

"OUT THERE"

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REPRESENTATION:
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"OUT THERE"

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - A BLEAK, POLLUTION-RAVAGED PLANET

Slowly orbiting it is a mammoth, shambling hulk, spattered with eons of soot and rust.

SUPER: OPTIMUM-SECURITY INCARCERATION SATELLITE JUSTICE

Another SUPER: FIFTY LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH

INT. PRISON SATELLITE

A cavernous holding area. Crammed with menacing INMATES of countless species.

The Justice is its society's final solution: equal parts dungeon, leper colony and madhouse. Screams, filth, sodomies, pestilence, bad smells... and eternity.

INT. PRISON CELL

A tiny, squalid pen. The ceiling snaps open and a disheveled man plops to its floor. The hatchway smashes shut.

JAILER #1 (SPEAKER V.O.)
Prisoner secure in Imminent-
Cessation Cell Nine.

THE CONDEMNED MAN

growls a curse at his tormentors. He's late-thirties, cunning, resourceful, and innocent of nothing but conscience.

DUMONT YES instinctively looks about for escape angles.

JAILER #2 (SPEAKER V.O.)
Regulations say we gotta waste
one more meal on him.

A pipe in the cell's wall dispenses some thick, amber-colored slop onto a metal tray... Bon Appetit.

DuMont Yes looks at the tray thoughtfully. Wipes the awful gunk off it, holds the tray against his shin. Then he bends it into a tube the shape of his calf.

Yes pats the amber-colored mess over the metal, his hands busily shaping, modeling it.

INT. PRISON SATELLITE - CORRIDOR

GUARDS drag Yes and two other CONDEMNED INMATES down a corridor. The doomed wear long, caftan-like prison robes.

The GUARD CAPTAIN points at Yes warily.

GUARD CAPTAIN
I want full pacification
precautions on this turd.

Guards seize Yes. One slaps a thick BRACELET around his ankle. Another points a REMOTE CONTROL at him. Yes' eyes glaze; he relaxes as if sedated.

GUARD #1
Slavetrainer activated.

Yes walks mechanically, involuntarily into the

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER

A rancid, grimy dome. In its center, two big mechanical arms dribble sparks.

Outside a tiny spacecraft, smaller than a Volkswagen, pulls up alongside and docks.

GUARD #2
All bow to the knee for the
Executioner!

EXECUTIONER appears in the hatchway... a hatchet-faced woman with Medusa-like hair.

Guards wrestle one terrified inmate under the execution unit. They lift his robe. Shackle his legs.

GUARD CAPTAIN
(to Inmate, blandly)
Do you want to say anything?

CONDEMNED INMATE #1
N-no no no please NO oh god no
I'm INNOCENT I swear on the
grave of my MOTHER no no NO --

GUARD CAPTAIN
TWENTY WORDS OR LESS!

FLASH-WHAMMMM. The inmate is scorched to a small pile of gray-yellow powder -- his elements.

EXECUTIONER
(to Inmate's remains)
"Carbon you are, and to carbon
you have returned." Next.

Condemned Inmate #2 whimpers, shakes, wets himself. DuMont Yes stares down the Guard Captain.

GUARD CAPTAIN
(unnerved)
DuMont Yes. Read the charges.

GUARD #1
Murder six counts assault
twelve counts rape nine --

GUARD CAPTAIN
Skip the formalities, it's the
end of my watch. Clamp him.

Guard #1 works the slavetrainer's remote. Yes shuffles onto the platform with catatonic obedience.

Guard #2 rips Yes' robe up, grabs the leg wearing the slavetrainer. He yanks it toward the shackle.

But Yes' leg suddenly, impossibly SNAPS OFF at the knee.

Guard #2 stares at the severed leg, dumbfounded. It's FAKE: made by Yes from the metal tray and the amber slop. The slavetrainer isn't really touching his body, so --

Yes is LOOSE. Not good.

Guard panics, grabs for his sidearm. But Yes kicks his real leg out of his prison robe at the Guard. The Guard crashes against the metal arm. Sparks, a flash; he's carbon dust.

THE GUARD CAPTAIN

fires a pistol-like weapon and

YES

dodges it as an ALARM SIREN BLASTS.

CONDEMNED INMATE #2

dashes toward the door. A guard shoots him with a purplish bolt of energy. Inmate collapses to the deck, a horrific pile of braised yellow meat and bone...

YES

crouches, POCKETS THE SLAVETRAINER AND ITS CONTROLLER. Then he grabs the dead guard's weapon, takes instant aim, and

TWO GUARDS

drop, deep-fried, as

YES

grabs the Executioner, leering. He shoves the pistol into her mouth, moving it in and out lewdly. She babbles frenzied gibberish around it.

YES
(polite)
She's trying to say, "Open the door before this bad man spatters my head."

The airlock holding the Executioner's ship screams open. Yes pulls her out the door slowly, then

THE GUARD CAPTAIN

suddenly drops flat and FIRES his weapon.

YES

ducks the shot and BLASTS back.

THE GUARD CAPTAIN

flops about screaming, incinerated. The four remaining guards unleash a hail of boltfire at

YES / EXECUTIONER

but Yes sidesteps, pulls his hostage onto her tiny ship.

EXECUTIONER
My ship can only carry one.
Just one, fool!

Yes opens the ship's canopy, climbs in. Fires up its engine.
The cockpit canopy WHIRS shut.

Executioner pulls away, tries to scramble off the ship. But
Yes grabs her robe and closes the canopy on it, trapping her
outside. The outer door ROARS OPEN and

THE EXECUTIONER

twitches as the air is sucked from her lungs. She shrivels,
boils. Then a stray SHOT from the satellite hits her as

HER SHIP

BLASTS AWAY from the satellite in a shower of boltfire. The
Executioner's charred remains float about, weightless...

INT. EXECUTIONER'S SHIP - YES

frantically punches navigation controls.

YES
Computer. Scan for any signals
non-government in origin.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Scanning.

Nothing, just NOISE. He's in the middle of utter nowhere.

Yes growls a curse. Then... a RECORDED VOICE stabs in
through the STATIC -- friendly, male --

1950's TV COMMERCIAL
VOICE (V.O.)
That's Chesterfield Kings, in
Regular and Menthol... "Not a
Cough in a Carload!"

YES
That transmission -- visual.

A thin, square sheet of glass slices out of the controls.

The pane of glass flickers an image of President Harry
Truman, as if it's a television screen.

There's between-channel "snow" and NOISE. Then the screen flashes brief bits of early black-and-white TV shows.

They haphazardly slap onto the glass, one upon another. Milton Berle. Then a baseball game, players in baggy flannels.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Bobby Thomson steps in --
here's a long drive, it's gonna
be, I believe... THE GIANTS WIN
THE PENNANT! THE GIANTS WIN
THE PENNANT! I DON'T BELIEVE
IT! THE GIANTS WIN THE
PENNANT!

YES

(purring whisper)
Home on that signal.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Denied. Signal is emitting
from an undeveloped-protected
planet. Trespass is punishable
by cessation of lifespan --

YES

Disregard. Police Override.
Home on that signal.

EXT. SPACE - YES' SHIP

sweeps past an immense, incandescent nebula in a great arc. Then it straightens course and is gone in an eyeblink.

INT. YES' SHIP

On the glass, color for the first time -- the NBC peacock -- then "Bonanza." Yes bobs his head to the twangy theme music.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Alert. Contact, dead astern,
converging course --

Yes starts, looks outside; a burst of boltfire streaks by.

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

A military fighter craft. Its crew -- a woman and a man -- sit side by side. The Cops.

The pilot, LASHA, 33, is whiplike in build and manner. She's wrapped tight, a bad loser.

Her gunner/communicator looks through a sighting scope. RIK, 40, has a soldier's chiseled frame incongruously topped by a serene, almost gentle face.

RIK

He's heading straight into
Forbidden Space. Really
moving.

LASHA

Track his course. What's he --
can you intercept what he's
homing on?

RIK

I think so, just stay out of
his exhaust contrail. Got it.

A flat glass screen, similar to the one in the Yes's ship, powers up. It shows a 1960's breakfast-cereal commercial.

ANNOUNCER ON

COMMERCIAL (V.O.)

-- and kids, you'll love this
cereal. Great tasting and just
LOADED with SUGAR!

Loud STATIC, then "Mr. Ed," with laugh-track guffaws.

Rik and Lasha gaze at the screen with puzzled, revolted looks.

INT. YES' SHIP

On his monitor, an early American rocket blasts skyward.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(filtered, heavy static)

Godspeed, John Glenn --

WALTER CRONKITE (V.O.)

