

**SCARECROW AND MRS. KING****"The First Time"**

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**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CLOSE ON TOGA MAN - NIGHT

He's over forty, paunchy, wearing only a toga, with a laurel wreath on his head. He's had a few.

TOGA MAN (shouting)  
Toga! Toga! Toga!

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Toga Man raises his wineglass to cheer. His bored Wife, also wearing a toga, looks heavenward. The ballroom is crowded with middle-aged men and women, all wearing togas, trying to recreate the hilarity of their college days. A banner on the wall reads: "Sigma Alpha Epsilon Reunion." A hotel combo with electric organ struggles valiantly with "Ain't Nothin' but a Houn' Dog." CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the crowd of people stumbling through old dance numbers, past a row of Wives sitting on folding chairs, looking fed-up with the whole thing, and out to a patio area. Uniformed Waiters edge their way through the crowd with trays of drinks. CAMERA comes to a tight row of potted bushes which form the boundary of the patio. Suddenly we HEAR RUNNING FEET, then two SHOTS from a GUN WITH SILENCER, a soft MOAN, and a BODY HITTING THE GROUND, just as, from inside, BOOZY SINGING begins.

MEN (O.S.)  
(from inside; singing)  
Let's sing to the women we almost had,  
And toast the ones we're stuck with!

CAMERA now comes to a pair of black shoes, attached to a dead Man lying face down on the floor. He has been shot. He's dressed like a waiter. Suddenly another pair of feet races into FRAME. He crouches, as we HEAR TWO MORE SETS OF RUNNING FEET APPROACHING. We can see just enough of the second man to see that he, too, is dressed like a waiter. He reaches inside the dead Man's jacket, finds a small wrapped package, and dashes out of the FRAME. A moment later, the other two pairs of legs race in and out of the FRAME, obviously in hot pursuit. CAMERA PUSHES IN on the Dead Man, as, from inside, we HEAR the SONG'S END and a BURST OF CHEERS. Suddenly there is the SOUND of an ALARM CLOCK RINGING and we...

CUT TO:

INT. KING BEDROOM - CLOSE ON ALARM CLOCK - DAWN

The clock is RINGING obnoxiously, and a hand reaches into FRAME to shut it off.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the arm to reveal its owner: AMANDA KING. She's attractive, in her 30's, and is flopping back wearily on her pillow. On the other side of her is her husband, DEAN. He's also in his 30's, pleasant-looking in a preppy way, and asleep. Amanda looks over at him. CUT TO:

INT. KING KITCHEN - CLOSE ON TV SET - EARLY MORNING

On the screen is MRS. WELCH, a jolly "cooking lady" in the Julia Child mold. She's big, robust, and full of fun, with a jolly, distinctive voice.

MRS. WELCH (merrily)  
... And Yankee Doodle Pot Pie must be baked at exactly three hundred degrees for exactly one hour, or it becomes the most revolting mess you ever saw! (she laughs gaily) And I don't mean maybe!

She laughs harder and swills some cognac.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals DOTTY WEST, Amanda's mother, a no-nonsense woman of 60. She is watching the portable television closely, following instructions. The work area of this modern suburban kitchen is covered with bowls and ingredients. In the b.g. we see Amanda's two sons, JAMIE, 8, and PHILLIP, 10, packing their lunches for school. Amanda stumbles in, buttoning her coat, sleepily groping for the coffee. She stares at Dotty's cooking in disbelief.

MRS. WELCH'S VOICE (on TV)

... It's a solid little pie. Our Colonial mothers used to bust some chops with these, I'll bet...

She laughs until she chokes.

AMANDA

Mother. It's 6:30. How can you face that right now? (she stares into the bowl) Or ever?

DOTTY (watching TV; pouring oil into a cup)

Six-thirty, pooh. Amanda, when you were growing up, I was awake at two in the morning, four in the morning, six... Just to feed you.

AMANDA

Mother, that's when I was five weeks old.

DOTTY (going right on)

And now that your father's gone, I live to see my grandchildren eat...

PHILLIP

Mom, Jamie made himself a sugar sandwich.

AMANDA

No sugar sandwiches. (calling) Dean! You're gonna be late!

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUTER TRAIN PLATFORM - HIGH ANGLE - EARLY MORNING

It's a tiny train station in a Virginia suburb of Washington, D.C. A few Commuters are climbing onto the train as the Kings' Datsun station wagon screeches into the lot. CAMERA CRANES DOWN as Dean jumps out of the car, pulling on his topcoat. Amanda gets out, too.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TRACKING SHOT

as they hurry toward the train platform.

DEAN (smiling at her)

You didn't have to get out.

AMANDA (smiling)

I know.

Dean puts an arm around her shoulders as they walk.

DEAN

Tomorrow, I'll catch the first flight back from New York I can. But it probably won't be 'til evening.

AMANDA What do you meteorologists do at conventions, anyway?

DEAN (shrugs)

Talk about the weather.

She laughs, then:

AMANDA

Hurry home. You don't sleep so good alone.

DEAN (as they stop walking)  
Neither do you.

They kiss for a long moment. The train is starting to move.

DEAN (continuing; pulling away)  
I gotta go! (he starts trotting toward train) I'll call you around eight!

AMANDA  
Fine!

Dean has jumped up onto the open doorway of the train.

DEAN (calling)  
Don't forget to tune up the Datsun!

AMANDA (calling)  
I love you!

And the train disappears around a bend. Amanda waves until it is gone, smiles to herself, and starts back down the platform, passing her neighbor, BABS DALEY, who is seeing Mr. Daley off. Babs and Amanda acknowledge each other with little waves.

#### THE PARKING LOT - TRACKING SHOT

CAMERA STARTS on a pair of legs, running as fast as they can. PULL BACK to reveal LEE STETSON, in his mid 30's, dazzlingly handsome, a bit dangerous looking, and exhausted. He is wearing a waiter's outfit, clutches the tiny package under his arm, and is racing for the train platform.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals a car screeching into the lot. Two Thugs leap out of their car, leaving the doors open, and tear after Lee.

#### THE TRAIN PLATFORM

A few commuters have gathered, and, in the distance, we can HEAR a TRAIN APPROACHING from the opposite direction of Dean's. Amanda is about to go down the few steps to the parking lot as a few commuters are coming up. Suddenly, into this bottleneck comes running Lee. He looks behind him, takes Amanda's arm, and urges her back up the steps.

#### LEE AND AMANDA

AMANDA (indignantly)  
Excuse me!

LEE (urgently)  
Just walk with me.

AMANDA  
I certainly will not!

LEE (earnestly)  
Please.

Amanda stares at him, bewildered, as he takes her arm and moves off into the crowd with her.

#### THE THUGS

as they hit the steps just a few feet behind Lee.

#### THE PLATFORM - LEE AND AMANDA - TRACKING SHOT

Lee is walking closely with Amanda, his face in her shoulder. Amanda keeps staring at him,

embarrassed, confused, and a little frightened. They pass Babs Daley.

BABS DALEY

staring at Amanda and Lee disapprovingly.

LEE AND AMANDA

Amanda smiles weakly, waves at Mrs. Daley, who coolly turns, goes off. Amanda has had it, and stops walking.

AMANDA

Okay, enough. I have to go.

LEE

Just one more thing...

AMANDA

No!

Lee looks down the platform.

LEE'S POV

The Thugs are pushing through the commuters, just yards away.

CLOSE ON LEE

He turns and looks at Amanda. Utterly sincere, magnetic eyes stare into hers.

CLOSE ON AMANDA

caught off-guard by this blast of charisma. She stares up at him, not knowing quite how to respond. Finally:

AMANDA

What... is it you want me to do?

TWO SHOT

Lee hands her the package.

LEE (urgently)

Take this. Get on the train. It's a matter of life and death.

AMANDA (awed)

"Life and death"?

LEE

Hand it to the man in the red hat.

AMANDA (skeptically)

Is this for real?

LEE

The man in the red hat. You can get off at the next stop and forget all about this, but do it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Thugs are pulling guns, shoving their way through people.

LEE AND AMANDA

A cluster of people is trying to board the train. Lee shoves a bewildered Amanda into their midst. In the next instant, the Thugs have reached them, and Lee takes off. The Thugs give chase, and the train is moving.

INT. TRAIN - AMANDA

She stands in the doorway of the train, looking down the platform as the train gathers speed.

AMANDA'S POV

The Thugs reach Lee, grab him, and the three of them go wrestling off the end of the platform.

