

Father Figure

A Screenplay

James A. Napoli

Father Figure (1980s)

From black, fade in the static and noise of a police radio as an officer phones in his position. Fade up to:

EXT. — DAY

Somewhere in Virginia, young Gary is currently being handcuffed to the door of a police officer's pickup truck, in front of a convenience store that is just outside of town. A yellow sheriff's car pulls up to the scene and the sheriff gets out. He is lean and in his mid-twenties. He goes to the tall cop standing next to Gary.

SHERIFF

So, how fast was he going?

TALL COP

Ninety miles an hour, and about three miles from the county line.

The sheriff smiles and looks over toward Gary.

SHERIFF

You wouldn't have been safe from me anyway, asshole.

The sheriff turns and walks away.

INT. BATHROOM — MORNING

About five hundred miles away, Nancy's morning is somewhat different in intensity. This short, dark-haired woman is combing her hair in bathroom of the house she shares with her husband, Jerry. She is still attractive, after four years of an uncertain marriage, still hopeful. She finishes, taking a look at what she has become at the age of twenty-eight. She opens the bathroom door and moves across the hall to the open bedroom door. She looks down at Jerry, still sleeping. He is in his early thirties, and balding. He has that look of wealth. Nancy walks away, expressionless.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION — DAY

Inside the cell block of the local law enforcement agency, an already bruised Gary is thrown, at high speed, into a wall of safety glass inside a cell. He coughs blood onto the safety glass, leans there in pain for a few seconds more, before slumping to the floor, just as the sheriff walks in. The tall cop follows, holding Gary's cuffs in his right hand. The tall cop brutally throws the cuffs at Gary and they hit him in the face, creating more blood. The sheriff approaches Gary.

SHERIFF

You're charged with sleeping with my wife.

GARY

Is there any chance we could plea bargain?

SHERIFF

Why of course, dipshit. What do you have to play with?

GARY

I could probably raise some money...

SHERIFF

From where, fuck-face?

GARY

I was thinking I could fuck your wife again but charge her
this time.

The tall cop runs his foot into Gary's chest and the sheriff gives Gary a deadly look. The cop leaves.

INT. CELL — DAY

A short while later, Gary is laying on his bed. Here his voice cuts in with the first narration.

GARY (V.O.)

You know, I think the worst thing about the entire
goddamn worthless incident is that she really wasn't even
worth it.

The song "Love Hungry Man" begins, as we dolly away to a wide shot of Gary in his cell as he reminisces.

EXT. ROAD — DAY

On a hot summer day on a Virginia highway, the down and out Gary is walking along the road, holding two bags, visibly strained by the heat. He continues on, though, taking out a canteen of water.

INT. CAR — DAY

Inside a huge Cadillac, the sheriff's wife, an aging beauty, doesn't suffer from a lack of air conditioning, but instead a limp husband. Like a present from above, Gary appears on the side of the road in front of her. She stops at once to give him a ride. Gary peers in at the lonely woman, and can only smile.

INT. CAR — DAY

Inside, as they drive, Gary claws at his sweat soaked shirt as the wife turns the air conditioning off. The wife reaches over, and into Gary's shirt, to soak up some of the sweat. Gary enters her blouse as well, and the wife pulls the car over to the side of the road.

INT. MOTEL ROOM — DAY

Not long later, pan from the window of a motel room, showing the parked Caddy to the now naked driver and hitchhiker. Gary spots the wedding ring shining on her hand. She pauses a moment and takes it off as Gary removes his gun from his jacket and runs its barrel along her body, to watch her react to the cold steel. When he finishes, he puts the gun on the night table, slips off his pants, then climbs back onto the bed. Just as they both near orgasm, the wife changes suit, and pulls away from Gary violently, as if trying to redeem herself at the last moment. Gary reacts to erase all doubt from her mind. Even though she gets up, he continues to hound her, softly preventing her from changing her mind now. Finally, on the bathroom floor, the song, and the two, peak together. DISSOLVE TO: Back on the bed, the wife reaches over, puts her wedding ring back on, and puts everything back where it was before.

INT. CELL — DAY

Back in the cell, the song ends, and Gary's convalescence too, as the door at the end of the cellblock opens, pouring light in with it. The sheriff's wife enters and walks to Gary's cell with a key in hand. She opens the door to his cell, and takes the first step through, as Gary sits up on his bed.

GARY

I didn't know this piss-hole allowed conjugal visits.

She smiles, and Gary rises, taking her into his arms and guiding them back onto his bed.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION — DAY

An adequate while later, Gary and the wife are moving up the hall away from the cell block, hand in hand, and walk out into the rest of the station, peering around. It is almost empty, except for the tall cop, asleep at his desk and his post. The two sneak up on him from behind. Gary grabs the cop by the throat, and rams the wheeled chair he sits in against the wall. Gary spots his own forty-five on the cop's desk, and shoves that in his jacket pocket as he takes the wife's hand and the two run out.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION — DAY

The two run outside, and reach the wife's Cadillac. Gary rushes over to the driver's side, and opens it.

GARY

Give me the keys.

WIFE

It's my fucking car, Gary!

Gary extends his hand, not asking anymore. As she is reaching for the keys, the sheriff's car pulls up. She throws the key to at Gary quickly. The two get in, and pull out while the sheriff is getting out of his car. Gary opens his window, and withdraws his gun. The sheriff tries to aim at them as well. Gary sticks his gun out, and fires blindly twice, hitting the sheriff's car's windows both times.

INT. CAR — DAY

The sheriff's wife is thrilled at their exciting escape, but now Gary is not so sure that he wants to spend the rest of his life with this woman. He brings the car to an abrupt halt, and turns to her.

GARY

Do me a favor. honey? Get the fuck out.

Gary doesn't raise his gun, just holds it on the seat, but cocks it. The wife looks up to Gary.

GARY

Please get the fuck out and go back to your husband.

The wife slowly, and hatefully, picks up her bag. She opens the door. She pauses and flings her arms at Gary. He catches her and assists her on her way, throwing her out the door. The Cadillac takes off.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR — DAY

The sheriff is in his car parked by the side of the interstate. He has failed in his search for Gary. The radio crackles, and a young lieutenant screams.

YOUNG COP

Jesus!! That son of a bitch is doing eighty. Car 13 in pursuit of a Cadillac at the 85 interchange. The sheriff smiles, turns off the radio, guns the car's engine, and pulls onto the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY — DAY

The sheriff's car pulls up beside the other cop's car, which is having an impossible time trying to overtake the Cadillac. The sheriff switches his radio back on, and the young cop is still screaming.

YOUNG COP

We can't keep up with this son of a bitch, he's crazy!

The pissed off sheriff picks up his transmitter.

SHERIFF

You fuckin' asshole, that's because your car is a piece of shit! I've been pursuing him for hours.

The rookie cop beside the young lieutenant takes command of the radio now.

ROOKIE

If this is your suspect, then we'll let you pursue him. But I'd just like to mention my outrage at both of your use of language.

YOUNG COP

You can write my ass up later, but if this bastard gets away, I'll be filing a complaint about you!

The sheriff says one thing before hitting the gas pedal of his more powerful car:

SHERIFF

Fuck you shithead, and get out of my way, okay?

The sheriff takes off, leaving the others far behind. By this time, Gary thinks he has almost gotten away. When the blast of a shotgun is fired into the air, Gary looks back as the sheriff announces on his loudspeaker:

SHERIFF

You are under arrest. Now pull over to the side of the road.

Gary looks away, thinks a second, and then jerks the wheel into a complete 360. The car spins around, and the sheriff barely reacts fast enough to stop his car. But he hits his head on the windshield and is knocked halfway to unconsciousness by the blow. Gary gets out of his car, unscathed, and draws his gun as he goes to the sheriff's car. The sheriff is laying half out of the window. Gary puts his gun to the sheriff's head as he opens the door. The sheriff spills out onto the pavement. Gary bends down and picks up the sheriff's gun, just as the sheriff regains full consciousness.

GARY

I've taken your wife, I have your gun, your car is a mess, and I've beaten the shit out of you and your whole fuckin' department. Next, next I'm going to kill you. I'm going over that border, and you're going home because, if I ever see your fuckin' face again, I'll show you just how fuckin' dangerous I am!

Gary looks back at the cringing sheriff one last time, and he realizes his work is done. He goes and gets back into his car and takes off.

EXT. CAR — DAY

Gary is riding along in the Cadillac as the sun is rising. He pulls into the auto district, a long lineup of new and used car dealers. He picks one out at random, and pulls in. He parks his car right in front of the office where a shifty character that could only be a used car salesman is standing. Gary gets out. As the dealer checks out his ride, Gary approaches him. The dealer greets him in a typical Southern drawl.

DEALER

Mighty nice machine you have there.

GARY

She really is nice, isn't she? Problem is, me and my wife are moving out of town and I have to get rid of it.

DEALER

That's a shame. But how much were you looking to get for her?

GARY

You see the problem is my wife lost all the papers on this car. You know how it is. But we have to sell it now. So I'd be willing to take make a deal.

DEALER

I'll give you five.

Gary tries not to crack too wide a smile.

EXT. / INT. CAR — DAY

On the highway not too much later Gary is driving the sleek new sports car that he traded for the Cadillac. Gary picks up the cellular phone and dials.

GARY

Yes, may I speak to Laurie Spaulding, Please?

A short pause, and then Gary's face brightens up.

GARY

Hey Laurie, how are you sis? Yeah, believe it or not, I'm alive. Say, listen babe, I'm only forty miles from North Carolina, is my room all fixed up?

EXT. PARKING LOT — DAY

Gary's car come roaring into the parking lot of the local North Carolina television station. He takes a parking space in the back and gets out to look at the place. He starts up to the back door, and as he reaches the stairs, he first encounters Nancy. She gives him an odd look.

NANCY

Hi... how you doing...

GARY

Hi, okay, just fine...

Their eyes both trail off as if they have just stared temptation straight in the face. The disoriented Gary nearly crashes into Chris, a heavyset old friend, surprised to see Gary.

CHRIS

Look who the fuck it is, my favorite moron!

Chris shakes Gary's hand hard, and smiles.

GARY

So...?

CHRIS

A lot better, probably, now that you're back in town!

GARY

Yeah, let's do dinner, okay?

The two shake hands, and Gary continues inside.

INT. STATION — DAY

Inside, Gary's sister, Laura, a short, light-haired, attractive girl, is walking down the hallway when she looks up, to see Gary's smiling face at the door. She rushes to it and opens the door. The two hug.

GARY

So, how the hell are you, kid?

LAURA

Better now that I know you're alive.

GARY

You know me, I have to shake things up every now and then. So, do you think Keith will give me my old job back?

LAURA

I don't know, he was pretty pissed...

GARY

I may as well find out now.

Gary crosses his fingers and looks back at Laura again before going through the door to the boss's office.

INT. STUDIO — DAY

Later that week, Gary is once again working at the station, and is carrying a light to a ladder where Chris is waiting to take it. Chris mounts the ladder to hang the light for an upcoming commercial.

CHRIS

So, how long are you back for?

GARY

I don't know, for as long as it feels good.

CHRIS

Always one for immediate gratification.

GARY

No, I want constant gratification.

CHRIS

Hey, I'm just saying that if you leave again, there's no coming back.

GARY

Okay, I pledge I'll work here till my dying fucking day!!

CHRIS

I am just saying that as soon as you figure out what you're doing with your goddamn life, some of us are waiting to know, including, may I mention, your sister.

Chris climbs down the ladder as Gary bursts out laughing.