It's confirmed. Glenn has been
cleared for three orbits.

Yes chuckles at Glenn's mammoth, adoring ticker-tape parade.

YES

What'll they do for me?!

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

RIK

Transmittals emanating from an ancient culture in the Upharsin Starband. Communications still in the cathode-satellite stage.

LASHA

Then these just move at lightspeed, right? They could be very old.

Rik nods. On their screen, November 1963. A grim procession trudges toward Arlington Cemetery. Drums. Uniforms. The flag-draped box. The tiny boy salutes his father.

INT. YES' SHIP

His screen CUTS to Ed Sullivan.

ON TV -- ED SULLIVAN
-- The BEATLES!

Massive screams. Yes' head leans onto the glass, as if to inhale the adolescent-girl shriekings.

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

Screen shows teenage boys on a helicopter FIRING a machine gun into a Vietnam jungle.

RIK

This stuff bats around their atmosphere then wanders out here. The closer we get to their planet, the more recent the transmissions.

"My Mother The Car." "Lost In Space." "The Flying Nun."
The "My Girdle Is Killing Me" ad. Manson. Kent State.

LASHA

(continuing, puzzled)
What does he want with them?

INT. YES' SHIP

Now the monitor is picking up a late-sixties sitcom.

Saccharine THEME MUSIC, then a girl of 15 glides down the staircase of her house. Fresh-faced, great sweet smile, dazzlingly cute.

TV SINGERS (V.O.)
"America's Nicest Teenager...
Our -- Wonderful -- WINKY!"

Yes sits up with a hard jolt, entranced by the young girl.

YES
... Noooo, MY WONDERFUL --

He twitches, giggles, touches the lovely face on the screen - then erupts with a filthy, skin-crawling laugh...

EXT. SPACE - YES' SHIP

accelerates and weaves wildly through a flock of six comets. Then through asteroids, moons and planets at unholy speed.

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

Lasha chases Yes, guns ERUPTING. On Rik's audio, Yes can be heard laughing.

YES' VOICE (V.O.)
(singing along, baying)
She's my Winky, MY WONDERFUL
WINKY! MY WONDERFUL WINKY --

TITLE SUPERS on Rik's screen: "STARRING NATALIE BALLENTINE."

Yes' intentions hit Rik full force. He stares at the young girl's image, memorizing it.

EXT. SPACE

Yes yanks his ship into a hard looping roll... then he FIRES at his pursuers. Lasha dives and avoids the shot.

Rik SHOOTS back at Yes, misses. Yes streaks away from them. Lasha cuts in behind Yes in ferocious chase.

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

On their screen, Kent State. Nixon sweats and lies. Saigon falls. "Charlie's Angels." An ALARM sounds.

RIK
Hold it. He just crossed over
into Forbidden Space. Looks
like he made it.

Lasha's eyes narrow at the stream of televised turmoil.

RIK
(continuing)
Sir, regulations. We have to
let him go -- SIR --

LASHA
Spring him on those imbeciles?
He'd be running the whole
mudball in a week. No, we keep
going. I want this one.

RIK
Approaching a primitive
culture's planet is a capital
crime. We could be cessated --

LASHA
Don't worry, I'll get in range
before he hits their system.
Stay the course. That's a
command, GunCom. Do it.

INT. YES' SHIP

On Yes' screen, American hostages are dragged out of the
embassy in Tehran. Then a rerun of "Our Wonderful Winky" --
she's at a school dance.

Yes watches, writhes about, laughs, then the image of Winky
is suddenly interrupted by Lasha's face.

LASHA ON YES' SCREEN
Halt your craft immediately!

Yes glowers at Lasha like a baited bull. He flips a switch.

YES
Computer, maintain course.

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

Lasha pilots at full throttle, tight-lipped. Rik's tense,
concentrating, squinting through a gunsight.

RIK
Stand by, he's almost in range.
Steady. Vector Two Zev Eight
Slant Three. Steady. LOCK.

LASHA
Fire at my command.

RIK
My pleasure --
(rapid)
All right, he's dropping
something, looks like
contraband, probably --

Lasha gasps fearfully. Outside, an object the size of a football ejects from Yes' craft.

It corkscrews, then shoots toward their ship.

LASHA
Oh god NO that's a homing mine
how'd he get one of tho --

RIK
EVASIVE!

EXT. CONSTABLE SHIP

is pounded by a great, sudden greenish BLAST.

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

Mayhem. Flames and bursting hydraulic fluids. An ALARM gongs frantically. The craft pitches about.

INT. YES' SHIP

Yes bellows in triumph. On his screen, the American Olympic hockey team beats the Soviets.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
Five seconds, four -- DO YOU
BELIEVE IN MIRACLES? YES!

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

Rik turns Lasha over. Half her face is gone. Rik punches the glass screen in grieving fury.

The cracked screen: fans of the slain John Lennon hold vigil. "Solid Gold." "Dallas." Reagan cowers from John Hinkley's BULLETS. Rik grabs the controls, tries to steady the ship.

INT. YES' SHIP

Aims his ship for a small yellow star. On his screen, the last "Mash." Kirk Gibson's mythic home run.

INT. CONSTABLE SHIP

Rik pounds shut some hemorrhaging valves... Tammy Faye. Johnny Carson. "Love Connection." Jay Leno. Rodney King.

INT. YES' SHIP - YES

smirks at his screen as Los Angeles burns and loots and rages. Nancy Kerrigan grabs her knee, screaming. Flame gushes from the pyre in Waco. White Bronco, Gloves, Verdict. Oklahoma City. Diana's smashed Mercedes. "Survivor."

EXT. SPACE --

A bluish planet, wrapped in white mists, is visible outside. Yes' ship weaves around a huge TV satellite in a reckless near-miss.

YES' SCREEN

The airliner slices into the skyscraper. "The Bachelor." Basra, Nasiriyah, Baghdad. Another "Winky" rerun.

YES

howls at the young girl, laughs. Skims the craft low over a turbulent ocean. Approaches a coastline... endless lights, a huge city.

Los Angeles.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORRO BAY, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

200 miles north of L.A., but looks as if it's much farther -- a clean seaside hamlet.

EXT. HORSE RANCH

Isolated, small, but clean and well-kept. Sign over front gate reads: "BALLENTINE STABLES."

In the sky above it, something hurtles through the November mist toward earth, fire in its wake.

INT. RIK'S SHIP

and everything vibrates noisily. Flames are everywhere.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Profound systems failure --
power sag -- hull breach --

The ship splits open like a ripe seed.

INT. RANCH HOUSE, MORRO BAY - NIGHT - LIVING ROOM

Smallish log house, tasteful. A girl, 15, is alone, sprawled on the couch, soaking up MTV and talking on the phone.

The television screen fuzzes over, statics oddly. The girl lazily kicks it.

TEENAGE GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
Heather says Eddie Quinton
likes you, Molly.

MOLLY
Oh, god! Repulsivo.

TEENAGE GIRL (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hey, your mom's old show's on
Nickelodeon.

MOLLY BALLENTINE

gives a "who cares?" shrug, changes channels. It's striking how much Molly looks like the girl in the "Winky" reruns -- unspoiled, gilt-edge pretty.

MOLLY
She doesn't like me to watch
it. Or tell people that was
her. She's kinda neurotic
about it.

TEENAGE GIRL (V.O.)

(filtered)

Why? I think she was cute.
God, you really look like her.
Is she there?

MOLLY

No, she had a first date
tonight with this total broken
bottle. The loan guy at her
bank. They're out on the deck.
I think she's offering her body
so he won't foreclose on her.
Kinda sad.

The TV statics again, distorting Britney Spears' face.

EXT. MORRO BAY RANCH HOUSE

A nice deck. A couple sit in postures of first-date strain.

NATALIE BALLENTINE is now 49. Low-key for someone raised on a studio backlot. Even in battered jeans and muddy boots, her beauty makes us wonder why her acting career ended so long ago.

GLENN, 45, is plump, eager to please, a little dull.

GLENN

-- which'd mean a second
mortgage with heavy points --
hey, you hungry? I could call
Domino's. Almost time for
Saturday Night Live --

In b.g. sky above them, the burning object dives behind a nearby ridge. They bolt up, startled.

NATALIE

What is that?

GLENN

Maybe the Air Force's testing
something over at Vandenburg.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Ablaze with light and wealth. A sign announces it's open for night tours. No one sees the small, burning craft hurtling down towards it.

INT. RIK'S SHIP

and the ground rushes up at a frightening rate. Rik slams at a lever. The cabin instantly fills with a gelatin-like substance. Like an air bag, only better.

