

SCARECROW —and— *Mrs. King*

"SAVIOR"

FINAL DRAFT

January 31, 1984



**WARNER BROS.
TELEVISION**

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"Savior"

Written by
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WARNER BROS. TELEVISION
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

FINAL DRAFT

January 31, 1984
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SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"Savior"

CAST

AMANDA KING

LEE STETSON

DOTTY WEST

BILLY MELROSE

FRANCINE DESMOND

PHILLIP KING

JAMIE KING

BLUE LEADER

MAVIS MARSTON

EDSON BALLON

MAJOR MIKE SPRAGUE

FRED FIELDER

RALPH ARVILLA

GENERAL BENITO MARQUINO

GEORGE

STEVEN WATKINS

FIRST AGENT

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"Savior"

SETS

INTERIORS:

HANDSOME WASHINGTON OFFICE
BUILDING
Ballon's Office

AGENCY
Foyer
Hallway
Billy's Office
Bullpen

WATERGATE TOWERS
Handsome Apartment

AMANDA'S HOUSE
Kitchen

MILITARY BASE
Testing Lab
Safe Room

TUNNEL

EXTERIORS:

HANDSOME WASHINGTON
OFFICE BUILDING

AGENCY

WATERGATE TOWERS

FAST FOOD RESTAURANT

AMANDA'S HOUSE

VIRGINIA COUNTRY ROAD

SIDE ROAD

AMANDA'S STREET

BUSIER STREET
Store Front

MILITARY BASE

HILLSIDE ROAD
Tunnel

RURAL VIRGINIA ROAD

RURAL FIELD

VEHICLES

LEE'S PORSCHE
AMANDA'S STATION WAGON
LEE'S PICKUP
AGENCY SEDANS
DARK-WINDOWED LIMOUSINE
BALLON'S CAR
RENTAL TRAILER
TOW TRUCK
ND AUTO
HELICOPTER

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"Savior"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. EDSON BALLON'S OFFICE - ON GIANT SCREEN TV - DAY 1

A large and threatening tank prowls toward us, crushing underbrush and small trees before it. Its gun turret swings to bring its cannon to sight directly on us. The TANK FIRES at us, point-blank. It is answered by the SHARP REPORT of a HEAVY WEAPON -- and the TANK EXPLODES. CAMERA BEGINS a SLOW PULL BACK to reveal the giant television screen, then the group of men who watch it, raptly. They are an exotic mix of nationalities: Asians, Scandinavians, Africans, Latin Americans and Middle-Europeans. All are well-dressed, somehow militaristic in bearing, though without uniforms. The screen now has a JET FIGHTER SHRIEKING low, FIRING ROCKETS at an unseen target.

BALLON (O.S.)

So, with the increasing violence, the threat of overthrow, the possible collapse of governments and regimes uppermost in your minds, you're interested in effective countermeasures. That's why you're here. That's exactly the service I provide. The most bang per buck.

The jet fighter is in full-screen as we hear the same distinct REPORT of a HEAVY WEAPON -- and the JET DISINTEGRATES.

2 ANGLE INCLUDING BALLON

2

as EDSON BALLON, 45, an attractive and glib American, in an eight-hundred-dollar suit, paces in view of the small gallery.

BALLON

The weapon we're offering today, the still-classified weapon, is named 'Viper.' You're seeing it field tested here under battle conditions.

On screen we now see a concrete bunker, formidable, implacable. The familiar REPORT of a HEAVY WEAPON CRACKS OVER. The bunker is blown skyward, totally demolished.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

BALLON
 (continuing; to O.S.)
 Mr. Watkins, please?

STEVEN WATKINS hurries INTO VIEW, shuts OFF the TV set. Watkins is in his mid-30's, nattily dressed, laconic, confident. He turns, smiles, waits.

BALLON
 (continuing)
 Good... and now... Major Sprague,
 if you would...

3

COMMANDING FIGURE OF MAJOR MIKE SPRAGUE

3

The MAJOR is perhaps 40, ramrod straight, with a Marine Corps haircut. He is lean, conspicuously fit, wears a macho mix of military/white hunter clothing and reflective sunglasses. He carries an awesome, multi-barreled weapon, which he raises for the audience. The men gaze at it curiously. Now Sprague hits the selector switch, changes barrels adeptly. Ballon moves INTO ANGLE.

BALLON
 The newest addition to our catalog, gentlemen... our... Viper. We're offering a full range of new and effective ordnance today, gentlemen: handguns, rifles, the super-secret M-60E3 machine gun, grenades and napalm mortars. They're all currently available from Ballon and Associates. You're free to inspect them. Mr. Watkins will be happy to assist you.

The militarists rise and move toward the table where Watkins smiles a salesman's smile, holds up a glossy pamphlet.

WATKINS
 You'll notice in our sales brochure, our prices are quoted in dollars, pounds, deutchmarks, cruzeiros, francs, dinars and pesos...

4

WITH BALLON

4

as he is joined by GENERAL BENITO MARQUINO, a Latin of perhaps 45.

MARQUINO
 Very impressive, as usual, Mr. Ballon...
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

MARQUINO (CONT'D)
 (lower, confidentially)
 ... But what new information do
 you have on the Savior.

BALLON
 It's still the most advanced weapon
 in the world... and it's still
 unavailable.

MARQUINO
 Impossible to obtain?

BALLON
 Impossible.

MARQUINO
 I've found that almost anything
 is possible... with the proper
 incentive.

BALLON
 The proper incentive?
 (a smile)
 Try me, General.

5
6
6

OMITTED

5
6
6

7

INT. BALLON'S OFFICE - ARMS TABLE - DAY

7

It is clearly later, the table is almost bare of weapons,
 only the Viper and M-60E3 visible there. ANGLE WIDENS to
 include only the Major in the plush office. He is care-
 fully packing the weapons in wooden boxes. From O.S. we
 hear:

BALLON (O.S.)
 I'll tell you how it looks! It
 looks like you're going into
 business for yourself!

WATKINS (O.S.)
 A couple've small accounts, Edson,
 nothing important.

8

OVER MAJOR SPRAGUE

8

who never looks up. The door whacks open, an angry
 Ballon stalks into the room, followed by a chastened
 Watkins.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

BALLON

I hired a partner, not a competitor.

(facing Watkins)

That's it. Leave your credit cards, files and the rest...

Naturally, I'll want the car, too ... so the Major will drive you home and return it to me.

WATKINS

(a shrug)

Sorry it worked out this way.

BALLON

The Major'll be along in a minute.

Watkins exits.

BALLON

(continuing)

Major...

(as Sprague looks up)

... I don't want even a fingernail left when you're through... nothing to identify him.

(low)

And now we need a... new man... a particular kind of new man...

The Major nods stoically, without a trace of emotion, withdraws, straightens, marches out.

9

EXT. AGENCY - AMANDA - DAY

9

AMANDA KING clips briskly along the sidewalk, then up the steps to the doorway of the Agency. She carries a cake-size box, handling it carefully. Amanda presses the bell, glances up. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal a closed circuit camera positioned there.

10

INT. AGENCY FOYER - MONITOR SCREEN - DAY

10

We see Amanda outside, smiling, giving a small cheerful wave toward the camera. CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose the desk and the woman who mans it, MAVIS MARSTON. Alice is perhaps in her mid-late 40's, competent, business-like. She glances at the monitor, reaches for her upper desk drawer.

11 CLOSE ON DRAWER

11

as Mavis's hand goes straight for a button. She presses it and we hear a DOOR BUZZER. The hand withdraws. CAMERA HOLDS for a millisecond -- long enough TO ESTABLISH the chromed .357 Magnum snub, which nestles there.

12 BACK TO SCENE

12

Where Amanda enters with her box.

AMANDA

(chipper)

'Morning, Mrs. Marston.

MAVIS

'Morning.

AMANDA

Beautiful day, isn't it?

Amanda continues on past her. Mavis's gaze remains fixed ahead, does not follow Amanda, as, wearily:

MAVIS

Mrs. King...?

AMANDA

(stopping, remembering)

Oh... sure... The code word thing.
Sorry..

(in thought)

Is it... Rosemary?

(shaking her head)

No, umm... but it sounds like
Rosemary... umm... could you give
me a little hint?

(off Mavis's look)

No... right, you... couldn't...

(abruptly)

... Rosebud! Sure, Rosebud...

MAVIS

(a minute nod)

Have a nice day, Mrs. King.

Amanda smiles, continues to the closet, opens the door, pushes the clothes hanging there aside, closes the door.

13 INT. AGENCY HALLWAY - DAY

13

Amanda emerges from the elevator, walks to the entrance to the Agency offices, enters, the little box in hand.

who has stopped, gazes toward Lee's desk. Here, a smallish man unpacks a cardboard box, places a plant on the desk, then a framed photo, a pen set.

BILLY (O.S.)

'Morning, Amanda.

AMANDA

(turning, troubled)

'Morning, sir.