BACK TO AMANDA - HEND-HELD

She's shaken by all this, and turns and moves toward the seating area, anxious to get it over with.

AMANDA (muttering)

Man in the red hat... Red hat...

She looks at the rows of seats, and is stunned to see:

INT. TRAIN - AMANDA'S POV

A sea of red hats. There must be twenty Shriners riding in this car. They read papers, joke with each other, look up at Amanda.

BACK TO AMANDA

She is standing there trying to decide what to do, when the CONDUCTOR approaches her.

CONDUCTOR

Ticket.

AMANDA (preoccupied)

What? I don't have a ticket.

ANGLE ON MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

in the very rear of the car. He holds up the front page of the Washington Post, blocking our view. Now he lowers the paper and we see a very nervous looking Little Man, looking all around. He is wearing a red baseball cap. He obviously doesn't see a familiar face, and raises the paper again.

BACK TO AMANDA AND CONDUCTOR

who are now in a heated argument.

CONDUCTOR

All right, I'm not supposed to do this, but you can pay me your fare.

AMANDA (exasperated)

Do you know what I have on under this coat? A nightgown. Do you think I expected to be on this train?

CONDUCTOR (confidentially; leaning close)

Where did you expect to be?

ANGLE ON REAR OF CAR

where the Little Man with the Red Hat is now hurrying off through the connecting door to the next car.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

We START WIDE and ZOOM IN on a black, official looking car as it passes the Capitol. PAN WITH IT as it turns down Constitution Avenue.

EXT. AGENCY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

It is housed in a Georgetown style row house in a neighborhood of offices and apartments. The car pulls up in front and DIRK FREDERICKS, a perpetually agitated, by-the-book man in his 40's, gets out. He hurries up the steps and into the doors.

INT. HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - DAY

It is sterile, windowless and brightly lit. Electric carts whisk up and down the corridor, and clusters of military people, technicians, and people in business suits, all wearing ID badges, stand in small groups or hurry to meetings. Over the P.A. comes a steady stream of announcements:

P.A. VOICE

Colonel Marberry, report to situation room one. Special Agents Lopez and White to communications, please...

We can see a small platform bearing Dirk coming down the open elevator shaft. He reaches the corridor, shoves the grate aside, and marches down the hallway. He is now also wearing an ID badge.

INT. MR. BILLY'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

It is located on the edge of a bullpen area of desks separated by low partitions. A SECRETARY is typing. She looks up, startled, as Dirk marches past her and opens the door to Mr. Billy's office. Inside, we can see a weary, battered Lee Stetson, seated; and, standing, MR. BILLY, a pleasant black man in his 40's, always attired in a sweater; and FRANCINE DESMOND, a beautiful, flashy agent in her early 30's. CAMERA CONTINUES into the room with Dirk. It is big, old-fashioned, warm. Lee and Mr. Billy are in mid-conversation Lee dabs at cuts on his jaw and chin, wincing in pain.

LEE (wearily)

... Don't I get any points for making a miraculous escape?! I don't know where the package is, Billy. How many more times do I have to tell you?

DIRK

At least once.

They all look up, surprised.

MR. BILLY

Ah, the ever-vigilant eye of Internal Affairs. Did anyone here cheat on their expense account?

DIRK (cooly)

Oh, we're involved with more than expense accounts, Mr. Billy. As Agency watchdogs, we weed out all sorts of personnel problems.

He looks over at Lee.

LEE

I wish you wouldn't look at me when you say personnel problems.

DIRK

I understand you've managed to misplace a package containing highly sensitive information.

LEE (with a sigh)

I didn't "misplace" it...

DIRK

Fine. What was in this package you didn't misplace?

LEE

As I've said, I'm not sure. Frank Warner, our operative in Georgetown, contacted me, said he was going to be slipped a package of information at a party, and he would pass it on to me. I went undercover as a waiter... (he indicates his shredded clothes) ... but by the time I got to Warner, he was dead. I grabbed the package and ran. I'm not sure what the exact information was, but it was supposed to be a key to plugging our leak.

DIRK

"Leak," Scarecrow? Oh, I'd call it more than a leak. I'd call it a flood. A tidal wave! (growing angry) We can't sneeze around here without the KGB knowing about it! Every time we go to make a move against Russian intelligence, anywhere, anytime, we get sabotaged! Even missions called on twenty-four hours' notice... boom! They get us! We've lost four agents in the past two weeks! (pounding desk) They know what we're up to and they're getting the word out instantly to their people, and I want to know how!

Throughout all this, Mr. Billy has restrained himself admirably. He pulls an aspirin bottle from his desk drawer.

MR. BILLY

If you'll forgive me, Dirk, finding out "how" is my department. Not yours.

DIRK (nastily)

That's true, Billy. But when a month goes by and your boys... (a nod to Francine) ... and girls... can't seem to do diddly, then Internal Affairs moves in to find the weak link!

MR. BILLY

We have done diddly! We've monitored all known communication systems in the D.C. area to the point where we know the KGB isn't using any of them!

He pops aspirin into his mouth, chews.

DIRK

Fabulous. How're they talking to each other? Smoke signals? And now you tell me we might've had a clue to this thing, but our quarterback here fumbles the ball!

Lee glares at him.

DIRK (continuing)

You start showing some results in the next week, Mr. Billy, or I'll write up a report that'll...

The Secretary sticks her head in.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, Mr. Billy, I thought you'd want to know, they just located Special Agent Guthrie.

ANGLE ON LEE

He breaks into a big, triumphant smile.

LEE

Dirk... The quarterback has just recovered the ball.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - CLOSE ON GUTHRIE - DAY

He is the Man in the Red Hat. And he is dead. A sheet is pulled over his face as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lee, Dirk, Mr. Billy, and Francine staring down at him. On a small table is a stack of Guthrie's clothes, topped by the red baseball cap. A DOCTOR stands nearby.

DIRK (staring at body; to Lee)

This was your ball carrier?

LEE

When my cover was blown, I handed off to him. He was supposed to go in for the TD. Why are we talking like this?

MR. BILLY (to Doctor)

Did he have a package with him when you found him?

DOCTOR

A package? No.

LEE

They must've gotten it when they shot him, Billy.

DOCTOR

He never mentioned a package.

LEE

You spoke to him?

DOCTOR

Yes. He was still alive when he was found. He did say he was supposed to meet you, Mr. Stetson. But that you never showed up.

Dirk looks over, heating up again. Lee is preoccupied.

LEE

Damn. She didn't give it to him.

DIRK

Who? Who?

LEE (exasperated)

The lady I gave the package to.

DIRK

You gave classified information to a stranger?!

MR. BILLY

Dirk.

LEE

They were chasing me! They caught me for a minute, too, if you'll recall! I gave the package to this lady at a commuter station and told her to give it to Guthrie!

DIRK

That violates every procedural ordinance we...

LEE

I didn't wanna lose the package!!

DIRK

But we did lose it, didn't we?! Scarecrow, you continue to ignore accepted procedures, and this is what comes of it!

LEE (turning away; furiously)

Oh, for...

DIRK

Oh, I'm not saying you're maliciously incompetent, but son, you do lead a rather... flamboyant lifestyle. Even a degenerate of your calibre should learn to pace himself.

LEE ( really angry)

My "lifestyle" is my business!

FRANCINE

Dirk, having once been an... intimate ... part of Lee's lifestyle, I would like to go on record saying that he may be a drinker, a slob, and a lothario, but he is not quite a degenerate.

LEE (uncomfortably)

Thank you, Francine.

FRANCINE

You're welcome. (to Dirk) As for handing off the package, it's the same ploy Lee used in Munich in his brilliant rescue of Dr. Forbisher's formula. His methods may be slightly unorthodox, but The



Scarecrow always delivers.

LEE

I owe you a drink.

FRANCINE (without looking at him)

You owe me a dinner.

DIRK

If he always delivers, where the hell is the package? Where the hell is this "lady"? And why wasn't I told about Munich?!!

MR. BILLY (he's had it)

All right, calm down, everybody. (turning to Lee) Lee. Who was this woman?

LEE (troubled)

I don't know.

DIRK

You don't know.

MR. BILLY

Dirk.

CLOSE ON LEE

He looks off, worried.