INT. MUSEUM - SCULPTURE GALLERY

Filled with exquisite art; in the middle, a breathtaking sculpture. The room is deserted, but a tour group can be HEARD walking up the hallway.

TOUR GUIDE (O.S.)

And next we have this priceless Rodin sculpture, on loan to the museum from attorney Johnnie Cochran --

IMPACT. Rik's ship detonates through the roof and in an instant the gallery is a smoking crater.

RIK

struggles out of the wreck, shakes the ship's COMPUTER BOX.

RIK

(to computer)
Summary of... toxicities here.

COMPUTER

Atmospherics: High presence of fossil-fuel residues, particularly in cities. Continued exposure of your subspecies to vapors will result in rapid dementia.

RIK

Antidote?

COMPUTER

Ingest carbon-hydrogen-oxygen compound, common in local foods and beverages.

RIK

... "Just Loaded With Sugar."

Rik throws the box down into the hole, then tosses in a sort of grenade. The ship's wreckage is blown to dust.

Rik can hear panicky VOICES O.S. He runs outside.

HIS POV FROM HOLLYWOOD HILLS - LOS ANGELES

is visible below. Yes' ship suddenly shrieks by overhead.

RIK

gazes at Yes' ship. It's his only way home now.

EXT. LOS ANGELES HARBOR - NIGHT - BREAKWATER

Yes' craft lands on the great rocks forming the L.A. Harbor breakwater. He emerges.

Large waves crash in, steam boils off the ship. Yes pulls out the weapon he grabbed in his escape. Shoots it at a large jetty boulder. It crumbles into gravel over the ship, concealing it.

TOP OF BREAKWATER - YES

walks through the blasting surf along the desolate jetty.

EXT. MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rik looks over the rows of cars. Stops near a pristine Range Rover. He punches through its window, its alarm HOWLS.

EXT. L.A. HARBOR AREA - NIGHT - STREET

Yes strides down a blighted sidewalk. He passes mumbling homeless, an old woman eating garbage, a tagging crew, trembling young hookers -- and no cops in sight.

Yes soaks it all up, grinning hugely. His kind of town.

He sees an ATM machine, someone scurrying away from it with cash. Yes stops, sensing its contents. Nearby, a very numb CRACKHEAD is lying on a bus bench.

CRACKHEAD

Hey man, lissen to my story,
I'm a plaster man by trade.
Nobody's patchin' their walls.
I'm a little down, could you --

Yes shoots the ATM. Parts its metal with stunning ease.
Alarm WAILS. Yes grabs a huge wad of twenty-dollar bills and
stuffs them in a bag.

The crackhead is watching this, mouth agape.

CRACKHEAD
(continuing)
Say man, substantial penalty
for early withdrawal...

Yes hands the Crackhead an inch of the money. Crackhead
stares at the money stupidly. Yes is gone.

ON STREET - A COP CAR

screeches to the curb. TWO COPS level guns at the Crackhead.

EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rik gets in the Range Rover, finds its owners' manual. He
rifles its pages, reads the whole thing -- in three seconds.
He reaches under the dash. Alarm STOPS, motor starts.

The RANGE ROVER'S OWNER sprints up, a dandified showbiz
hotshot of 24. Rik stomps the gas. The immaculate car
blasts out of the lot into the hillside brush.

RANGE ROVER'S OWNER
(as if witnessing a
virgin's rape)
My god, he's taking it OFF-
ROAD! NOOOOOOO!

EXT. SAN PEDRO - NIGHT - RESTAURANT PARKING LOT

A cafe near the marina. A parking lot full of pricey cars.

A PARKING VALET -- dense, 17 -- backs a Porsche into a BMW.
SCRAPING METAL. The HEAD VALET, female, 25, runs over.

HEAD VALET
You dumb rectoid! STOP!

Valet gets out of the car. The two survey the damage.

VALET
Like, maybe the guy won't
notice.

HEAD VALET

(solemn TV-commercial-
for-charity voice)

'Right now, there's no hope for
children like this, but through
research...'

(you idiot)

This is a Porsche. You know
what kind of asshole drives one
of these? If an ant craps on
it, he'll notice.

VALET

The claim ticket says we're not
liable.

HEAD VALET

The claim ticket lies and hopes
people believe it.

(brief scheming pause)

Okay, get your ass over to Pep
Boys and buy some touch-up
paint. I'll have the waiter
stall him. Be back in ten
minutes or you get to be the
one who tells the guy.

Valet dashes off. Head Valet looks O.S.

HER POV - DUMONT YES

is opening the door of a gleaming, black Corvette.

THE HEAD VALET

strides toward Yes, brandishing a big bundle of keys.

HEAD VALET

(continuing)

Get away from that car or I'll
punch you knock-kneed.

Yes just smiles at her. She swings the keys. Yes catches
them effortlessly then picks her up by her hair. Turns her
this way and that. Slithers an appraising hand over her.

YES

Charmed.

HEAD VALET

You son of a bitch.

Yes points at a limo next to them.

YES

Open it.

HEAD VALET

Go piss a fish-hook.

Yes gives the limo's door a yank, bursting its lock. The door rips open. The Valet watches in stunned awe, then tries to flee. Yes grabs her and stuffs her in the limo.

EXT. NEAR MUSEUM

Rik hurtles down a steep hill in the Rover. Out of nowhere the museum's parking lot BUS looms up. Rik swerves onto a jutting knoll, sending the car airborne - and OVER the bus.

INT. BUS

The passengers watch dumbfounded as the Rover hurdles them. An old CHINESE WOMAN jabs an elbow at her husband, impressed.

OLD CHINESE WOMAN

(subtitled)

The exhibits here kick ass.

INT. LIMO - YES AND VALET

Yes pinions the thrashing, terrified Valet against the seat.

YES

(calm, almost affectionate)

You're a policewoman?

HEAD VALET

No. No. Just the parking valet.

YES

The what?

HEAD VALET

I park cars for people.

YES

Ah, a servant. Oh. It was just -- that uniform. I so hoped you'd be police.

HEAD VALET
(forced banter)
You -- like police?

YES
... No.

HEAD VALET
Don't hurt me please --

YES
Ever watch a groovy TV show
called "Our Wonderful Winky?"

HEAD VALET
Um. Yeah. Everybody did.

YES
Isn't it 'just the most'?
Winky Benson. Wonder where she
lives.

HEAD VALET
I -- I -- saw on TV, she lives
on a ranch or something.

YES
You look like her, a little.

HEAD VALET
I do? Thank you. I --

YES
Say "I can't dance with you,
Howard, I'm going steady."

HEAD VALET
(crying, monotone)
"I can't dance with you,
Howard, I'm going steady."

YES
Now say "Cleveland High, Comets
fly, 'cross the sky, rah."

HEAD VALET
"Cleveland High, Comets fly,
through the sky, rah."

YES
"It's okay, it's all right,
come on boys, fight fight
fight."

HEAD VALET

"It's okay, it's all right,
come on boys, fight-fight" --
oh god help me.

EXT. STREET - VENICE - NIGHT

A grim "neighborhood" near the Boardwalk.

Rik drives slowly, getting his bearings. He eyes dope deals,
two thugs beating on someone, gang scum's predatory glares...

Rik shakes his head at the blight of this sad little planet.

RIK

They're barely out of caves.

CAR RADIO (V.O.)

-- report of a bizarre
carjacking-assault tonight in
the L.A. Harbor area. The
woman told police her attacker
forced her to recite lines from
the classic Seventies TV sitcom
"Our Wonderful Winky --"

Rik glances at a map and roars off toward the Harbor.

INT. NATALIES' HOUSE - NIGHT - LIVING ROOM

Natalie and Glenn enter from the deck outside.

GLENN

Hey, Molly!

MOLLY

... Hi.

GLENN

Anything on TV about a missile
test? Your mom and I saw
something out there.

Unseen by Glenn, Natalie tugs her ear and looks at Molly
intently. Molly slumps and writhes as if gravely ill.

MOLLY

Mom, I think I'm coming down
with the plague or something.

Natalie goes to Molly. Puts a hand on her forehead.

NATALIE

Whew, you're not kidding.
Glenn, I'm sorry, this bug
going around is real bad. Plus
my latest ranch hand quit
today. Tomorrow's gonna be --

GLENN

Sure, Wink -- Natalie. I'll
talk to you soon. Um. Yeah.
Get better, Molly.

MOLLY

Yeah, thanks. See you.

Glenn slides toward Natalie to attempt a kiss. Then he veers
off, flustered. Natalie smiles tiredly, pats Glenn.