(a gesture)

Somebody's... um... doing something
... where Lee always sits.

She moves into the room, ANGLE WIDENING to reveal BILLY and FRANCINE. Billy glances through the glass from his place behind his desk.

BILLY

Looks like Fred's putting a plant
on his new desk.

FRANCINE

(peering off)

And it's a philodendron, too.

(dryly)

How inspired.

AMANDA

(to Billy)

You said... 'new' desk.

BILLY

(a brusque nod)

Right. Fred's. It's his desk now.
Lee left.

FRANCINE

Left... for good.

AMANDA

(aghast)

Mr. Melrose, sir... Lee Stetson is
the best agent there is... how could...

BILLY

(over)

Lee took another job, Amanda.

AMANDA

(in total disbelief)

Another job...

(CONTINUED)

FRANCINE

(to Billy)

I'll get back to you on the China-Gate Project, Billy.

(to Amanda, as she exits)

Bye-bye, Amanda... guess we won't be seeing as much of you. Shame.

Francine strolls out. Amanda remains rooted in the doorway.

BILLY

Sorry, Amanda... I'm really under the gun today.

AMANDA

(numbed)

Is... what she said... Francine... is that true? Lee's really... gone?

BILLY

(briskly)

He's really gone... and we haven't made any long-range plans. I've got your phone number, Amanda, I'll call if something comes along.

Amanda cannot quite accept all this, stays frozen in Billy's doorway. She finally realizes she is carrying the box. Billy's attention is already on his paper work, as Amanda approaches, puts it on his desk.

AMANDA

I... made this... for all of you... For you and Francine and... and Lee, and everybody. It's... apple pie.

(a hard swallow)

I got... um... second prize at the ummm... Scout Jamboree.

Billy glances up, smiles briefly.

BILLY

Very thoughtful.

AMANDA

(a slow nod)

Yeah... well... well, thanks.

(ill at ease)

So... I guess we'll be... talking.

Amanda backs away, feels for the doorway behind her.

where FRED FIELDER continues to set-dress the desk. Fred is 30, fairly attractive, neatly dressed and probably had terrific manners as a child. Amanda drifts numbly INTO VIEW and just stands there, not really seeing Fred.

FRED
Amanda King, right?

AMANDA
(a dazed nod)
Umm-humm.

FRED
(brightly)
Fred Fielder.
(to a dim nod)
Taking over for Stetson.

Amanda blinks, stares at him uncomprehendingly. Fred picks up on it, adds knowingly:

FRED
(continuing)
Uh-huh, I see. They didn't tell you, did they?

AMANDA
They said he... left.

FRED
Well, that's kinder than saying 'sold out,' I suppose.

AMANDA
Sold... out?

FRED
Went over, sold out, defected... pick one.

AMANDA
(setting her jaw)
I will not pick one. Lee wouldn't ever sell out. He's a wonderful agent... honest... patriotic...

FRED
(snidely)
Oh? Patriotic? That's why he dumped the Agency to work for a sleazo like Ed Ballon... patriotism?

AMANDA
Who's Ed Ballon?

(CONTINUED)

FRED

One've our senior Field Agents... until Billy bounced him. He was using Agency contacts to sell classified arms to the Cubans, Kaddafi, whoever. Now he's got Stetson peddling his hardware for him.

AMANDA

(in shock)

Guns?! Lee's supposed to be selling... guns?! I don't believe that. Not for a minute. Not Lee ... Nossir. He'd never do that.

FRED

You kiddin'? He couldn't wait. He blew off the Agency soon as Ballon got to him, showed him the good life... big money, expense account, tailor-made suits, that kind've thing. Stetson bought the whole line.

AMANDA

(stiffly)

You're wrong. Maybe Lee left, okay... but not, definitely, not, to sell rockets!

FRED

(the smile)

Ask him.

AMANDA

You bet I'll ask him.

FRED

(smugly)

I wouldn't look for him at his old apartment, though...

(savoring it)

... Your patriot can now be found roughing it at the Watergate Towers.

(adding)

A fifth floor suite, no less.

AMANDA

(simmering)

You're going t'be so embarrassed when you find out the real truth, Mister... umm... uh... sir!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(pointing off)

And that apple pie in Mr. Melrose's
office... it's not for you!

She wheels, walks stiffly off. ANGLE SHIFTS SLIGHTLY, to
include Francine. She has been listening, and now strolls
closer to Fred.

FRANCINE

(with an edge)

Nice going, Fred. You really did
the hatchet job, didn't you?

FRED

(unflappably)

Sometimes the truth hurts, Francine.

CAMERA GRADUALLY TIGHTENS ON Francine's taut features.

FRANCINE

(finally)

Yeah, doesn't it just.

16 EXT. WATERGATE TOWERS - DAY - (NPS)

16

We ESTABLISH the plush apartment complex, with the Kennedy
Center and the Potomac in b.g.

LEE (V.O.)

Not... quite so much break, George.

17 INT. HANDSOME APARTMENT - TROUSER LEG - DAY

17

A tailor's hands swiftly chalk a new mark on a dark blue
pant leg.

LEE (O.S.)

That's it... perfect.

ANGLE SLOWLY WIDENS, we see the terrific apartment, LEE,
the tailor, GEORGE, kneeling, busily making final
adjustments on a basted-together custom-made suit. The
CHIME of a DOORBELL is heard, O.S.

LEE

(continuing; calling)

C'mon in...!

(to George)

And try and get the shirts to me
by next week, okay?

18 ENTRANCE DOUBLE DOORS

18

Where the doors open just wide enough to disclose a reluctant Amanda.

AMANDA

(low)

Hi, Lee.

19 LEE

19

reacts uncomfortably.

LEE

Hi. I guess you've been to the...

(over George)

... office.

20 WIDER ANGLE

20

As Amanda edges just inside the apartment.

AMANDA

Umm-humm. I um... talked to Mr. Melrose... and Fred.

(a swallow)

I thought I ought to... to talk to you, though.

LEE

(uneasily)

Well, I'm kind've... tied up right now, Amanda.

GEORGE

No problem, Mr. Stetson, we can finish tomorrow, if you like.

Lee slants a dark glance at the compliant tailor, peels off the newly basted coat, hands it to George. He starts to take off his pants, glances to Amanda.

LEE

(a circling forefinger)

Amanda... would you do a kind've one-eighty for me?

Amanda catches on instantly, turns quickly, rivets her attention to the door, about three inches from her nose. Lee will strip off the pants, scoop up what he had been wearing earlier.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

AMANDA

(huskily)

Lee... I don't think you realize
what people are saying.

LEE

If you're including Fred Fielder
under 'people'... I can guess.

Lee hastily hands George the new suit, digs in his pocket,
comes up with a substantial roll, begins to peel off a
fifty.

AMANDA

Can I please turn around, this is
giving me astigmatism.

LEE

Oh, sure.

He quickly hands the tailor the fifty.

21

AMANDA

21

turns -- and sees the large bill being handed away. Her
eyes widen, she starts to say something, instead clamps
her mouth closed.

22

BACK TO SCENE

22

with the tailor nodding his thanks.

LEE

Same time tomorrow, George.

George, carrying the material, his equipment, nods to
Amanda, exits. Lee takes a wary breath, gestures to
include the apartment.

LEE

(continuing)

Like it?

AMANDA

It's-very-nice-but-you-gave-
that-man-a-fifty-dollar-bill.

LEE

He's a nice man.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

AMANDA

(moving closer)

So are you, Lee. I just know
those awful things they're saying
aren't true.

The PHONE RINGS. Lee glances at it apprehensively, then
reaches for it, as:

LEE

Excuse me...

(into phone)

Hello? Oh, hello, Colonel Morales...

He turns slightly, as if to shield his conversation from
Amanda. He is clearly aware of her presence, as he
continues:

LEE

(continuing; into
phone)

The what, sir? Which umm...

(a glance to Amanda)

... rocket launcher was that, now,
the S-I or the S-II, Colonel?

23 AMANDA

23

listens in disbelief, quickly averts her gaze, scans the
room.

24 HER POV

24

With CAMERA SLOWLY PANNING the plush interior.

LEE (O.S.)

Right, right... well, I think that
might be a small problem... the
factory's running about six weeks
behind on orders.

The masculine/modern apartment unreels before our CAMERA,
HOLDS FINALLY ON Lee. He abruptly senses Amanda's stare,
turns away.

25 AMANDA

25

slowly has begun to read the truth here -- Lee is indeed
involved in arms trafficking. Despair etches her
scrubbed features, forces her to turn away -- precisely
as the DOOR CHIME sounds.

26

BACK TO SCENE

26

As Lee cradles the phone against his shoulder, hisses:

LEE

Would you get that, please, Amanda?

(back to phone)

No, sir, you're first on the list,
Colonel... depend on it.

Amanda moves to the door, opens it, reacts. The face under the rakish green beret is lean, hard, sun-toughened. The eyes masked by the reflective sunglasses. Major Sprague is dressed almost as before, perhaps a different military-style jacket, but the same deadly image. Sprague steps into the room, closes the door behind him. Amanda edges around him.

