you were in Pep Squad together...

**JOYCE**

No... before that.

**ROY**

Ahh, I hate this town! Places like this just make you small...

**(BEAT)**

I should have never come back here after college.

**JOYCE**

Blah - blah - blah... Hurry up, will ya, I got a date tonight...

Roy forces the glass open and starts to squirm through the window as Joyce watches.

**JOYCE (cont'd)**

I don't know what you think you'll find, anyway.

**ROY (O.S.)**

Names, a phone number, something...

**(BEAT)**

Listen, Ballard told me that the guy who brought the missing car down from Detroit was murdered, but do you see him doing anything about it? If Ballard wasn't such a stubborn ass, I wouldn't have to be breaking in here...

The color drains from Joyce's face.

**JOYCE**

What did you say?

**ROY (O.S.)**

The driver was killed. I think there's a connection--

**JOYCE**

(starting to cry)

No, about... Are you talking about Duane Cooley?

89.

**ROY (O.S.)**

Yeah. Why, you know him?

**JOYCE**

(crying)

Know him? We were gonna get married! He was gonna leave his wife for me!  
Fuck!!...

Joyce begins to sob at the side of the trailer as Roy shimmies through the window frame.

Suddenly, Ballard is there, weapon cocked and placed roughly into Roy's privates. Joyce backs away.

**BALLARD**

I know you don't use them, but if you wanna keep 'em you'll back out of there slowly...

**106B INT. SQUADCAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

**106B**

Roy is in the rear of the car, handcuffed to the screen dividing the front seat from the back. Ballard is driving.

**ROY**

Come on, Elden, think about it. The driver, all them trunks standing open like that... something's going on here!

**BALLARD**

I know that...

**ROY**

Well, do something, then, damnit!

**BALLARD**

You watch your mouth when you're in a goddamn county vehicle... You don't think I see what's going on? Del, now this Cooley fella, both of 'em mixed up with Joyce... 'S not no conspiracy, not some episode off the X-Files... 's just a crime of passion, plain and simple. Betty's on some kind'a pre-minstral rampage, that's what is going on here.

A moment of silence as they drive.

**ROY**

Oww... Did you have to make these things so tight?

**90.**

**BALLARD**

No, I didn't have to.

He grins at Roy in the rearview mirror.

Mercedes Lopez arrives at the office and stops at Rosa's desk.

(The entire scene is in Spanish)

**MERCEDES**

Hey... Is Betty still trying to find that soap opera guy?

**ROSA**

Oh, yeah... Man, I'd love to find that actor just to see the look on her face, watch her bubble burst in mid-air.

Mercedes hands her two tickets to a benefit.

**MERCEDES**

Here's your needle... He's supposed to make an appearance here tonight.

Betty's lying on her bed reading "Modern Nurse". The L.A. Times Classifieds are open on the bed. Rosa looks in.

**BETTY**

Don't worry, I'm looking... just taking a tiny break.

**ROSA**

This is crazy. I come home, you go to your room. You go in the kitchen, I go to my room. It's stupid.

Betty nods in agreement.

**ROSA (cont'd)**

So what do you say? Can we be friends?

**BETTY**

...okay.

Rosa smiles and starts looking at the tickets in her hand.

**BETTY (cont'd)**

What are those for?

**ROSA**

Oh, it's a charity dinner. The money goes to a good cause, but I don't have

anybody to go with...

**BETTY**

Umm...

Rosa exits for a moment, then reappears in the doorway.

**ROSA**

...you hungry at all?

109

**INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON**

109

The car is covered in dust and mud from the road. It's worse inside: food wrappers, empty bottles, pieces of clothing, filthy windows. They've been living in it.

Wesley's driving now. Charlie's almost unrecognizable: a six day beard, uncombed greasy hair, bloodshot eyes, rumpled clothes and an exhausted, faraway look. The photo of Betty faces him, taped to the glove box. He is reading from the diary, which he clutches like the Bible. They roar along a desert highway, passing a sign that says "Grand Canyon, This Exit. 74 Miles." Charlie looks up, marking his place.

**CHARLIE**

We should go.

**WESLEY**

We don't have time to look at a hole in the ground. We can make Vegas in four hours. This one's got to be her.

**CHARLIE**

It's a very moving experience, trust me.

**WESLEY**

No.

**CHARLIE**

One of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World.

**WESLEY**

No... be dark before we get there. You wanna see the Grand Canyon at night?

**CHARLIE**

What difference does it make? She wasn't in Kansas City, or Houston, or Dallas. We

92.

went to every goddamn place Del mentioned and no Betty. So what the hell makes you

think she's in Vegas? You think she's waiting for us with tassles on her titties? Vegas is too crass for Betty.

**WESLEY**

I said, 'No.' N-O.

Charlie turns to a passage and reads aloud.

**CHARLIE**

"When I grow up I'm going to become a nurse or a veterinarian. I always want to help people and value all life, be it animal, plant or mineral..."

(to Wesley)

Does that sound like a goddamn showgirl to you?

**WESLEY**

Do you hear yourself right now...? Like a fucking madman...

Wesley drives on stoically. The Exit comes and goes.

**CHARLIE**

Every American should see the Grand Canyon. Are you an American?

**WESLEY**

Yes, I am and we're not going. Act professional.

Charlie stares at him, hate rising from just below the surface. He draws a nickel-plated pistol and points it at Wesley's head. Wesley looks at it and keeps on driving.

Charlie knows this isn't the way to handle it. He lowers the pistol.

**CHARLIE**

If you don't take the next turn for the canyon, I'm blowing my goddamn brains all over this car.

He puts the pistol in his mouth and cocks it. Wesley looks over, not so sure this time.

LONG SHOT of the black Town Car as the turn signal comes on, and it eases onto a lonely dirt road. Their headlights pick out a sign that says: "Grand Canyon Fire Trail. Forestry Personnel Only."

110           **EXT. BEVERLY HILTON - EVENING**

110

Rosa and Betty approach the hotel entrance. Ahead of them a black Lincoln Town Car pulls up. Headlights glint on the chrome, hitting Betty in the eye. She freezes, and Rosa bumps into her.

**ROSA**

Sorry.

Betty stares at the car, unable to remember what it should mean. Then a MAN in a tuxedo gets out. Betty moves on.

111           **INT. BEVERLY HILTON - LOBBY - EVENING**

111

A sign on an easel reads "Save the Children." Betty and Rosa present their tickets at the door to a ballroom.

Several times there is a stir near the entrance and a scattering of flashbulbs. Rosa scans the crowd.

**BETTY**

Looking for someone?

**ROSA**

You never know who you'll see.

Rosa keeps looking. Finally, GEORGE McCORD - the actor who plays DAVID RAVELL - enters.

He comes in with LYLA BRANCH, late 40's, and TWO OTHER MEN. Several women approach George, some starry-eyed, for quick, polite greetings. He's doing his job of being a soap star.

Rosa waits for an opening, then puts her hands on Betty's shoulders and points her at George.

ROSA (cont'd)

Look who's here!

Betty's jaw drops. She freezes.

ROSA (cont'd)

What are you waiting for? Talk to him!  
You came fifteen hundred miles for this.

Rosa prods her, then Betty makes her way unsteadily toward George. When she's a few feet away he looks up.

He can't help but notice her - she's beautiful. She's also looking right into his eyes. The conversation stops as he does a double take in Betty's direction.

94.



**GEORGE**

Do I know you from...?

His friends watch as George studies her face.

**BETTY**

...of course you do.

(hurt)

You don't remember me?

**GEORGE**

I take it I should. I'm sorry.

**BETTY**

We were engaged.

**LYLA**

Oh good, another one...

George's friends look at each other. A few heads turn.

**GEORGE**

I beg your pardon?

**BETTY**

But I'm the one who's sorry. Letting you go was the biggest mistake of my life.

(to his friends)

We were thirteen days away from getting married and ... I just got scared. It's a mistake I've had to live with for six years. But it's behind me now...

(to George)

And I hope you can put it behind you.

I've missed you... David.

George sighs with relief. His friends smile. The tension evaporates. They can handle a fanatical fan.

**GEORGE**

That's very kind of you.

**BETTY**

The day I left you I just drove and drove. I drove all day and all that night, and I didn't go anywhere. I just kept driving. I stopped at a little country church, and the pastor let me in, and I sat--

**LYLA**

... in the very first pew, where we would have sat on our wedding day.