GARY

Alright, I promise, I'll start sending memos. Just stop giving me shit for ten minutes, because, for Christ's sake, I haven't been back that long.

Chris jumps to the ground to get another light as Gary changes the subject.

GARY

So, I hear there's a new girl...

CHRIS

Yeah, she works in Graphics. You'd like her alright. But, tough shit, she's married.

GARY

Do you always have to rain on my parade, Chris?

CHRIS

It doesn't matter anyway, you couldn't get her if she was single.

Chris walks away, and Gary smiles at this.

INT. STUDIO — NIGHT

During the six p.m. newscast, Gary is running a camera out in the studio as Nancy sits at her computer in the graphics room. All crew members wear headsets to communicate with the director in the control room.

CHARLIE

Where's the graphic for that next shot, Nancy?

NANCY

I hit the wrong command, I'm trying to call it up right now! Nancy types away furiously at the keyboard to get the needed graphic, as the director and Gary wait anxiously for the outcome.

MASTER CONTROL

We have ten seconds till air, Nancy.

CHARLIE

I need that fuckin' graphic!

MASTER CONTROL

Five seconds, guys...

The needed graphic shows up, as Nancy screams into her headset.

NANCY

I got it!

CHARLIE

Okay, fade from black with font over still one, and mike cue the talent.

The needed fire graphic appears over the anchor's shoulder, and the show continues on normally.

INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

Shortly after the show, Nancy stands, humiliated, embarrassed, and defeated, outside the control room, where she is watching a used car commercial being done through the huge glass window. Another shifty, sleazy looking being, whose plaid suit plays hell with the camera, stands in front of several of his products, hawking away. Gary comes up behind Nancy as the car dealer flubs a line, steps out of character, and curses.

GARY

Hi. What's going on?

NANCY

Not much. When I fuck up, I do it well.

GARY

Well, it happens, believe me. I fell asleep on camera one night, and the camera started tilting down, to get a beautiful shot of the floor.

Nancy laughs, and Gary smiles in success.

GARY

So, trust me, it gets easier.

NANCY

Thanks... I will.

Gary looks at her, then away. The car salesman is ranting now, and cursing, shoving people out of his way, as Chris appears over his shoulder.

CHRIS

Well, are we going to do it or not, goober?

Gary looks around, but Nancy has disappeared. Chris and Gary walk off.

EXT. PARKING LOT — EVENING

As Chris and Gary go out into the parking lot, the sun seems to set reluctantly. Gary looks up to see a black BMW speeding out of the parking lot, as they approach his car.

CHRIS

So, what the fuck were you doing back there?

GARY

Talking to Nancy. And guess what, Bubba? She already wants me.

Chris slaps his own forehead.

CHRIS

Jesus, don't tell me you've been having wet daydreams again.

Gary unlocks his door, adequately insulted.

GARY

You'll see pal, you'll see.

They both get into the car, and it takes off with speed equal to that of the BMW.

INT. GARY'S CAR — EVENING

Gary turns onto a more deserted road as Chris finishes rolling a joint, which he then lights and hands to Gary.

GARY

Let's see how good this is...

Gary takes a long drag on the joint, then it comes back up a moment later, along with a hurricane cough. He nods, and hands it back over to Chris.

CHRIS

Pretty good, eh? Some of the best shit I've seen or sold in these parts in six months.

Still recovering, Gary massages his own throat.

GARY

Yeah, it's some of the only shit I've seen where I've been.

CHRIS

Well, it's yours for forty a quarter.

GARY

Aw, come on, this is me here...

CHRIS

Okay, thirty. And if you don't buy it now, I'll kill you.

Gary smiles, reaches under his seat, and produces his gun, which he hands to Chris, who examines it, then hands it back.

GARY

Careful, now, don't you remember my friendly .45?

CHRIS

Well, you had better consider selling that no matter how much you like it. They just passed a new law so that lowlifes like you can go to jail for one of those!

GARY

You know, jail isn't as terrible as they've made it out, Chris.

CHRIS

You wouldn't get out of jail with anything less than a size
12 asshole.

The two laugh, and finish the joint before going to dinner.

INT. RESTAURANT — NIGHT

Chris is chattering on about station gossip, as Gary, now very high and horny, checks out their waitress as she fills up Gary's glass.

CHRIS

Well, since Dave is leaving, that means that, most likely,
Larry will take his job, and that will leave a morning job
open. Do you think you would want that?

GARY

I did that shift for two months, remember? I didn't get
laid ever, my life was miserable, I started torturing small
animals, I think I'll pass.

CHRIS

Well, what the hell do you want, shithead?

Gary looks toward the front door to see Nancy, and Jerry behind her, entering, and being led to be seated.
Nancy spots them.

GARY

I think I want that.

Chris turns around and sees Nancy just as she rushes up to
their table. Chris shakes his head again.

NANCY

Hi, guys. Mind if we join you?

Jerry sighs, Gary smiles, and Chris growls.

INT. RESTAURANT — NIGHT

Panning around the table, as Gary does most of the talking about his recent adventures in Virginia, while
Jerry, disinterested mainly eats, Chris pretends to be disgusted at what he hears, and Nancy hangs onto every
word, as though she hasn't yet really lived herself.

GARY

So there I was with this gigantic fucking Cadillac looking
like some hippie pimp. Well, once I got out of the state I
was able to sell it. And ever since that, gee, it's been kind of
boring.

Chris tears into a chicken wing as the father at the next table stares on at this animal feeding, turning his
toddler's head the opposite way when he looks too.

NANCY

God, that's incredible. It's amazing you're alive after what you've been through. Don't you think so, Chris? Chris puts down the wing, and grumbles.

CHRIS

I think it's too bad that he's alive after all that.

Chris picks the wing back up, then sees the father at the next table staring, and he yells.

CHRIS

Hey, you fucking moron, do you want some of this or what?

Chris shoves the wing in the father's face as the baby in the mother's hands begins to cry loudly. Gary turns to Nancy, with a typical kind of look.

GARY

That's what I like about Chris. He hasn't learned to eat right yet, but he's one hell of a classy guy.

INT. GARY'S CAR — NIGHT

Driving back to the station, Gary keeps talking about Nancy, as Chris raids the doggie bags.

GARY

I mean, you can just tell she doesn't want to be with that dweeb, can't you?

CHRIS

Oh, and I'm sure she's ready to fall right into your wimpy arms, you dumb fuck!

GARY

How do you know she isn't?

CHRIS

Because a far sighted one-eyed man could see that you're an impotent pig!

GARY

I'm getting some bad vibes, pal. Are you mad at me?

INT. JERRY'S CAR — NIGHT

Jerry and Nancy drive back to the station in relative quiet, but her thoughts drive her to ask:

NANCY

So, what do you think of Gary?

Jerry gives a brief laugh.

JERRY

I don't know, how bad is his drug problem?

Nancy doesn't bother to pursue her thoughts any further

EXT. T.V. STATION — NIGHT

Approaching the parking lot from opposite sides of the road, Jerry has the right of way to make a right turn in first, but Gary guns his engine and cuts Jerry off, making him brake to avoid a collision. Jerry continues on right after Gary, and drives to the back door, as Gary parks his car and he and Chris get out. Jerry opens his window.

JERRY

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Gary disrespects the question with his answer.

GARY

Not much. I have a little indigestion from that steak, but otherwise I'm great.

Nancy grabs Jerry by the shoulder and tries to calm her husband down as Gary starts walking up to the station. Chris is lumbering along, so when he reaches the ramp to the door he stops and waits. Nancy gets out of the BMW, and with one last look at Gary, Jerry circles the parking lot and leaves. Nancy walks up to Gary first.

NANCY

Nice move.

Gary nods and grins, until Chris passes him, and knocks him off balance.

CHRIS

I think you need to learn how to drive, fuckwad.

The three enter the station.

EXT. BREAKROOM PATIO — NIGHT

A half hour before the eleven o'clock show, Gary is sitting on the lawn furniture outside the empty breakroom. He is smoking a joint, which he tries to conceal, should anyone enter. Nancy does, and she quickly joins him outside.

NANCY

Hi? You goofing off too?

GARY

Yeah. You are cool, aren't you?

Gary takes a drag off the joint, Nancy nods affirmatively.

NANCY

Sure, can I have some?

With a little hint of surprise, Gary offers the joint to Nancy, who takes a long drag from it before handing it back.

NANCY

Have you ever done crack?

GARY

I like excitement, not death.

NANCY.

The way you act, and from what you've told me, it just seems like there's nothing you wouldn't do. And it's just, I'm wondering, why is it?

Gary throws the joint to the floor and steps on it, and brushes some of his long hair out of his face.

GARY

You haven't known me for a week, and already you're going to know everything about me...

NANCY

You don't want that, do you?

GARY

I guess, if it was meant to be.... Try and understand, maybe you would be like me if someone told you when you were very young that there was a hundred percent chance that you would get stomach cancer before you were forty.

NANCY

I guess I understand... now.

GARY

Why is it I feel like we already know each other very well?

NANCY

I just feel like I have to get to know you.

They both look filled with joy from this moment, but yet unwilling to admit it.

NANCY

It's really getting cold out here. We should both be back inside.

GARY

You go. I feel just fine. A little numb, but I kind of like it.

NANCY

You can't stay out here alone, you need somebody to keep you warm.

Nancy opens her coat, and spreads it between the two of them as she sits down close to Gary on the bench.

GARY

You don't have to do this...

NANCY

But I'm offering...

Gary tries to lead her to another topic.

GARY

So, what's Jerry like? He must have been very hungry, he didn't talk much.

NANCY

He's... to be honest, usually quite boring. He had a kind of... fire, when he was younger, but now, it's like, he doesn't mind being mediocre. I'm really not much of a wife to him anymore. I mean I clean his clothes and cook his meals, but...

GARY

That might be enough for some men...

NANCY

But it's not for most women.

The two nod as if in agreement. Nancy glances at her watch, and the hand has moved quickly toward eleven.

NANCY

Fuck, I have to get back in there.

GARY

I know... tell them I'll be right there.

Nancy rushes back in, as Gary gets up and takes a step onto one of the tables, to get just a few inches closer to the moon, which he peers off into now, thinking back...

INT. MOTEL ROOM — DAY

During his brief stay with the sheriff's wife, she talks about her husband, and his temper.

WIFE

If he found out? He'd want to kill you for sure. And God only knows what he would do with me. But you know what, even if I get killed for this, it would all be worth it...

INT. GARY'S CAR — DAY

The next day Gary has off from work, and is heading back into Greensboro at about five p.m., still flashing images of the wife's words as he pulls into his driveway.

INT. THE HOUSE — DAY

Gary comes in, taking off his jacket, and throwing it to a chair. He goes to the refrigerator, and pulls out a beer, which he cracks open. Before he takes his first sip, he sees the answering machine flashing on the counter. He decides to listen before he drinks. He pushes play. The first message is from a ditsy sounding teenager.

CINDY

Hi, Gary, sorry you weren't around, I just wanted to know if you had a good time last night...

Gary makes eyes at this message, waiting for the next. It is a long time before the beaten rasp of the sheriff's wife sounds out.

WIFE

Gary, he got this number from your wallet. He said he saw you at the address on your license yesterday. I don't know if you're really there, but if you are, get out, now, leave. He's crazy. He threw me in the trunk of his car, Gary. He took me to a motel, but not for sex. He beat me... for hours. Now, I think we're in North Carolina... I don't know why he let me call you, but get out of there, Gary...

There is a short scream that we hear only the beginning of, and then we hear the phone hang up, and the inevitable dial tone then follows. When Gary hears the screen door then being slowly opened, on instinct, he grabs his gun from his jacket pocket and then springs around to bring the gun dead center on Nancy, standing in the doorway.