NATALIE

I had a nice time, really.
'Night.

Glenn leaves. Molly spits out the thermometer, then sits up
and laughs.

NATALIE

(continuing)

Molly, I about pulled my ear
off. Why didn't you bail me
out sooner?

MOLLY

I wanted to see what you'd do
with the guy. You were
starting to freak, it was
funny.

NATALIE

It looked bad. "The plague."
Just say "flu" next time.

MOLLY

Next time? You gonna go out
again with that doink? God,
you'll do anything to keep that
bank off your back.

These are sore subjects with Natalie. Molly presses on.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Mom -- let's move back to LA.

NATALIE

Not this again. I don't want you to grow up there.

MOLLY

(sly)

There'd be more men.

NATALIE

Oh yeah, two or three of 'em even have bladder control.

MOLLY

Look, even Dad had more brains than to stick around this freezing frontier place. No decent guy is gonna want to.

NATALIE

Molly, I don't need some dumbass "guy" hanging around telling me how to run this --

MOLLY

You're hiding here. You're hiding me, too. My whole life's going by.

NATALIE

You're safe, it's clean, people are real, you have your own horse.

MOLLY

You just want me to grow up like Winky. I'm not her.

Pause. Natalie sits on couch with Molly. Speaks quietly.

NATALIE

Neither am I. Molly, that show was about an America that doesn't exist anymore. Truth be told, it never did.

Molly sullenly changes channel on TV. On it, a fifteen-year-old Natalie dances wildly in a soda shop.

ON TV -- SODA JERK

Go, Winky, go!

Natalie takes the remote and changes the channel.

L.A. HARBOR - OIL REFINERY - NIGHT

A massive complex of pipes and stacks belch filth. A black Corvette careens by, weaving.

INT. CORVETTE - YES

steers the 400-horsepower projectile with two fingers, windows open. A gust of wind blows some soot into the car. Yes twitches, glazes over. Floors the accelerator, mumbling.

INT. RIK'S RANGE ROVER

Rik grabs a one-pound bag of M & M's on the dash. He sniffs at them. Opens his mouth, gulps down the whole bag.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE

An immense structure, towering 450 feet over L.A. Harbor. Yes' car swoops onto the bridge at full tilt. Blows past an L.A. County Sheriff car hiding behind the toll shack.

INT. CORVETTE

Blue lights flash through the back window. Yes smiles.

YES
(imitates "Dragnet" theme)
Dum... de DUM dum.

Yes pulls over. A grim-faced COUNTY SHERIFF walks up.

COUNTY SHERIFF
The pretty flashing lights mean
"stop."

YES
Oh.

COUNTY SHERIFF
Okay smartass, license.

YES
I try to avoid things like
that.

COUNTY SHERIFF
... Let's start with your name.

YES

DuMont Yes.

COUNTY SHERIFF

Is that spelled Y-E-S?

YES

Yes.

COUNTY SHERIFF

Occupation?

YES

Tourist.

COUNTY SHERIFF

(smoldering now)

Gimme the keys. Slow.

With an elaborate gesture, Yes complies.

COUNTY SHERIFF

(continuing)

Wait here.

Yes whistles theme to "Dragnet" softly.

SHERIFF BY PATROL CAR

COUNTY SHERIFF

Corvette -- California plate
Bravo Mike Foxtrot Three Six
Nine.

SHERIFF'S RADIO

Car reported stolen in
connection with an attempted
rape and battery. Await
backup.

SHERIFF'S POV - YES

is walking slowly towards Sheriff with a slight smile.

SHERIFF

draws his revolver, takes aim at Yes.

COUNTY SHERIFF

Bad idea, butt-hook. Freeze.

SHERIFF'S POV - YES

continues toward Sheriff, smile broadening.

SHERIFF

COUNTY SHERIFF
LAST WARNING! FREEZE! FREEZE!

Sheriff FIRES. His eyes widen.

SHERIFF'S POV

Yes opens his mouth. The bullet is flattened against his teeth and he licks it off.

YES
(imitates Al Michaels)
Do you believe in miracles?
YES!

Another SHOT, to the chest. It blows a hole in Yes' prison robe. Yes peels the bullet off his skin, perturbed.

YES
(continuing, mild)
I liked this shirt.

THE SHERIFF

This is well outside the capabilities of his usual clientele. Yes climbs over the car to him. Swats the gun away. Leans against Sheriff, who is stock-frozen.

YES
(continuing)
My variety of our species is
cut from a somewhat finer
cloth.

Yes puts a companionable arm around the Sheriff. It becomes a clamping headlock. Sheriff jabs an elbow, kicks, flails.

Yes rips Sheriff's nightstick from his belt. Touches it to the man's face.

YES
(continuing)
Bunts it up along third.

Short quick swing at his neck. Sheriff gags.

YES
(continuing)
Grounder up the middle, base
hit.

Yes backs off, pulls the stick back. WHOOSH -- a sharp hard
swing into the ribs. Sheriff doubles over.

YES
(continuing, loud now)
Line dive in the gap, he's
going for two, makes it
standing up!

Yes, eyes ablaze, takes a batter's stance. The Sheriff is on
his knees, groaning. He rises, woozily lunges at Yes.

YES
(continuing, imitates
Vin Scully)
Three-two pitch to Gibson...

A huge, terrible swing. Officer down.

YES
(continuing)
Long drive to deep center
field, she -- is -- GONE!

Yes continues to BEAT at him savagely.

YES
(continuing, frenzied)
THE GIANTS WIN THE PENNANT!
THE GIANTS WIN THE PENNANT! I
DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE GIANTS
WIN THE PENNANT! THE GIANTS
WIN THE PENNANT! WHOOOOO! I
DON'T BELIEVE IT!

INT. RIK'S RANGE ROVER

and a County Sheriff's car is ahead. A black Corvette blows
by, going the other way. Rik sees the Sheriff's body.

EXT. BRIDGE - RIK

climbs out of the car. Instinctively knows Yes is the
killer. SIRENS and cop cars in b.g.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - RIK

dives in, frantically searches the car. Outside four cop cars screech up. Officers emerge with guns.

SHERIFF'S P.A. SYSTEM (V.O.)
HANDS OUT OF THE CAR! NOW!

Rik spots the squad car's computer. Types at an 800-words-a-minute pace.

COMPUTER SCREEN

and characters appear: "BALLENTINE NATALIE." There's SHOTS, BULLETS HITTING GLASS. Then "DOB 10/5/54 33791 OLD BOONE RD MORRO BAY"

RIK

mouths the address as bullets SMACK onto him. He kicks out the car door facing the bridge rail. Crawls out, then jumps over the rail into the darkness.

RIK'S POV, FALLING 450 FEET INTO HARBOR - THE WATER roars up -- hits. Black.

RIK

surfaces, choking, stunned. Swims toward the docks.

DOCKS - TWO COP CARS

pull up, shine a spotlight onto the fog-blanketed water.

RIK

ducks under as the beam sweeps past. He surfaces, looks around. Swims toward a row of boats.

A SPEEDBOAT

bobs, dips. Rik struggles aboard. Sees a nautical chart.

CHART - RIK'S FINGER

traces from L.A. Harbor north towards Morro Bay.

THE BOAT

moves slowly through the fog, out of the harbor.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATALIE'S RANCH - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

Molly is atop a beautiful quarter horse. She tacks a sign to the front gate reading "HELP WANTED."

RIK

peers at Molly from a roadside ditch. Thinks she is --

RIK
... Winky.

NATALIE

exits the stable leading a horse. She expertly saddles it as she talks on a cell-phone.

Molly rides over to her mother and dismounts.

NATALIE
(solemn, into phone)
All right, see you then. 'Bye.

MOLLY
Who was that?

NATALIE
Molly honey, I'm sorry...
(pause; then, gently)
Someone in Bakersfield just
made a great offer on Sheba.

MOLLY
Mom, no.

NATALIE
And I'm going to have to take
it.

MOLLY

But Mom, she's mine.

NATALIE

Baby girl, that's the horse biz. We can't eat by just keeping them. Winter's coming. Sales are slow.

MOLLY

You didn't even ask me. Like I don't matter! She's MINE --

NATALIE

Molly. Get Sheba's tack ready. Then I want you to take Dante out for a ride and --

MOLLY

Hey, cute date last night. Loser made Dad look good.

Natalie looks at her daughter sharply. But Molly spurs her horse and is gone. Then she pulls up.

MOLLY

(continuing, brooding)
Some homeless guy is coming up the driveway. Smell him? Just your type.