LEE

Whoever she is... If she's still got that package, she's in a very tight spot.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The SHOT favors the package, sitting on the kitchen table with Amanda in the rear, staring at it thoughtfully. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES in on her troubled face as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. POP WARNER FOOTBALL FIELD - LINE OF SCRIMMAGE - DAY

CAMERA MOVES DOWN the line of ten-year-olds on the offensive line, coming to Phillip, who is down in position, waiting for the ball to be snapped. We HEAR the QUARTERBACK CALLING NUMBERS, then the line goes into motion.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Phillip evades his blocker, turns, and receives the pass.

THE STANDS - AMANDA AND JAMIE

She's on her feet, wearing her booster jacket, yelling like crazy, hugging Jamie, jumping up and down.

END ZONE

as Phillip avoids a final tackle and dashes in for the touchdown. He flings down the ball, does a little victory dance. THE CROWD is ROARING.

THE STANDS

Amanda stands amid cheering people, proudly indicating it's her kid, and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBY'S DOCK DRIVE-IN - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

A gaudy nautical theme, with a jolly whale logo. CAMERA CRANES DOWN to Amanda's car, where a Carhop dressed as a pirate attaches a tray to her car window and leaves.

INT. AMANDA'S CAR

as Amanda doles out burgers, fries, hot dogs, etc. to Phillip, Jamie, an 11-year-old cheerleader, and a couple of other young football players, all of whom are yelling to be heard:

KIDS

Can I have salt, Mom? Mom, where're the napkins? I ordered a triple cherry malt, not a shake, Mrs. King!

AMANDA (nose in bag)

Who ordered the Captain Ahab fillet?

ANGLE ON DRIVER'S WINDOW

as Lee, dressed as a Carhop with a pirate patch and bandana, sticks his head in. There's a band-aid on his chin.

LEE

We forgot your Quarter Pound Harpooner with onions, Mrs. King.

AMANDA

I didn't order a... (she looks up; aghast) You again!

She immediately starts the car. Lee tries desperately to speak confidentially, for all the kids in the backseat are now staring.

LEE (hissing)

You didn't do what I told you!

AMANDA

There were twenty-five men with red hats on that train! Let go of my car!

Jamie leans over Amanda's shoulder.

JAMIE

Who's this man you're whispering to?

AMANDA

A total stranger!

LEE

I want that package.

AMANDA

Good! I don't!

LEE

I'll come to your house.

AMANDA

You certainly will not! (to back seat) Phillip, do not hit your brother in the head with trash! (to

Lee) I'll send it. Where do you live?

LEE

I can't tell you that.

AMANDA

Fine. Good-bye.

She starts backing up. Lee trots along with her.

LEE

Stop! I have to see you!

ANGLE ON BABS DALEY

She stands a few yards away, speechless, staring, holding a carton of hamburgers.

EXT. AMANDA'S CAR

as Amanda sees Babs, looks heavenward, glares over at Lee.

AMANDA

Are you going to let go of my car?

LEE

No.

Amanda has the car in forward, and steps on the gas. Lee races along with it, managing to stuff a card under the windshield wiper.

LEE (continuing)

Call me!

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Amanda's car screeches off across the parking lot and out onto the road, tray and glass root beer mugs still hanging from her window. The Carhop comes running out, yelling, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KING HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

INT. KING BEDROOM - CLOSE ON LEE'S CARD - NIGHT

There's no name, no address. Just the numbers 783-4237.

ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals Amanda staring thoughtfully at the card. She tosses it down on the bed, paces, glancing back at it, trying to decide what to do. Finally, she can't stand it anymore, picks up the phone, and dials the number.

PHONE VOICE (FILTER)

Four-two-three-seven. Who's calling?

Amanda almost hangs up, but thinks better of it, and:

AMANDA

Uh... Amanda King.

There is a CLICK from the PHONE, then LEE'S VOICE comes on. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON AMANDA, during:

LEE'S VOICE (FILTER)

I've been expecting your call.

AMANDA (irritated)

I simply called to tell you to leave me alone.

LEE'S VOICE (FILTER)

I think you called because you're dying to know what this is all about.

AMANDA

I am not!

LEE'S VOICE (FILTER)

It's okay. Curiosity's a healthy thing.

AMANDA

Really? I understand it killed the cat.

LEE'S VOICE (FILTER)

(suddenly businesslike)

Mrs. King, have you noticed any strange cars parked outside? It's possible you're being watched.

Amanda glances nervously outside, suddenly aware that this is serious stuff.

AMANDA (fearfully)

What?

LEE'S VOICE (FILTER)

Look, I've put you to a lot of trouble, and I don't want you to be hurt. Believe me, it's urgent we talk.

We are very CLOSE on Amanda, who nervously thinks this over as we...

CUT TO:

INT. KING KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dotty is standing at the butcher block, surrounded by vegetables, cutlery, and a big duck she is attempting to stuff. Jamie is rummaging in the freezer for something. A portable television faces Dotty.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

Mrs. Welch, jolly as ever, is holding forth.

MRS. WELCH

... Trussing your bird is an important step, ladies! Without proper stitching, everything falls out. As any surgeon will tell you.

BACK TO SCENE

as Amanda enters, dressed in a nice pant and sweater combo.

AMANDA (eyeing TV; buttoning a cuff)

Again with this?

DOTTY (watching TV carefully)

The 5:30 show. "Colonial Cookery" is on twice a day. (looking up) If it bothers you, you could send me for private lessons. Mrs. Welch does give them.

AMANDA (quickly)

No, no. This is fine. Really.

DOTTY (inspecting Amanda)

You're certainly fixed up.

AMANDA

Mother. All I did was put on makeup and comb my hair.

JAMIE (pulling an ice cream sandwich from freezer)  
Usually your hair is sorta frazzled.

AMANDA  
Usually I'm sorta frazzled. Mother, don't let the boys stay up late, all right?

JAMIE  
Grandma always lets us stay up late!

DOTTY  
I do not! (watching TV closely) Isn't Dean supposed to call at eight?

AMANDA (at door)  
I'll be back before then.

DOTTY  
But if you're not... (she looks up with just a hint of suspicion) ... Where shall I say you are?

AMANDA (groping)  
At... my club.

She quickly goes out.

ANGLE ON DOTTY

She nods and goes back to her duck. Suddenly she looks up.

DOTTY  
What club?

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON CHANNEL - NIGHT

START on the still water, on which is reflected the outline of a huge yacht, glittering with strings and strings of party lights. We HEAR a wonderful SMALL ORCHESTRA. The water ripples, and a motor launch enters FRAME, headed toward the yacht, which CAMERA now TILTS UP to see.

EXT. YACHT DECK - ANGLE ON TOP OF GANGWAY - NIGHT

Party Guests arrive, joining others already there, climbing up steps from the motor launch in the water below. They are beautiful and well-dressed, wearing formal wear topped by Halloween masks or costume hats. Jack-o-lanterns glow on the boat's deck. Appearing now at the top of the steps are Amanda and Lee, who is splendidly dressed in a tuxedo. Amanda looks around at all this, then over at Lee.

AMANDA  
Look, Mr. Stetson...

LEE  
Lee.

AMANDA  
I met you on the dock, like you asked, now you bring me out to this boat...

LEE I just thought this'd be a nice change of pace from our usual encounters. Anyway, we're among friends, so it's a safe place to talk.

AMANDA (a little awed, in spite of herself)  
These people are your friends?

An elegant Woman, wearing an evening dress and donkey ears approaches. As she passes, she seductively caresses Lee's chin, blows him a kiss. He winks "hi." Amanda watches this distastefully, then, glancing at her watch:

AMANDA (continuing)

Could you just tell me whatever it is you wanted to tell me? I'm expecting an important call, and...

Lee hands Amanda a glass of champagne from a passing Waiter's tray.

LEE

We do have a lot to talk about.

Another gorgeous woman, CELESTE, approaches, wearing a low-cut gown. On her head are bobbing green antennae.

CELESTE (sultry)

Hi, Lee. Want to dance?

LEE

Can't, Celeste. Uh, I'd like you to meet Amanda King. Celeste Van Kreswinkle.

Celeste looks Amanda up and down.

CELESTE (to Amanda)

That's marvelous. You came as a housewife. Ooh, that's nutty.

She goes. Amanda stares sourly after her. The orchestra has swung into something Cole Porter-ish. Lee takes both their glasses and sets them on the tray of a passing waiter.

LEE

Would you care to dance?

AMANDA

Well, I...

CLOSE ON LEE

He gazes down at her with that dazzling smile.

CLOSE ON AMANDA

caught off-guard again by his gaze. She surrenders.

TWO SHOT

as Lee takes her in his arms and they glide across the deck.

AMANDA

How did you find me again?