Betty looks at her. So does George.

LYLA (cont'd)

I can't believe I remembered that,  
although I suppose I should. I wrote  
it...

(to Betty)

But that was seven years ago, and you're  
quoting it verbatim. I'm flattered... I  
think. Or frightened. What's your  
name?

**BETTY**

Betty Sizemore. What do you mean you  
wrote it?

**LYLA**

I'm Lyla Branch. I'm the Producer.

They shake hands. ACROSS THE ROOM Rosa watches expectantly.

LYLA (cont'd)

Alright, I admit it, you had me there.  
You're better than most of them,  
anyway...do you have a headshot?

**GEORGE**

No, wait...what happened next, Betty?

**LYLA**

Are you sure you want to encourage this?

**(BEAT)**

No, you're right, let's have some fun.  
So, what did happened next, "Betty"?

**BETTY**

Well, David moved out here and started  
his residency. Then he met Leslie--

**LYLA**

No, no, no. We know all that. What  
happened with you?

**BETTY**

I married a car salesman.

The friends laugh. Rosa watches, confused. So is Betty.

**FRIEND #1**

You were dumped for a car salesman,  
George!

**BETTY**

Why are you calling him George?

**FRIEND #2**

Yeah - David - tell us about this car salesman.

George likes the challenge. This party isn't so boring after all.

**GEORGE**

Oh, you mean Fred.

**BETTY**

No, Del.

**GEORGE**

Right, Del. Del was one hot salesman. Of cars. He could talk anyone into anything.

**BETTY**

You knew Del?!

**GEORGE**

Honey, I didn't want to tell you at the time, but Del and I go way back. We went to school together. In fact, he saved my life. Two more minutes in that icy water and I would have drowned. But Del jumped in and grabbed me. We fell out of touch eventually, but I still owe him one.

**BETTY**

He never told me anything about...that's unbelievable!

**LYLA**

Funny, that's just what I was thinking...

**GEORGE**

I can't tell you how much it hurts me to hear that you married him.

His friends snicker. Rosa stares. Betty is oblivious to everything but George.

**BETTY**

I'm so sorry. Life makes us do awful things sometimes.

She's ready to cry. Which only inspires him all the more.

**GEORGE**

I tried to tell myself it was for the best, that there was a reason behind it. But... Del?

**BETTY**

There was no plan! I was just young and stupid and scared!

**GEORGE**

You never gave us a chance...

**BETTY**

I know that. I can't tell you how many times I've said that to myself in those exact words.

Betty wipes her tears away as they flow freely now. George doesn't like seeing her cry; he tries to say something but his friends interrupt.

**GEORGE**

Hey, don't... come on, I was just... you're not really crying, are you?... I was just playing along...

**FRIEND #1**

Now, look what you've done, George.

**BETTY**

Why do they keep calling you George?

**GEORGE**

I don't know. Why do you keep calling me George?

**LYLA**

Listen - David - It's getting late.

George hesitates; Lyla sees it.

**GEORGE**

(to Betty)

Right, uhh...I feel terrible about this, we have a prior engagement at another party.

**(BEAT)**

But... I'd be honored if you'd come.

**LYLA**

Yeah, bring your friend along. I'm sure you got a lot of catching up to do...

Rosa watches, stunned, as Betty waves to her as she leaves arm-in-arm with the man of her dreams.

The Town Car is parked near one of the viewing stops at the rim. Charlie stands in the darkness, but Wesley stays in the car.

**CHARLIE**

You don't know what you're missing,  
asshole.

Charlie walks toward the canyon rim. Suddenly, Betty appears in the headlights standing at the rail - her back to Charlie - with a bouquet of flowers.

**ON WESLEY**

Just as he closes his eyes to rest, the CAR PHONE RINGS.

**WESLEY**

Yeah?

**SUE ANN (V.O.)**

Mr. Campbell?

**WESLEY**

Huh?

**SUE ANN (V.O.)**

Is this Neighborly Life Insurance?

**WESLEY**

(recovering)  
Oh, umm, yes, this is Dwight Campbell.

**SUE ANN (V.O.)**

It's Sue Ann Rogers, Betty Sizemore's  
friend? I heard from her.

**ON CHARLIE**

walking toward the rail. As he nears her, they kiss.

Suddenly, REPEATED BLASTS from the car horn.

The image of Betty shudders, then blurs, then fades away entirely. Charlie rubs at his eyes tiredly, then slowly trudges back toward the car.

Charlie returns and gets into the car. Silence. Wesley stares at him.

**WESLEY**

... you have a good time? You make a  
little wish?

Silence from Charlie.

**WESLEY** (cont'd)

Well, guess what? I found Betty... where she's been, anyway.

**CHARLIE**

Where? Where is she?

**WESLEY**

I'm not telling.

**CHARLIE**

What?

**WESLEY**

I'm not telling 'til you straighten up. You been acting like fucking Jerry Lewis on me and this shit's gotta stop or you can forget about your Betty... I mean it.

A slow transformation comes over Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

Wesley, I'm fine... just tell me where she is.

**113 EXT. BEVERLY HILTON - NIGHT**

**113**

George, Betty, Lyla and the two friends are waiting outside the hotel for their cars.

**FRIEND #2**

I bought a car from Del, too. He sold me a lemon.

**LYLA**

Really? I put a hundred and thirty thousand miles on mine.

**BETTY**

Huh. I had no idea our little lot was so popular...

**FRIEND #1**

I never bought a car from Del. But I loved him. In my own way.

**GEORGE**

I guess we all did. (to Betty) You know, I didn't marry Leslie because I loved

her. I married her to forget you...

100.

**BETTY**

Oh, David...I'm sorry I caused you that much pain.

A black jeep 4x4 pulls up and ERIC AUGUSTINO, the actor who plays LONNIE, gets out.

BETTY (cont'd)

Oh my God! What's Lonnie doing here?

**GEORGE**

You're late, Eric.

**ERIC**

I know. Why are you guys leaving?

**LYLA**

We did our twenty minutes.

Before Eric can take another step Betty SLAPS him across the face. FLASHBULBS go off as PHOTOGRAPHERS capture the moment.

**BETTY**

You bastard! How can you even show your face around here? Do you think we're not onto you?

**ERIC**

Who the hell is this?

**GEORGE**

Sorry. She thinks you're someone else.

George hustles Betty to his car as photographers continue to shoot.

**BETTY**

I know exactly who you are!

114      **EXT. CANYON RANCH BAR - NIGHT**

114

The Lincoln Town Car rumbles into the dusty parking lot and parks.

**CHARLIE**

This doesn't look like the kind of place Betty would go to.

**WESLEY**

Maybe she had to use the bathroom. She

pees, doesn't she?!...

Wesley tears the photo of Betty from the glove box.

101.

**CHARLIE**

Be careful with that!

Charlie takes it back and gingerly secures the tape.

115

**INT. CANYON RANCH BAR - NIGHT**

115

Merle is at the bar, drunk, the only customer on a slow night. Ellen drops two coasters in front of Charlie and Wesley as they sit down.

**ELLEN**

What can I get you?

**WESLEY**

We're Federal Marshals, ma'am.

Ellen looks dubiously at their unshaven faces and rumpled clothes.

**CHARLIE**

We're looking for this young lady.

He slides the photo of Betty across the bar. Ellen's gaze drops to the picture for a second, and Charlie sees what he was looking for - a flicker of recognition. He allows himself a satisfied grin.

Wesley shows Ellen his badge as Merle checks out the photo.

**ELLEN**

I haven't seen her.

**MERLE**

Sure you have! That's ...

**ELLEN**

Shut up, Merle.

Charlie continues to grin at Ellen ...

**WESLEY**

Ma'am, if you've seen this woman--

**MERLE**

Betty! That's her name - Betty.

Charlie takes the photo and puts it back in his pocket.



**ELLEN**

I never saw that woman before, and  
neither has Merle. He drinks too much.  
And don't try to tell me you're cops. I

102.

was married to a cop for nine years, and  
you're not cops. Now get out of here.

Wesley steps behind Merle, takes a handful of his hair and  
SLAMS his head into the popcorn machine on the bar. Merle  
staggers away, stunned. Wesley removes the tin popcorn scoop  
from a nearby hook.

Ellen reaches for something under the bar, but Charlie's  
faster. He pins her arm with one hand.

**CHARLIE**

You haven't been very forthcoming with  
us.