Natalie turns to look at the unkempt man standing near the gate, handsome eyes down, dressed thin for November cold.

RIK

looks up, directly at her, and for

NATALIE

the first instant of Rik is an ember in a dry forest. It's combustive, it's absolute, it's impossible, it's utterly outside her comprehension...

RIK

glares back at this primitive, this bait for catching Yes -- what's she looking at me like that for?

MOLLY

glances at her mother, then Rik, wrinkles her nose uncertainly. Mom, gawking at a man like that?

NATALIE / RIK / MOLLY

MOLLY
... Help you?

RIK
(grim, to Molly)
Natalie Ballentine.

MOLLY
Yeah, real funny, Wino.

NATALIE
Molly --

Rik is a little startled. Looks at mother, daughter. Understands. Stares at Natalie, all business.

RIK
I wish to labor for you.

NATALIE
(can't see straight)
What?

RIK
The sign on your gate.

MOLLY
Mom, pull your head out! He wants to work here.

NATALIE
Oh. Sorry, I'm in the middle of some stuff. Um. What I need is someone to do odd jobs. Fix things, build fences, clean out stalls -- have you ever worked with horses?

RIK
No. But I can repair anything. And I like to work hard.

Molly is gazing at Rik frankly. You know, I don't blame Mom. You're not too bad for a senior citizen. In fact, you're really --

NATALIE

(recovering)

You better like it. Four other
guys have quit on me. It's
hard, dirty work and I can't
afford to pay you a lot.
What's your name?

RIK

Rik.

NATALIE

Where do you live, Rik?

RIK

I'm -- working on that.

NATALIE

Well...

(beat, squints at him)

All right, I'll try you for a
week. We'll see how it goes.

MOLLY

(to Rik, flirting purr)

Don't even think of ripping us
off, or - anything else. We've
been on our own for two years
out here. Mom's damn good with
a gun.

Rik is just a little amused by this. Natalie isn't.

NATALIE

You can stay in the guest
house. No dope or bimbos in
there, got me?

RIK

Agreed. When do I --

NATALIE

Right now, on that old tractor.
Get it back to life by noon and
it's an extra fifty dollars.

RIK

I'll begin on it.

MOLLY

Whoa, aren't we forgetting
something? You haven't asked
Mom what she's paying.

NATALIE

Three-fifty a week and the guest house, Rik. If you're good with the horses, you'll be worth more.

RIK

If you think that's a fair --

NATALIE

It is. Tools are in that shed. Let's see what you got.

Rik heads over to the tractor. Natalie eyes him curiously.

MOLLY

Hey look Mom, there goes "the dumbass guy" you'll never let hang around here.

Abashed, Natalie pulls her eyes away and busies herself.

MOLLY

(continuing)

I give this one, oh, three days. By the way, he'll take your orders better if you don't drool so much.

NATALIE

Firefall needs exercising. Use the south corral.

Molly skips off, smiling slyly. Looks at Rik. Stops cold --

MOLLY'S POV - RIK WITH TRACTOR

Pulls at plugs and wires, an impossibly rapid flurry of effortless, ultraintelligent labor.

NATALIE

turns toward the rumble of a DIESEL ENGINE o.s.

RIK

sits on the old tractor, revving the motor loudly.

RIK

That will be fifty dollars.

NATALIE
(impressed, smiling)
Yeah. Yeah. It will.

MOLLY

stares at Rik, dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

A TV STUDIO MONITOR

playing a loud, obnoxious ad for a daytime talk show.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Today on Inside Scoop, "Child
Stars Who Fell From The Sky!"

INT. TV STUDIO - LOS ANGELES - DAY - MAKEUP ROOM

as a makeup person works on Natalie. Molly primps her
mothers' hair. They share a nervous smile.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(continuing)
They were the rich pampered
children of the shows we all
loved. But when the show is
over, what shoves these wonder-
babies off the edge?

Cheesy MUSIC. Photos of a cute little girl, 6.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(continuing)
At age six, she pulled in forty
thousand a week. At eleven,
washed up. At twelve, on
heroin! At thirteen--

Lurid police photo of the corpse.

MOLLY
My god, what happened to her?

NATALIE
(quiet)
She jumped out a window after
her agent dumped her.

EXT. STREET - MORRO BAY - DAY

Rik quietly slips into a 1969 'Cuda, starts it.

CAR RADIO (V.O.)
-- Then on "Inside Scoop,"
you'll meet a very grown-up
Natalie Ballentine, known
forever to America as Winky
Benson...

INT. CAR - DAY (AFTERNOON) - DUMONT YES

eases the Corvette convertible through bad Westwood traffic.
The sky screams with smog and heat.

CAR RADIO (V.O.)
(continuing)
Winky -- the sweet, chaste,
PERFECT teenager that ANY
parent would trade their own
kid for in a caffeinated
blink...

Yes starts, then his eyes narrow.

CAR RADIO (V.O.)
(continuing)
CHILD STARS. And you'll meet
'em all -- the good, the bad,
and the dead -- today at three.
Live from HOLLYwood -- it's
"INSIDE SCOOP" with Marty
Fazio!

A battered old car is nearby, belching smoke. Yes breathes
it and his face contorts. He stomps on the accelerator.
Pulls a SCREECHING u-turn and races toward Hollywood.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

SIX PEOPLE (35-55) sit in directors' chairs for their first
SAG payday in years. Next to each on easels, old publicity
photos of them as children. A STUDIO AUDIENCE.

POCK-FACED MAN
(quiet, bewildered)
-- so, you're fifteen and
you've peaked. Just when other
kids' lives are taking off,
yours is over.

350-POUND WOMAN

No one cares about the person
inside that TV character. Now
I'm just some - relic.

RICHIE (O.S.)

It's just child slavery! My
mom and dad were PIMPS.

MARTY FAZIO, 40, the HOST of "Inside Scoop," is handsome,
oily, Armani'd, and very "sincere."

FAZIO

"Pimps." Richie Tracy, who
played Ollie the numbskull son
on "Daddy's The Warden"...

ON STUDIO MONITOR

Fazio jams his microphone in the face of RICHIE, 45. He's
plump, tense, addiction-ravaged. On the TV, a SUPER reads
"RICHIE TRACY -- TOTAL FAILURE AFTER HIS SHOW WAS CANCELLED".

RICHIE

(trembling, tearful)
With my last breath, I will
curse that show. It drove a
stake through the heart of my
LIFE! I'll never be ANYthing
but that moron Ollie. I have
dreams of going up to Ollie
with my twelve-gauge and
blowing his brains all over his
Red Ball Keds --

FAZIO

Uh, thanks, Richie. Thanks.
Now, you've done time for coke
possession and also for
stealing panties off women's
clotheslines --

INTERCUT - INT. YES' CAR

and Yes is furiously weaving through Beverly Hills traffic.

YES' CAR RADIO (V.O.)

-- Stage One Smog Alert,
outside activity not advised
for those with respiratory --

Yes twitches, stomps the pedal. Runs a light, draws HONKS.

INTERCUT - EXT. HOLLYWOOD TV STUDIO

Rik pours a large amount of sugar into his mouth. Then he stops his car by a tall fence. He leaps out, scales it.

INT. STUDIO / SET

FAZIO

And now, welcome Natalie
Ballentine -- "Winky Benson."

Big affectionate applause. Natalie enters, smiling shyly.
Cheers. Whistles. She sits.

FAZIO

(continuing, gushing smile)
Natalie... do you think much
about Winky anymore?

NATALIE

(archly)
Oh, only when someone like you
pays me to.

Audience laughter.

FAZIO

But it's just so hard for me to
think of you going through
things like -- I mean, Winky
Benson, living in some
backwater town, struggling with
a small business? Winky
Benson, divorced?

NATALIE

You're talking about two
different people. And only one
is me.

FAZIO

You've turned down some very
lucrative offers to reprise
your role.

NATALIE

(shaking her head)
The real world can be tough...
but it is real.

FAZIO

Well, your ex-husband sure
found that out. Welcome Benny
Darrin!

Natalie is startled as BENNY, 45, bounds onto the set to
applause. She shoots a murderous look at the smiling Fazio.

Benny: Capped teeth, resodded scalp. Wears his old
letterman's sweater from the show, now so tight you can hear
its buttons screaming. He hugs Fazio.

INTERCUT - EXT. STUDIO GATE

Yes eases his car past a freshly-knocked-out studio guard.

INT. STUDIO / SET

FAZIO

Benny, you were Winky's All-
American boyfriend Donald on
her show. What can you add to
this?