LEE (drawing closer; mysteriously)

We have ways.

AMANDA (smiles)

I thought only Nazis and spies talked that way.

LEE (pleasantly)

Amanda. I swear to God. I'm not a Nazi.

Amanda chuckles, then her smile fades as she thinks this over and looks up apprehensively.

The MUSIC SWELLS, and they dance off, passing the bandstand where the orchestra plays, dressed as demons. CAMERA SOARS UP, revealing the expanse of the fabulous boat, as Lee and Amanda pass behind the bridge, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - TABLE AREA - AMANDA AND LEE - NIGHT

A bit later. The two of them sit at a table. Amanda looks a bit shaken, trying to comprehend what

Lee has just told her. She gulps the last of her champagne, and:

AMANDA (shaky)  
So. You're a spy.

LEE (distastefully)  
Actually, we don't say "spy."

He hands her another glass of champagne.

AMANDA (she takes a sip, then:)  
God, I thought you were a gangster.

LEE  
You understand that you can't mention me or this conversation to anyone. Not your best friend. Not your therapist. Not your husband.

AMANDA  
Well... yes... of course.

She looks at him again and gulps some champagne.

LEE  
I'm serious. And not just for security reasons. Knowing our little secret would put your family in a very vulnerable position. If they don't know anything, they can't be targets.

AMANDA (she nods; gulps more champagne, then suddenly looks up at him)  
What about me?

LEE (shrugs)  
Sometimes these things can't be avoided.

AMANDA  
Terrific.

She drinks more champagne.

LEE  
Anyway, whatever's in the package may stop this leak of ours. And stop these killings, too.

AMANDA (shaking her head)  
How can you live like this? Knowing ... you could be next?

LEE  
I prefer not living like this. You can see why that package is so important.

AMANDA  
Yes... Sure... I understand that. There's just one problem.

LEE  
What?

AMANDA  
I didn't bring it with me.

On Lee's stunned reaction, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON CHANNEL - MOTOR LAUNCH - TRAVELING SHOT - NIGHT

Lee is grumpy and driving, Amanda sits sullenly in the seat next to him.

LEE  
You knew we were meeting tonight! Why didn't you bring it?

AMANDA

Insurance! I figured if you were a gangster, you wouldn't kill me if you needed me to get the package!

LEE

That's how your mind works? Most people would be happy to get rid of something like that!

AMANDA (hotly)

Most people wouldn't have taken the damn thing in the first place! Most people wouldn't have called you up, met you on some dumb dock and come to a party hideously underdressed! Would you mind not yelling at me?!

LEE (softening)

I'm sorry... Look, it's just that this is very, very important, and I'm getting a lot of pressure...

AMANDA (a moment; she softens, too)

I know. It hasn't been my best day, either. Anyway, I'm glad to get everything finally straightened out.

She stares off into the water, then chuckles.

LEE (smiles; looks over)

What?

AMANDA

Nothing... I almost did the dumbest thing with your package.

LEE

What was that?

AMANDA

No, you'd just laugh.

From the darkness, we HEAR an APPROACHING SPEEDBOAT. Lee casually gives the horn a couple of toots. Amanda settles comfortably back in her seat and looks up at the night sky.

AMANDA (continuing; happily watching the stars)

What a night.

The APPROACHING SPEEDBOAT is suddenly very LOUD.

ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals the speedboat as it suddenly turns on its lights and appears out of the darkness, headed straight for them.

AMANDA (sitting up)

Maybe they can't see you?

Lee blows the boat horn. The speedboat still comes.

AMANDA (continuing; more concerned)

Maybe they can't hear you?

Now the boat is almost on top of them. At the last second Lee sharply turns the boat to the left and the speedboat whizzes by.

AMANDA (continuing; frightened)

Maybe they don't care?

LEE (yelling over the racket)

They must've followed you!

AMANDA

Who?!



Like an angry hornet, the speedboat quickly turns around and returns for another pass at them.

#### THE CHANNEL

The cat and mouse game continues, Lee zigzagging wildly, the speedboat right on his tail. They dash between two anchored boats, and Lee makes a quick turn to avoid another. They are suddenly in the midst of a dozen anchored cabin cruisers. Lee makes a hard turn, and they roar down a corridor of boats.

#### LEE AND AMANDA

looking behind them.

LEE  
We lost 'em!

AMANDA (suddenly looking forward)

Lee!

Now Lee looks, gasps, and turns the wheel as hard as he can.

#### THEIR LAUNCH

Lee shoves Amanda out, dives in after her, and the launch plows into a big cabin cruiser. There is a shower of splintered lumber, an enormous CRASH, and we --

CUT TO:

#### INT. KING KITCHEN - CLOSE ON DOTTY - NIGHT

She is kneeling at Amanda's bare feet and arranging newspaper under her. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal a dripping wet Amanda wringing out her sweater.

DOTTY  
I'm sure I don't have to point out How untoward this looks, dear.

AMANDA  
You're right. You don't.

Dotty crosses to the stove and makes hot tea. Amanda is unrolling gobs of paper towels.

DOTTY  
as she pours hot water. Amanda, in the b.g. has opened the window and is leaning out.

DOTTY (her back to Amanda)  
I cannot imagine what kind of people belong to this club of yours. What kind of club did you say it was?

AMANDA (her head out the window)  
Marine Life. Uh, we're saving the clams. (a furious whisper to the outside) Get off the tulips!

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

as Dotty turns to look at Amanda just as Amanda jerks her head back inside. She looks at Dotty with a foolish smile, then crosses to the swinging door.

DOTTY  
I didn't realize clams were an endangered species.

Amanda disappears through the door.

#### EXT. KING KITCHEN - BELOW KITCHEN WINDOW - NIGHT

Lee, also soaked, shivers in the bushes, dabbing at his tux with the wad of paper towels. He sneezes.

INT. KITCHEN

as Amanda races back in through the swinging door.

AMANDA (stricken)  
Mother, where is it?

DOTTY  
Where's what, dear?

AMANDA  
The package that should be sitting on the dining room table, exactly where I put it!

DOTTY  
Oh, that. I mailed it. Did you track water out there?

She starts for the swinging door with a towel.

AMANDA  
You mailed it?

EXT. GARDEN

Lee stares up at the window, horrified. Inside, we can see the two women.

AMANDA (inside)  
Why would you do that?!

DOTTY (pleasantly)  
Well, dear, you had it all wrapped up to send to your Aunt Minnie in Maine, and I try to do my share around here...

She exits. Amanda races to the window, sticks her head out.

LEE (whispering angrily)  
Have you gone crazy?!

AMANDA (wretchedly)  
I hadn't heard from you, and I didn't know who you were, and I didn't know what it was, and I thought it'd be safe there... It seemed like a good idea at the time!...

INT. KITCHEN

Dotty comes back in, carrying the now wet towel, grumbling to herself. Amanda whips herself back inside, assumes a "casual" pose, leaning against the wall.

AMANDA  
But, Mother, I wasn't going to mail it until tomorrow!...

DOTTY (wringing out towel)  
Well, I went to get my nails filed and the Fickle Finger is right next to the post office. I always say never put off 'til tomorrow what you can...

AMANDA (miserably)  
I know, I know.

DOTTY (picking up her tea; heading out of room)  
I don't drive, Amanda, so this was no picnic...

AMANDA  
I know, I know...

Dotty exits. Amanda turns to the window, finding herself face to face with Lee. He glares at her for a moment, then, as calmly as possible:

LEE

Is this the dumb thing you almost did that would've made me laugh?

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Billy is pacing, wearing robe and pajamas, carrying the phone, controlling himself with difficulty.

MR. BILLY

Let me repeat back your suggestion, just to make sure I got it right. You'd like me to call the postmaster, ask him to get out of bed, go downtown, open the post office, and let you go rummaging around through a couple of tons of mail, is that fairly accurate?

He shakes aspirin from a bottle straight into his mouth, chews.

INTERCUT with Lee, standing out in Amanda's garden, holding a phone, the cord of which stretches into the kitchen window.

LEE

Billy, are you upset? I can't tell if you're chewing aspirin or not.

MR. BILLY (with growing anger)

Are you by any chance aware that the boat you destroyed tonight belonged to the assistant to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff? And that I have been up all night explaining that the joyriding gigolo who totalled his boat was one of my men?!!

LEE

I was working, Billy. Look, they...

MR. BILLY (exploding)

In a tuxedo?!! No, Stetson, I will not call the postmaster because agents who are on suspension have no business going through other people's mail!!