AMANDA

(low, shattered)

Excuse me, please...

LEE

(covering phone)

Amanda... wait a sec!

Amanda reaches the door, grips the knob, blurts:

AMANDA

Lee, I know you're not... um,
doing what it looks like you're
doing... so I keep telling myself
and telling myself there's got
t'be some, um... explanation...

(a beat)

... But I stay around here any
longer... pretty soon I'm gonna
start not believing me!

She wheels, tears out. Lee stares after her, his hand still covering the phone mouthpiece.

27

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - OVER AGENCY SEDAN - DAY

27

Billy Melrose strides toward the automobile, a cellophane-wrapped sandwich and a Styrofoam coffee container in hand. CAMERA PANS OFF, FINDS the dark-windowed limousine parked on the opposite side of the street.

28

INT. AGENCY SEDAN - BILLY - DAY

28

Billy steers out of the parking area, onto the street, pries the lid from the coffee, takes a sip -- and almost drops the container, as:

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)
'Lancer'... this is Blue Leader.

Billy reacts, juggles the coffee, sneaks a look at the radio, then to the rearview mirror, during:

BILLY
Uh, go ahead, Blue Leader.

INTERCUT WITH:

29

INT. DARK-WINDOWED LIMO - OVER BLUE LEADER - DAY

29

The shadowed, obscured figure in the rear seat is PARTIALLY TURNED AWAY FROM CAMERA, his features unrecognizable.

BLUE LEADER
How're we doing on the Ballon business? Is Scarecrow in contact with us yet?

BILLY
I haven't been able t'set up a meet, sir. We bugged every room in the new apartment...
(a slight wince)
... but so did Ballon.

BLUE LEADER
Predictable, I suppose. You made it absolutely clear to Scarecrow his entire responsibility is to catch Edson Ballon with the actual goods... with some item of classified hardware in his possession?

BILLY
He understands.

BLUE LEADER
What about your personnel in Field Section... is there any talk about Scarecrow perhaps being an Agency plant?

BILLY
Nossir, I think everybody bought the cover, but I'm keeping an eye on things. We know Ballon still has contacts inside the Agency.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

BLUE LEADER

(sourly)

Contacts, yes.

(then)

I'm sure Scarecrow hopes you're right, Lancer... especially since it was necessary to identify Ballon's last associate from a few teeth... and a belt buckle.

BILLY

(a gulp)

I doubt I'll forget that, sir...

(sotto)

A few teeth... and a... belt buckle.

END INTERCUT.

30 INT. AGENCY SEDAN - BILLY - DAY

30

Billy reacts to a brief burst of STATIC, then silence. He glances at the sandwich, which is now only a crushed, doughy lump in his tightly-gripped hand. He slings it aside, his expression grim.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

31 EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - TO ESTABLISH - DAY (NPS)

31

DOTTY (V.O.)

All I'm saying, dear, is that you
left the house this morning with
a wonderful apple pie in your hand
and spring in your step...

32 INT. AMANDA'S KITCHEN - DOTTY - DAY

32

DOTTY, leaning against the kitchen counter, gazes down
sympathetically.

DOTTY

... And dragged in here this
afternoon with your chin on the
linoleum.

(a beat)

I'm just... concerned.

ANGLE GRADUALLY LOOSENS to reveal a crushed and dis-
pirited Amanda. Amanda, in jeans, blouse, sweater,
sneakers, sits astraddle a dining room chair, her afore-
mentioned chin resting dismally on the chair back.

AMANDA

(low, muffled)

Thank you.

DOTTY

Good heavens, Amanda, you don't
have to thank me. I care about
you. When you hurt, I hurt.

She moves to Amanda, gently brushes the hair from her
frowning brow.

DOEEY

(continuing; briskly)

How about a movie tonight? I'll
get Mrs. Simms to sit with Phillip
and Jamie... and we'll go see
something with an 'R' rating...
for a change.

AMANDA

(still muffled)

One of my friends... quit his job.

(CONTINUED)

DOTTY

(genuinely interested)

Really. I hope he had another job lined up. You should always have something lined up before you actually quit.

AMANDA

(low, solemnly)

He had another job already.

DOTTY

Well, that's good. When your father quit Mr. McGiver, we had macaroni for dinner for eight straight weeks. You were too young to remember.

AMANDA

(a head-bob)

Umm, humm.

(then)

I think he made a terrible mistake.

DOTTY

(instantly)

Oh, no... he got a much better job than he had with Mr. McGiver. Actually, he...

AMANDA

(over, still low)

My friend, mother. He's the one who made the mistake. I can't believe it... he loved his job. Maybe he needs a change... but not the kind of change he's making.

DOTTY

Oh. He's an adult, this friend?

(to a nod)

Then you have to trust that he knows what he's doing.

(abruptly)

The pot roast! I should've had it on twenty minutes ago.

Dotty bustles back and forth preparing the roast, as:

DOTTY

(continuing)

Sometimes the best friend is the friend who doesn't meddle...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

DOTTY (CONT'D)

... that's what they say.

(a light shrug
in passing)I was never all that good at not
meddling, myself...

(a quick smile)

... I always felt a sort've...
obligation. An obligation to help,
you know?

AMANDA

(a flicker of
interest)

An obligation...

DOTTY

If the friend is important enough...
if you really value the friendship.

AMANDA

Yeah, I do.

DOTTY

What about this new job... is it
beneath his talents?

AMANDA

(earnestly)

I'll say.

DOTTY

Then maybe he just doesn't realize
he has... options.

AMANDA

(perking up)

Options...

DOTTY

(positively)

Options... all kinds. The
classifieds are full of them.

AMANDA

(a building smile)

Options. He has... options...

33 INT. HANDSOME APARTMENT - LEE - DAY

33

Lee stares ahead in irritation, growls:

{CONTINUED}

LEE

I'm not interested in options...
and definitely not import-export...
so you might as well...

ANGLE HAS WIDENED to include Amanda, who faces him across the desk at which he has been working. He sits, an open order pad before him, the phone next to him. Amanda holds a newspaper folded open to the classified section. There are many red-penned circles around ads which have caught her eye.

AMANDA

(over, agreeing)
Okay, all right... no import-export... but we've also got investment banking...
(a too-bright smile)
... You'd be wonderful at that, travel, expense account...

LEE

(warningly)
Amanda...

AMANDA

(pressing on)
Or... marketing...
(abruptly)
Insurance...! Lee, there is absolutely the best ad for...

Her gaze has strayed to the desk top, and the order pad. She almost drops her paper as she stares.

AMANDA

(continuing)
Machine guns! That says... machine guns, Lee!

Lee hastily closes the pad.

LEE

It's not polite to read other peoples'...
(then, reacting)
Upside down, you read that upside down. When did y'learn how t'do that?

AMANDA

(a shrug, smile)
I've... been practicing. It said in the Agent's Manual that...

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(over, impatiently)

Never mind... forget it. I like
what I'm doing, a'right? I don't
want to peddle insurance, got that?

AMANDA

(stiffly)

It certainly beats selling rockets
to unsavory types, if you want my
opinion.

LEE

(seizing upon it)

That's exactly what I don't need
right now.

(crossing around
the desk)

So why don't you just trot home
and run a couple've loads through
spin-dry... I'm expecting someone.

AMANDA

I'm not going to stand by and see
you do this, Lee. Nope, definitely
not. We're friends and I...

LEE

(over, briskly)

No, no... what we are is business
associates... former business
associates, so can we please just...

The sound of DOOR CHIMES is heard. Lee snaps a look to
his watch, winces.

LEE

(continuing)

Ohhhboy... you picked a really
great time t'play camp counselor...
I want you out've here, Amanda.
When he comes in, you go out...
got that?

He strides toward the door. Amanda, in a last-ditch
attempt at Lee's salvation, carefully props the news-
paper against the desk lamp, where it can easily be
seen.

as Edson Ballon, followed by the Major, enters.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Come in, Edson...

Ballon catches sight of Amanda, stops. Lee shrugs.

LEE

(continuing)

Mrs. King, here, was just leaving...

BALLON

(slowly)

Mrs. King? Amanda... King...

(a smile)

A pleasure to meet, finally.

AMANDA

(uncertainly)

Do we... do I... know you?

BALLON

No, but I certainly know of you.
You and Lee have worked together.

LEE

(reluctantly)

Amanda... may I present... Edson
... Ballon.

Amanda is rocked. This is the man!

AMANDA

(a croak)

You're the...

She promptly chokes, coughs, one hand goes to cover her mouth, the other claps against her chest. Lee, startled, pats her on the back. Ballon appears concerned.

BALLON

Put both hands over your head,
Mrs. King, it always seems to
help.

The coughing abruptly stops. Amanda smiles wanly.

AMANDA

It... did, thank you. Sorry.

(a quick swallow)

Umm... 'scuse me, but... how
would you know about me, Mr.
Ballon?