NANCY

Sorry to bother you...

Gary snaps out of it, lowers his gun, and hurries Nancy away from the door as he slams it shut and makes them both lean low away from any of the kitchen's windows.

GARY

What are you doing here?

NANCY

I was supposed to have dinner with your sister.

GARY

She told me to tell you she can't make it... forget that the sheriff from Virginia is here and wants to kill me!

NANCY

In that case, I think I'll be going then...

At that moment, a shotgun blast echoes though the house from outside.

EXT. DRIVEWAY — DAY

The smoking shotgun is lifted from where the back window of Gary's car was only moments before. Now the glass has shattered onto the seat, and the pavement, and even onto the sheriff's jacket. He brushes it off, and lowers the shotgun.

INT. HOUSE — DAY

Gary is leading Nancy by the hand, ducking low beneath the windows, he takes her through the kitchen, across the living room, to the front door. He looks out the peephole to see the sheriff. checking out his car. He turns to Nancy.

GARY

Stay here, and try hard to stay alive.

Gary then silently opens the front door, and goes out.

EXT. HOUSE — DAY

Gary sneaks up on the sheriff from behind, and at about ten feet, he takes hard aim on the sheriff's head.

GARY

Christ, you know there's never a cop around when you need one.

The sheriff swings around to see his target, and that he is the one in his enemy's sights.

SHERIFF

You'll be glad to know I'm not here to take you in, Gary.

GARY

I'm not here to make a citizen's arrest either, you fucking asshole! This is your death, buddy, right here and now!

Gary calms down, now that his point is clear. The sheriff puts the shotgun on the ground. As he is rising, the sheriff pulls his sidearm out. Gary is on top of this, though, and fires twice, hitting the sheriff in the arm and the leg. This combo makes the sheriff drop his .38, and start his way down the driveway. Gary begins to collect the weapons as Nancy appears at the end of the driveway. Gary now heads for the door.

NANCY

That was really dangerous.

GARY

Hey, at least it wasn't boring.

INT. HOUSE — EVENING

In the kitchen a few minutes later, Nancy is sipping a drink as Gary pours a load of vodka into his glass. Nancy is still spooked, and quivers constantly.

NANCY

Well, I guess now I can say I've been in a gun battle.

GARY

It makes great dinner party conversation, believe me.

Gary sips his drink, maybe even he is insulted by his callousness.

GARY

I'm sorry. I put you in danger. Let me take you home to your husband.

NANCY

I don't want to go there. I'll take a cab somewhere.

GARY

Why don't you let me buy you dinner? It's the least I can do for almost getting you killed.

NANCY

Is your gun coming along?

Gary bows to her wishes, removes it from his jacket, and places it on the kitchen counter.

INT. RESTAURANT — NIGHT

In a nearby restaurant, the two continue drinking while waiting for their meal. Nancy continues to make their conversations personal.

NANCY

So, I hear you like to move around a lot.

GARY

I guess so. Though half the time it's because I have to, not want to.

NANCY

Like with the sheriff back there?

Gary blushes with a touch of shame as well as embarrassment.

GARY

Did you ever wish you could read minds?

NANCY

Most of the time I'd rather just ask the person whatever I want to know. The mind can always lie, but something tells me that eyes like yours never could.

GARY

You'd probably be very surprised...

NANCY

You could always just ask me your question. But I think I know enough about you to guess that you won't.

GARY

And why won't I?

NANCY

Maybe I think you get scared when things are too straightforward.

Gary leans back and takes a long helping of alcohol.

GARY

Why is it that I get the impression you're married to a man that you don't love?

NANCY

Why do you think that's true?

GARY

Why haven't you corrected me already, then? Why is it, that when we were nearly killed by a lunatic sheriff, you didn't at once want your husband's comforting arms? Instead, you've started drinking and haven't stopped since.

NANCY

Maybe I'm an alcoholic.

Gary rejects this theory, raising his voice a notch.

GARY

You're too fucking beautiful, sweetheart. And there is something inherently ugly about addiction.

Putting on a new look of worry, Nancy grabs her purse.

NANCY

I think I'd better get home before my comforting husband gets worried.

The two rise, and leave their table a lot less friendly than before.

INT. GARY'S CAR — NIGHT

In front of Jerry's house, Gary pulls up and kills the engine as Nancy looks around for signs of her husband.

GARY

I'm sorry. I just finished this course on how to act like an asshole in three easy lessons.

He knows this will not earn him a full apology, so waits for Nancy to make the next move.

NANCY

I know what's wrong. Christ, if I had met your four years ago, then... you're a great guy, Gary. You shouldn't be near an old lady like me.

GARY

The sheriff's wife was older. But I didn't like her, either.

NANCY

You need someone younger. Someone who's not going to get you in trouble again.

Gary moves a bit closer to Nancy in the already tight car.

GARY

Come on, don't give me that shit. You're not going to stay with this moron for the rest of your life, are you?

Nancy shakes her head, not to the question, and reaches for the door.

NANCY

We can't do this here, people are already watching...

Nancy opens the door, takes a last long look at Gary, and then gets out and walks up to her house. Gary watches. When she reaches the door, it opens to greet her, and she walks in immediately.

EXT. T.V. STATION — DAY

The next day, a blanket of snow is covering the TV station, which, like the city, hasn't had a chance to shovel it away. Gary's small car skids all the way into the parking lot, as we hear:

GARY (V.O.)

Snow was the setup. Seduction was the game plan. Success was the prediction.

Chris is getting a bag from his trunk, as Gary, walking to him, trips and falls.

GARY

Goddamn you, Chris, you told me that it never went below seventy degrees in this state!

CHRIS

It never does, in the summertime!

GARY

Well what am I going to do? That thing I'm driving will never make it back home in this!

CHRIS

You're going to do what we all are. Stay at the hotel.

Gary, getting up, looks at the hotel across the street, and begins musing the possibilities for partying.

GARY

Hey, wait a second, that could be fun. But wait? Do you have any drugs?

Chris gives Gary a stupid smile, and the two walk to the door.

INT. GRAPHICS ROOM — NIGHT

Later on, Gary pokes his head into the graphics room to find Nancy busily typing away at her computer. She sees him and stops as Gary completely enters the room.

NANCY

So, how do you like the snow?

GARY

I saw enough of it New York to hate it now. How are you doing?

NANCY

Just fine. I wanted to tell you... I had a dream about you last night. Do you dream much?

GARY

I only remember the nightmares. So, what are you going to do about the snow?

NANCY

Stay at the hotel, I guess. You too?

Gary nods affirmatively.

GARY

Yeah, I was the only volunteer to stay with Chris. By the way, after the bar closes, the party is our room. Got it?

Nancy nods as Gary heads for the door.

INT. STUDIO — NIGHT

During the eleven p.m. newscast, we fade up from black to a three shot of the two anchors and the weatherman. Neil leans over to Ronny, the weatherman.

NEIL

Well Ron, I hear you don't have the most promising news
in your forecast...

RON

No, I'm sorry, Neil, but this blanket of snow that's been
with us for the last twenty-four hours is going to continue.

Cut from Ron to the next scene, but Ron voices the beginning of it.

RON (V.O.)

For at least the next day, five cities will be covered with
the white stuff, and that means that not too much will be
moving in North Carolina.

EXT. STATION — NIGHT

After the news show, the crew members all walk across the street to the hotel. Holding up the rear are the slow-moving Chris, and Gary, staying back to catch their post-show high as usual.

GARY

I think I'll try for Nancy tonight.

CHRIS

I think you're crazy. I know you're an asshole, but since I
can't talk you out of it, good luck, buddy.

Gary passes the joint to Chris as a snowball fight breaks up just ahead. Nancy runs up and takes Gary by the arm.

NANCY

Isn't the snow just beautiful?

CHRIS

Speak for yourself, honey.

NANCY

Come on, we have to make the best of this, you guys.

GARY

She's right, you know. This could be your chance to turn
your whole lousy attitude around, Chris.

Just as Chris is going to rip into Gary, a snowball hits him square in the face. He runs off to inflict pain on the guilty party.

CHRIS

You mother fucker! I'll get you!

Gary and Nancy clasp hands as they walk fearlessly to their destiny.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY — NIGHT

Chris has reached the hotel first, and is checking in.

CLERK

Is Gary Brown supposed to be your roommate?

CHRIS

Yeah, he'll unfortunately be here any minute.

Just then Gary comes in with Nancy, and steps up to the desk.

GARY

Okay, I'm here. Now, we'll need a ten a.m. wake up call, and a case of beer waiting in our room on the slim chance we don't empty the bar out.

(leaning across the desk)

And, hey, buddy, does this place have any good action?

Gary starts laughing, and then walks away.

CHRIS

You know, I'll bet he's a fuckin' virgin!

Chris turns back to the clerk, and picks up his bag and room key.

CHRIS

By the way, make it a case of beer, Budweiser, and just put it down on our tab as breakfast, okay?

INT. HOTEL — NIGHT

Gary and Nancy are walking along. Then they separate. She runs off to her room as Chris catches up to him, waving their room key in his face and running off. Gary takes off, inspired, and Chris reaches into his bag and throws Gary a beer, and then takes one for himself. The two race like little children through the halls as they drink their first beers of the night, approaching a peak in their young lives, and the beginning of an adventure.

They finally reach their room, and as Chris finishes his beer and throws it down, he drops the key. Gary scoops it up, and inserts it sexually into the lock, opening the door. Peering in at the room, Gary now finishes his beer and throws it over his shoulder, then enters the room.

Chris enters and closes the door behind him, as Gary goes into the bathroom and starts the shower. He goes back out of the bathroom, grabs a beer from Chris' bag, then goes back to the bathroom, peels off his clothes, and climbs into the shower, taking the beer with him. The taste gives him no reward, so he instead pours the beer over his head, along with the stream of water. When finished with the beer, he drops the bottle into the tub, where it breaks into two pieces.

Gary's left foot collides with one of the pieces, and blood is splashed about the white tub, but Gary feels no pain from the cut.

INT. ROOM — NIGHT

Chris is smoking a joint and rapidly consuming alcohol while he goes to the bathroom door. He listens closely for the sound of the shower, and hears nothing. He knocks twice.

CHRIS

Are you ready to take the bar, Gary?

The door is unlocked, and then opened a moment later, and we pan to and from Gary's injured foot, which has a band-aid as flimsy protection. Gary is now dressed again.

GARY

Let's do it!

Chris lets out a primal scream, throws open the door, and the two run out, not fast enough.

INT. BAR — NIGHT

Gary and Chris opens the double doors to the hotel's dark lounge. A group from the station occupy several tables pushed together. Gary spots Nancy, sitting there with the bothersome Tommy. Gary walks over and sits next to her.

NANCY

I'm glad you made it.

Chris sticks his fat head in at the usual inopportune moment.

CHRIS

I'm not. I wish he had fallen down the stairs and broken his asshole neck.

GARY

Hey, moron, just sit down and continue the search for your dick, alright?

Chris makes a face at Gary, and then turns away to bother others.

NANCY

I feel like a drink, how about you?

GARY

Liquor is one of two things you'll never have to talk me into.

Nancy rolls her eyes at this. She gets up, taking Gary by the hand, and leading him off to the bar. Tommy's eyes follow along, as well as Chris's, and those two get up to follow. The bartender looks at Gary.

BARTENDER

You have any ID... son?

Gary gives the bartender a fierce look, then pulls out his wallet and throws his driver's license at the bartender who barely catches it, and carefully reads it. He tosses it back to Gary, and looks up.