LEE (jocular)

Gee, Billy, you're not saying I'm suspended...

CUT TO:

INT. LEE'S PORSCHE - AMANDA AND LEE - NIGHT

as Lee drives, looking very grumpy.

AMANDA

You're suspended?

LEE

A temporary setback.

EXT. POST OFFICE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

Lee's Porsche is a classic 1966 model. It pulls into the deserted parking lot, and he turns his lights out. Lee and Amanda climb out and head toward a rear entrance.

LEE AND AMANDA - TRACKING SHOT

They're dressed in warm, dark clothes. Amanda is terrified.

AMANDA

I still don't see why I had to come.

They reach the door, Lee kneels, handing Amanda the flashlight. He aims it at the lock.

LEE

Because you wrapped the lousy thing. I don't know what I'm looking for.

Amanda nervously holds the light while Lee picks the lock.

AMANDA

Isn't this illegal?

LEE

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT

It's very dark, and they are working by flashlight. Exhausted, Lee and Amanda are covered by a sea of cardboard.

AMANDA

Lee, we've been here for three hours. I don't see it anywhere.

LEE

Damn. They must've gotten here before we did.

Suddenly a flashlight beam hits Lee and Amanda in the face. They look up, fearfully blinking in the light.

THEIR POV

A blinding spot of light, surrounded by darkness.

A VOICE

Don't move.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MR. BILLY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Mr. Billy and Lee are practically nose to nose.

MR. BILLY

What you've never managed to grasp is that you work for the government! Whenever we have a problem, some congressman picks up the phone. Dirk gets those calls. He's desperate to cover his butt, so he starts pointing fingers.

LEE

So I'm still suspended.

MR. BILLY

If you just hadn't broken into the post office!... I understand you, Lee, but these guys from Internal Affairs have no sense of humor!

INT. MR. BILLY'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The Secretary is typing. Francine is babysitting Amanda, thumbing through a magazine. Amanda looks around, then makes a stab at conversation:

AMANDA

So do you like this work? I mean, do you get out a lot, or is it mostly tapping phones?

Francine looks up at Amanda over the edge of her magazine.

FRANCINE

What is it you said you do, dear?

AMANDA

I'm, you know, a... uh... wife, and mother, and Den Mother. Actually, I do a lot.

FRANCINE

Sounds like. I guess I should've found time for some of those things, but it's hard when you're building a prestigious international career.

AMANDA (weakly)

Yes.

FRANCINE

But I believe it's never too late for today's woman to do anything she wants. Now that I'm a successful professional, I'm going back to school and learning how to cook.

AMANDA

Good for you.

FRANCINE

That Mrs. Welch is giving me private lessons from her colonial cookbook. You know, Nancy R. won't boil an egg without her.

Amanda forces an encouraging smile. Francine goes back to reading.

CLOSE ON AMANDA

She turns away, muttering out of the corner of her mouth:

AMANDA (to herself)

Nose job.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - TRACKING SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Leaves are falling in the nearly deserted Mall as Amanda and Lee walk past the beautiful old monuments.

LEE

... Anyway, I'm sorry I dragged you into all this.

AMANDA

This sounds like a good-bye.

LEE

It is. You have another life to get back to.

They walk in silence for a moment, then:

AMANDA

How about you? Do you have another life?

LEE

Not so you'd notice.

AMANDA

Never a Mrs. Spy? No little spies? No girlfriend? No boyfriend?

LEE

You've heard of the word "loner"?

He points to himself.

AMANDA

You don't go to those stupid singles' bars, do you? What kind of girl do you expect to meet there?

LEE

Look, just don't worry about it, okay?

AMANDA

Do you have someplace to go for Thanksgiving?

LEE

Amanda, I happen to like being alone. You'll notice, I don't even work with a partner.

AMANDA

No, I hadn't noticed. I was too busy working with you.

LEE

You're not a partner. You were an emergency. A partner's a guy who laughs at your jokes, loans you his socks, and... one day... takes a bullet in the head for you.

He looks off across the Mall. Amanda watches him for a moment, then:

AMANDA (quietly)

Were you two friends a long time?

LEE

Not long enough. (shaking off the sadness) Good-bye, Amanda.

They have reached the end of the Mall. Lee gestures toward a waiting car, the Driver of which stands holding the door open.

AMANDA

Will I see you again?

LEE

No.

AMANDA

What're you going to do?

LEE

Well, I thought I'd lick this case and clear my name. Then I thought I'd get drunk. (shakes her hand) Good-bye, Amanda. Thanks for the help.

He turns and walks off across the Mall.

CLOSE ON AMANDA

She watches him go, a little saddened by their abrupt parting.

AMANDA

Good-bye, Lee.

CUT TO:

INT. KING BEDROOM - CLOSE ON CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE - NIGHT

The cork is popped, and CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Dean, in pajamas, opening the champagne. Amanda, in her special occasion nightgown, is in bed. Dean crosses over to her and pours champagne in her glass.

AMANDA

Welcome home, honey.

DEAN (staring at bottle)

I've never heard of this winery. Can we afford this homecoming?

Dean smiles, sips his champagne. They suddenly make horrible faces, force their mouthfuls down with difficulty.

DEAN (continuing; with a gasp)

We can afford it.

Amanda bursts out laughing. Dean drops down on the bed beside her.

INT. KING UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Phillip and Jamie come down the hallway, wearing pajamas. Phillip looks nervous. Jamie looks like a jailer. They march up to Amanda's bedroom door and knock.

INT. KING BEDROOM

Dean and Amanda are kissing. The KNOCKING interrupts them. Dean crosses to the door and opens it; Amanda pulls the covers over herself.

DEAN

What's up, guys? You're supposed to be in bed.

JAMIE (officially)

Phillip has something to tell you. (to Phillip) Now you're gonna get it.

Phillip glares at his younger brother. Jamie is really enjoying this.

AMANDA

Jamie. (to Phillip) What is it, sweetheart?

PHILLIP (staring at the floor)

I opened the present.

AMANDA

What present?

PHILLIP

The one on the dining room table.

AMANDA (suddenly sitting up)

The one I put out to be mailed?

JAMIE

Just like he did last Christmas, remember?

AMANDA

Jamie. (to Phillip) Honey, was that the one?

PHILLIP

Yes.

DEAN

Phillip, that was a crummy thing to do.

AMANDA

Honey, how much did you see?

PHILLIP

All of it, I guess. An old music box.

AMANDA (vamping)  
Uh-huh, the music box.

PHILLIP  
But I'm not the one who broke it. It didn't work before I shook it. Just a card fell out.

AMANDA (struggling to stay calm)  
A card? What kind of card?

PHILLIP  
Just an old card. With writing on it.

ANGLE ON AMANDA  
as she reacts and we --

CUT TO:

INT. LEE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON PHONE - NIGHT

It's very dark. The PHONE RINGS. Again. A hand reaches into FRAME, lifts the receiver.

ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals Lee answering the phone. He's in bed, apparently naked, and not in the mood for a phone call.

LEE (into phone)  
Hello? Who? All right, connect her.

INT. KING KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amanda is wearing a robe, on the phone, bursting with excitement, keeping her voice as low as possible.

AMANDA  
Lee? Hi, it's me! I'm so glad I caught you! Hmm? Well, I... (a sudden thought) Uh... You're not alone, are you.

LEE'S BEDROOM

We now see that Lee certainly isn't alone. Lying next to Lee, attired similarly, is a lovely young woman named MARGIE. We INTERCUT between Lee and Amanda.

LEE  
Amanda, what do you want?

Margie looks quizzically up at him.

AMANDA  
I know what was in that package.

LEE  
What?

AMANDA  
One of my kids opened it before my mother mailed it.

LEE  
Great family.

AMANDA  
You want to hear this or not?

LEE



Not over the phone. Meet me somewhere.

Dean suddenly enters the kitchen, tying his robe. Amanda quickly puts the phone behind her back, frantically groping for an excuse.

DEAN (casually, crossing to refrigerator)  
Ordering a pizza?

AMANDA  
Yes! Good!

DEAN (looking inside refrigerator)  
Great. I'm always hungry afterwards, myself.

AMANDA  
Me, too, honey.

DEAN (standing up, thinking)  
Wait a minute. We didn't do anything.

In Lee's bedroom, he covers the mouthpiece, struggling to stifle a giggle.

AMANDA  
Well... I like to be prepared. Look, I'll just... (holding receiver near face, speaking loud, for Lee's benefit) ... run over to the Pizza Bowl. I can be there in ten minutes.