BALLON

(smoothly)

One... hears things, Mrs. King.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

LEE
 (quickly)
 Uhm, listen, Amanda... thanks for
 stopping by...

He takes her arm, convoys her toward the door, with:

LEE
 (continuing)
 Say g'bye t'Mr. Ballon... and
 we'll be talking, okay?

CAMERA TRACKS WITH the two, as Lee steers Amanda toward
 the door.

AMANDA
 (dutifully calling)
 'Bye...
 (a whisper to Lee)
 Be sure to look at the ad in
 column two... foreign real estate
 sales...

LEE
 Sure, sure...

AMANDA
 ... Exotic locales... Tahiti,
 Hong Kong... the Bahamas...

LEE
 Right... will do. 'Bye, Amanda.

He opens the door, eases Amanda through it as she
 squeezes in one last word before the door closes.

AMANDA
 (brightly)
 ... Opportunity for adventure...

CLUNK. The door closes. Lee turns, shrugs sheepishly.

34A NEW ANGLE

34A

As Ballon seats himself on a sofa, Lee crosses to him.

LEE
 Sorry 'bout that.

BALLON
 Don't be, I was glad to meet her.

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED:

34A

LEE
(downplaying her)
Civilian... used her for the
milk-runs... the easy stuff.

BALLON
But... loyal, obviously...
(levelly)
... and dedicated to you.

Lee moves to the sofa, takes a small metal-surfaced
cigarette lighter from his pocket as he sits.

LEE
Uh, well..
(then, casually)
What was it you wanted t'talk
about today, Edson? Colonel
Morales?

BALLON
(to the Major)
Major, why don't you wait for me
in the car. Mr. Stetson is a
friend.

The Major straightens, his mirrored gaze locked on Lee,
exits. Lee glances after him.

LEE
He wears the shades t'bed, too?

BALLON
(easily)
Phosphorus grenade in the face...
Cuba, the Bay of Pigs thing. The
voice went in Rhodesia. One of
the Wapis dropped a wire noose
around his throat, tried to
strangle him. Too bad for the
Wapi.

(then)
No... I'm not here about Morales.

He fishes an object about the size of a small pocket
calculator from his jacket, places it on the coffee
table between them.

BALLON
(continuing)
Now... we can talk.

Lee opens a closed hand, shows Ballon the much smaller
device he has been holding.

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED: (2)

34A

LEE

Old technology, Edson.

(a smile)

If you're going to use a bug
jammer, try a new one. Came
out a month ago, has a forty band
capability.

Ballon picks it up, studies it intently, looks up.

BALLON

I think we're going to understand
one another very well. And I'm
sure you're going to be very,
very successful...

(a beat)

... in getting Savior for us.

LEE

(stunned)

You don't... really...

BALLON

(over, dead serious)

I do.

LEE

We haven't even given that to the
NATO countries, Edson. I hear
it's under wraps at Landover...
the Weapons Testing Lab.

BALLON

Exactly... which is why you're
perfect for this, Lee. You set
up the security system there.
You know their personnel.

LEE

(slowly)

And... that's why I was brought
aboard. That explains the heavy
recruiting... the free lunches,
tickets t'the ball games...

(a beat)

Landover... and Savior.

BALLON

(a smile)

And your end comes to a million,
six. Not a bad first commission.

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED: (3)

34A

LEE

(reflecting, then)

Edson, if... if we could possibly
break it loose... there's no way
we'd ever get it out've the
country.

BALLON

(the cool smile)

That's my end, Lee. Yours is
only to get it out the gate.

LEE

(drily)

That's... all?

BALLON

That's all.

Lee studies the man carefully, comes to an unsettling
conclusion -- Ballon isn't kidding.

A35 INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - IN FAMILY ROOM - DAY

A35

The room is a mess, with books stacked on the couch, coffee table, chairs, the sideboard. One or two of the bookcase shelves is/are emptied, with Amanda industriously dusting the exposed shelving, dusting books, etc. Amanda is dressed for heavy duty cleaning; in a denim shirt, jeans, sneaks, perhaps with a bandana protecting her hair. The DOORBELL sounds. Without bothering to put down the feather duster, she scurries out.

B35 IN FOYER

B35

Amanda appears, opens the door -- to Ballon. She stares, gulps.

BALLON

I apologize for not calling first,
Mrs. King... but I have some good
news for you.

AMANDA

(tonelessly)

Good news... well, uh, Mr... um...

BALLON

(a smile)

Ballon... or Edson, if you like.

(CONTINUED)

B35 CONTINUED:

B35

AMANDA

Mr. Ballon, right. Y'see, Mr. Ballon, I'm right in the middle of some housecleaning... and if you're here when my mother and the boys come back... it'll mean a whole lot've explaining, and...

BALLON

(over, smoothly)

But... they won't be back, Mrs. King. They're at baseball practice.

(a beat)

I'm afraid I followed you when you dropped them off.

AMANDA

(flaring)

You followed me?! That's not a very nice thing to do! How would you like it if people followed you?

BALLON

(wryly)

They do. Quite frequently.

(quickly)

I know you don't approve of me, but you're a fair person and I know you'll do me the favor of listening... especially since I do have good news for you...

(a gesture)

May I come in?

Amanda slowly gives way, allows him in.

BALLON

(continuing)

Thank you, Mrs. King. Now, have you heard of the Arms Control Export Agreement?

AMANDA

(puzzling it)

Arms... Control... Ex... ummm, no. That's the... good news?

BALLON

Not really.

(gallantly)

Please, Mrs. King, don't stop what you're doing, if you're busy.

(CONTINUED)

B35 CONTINUED: (2)

B35

AMANDA

Yeah, I really should finish up
before my mother and the boys get
back.

(a thumb motion)

I... um... I'm in there.

Ballon dutifully trails her out.

C35 IN THE FAMILY ROOM

C35

where Amanda, followed by Ballon, appears, immediately
begins lugging stacks of books, placing them on the al-
ready clean shelf/shelves. Where appropriate, Ballon
will assist her as she busily continues removing books,
cleaning, replacing the dusted volumes.

BALLON

You have a lovely home here.
Very warm... comfortable.

(then)

Now, Mrs. King, back to the Arms
Control Export Agreement, for
just a minute...

(helpfully)

Let me help you with those... ah,
Robert Louis Stvenson and Jack
London... some of my favorite
books there...

(now resuming)

... the Agreement... What it
does, is limit us from providing
arms to certain countries... even
the ones which believe in democracy
... as we do, you and I. We are
forced to cook up little... schemes
to help these people. You with me,
so far?

AMANDA

I... guess so. Could you hand me
those... right over there, please?

BALLON

(as he does)

There... you are.

(then)

Then this is how it works, Mrs.
King...

AMANDA

We didn't get to the good news
yet, did we? I didn't miss it,
did I?

(CONTINUED)

C35 CONTINUED:

C35

BALLON

Just... coming to it. You see, certain members of the Agency are given the responsibility of getting certain material to these friendly people. We have to...

AMANDA

(over, a frown)

But... if they're friendly, why...

BALLON

(over, easily)

Just... let me finish, all right?

(a beat)

We have to put some of our personal considerations and friendships behind us temporarily. We do it because Blue Leader expects it of us.

AMANDA

(reacting)

Blue Leader? You know him?

BALLON

Mrs. King... I work for him... so does Lee.

(as Amanda reacts)

Lee hasn't left the Agency... he just has to make it appear as if he had...

(a broad smile)

Good news, right?

AMANDA

(thrilled)

Oh, yeah... good news... great news... I just knew he wouldn't...

(abruptly)

Is there bad news, too... like, there's good news and there's...

BALLON

(over, enjoying it)

No, no bad news, Mrs. King.

AMANDA

(phew)

Well... a'right. Those Agency people were so convincing, though.

(CONTINUED)

C35 CONTINUED: (2)

C35

BALLON

Sure they were, because they
don't know about it. Only Blue
Leader, Lee, you and I know.

(confidentially)

Even Billy hasn't been told. It's
a matter of extreme secrecy, Mrs.
King.

AMANDA

(musing)

Not even... Mr. Melrose...

(then relievedly)

You don't know what a load off my
shoulders this is, Mr. Ballon.
I actually thought Lee was out
there selling rockets to unsavory
people.

BALLON

I'm glad I was able to straighten
it out for you...

(mysterioso)

... But that isn't the only
reason I'm here this afternoon.

AMANDA

(hushedly)

No?

BALLON

No. We know how much you've
contributed to Scarecrow's success
... and we want you on the team.

AMANDA

(awed)

You want... me? On the team?
Lee said that?

(to silence)

Lee... didn't say that?

BALLON

(ruefully)

Lee sees it a little... differently.

AMANDA

(wryly)

He... doesn't think he needs me.

BALLON

But, fortunately, Blue Leader and
I agree...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

C35 CONTINUED: (3)

C35

BALLON (CONT'D)

(soberly)

... This is not some ordinary operation, Mrs. King, personalities can't be allowed to get in the way. We need you. Your country needs you. Can we count on you?