BARTENDER

So, what will it be, scooter?

GARY

Let me have three shots of whiskey, please. After that I'll have to get back to you.

The bartender turns to Nancy.

NANCY

I'll have a whiskey sour.

CHRIS

I'll have the same, plus twenty bucks if you make his shots laced with rat poison!

The bartender goes off to make the order. Tommy walks up, and tries to get the bartender's attention.

TOMMY

Another light beer, okay? Any time's just fine... thanks.

Nancy divides her attention now between listening to Tommy and turning to Gary to whisper insults about him.

TOMMY

I really love what you're wearing, that. color is great on you...

Nancy now turns to Gary quickly and whispers at Gary.

NANCY

I don't think he ever drank anything stronger than apple juice before tonight.

Gary, with shot glass in hand, laughs at this so hard, he spills it.

TOMMY

So, is your husband out of town again, Nancy?

NANCY

No, he's just at home, snowbound like us...

Turning to Gary.

NANCY

He's gone for the day, and maybe that's why I can't stop thinking how much I want you.

Gary's eyes light up at this remark, and he downs the rest of his shot, then waves for a refill. Nancy is listening to Tommy go on.

TOMMY

And you know, if you don't like your roommate, you can always stay in my room...

Nancy turns to Gary.

NANCY

Why don't I lose him later and we...

Gary does need to hear the rest of the query, he nods immediately. Nancy stirs her pinky finger in the drink she nurses, and then offers it to Gary to lick clean, which he does with obvious enthusiasm.

NANCY

Good, then, we'll do that.

She turns back to Tommy as Gary's next shot comes. He gets up, leans on Chris' other side, then finishes the shot.

GARY

Just promise you'll come to the funeral when they find me dead from excessive ejaculation.

CHRIS

How about I just kill you first and spare her all that pain? Before Gary can think up a comeback, the song "Father Figure" begins. Gary walks over between Nancy and Gary, and asks a question she can only answer one way.

GARY

Would you like to dance?

She turns to him, gracefully nods yes, and rises, slowly. The two enter the small dance floor among a sparse few. Gary guides the two toward each other, until it seems their bodies becomes one. He runs his hand along her back, and then holds her head in his hands, grasping her beautiful hair.

GARY

All I really want to do is make you happy again.

They grab each other even tighter, and she whispers for only his ears.

NANCY

Make me happy, Gary...

They stop dancing here, and in the middle of the floor, the two dip low and into their first kiss, witnessed by the entire bar. Nancy brings them up, and begins pulling at the buttons on Gary's shirt as if ordering them to open. Gary bends and kisses Nancy's neck with soft skill. Nancy's head falls back with an unmistakable look of pleasure, a neat smile glinting from her lips.

Just as quickly, but with considerably less joy, Nancy's dreamworld ends, as she realizes all have seen everything. She stops both of them, and takes his arms slowly and reluctantly from her. She turns and leaves the bar without a final word.

Gary watches her departure, and as if it was his own, takes someone's drink from a nearby table, and downs it in one depressed gulp. He puts the empty glass into its owner's angry hand, and then walks out after Nancy.

Chris has been watching all from the bar, but is soon distracted by one of the drunk secretaries, who does a good job making him forget.

INT. HALLS — NIGHT

Gary starts his quest, running through the halls to find Nancy. He reaches the end of a hall, and feels that hope is lost finding her. As we zoom out from his loneliness, we cut to a flashback.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

On any regular night at Nancy's house in the recent past, she and her occasionally horny husband are going through the moves as she tries unsuccessfully to get his interest out of sex, her permanent headache, and his presence, blocking the way to her satisfaction. He tries continuously though, putting his arms about her, licking and kissing her, as she pulls away and tries to watch TV. She finally turns to him, and he tries to kiss her. Her reaction is ice cold, and we dissolve to...

INT. BEDROOM — MORNING

A ceiling shot shows the two on opposite ends of the king-sized bed, both exhausted from the their individual struggles. Now Nancy is ready to succumb, though, and climbs on top of her sleeping mate. She tries to wake him and reinterest him.

When Jerry does wake though, he is annoyed by her moodiness, and slaps his wife from the bed. With a glimmer of remorse, he gets up, and picks her up, no harm done. She still is in the mood, though, and the two make love on the floor.

INT. HALLS — NIGHT

Back in the present, Gary finally catches up to Nancy, who is standing against a wall, looking down embarrassed and despaired. Gary approaches her unnoticed, and brushes her hair back, and smiles. She cannot return his greeting though, and looks away in shame. Gary strokes her chin, and she starts to walk away, but Gary grabs her, and backs her against the wall, forcibly, but not violently. He stares down into her soul with his intense, demanding eyes, the two of them playing a waiting game, before Gary finally grabs her and the two kiss again. They spin in a circle, their lips joined, before Gary breaks off to lead them to privacy.

EXT. / INT. GARY'S ROOM — NIGHT

When they reach Gary's room, the two can't help but kiss once again, as Gary reaches into his pocket and removes the room key, which he inserts in the lock and opens the door, without ever taking his eyes or his lips off Nancy.

Falling back into the room, and closing the door to make their secret secure, the two begin undressing each other, with increasing veracity, like unwrapping a long awaited Christmas gift. Finally, Gary lays Nancy down on the bed as a newscast from the TV station plays in the background. Gary strokes Nancy's skin, and notices how dry and pale it has become. She is the desert, and he decides he will be the sea. He reaches over to the nightstand, and an unopened bottle of beer. He pries the cap off, and begins to pour it along all of Nancy's body.

She jerks in reaction to the cold liquid, receiving surprising satisfaction. Gary empties the bottle without it ever touching his lips. Gary now licks his way along the path that he spilled the beer, in an attempt to clean up the mess he has made. Nancy giggles very girlishly, as if she were seventeen once again.

After this, cut to a wide shot at the peak of their lovemaking, which proves to be a painful lesson in pleasure, as their act of deceit is completed.

Intercut the next scene with this one, as the song ends.

EXT. FIELD — DAY

In a wide shot of a field of corn, we see Nancy as a little girl, only eleven years old, dressed neatly, and quite adorable. A young boy, quite similar to what Gary would look like as a child, runs up to Nancy, and though first greeted with resistance, she finally lets him give her a kiss. Nancy decides it is not that terrible, and so succumbs to another one.

INT. BAR — NIGHT

In the hotel's bar in the wee hours of the morning, Chris and one other lush are the only remaining patrons in the place. The bartender walks over solemnly to Chris, as if this is a scene he's played many times before.

BARTENDER

Well, man, do you have a place to crash?

CHRIS

I've got a room. But the problem is that my roommate is up there trying to get his little pecker off. I don't think he'll succeed, personally.

BARTENDER

Well, man, I have to close up...

CHRIS

Okay, but just one more drink, okay?

BARTENDER

Last call was twenty minutes ago!

CHRIS

Come on, who's got to know? I don't think he's going to tell!

Chris points at the drunk, who rolls over in his sleep, and falls off his stool to the floor.

BARTENDER

We're talking about my job here, Chris! I could go to jail for this! They could fine me a thousand bucks!

At this point in the bartender's raving, Chris reaches to his wallet.

BARTENDER

They could insert a razor vibrator up my ass for the next twenty years of my life! They...

The bartender is stopped as Chris slaps a twenty down on the bar.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

CHRIS

Two shots of bourbon.

The bartender goes off to get the bottle, comes back, quickly pockets the twenty and draws two shots, then puts the bottle away. Chris looks down the length of the bar after the fallen drunk. Then silently does both shots and staggers out of the bar.

INT. HOTEL HALLS — NIGHT

Chris is trying to find his room, but instead uses the walls as a leaning post, as he stumbles nosily through the hotel. At one point he walks right into and over a table with some magazines and a lamp on it. He crunches both table and lamp with his feet, and off he marches on.

INT. GARY'S ROOM — NIGHT

As Gary and Nancy are engaged in a kiss, the door bursts open, and Chris falls directly to the floor in front of the bed. He is not hurt, and he gets up and peers at the two.

GARY

Chris! I'm a little fuckin' busy, could you get back to me, maybe next year?!

CHRIS

Hey, you asshole, this is my room too! And in exactly three hours I have to go across the street to that goddamn TV station and act like I only drank one case of beer last night, when we both know I drank a lot more! And one other thing!

(now lowering his voice)

Nancy, you have a really nice body there.

Gary throws a blanket over Nancy, and looks up at Chris.

NANCY

Gee, thanks Chris, I'm flattered.

CHRIS

And I'm sorry, but you two are going to have to somewhere else, or stay here, but for Christ's sake, keep it down. I'm just sure that moron is a screamer!

Chris, finished with his speech, dives into the bed next to Nancy, rocking it violently. He then grabs a pillow from behind Gary's head, causing him to fall hard against the backboard. The two lovers now get off the bed quickly. They put their clothes on in a rush, and don't wait to finish dressing before leaving the room, falling out into the hallway.

INT. HALLS — NIGHT

Starting from a wide shot, we see the two lovers tear into each other as soon as they are out of the room and into their clothes. They trip over each other in their blind lust, and now they are on the hallway floor, still kissing, and never tiring of touching each other. Cut to...

EXT. PARK — DAY

In the middle of another love-filled day many years ago, two innocent and infatuated youngsters are laying in the middle of a field in an open park. The young male is Jerry, with more hair, but the same poor amount of personality. He's as boring as ever, but in his peak. The girl of course is Nancy, blinded by money and loneliness. She has this man, with no sense of foresight. They stop a moment, as if trying to freeze it forever, the happiest moment of their lives so far.

NANCY

Tell me what you're feeling, tell me what you want.

JERRY

I feel like I never want this to end. I want you to say you'll never leave me... that you'll never betray me...

NANCY

I never could... never...

Jerry sinks back into her, his tongue licking away all doubt in his mind, knowing that this woman would forever be his, and happy about it.

INT. CLOSET — NIGHT

It is the sheriff's wife, battered, still paying for her acts of indiscretion. Her husband lurks in the rented room they are staying in while he figures his acts of vengeance out. She paws at the door a few times, the now known signal that she is starving. Within a few moments, the door is opened, the still jealous mate holding an open can of dog food like it was precious steak.

SHERIFF

How did he feed you? Did he feed you this well?

He throws the can to the floor, and most of it spills out. She jumps out to get it, but is held back by a now apparent chain attached to her neck and the wall. She is able to scrape some of it into her hands, though. When she has, he slowly closes the door on her fate.

INT. HALLS — NIGHT

Back in the hotel, Gary is still occupied with Nancy, when she suddenly flashes sights of her husband and their unpleasant times. They are moving down the hall, Gary trying every door to see if there is one unlocked and uninhabited. Nancy stops in a corner, and tries to hide from everything she's done, just as Gary hits gold and finds an unused, open room. Gary goes to Nancy, and extends his hand, and the two kiss to celebrate his find.

INT. ROOM — MORNING

The curtains have been left open, as Gary nor Nancy had the time to close them, so the light of the new day floods in unstopped as the two are about to peak once again. Nancy, too excited, lets go of herself, and then screams.

NANCY

Never! Never, never!

Gary stops, and lays Nancy by his side. Gary is stumped by this last comment, and stares out the bright window.

INT. RESTAURANT — DAY

In the hotel's restaurant, Chris is watching as Gary shovels down a pile of pancakes, one after another. One of the station's photographer's, Rickey, also watches.

CHRIS

So what are you so hungry about, condom?

RICKEY

He looks like he's been devirginized to me, bubba!

GARY

Fuck you guys, okay! You don't even know what sex is all about!