In Lee's bedroom he smiles, absorbing this information. Margie has snuggled next to him, nibbling on his ear. Now, from the phone, Lee HEARS KISSING NOISES, and grimaces. In the kitchen, Dean is sloppily kissing Amanda as she gropes behind her to hang up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

Only lights from the Agency Work Crew's equipment pierce the murky darkness. Mr. Billy and Dirk pull their overcoats close around them as they watch a car being towed from the steaming water.

THE CAR

It reaches the bank, and the door is opened. The arm flopping limply from the doorway is all we can see of the body inside.

MR. BILLY AND DIRK

A Workman approaches.

MR. BILLY (to Workman)  
Jeffries?

The Workman nods and goes. Mr. Billy pops an aspirin.

MR. BILLY (continuing; to Dirk)  
Last night it was Fielding in Portland. Tonight, Jeffries. Dirk, I want Lee Stetson back on the job.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIZZA BOWL - NIGHT

It's a seedy looking place with a flashing neon sign, part of which is burned out. Lee's Porsche, with Margie and Lee inside it, pulls up to the entrance.

INT. PIZZA BOWL

Amanda sits nervously at a table, being eyed by two surly Teenagers playing a video game. One of them looks over at her and winks. She smiles weakly, as Lee comes inside.

LEE (looking around)  
You sure know the hot spots.

AMANDA (glancing outside at Margie)  
I thought you were a loner.

LEE  
Would you just give me the information?

Behind them, Babs Daley, Amanda's nosey neighbor, has come in, and crossed to the order window.

AMANDA (pulling out an index card)  
Okay. I wrote this down, just as Phillip told it to me. (proudly) He's got a great memory. Gets it from me. Ready?

She looks up to see Mrs. Daley staring at them.

AMANDA (continuing; to Mrs. Daley; she indicates Lee with a weak smile)  
Cousin.

Mrs. Daley purses her lips and turns away.

LEE AND AMANDA - CLOSER ANGLE

Lee is grinning at her.

AMANDA  
Okay. Ready? (with great importance) "Duck a la Nathan Hale. Valley Forge Flapjacks. Pilgrims Peach Puff."

She puts down the card with a triumphant smile. Lee just stares at her. A long moment. Then:

LEE  
That's it?

AMANDA  
What do you mean "that's it"? Doesn't any of that mean anything to you?

LEE  
No.

AMANDA  
Oh.

LEE  
I mean, I'll run it through our code department... But to tell you the truth, this doesn't help an awful lot.

AMANDA  
Oh. I thought it would.

LEE  
I know. And I appreciate it. Look, Amanda, I think you oughta stay away from this. People in my business have years of training. It could get dangerous for you. Even worse, you could screw things up.

AMANDA (standing; hotly)  
Oh, I wouldn't want to do that. Listen, I'll be only too glad to stay away! You think I've enjoyed this? That is a real laugh, you know that? I was just trying to help you keep your job...

LEE  
I've got my job. Billy just called and wants me back. There was another murder tonight.

Amanda is suddenly caught up again.

AMANDA (sitting down; breathless)  
Another agent got killed tonight?!

LEE

Mmm. Jeffries. An awful nice guy. The night before it was Fielding. In Portland. Anyway, they've given me an assignment for tomorrow.

AMANDA

You'll... be careful, won't you?

LEE (with a casual grin)

Hey...

Lee glances out the window. Margie is tapping urgently on the windshield. Amanda looks at her, a bit distastefully, then over at Lee.

LEE (continuing)

Margie's always hungry... afterwards.

Amanda reddens. Lee grins at her. We --

CUT TO:

EXT. KING HOME - DAY

INT. KING LIVING ROOM - DAY

An AEROBICS RECORD is PLAYING, and Amanda is exuberantly vacuuming in time to the music.

RECORD (to a driving disco beat)

And stretch! And lift! And stretch! You can do it!

Amanda throws the vacuum out and pulls it back again, stretching for all she's worth.

CLOSE ON AMANDA

She's muttering to herself, in time to the music:

AMANDA

Duck a la Nathan Hale. Valley Forge Flapjacks. Pilgrims Peach Puff.

She suddenly looks up. She has an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. KING KITCHEN - DAY

Amanda sits at the table, every cookbook and recipe box in the house spread messily out before her. She wearily closes a cookbook, adds it to a stack of other rejects, then starts going through a recipe box. She finally comes to what she's been searching for. She stares at the card.

AMANDA (surprised; reading)

Duck a la Nathan Hale.

She quickly searches toward the rear of the box, pulling out a card.

CLOSE ON CARD - INSERT

Printed at the top of the recipe card are the words: "VALLEY FORGE FLAPJACKS."

AMANDA (reading)

Valley Forge Flapjacks.

BACK TO AMANDA

as Dotty enters, stares at the mess.

DOTTY

Even as a child, you weren't neat in the kitchen.

AMANDA

Mother, I was looking through your recipe box, and these two recipes aren't in any of the cookbooks. I never heard of them before.

DOTTY

Of course not. They're from the Colonial Cookery Show. You only get original recipes from Mrs. Welch.

AMANDA (bewildered)

Mrs. Welch? Did you see her show this morning?

DOTTY

No. I had a migraine.

AMANDA (disappointed)

Oh.

DOTTY

But if the machine worked right, I have it on tape.

CUT TO:

INT. KING LIVING ROOM - ANGLE ON TELEVISION SCREEN - DAY

A title card reads "Colonial Cookery." THEME MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

...who comes to you live from her own Virginia kitchen.

The picture dissolves to Mrs. Welch, jolly as ever.

MRS. WELCH

Welcome, welcome, dear friends, to my home! We're all one big family of eaters across this land of plenty!...

THE ROOM

Dotty watches Amanda, puzzled. Amanda is on the edge of her chair, tensely clutching the card with the three mysterious phrases on it.

MRS. WELCH'S VOICE

Now I want you to set those ovens for exactly 400 degrees. And time is important here... We'll be baking just one hour. And what is the dish, you ask?...

CLOSE ON AMANDA

ready to snap. She silently mouths the words "Pilgrims Peach Puff."

THE SCREEN

MRS. WELCH

I call it... "Pilgrims Peach Puff."

DOTTY

watching the screen.

DOTTY

Sounds wonderful. What do you think?

She turns to Amanda. CAMERA PANS to an empty chair where Amanda was sitting.

DOTTY (continuing)  
Amanda?

CUT TO:

INT. KING KITCHEN

Amanda roars through the swinging door, screeching to a stop by the phone. She frantically dials, and:

AMANDA (into phone)  
Yes, yes. Amanda King calling. (she waits, dying, until) Hello? What do you mean Mr. Stetson doesn't answer his ring?!! Please! Try again!

CUT TO:

INT, GLOOMY ALLEY - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

Even during the day, the run-down alley is a dark and forbidding place, winding between tall tenements. CAMERA CRANES DOWN to a dark, plain car, parked behind some packing crates. In the front seat are two foul looking HITMEN. They watch the other end of the alley for a moment. One of the two looks down at something on the seat. The other suddenly nudges him and points.

LOADING DOCK - HITMEN'S POV

Lee's Porsche pulls slowly up to a loading dock. Lee looks around and gets out.

BACK TO HITMEN

One of them picks up a large photo from the seat of the car, and looks at it.

PHOTO - INSERT

It is a picture of Lee

HITMAN #1'S VOICE  
Pilgrims Peach Puff. Right on time.

LEE

looking around in the gloom. He creeps along the dark load-ing dock area, passing by a stack of crates, finally reaching a forbidding looking door. He starts to push it open.

CLOSE ON LEE

He looks inside the darkened doorway, puzzled. Behind him, a gloved hand reaches into FRAME, belts him over the head with the butt of a gun, and we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LOCAL TV STATION - DAY

The call letters WPED are displayed above the reception desk, where Amanda stands waiting, and a bored Receptionist stares at TV monitor. A CLERK comes out of a door, carrying a fat file folder. He's a plump, fastidious little man.

CLERK

Here's what you want, Mrs. King. The station's log books will give you the dates of each of Mrs. Welch's broadcasts.

AMANDA (taking the folder and opening it)  
Broadcasts live from her house, does she?

CLERK

Ah, yes. A lovely old place on the Bay Drive. John Hancock's valet died of smallpox there.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the Clerk goes over to speak to the Receptionist. Amanda moves away and pores through a list of broadcasts.