BENNY

It's just -- because of us,
kids think their problems
should be solved in half an
hour. And their parents should
be just like Beaver Cleaver's
or Winky Benson's --

FAZIO

Today, Natalie owns a horse
ranch far from the ravages of
Hollywood. She has a daughter
by her marriage to Benny, which
ended in 1993 after he was
arrested for forging drug
prescriptions...

Fazio pauses for maximum effect. Benny stares at his shoes.
Natalie looks away.

FAZIO

(continuing, quietly)
We'll be back in just a moment,
right after this message from
Evacu-Lax.

Applause. Theme MUSIC.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Tomorrow on "Inside Scoop" --
'Lesbian Stewardesses: Flying
United in the Friendly Skies!'

BENNY
(low, to Natalie)
Molly won't talk to me.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - YES

stealthily emerges from a busy swarm of studio workers,
extras, costume carts, etc. His eyes widen.

YES' POV - "INSIDE SCOOP" STAGE DOOR

The entrance is guarded by two studio pages. Rik is talking
to them, obviously asking about Yes. The pages shrug.

Then Rik turns, sensing someone watching him.

A STUDIO PROP TRUCK

full of mannequins rumbles by and Rik catches a glimpse of

YES

who clings to the side of the truck, his face weirdly mixed
in with those of the mannequins. His eyes are wide with the
realization that RIK IS ALIVE -- AND HUNTING HIM.

RIK

sprints in pursuit of the truck.

INT. STUDIO / SET

The show's over. Technicians shut down the set. Natalie
walks off. An OLD COUPLE in the front row tug at her arm.

OLD WOMAN
(friendly)
So, you're all grown up, huh?

NATALIE
(smiling)
Yes, thirty years does that.

Couple laughs, holds out scraps of paper. Natalie signs.

OLD MAN
I can't believe it. You're so
much older now.

Natalies' smile crumples. Old Woman slaps her husbands'
shoulder.

Natalie passes a monitor. Looks at herself in it for just a
moment. Molly walks up quietly, smiles. Kisses her mother.

MOLLY
(soft, sensing Natalie's mood)
Good job. You looked great.
People really clapped for you.

NATALIE
Anyway, the money from this'll
keep the bank quiet for awhile.

MOLLY
That's good. So -- no more
dates with that lame-o loan
guy, okay?

They laugh, walk out, arms about each others' shoulders.

EXT. STUDIO - RIK

is closing on the truck when it turns a corner.

YES

leaps off it and hurries into

INT. STUDIO - "INSIDE SCOOP" OFFICES

Yes hustles in, leans on the desk of the RECEPTIONIST. She's
21 and she wasn't hired for her typing.

YES
I want to be on your show.

RECEPTIONIST
What would be the topic?

YES
I'm from another planet.

The Receptionist doesn't even blink. She takes out a notebook. Turns to a checklist with the heading "UFO."

RECEPTIONIST

Huhhh, space alien. Here we are. All right, a few questions, please -- have you impregnated any earthlings?

YES

Probably.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you talk to dolphins, Satan, Bigfoot or Elvis?

YES

No. I can prove --

RECEPTIONIST

When would you be available to appear?

YES

I'd like to go on today, with Winky Benson.

RECEPTIONIST

(ohhh - kay)

We've already done the show for today. And we've already done a UFO show this month. If you'll leave your name --

The Receptionist looks up but Yes has vanished. She shrugs, goes back to her Vogue.

EXT. STUDIO - BACK OF PROP TRUCK - RIK

looks for Yes, pounds the truck furiously. Then he ducks as Natalie speeds by in her pickup and exits the lot.

INT. STUDIO - FAZIOS' OFFICE

Signed celebrity photos, leather couches, bad art, etc. Fazio holds court with two PRODUCERS. ANOTHER runs in excitedly.

PRODUCER #1 (M)

The early ratings are just in. Best ever for a Friday.

PRODUCER #2 (F)
Jesus, people really love these
old-time kid stars, Marty.
It's a smash-mouth story.

FAZIO
(smells blood)
Next week is the sweeps, right?
Well, "Inside Scoop" is gonna
host a nice goddam touching
"Winky" cast reunion.

PRODUCER #3 (M)
Just for that old --

FAZIO
Sheldon, were you watching the
fucking show today? Did you
hear the hand Winky got when we
brought her out?

PRODUCER #2 (F)
She looks good.

FAZIO
Good? She's GREAT, she's still
got a great Q-Score, and a
great ass, and did you hear?
Fuck me, they LOVED her.

PRODUCER #1 (M)
But what about that porky burn-
out she was married to?

PRODUCER #2 (F)
Put him on. He's the perfect
gag-me type for contrast.

FAZIO
And wait'll people get a look
at their KID! I couldn't get
my eyes off her. Every boy in
America will be flogging the
dummy when we wheel her out.

PRODUCER #3 (M)
You sure they'll wanna do this?

PRODUCER #2 (F)
You kidding? These has-been
types'll shoot crippled
newsboys to be in front of a
camera again--

FAZIO

Okay, it's a go. Everybody get outta here and make some calls. I want to do it this Friday. Shel, cancel with the surfing nuns. Sonya, round up anybody from the "Winky" cast whose address ain't Forest Lawn.

Producers scurry out. Yes abruptly appears in the doorway.

FAZIO

(continuing -- who's this?)
This better be important.

YES

I'll trade you a ride on a spaceship for the whereabouts of Natalie Ballentine.

Fazio jabs at a button on his desk. Two large SECURITY GUARDS quickly enter and grab Yes' arms.

SECURITY GUARD

Come with us quietly, champ.

Yes' eyes gleam at their badges. Then at Fazio.

FAZIO

Get this pap-smear out of here.

Yes is hustled out, still staring at Fazio.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATALIE'S RANCH - DAY

A customer watches Natalie pilot a gorgeous quarter horse at full gallop. She rides splendidly, and Rik watches too, intrigued with Natalie in spite of himself.

Natalie dismounts. Shakes hands with the buyer.

Molly gently pats the horse's nose; they trade glances.

MOLLY

(softly)
'Bye, Sheba-baby. Be good.

Molly quietly goes into the house. Rik leads the mare into a horse trailer. The buyer drives off.

RIK
Natalie, the water pump in the
stable -- its main seal broke.

Natalie's eyes clench in dismay.

NATALIE
Oh god, that's six hundred at
least...

Rik's look at her thaws a bit. Molly comes back out.

MOLLY
Mom, the bank's calling.
(crafty pause)
And that woman from "Inside
Scoop" just called again too.
She'll give you twice the money
to come on the show Friday.
Plus a big hotel suite for us.

NATALIE
Oh god, I don't know. That
Marty Fazio guy, whenever he
looks at me I'm looking for a
place to go and wash it off.

MOLLY
Aw Mom, let's do it, it'll be
fun. Mom, please? I can see
some of my friends. Please...
okay, then what do you want me
to tell the bank?

Natalie's stuck and she knows it.

NATALIE
Rik, could you run things here
by yourself on Friday?

RIK
(alarmed, but hides it)
Yes, I could.

NATALIE
Okay Molly, tell 'em I'll do
it.

Molly makes a triumphant gesture and dashes into the house.

RIK
Natalie, I think I can save you
some money with that pump.

NATALIE
(a very nice smile at him)
Okay.

INT. / EXT. RANCH AND LOS ANGELES - SERIES OF SHOTS

A.) Rik has the pump in fifty pieces. Molly rolls her eyes skeptically. Natalie washes a horse, her old clothes soaked through with water and soap. Rik steals a glance at her.

B.) DuMont Yes enters an expensive Century City men's shop. He grabs a shirt, slacks and jacket that clash horribly. The Salesman scowls at him. Yes pulls out a huge roll of money. The Salesman's fawning smile switches on.

C.) Morning. Rik starts the water pump. Molly claps, whistles. Natalie smiles. Rik looks down, grins a bit.

D.) Night, a Beverly Hills street. An armored car. A guard walks slowly out the back with a blank stare and hands Yes a large canvas bag.

Around the guard's ankle is the SLAVETRAINER body-control device that Yes stole in his escape.

E.) Dusk. Natalie helps Rik onto a horse for his first ride. The horse bolts; Rik falls off. Natalie rushes to him, helps him up. Rik's okay. They laugh.

F.) Day. Yes exits a Rodeo Drive florist shop with an absurdly huge bouquet of roses. Enters a jewelry store.

G.) Afternoon. Molly in a school bus crowded with raucous kids. It stops; she says goodbye to three GIRLS her age.

One sees Rik outside (sans shirt) helping Natalie. The girl jabs her friends and points. They giggle, AD LIB "Who's he?," "My god, who's paying who?," etc.