They watch Wesley follow Merle at a slow walk around the pool  
table, CLOBBERING him over the head about every five steps  
with the popcorn scoop.

Merle wobbles with every shot, but won't go down. They begin  
a torturous second lap around the table, punctuated by the  
CLANG of the scoop against Merle's head.

**CHARLIE**

What's your name, dear?

**ELLEN**

Ellen.

**CHARLIE**

That's a nice name.

After one more CLANGING shot Merle staggers, then falls.  
Wesley walks over to Charlie and Ellen, drawing his knife.

**WESLEY**

That's a really nice name...

116

INT. GEORGE'S RANGE ROVER - MOVING - LATER - NIGHT

116

George and Betty are alone.

**BETTY**

Lyla's very nice.

**GEORGE**

Yes, she is.

**BETTY**

She told me I was charming and relentless, and would go far in this town. And she said that unlike the other charming, relentless people she knew, she liked me.

103.

**GEORGE**

She's a good person to know.

**(BEAT)**

So where did you study again?

**BETTY**

Carleton School of Nursing. Two semesters, but Del made me give it up...

**GEORGE**

Alright, okay... I think you broke the record for staying in character about three hours ago.

**BETTY**

You told me that two hours ago.

He pulls up in front of Rosa's apartment and parks.

**BETTY (cont'd)**

I haven't been this happy since I was twelve years old.

**GEORGE**

What happened when you were twelve?

**BETTY**

For Mother's Day, I used all my allowance that I'd been saving to take my mother to Kansas City. We got our nails done and had lunch at "Skies," a restaurant at the top of a building from where you can see the whole city. It was the last outing we took together. She died the following year.

**GEORGE**

Wow ... You just gave me goosebumps, you know that? You make it all sound so real. Great improv...

**BETTY**

I just want everything to be perfect between us.

**GEORGE**

I know. Listen, we need to take a time out here. Can we talk seriously for a minute?

**BETTY**

Of course.

104.

**GEORGE**

At last! I know how much you want this. You're gifted and extremely determined, but ... it's not up to me.

**BETTY**

I know. It's up to us.

Betty leans over and kisses George - so deeply that he's too surprised to react. She pulls away abruptly and gets out.

BETTY (cont'd)

I love you, David. And I want to see you tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day.

Still surprised, and now a little intrigued, he watches her go inside.

117      **INT. ROSA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

117

Betty comes in and pours a drink from the fridge. Rosa appears in a nightshirt behind her, framed in the doorway.

**ROSA**

Were you with him this whole time?

**BETTY**

Oh, God! You scared me! Yes...

**ROSA**

You still in love?

Betty nods.

**ROSA**

Does he know you think he's real?

**BETTY**

He is real.

**ROSA**

Uh-huh... So, what'd you talk about?

**BETTY**

Oh, my gosh, everything! My trip out here, what we've both been doing, you know...

**ROSA**

No, I'm not sure I could begin to imagine... So, where'd you go?

105.

**BETTY**

To a party in the Hollywood Hills.

**ROSA**

Was it a huge place? With a view of the whole world?

**BETTY**

Yes. I'd never been in a place like that before.

**ROSA**

I have, lots of times. My mother used to clean them. I used to piss in their pools.

Rosa gets up and starts for her bedroom. She stops.

**ROSA (cont'd)**

This isn't fair, you know. Do you always get what you want?

**BETTY**

No, almost never.

**ROSA**

But, you're in love with someone who doesn't exist. You come here, you meet this guy, who should laugh in your face, and instead you leave with him!

**(BEAT)**

Betty, you are one-of-a-kind...

Rosa goes into her bedroom and closes the door. Betty smiles and nods, sipping at her drink as she retires to her room.

118 OMIT (NOW 120A)

118

119 INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL CELL - THE NEXT DAY

119

From his cell Roy Ostrey hears a door open, then the sound of approaching footsteps. It's Ballard.

**ROY**

Elden, let me out of here. Now! This is ridiculous, I need medical attention!

**BALLARD**

That's a nice name for what you need...

106.

**ROY**

Come on, I have to get this dressing off...it itches! And what about my fish? Who is taking care of them?

Ballard doesn't say anything. He's very grim, subdued. Roy has never seen him like this.

**BALLARD**

Just shut up a second and listen... That, uh... that bar in Arizona? Where you said Betty was?

**ROY**

What about it?

**BALLARD**

Any idea where it is?

**ROY**

Little place called "Williams," why?

**BALLARD**

I just got something off the wire. The woman who owns it was murdered last night.

**(BEAT)**

Now, I'm not saying I agree with you or nothing, but... what else do you know?

**ROY**

I know plenty.

120

**EXT. LYLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

120

Palatial, spartan. Lyla is sitting in the inner court of her Lloyd Wright home with George at one knee.

**GEORGE**

She makes me stretch! I got inside my character last night like I haven't done in six years on "Reason". It was a totally rejuvenating experience.

**LYLA**

I know, George, I was there. I'm not denying that she's good.

**GEORGE**

She's even taken a job as a nurse!

**(BEAT)**

David Ravell's getting boring, Lyla.

107.

**LYLA**

We know that...

**GEORGE**

Can I have an evil twin?

**LYLA**

No, George, we've already done that with Lonnie. The blind one last year, remember?

**GEORGE**

Oh, of course. Who can forget the Emmy?

**(BEAT)**

Then let me bring Betty to the set and see what happens.

**LYLA**

I don't know, George...

**GEORGE**

I'll tell the cast ahead of time. What do you say?

**LYLA**

I'll think about it.

**GEORGE**

It'll be like live television! Let's live on the edge a little. You and I can break the mold here!

**LYLA**

I said I'll think about it.

**GEORGE**

Fine, but promise me one thing. If we use her, I want to direct those episodes. She's my discovery.

**LYLA**

Actually, she was my discovery... just like you.

**GEORGE**

Hmm?

**LYLA**

"Would you like ground pepper on that salad, Ms. Branch?" Remember?

**GEORGE**

... yeah.

108.

120A

**EXT. L.A. FREEWAY - NIGHT**

120A

The black Lincoln Town car hurdles along the 10 Freeway, a revitalized Charlie back at the wheel. Surrounded by traffic, the lights of the city in the distance, the two men push on toward their new destination.

121

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - THE NEXT DAY**

121

The black Lincoln Town Car - now washed and gleaming - is parked in front of a modest motel.

122

**INT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL / BATHROOM - DAY**

122

Charlie looks like a new man - showered, clear-eyed and energized - he's at the sink shaving as Wesley watches from his seat on the edge of the bathtub.

**CHARLIE**

So you believed the bartender. Why?

**WESLEY**

Well... I think I saw her soul.

**CHARLIE**

That's good. You're learning. But let me tell you why I know she was lying.

**(BEAT)**

First off, Betty would never fall for a soap star. It's beneath her.

**WESLEY**

I dunno, that lady sounded pretty sure...

**CHARLIE**

No, no, Betty came here strictly for business, 'cause it's the biggest market for what she's selling. I should have known it all along. I'm kicking myself

as I shave here. So, first thing we...

**WESLEY**

Wait, wait, wait a minute... that doesn't make sense.

**CHARLIE**

What doesn't?

**WESLEY**

You gimme this bullshit Psychic Friends theory, you believe that dumbshit trucker, you believe this woman...

109.

**CHARLIE**

I never said that I believed...

**WESLEY**

No, you believed her, we drove all the way to L.A. so that means you trusted her that much... so why's the rest of her story suddenly so kooky? Huh?

**CHARLIE**

'Cause I just don't buy it. Call it instinct. Call it 35 years of professional know-how...

**WESLEY**

I call it 'nutty' as my shit after I eat Almond Roca...

**CHARLIE**

You need to remember who you're talking to...

**WESLEY**

I need to get my goddamn head examined.

**(BEAT)**

You can't rule something out on a whim. Or because she's cute. I've been following your whims all across the U.S. of A. and now I'm tired! Me!

**CHARLIE**

Wesley...

**WESLEY**

"It's beneath her..." She's a mother fucking housewife... nothing's beneath her!

Wesley stands up for emphasis, pointing a finger in Charlie's personal space. Charlie reacts at this, throwing his razor



into the sink and turning on Wesley.

**CHARLIE**

Boy, you need to get outta my face...  
now! You got a feeling, then you do what  
you gotta do, but don't you ever try to  
tell me my job. Not ever.