AMANDA

(slowly)

Well, if it's for the country...

(a small shrug)

... Okay. I just wish Lee felt the same way you and Mr. Blue Leader do.

Ballon smiles warmly, pats her shoulder.

BALLON

I'm sure he will. Lee will be the first one to congratulate you when this is all over.

(then)

I'll be in touch... but remember...

AMANDA

(seriously)

Yes, sir?

BALLON

Not a word. To anybody.

AMANDA

(nodding soberly)

Not a word, right.

BALLON

And don't disturb yourself... I can find the door! 'Bye, Mrs. King.

Ballon turns, exits, leaving a dazed Amanda. Amanda stares after the departing Ballon.

AMANDA

(dazedly)

The team... I'm on... the team.

35
&
36

OMITTED

35
&
36

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 EXT. VIRGINIA COUNTRY ROAD - PORSCHE - DAY 37

Lee's silver Porsche bores, at high speed, TOWARD CAMERA, then abruptly slows, swerves onto a side road.

38 EXT. SIDE ROAD - PICNIC AREA - DAY 38

CAMERA SWEEPS ACROSS the picnic area, PAST barbecues, a large trash bin proclaiming: "KEEP VIRGINIA GREEN," then CONTINUES, FINDS Billy Melrose sitting in his Agency sedan. Billy glances at his watch, opens his car door, gets out, straightens his cramped back. After a moment, he reaches into the car seat, brings out a paper carton with two styrofoam cups of coffee. He leaves the car door open, takes the two steps to the nearest picnic bench, opens one of the cups. The sound of a CAR ENGINE is heard, and the Porsche pulls up on the opposite side of the picnic table. Lee gets out. Billy stares down the road in the direction Lee had come from.

BILLY

Anybody taggin' you?

He pushes the remaining cup across the table. Lee accepts it, sits on the table top, wags his head.

LEE

(drily)

Billy... how long've I been doing this?

BILLY

You took a helluva chance calling me. Something like this could monkey-wrench the whole deal.

LEE

(grimly)

It's already blown.

(tasting coffee;
wincing)

You put sugar in this?

BILLY

You always take sugar.

LEE

I never take sugar.

(a breath; then)

We have to pull the plug, Billy.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

(reacting)

You're kiddin' me. What for?

LEE

Ballon brought Amanda in on the deal.

BILLY

(rocked)

Amanda? Our Amanda?

LEE

Your Amanda, check.

BILLY

(in disbelief)

To do... what? What's her job?

LEE

He wouldn't say... but I've got a pretty good idea. He doesn't trust me all the way yet, Billy. I think he figures if he keeps a string on Amanda, I'll have t'stay in line. I won't dare double cross him.

BILLY

(sputtering)

You could tell her to back off.

LEE

(edgily)

You serious?! I can't talk to her, Billy, remember? You've got my apartment bugged... Ballon's got it bugged... besides, he's got the Major practically planted in my back pocket.

BILLY

I better get t'Blue Leader. This's terrible.

LEE

Tell him it's just too dangerous...

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)

Not acceptable, Scarecrow.

Two pairs of eyes simultaneously scan the surroundings, quickly fix on the car, the car radio.

39

INT. DARK WINDOWED LIMO - BLUE LEADER - DAY

39

As always, Blue Leader is a shadowy, unrecognizable figure. A swing-out desk is open before him. On it is a computer chess game. Blue Leader indicates a move on it, during:

BLUE LEADER

The mission has been too carefully planned to cancel now.

LEE

(toward the sedan)

Sir, Amanda's a civilian... a civilian with two kids, a mother and a mortgage.

BLUE LEADER

Quite correct... so she must be protected.

(sternly)

Not told... protected, understand?
(a moment)

Scarecrow, the message you left at the drop indicated Ballon's target was Savior.

LEE

Right.

BLUE LEADER

You've been to Landover before, you know some of the technical staff, correct?

LEE

Some've them, yes, sir.

BLUE LEADER

Fine... play it exactly as you would if you were requisitioning any other piece of ordnance. Everything has been arranged. The important thing to remember is that we don't have a thing on Ballon unless we can place him with the bomb. It has to be virtually in his hands... in his possession. Is that understood?

LEE

Yes, sir.

BILLY

(simultaneously)

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

BLUE LEADER

Blue Leader... clear.

END INTERCUT.

40 EXT. SIDE ROAD - AT PICNIC TABLE - DAY

40

A small burp of STATIC comes from inside the sedan, then silence. Both men glance up, scan the surround, watch a dark-windowed limousine cruise silently past.

LEE

So... I guess we're still on.

BILLY

Looks like it. Anything else I oughtta know before we get underway?

LEE

Yeah... one thing. I never take sugar.

He arcs his still-full coffee cup toward the trash container, misses.

41 INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

41

Amanda, Dotty, PHILLIP, and JAMIE are bringing in a load of groceries from the car, putting them on the sink.

JAMIE

But it's got all the heavy stuff!
It's got the milk and the bleach an'...

PHILLIP

(over)

So just go get it an' knock it off.
I didn't whine around when I had
t'bring the one with the p'tatoes
an' or'nges, did I?

JAMIE

I'm not whining!

PHILLIP

Are too!

DOTTY

(placatingly)

Boy... boys... don't bicker. I'll
bring it, you carry the smaller
things.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(wearily)

No, Mother, if that box boy can lift it, Phillip can manage...

JAMIE

(in triumph)

See, Phillip?!

AMANDA

(a tiny smile)

... And... Jamie will just go upstairs and start on his homework.

Jamie reacts, moves with new incentive toward the door.

JAMIE

Never mind! I got it! I got it!

They dash out.

DOTTY

You'll be back in time to eat, change and get to school by seven, won't you?

AMANDA

(whaaat?)

School?

DOTTY

(patiently)

The play... Phillip's play, remember? He's Jack in the Beanstalk.

AMANDA

Shoot... how could I forget that?

DOTTY

You seem a little... scattered, dear. Something on your mind?

AMANDA

(too quickly)

No... not a thing. I should be back in plenty've time.

DOTTY

From -- ?

(catching herself)

Never mind... I won't ask. I tell myself not to ask. It's Amanda's business, I tell myself.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

AMANDA
(gratefully)
Thank you.

DOTTY
Unless you'd like to tell me.

AMANDA
(in gentle reproof)
Mo-ther...

DOTTY
(deflated)
Fine, fine... you're right...
(then)
... I'd try to be back by five-
thirty, though.

AMANDA
Five-thirty.
(indicating the
small bags)
Do you need help with those?

DOTTY
No, thank you, dear.
(the martyr)
You... just... go along.

AMANDA
Okay. Thanks. 'Bye-'bye, boys...

She crosses with the two youngsters as they come in with more groceries.

PHILLIP
'Bye, Mom.

JAMIE
'Bye, Mom.

42 OMITTED
thru
48

42
thru
48

49 EXT. FORMIDABLE APPEARING MILITARY BASE - DAY

49

A weathered sign informs us that this is: "THE LANDOVER
WEAPONS TESTING LABORATORIES -- NO ADMITTANCE."

The impressive, torpedo-shaped, shiny bomb hangs by thick chains from the ceiling. The lab is painted white, the technicians wear white lab coats. Our ANGLE LOOSENS to find Lee studying it. He is flanked by the stoical Major Sprague and COL. RALPH ARVILLA, a clean-cut man only slightly older than Lee. Lee is nodding:

LEE

Yeah... that's it. Savior

ARVILLA

You didn't mention anybody coming with you, Lee.

LEE

Well... the Major, here, was a kind've late entry.

(a grin)

In case I had to lug this thing all the way to D.C. by myself.

(gesturing)

You two know each other...?

Colonel Arvilla, Major Sprague.

Sprague accepts the proffered hand without expression.

ARVILLA

Yeah, yeah... I think I do.

(to Sprague)

Khe Sanh, wasn't it, Major?

LEE

(quickly)

Uhm, Ralph... the Major has a kind've ... throat problem.

(then)

Okay... how do we get her loaded?

ARVILLA

(stiffening)

Loaded? What d'you mean?

LEE

I mean I want t'take it with me. We're taking it into D.C., so the brass can show it t'the NATO guys.

ARVILLA

Where's the authorization?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(in affected
disbelief)

Authorization?! What is this,
Ralph? Since when do I need an
authorization?

ARVILLA

Since we're talking about Savior.
Savior doesn't go out've here
without a signed requisition from
somebody with plenty've muscle.

(a beat; easing)

Look, Look... this thing is the most
important weapon since the H-bomb...
it's a totally clean bomb, with
the same per square foot impact
as the Nagasaki package. Y'know
what that means?

LEE

(a light shrug)

Yeah... it means the brass wants
the NATO team to see it.

(a grin)

So lighten up, Colonel, we'll
have your baby home before dark,
okay?