Gary grabs his head, and his hangover, and sips some juice, and then looks up to see Nancy entering the restaurant. She goes to their table and plops next to Gary for an intimate kiss.

CHRIS

Hey, guys!

The two wait to finish their kiss, and then respond to Chris.

GARY

What?

CHRIS

May I remind you of where we are?

Gary looks around uncaringly.

GARY

Gee, I'm sorry, Dad, does this mean I'm grounded? Can I still have the fuckin' car to go to the prom?

Chris grabs Gary by the throat and pulls him halfway across the table.

CHRIS

Hey, you mother fuckin' asshole, keep it to yourself or so help me I'll chop...

Chris breaks off, and turns his head to see an adorable five year old girl standing just outside the booth watching the conversation. He naturally changes his tone, releases Gary, and calms down.

NANCY

So, what was that you were going to chop, Chris?

The little girl is taken away by a worried mother, and Gary falls back, gasping into his seat.

CHRIS

I'll chop your cock off!

Chris throws a forkful of chocolate cake at Gary, who catches it with his hand, and then shoves it into his mouth, and waves back at Chris appreciatively. A very hungover Tommy comes up to the table, and collapses in the seat beside Chris, holding his head in agony. The waitress comes up to the table for his order, but Tommy's mouth isn't working yet, and he mumbles something incomprehensible. The waitress looks up.

WAITRESS

What the fuck did he say?

CHRIS

I think that was "Get me a coffee... black."

She writes this down, when Gary cuts in and adds.

GARY

And a beer chaser, too.

Everybody laughs as the waitress keeps writing, and walks away. Tommy is now in a semi-conscious state.

TOMMY

God, I never drank so much in my goddamn life!

GARY

He must have had three beers...

They all laugh at this, and Chris and Gary slap hands at this good one. Just then their boss, Keith, enters the restaurant. He spots them and approaches the table, just as the waitress comes with the coffee and the beer, which Gary snatches from her tray.

GARY

Thanks, he said I could have a sip.

Gary puts the bottle to his mouth and downs it hard. Keith walks up, and in his surprise, Gary pours the beer all over his shirt.

CHRIS

Keith, how the hell are you?

Gary tries to hide the now exploded beer, and finally just throws it under the table, where it crashes loudly. Keith tries to ignore this, and looks at Chris.

CHRIS

So what time were you guys supposed to be in?

Gary and Chris look at each other as if neither knows, and start mumbling like Tommy, together.

CHRIS / GARY

I don't know, I think he was supposed to tell me...

I think it was twenty minutes ago, but I'm not sure.... Finally the four of them start hustling to get out of there, as Chris picks up the near-comatose Tommy, and Gary takes Nancy by the hand. Keith sits down in their place, and calls the waitress back over. They all yell their goodbyes to Keith as amble out of the restaurant, and Keith looks at them disgracefully.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY — DAY

As Chris carries Tommy to the door, Gary and Nancy kiss freely, until they reach the door.

NANCY

I don't have to go in yet, so I'll catch some more sleep.

The lover's kiss once more, but this is separated as Chris pulls them apart, and takes Gary out the door, along with Tommy. Nancy waves goodbye to Gary.

EXT. HOTEL — DAY

Chris now strains from Tommy's dead weight, and turns to Gary.

CHRIS

What do you suggest I do with Smedley here?

GARY

Well I'm not going to fuckin' carry him! We'll send a cab back for him or something!

Chris nods, then drops Tommy headfirst into a snowbank. Gary ponders the danger in having done this.

GARY

Hey, man, do you think he'll suffocate?

CHRIS

Only if my dreams come true.

Chris steps away, and with this safe thought, Gary can't help but be reassured that the outcome doesn't matter. The two begin the difficult walk back to the station, as most of the knee high snow has not been cleared. Gary starts searching through his jacket.

GARY

Hey, did you have the gin?

CHRIS

Yeah, that's how we worked it out, remember? I got the gin, and you got the vodka.

GARY

Well, can I see the gin for second?

Chris reluctantly undoes his coat and starts looking for the bottle. He finally finds it, and throws it carelessly at Gary, who grabs it, takes a quick swig, and then looks up.

GARY

Hold on a second, then who's got the whiskey?

Suddenly, a bottle of whiskey is thrown at Gary, who barely manages to catch it. He throws back the gin, takes a swig, and hands it back.

GARY

So, do you have any beer in there?

CHRIS

I've got a lot of beer in this belly, asshole.

Gary laughs at this as the two enter the parking lot of the TV station.

CHRIS

Well, what are you going to do about Nancy?

GARY

I don't know, I figured we'd go out tonight and...

CHRIS

I mean about her husband, fuckhead! Well, what if he turns out to be a lot meaner than a wimp like you is used to?

GARY

Meaner than a Virginia sheriff?

Chris does break off at this as the two stop just outside the back door entrance. Cut to...

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE — DAY

Inside Jerry's posh office at the Porche dealership he owns, only natural light fills the room, and this is quite sparse, since both the windows are shaded. Near his desk, Jerry steps in and breaks what little light there is. He raises his before-lunch drink to his lips, and almost finishes it. He turns, and we pan across his desk to reveal Tommy, still hungover, standing and talking.

TOMMY

I couldn't keep news of such indiscretion from you, my closest uncle...

JERRY

No, of course you did the right thing. I'm glad you kept this in the family and took it right to me.

TOMMY

I realize what pain this must bring you. I could only imagine how I would feel under similar circumstances...

JERRY

Thank you, that's very understanding...

TOMMY

I like you, and I didn't want the family name disgraced...

Clearly trying to dam a wall of unimaginable pain, Jerry's face contorts as he turns from Tommy's view.

JERRY

You've... served your people well. You must excuse me, though, it's just that I am a little surprised...

Jerry bends over slightly as if in great stomach pain. His head then tilts forward, and like an animal, he throws up twice onto the floor. Tommy looks away, and then peers through one eye when he hears what he hopes is the end. Jerry is already back standing straight, and basically recovered. While wiping his mouth, Jerry walks toward Tommy.

JERRY

I guess we hadn't really loved each other at all in the last year... but then, you always wanted to fuck her yourself, now didn't you, Tom?

Jerry withdraws his gun, and strikes Tommy at the base of his neck. The lanky man falls to his knees, and Jerry cocks the gun, and holds it limply at his leg.

JERRY

Maybe you should have just let me find out some other way, don't you think?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

Later during a boring moment in the workday, Gary is sitting with his feet propped up on the oval-shaped table in the middle of the room, which has a TV and VCR near the door. Nancy comes looking in, not knowing how lucky her find would be. His attention drawn away from the tube, Gary gets up, and closes the door behind Nancy.

NANCY

And what's going on in here?

GARY

Nothing worth it till you showed up.

The two embrace and kiss, and in a long shot, Gary's narration now cuts in.

GARY (V.O.)

And then, you were at a point, that deadly point in a relationship, where you couldn't let her down. I started this and had to see it through.

As they kiss, the sounds of the television cuts in to a special report by the anchor, Neil.

NEIL

We have reports that a man is holding his wife hostage in a downtown Greensboro hotel room. The man is apparently a Richmond county sheriff, who is enraged at his wife, in what appears to be jealousy over an extramarital affair. At this moment, that is all the information we have...

This fades out to the new unpleasant sound of Keith pounding at the door as the two have made their way on top of the oval table and each other. Gary tears into her dress, removing her panties and throwing them away, with no use for them.

KEITH

I don't know who the fuck that is, but I want this door open!

Chris steps up to Keith, and guides him away successfully.

CHRIS

Hey, Keith, I have some very important thing to talk over with you, do you think you have a few minutes?

Chris looks back as they walk away, and we hear those unmistakable sounds of sex.

INT. STATION — DAY

The door to the conference room opens, and Gary and Nancy come out arm in arm, staring at each other, unaware that these will be their last moments together. They walk down the hall in heaven, while, at the opposite end of the hallway, Jerry is being let in by someone. Jerry waves to the responsible party, starts walking down the hall, and immediately spots his wife and Gary. Nancy suddenly becomes aware, and wears a look of sharp terror from here on in. She and Gary stop as Jerry walks on certain of his goal. He grabs her by the hand and begins to drag her out.

JERRY

I'm afraid you'll have to call in sick today.

He takes her away, and Nancy, still stunned, doesn't know what to do but follow him. It's already too late, but Gary starts to follow. Just as he is about to reach them, Chris steps out from nowhere.

CHRIS

We have to have a little talk, pal. Right now.

Gary nods, semi-conscious, and then goes to the back door and watches as Jerry's BMW pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. T.V. STATION — DAY

Behind the main building, near the three huge satellite dishes that help run the station, Gary sits on a ledge, as Chris reveals his secrets way too late.

CHRIS

There was another reason why I didn't want you to get involved with her, Nancy... and now Jerry.... I fear for your life because you've disgraced him.

GARY

Yes, but why Chris? Why?

CHRIS

Because he's the head of the largest mob in town.

Gary reacts quite poorly to this bullet shot in the middle of his future. He gets up and paces drunkenly around, his brain now overdosing on fear.

GARY

Oh no, oh fuck, Chris! I really did fuck myself good this time, didn't I, man?!

Chris steps over to try to upright Gary, who is now quite limp.

GARY

That's all there is then hey, right, it's over, isn't it?

CHRIS

As long as you're still breathing, you can recover from nearly anything.

Gary's narration cuts in here.

GARY (V.O.)

But there was still a lot of pain ahead. But then, there
always is, isn't there?

CUT TO...

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE — DAY / INT. CAR — DAY

Intercut scenes of Jerry standing at the base of their bed in his house, and Jerry driving a comatose Nancy home from the station. He has nearly given up hope of her responding for the moment.

In the bedroom, she is propped up against the wall facing Jerry, who wears interchangeably a slight grin and a definite frown.

In the car, and the bedroom, Jerry's plea is the same to her.

JERRY

Nancy, honey, don't you hear me? It's Jerry, your husband.
Don't you know who it is?

But Jerry finally gets tired of this obvious smokescreen, and, in the bedroom, he screams at her...

JERRY

Answer me, you fuckin' bitch!

Jerry jumps at her, and grabs her, and Nancy screams back.

NANCY

I never wanted you! I never loved you! Don't you know
that I never, ever felt anything for you? Why can't you be
glad that I finally know what it's like to feel something?! To
feel love?!

JERRY

But I can't. Because you are my wife. Till death do us part.

Jerry pulls his gun out from his jacket, and sticks it between her breasts, willing to destroy this prize.

JERRY

And if I have to kill him to get your mind straight, then
you know that is what I'll do.

Nancy claws for Gary's mercy, and right now for her own life. Jerry cocks the gun still pressed against her, and after a brief pause, he pulls the trigger. The empty chamber cruelly clicks lifelessly. She cries onto his shoulder, where is his compassion now? But instead the hatred rises, and Jerry peels his wife from his grasp and throws her uselessly to the ground.

INT. BEDROOM — MORNING

Twelve hours later. A beaten, raped, tired, and drained shadow of the woman that Nancy was is now laid in unrest on the bed. But, somehow, she gains the strength to lift her hand into the morning sunlight. This somehow has a healing effect on her, and she rises as Gary's narration cuts in.

GARY (V.O.)

And even though he didn't know it, she took her second
vows that early morning after the impossible night. And
these vows were to me.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE — DAY

Gary steps out of his car, which is parked across the street from Jerry's house. He closes the door, and leans on the side, until the front door opens, and Jerry, casually dressed, comes walking out of the house onto the front porch. At this point we dolly into both of the men who love Nancy, and the song "Old Man" begins. For the moment. And then we cut to.