It's a standoff. Wesley blinks first. He stalks off and out  
of sight. In a moment, he returns.

**WESLEY**

Fine. Just fine... I'll go check some  
shit on my own then. And don't call me  
'boy...'

110.

He turns and slams into the door frame. He glares at  
Charlie, then exits. When the front door BANGS SHUT allows  
himself to go back to his shaving.

123

**EXT. STUDIO BUILDINGS - DAY**

123

Map in hand, Wesley stand near A GUARD and discreetly asks  
questions.

**WESLEY**

... what kinda car's Jasmine drive?

**GUARD**

Ahh, Mercedes, I think. Black.

**WESLEY**

Yeah? The sport utility?

**GUARD**

Uh-huh.

**WESLEY**

Damn, that's sweet...

**(BEAT)**

She really that good-looking in person?

**GUARD**

Better.

**WESLEY**

Oh fuck...

Wesley looks around covertly, then produces a fifty.

**WESLEY (cont'd)**

Hey, can you sneak me on the lot?

**GUARD**

Sure.

Wesley smiles and wanders off, headed toward a series of studio buildings in the distance. The guard watches him go.

GUARD (cont'd)

... it's Sunday, I can sneak anybody on the lot.

**124 INT. HOLLYWOOD MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

**124**

Charlie toys with matches from the Canyon Ranch Bar. Working off a list of names and phone numbers from his Zaurus, he makes calls from his room.

**111.**

**CHARLIE**

Betty Sizemore, she's got ten kilos... Blonde hair, a great figure... sort of a whole Doris Day thing going on. That's what I said-- Doris Day. You could see her working at the U.N., or something. 'The U.N.' "United Nations." Forget it...

**(BEAT)**

Nobody like that? You're sure? Yeah, Detroit by way of Kansas... Alright, let me know if you hear anything, okay?

He hangs up. Deletes another one off the list and looks out the window. Checks the now well-worn photo of Betty. He's starting to doubt himself.

**125 INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM - EVENING**

**125**

Rosa stands in the doorway as Betty, wearing one of Rosa's hotter outfits, puts on her makeup.

**BETTY**

Are you sure I can borrow this?

**ROSA**

No, please. Go ahead, it's your funeral...

**BETTY**

Rosa...

**ROSA**

Well, what if this guy's just playing with you? What if he's lying about who he is?

**BETTY**

You should have a little faith in people.

**ROSA**

Does he ever talk about medicine? His patients, the hospital?

**BETTY**

All the time. It's always "Loma Vista" this, "Loma Vista" that.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Rosa goes to the front door and looks through the peephole, then opens the door. George McCord, flowers in hand, gives his best leading man smile.

112.

**GEORGE**

You must be Rosa. I've heard so much about you... I'm George McCord.

**ROSA**

Not as much as I've heard about you. She's a very nice girl and you better not hurt her.

**GEORGE**

What?

Betty appears.

**BETTY**

Rosa, so you've met David?

**ROSA**

Sure did! And a funny thing, Betty, he introduced himself to me as George!

**BETTY**

Oh, he does that.  
(hugging him)  
It's this silly game he plays. Half the people who know him call him George.

126      **EXT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

126

**GEORGE**

I don't think your friend likes me.

**BETTY**

She's a little jealous, I think. And confused when it comes to men...

**(BEAT)**

So where are we going?

**GEORGE**

Well, first I thought Patina, and then the Ivy, but then I thought of somewhere a little more romantic. Like my place.

127      **INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

127

Modern glass and steel structure in the hills. Austere. Betty and George sit on the sofa with the lights low and SOFT MUSIC playing.

**GEORGE**

God, I haven't felt like this since I was with Stella Adler in New York. You're so...real.

113.

He leans forward slowly to kiss her, but Betty pulls back.

**BETTY**

You never mentioned a 'Stella' to me.

**GEORGE**

Didn't I?

**BETTY**

No, I would have remembered that name. The only Stella I ever knew was a parrot.

**(BEAT)**

Was this before Leslie? Before us?...

George takes her face in his hands and looks at her.

**GEORGE**

I've never met anyone like you, Betty.

**BETTY**

I know, that's why we were meant to be together...

**GEORGE**

No, I mean your dedication scares me...

**BETTY**

It's easy to be dedicated, when you care about something...

**GEORGE**

Yeah, I felt that way, too, when I first started, but now... the hours, the repetition... it's not all glamour and mall openings anymore. Maybe I should've listened to my people and tried to make the crossover to nights earlier, I don't know...

**(BEAT)**

...I just hope it's not too late for me. God! Listen to me, "Me, me, me." It's so easy to get caught up in the whole ego cycle of this business and make it all about yourself. Stop, right? That's it, no more about me tonight, I promise... Let's talk about you...what do you think about me? I'm kidding... Seriously, Betty, I'm doing all the talking here...

**BETTY**

...but I love listening to you, so that's okay...

114.

**GEORGE**

Thanks. But I'd like to hear what you're feeling...

**BETTY**

Well, I just feel that life'll be much sweeter for you now with me around. I promise...

**GEORGE**

You know, I almost believe that... you're like a warm breeze that's suddenly blown into my life...

(laughs)

I said that to Leslie, once, at her funeral, remember?...

**BETTY**

I remember. You said it to her, but it was meant for me, wasn't it?

**GEORGE**

Yes... maybe it was.

She kisses him deeply, then allows herself to fall back on the sofa, pulling George down on top of her and kissing him passionately.

Wesley hands Charlie a newspaper folded open to the Entertainment section, where there is a picture of Betty slapping the actor Eric Augustino. George is in b.g.

**WESLEY**

...so I'm standing there, minding my own business on Hollywood Blvd., checking out Gladys Knight's star-thing there, I look up at this little souvenir shop dude, Chinese dude, reading a paper... and who do I see?

(holding up paper)

That's Lonnie. He's the show's Main Prick. And that is definitely Betty. Now, that ain't no coincidence...

**(BEAT)**

I found out where they shoot it, and where the dressing rooms are.

Charlie studies the photo, troubled by something.

**CHARLIE**

Who's this?

115.

**WESLEY**

A doctor on the show... why?

Charlie thinks about it, then reaches into his pocket and takes out the photo of Betty with the cardboard David. As he compares the photos, Wesley peeks over his shoulder.

**WESLEY (cont'd)**

What in the...

(simmering)

What the hell is this? You've been holding out on me. All this fucking time!

**CHARLIE**

It just didn't fit her profile...

**WESLEY**

Fuck the profile! That's the same guy!!

**CHARLIE**

She can't be here because of a... a soap opera. Not a soap opera. That'd make her...

**WESLEY**

... crazy! No shit, Shaft!! And you ain't far behind...

**CHARLIE**

... but she's, no, Betty's smarter than that. She wouldn't be here for a...

**WESLEY**

I do not know how the fuck you lasted an hour in this job! Dragging our asses around with the answer to our prayers in your motherfucking jacket... a picture of that cunt right next to the...

Charlie cuts Wesley short by grabbing his shirt and pulling him close.

**CHARLIE**

Don't Don't you talk about Betty like that. I don't care who she ends up being, you never use that word again. Got it?

**WESLEY**

Man, you have got to get some therapy.

**CHARLIE**

I said 'got it?'

116.

**WESLEY**

... yeah, I got it.  
(struggling)  
Come on, you're stretching out my vest...

**CHARLIE**

You made your point...  
(drops him)  
I was wrong.

He carefully folds the paper, pockets the photo and straightens his clothing. He straps on his holster and checks his weapon for emphasis.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

Now, get yourself ready.

129 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

129

Wesley gathering his gear through the open door. Charlie stands looking at himself in the mirror. Touches at the gray in his hair. As an afterthought, he tosses on a splash of cologne.

130 OMIT

130

George leads Betty past several standing sets and into the 'operating room' as CREW MEMBERS buzz around. Betty walks with her eyes closed and holding George's hand.

**GEORGE**

Just a little further... come on...

George stops and puts both hands over Betty's eyes. He looks about expectantly and then uncovers them with a flourish.

**GEORGE (cont'd)**

Surprise!

Betty stares, slowly trying to take in her new surroundings. It looks like Loma Vista, but something is different. Odd. Cameras, lights, etc. - all the apparatus of a TV show - are in plain sight... And very disorienting.

**BETTY**

Oh my gosh...I didn't know I was going to meet your friends today...I dressed a little casual.

117.