AMANDA (mumbling, reading book)  
Duck a la Nathan Hale... broadcast October 23rd. (she looks at an index card) ... The same day Fielding died in Portland. (she flips furiously through the book) Valley Forge Flapjacks... The next day. The day Jeffries was killed. (she looks up, bleakly staring off across the room) And Pilgrims Peach Puff today. Someone's going to die. (grimly) Lee has a mission today.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. WELCH'S COLD STORAGE ROOM - DAY

A section of basement built of stone. Dark and creepy, with hanging carcasses awaiting butchering. CAMERA MOVES between pillars, carcasses, and vats, finally coming to Lee Stetson. He's tied up and unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. AMANDA'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON CUB SCOUT - DAY

The uniformed boy, about nine, is screaming his head off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals him tied up in a chair, with two other boys practicing knots on him. The room is filled with Cub Scouts, screaming, running, practicing knots on every possible surface. Amanda is in the corner, on the phone, trying to listen, and at the same time help three Cub Scouts with their knots. She holds an instruction manual in her free hand and wears a Den Mother uniform.

CLOSER ANGLE - AMANDA AND BOYS

AMANDA (into phone)  
I know I just phoned. Please try Mr. Stetson again. (calling across room) Boys, get off Ralph right now. (reading from manual) "... The Killick Hitch knot, when properly executed, can be quickly untied..." (into phone, frustrated) Well, can you tell me if he's picked up his messages? Yes, I'll hold.

She wrestles with her knot, can't untie it.

JAMIE

Gee, Mom, I guess you didn't properly execute it.

AMANDA (dryly)

Thank you for pointing that out, sweetheart. (into phone) What? Isn't that unusual? He told me he picks up every two hours without fail! Well, do you have another number I could try? This is an emergency! I know you have your orders... Hello? (she hangs up, stares off) Oh God.

The boys stare at her, puzzled. Amanda is thinking fast.

AMANDA (continuing; muttering to herself, rapid fire:)  
I can't just sit here... Where is he? This is none of my business.

JAMIE (timidly)

Mom?

AMANDA (still muttering)  
That house. The answer's in that house...

JAMIE  
You look sorta frazzled again, Mom.

AMANDA (calling)  
Mother!! (she stands) I'm sorry, but I have to go out for a minute, boys. However, at this time I'd like to introduce a real knot expert.

Dotty enters and the boys burst into applause. She stares at them blankly.

AMANDA (continuing; handing Dotty the rope)  
Take over!

Amanda grabs her purse and heads for the door. Dotty follows, CAMERA TRACKING with them.

DOTTY  
Where are you going? Who was that on the phone?! (tentatively) Amanda... darling... I suppose it goes without saying that a good marriage is nothing to tamper with...

AMANDA  
Mother! I happen to have an emergency at my club! I'll be back in time for dinner!  
She exits.

ANGLE ON DOTTY

She stares at the door, then:

DOTTY Those poor dear clams must really be in trouble.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - HIGH ANGLE - DUSK

Amanda's car creeps around a bend in the heavily wooded area. CAMERA CRANES DOWN to her car window as she comes to a stop, studying a map, peering out at the gloomy foliage. Now she sees it:

EXT. MRS. WELCH'S HOUSE - DUSK

It is a Colonial estate on a slight rise, surrounded by a brick and wrought iron wall. In the fading light it is eerie looking, to say the least.

AMANDA'S CAR

as she pulls around to a rear gate. She is getting out of the car, trying to decide what to do, when the gate suddenly swings open and a HOUSE WORKER appears, driving a small van. He spots Amanda, and stops the van.

WORKER  
What do you want?

AMANDA (groping)  
Me? Oh, I... (glancing down at her uniform) Uh, wanna buy some Cub Scout Cookies?

WORKER (gruffly)  
We bought already.

And he drive out of the gates and off down the road.

AMANDA (muttering to herself)

Foreigners. (looking in direction of his retreat) Girl Scouts sell cookies.

The gates are starting to swing shut again. Amanda thinks fast, looks around to see if she's being watched, and slips through the gate just before it closes.

#### THE GROUNDS

Amanda looks around, spots a small door leading to the house's basement, and makes a dash for it.

#### INT. BASEMENT

as Amanda comes down the steps leading into it. The stone, musty room is barely lit. Amanda edges along a wall, eyeing a Servant in the distance. CAMERA MOVES in on Amanda as she feels a tiny door behind her, pushes it open, and backs inside.

#### INT. TINY ROOM

It is almost completely dark. A tall metal rack is filled with trays of dirty dishes. Suddenly there is the SOUND of an ANCIENT MOTOR. The whole "closet" shudders, and Amanda is thrown back against the wall. She looks up, realizing that she is rising, and that the "closet" is, in fact, a service elevator. It suddenly stops with a jerk, and Amanda listens very carefully.

#### MRS. WELCH'S VOICE

Always remember, dear, cooking is an art form, and our tummies are nature's museums.

Amanda slips over to one of the elevator's thin double doors. She opens it just a crack, to see:

#### INT. MRS. WELCH'S KITCHEN - AMANDA'S POV

Big, old-fashioned. Mrs. Welch carries a tray of dirty dishes straight toward the service elevator, talking to someone we can't yet see.

#### MRS. WELCH

Go ahead. Finish it up. Your souffle is delicious, but Lord knows I don't need it.

#### INT. ELEVATOR

Amanda quickly shuts the door, looking for somplace to hide. There is no place. She breathlessly squeezes herself behind one of the thin doors as Mrs. Welch opens the other door, and slides the tray into the rack, her arm shooting practically under Amanda's nose. She closes the door again, and Amanda sighs in relief. Then CAMERA ZOOMS in on her as she is stunned to hear a familiar voice.

#### FRANCINE'S VOICE

I feel a little woozy, Mrs. Welch.

#### THE KITCHEN

Francine stands, looking a bit shaky, as Mrs. Welch takes her arm.

#### MRS. WELCH

Not to fret. It's the 200-year-old sherry in the sauce. Let's digest in the sitting room, hmmm?

They cross out of the room. CAMERA pans to the elevator as Amanda opens the door a crack and peeks out. She gingerly steps out and tiptoes toward the door, passing the work counter where Francine's souffle rests. Amanda can't resist poking her finger into it and tasting.

#### AMANDA (competitively)

It's not that great.

#### INT. SITTING ROOM

Francine slumps limply in a chair, eyes closed, obviously drugged. Near her stands Mrs. Welch, who gently lifts one of Francine's eyelids, checking her condition, then nods to OLGA, the maid,



who sits on a nearby ottoman with pad and pencil.

INT. HALLWAY

Amanda creeps along the wall, stopping outside the door to the sitting room, listening hard.

THE SITTING ROOM

MRS. WELCH (suddenly cold and all business)

Francine, you said last time that the Agency's codes for the Tampa, Florida zone where about to change.

FRANCINE (haltingly)

Special Agent Elwood Davis will be arriving in Tampa tomorrow with the new codes.

OLGA (checking a list; to Mrs. Welch)

You refer to Elwood Davis as "Pears Paul Revere."

MRS. WELCH

Fine. (to Francine) The usual Tampa rendezvous, in the rear of the Furniture Mart?

FRANCINE

Yes. At three o'clock.

MRS. WELCH (to Olga)

Three hundred degrees. (to Francine) Will he have a partner?

FRANCINE

No. He'll be alone.

MRS. WELCH (to Olga)

Bake for one hour. (crossing to door) Add whatever details it takes to make the silly dish come out. Our people in Tampa will be tuning in to the show tomorrow morning for the data.

She starts out, then looks back to see Olga casting an uneasy glance over at Francine.

MRS. WELCH (continuing; with an unpleasant smile)

Don't worry about her. She won't remember a thing. She never does.

INT. HALLWAY

as Mrs. Welch comes out of the sitting room, passing a big upright cabinet next to which Amanda is flattened against the wall. Mrs. Welch goes down the hall, through a small door, and down the steep steps inside. The door closes behind her.

ANGLE ON AMANDA

wondering what to do next

CUT TO:

INT. GROTTO - NIGHT

It is a huge, damp chamber, hewn from the rock, that lies deep beneath the house. An inlet of water leads to a tidal basin beyond the house. There is a rocky archway separating the inlet from the tidal basin, and set into this is a large, metal portcullis. Bales and boxes of supplies are stacked on the stone floors surrounding the inlet, and a tiny motor boat is tied to a cleat set in the stone. A steep flight of stone steps descends from the door in the hallway. Lee is tied up, sitting on a crate, face to face with Mrs. Welch. She's in a good mood.