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

Back in the bedroom, it is the day after, and the horror still remains in Nancy's eyes. She undresses, and steps before a mirror. There are scars covering a significant portion of her body. In a dream, she imagines Gary stepping from out of nowhere, bending to kiss a scar near her breast, and making it disappear as his lips touch it. He continues to kiss her, and heal her, until she is restored to her original beauty. Gary then disappears as quickly as he arrived, and Nancy is alone. She sits naked in the corner, her nightgown in her hands, looking at her still broken body in the mirror.

EXT. THE WOODS — DAY

Deep in the country, where nothing is heard or seen, Gary is practicing his shooting near a lake. He is attempting, and so far hitting, Coke bottles on a tree stump. There are five in a row, and he has just busted the fourth, when a shot from behind him comes and kills the fifth. Gary turns, holding the gun low, and it is of course Chris, and his indeed stout brother.

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

Nancy is now dressed, and although still looking a mess, she has recovered enough, and is ready for action. She puts a .38 from Jerry's dresser drawer into her purse, and then leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY — DAY

While walking to the stairs, Nancy slips back into her dreamworld, and sees Gary at the end of the hall. She runs to him, and he scoops her into his arms quite agreeably. The two touch and kiss wildly, with an incredible sense of longing. Their time is always short, and they know it will be so, so they try to make the best of it. Nancy's dress is soon history, and there the two are at the end of the hallway at it again, when Nancy wakes up and reacts to the seriousness of her situation.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE — DAY

Jerry is a mere silhouette on his porch as the late day's sun faces him, and Gary stands in the background, unable yet to guess the next correct move. Nancy appears at the door, just as Jerry makes his move, removing his gun first. But before he's able to get on bead on his target he's knocked off balance by his wife, who tosses his small frame onto the ground. This gives Gary enough time to do the manly thing, and run. He is already into his car as Jerry is stuffing his own wife at gunpoint into his own car. A chase on the city streets of Greensboro has begun.

INT. JERRY'S CAR — DAY

Jerry speeds in and around traffic without a care, intent on his goal of murder. He even scrapes a few of the many cars he passes, as Nancy clutches the seat, knowing she's holding onto her future just as loosely.

They finally catch up with Gary's car, Jerry spotting it on the right. He pushes the window control, and slides open the passenger side window as Nancy looks over at Gary, who steals a glance at her every now and then, while trying to drive as well. Jerry pulls out and raises his gun, and holding it with his right hand, he sticks the weapon right in front of Nancy's face.

Gary jams his foot on the brakes just as Jerry fires, hitting the back window of another car. Jerry peers over to see the driver, and to his horror it is a uniformed police officer, obviously off duty.

INT. GARY'S CAR — DAY

Gary has caused his car to be rear ended by a huge Ford LTD . Glancing at his car's rear, he can see extensive damage to his back but none to the Ford's front. He doesn't bother to look further, and takes off. just as the Ford's owner is getting out. Gary takes a quick left onto a quieter street. He takes his gun from where it is laying on the empty passenger side, and stuffs it under his seat. A few moments after he is cruising along, a shotgun blast comes through his back window, leaving time to hurt, but not react. Gary's small car spins around before being braked by a wall, where it lays quite dead, on its side.

EXT. / INT. JERRY'S CAR — DAY

Starting outside the passenger side of Jerry's car, we dolly into the car, and a close-up of the distraught Nancy, as the song fades down and out. They both, with their different feelings, look at the twisted auto, where there is still no movement or sound after a solid minute. Jerry smiles, and revs his engine.

JERRY

Now, are we back to normal? Do you think you're past this rather premature mid-life crisis?

What can Nancy do but agree now, for there is nowhere to go, and no one to save her now. She nods, and he grabs her. She responds, and they kiss, but it still doesn't feel good, or right. They kiss again. Jerry looks up with renewed vigor, after only the second kiss.

JERRY

And you know what? I'm not finished killing him.

Nancy looks away again, to say goodbye this time, as Jerry puts the car in gear and it pulls away.

EXT. GARY'S CAR — DAY

Dollying into the red wreck that used to be a gleaming sports car, we boom up, around, and into the side window, where Gary is waiting, and also listening, with a gun in one hand, the other in his mouth, to stop him from screaming. But now, as Jerry's departure seems certain, Gary stops stifling the pain. He is frozen stiff with it, in a death life orgasm, that has quite obviously twisted his soul, as well as his body. Gary is finally able to move himself up, and to open the door. He begins to awkwardly weave himself out of the car. Gary is now half out, but his weight has knocked the car from its already delicate balance. Gary falls, along with the car, down to the ground. Gary shrugs this latest injury off though, wondering what could be next. Then an idea hits him.

He makes his way to the back of the car, pulling his keys off his belt to open the trunk, but discovers that it's been blown open by the crash. He reaches into the trunk and pulls out a can of gasoline. He walks around to the hood, and, from there, proceeds to douse the car in gas. When the can goes dry, he throws it against the curb and starts walking away from the car. After about two dozen paces, he turns, withdraws his gun, and shakily takes aim on the car's gas tank. Gary needs to fire only one shot, and does, which ignites the car. As the flames rise, and eat the gas, Gary begins to walk away from the situation. A few hundred feet away, the car explodes over Gary's shoulder, and it is now clearly off of his mind.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE — NIGHT

Sometime later, a very tense, uncertain Laura waits by the window and the phone for any word from her brother, now missing a full day. She rushes to the window upon hearing a passing car, only to be disappointed to see it continuing on. She has known the agony of waiting for Gary before, and this time it hurts worse. As she turns from the window, not more than five feet from her now stands the blood-soaked Gary. Before she can scream, Gary grabs her and backs them both away from the windows.

LAURA

What the fuck are you doing here? Where have you been?
And who the hell is watching this house, Gary? Who?

GARY

I would guess men sent by Nancy's husband...

Laura explodes in rage at her very stupid brother and tries hitting him, but to no avail. She changes her mind and cries with pity instead.

LAURA

I told you, didn't I? Didn't Chris?

GARY

Yeah, but you told me too late.

LAURA

You won't get arrested for this one, Gary! You're going to
get killed!

GARY

I've done alright so far...

Just then several blasts of gunfire come through the window, and in seconds Gary has his sister and himself down. Glass from the window comes bleeding in through the shades as Gary leads Laura to supposed safety through the kitchen. Gary's gun is ready, and as they stand up to enter the living room, another storm of gunfire assaults them. The long, wide bay window in front of them cracks, and shards of glass fly past Gary and Laura as he forces her behind him and begins firing blindly. During a bit of silence in this gun battle, Laura screams out and does hit Gary this time.

LAURA

You are paying for all of this, you bastard!

Gary shoves them both from plain sight. As they crouch near the front door, he takes a look at his ammunition situation, and begins reloading.

LAURA

Hey, you asshole! Do you have anything for me?

Gary nods, reaches into his jacket, and produces a .22. He hands it over to her and she takes the protection eagerly.

GARY

That's the best I can do. Don't even bother aiming, just fire blindly. It works for me.

Gary goes back to reloading, and when finished, he nods to Laura. They spring out of cover, and begins firing out of where the bay windows were. A moment later, a gunman comes jumping through the window, automatic weapon in hand. Before he can fire, Gary has hit him in the knee, and easily knocks the weapon from his grip. Gary takes quick aim, and fires at him once in the neck, then pulls Laura and himself out of sight again.

Gary and Laura are now standing in front of a long back window, where they can see any approaching figures in the yard. They pause a moment, waiting to hear or see something. Gary takes Laura by the hand, and takes her slowly to the back door right next to the window. He opens it, and standing there is the second gunman, who, along with Gary and Laura, begins to take aim. There are three shots fired, one by each of the three guns. The first is by Laura, whose weak .22 puts a sizable hole in the gunman's chest. The second is by the gunman, whose powerful .45 puts a mortal wound through Laura. The third shot is by Gary, whose gun puts a final wound through the gunman's lifeline.

Gary sinks to his knees to tend to Laura, the first innocent victim of his immoral crimes. He takes the gun from her stiff hands and throws it against the wall. He takes his sister into his arms for the last time, as the narration cuts in.

GARY (V.O.)

And it was this moment of mourning that sparked the need for no end to revenge.

INT. T.V. STUDIO — DAY

On the six o'clock news that night, we see the main story, as the pretty blond female anchor reads to us:

ANCHOR

In central Greensboro today, there was a violent end to that three-day siege by a Virginia sheriff, who was holding his own wife hostage, after discovering she was unfaithful to him.

Cut to the video here.

EXT. RENTED ROOM — DAY

The sheriff comes out of the rooming house, wife and gun in hand. He has the gun poised over the wife's head, and tries to lead her down the street with now blue interference. Soon one cop inevitably disregards his orders, and fires a shot into the sheriff's left arm. The sheriff automatically fires, and removes the head of his wife. He then turns to take on the police, who mow him down in manner of seconds. The anchor cuts in here,

as the sheriff lays dead, side by side with his wife, their hands touching, finally looking peaceful, but only in death.

ANCHOR

And so, there was destined to be a tragic end to this case,
for it began with violence, and it ended the same way.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE — MORNING

The following morning, Gary is sweeping away the remains of the war waged there last night. Laura's body is covered, along with the assassin's, but hers lays in peace on the couch. Gary walks toward the kitchen from the living room, and accidentally knocks over a chair. While picking it up, he drops it again. At the end of his short rope, he picks the chair up, and flings it through the long windows in the back, the only window as yet untouched. The chair crashes through into the yard, and sprays glass with its light. Gary turns to go into the kitchen, and sees Nancy is standing at the side door. Knowing this is now a dream, he starts toward the back door, unclenching his fists and letting go of the rage. He opens the screen door, and she falls into his arms. They kiss, and kiss, and kiss, as if both had virgin lips, and lives. Gary finally breaks off, just to take a good long look at her.

GARY

It's good to see you.

Nancy can't help but laugh at this obvious statement.

NANCY

Yeah, same here.

GARY

I have to tell you something... This is going to sound crazy, but I just wanted to let you know that, that I give a shit about you, Nancy. I, I give a shit about whether or not this is our last time together. And I give a shit about whether or not your husband kills you for seeing me.

Gary laughs this off, too, with a growing carefree attitude.

NANCY

That really is touching, Gary.

Gary just has to smile at her, as the song "The Chain" begins. Gary puts Nancy up on the dinner table, throwing what is on it, a vase full of flowers and some books and magazines, to the floor. The contents of the vase lay naked now in its remains. Gary claws at Nancy's dress, and begins opening her petals up. Her face blooms anew with passion, and they join in love this time, not lust. Gary takes Nancy's hand, to feel her wedding band.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE — NIGHT

A flashback to the couple's bedroom, and Jerry holding his hand in the air, his wedding ring obvious, as he is raising it to strike Nancy. He does so several times, and she crashes to the floor

EXT. FIELD — DAY

In a wide open field during a clear, beautiful day, Gary stands holding Nancy as they face the sun. He holds her ringed hand, and now she finally reaches down and takes the ring off. She throws it into the air, where it lands on a blood-stained patch of grass, where it is now absorbed in the red.

INT. CHURCH — DAY

A flashback to the small nearly unattended wedding that started Jerry and Nancy's lesson in marital bliss. He is visibly anxious for his wedding night, while she is the nervous bride, for a good reason. The priest shoots them both a curious look, as if sensing something wrong with this union.

INT. GARY'S ROOM — DAY

Awaking from his post-sex nap, Gary notices that Nancy is no longer with him. Dressing quickly, he goes out into the hall, to find he is alone, as the song fades out.