He leads her to a taped mark on the floor as CAST MEMBERS appear, including JASMINE and BLAKE DANIELS.

**GEORGE**

That's cute...listen, you got the part, and I'm directing. You've only got four lines today, so I thought I'd just spring it on you. No blocking or anything, just stand near the nurse's station... we're gonna do a quick walk-through. Alright?

He kisses her cheek and walks off toward the waiting Lyla before she can respond.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Quiet on the set!

**GEORGE**

Traffic was terrible...

**LYLA**

No, that's fine, we've only got seventy pages to shoot...take your time.

A STAGE MANAGER hands Betty a set of sides and an on-set COSTUMER tries to fit her.



**BETTY**

Excuse me. What are you doing?

**STAGE MANAGER**

We'll get you into hair and make-up after this, just put this on...

The other actors take their positions. Lyla watches from behind the cameras as David readies himself. Chloe enters the set with Kleenex tucked into the neck of her costume.

**CHLOE**

(to Betty)

Hi. I hear you're great. Good luck...

**BETTY**

What are you doing here? David...

**GEORGE**

Your lines'll are in the script, but you can ad lib.

**BETTY**

Ad lib?

118.

**GEORGE**

In fact, I want you to ad lib, that's the magic I'm after. I wanna give a whole new feel to the show.

She's sliding toward a complete meltdown.

**VOICE**

Slate it!

George steps back behind the cameras. Betty's still frozen to her spot, overwhelmed.

**GEORGE**

Just do what you've been doing. Watch the scene and on your cue take off from there.

**VOICE**

5-4-3-2...

Chloe and Blake run through their lines lifelessly, then stop when they get to Betty's cue. Their faces loom around her menacingly. Staring. The lights are impossibly bright. People begin to shuffle and stare at one another. Lyla clears her throat as George bounds on stage, still smiling.

**GEORGE**

Betty?

**CHLOE**

Are you all right?

**BLAKE**

(to Chloe)

I think you stepped on my first line...

**CHLOE**

... I was talking to her.

(to Betty)

Do you need anything...?

She's freezing up. George approaches her.

**GEORGE**

Betty, I thought this would be the best way. You know, throw you into it...

**LYLA**

What the hell's going on?

**GEORGE**

If you need a minute, that's okay. But I thought you'd want to--

119.

**BETTY**

David, I don't... Can we talk privately for a second?

**GEORGE**

Stop calling me David. We're on set, for Christ's sake, you don't have to call me David here.

As he pulls away Betty grabs his arm.

**BETTY**

Why are you doing this to me?

**GEORGE**

Why am I doing this to you? Isn't this what you wanted?

Lyla approaches.

**LYLA**

Is there a problem, George?

**GEORGE**

No! No problem, there is no...

(to Betty, sotto)

What is the problem? Just do that...

thing... you do! Come on! You drove me nuts with this for three days, now do it!

George steps back behind the cameras as if nothing's wrong. Betty still hasn't moved. She's shaking with fear. The cast and crew members find it hard to look at her.

**LYLA**

All right, everybody! That's ten minutes!

**GEORGE**

No! Let me try this!

**JASMINE**

(storming off)  
This is bullshit!

**LYLA**

Forget it, George. It was a gamble, it didn't work. Nice try.

**GEORGE**

Let me try this, goddamnit! SHE'S BEEN DOING IT ALL WEEK, SHE CAN DO IT NOW!

**LYLA**

**I SAID FORGET IT!**

120.

George throws down his script and rushes up to Betty, who reaches out to him. He brushes her hands away.

**GEORGE**

Well, I don't know what you had in mind, but I hope you're happy. I put myself on the line for you, my reputation, and you're making me look like an idiot.

**BETTY**

What do you mean? What did I do to you...

**GEORGE**

Who put you up to this? Did my ex-wife ask you to...?

**BETTY**

David, please--

**GEORGE**

**STOP CALLING ME THAT! MY NAME IS NOT DAVID, AND IF YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, YOU'RE MORE FUCKED UP THAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE!**

Betty begins to cry.

**STAGEHAND**

Leave her alone, George!

**GEORGE**

SHUT THE FUCK UP!! You're a fucking grip,  
go grip something!!!

(to Betty)

And you're not an actress, you're nothing  
but a soap opera groupie, aren't you?

**YOU HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO! DO YOU??**

Well, why don't you get a fucking life,  
and stop ruining mine!

Betty stands dead still as George continues to berate her.  
ALL SOUND slowly starts to drop out, then comes back abruptly  
with a RUSH. Suddenly a light snaps on for her and she  
stares at him.

**BETTY**

I'm sorry...Oh my gosh, are you George  
McCord?!

**GEORGE**

...What? What did you call me?

121.

**BETTY**

George...McCord. You're my favorite actor  
on...

**LYLA**

She called you 'George,' George.

**BETTY**

...did I win some contest?

**GEORGE**

But I'm David... I mean, I'm not David,  
but she thinks I am! You heard her...

(looking around the group)

Stop staring at me... I'm not crazy, she  
is!

**BETTY**

Why are you screaming at me? I mean,  
what am I... why am I here? I don't...

**GEORGE**

You're doing this now? After all the..  
are you sick? Are you going to kill me  
now?

**BETTY**

No, I... I'll leave. Forgive me if I caused you all any trouble... I just, I don't know how I...

(to George)

... I'm sorry.

George watches Betty walk off the set. The cast and crew try to pretend this scene didn't happen, except for Lyla, who burns a hole into George's back. Their eyes meet.

**GEORGE**

What?!

132      **OMIT**

132

133      **INT. TV STUDIOS / RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

133

George McCord, wearing sunglasses and still angry, strides into the lobby. Charlie and Wesley stand quickly and take out their badges as he approaches.

**GEORGE**

What can I do for you, gentlemen?

122.

**CHARLIE**

How do you do, Mr. McCord. We're trying to locate a deranged fan of yours,... a Ms. Betty...

**GEORGE**

Deranged. That would be the right word.

Wesley takes out the photo of Betty.

**GEORGE (cont'd)**

That won't be necessary. She's staying with a Rosa something... Hernandez, Herrera. I know it's an 'H' sound... in Silverlake.

**CHARLIE**

Thanks so much. You must get bothered by this kind of thing a lot.

**GEORGE**

More than you know. Is there anything else?

**CHARLIE**

No, that should be more than--

**GEORGE**

Good.

George turns to leave.

**WESLEY**

Actually, there is one more thing.

George stops. Wesley is suddenly shy, hesitant.

WESLEY (cont'd)

It's just... well... I watch the show too, and you being Dr. Ravell and all, I thought you could maybe get Jasmine to come out here.

**GEORGE**

You thought wrong.

George pulls away. Wesley grabs his sleeve.

**WESLEY**

It's just for an autograph. It's not for me...

**GEORGE**

It never is.

123.

George wrenches free of Wesley's grip and takes off.

Wesley is furious. He catches George in two strides, spins him around and SLAPS him across the face. George's glasses go skittering across the floor. PEOPLE stare.

**WESLEY**

You need to learn some manners, friend... reach out to your goddamn fan base a little more.

Charlie pulls Wesley away. George is frozen to the spot, humiliated, a pink handprint emerging on his cheek.

WESLEY (cont'd)

... and I saw your movie-of-the-week. It sucked dick!

134

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY**

134

Betty walks aimlessly along a busy street. She moves without direction, in a daze until a glint of bright light hits her,

causing her to turn. She is staring at a black Lincoln sitting in a car lot, sunlight dancing off its chrome. She shudders involuntarily at it. Suddenly, she hears a familiar voice.

**DEL (O.S.)**

What the hell are you doing here?

It's Del. He's in a pastel version of his usual shirt, slacks, and tie.

DEL (cont'd)

Well, are you gonna answer me? What'd you come here for?

**BETTY**

I came for love...

**DEL**

You're not on that soap opera thing again, are you? 'Cause you know what that is?

**BETTY**

It's people with no lives watching other people's fake lives.

**DEL**

That's right. So, if you know it, why are you in trouble?

124.

**BETTY**

I don't know.

**DEL**

You sure don't. Who do you think you are coming to Hollywood, anyway? You should remember where you came from. And who you really are.

Del looks up at the sun for a moment, shading his eye from it.

DEL (cont'd)

I gotta run. Got some serious clients to meet, with real potential.

**(BEAT)**

Goddamn, it's hot!