MOLLY

tries to smile it out, dismayed. This homeless guy and Mom?

INT. RANCH - STABLE - DAY

Rik unloads hay, shirtless and grimy. Natalie brushes a horse and sneaks looks at him. Rik feigns obliviousness.

RIK
Natalie?

NATALIE

Yeah.

RIK

You paid me fifty dollars too much.

NATALIE

I know. It's a little bonus for fixing that pump.

RIK

It was easy, really.

NATALIE

No, you saved me having to call someone out. So it's fair.

RIK

Thank you, Natalie.

NATALIE

(very low, direct)

It's good having someone here who knows... how to work, how to fix stuff. It's real good.

RIK

I'm glad you're happy with me.

They lock eyes. Rik stands, walks decisively toward her. Then the door flies open and Molly enters. Rik freezes.

NATALIE

Hi, honey. How was school?

MOLLY

Okay. You need help with anything?

NATALIE

No, we got this fine... we're fine. You can -- go and play.

Molly exits uneasily ("Go and play?!"). Natalie finishes grooming the horse. Pats it.

NATALIE

(continuing)

Okay, Archie, there you go. Now let me go eat.

(lightly, out of nowhere)

Rik, whatcha doing for dinner?

RIK
The cafe on the highway.

NATALIE
Come up to the house at six,
once you wash half my ranch off
of you. You like beef stew?

RIK
(what's that?)
My favorite.

CUT TO:

INT. "INSIDE SCOOP" OFFICES - DAY

Yes ambles up to the Receptionist with his \$1400 mismatched outfit, holding out the gigantic bouquet of roses.

RECEPTIONIST
What's wrong, your flying
saucer outta gas?

YES
It was the only way I could
think of to talk to you.

DETAIL - THE ROSES

are banded together by a diamond-slathered Lady Rolex.

RECEPTIONIST

gasps. Stares at Yes with wonder and frank greed.

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

After dinner. Rik gives Natalie a nod of compliment on the food. Natalie smiles. Molly sits between them, resentful.

NATALIE
Molly, I want to leave real
early for L.A. tomorrow. Are
there any chores that Rik
should know about?

MOLLY

No, I showed him already.
(to Rik, guilefully)
You know, you're the first
person your age I've seen who
doesn't ask Mom about her show.

RIK

There wasn't any television
where I was raised.

MOLLY

No TV? None? What planet did
you grow up on?

NATALIE

Molly, he's lucky, really.

RIK

Did you enjoy doing that show?

NATALIE

Yeah, pretty much. It was
okay.

RIK

Any companions from it still?

NATALIE

You could say that. I married
one of them. I see him when he
needs money. He's -- had his
problems.

MOLLY

He's an anusaurus.

NATALIE

Molly, your room. Now.

Molly stomps off, pouting. Silence.

RIK

Natalie, why don't you do your
show anymore?

NATALIE

Damn. You cut right to things,
don't you?

RIK

I'm sorry, I don't want to --

NATALIE

No, it's okay. Not many people know about it, that's all.

(deep confessional breath)

I chunked out a bit at fifteen like a lot of girls do.

RIK

Chunked out?

NATALIE

Oh, you know, I got a little fat. The "Winky" producer hated it and screamed at my mom to feed me less, but it didn't help. So one day this real nice old doctor at the studio tells me that he wants me to start taking these "vitamins." Four red ones every morning, two blue ones at night.

RIK

Drugs, and they didn't tell you.

NATALIE

You got it. Diet pills, then sleeping pills at night. The speed made me a maniac. I did things I'd never... And the downers gave me these awful nightmares, of weird monster fans chasing after me.

INTERCUT - INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Yes and the Receptionist eat, drink, laugh.

RECEPTIONIST

Then I dated one of the Lakers.
'Til his wife found out -

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - MOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A ladder leads up to Molly's room, a loft adorned with a fifteen-year-old girl's usual trappings. Molly eavesdrops on her mother and Rik, agitated.

NATALIE (O.S.)

So, I quit. Just walked away.

DINING ROOM - NATALIE AND RIK

RIK

So that's why you live out here, away from other people.

NATALIE

Yeah. I feel safe here. You?

RIK

It's -- just where I ended up. Were you sorry the show ended?

NATALIE

It was just so quick. I woke up one day and pow, I was dead and gone as the Pet Rock.

RIK

So a lot of children who perform on these shows, as adults they become... obsolete.

NATALIE

That's right. Sometimes what makes you cute as a kid isn't so cute when you're grown up.

RIK

There's exceptions to that.

Natalie smiles at him gratefully. Their hands touch then jump apart as Molly comes in, sulking.

MOLLY

Mom, I'm sorry.

NATALIE

Yeah? Okay. Hey, how about dishing us up some Haagen-Dazs?

Molly goes into the kitchen. Rik touches Natalie's face.

INT. "INSIDE SCOOP" OFFICES - NIGHT

Offices are deserted. Door opens. Receptionist enters, barefoot. She's drunk, swigging from a magnum of Dom Perignon.

Yes follows her in.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, the grand tour. His Lordship Marty's office is back there, and that room's where we keep our files on all those goddam famous people--

YES

Like Winky Benson?

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah, like her. That was a cute show, huh? Mmmmmmmmm.

YES

Tell me, where do they make it?

RECEPTIONIST

You're joking again, right? That show hasn't been on for, like, twenty-five years.

YES

What do you mean? I saw it just today.

RECEPTIONIST

Today? Ohhhh. That's -- that's an old show. A rerun.

YES

Re -- run?

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah. Y'know, they show a recording of it.

YES

(deeply puzzled)
Strange. Very strange. I don't understand. Why would anyone want to watch an old show instead of one from now?

RECEPTIONIST

I dunno, I guess people like it, it makes them think of when things were nicer -- stop looking up my dress -- y'know, when they had more money and people behaved. No, the kids on that show, they're all grown up now.

Yes digests this. Receptionist smiles at him knowingly.

RECEPTIONIST
(continuing)
You're not American, are you?

YES
No.

RECEPTIONIST
I thought so. The way you
talk. Are you a producer?
Hey, you know, I'm an actress!

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rik and Natalie trade glances. She slowly pulls him to her and they kiss. They clutch at each other. Natalie finally pulls away, gestures toward Molly in the kitchen. Rik looks at Natalie intently.

RIK
You said that as a girl you had
bad dreams of -- devotees of
the show stalking you.

NATALIE
(shudders, then smiles)
Yeah. Anyway, out here in
Morro, no more nightmares.

Rik gazes at Natalie with somber eyes; they chill her.

NATALIE
(continuing)
Listen, let's talk about
something else.

Quiet. Molly enters with ice cream.

MOLLY
Don't feel bad. Mom doesn't
talk about all the "Winky"
stuff much. Except to me.

Rik picks up a bowl of the ice cream and neatly ingests it in two seconds. He stands up.

RIK
Thank you for dinner. Have a
good time at your show
tomorrow, Natalie. Molly.

He exits abruptly. Natalie's startled.

MOLLY

He is weird.

NATALIE

All right, he is a little odd, but he sure does work. And did you see him fix that pump yesterday? He's a find.

MOLLY

Mom. He's weird.

NATALIE

Oh, Molly, I just feel -- bad for him.

MOLLY

I know what you feel. I'd watch out. He doesn't talk about himself like guys always do. Probably some psycho who puts people's heads in Cuisinarts.

(pause)

God, he is cute, though.

Molly and Natalie laugh like sisters.

INT. "INSIDE SCOOP" OFFICES - NIGHT

Boisterous laughter from the Receptionist. She's on her desk, clumsily and immodestly leaping about, imitating Winky.

RECEPTIONIST

(yelled, slurred)

Cleveland High, Comets fly,
'cross the sky, rah! It's
okay, it's all right, come on
boys, fight-fight-fight!

Yes sits in her chair, watching up at her and smiling.

RECEPTIONIST

(continuing, babbling)

I loved Winky when I was
little. I wanted to grow up
all nice and popular like her.

YES

You look a little like her.

Yes grabs her and kisses her very hard.

RECEPTIONIST
I knew you were a producer.

He gropes. Bites her.

RECEPTIONIST
(continuing)
Hey, take it easy. Uh. Hey.
Down, boy.

Yes flips her upside-down. She pulls away. He grabs her.

RECEPTIONIST
(continuing, drunk panic)
Ow. No. Don't! I'll call
studio security. They're
friends of mine. STOP it--

Yes slaps her; she flies ten feet. She CRASHES to her desk,
limbs at crazy angles, like a mashed spider.