Sprague's flat, mirrored gaze flicks from Lee to Arvilla,
back again, as he waits. Arvilla seems unsure.

ARVILLA

I don't know, Lee...

LEE

(selling)

Sure y'do, Ralph. I ever let
you down before?

(to silence)

So, let me have a couple've techs
to help me load it into my pickup.

ARVILLA

(aghast)

You're takin' Savior out've here
in a... pickup truck?

LEE

You'd like it better if I had a
forty truck convoy, so everybody
within eighty miles've here knew
what was goin' out?

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (2)

50

ARVILLA

(slowly)

It'll have to be crated.

LEE

(shrug)

So crate it.

ARVILLA

(brief beat; then
calling)Okay... let's have a crew of techs
over here... get a crate around
this thing.

(to Lee)

You're gonna have t'sign for this,
Stetson.

(head-motion)

Over here...

(to the Major)

And, Major... don't touch, a'right?
Under that nose-cone you've got a
very sensitive arming button.
Trigger that and it doesn't take
much t'airmail you guys and your
pickup truck t'Mars. Remember that.

LEE

(low, asiding)

Why the dog and pony show, Ralph?

ARVILLA

(a smile)

To sell your friend, there. He's
got t'think it's the real goods,
right? We tip him it's only the
casing off the real thing,
somebody's liable to hand you
your head.

(drily)

Wouldn't want that, would we?

CAMERA HOLDS as the two men cross through the doorway.

51

CLOSER ON SAVIOR

51

Where technicians scurry to drag a thick wooden case
from O.S. Sprague steps closer to the big bomb,
lightly taps the plastic nose-cone, hears a HOLLOW SOUND.
Alerted, surprised, he works the cone loose -- and
reveals only a void where the timer-trigger had been.
Sprague reacts, backs away, swings a glance about the
room, spies another door. It has the lettering:
"ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT GRADE FIVE TECHNICIANS."
The Major saunters to the door, snaps a last look at the
absorbed technicians, enters.

- 52 INT. SAFE ROOM - IDENTICAL BOMB - DAY 52
- Sprague, alone in the smaller room, approaches the bomb, studies it carefully. He examines the nose detonator, which we will notice is subtly different. This bomb has a timer insert into the forward end of the weapon. He peers at the stenciled inscription there.
- 53 TIGHT ON INSCRIPTION 53
- where we are able to read: "DETONATOR NOSE-CONE MUST BE IN PLACE AT ALL TIMES TO PREVENT ACTIVATING."
- 54 BACK TO SCENE 54
- As Sprague examines the nose-cone, notes how it is threaded onto the casing. He swings a quick look about him, scoops a suitable wrench from a work bench, taps it into his palm, smiles.
- 55 EXT. MILITARY BASE - BALLON - DAY 55
- Edson Ballon paces restlessly, shafting frequent glances toward the guarded gate. Suddenly he alerts.
- 56 OVER BALLON 56
- TO the entrance. A crew-cab pickup truck with a large crate is just clearing the gates. Ballon moves to meet it.
- 57 PICKUP 57
- As it slows, stops. Lee is at the wheel, Major Sprague beside him. Sprague immediately gets out.
- BALLON
(relievedly)
You got it.
- LEE
(a grin)
Sure. Now it's your baby, Edson.
- BALLON
(promptly)
No... no, I want you to take it.
It's to be delivered to Dulles...
airport gate two. The Major and
I will be along shortly.
(adding)
Drive carefully.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

LEE
(emphatically)
Believe it.

The two men watch the pickup slowly pull away.

58 INT. LEE'S PICKUP - LEE - DAY

58

Lee digs out a tiny walkie-talkie, thumbs the switch.

LEE
(into walkie-
talkie)
Scarecrow to Lancer...

BILLY (V.O.)
(filtered)
What've you got, Scarecrow?

LEE
I've got the merchandise you
ordered... and a destination.
It's goin' down at Dulles.

BILLY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Check, got you covered.

Lee drops the walkie-talkie into a pocket, checks the rearview, relaxes, drives on.

59 EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - AGENCY SEDAN - DAY

59

The car whips to a stop. It is followed by Agency sedans, with two men in each. Billy, with binoculars, hops out of the sedan, joins the FIRST AGENT. The Agent carries a larger radio than we saw Lee use.

BILLY
He should be coming in sight. The
destination is Dulles.

FIRST AGENT
Right.
(to radio)
Scramble, scramble... it's Dulles!

BILLY
(pointing)
There he is.

- 60 ANGLE - DOWN TO ROAD AND TUNNEL 60
- Where we observe Lee's pickup truck approaching the tunnel.
- 61 INT. LEE'S PICKUP - OVER LEE - DAY 61
- The traffic is light as we near the tunnel, enter it. Ahead of us brake lights abruptly flare, traffic suddenly slows. Lee scoops up his walkie-talkie.
- LEE
(into walkie-talkie)
Lancer, we've got a problem here...!
- Lee hits the headlights, slows to a stop behind a large truck.
- 62 EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - BILLY - DAY 62
- He is watching through binoculars. He abruptly lowers them.
- BILLY
(to Agent)
What's goin' on?
(into walkie-talkie)
Scarecrow, what's up in that tunnel?
- To STATIC.
- BILLY
(continuing)
You readin' me, Scarecrow?
- 63 INT. TUNNEL - CLOSE ON PICKUP - DAY 63
- Lee speaks into his walkie-talkie, cranes to see ahead.
- LEE
You reading, Lancer?
- CAMERA PANS AHEAD, where, a car or two ahead, we see a good-size rental trailer with the lettered legend:
"HAPPY TRAILS RENTALS."
- 64 EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - BILLY - DAY 64
- Billy frets, paces, call to the agent:

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

BILLY

Must be a breakdown in there.

65 INT. LEE'S PICKUP - LEE - DAY

65

He tosses the walkie-talkie aside disgustedly, glances in his rearview mirror, reacts to:

66 LEE'S POV - MIRROR

66

To a vehicle approaching from behind, in the parallel lane, emergency lights flashing HORN BLASTING. Trailing it is an ND auto.

67 BACK TO SCENE

67

As Lee watches a CAR in the opposing lane SKID to a stop, hurriedly slam into reverse before the oncoming emergency vehicle. Lee cranes to look beside him at the vehicle, as it prowls tight to the side of his pickup.

68 LEE'S POV

68

THROUGH his open window -- to a shotgun muzzle. It is held by a cold-eyed man in coveralls in the passenger seat of a huge semi-size tow truck.

69 BACK TO SCENE

69

As Lee freezes. He hear a THUD, see a lurch of the pickup truck. Le turns his head slowly, wary of the gun muzzle pointing at him.

70 INT. TUNNEL - REAR BED OF PICKUP - DAY

70

Where another man in coveralls pulls the tow truck crane to a position above the crated Savior, slips the big steel cable hook through the lift-eye attached to the bomb crate. This done, he hops back onto the tow-rig platform, cranks hard on a winch lever. The Savior is expertly lifted out of the truck, swings behind the big rig.

71 INT. LEE'S PICKUP - DAY

71

PAST Lee TO tow truck. The heavy truck slowly moves on, the shotgun disappearing inside the cab. In shock, Lee sees the crated bomb being carried past. He scoops up the walkie-talkie, snaps:

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

LEE
(into walkie-
talkie)
Lancer... move, move!! They just
snatched Savior!!!

He slings aside the walkie-talkie, slams the door handle down, leans into the door -- just as the wrenching SCREECH of STEEL ON STEEL rasps over, and the pickup is jarred. The ND auto GRINDS slowly even with the pickup's window, CRUSHING against Lee's vehicle. Lee is forced to release the door handle, snap a look to the auto. Here, Major Sprague stares icily down the grooved sights of a Magnum .44. Lee sucks in a breath, doesn't dare move, his eyes on the mirrored, glinting surface of the Major's sunglasses.

72 EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - BILLY, AGENT - DAY

72

Billy holds the useless walkie-talkie, gripes:

BILLY
Can't pick up a damn thing in that
tunnel... somebody check it out!

One of the agents tears out.

73 INT. TUNNEL - RENTAL TRAILER - DAY

73

Where the tow-rig is gliding beside the Happy Trails Rental trailer, slowing as the bomb crate is swung up by the crane, poised over the open trailer. The man on the tow truck platform signals the driver, positions the crane, lets off on the winch handle. The Savior settles toward the trailer bed.

74 INT. TRAILER - CLOSE SHOT

74

TO the crated bomb, as it swings slightly by its hook, descends, descends -- and hits sharply against the solid front section of the trailer. The swinging weight of the big BOMB, compounded by its impact -- SMASHES the forward section of the WOOD CRATE. The bomb's nose cone is crushed and drops away. As the bomb and crate jolt to the floor, we hear a sudden, OMINOUS TICKING emanating from the NOSE of Savior. OVER, we hear the LOOSENING of CHAINS, the ROAR of the tow truck ENGINE.