He wipes the sweat from his brow. Betty looks at his handkerchief and sees that it's soaked in blood. Then back at his face, now obscured by blood pouring down from his head.

She stares, horrified, and in that moment Del becomes... a

MAN, staring back at her as he wipes the sweat from his brow.

**MAN**

Who are you talking to? Are you crazy?

Betty backs away and melts into the flow of PEDESTRIANS.

135      **INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - LATER**

135

Rosa comes home from work and tosses her purse and jacket on the chair. No Betty in her room.

**ROSA**

Bet-ty!? Did the pizza guy show up yet?

She emerges from Rosa's bedroom with toiletries and moves to an open suitcase in her room. She barely acknowledges Rosa.

ROSA (cont'd)

Are you all right?

(no answer)

What happened?

**(BEAT)**

He dumped you, didn't he? I KNEW IT WHEN I MET HIM!! He's a loser, like the rest of them. Mother-fucker!

Rosa now notices Betty packing.

125.

ROSA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

**BETTY**

I'm going back to... I need to... I don't know.

Rosa tries to stop Betty for a moment to talk. Betty grabs a pile of Rosa's clothes and heads for her room.

BETTY (cont'd)

... this is your sweater, right?

**ROSA**

Where are you going?

**BETTY**

I have to leave now.

She tries to put Betty's suitcase away.

**ROSA**

What? No, I'm not gonna let you just run



out of here... You need to talk about what's going on...

**BETTY**

You think I'm crazy, Rosa, but you don't know the half of it. My husband was, ahh...

**ROSA**

Your husband?!

**BETTY**

Yes, I had a husband and he was killed two weeks ago in my kitchen. I was right there...

Rosa stops.

**ROSA**

Jesus!... What are you saying?

They stare at each other for a beat.

**ROSA (cont'd)**

What?! That you had something to do with it?

**BETTY**

I don't know. I'm just starting to remember it now. I don't...

126.

**ROSA**

Yeah, but your running away isn't going to help you with all this...

**BETTY**

There was blood everywhere, Rosa. I saw it, I think I watched the whole thing happen... Oh my God...

**ROSA**

Okay, okay, look, ummm... Let's just talk a little first and you'll feel better, I promise.

The doorbell rings.

**ROSA (cont'd)**

That's our pizza... You can't go yet.

Charlie watches Betty undress from a nearby fire escape. He stares at the object of his desperate search with relief and some fascination.

Betty's movements are unhurried, mindless. Charlie stares, mesmerized, until she steps into the shower.

137

**EXT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - STREET - SAME TIME**

137

Wesley gently nudges open the trunk to Betty's LeSabre. The cardboard cut-out of David Ravell pops out at him.

**WESLEY**

Whoa! What the fuck're you doing here?

He breaks it over his knee and throws it in the gutter, then quickly removes the wing nut holding the spare tire. He removes the tire, then raises the panel on the floor of the trunk as Charlie joins him.

**WESLEY (cont'd)**

It's all here. It hasn't been touched.

The bottom of the trunk is lined with brown paper-wrapped bricks of cocaine. Charlie stares at it, shaking his head.

**WESLEY (cont'd)**

You were right. Del wasn't lying.

**CHARLIE**

Well, you were right about what that bartender said.

127.

Wesley looks at him. He appreciates the compliment.

**WESLEY**

But you were right first. You gotta follow your instincts.

Charlie takes a long look at Wesley and smiles proudly.

**CHARLIE**

What do your instincts tell you to do now, kid?

**WESLEY**

Leave. Take this shit back to Detroit and get the rest of our money.

**CHARLIE**

We could do that. I could be on my way to Florida, and you could go to Thailand

and fuck your brains out.

**WESLEY**

...but that's not what we're gonna do, is it?

**CHARLIE**

No... if we don't finish this job, how are we gonna look at ourselves in the mirror? This is it for me, Wesley, she's the last one. My instinct says I gotta see this through with her, and if there's one thing I've tried to teach you here--

**WESLEY**

It's to follow my instincts. And my instincts say get the fuck out of Dodge.

**CHARLIE**

No, I said to follow 'my' instincts. Now, we go up there and conclude our business. Case closed.

Charlie walks off. Wesley closes the trunk up and prepares to follow him.

**WESLEY**

... oh, that's fucking democratic.

138

**INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

138

At the sound of the BUZZER Rosa goes to the door. She looks through the peephole and sees Charlie holding up a badge.

128.

**CHARLIE**

I'm Detective Jefferson--

**ROSA**

Oh... Did Betty call you?

Charlie nods. Rosa opens the door, and he enters with Wesley.

**ROSA**

She's got problems, but she's no killer. I hope you guys can straighten this out...

Charlie and Wesley exchange a puzzled look.

**CHARLIE**

We'll do what we can. Where is she?

**ROSA**

Bet-ty!

(to the men)

Please, go easy on her. She's had a really rough day.

Betty appears. She recognizes the men instantly and freezes. Charlie's eyes wander over her... slowly. Wesley notices.

**ROSA** (cont'd)

These guys are here to help you, Betty.

**BETTY**

I don't think so.

**(BEAT)**

Rosa, I didn't kill Del... they did.

Wesley produces a pistol, sitting Rosa forcibly on the sofa and tapes her mouth and hands. Charlie walks over to Betty.

**CHARLIE**

We meet again.

He moves closer to her... almost whispers. Wesley steps in and quickly tapes her hands. Charlie stops him.

**CHARLIE** (cont'd)

Not her mouth...

(to Betty)

I've spent many long hours in a car with your face staring back at me. I've seen it painted on the horizon.

**WESLEY**

(to Charlie)

What's wrong with you?

129.

A KNOCK at the door ruins Charlie's moment.

**ROSA**

That's our pizza.

Wesley hustles Rosa out of the room.

**CHARLIE**

Get rid of them. You understand?

Betty nods, scared, and looks through the peephole. She stares with disbelief at ROY OSTREY. He KNOCKS again. She opens the door a crack.

**ROY**

Betty! Boy, am I glad to see you!

**BETTY**

Roy! What are you doing here?

**ROY**

You're in serious danger!

**BETTY**

Ahh, look, right now's not very...

**ROY**

I woulda' been here sooner, but Ballard put me in jail. He still thinks you had Del scalped.

**BALLARD**

I never said that! Open the door, Betty.

BALLARD shoves Roy aside; Charlie's getting edgy ...

**BETTY**

Sheriff, I don't...

**BALLARD**

C'mon, Betty, open up! I got some questions for you about...

**ROY**

Have you checked the trunk of that car you're driving, Betty? I think there might be...

**BETTY**

It's not really a good time, guys...

**BALLARD**

Don't give me that. I've come two thousand miles for this!

130.

Charlie has been listening quietly on the other side of the door and finally snaps.

**CHARLIE**

Two thousand miles? That's nothing!

He flings the door open, sticks a pistol in Ballard's face and yanks them both inside.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Hah! You probably flew! I've crossed the river Styx looking for her, pal! I travelled the fucking country to be here!

Charlie slams the door and frisks them, taking a gun and

handcuffs from Ballard. Wesley returns with Rosa.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
(to Betty)  
Who are these idiots?

**BETTY**  
This is Roy Ostrey, he's a reporter. And this is Sheriff Ballard. We all went to Fair Oaks High together...

**CHARLIE**  
Oh, this is wonderful...

Wesley takes over. He sits Rosa down on the sofa, then pushes Betty down next to her and beckons to Roy.

**WESLEY**  
Come here.

He breaks Roy's nose with his pistol. Roy crumples to the floor, holding his face. Betty starts to scream, but Charlie puts his hand over her mouth.

Wesley tapes Roy's hands together, then beckons to Ballard.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
Your turn.

Ballard drops to his knees in a prayer-like position near the aquarium.

**BALLARD**  
I got two kids and a dog...

Wesley grabs his shirtfront and slams him to the floor, then with a foot on his neck, he loops Ballard's arms around one leg of the steel aquarium stand and handcuffs him.

131.

Charlie does nothing but stare at Betty, his eyes locked with hers. Wesley sees it.

**WESLEY**  
Act professional, remember?

Charlie pulls her to her feet.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

Charlie leads Betty out of the room.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
No way! This is not professional!

Silence. Then Charlie takes out a knife and cuts the tape from Betty's wrists, touching her hair. Gently. He leaves her standing in the corner while he sits on the edge of the bed.