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE — DAY

Gary steps up to the porch of Chris's modest two-room house, just outside of town. Gary looks over the porch as he knocks on the door and sees Chris's car in the driveway. There is no answer, so Gary tries the door, which he guessed correctly had been left open. Gary enters the house carefully.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE — DAY

Just inside, there is a torn up couch with Chris's jacket, and a few dozen albums on it. Next to the doorway to the living room is an ancient record player, poorly warbling off the Grateful Dead song "Sugar Magnolia." Gary walks past, and bumps into the record player, skipping it ahead a bit. He then enters the living room, and there is Chris, on another large couch, with a seventeen year old blond girl on top of him. They are both presently underneath a blanket, and they don't see Gary yet.

CHRIS

That's the right one, right there, no, don't move, that's it...

Gary steps up to the couch, and grabs the blanket covering them. Chris looks up, excited, and now cold by this interruption, and the girl now coughs roughly, like have just been strangled, or in this case, drowned. Chris can only look at Gary's guilty face.

CHRIS

You son of a bitch! You better pray that my legs are somehow broken, or you're one dead asshole!

The girl now sees Gary, and hops up from under Chris to find something to cover herself. Gary waves at her.

GARY

Hey, don't get up on my account, really. Hey, Chris, what's the rent like on her? I know I'd be cutting in on your action, but it seems like you're finished, doesn't it?

Chris grabs Gary by the throat, who bends his friend to his angry face.

CHRIS

You are not making me happy, Gary.

Gary chokes just like the blond did, and now gets serious.

GARY

He killed Laura, Chris... he killed Laura.

Chris drops Gary from his grip as the young girl reappears, with Chris's oversized robe on. She walks over to Chris to see what has taken him to this serious state, and he grabs her tight. He doesn't take it well, and he sits up and leans back, for the first time unmistakably quiet. Gary puts a hand on his shoulder.

GARY

I know the pain, buddy. My sister is gone forever. I guess she finally got me back for leaving her all the time. This time, she left. But nothing can help, as the initial shock wears on.

GARY

But I know how to feel better, Chris. I think I know about how to make it even.

Unconsoled, Gary leaves Chris and the girl to themselves for the moment as Gary walks to the window. He shakily takes out a joint and lights it. Chris says nothing, just holds the girl tightly. Gary takes a look back at his grieving friend, and can't help but give the blond a second look.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD — DAY

Driving in Chris' car the next day down a deserted two lane highway, we hear the beginning of their conversation and then cut to...

INT. CAR — DAY

CHRIS

So, you said something about a plan?

GARY

Well, you could say I have an idea for a plan, I mean, it's in the planning stages of planning a plan...

CHRIS

What the hell is it, you dick faced long-haired wimpy freak?!

Gary defiantly cracks open a beer, not knowing that it will shoot all over Chris's clean white shirt. Gary tosses the cap into the cooler on the floor, laughs, and takes a sip.

GARY

Sorry about that, man. I guess this beer was dropped.

Chris grabs Gary by the hair this time, pulls out a lock of Gary's hair, and then laughs as he holds it.

GARY

What the fuck was that for?

CHRIS

I was just giving you a haircut!

Chris throws the hair down, and looks up.

CHRIS

Now, what do you have in mind?

Still grabbing his head and feeling the pain, Gary starts.

GARY

It's simple as shit. We're just going to pay one of Jerry's dealers a social call, at a time when we know he's alone, but in the company of a large amount of cash and product. Now, I have the perfect operation to hit, and I know right when to take it. So, what do you think?

CHRIS

I think that you're an asswipe, and I also think we're gonna need some better firepower. We'll have to see my brother.

GARY

Which one? The fat one?

Chris smiles and nods, and guns the car to a higher speed. As they go down the road, Gary picks up the recently departed lock of his hair, and he holds it affectionately.

EXT. WOODED AREA — DAY

At a makeshift shooting range outside the stouter brother's house, Gary tries out his new pop gun, a .357, as Chris counts out the money in payment to his brother. When he finishes, Gary goes up to the large pair, and he and Chris nod in agreement.

EXT. SHOOTING GALLERY — NIGHT

Gary is standing across the street from a known drug den as three obvious regulars enter the old apartment building. He checks his watch, and then stuffs his hands in his pockets as he steps across the street and enters the building.

INT. SHOOTING GALLERY — NIGHT

Inside the dark, wide open first floor, there is a wide variety of the common junkie, doing drugs in open sight. Gary is a relatively clean-looking rookie in this sleazy atmosphere, but knowingly goes right for the stairs. He is accosted, however, by a hopeful junkie.

JUNKIE

Come on, blood, I need just two dollars to crack, just two and I'll be there.

The junkie claws at Gary, as if this will help his chances. Gary takes out his gun, and smashes the addict on the head with it. He falls, and Gary raises the gun up, not putting it away, keeping it out as if to warn everyone else. He finally reaches the stairs, and he eagerly climbs them.

INT. SECOND FLOOR — NIGHT

Gary is seen through the peephole of the apartment in the far right corner of the second floor. Gary approaches it, and knocks on the door. An unseen dealer is already watching Gary.

DEALER

What do you need?

GARY

Just some smoke? What you got?

DEALER

Only one kind. The best shit in the state. How much?

At this point in their dialogue, cut to...

96. INT. APARTMENT — NIGHT

From inside the dealer's apartment, we see a short white man, who has to stand tiptoed to look out the peephole. Zoom back and around into the rest of the shabby apartment to reveal Chris on a fire escape raising the window quietly. Chris is soon inside, and here he draws his gun and starts walking up the hall, as the dealer and Gary get down to price.

DEALER

So I have to get fifty at least for a half ounce, but maybe we can...

The dealer turns from the peephole to see Chris gun pressed against his head.

INT. APARTMENT — NIGHT

Gary has a huge joint that seems stuck in his mouth, as he holds his gun on the now tied-up dealer. Chris sucks deeply on two joints at once, while rolling more from a tall dope-filled vat.

GARY

It's real simple. Just give me Jerry's phone number, and after one short call you're right back in business again.

DEALER

You know, my partner is due back any second...

GARY

In that case, I'm going to be real disappointed with my source that told me you'd be here alone till dawn.

At a sort of an impasse, Gary puts his gun down, as Chris now loads money into a bag.

GARY

How did we do?

CHRIS

Not much here. Only about fifty thousand or so.

Gary glances over at the dealer, who looks on with contempt.

GARY

Looks like you're going owe Jerry some change, eh? You'd better get back to work so you can make it back, right?

The dealer looks off with a mix of hatred and fear.

INT. OTHER ROOM — NIGHT

In the next room, after a few stiff drinks, the dealer sleeps on the job, still guarded by Chris and watched by Gary. He finishes what's in his glass, and then with sudden courage, bends down and picks up the phone. The number he calls rings only once.

JERRY

What can I do for you?

GARY

Perhaps... the question is, what can I do for you? You see, I've taken control of your east side drug project, and you know, business is happening!

JERRY

You don't die easy, do you?

GARY

An asshole like me, Jerry? It's going to take a whole lot to get rid of me. But you had better ask yourself, do you have what it takes?

JERRY

All I need is a second encounter, you limp fucker. And then after I kill you, I'll go after the rest of your family. Any brothers, Gary? Are your mommy and daddy still around?

GARY

You want me, asshole? You know what it's like to kill the man that replaced you and outdid you in the bedroom? Meet me at Channel 8, at six o'clock tomorrow. One of our deaths is going to make the news.

Gary slams the phone down on the hook, as Chris now stands in the doorway. Gary stuffs his gun in his jacket, and he and Chris each take a garbage bag of dope. Chris waves to the dealer on the way out, still asleep, a temporary prisoner.

EXT. STREET — NIGHT

On the street outside the shooting gallery, Chris and Gary very hurriedly throw the garbage bags into the trunk, and the two, now laughing at their mission's success, take off down the road.

INT. SPARE ROOM — DAY

The morning after, Gary sits alone in a small room in the back of Chris's house, a phone on a nearby bed his only companion. Chris steps in to do this piece of narration, as Gary stares at the phone.

CHRIS (V.O.)

He asked me not to bother him for two hours, and he told me that he intended to go to Channel 8 alone. But I knew damn well I was going. Laura was the nicest goddamn girl I'd ever known, even if her brother was an asshole.

Gary is still waiting to make a phone call, but he knows he never will. Nancy now can only be concerned about healing herself, and as the song "Mother Stands for Comfort" begins, dissolve from Gary to...

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

Inside the house where Nancy grew up, she lays again on the same bed in the room that was hers. Old photos of her through the years are still sprinkled about, kept in perfect dust free position by an obviously affectionate mother. Nancy lays in agony, this time over the wounds of her personal life, still open, infect her with guilt, remorse, and fear. Her mother, a nicely aged, grey-haired woman steps into the room and walks to her daughters side, not for the first time. Her hands don't heal as well as Gary's, but they still belong to a mother, who strokes her daughter's hair and thinks about the other times.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE — NIGHT

In the supposedly sleeping house late one night, a teenage Nancy seems to be getting away successfully, creeping down the stairs two and three at a time. At the front door, she looks down at her watch, then back to make sure all is still. As Nancy closes the door behind her, pan up the staircase to the mother's worried look, knowing now her child has grown up. Looking out a side window from the stairs, she can see Nancy walking to the corner and getting into a waiting car, whose engine shortly turns over. The frightened parent watches as her only child rides into maturity.

INT. CAR — NIGHT

In the backseat of the date's car a while later, this very sleazy looking character, who clearly didn't care or ask how old Nancy was, tries educating her about lovemaking. But Nancy is too anxious a pupil, and indiscretion proves harmful to this fertile young girl's luck.

INT. HOSPITAL — DAY

In the busy halls of a metropolitan hospital, little attention is paid the teenage girl sitting on an empty row of benches. This proves beneficial to Nancy, whose fun is now over. Trying to hide the increasing amount of blood dripping from the miniskirt she wears is impossible. It splashes with another uncomfortable union, like her ring onto the grass and Gary's blood in the shower. Nancy sinks head into hands and starts crying, embarrassed, unpure, and also disappointed.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Then as now, her mother leans down and embraces her daughter, but this time, her mother thinks of a way to a speedier recovery.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE — DAY

Relative quiet sounds through the neighborhood now, as Nancy's mother walks up to her son-in-law's house. As she leans to ring the bell, we crane upward to the second floor window in Jerry's office, to discover that mother's arrival has been watched.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE — DAY

Jerry turns from the window where he's been standing and leans down to an intercom, just as it buzzes to ring him.

JERRY

Yeah, I know who's here. Let the bitch in.

No response comes back, and Jerry picks up a .45 laying near the edge of his desk, then takes the clip out to check it. This done, he snaps it back into place, and cocks a bullet into the chamber. As an expected knock sounds at the door, Jerry puts the gun down in plain sight on the desk.

JERRY

Yes, come in.

The door swings open. To no surprise it is Nancy's mother, dressed nicely, with a smile for her son-in-law. She steps in, and Jerry motions for the door to be closed by the guard standing just outside. She steps up to his desk.

JERRY

It's so good to see you? How long has it been? Four, five months, we really shouldn't remain strangers, I think.

MOTHER

I think it's been more like six months, actually, but oh, yes, I do agree, especially when we both are bound by a love and interest in the same person, Nancy.

JERRY

Yes, I've heard that my wife has been staying with you.

MOTHER

How do you know that?

NANCY

Oh, a mutual friend of ours saw her going there. She did seem to be quite upset about something the last time I saw her. I just guessed she needed some time alone.

The mother glances down at the .45, and Jerry's short distance to it from where he now sits on the edge of his desk.