- 75 INT. LEE'S PICKUP - MAJOR - DAY 75
- OVER Lee. The large caliber handgun remains rock-steady, with the Major cutting occasional looks ahead to the tow truck, then quickly back to Lee, keeping him rooted there. Now, panther-like, the Major elbows open his door, eases onto the pavement, leaves his auto, backs away in the direction of the tow-rig. The gun muzzle remains trained on Lee, as ANGLE ALTERS to hold both Lee and the escaping Major. Suddenly, at a HORN BLAST from the tow truck, the Major wheels, bolts for the truck, jumps on board as it digs out. Lee instantly dives across the seat, smashes open the passenger door.
- 76 INT. TUNNEL - PASSENGER SIDE OF PICKUP - DAY 76
- Where Lee pitches out, whacks the door shut, dashes alongside the truck ahead of him, sprints for the rental trailer.
- 77 WITH LEE - TRACKING 77
- As he dashes after the already moving rental trailer. He gradually overtakes it, reaches for the tailgate.
- 78 INT. TUNNEL - TRAILER - DAY 78
- Lee has overtaken the trailer, clamped a hand on the tailgate, and now drags himself into the slat-sided trailer, slumps atop the crated bomb.
- 79 EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - BILLY AND AGENT - DAY 79
- The AGENT points down.
- FIRST AGENT
- They're moving again... The tow truck's out... and a car and trailer...
- BILLY
- Yeah... but where's the pickup truck? Where's Scarecrow?
- 80 EXT. TUNNEL ROAD - TRAILER - TRUCKING - DAY 80
- We see Lee staring up to the hillside, waving his arms frantically. CAMERA is CARRIED FORWARD PAST Lee TO the bombcrate. ANGLE TIGHTENS ON the nose cone. Again we hear the TICK-TICK-TICK of the TIMER.

81 WIDER ANGLE - TRAILER - TRUCKING

81

As CAMERA SLOWLY OVERTAKES the vehicle pulling the trailer -- a station wagon -- and the smiling woman who drives it -- Amanda. TRUCKING SLOWS, allowing the station wagon and trailer to pull ahead, MOVE WELL PAST, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

82 EXT. RURAL VIRGINIA ROAD - AMANDA'S STATION WAGON - DAY 82

Amanda, her station wagon and rental trailer, FLASH PAST CAMERA.

83 INT. AMANDA'S STATION WAGON - DAY 83

She drives cheerfully through the hilly terrain, glances at her watch. Her expression tells us, "Terrific, I'm right on schedule."

84 EXT. RENTAL TRAILER - LEE - TRUCKING 84

As Lee leans into the windstream, balancing himself, edging forward. He gets to the front of the trailer, stops, slides his automatic from its holster, cocks it, puts it back, gathers himself. After a deep breath, he vaults forward, lands on all fours on the wide top of the station wagon which tows the trailer, clings there, the wind whipping at him. CAMERA HOLDS ON him for a moment, then SLOWLY TILTS DOWN AT the forward edge of the heavy wooden crate, where we see the bomb's nose. CAMERA ZOOMS us INTO TIGHT CLOSEUP of the ACTIVATOR -- and again we hear the frightening TICK-TICK-TICK.

85 TIGHTER SHOT - LEE 85

As he inches to the driver's side of the station wagon, hangs on with one hand, slowly draws his automatic with the other, then abruptly leans over to peer, upside down into the vehicle.

86 INT. AMANDA'S STATION WAGON - AMANDA - DAY 86

She is driving serenely along the rural road -- when the upside-down Lee pops INTO VIEW through the open window.

AMANDA

Lee!!

LEE

(simultaneously)

Amanda!!

(quickly)

Don't stop! I mean... don't hit the brakes! Slow down and stop!

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

AMANDA

(blinking)

What... are you doing there?!

He carefully guides wagon and trailer to the road shoulder.

87

EXT. RURAL VIRGINIA ROAD - AMANDA'S WAGON - DAY

87

With Lee plastered to its roof, the wagon stops. Amanda gets out.

AMANDA

How did you get on my roof? Was that the thud I heard?

LEE

(groggily)

I... was the thud, yeah.

(sliding down from
the car roof)

Look, we've gotta talk.

AMANDA

Fine, get in. We're going to be late if we don't keep on schedule, Lee.

LEE

Forget the schedule, Amanda... and forget anything Ballon told you. I don't know what he said t'get you into this... but he's not working for the Agency. I am... but he isn't.

AMANDA

(slowly)

You are... but he... isn't.

(in growing anger)

Then... why did he pick me to pull his darn trailer?

LEE

(quickly)

Le'me ask you this... who's the least obvious person in the whole world t'be hauling a secret weapon? A suburban mother... in a station wagon... with a rental trailer... Now where're you supposed t'be taking this thing?

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(in anger)

He lied to me... and... and I
believed him! I am such a... a
dummy!

LEE

Hey... you believed in me... you
did what you did because you trusted
me. I don't know anybody who'd go
that far out on a limb for a friend.

(a smile)

You're no dummy, Amanda, far from it.

AMANDA

(a gulp)

'Friend'... you said 'friend'...

LEE

(a small, warm
moment)

So, I exaggerated...

(then)

Now, where're you supposed to be
going with the bomb?

AMANDA

(eyes widening)

Bomb? Bomb?

LEE

Not a real bomb, no, uhn, uhnnn...
I mean, he thinks it's a real one...
but it isn't. It's just to trap
him. We have to catch him red-
handed, with classified material,
to put him away.

AMANDA

He lied to me, Lee. He's a very
bad person... he's... unsavory.

LEE

Right, right... unsavory... now,
tell me where he's meeting you.

AMANDA

Uhm... straight down this road to
Sanders Lane, then I go right
seven-tenths of a mile... to the
helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(reacting)

Helicopter?

(quickly)

Never mind... I've gotta borrow
your car, make that delivery.

AMANDA

He'll know it's you and not me
driving, Lee. What if he just gets
in the helicopter and flies away,
wouldn't that sort've... mess
things up?

LEE

(exhaling, sagging)

Yeah... it'd blow it. You're
right.

(grimly)

We've had it.

AMANDA

Not if I keep on driving.

LEE

No way... who knows what's waiting
down that road.

(a quick head-shake)

Uhn, uhnn... too dangerous.

AMANDA

Lee, I feel responsible. I got
you into this and... well, I owe
it to you to get you out. It
can't be that dangerous... he won't
know you told me anything.

LEE

(a beat, head-shake)

It'll be Ballon, a bunch've guys
with guns, probably... and I don't
think...

AMANDA

(over)

But I don't have a gun, so I'm no
threat to anybody. Besides, how
dangerous can it be? I mean, it
isn't as if it was a real bomb or
anything.

LEE

(warning her)

We don't have any backup. We're
on our own.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3)

87

AMANDA

(brightly)

I have you.

(confidentially)

You'll think of something.

He smiles wryly, digs a camera from his coat pocket.

LEE

Okay... you ever use one of these?

AMANDA

(slowly)

Do you have anything... simpler?

LEE

(getting into the car)

It's simple... Believe me, it's simple. You steer, I'll explain, a'right?

They get into the wagon, Amanda behind the wheel. CAMERA TRACKS REARWARD, HOLDS ON a wide crack in the slatted wall of the trailer. TICK-TICK-TICK. The wagon starts, the trailer swoops PAST CAMERA, is gone.

88 EXT. RURAL FIELD (ESTABLISHED EARLIER) - DAY

88

CAMERA HOLDS ON helicopter, a Huey or Sikorsky, capable of carrying Savior and a substantial crew. We then PAN OFF, FIND Edson Ballon, Major Sprague and General Marquino. Also in view are eight to ten no-nonsense henchmen in civilian garb, carrying a variety of hand-held weapons. Marquino paces, snaps frequent glances to his watch. Ballon, impeccably dressed as always, seeks to calm the General.

BALLON

No need to worry, General... she's still within her time...

(a slow smile)

... In fact...

(to O.S.)

... there she is.

89 NEW ANGLE

89

As the station wagon turns off the road and onto the field, approaches the two men. Amanda is at the wheel; Lee is nowhere to be seen. She bounces out of the car, moves to meet them.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

AMANDA
I'm not late, am I?

BALLON
(pleased)
No, Mrs. King. You're exactly on
time.

He and Marquino head for the trailer. Amanda looks at Benito's men, sees the weapons, swallows hard.

90 INT. AMANDA'S STATION WAGON - LEE - DAY

90

He lies on the floor between the seats, pistol in hand, listening, waiting.

91 EXT. RURAL FIELD - REAR OF TRAILER - DAY

91

The Major opens the back panel. Marquino looks on eagerly. Ballon smiles in anticipation.

BALLON
(a gesture)
As promised, Benito...

Marquino gazes enraptured at the large crate, its sleek cargo.

MARQUINO
Yes... Yes...
(beckoning to the
mercenaries)
... into the helicopter. Quickly.

BALLON
(a smile)
After... we complete our
arrangement.