**BETTY**

... I s'pose you did that so I could take my sweater off or something.

**CHARLIE**

No, just stand there... lemme look at you a minute.

She does. Charlie stares intently at her.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

Do you know who I am?

**BETTY**

... I... I know what you are.

**CHARLIE**

Do you know why I'm here?

**BETTY**

I've got a pretty good idea. You're here to kill me, so kill me. You want me to be afraid, but I'm not. I don't care who you are, or why you two killed my husband...

Charlie studies her, then sets his gun down on the bed.

**CHARLIE**

You really... didn't have anything to do with what Del was doing, did you?

132.

**BETTY**

I have no idea what he was mixed up in... it was always something.

**CHARLIE**

So you weren't involved with him in his pathetic attempt to diversify?

(off her blank look)

Were you mixed up in the drugs, Betty?

**BETTY**

Drugs? God, no! I'm totally against

drugs.

**CHARLIE**

Damn, life is strange. I had you figured for this cold-blooded, calculating bitch-- Not that I didn't admire you for it.

Charlie slowly folds his knife and pockets it.

**BETTY**

... well, if you're not going to slit my throat, why'd you come up here?

**CHARLIE**

... to see you.

140

**INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

140

Wesley stands over Ballard, about to tape his mouth. Rosa and Roy are sitting in chairs opposite them, their mouths and wrists already taped.

**BALLARD**

You killed that bartender in Arizona and the trucker in Texas, didn't you?

**WESLEY**

How did you find Betty?

**BALLARD**

I just put it all together. I knew David, Lonnie and Chloe were from that show.

Roy starts freaking out, trying to talk through the tape.

**BALLARD (cont'd)**

Betty thinks they're real people. It sounded crazy, but it was worth a shot.

Roy is apoplectic...

133.

**WESLEY**

What do you want?!

Wesley tears his tape off.

**ROY**

That's a lie! I figured it out! I've been trying to tell this dumbass--

**BALLARD**

Fuck you, Roy Ostrey!



**ROY**

--small-time, pissant, Barney Fife--

**WESLEY**

SHUT UP! Shut the fuck up, both of you,  
before I kill you!

**ROY**

I'm the one who watched the show...I  
was...

**WESLEY**

Did Chloe crack?

**ROY**

Totally. She came apart like a house of  
cards. They dropped the charges...

**WESLEY**

Goddamn... how 'bout Jasmine?

**ROY**

She's a lesbian.

Wesley immediately pulls his gun and points it at Roy's head.

**WESLEY**

You lie, motherfucker...

**ROY**

I swear to God!

Rosa STAMPS her feet, drawing Wesley's attention. She tries  
to talk through the duct tape; gestures for him to come to  
her.

**WESLEY**

What?! You scream, you die.

He yanks the tape off. Rosa winces.

**ROSA**

I have a tape of today's show.

134.

141

**INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

141

Betty is sitting on the bed. Charlie leans against the wall,  
facing her. He has trouble starting this.

**CHARLIE**

... I never meet people like you. I'm a

garbageman of the human conditon. I deal with trash, mostly, people willing to trade any part of themselves for a few more minutes of their rotten lives. But you... you're different.

**BETTY**

I am?

**CHARLIE**

Sure. You could probably have any thing you wanted... somebody as beautiful and stylish as yourself, and you don't even realize it.

Betty looks curiously over at Charlie.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

I'm appreciably older than you, but my health is good. I take care of myself, and I got some money socked away. You'd never have to work agin, that's for sure. I'd treat you like a queen.

**BETTY**

Umm, I don't think that...

**CHARLIE**

Wait. Let me get this out.

(clears his throat)

I like the symphony, walks in the rain, sunsets, animals and children. I read passionately, and I like to discuss things. I'm basically conservative, but flexible. I've been involved in the death of thirty-two people, but I can live with that because the world is lighter by thirty-two pieces of shit, excuse my language.

**BETTY**

"Thirty-two?"

**CHARLIE**

Well, thirty-three, but I'm not counting Del, on account of you... so, what do you think?

135.

**(BEAT)**

You probably feel I'm flattering myself to see us together.

**BETTY**

I don't feel that, no. I just....I'm not really who you think I am.

**CHARLIE**

No one is, honey. Here, listen to this... "If who I am and who I hope to be should meet one day, I know they will be friends." Now that's beautiful.

Betty is stunned.

**BETTY**

I wrote that when I was twelve... where'd you get that?!

**CHARLIE**

(he pulls out the diary)  
I know. I borrowed it from your grandparents because I... I... it doesn't matter. Don't worry, they're fine...

(he gives the diary back)  
Look, I used to feel that same way, said practically those same words, sitting at night in a foxhole in Korea...

**(BEAT)**

I've chased you across the country, Betty, and I come to find out we're a lot more alike than you'd think.

**BETTY**

I thought you were a garbageman of humanity, or something.

**CHARLIE**

Yes, but I'd sort of like to put that behind me now...

142

**INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

142

Wesley is engrossed in watching "A Reason to Love." Behind him, Ballard quietly walks his feet up the wall until he's completely upside down. He rubs one foot against the other until one pantleg is above his cowboy boot. Rosa and Roy watch.

He finally lifts the boot off. It falls soundlessly onto his chest. A small pistol is revealed, holstered above his ankle. He works the holster open using the edge of the fishtank.

136.

Roy and Rosa COUGH LOUDLY at the same time to cover the noise. Wesley glares at them.

Ballard gets the pistol free. But it falls into the fishtank. The air goes out of Roy's sails. Ballard has fucked up again.

On screen, Chloe and Jasmine kiss and embrace. Wesley reacts

as if he was slapped.

**WESLEY**

... goddamn!

Wesley immediately runs the sequence back to view it again.

Ballard KICKS the wall of the fishtank with his cowboy boot. Roy and Rosa cover the sound again with COUGHING. Wesley pauses the T.V. and looks around.

WESLEY (cont'd)

What's your problem?

Ballard KICKS at the tank again. But he can't break the glass. Roy can't take it any more. He launches himself at the tank, grabs it by the rim and pulls it down on top of himself. A torrent of water, fish, plants and gravel pours down upon him.

WESLEY (cont'd)

You stupid piece of fuck!

He leaps at Roy and starts kicking him savagely. Rosa throws herself onto Wesley's back, knocking him to the floor. Ballard paws through the muck, scattering fish and gravel everywhere. He spots a glint of metal in the sand.

Wesley struggles out from under Rosa. Just as he gets free, Ballard FIRES, hitting him TWICE into his chest. Wesley stares in disbelief at the blood rushing out of him. Then at Ballard, as if trying to link the two.

He slumps to the floor and opens his mouth to scream ...

WESLEY (cont'd)

**D-A-A-A-D-D-D-Y-Y-!!!!**

Charlie opens the bedroom door.

**CHARLIE**

Wesley??!

Charlie sees Wesley turn to him as Ballard FIRES again. Wesley's face explodes. The flying lead drives Charlie back to the bedroom.

Crawling through the muck, Roy notices a fish flopping helplessly on the carpet inches from his face.

137.

**ROY**

Those're Japanese koi!

**ROSA**

Yes! How'd you know that?

**ROY**

You gotta get 'em in water right away!

**BALLARD**

We're in a shootout, Roy! Shut up about the damn fish!

**ROY**

YOU shut up!

(to Rosa)

They're beautiful, but get them some water.

He gently hands her the fish, then picks up Wesley's nearby gun. Rosa nods; she's amazed that he knew what it was. She looks at Roy in a slightly different way before crawling away toward the kitchen.

143-144

OMIT (NOW IN 141, 142)

143-144

145

INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

145

Charlie FIRES back from the doorway.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, Christ, they shot my boy!

Enraged, he empties his pistol at the living room. Ballard and Roy return fire, and Charlie ducks back in.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

(reloading)

How the hell did this happen? I'm in a goddamn shoot-out! Wesley? What the fuck happened out there?!

He opens the door, and a bullet slams into the doorjamb near his head. He ducks back in.

Charlie sags against the wall, looking toward Betty.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

That's my son! My son is dead!

**BETTY**

I'm sorry.

138.

**CHARLIE**

You're sorry? YOU'RE THE REASON WE'RE  
**HERE!**

**BETTY**

**WAIT A SECOND! I AM NOT THE REASON  
YOU'RE HERE! I WAS MINDING MY OWN  
BUSINESS, LIVING A PERFECTLY BORING LIFE  
UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG!**

Charlie fights back his grief.