MOTHER

I think her condition requires more than that. I've come here to beg for my daughter's freedom, and her life.

JERRY

She is mine, forever. That's why I sent someone to go get her. She should be here shortly.

MOTHER

I'll do anything you wish, anything for her...

JERRY

Can you give me him?

(pause, there is of course no response)

Yes, then I don't think there is anything you can do for me.

(another pause)

You know, I've been thinking... I can see you becoming problem for me. You'll compete for Nancy's attention, and just fill her with thoughts she need not be thinking. Understand, it's not that I couldn't control my wife with you around...

MOTHER

But you're a businessman. So your move should be to eliminate any problems before they grow into a formidable problem. Right?

JERRY

We think a lot alike, you know. That's why I'm real glad you understand, this is just business.

Jerry picks up his gun and swings around to in front of where the mother is sitting. She is ready to go, as if her flight had arrived.

MOTHER

I'm going to see my husband.

Jerry nods, and rewards her acceptance with a giving smile.

JERRY

Yes, and you're going to make love with him for the rest of eternity.

Jerry raises his shadow past the lamp on his desk, and the shadow it casts on the wall is not one of a gun, but instead of a dark cross. As he brings it down toward the mother's forehead, the woman stares into the barrel fearlessly, like receiving communion or absolution for her sins. Jerry needs to fire only once at this range, and does so, throwing the mother back in her chair. She has accepted death, and it has mercilessly spared her any pain. Jerry steps over near the window, gun still in hand, and now a stiff drink in the other one.

JERRY

Come to me, Nancy. Come see your husband.

EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE — DAY

Outside of the mother's house, a dark pickup truck pulls close by, across the street, and three men routinely get out, open the trunk, then pull on ski masks and quickly take rifles out, then cross the street toward the house. As they are halfway across the lawn, an old Ford comes crashing through the garage door, Nancy at the wheel and barely in control. She veers out across the lawn to distract the three, and runs over one of the gunmen as the other two try to take aim. A few careless blasts are fired, but none come near the mark, as the wimpy "assassins" now take off after Nancy, their number and pride wounded.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE — DAY

Finishing his drink, Jerry glances down at his watch, which reads five thirty. Grabbing a jacket, which he stuffs his gun into, Jerry opens the door to his office, where two guards stand ready.

JERRY

Monty, you come with me. Joe, you stay here and wait for my wife to arrive. And clean up the mess in there, okay?
Monty and Jerry leave for the TV station.

EXT. HIGHWAY — DAY

With nowhere to go, Nancy climbs onto the interstate going toward work. She glances down at her watch, and it read five forty-five. When she glances back up, she is just coming alongside Chris's car. Gary spots her, and Chris rolls down his window.

GARY

Where the hell have you been?

NANCY

Why don't we have dinner sometime, it's kind of long!

GARY

Follow us, we're going to Channel 8.

NANCY

But he'll look for you there!

CHRIS

That's the goddamn point!

Nancy's car is suddenly rear-ended by the pickup, as one of the surviving gunmen leans of the passenger side window, about to fire. Gary sees this, and jerks the steering wheel out of Chris's hands to knock Nancy's car out of range, as the shotgun shell fires and disperses just past the pickup's windshield. Gary whips out his pistol, and is out his window the next moment. He fires two shots into the pickup's grill, then hits the windshield next. Wounded and slowing, the pickup moves back as the driver tries to see out of the cracked windshield.

Chris pulls up alongside Nancy's car, on Gary's side. Gary reaches out his hand, and Nancy hers. Chris flips a switch on the dashboard, an idea just lighting up his mind. The top of Chris's convertible starts automatically folding back. Gary sees this, and yells over to Nancy:

GARY

We have to get you into this car! Jerry is on his way! You're going to have to jump over here!

NANCY

I can't do that!

The gunmen in the pickup can't go any faster with the new holes in their engine, but they can fire at their enemies, and both of them now so do, as the convertible has flipped it's lid.

GARY

You can do it! Just wedge something against the gas pedal to keep it going!

Nancy looks around her car worriedly for the right object, and spots an umbrella on the seat next to her. She grabs it, puts the front against the gas pedal, and slowly leans the other end against the seat. Once she sees that it's holding she turns to Gary.

NANCY

I'm ready! But I have to ask you something! Do you think I deserve to die for what I've done?!

GARY

You're not going to die! Just jump right into my arms!

Gary reaches out and opens her door for her, as the pickup is able to gain on them with their hood smoking heavily. Nancy stands up, letting go of the wheel. Gary grabs her tightly. Just before he lifts her into the convertible's safety, Nancy spins her car's wheel around. The old Ford does a complete three-sixty, and it becomes one with the pickup, until the two quickly separate in a fire by the side of the highway. Relieved to have her feet on somewhat safe ground, Nancy looks back at the metallic mess she has created with a proper sense of accomplishment.

NANCY

You know, I hope he paid them real well. I would hate to get killed for peanuts.

Gary grabs Nancy, attracted to her newfound carefree attitude. Chris glances at the two in his rearview mirror.

CHRIS

We have four miles to go, kids, so let's have everybody alert
and fully clothed, okay?

They both ignore Chris, and continue getting reacquainted.

INT. STATION — DAY

Inside a storeroom behind the studio, the broken glass where the window used to be is clearly where Jerry and his personal guard, Monty, have entered, and also where they are presently doing fat lines of coke off a freshly broken mirror. Jerry looks up after an especially heavy line, and takes his rifle in hand.

JERRY

I'm ready to do it.

The guard jumps up in the middle of a line, cautioning his too high boss.

GUARD

It's too early, they won't be here for ten minutes! But Jerry
is already out the door, so the guard blows all the coke
away, and then grabs his own rifle and is out the door.

EXT. BACK DOOR — NIGHT

At the back door to the station, the convertible comes to a halt, it's engine and driver clearly broken in. Gary and Nancy hop out.

GARY

So, do you know what to do?

CHRIS

Just do your part, right? Okay? And good luck, asshole.

Chris takes off, and Gary and Nancy enter through the back door.

INT. STUDIO — NIGHT

Jerry and his guard are now standing on the set, holding a gun to each of the anchors as they shout orders.

JERRY

If you take us off the air, I'll take his fuckin' head off! Keep
me on the air!

Neil, the male anchor, looks up at the gun barrel in fear, for the first time making the news, not reporting it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM — NIGHT

Charlie, the director, is currently on the phone with his bosses in a heated conversation.

CHARLIE

If I take them off the air someone is going to die out there!

I'm paid to follow my instincts, and yes that is what I feel. I don't give a holy fuck about FCC regulations, people are about to die out here! Why don't you climb out of your fuckin' office, and come down and watch this one live, in person, how about that?

Charlie slams the phone down, and turns to the technical director.

CHARLIE

What an asshole. Okay, ready to take camera two, and take it.

Silence rules in the control room as an unscripted drama unfolds.

INT. STATION — NIGHT

Gary and Nancy, holding hands, go past the newsroom, attracting a lot of interested eyes.

GARY

Are you ready to do this?

NANCY

Do you think I'm ready?

GARY

I don't know what you're going to see in there. I don't even know what the fuck I'm going to do. So how can I know if you're ready?

Gary stops Nancy with one last thought.

GARY

But wait, do you have a gun?

Nancy reaches into her purse and pulls out Jerry's .38.

GARY

I think you're ready.

Gary takes out his own .45, and then bends to kiss Nancy, just as Keith is passing by.

KEITH

What the fuck is happening now? Who are you two with the guns, the fuckin' mod squad? You know there are rules about firearms in this building?

GARY

Keith, you scumless asshole, there are two terrorists in that studio. Let's go tell them about the golden rules! And get the fuck out of our way.

Keith persists in Gary's way, as he and Nancy walk around to the front of the control room where Keith then tries to trip Gary. Gary rebounds though, and slams Keith up against the glass of the control room wall, cracking it, and, of course, drawing Charlie's and everyone else's attention.

GARY

Get the message? I'm not kidding. And, by the way, I think
I should tell you we both quit.

Gary lets go of Keith, who falls to the ground in shock, as Nancy follows him into the studio of death.

At first out of focus, camera 3 adjusts as Gary enters, waving his arms in the air and smiling.

GARY

Hi, guys! I bet you thought I wasn't going to show, right?
But hey, that interstate was a bitch-and-a-half.

Nancy scurries in behind Gary, and under his protection.

JERRY

I have some people who want to know how much you like
their reporting, Gary. They want to know if you are also
willing to trade both your lives for theirs!

Jerry presses the gun down harder on Neil's forehead as Neil grits his teeth in a still good-looking smile. Gary begins his approach to the set quite cautiously.

GARY

That seems real fair to me, and I'm sure that Nancy would
agree with me. So just let them go.

Jerry's gun still wavers around Neil's head, but the guard has let his aim up, too confident. Nancy begins her approach to make their exchange, but Gary cuts the silence and fires once with quick aim. The bullet cuts right through the guard's chest. Jerry, not fooling around either, fires his gun into Neil's head, tearing through the brain and his perfect blond hair as well. Neil falls to the desk, bloodying his script. Jerry is immediately on the female anchor, poking his gun under her neck.

JERRY

Thought I was kidding, didn't you? Thought you could
take me real easy, right? Thought you could steal my wife
and not be punished? I've proved you very wrong so far,
and now I'll be the one to take you out.

Gary lowers his gun, motions for Nancy to stand back, and then with no warning starts walking onto the set. As he nears, Jerry pulls the lady anchor out of her chair and toward the back of his set with him. Gary continues, playing with lives not his own.

GARY

You've crossed the imaginary line, Jerry. You've killed in
cold blood. And now it's time for me to show you just how
fucking dangerous I am.

Jerry continues waving his pistol around as Gary searches for the right moment to move.

JERRY

She goes next, I mean it! And then you! And then Nancy!

Gary spots the gun away from the anchor's head, and so takes the initiative and starts firing on Jerry, hitting his head twice, and then his chest, as the anchor ducks away out of Jerry's grip, and Jerry goes hurtling over the set, onto the floor, landing right near camera one.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

All right camera one, get me a wide shot, I think this show is almost over.

Camera one does so, just as Gary solemnly walks off the set and takes Nancy's hand. They go to the door to the next studio, and through it.

INT. OTHER STUDIO — DAY

As Gary and Nancy enter the other studio, the studio cameras no longer our eyes, and Chris, in the convertible, which he's pulled inside, starts the engine, and Gary and Nancy hop in the backseat. Chris begins to drive across the studio, and out the open back door.

CHRIS

Well, kids, how did the fun hour go?

GARY

I think it's just starting, Chris.

Gary motions for his friend to look up, which he does, to see dark suited mafia men blocking the back door with rifles, with which they now take aim. Gary pops a new clip in his gun. He and Nancy take aim on the men, and begin to pick them off as they fire their first wild shots. Chris crashes through the back door over a human carpet made of two of the guards.

EXT. T.V. STATION — DAY

Outside, there are more guards, a bit surprised by the convertible's appearance from inside the station. Gary and Nancy continue firing at the guards, taking out a few, as Chris crashes out of the parking lot.

EXT. HIGHWAY — DAY

Back on the highway, Gary and Nancy are now free to kiss, and live as well, but Chris is slightly concerned about the trio's future.

CHRIS

I hate to bother you pal, but do we have any idea where the fuck we go from here? Everyone just saw you kill Jerry on TV, remember?

Gary thinks about the unimportant dilemma a moment.

GARY

I don't know, but I heard that Virginia is real pretty this
time of year...

Both Chris and Nancy hit Gary for this one, as they pull off on the uncertain road, fugitives now, but free.