MARQUINO
(a sudden smile)
Your fee... certainly.
(calling)
Rafael! The suitcases! Hurry!

Amanda's hand goes slowly to her purse. We see her palm the tiny camera, as one of the mercenaries lugs two large suitcases from the helicopter.

BALLON
Major, please?

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

The Major, Viper in hand, intercepts Rafael, motions for him to open the cases. The man complies. Major Sprague checks the bundled cash packets, fanning, not counting, merely assuring himself they are the real thing. Amanda is agog at the amount of money in the suitcases. Sprague, satisfied, nods to Ballon.

BALLON

(continuing; a smile to Marquino)

So... there's nothing else to discuss... until next time.

LEE (O.S.)

Not... exactly, Edson!

92 REVERSE ANGLE

92

OVER Ballon and Marquino TO Lee, automatic in hand.

LEE

Just lock it off right there, folks...

He nods to Amanda. Instantly, she starts snapping pictures of Ballon, the bomb, the suitcases of money.

LEE

(continuing; to Marquino)

General... tell your buddies to dump the hardware...

Ballon has swiveled, scanned the field, now turns back to Lee.

BALLON

Stetson, don't be stupid. They have automatic weapons. And you have no backup.

LEE

(playing the string)

Remember the Wrangler Operation? A one man bust... with full Agency backup.

(a slight smile)

You don't think I'd be dumb enough to walk in with...

(to Amanda)

... a homemaker from Arlington, do you?

AMANDA

(instantly)

He'd never do that.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

She keeps clicking away.

LEE

We've got tanks.

AMANDA

Lots of tanks. Big tanks.

LEE

And air support...

AMANDA

Plenty of...

BALLON

(over, hard)

Give it up! Your support is all
at Dulles, and we all know it.
Major... the camera.

Sprague starts forward. Amanda, startled, gulps, impulsively tosses the camera to Lee. He catches it, steps close to the trailer, points the automatic at the bomb's nose.

LEE

Don't push it, Edson! If I go,
everybody goes!

93 AMANDA

93

silently marvels at Lee's brash and effective action,
stifles a small smile.

94 BACK TO SCENE

94

Where nobody moves, nobody breathes, all eyes riveted on
Lee's automatic.

BALLON

(on eggshells)

Easy... take it easy, Stetson.

95 LEE

95

abruptly alerts at something, some barely audible sound.
TICK-TICK-TICK. He slides his look down toward the bomb.

96 CLOSE - BOMB

96

Which emits a steady TICK-TICK-TICK.

97 BACK TO SCENE

97

As Lee realizes the bomb is real! And triggered!

LEE

(low)

Oh, my God...

(aloud)

... It's... triggered! Something
activated the timer! Stay back!

98 BALLON

98

smiles narrowly, edges forward.

BALLON

An old, old gag, Lee... you think
I'd actually...

He freezes, listens. TICK-TICK-TICK. He holds only for
a moment, then spins, dashes through the massed pack of
mercenaries.

BALLON

(continuing)

... Out!! Get the hell out!!

A dazed and confused Marquino looks around him, points to
the helicopter.

MARQUINO

The helicopter!

BALLON

(in flight)

No time!! Run for it!!

99 AMANDA

99

is transfixed at the sudden, massed flight. She watches
in wonder at the total exodus, looks toward Lee.

AMANDA

That... was just wonderful...

100 INT. TRAILER

100

WITH the bomb, Lee is hurriedly scanning the timer. In
the background, Amanda crosses toward him.

AMANDA

See, you had a plan. They're all
running away. I knew you'd...

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

LEE
(sharply)
Amanda! Stay back!!
(then)
The pin! The damn pin's been
knocked loose somewhere!

On hands and knees, he searches frantically. Amanda comes a couple of steps forward, not close enough to hear the ticking.

AMANDA
Pin? You need a pin?

She fishes in a pocket, comes up with a large metal button which bears the prominently centered: "GO BOMBERS." Printed around its perimeter: "OLD DOMINION YOUTH BASEBALL." She remains where she is standing, holds it up for Lee to see.

AMANDA
(continuing)
Will this do? It has a pin on the back.

LEE
(a snarl)
No, dammit... I need a...
(abruptly)
... Okay, sure... toss it here!

101 AMANDA

101

tosses it, grins.

LEE (O.S.)
Yeah, good.

She turns to look after the speeding group.

102 WIDER ANGLE

102

Where we see Ballon, Marquino and the mercenaries tearing across the field. As they do, a half-dozen Agency sedans flood toward them from the road, begin circling them, rounding them up, herding them together. Agents pour out, weapons drawn. CAMERA ZOOMS us CLOSER, where we can see Edson Ballon, excitedly shouting to the agents, pointing back toward the bomb. Almost instantly, everyone dives into the sedans, dig out, cars speeding for safety.

103 INT. TRAILER

103

A perspiring Lee works the pin closer to the tiny aperture. He works against the relentless TICK-TICK-TICK of the timer. Suddenly the pin snaps home, fit. The TICK-TICK-TICK STOPS! Lee slumps back, exhales.

104 AMANDA

104

OVER trailer, moves closer in wonder at the sudden flight of everyone.

AMANDA

Lee... that's the strangest thing
... everybody just... left. Why
do you suppose they did that?

LEE

(exhausted, drained,
a wan smile)

Beats me.

(adding)

Something we said, y'think?

CAMERA PULLS UP, BACK, DISCLOSES the two solitary figures at the trailer, the abandoned helicopter and not another soul.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

105 INT. AGENCY - BILLY'S OFFICE - PHOTO - DAY

105

The photograph, a big blow-up, shows Ballon, the bomb and the money -- at the precise moment Amanda took the picture. ANGLE WIDENS, DISCLOSES Amanda, Lee, Billy and Francine gazing at it.

AMANDA

(in wonder)

Really? It's the one I took with that little, bitty...

LEE

(over, grinning)

That's it. You took it.

BILLY

That's the picture that's going to put Edson Ballon and the Major in the federal pokey for a long, long time.

AMANDA

Well... it's hard to believe it came out. You should see the ones I get from my box Brownie. The lady in the photo shop just points and laughs when I go in now.

They begin to move toward the door, CAMERA TRACKING.

BILLY

She'd be proud've you now, Amanda.

(to Lee)

Listen, sorry about that sort've... undignified retreat the guys pulled out in that field.

FRANCINE

A little, healthy cowardice.

BILLY

(guiltily)

Y'have to know who was involved to appreciate it. Y'see, we finally got a fix on your location when we picked up a report on the state police radio, about some clown on top've a lady's station wagon out on Kensington Road. We...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

LEE

(wryly)

Clown...?

BILLY

Their description, not mine.

(then)

And since one've the vehicles that
came out've that tunnel was a
station wagon...

FRANCINE

(helpfully)

You put two and two together...

BILLY

(nodding)

... And flashed Fred.

LEE

Fred.

AMANDA

Fred... Fielder?

BILLY

(a look off)

The Fred we all know and love...

The others follow his look.

106 THEIR POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW TO AGENTS' BULL PEN

106

TO Fred Fielder. He is at Lee's desk, glumly slamming
his personal articles back into the cardboard box. The
philodendron is in clear view, still on the desk.

FRANCINE (V.O.)

Maybe you'll get lucky, Lee... and
he'll leave the philodendron.

107 BACK TO SCENE

107

BILLY

Anyway... Fred took the call, found
the field and scooped up Ballon and
the others. Unfortunately somebody
mentioned the bomb was live... and
Fred sort've... well...

(CONTINUED)

FRANCINE

The word you're looking for is
'panicked,' Billy.

AMANDA

Poor Fred...

BILLY

Yeah... poor Fred.

(to Amanda)

How 'bout you, Amanda... when did
you actually find out about the
bomb?

AMANDA

(a sick smile)

Oh... that...

LEE

Well, it's like this, Billy... I
took Amanda out t'dinner... bought
her a few drinks...

AMANDA

Margaritas.

LEE

Margaritas, yeah. And then, when
I thought she was, y'know, kind've
relaxed...

AMANDA

(adding)

It was between the mixed green salad
with the Green Goddess dressing...
and the Dover sole...

LEE

Right... it was about then, yeah...

AMANDA

(nodding)

It was exactly then... that...

(a swallow)

... I fainted.

BILLY

(eyes widening)

Fainted?!

LEE

Fainted. Flat out fainted.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(a head-shake)

It was... very... embarrassing.
He had to carry me out.

(to Lee)

Is that right? You carried me out?

LEE

(a nod)

Um, hmmm. It was kind've hard when
I tried t'get out my wallet, to tip
the parking valet... but that's the
way it goes.

BILLY

Amanda... I'm sorry you had to find
out like that.

AMANDA

(instantly)

No, no, sir... it was much better
than finding out out there in that
field... and trying to outrun Mr.
Ballon and the General...

Lee and Francine crack up, Billy soon joins them, even
Amanda manages a smile, as we:

FADE OUT.

THE END