BETTY (cont'd)

What do you want from me?

Charlie can't handle the moment. He breaks for the door,  
and BLASTS away. This time he's nicked in the shoulder. He  
stumbles back, losing his balance. His gun falls and slides  
right into Betty's hand. Equally surprised they stare at one  
another.

Charlie slumps over in his defeat as Betty holds a shaky  
pistol on him.

**CHARLIE**

Oh shit...

146

**INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

146

Rosa crawls to a flower vase and dumps a second koi into the  
water inside. Roy and Ballard crouch behind the open  
archway, using the hanging beads as protection.

**BALLARD**

(checks his gun)

We need ammo... Go check his jacket, I'll  
cover you.

**ROY**

I'm not going out there! Let's wait for  
the real police...

**BALLARD**

You gotta go, we're pinned down!

**ROSA**

So why can't we just sneak outside? Huh?

**BALLARD**

Lady, you don't just run away from  
crime... besides, Betty's in there.

139.

**ROY**

(checking)  
You wanna see if he has more shells, go ahead. I say we wait...

**BALLARD**

No, no, no... you don't know shit about procedure! You don't send your best...

**ROY**

I've got the working gun, Elden, me! You wasted all your bullets so you crawl out there.

Ballard stares at him in disbelief, then back at the closed bedroom door. Ballard starts off on his belly.

**BALLARD**

Goddammit...

146A OMIT

146A

147 INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

147

A LONG BEAT passes. POLICE SIRENS wail in the distance. Betty moves close to Charlie to look at his shoulder. He watches her intently.

**CHARLIE**

If we went out that window right now we'd have a chance...

**BETTY**

I better go check on them.

**CHARLIE**

Wait, Betty... you still haven't answered me.

**BETTY**

This is really awkward...

The SIRENS are coming closer. He waves her off.

**CHARLIE**

Ahh, it's too late, anyway. It's too late.

**(BEAT)**

Listen, I could shoot my way out, maybe take one of them with me... If you'd gimme my gun back.

140.

**BETTY**

I'd rather not...

**CHARLIE**

Betty, I don't wanna shrivel up alone in some stinking prison. No way. I've got some professional pride. And I don't want anybody else to get the credit for taking me out.

**BETTY**

...what're you saying?

**CHARLIE**

When a Roman general knew a battle was lost, he'd throw himself on his sword.

Charlie fumbles in his pocket, then pulls out the photo of Betty with the cardboard David Ravell.

**CHARLIE (cont'd)**

Did... did you really come here because you love this guy?

**BETTY**

Yes... Not the actor, though, the doctor. I think.

Charlie's sinks slowly to the floor.

**CHARLIE**

So all this...really was because of that soap opera? My son is dead because you came out here to be with that doctor? A fake doctor?

**BETTY**

I wouldn't have put it quite that way, but...

**CHARLIE**

Wesley didn't even want to come up here. He warned me, but I insisted...

**(BEAT)**

I have to ask you, Betty...are you crazy?

**BETTY**

I don't think I am.

Charlie remains sitting pensively for a long beat.

**CHARLIE**

I want you to listen to me, Betty. People don't lie when they're about to die.



**(BEAT)**

You don't need that doctor. You don't need that actor. You don't need any man. It's not the forties, honey. You don't need anybody. You've got yourself... and that's more than most people can say.

Charlie reaches out slowly and takes the gun from Betty. She doesn't fight him. He kisses her hand and steps into the bathroom and closes the door. A single GUNBLAST sends a shiver through Betty.

148 **INT. LYLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

148

TV Newscast

CLOSE SHOT of an ANCHORMAN.

**ANCHORMAN**

In a story that police say is bizarre, even for Hollywood, a father-son team of killers tracked a Kansas soap opera fan halfway across the country, only to find themselves the victims in a final, bloody confrontation...

The Anchorman continues as the CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lyla and George watching television in a plush living room.

**LYLA**

This story is beyond belief, which is perfect for us. It's free advertising and it's gonna run for months.

**GEORGE**

I don't think she can do it. You saw what happened.

**LYLA**

You fucked it up. Who wouldn't freeze in those circumstances? And I don't care what her problems are. She wouldn't be the first one in that cast with problems. We have nothing to lose by making her an offer.

**GEORGE**

What about me? Don't you wanna know how I feel about it? I'm the one who...

**LYLA**

Why would I give a shit how you feel. And I got news for you. I loved your 'icy

water' idea the other day... I'm toying

142.

with the idea of killing David Ravell off  
in a boating accident.

**GEORGE**

That's not a bad idea. How many episodes  
before he comes back?

Lyla shakes her head "no."

**GEORGE (cont'd)**

Jesus, don't do that! If it gets around  
that you fired me, I'll never land a  
pilot.

**LYLA**

Then do as you're told. Get her back.

149      **INT. TIP TOP DINER - DAY**

149

George and Betty sit across from one another in a booth.  
Betty listens patiently. Her former co-workers try to remain  
busy but can't help gawking.

**GEORGE**

I'm sorry for what I did. It was  
inexcusable. I'm sorry for the things I  
said, and for not respecting you, and for  
all the stupid things that...

Darlene approaches, puts a piece of paper on the table.

**DARLENE**

When you have a minute...

**GEORGE**

Look, I don't really like the whole idea  
of autographs, and I'm kind of in the  
middle of...

**DARLENE**

Don't flatter yourself. It's the check.

She walks off.

**GEORGE**

Oh. Of course... sorry.

**BETTY**

(grabbing it up)  
My treat. You were saying... something  
about how stupid you've been?

**GEORGE**

Right... I was. I was an idiot, plain and simple, and I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me. How's that?

**BETTY**

Kinda like you'd been saying it since you got on the plane...

**GEORGE**

I have... did it sound that bad?

**BETTY**

Mmm-hmm. Listen, I forgive you, Mr. McCord...

**GEORGE**

George...

**BETTY**

... George. I do.

**(BEAT)**

My best friend once said if you were any handsomer it would be a crime...

**GEORGE**

Thanks...

**BETTY**

... it's too bad you're such an asshole. 'S the only thing that Del was ever right about.

George winces... accepts it.

**GEORGE**

No, that's... okay. Fair enough.

**(BEAT)**

So, now that we've sort of settled the 'asshole' thing, is there any chance you'll come back to the show? At all?

150 INT. TV DINER - DAY

150

Dr. David Ravell sits with Nurse Betty in a diner, catching a bite to eat before going back on shift. They smile at one another over their meals.

**BETTY**

... there's always a chance, David.

**DAVID**

Right. But will there be a tomorrow, and the next day, and the next?

**144.**

**BETTY**

(whispering to him)  
Doctor, if you were any handsomer it'd be a crime...

**DAVID**

I guess that means you're free tonight. Of course, it's up to you...

**BETTY**

No, it's up to us. I love you, David. And I want to see you tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day...  
(they kiss)

**151 INT. TIP TOP DINER - DAY**

**151**

Darlene, the other waitresses, the cooks and assorted customers gather at the counter to watch Betty on television. Sheriff Ballard beams from a nearby stool.

**152 INT. SUE ANN'S HOUSE - DAY**

**152**

The kids are out of control, but Sue Ann's oblivious. She leaps from her chair.

**SUE ANN**

That's my best friend!

**153 INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

**153**

Roy, Rosa, Danny and Sra. Herrera watch Betty lean across the table, take David's face in her hands and move into a romantic kiss.

On the sofa, Rosa takes Roy's hand in hers.

**POSTSCRIPT:**

Rosa Herrera received 11 phone calls off the business cards Betty handed out. But she fell in love with Roy Ostrey, married him and moved to Kansas.

154      **EXT. CAFE SISTINA - ROME - DAY**

154

Betty watches the pilgrims on their way to St. Peter's as she sips a cup of coffee. HER WAITER stands nearby with one eye on a TV set that broadcasts "A Reason to Love" in Italian.

145.

**BETTY**

Could I get some service here, please?

Without looking, the waiter approaches, tops off her cup and moves back to watching the show. Betty smiles knowingly at this, takes a sip and settles back in her seat. Slowly, the world passes by.

**POSTSCRIPT:**

Betty Sizemore appeared in 63 episodes of "A Reason to Love." She is using her earnings to

pay

for a nursing degree and is currently on

vacation in

Europe. The Europe.

**FADE OUT:**

**THE END**