MRS. WELCH

It's interesting that you thought to mention this... "Operation Pinocchio"... just as you were about to be killed, Mr. Stetson.

LEE

Maybe my life was passing before me and it sorta slipped out.

MRS. WELCH

Well, if it happens that you're lying, just to buy time, I should warn you our interrogators are swift. You've bought maybe another twenty minutes at the most.

LEE

A lot can happen in twenty minutes.

MRS. WELCH

I adore an optimist.

She pats his cheek, turns to Guard, pointing to a couple of crates of files.

MRS. WELCH (continuing; to Guard)

You might as well take these with you when you go.

She crosses to the stone steps, and ascends them, out of FRAME, passing a stack of baled provisions. CAMERA MOVES IN on them, revealing, crouched in shadows, a very nervous looking Amanda. The bags are marked "sugar," "salt," "beans," "flour," etc. Amanda looks over at these, and starts fiddling with the strings holding one of the bags together.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the Guard places Lee in the stern of the boat, shoving him down on one of the plank seats, his back toward the motor. Just behind Lee is a big tarp covering some supplies.

GUARD (to Lee)

Wait here.

LEE (so what else can he do)

Sure.

The Guard lumbers off into the darkness.

CLOSE ON LEE

Something catches his eye, then he stares in disbelief.

AMANDA

She is on her belly, crawling over to the boat as fast as she can. She crouches behind the stern as the Guard deposits a crate in the bow of the boat and lumbers off for the other. Now she wriggles into the boat and under the tarp.

LEE (hissing over his shoulder)

What are you wearing?

AMANDA (hissing back)

Shut up, I'm rescuing you! (then, dismally, as she stares at his bound wrists) Oh God. Killick Hitch.

THE GUARD

He is coming back. He punches a button near the stone steps, and the portcullis starts to rise. He deposits the second crate in the bow, unties the boat, and climbs in.

CLOSE ON AMANDA

as she frantically struggles with the knot.

THE BOAT

as the Guard, from his seat in the bow, starts the motor, and the boat starts out into the inlet.

CLOSE ON LEE

sweating bullets.

#### THE BOAT

The motor suddenly sputters and dies. The Guard toys with the ignition and throttle, then moves toward the rear of the boat. Amanda crouches under her tarp, and the big man nearly steps on her as he leans back to inspect the motor. Suddenly Lee stands and brings both fists down on the Guard's head, sending him into the water. Lee, untied, pulls Amanda out from the tarp, just as we HEAR:

MRS. WELCH'S VOICE

That will do, Mr. Stetson!

#### ANGLE ON THE DOCK

Mrs. Welch holds a gun trained on them. Olga is also there, and more Guards are scrambling down the steps.

#### THE BOAT

Lee grabs Amanda's hand.

AMANDA

Which way?

LEE

Down.

And they leap overboard as bullets fly.

#### THE GROTTO

The Guards are firing like mad into the water. Mrs. Welch quickly presses the button near the steps.

#### LEE AND AMANDA - UNDERWATER

They are swimming furiously for the opening to the tidal basin. Bullets zip through the water, barely missing them.

#### THE PORTCULLIS

is descending with a GROAN.

#### THE GROTTO

Two of the Guards dive into the water, swimming for the motorboat. Others are still firing at Amanda and Lee, who surface for a moment and go down again.

#### UNDERWATER

Ahead of them, the portcullis pierces the water and heads for sockets set in the stone below, which will cut off their exit. Moments before they are sealed off, they swim below the pointed spikes of the portcullis and head frantically for the surface.

#### EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

as Amanda and Lee burst from the surface, climbing onto the rocks just outside the house, gasping for breath.

LEE

Lucky thing the motor on that boat conked out!

AMANDA

Lucky nothing! I put sugar in its gas tank. (off his startled look) Phillip did it to the car once. It's

never been the same. (beat) Lee... The leak... it was Francine... Drugged, I think...

But Lee is staring at down at the portcullis, listening. Suddenly he grabs her hand and jumps up.

LEE

Let's go!

They start running, but in opposite directions. Amanda snaps back to him like a yo-yo, then stares at him in horror as he starts running, dragging her back toward the house.

AMANDA

Don't we want to escape?!

LEE

Not when it's this easy!

AMANDA

It only counts if it's hard?

LEE

You ever seen an authentic colonial house with a helipad?!

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

A whirlybird, rotors turning, sits on the cement pad, as Mrs. Welch, Olga, and the Guard start to board. Mrs. Welch turns, and is horrified to see:

AMANDA AND LEE

as they burst through an ancient little gate in the wall. Lee lets go of Amanda and races toward the whirlybird. The Guard draws his gun and fires, and Lee hits the dirt. Amanda dives behind a birdbath.

THE GUARD

as he draws a bead on Lee.

LEE

In the open, staring up at the Guard's gun barrel.

AMANDA

She is crouched behind the birdbath. She peers out, and:

AMANDA (screaming)

FREEZE!!

BACK TO SCENE

as, just for a moment, the group of three freezes, staring over at Amanda. In that split second, Lee rushes to the Guard, throws his arm around his neck in a chokehold, and grabs his gun. Mrs. Welch draws her gun, but Lee takes aim, and she drops it. Amanda jumps out from behind the birdbath, so excited she can't stand it. She jumps up and down like a cheerleader.

AMANDA (thrilled)

We did it! We did it! (controlling herself) That is what you say, isn't it? "Freeze"?

LEE (calmly)

Sure. Usually when you're armed, but...

He shrugs. Mrs. Welch looks heavenward, Amanda looks uncomfortable. Lee grins at her, we...

CUT TO:

INT. KING KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dotty is tossing a salad. She stares, speechless, as Amanda, dressed in a soggy, ripped Den Mother uniform, races in the back door, opens the refrigerator, pulls out a chicken, throws it in the oven, turns it on, takes a pitcher of ice tea from the fridge, puts it on the table, takes a vase of mums from the windowsill and adds it to the setting. She stands back, breathing hard, assessing the set-up. From the living room we HEAR the FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. Then:

DEAN'S VOICE

Honey! I'm home!

CLOSE ON AMANDA

She looks toward the swinging door, pulls matted hair from her eyes, and feebly smiles the biggest smile she can muster as we FREEZE FRAME and --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. MR. BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Billy leans back in his chair. Francine sits on a desk. Lee leans against a wall, patiently enduring:

MR. BILLY

... So then she shouts "freeze!" I love it! This is after she puts sugar in the boat's gas tank! Inspired!

LEE (sourly)

Yeah.

MR. BILLY (laughing)

Scarecrow, I think we've finally found you a partner!

LEE

Knock it off, Billy.

MR. BILLY

C'mon, we do make use of civilians from time to time... She's anonymous, idealistic, responsible... Maybe having her around will make you more careful.

LEE

I gotta go.

He starts out.

FRANCINE (to Lee)

You two are darling together. I understand she knits or something.

LEE

I'd button it, Loose Lips.

She glares at him, he exits.

INT. MR. BILLY'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Lee comes out of the inner office, passing the Secretary's desk where Dirk is bent over, haranguing the woman about some improperly filed forms. He looks up at Lee with a scowl. Lee gives him a little wink and Dirk turns and marches off through a door. Amanda has been waiting for

Lee, and now stands as he starts off down the corridor, CAMERA TRACKING WITH THEM. Silence for a moment as Amanda trots to keep up with him, then:

AMANDA

Uh, did they say anything about me?

LEE

Kind of. Can you be here tomorrow starting at eleven?

AMANDA (takes out her date book)

Let me check.

LEE

It's no big deal. I think they want to give you a letter of commendation or something.

Amanda stops dead in her tracks. He stops and looks back at her.

AMANDA (thrilled)

Me? Really? Of course, I'll come! (stares at her book) Oh, wait... You think they could possibly make it 11:30? (off his look) It's just that Phillip has to have his braces tightened at 10:45, and you know how hard it is to get an appointment.

He can't believe it. He starts walking again. Amanda is trying to keep up with him.

AMANDA (continuing)

I'd ask mother to go with him, but tomorrow's her morning at the chiropractor.

Lee clutches his head.

AMANDA (continuing)

Seriously, 11:30 would be great, because this is so close to my butcher, and he's saving a rump roast.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the two of them go off down the corridor.

AMANDA

A commendation? Me? Do you have a good meat man?

They disappear down the hall, as we:

FADE OUT.

THE END

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