YES

crosses to the locked file cabinet. Breaks it open. He
rifles through its files, his hand twitching oddly. Pulls
out a folder.

INSERT - THE FILE FOLDER

has Natalie's address.

INT. NATALIES' RANCH, GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. A clock reads 3:22. Rik, very tired, is looking out
the window, standing watch over Natalie's house. He passes
out, crumples onto the bed.

The door CREAKS OPEN. A dark shape creeps into the room.
Moves slowly toward Rik. Silently kneels onto the bed next
to him. Rik explodes awake, lunges, grabs the neck of

NATALIE

who yells. Rik stares at her, astonished, then loosens his
grip on her. He tries to speak. Natalie puts a hand over
his mouth.

NATALIE
(murmuring)
Shhh, no. No, nothing.
Sssshhh. Oh god, what in hell
am I doing? Sssshhh, don't say
anything or I'll change my
mind. Come here...

Natalie slowly puts her mouth on his. She rolls onto him.

NATALIE
(continuing, between kisses)
Well now -- let's see if -- I
can remember -- how to do this.

RIK
It's all right, I remember --

NATALIE
No, no, I wasn't serious, it's
just... it's been awhile.

She touches his face. Another kiss, very intense now. Rik
kisses her neck and Natalie pulls back, gasping.

NATALIE
(continuing)
This -- listen, just so you
know, this doesn't mean
anything... I mean with what
you do here, you know, what you
do for me here --
(giggling)
Godammit, I mean WORK stuff --
(trying to be tough)
I'll still boot you off this
place the second you louse up
and if you say a word about
this to Molly I'll --

Rik gently runs a finger over her lips. Something about it
calms, quiets her. His mouth moves down to beneath her neck.
She clings to him. Rik pushes up her blouse. Runs his hands
over her back. She draws off her blouse, looks at him.

Puzzled, Rik tugs at Natalie's brassiere, tries to figure out
how to undo it.

NATALIE
(continuing, incredulous humor)
You can fix a tractor and a
water pump but you can't unhook
a woman's bra?

Natalie takes his hands and shows him. Rik touches her softly and her back arches. Then he pulls her towards him.

There's something surprisingly frail about her. She's shivering a little; far from familiar waters here.

NATALIE
(continuing, exaggerated
Scarlett O'Hara accent)
Much obliged to you kind suh
for savin' mah farm...
(more serious)
I just hope you stay awhile.

RIK
I'll help you as long as I can.

NATALIE
"As long as..." Wait a minute,
what does that mean -- Rik --

Natalie tenses a little. Rik kisses her neck, her shoulders.

RIK
(direct, quiet)
I'll take care of things.

NATALIE
Rik, what do you think, just of
-- you know, of people?

Rik wants to tell her Everything. But no, not yet --

RIK
At first, I saw nothing in all
of you but a rabble of
hysterical, meddling paranoids.
But -- there is more.

Natalie stares at him, baffled. Then she laughs and hugs Rik, pulls him to her urgently. He relents into her embrace.

Out the window in b.g., something in the sky throws a trail of orange; it casts a strange glow on their bodies for a second. They don't notice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NATALIE (ONE HOUR LATER)

eases the front door open. Tiptoes towards her bedroom as guiltily as a high-school girl.

MOLLY'S LOFT - MOLLY

is wide-awake in bed, listening to Natalie, lips trembling.

INT. NATALIES' RANCH - STABLE - NIGHT

Quiet. Horses are mostly asleep. The moonlight coming in the window suddenly changes to a strange orange hue. The horses snort, stomp about. One kicks a hole in his stall.

INT. YES' SPACECRAFT

YES
(imitating Ricky Ricardo)
Loo-cy! I'm home from ze club!

INT. GUEST HOUSE - RIK

is stone-cold asleep.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NATALIE'S BEDROOM

But Natalie is awakened by the frightened horses.

NATALIE
(sleepy, puzzled)
Coyotes?

Natalie rushes to the front room picture-window. The orange light bleeds into the house.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Not even L.A. gets that weird.

Natalie jolts and yelps, startled by Molly.

NATALIES' POV - PASTURE OUTSIDE

A glowing object glides over. Then it ducks behind a cluster of pine trees. Disappears.

NATALIE AND MOLLY

look dumbly outside. Natalie reaches for the phone. Then she thinks better of it and hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAWN (NEXT MORNING)

Natalie, Molly silently pick at their breakfasts. Tension.

MOLLY

Maybe we should call the police
or the army or Dan Rather --

NATALIE

Molly, think. Oh, I can just
hear people. "Hey, Winky saw a
flying saucer!" Jay Leno'd
joke about me for a month.
Just another washed-up child
star gone mad as an out-house
rat...

MOLLY

Mom --

NATALIE

No. Not a word to anyone. Not
Rik, no one at school. And for
god's sake, no one in L.A.
today, no one. Got it?

EXT. RANCH - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

It's November-cold, gray, windy, drizzling. Natalie comes
out of the house.

YES

is a mile away from them, on a rock formation. He's peering
at them through some sort of other-worldly binoculars.

YES

(softly singing "Brady Bunch")
Here's the story... of a lovely
lady...

YES' POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - NATALIE

gets into her pickup truck. She turns toward Yes to honk the
truck's HORN impatiently.

YES

looks crestfallen, forlorn. Pounds at the rock in fury.

YES
(continuing)
YOU ALL GET OLD SO DAMN FAST!
(milder)
Except for that fellow on
"American Bandstand" -- you
really should talk to him...

YES' POV THROUGH BINOCULARS -- FRONT DOOR
of house flies open and Molly runs out.

YES

gazes at Molly, utterly enraptured. He twitches and shakes
as if electrocuted. Crazyed, rabid:

YES
Ahhh. Hmmm. Rrrrr. Ohhh-woh
woh woh yes yes yes YES! NOW
THAT'S MORE LLLLLLIKE IT!!!

He rolls about on the boulders, grunting, laughing, baying.

YES
(continuing)
YAA -- OOOOOOH! Uhhh YOWWWWWW!
Huhhh Hmmm Rrrr Whoo Yeee Hmmm
Grrr Mmyyyyyy WEEEEEN KEEEEEE!

INT. NATALIE'S PICKUP TRUCK

Natalie HEARS a bit of Yes' howling, shredded by the wind.

NATALIE
You hear that? What is that?

Molly's wearing headphones; she's oblivious.

YES

dashes to his ship, still twitching and yammering.

EXT. NATALIE'S TRUCK - DAY

Natalie and Molly descend the I-5 Grapevine towards LA.
Above them, Yes' ship is shadowing the truck.

INT. TRUCK

TRUCK RADIO (V.O.)
Hey, Captain Kirk, is that you?
Hundreds of calls flooded
police switchboards last night,
people claiming they saw a UFO
north of LA -- whooo! Military
officials denied involvement.
Sounds like a lotta people were
spray painting with the windows
shut --

Molly looks at her mother. Natalie just looks at the road.

EXT. TRUCK - CARGO BED

Rik is huddled beneath a canvas tarp, gobbling candy bars.

INT. YES' SPACECRAFT

On the viewscreen a "Winky" rerun plays. Yes grinds his
tongue against Natalie's face on the screen.

YES
(like George Jetson)
JANE! STOP THIS CRAZY THING!

CUT TO:

INT. "INSIDE SCOOP" SET - DAY

Natalie; her ex-husband, Benny; Molly; four others from the
old "Winky" cast; Fazio.

FAZIO
-- and thanks to all the cast,
especially you, Natalie.

Applause. Speakers play the syrupy theme song to "Winky."
Audience happily sings along; Natalie smiles uncomfortably.

AUDIENCE
She's our Winky, our wonderful
Winky / Before our eyes can
blink, she'll be a lady grown
and gone... So Winky, our
Wonderful Winky / Don't drive
us to drinky, you won't be
fifteen for l-o-n-g!

Big APPLAUSE. Molly embraces her mother.

INTERCUT - INT. YES' SPACECRAFT - ABOVE LOS ANGELES - YES
watches "Inside Scoop" on his screen. Fazio kisses Natalie
as the show's credits roll. He pats Molly, a bit low.

YES
(imitates Benny)
Gee Marty, you're fooling with
my girl Winky. That's a dirty
rotten trick.

"Inside Scoop" cuts to a still of an elegant hotel.

SHOW ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Guests of "Inside Scoop" stay
at the Hotel Bennington in
Century City --

YES

silently eyes the hotel on TV.

INT. HOTEL BENNINGTON - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A large, loud PARTY -- paparazzi, fans, industry types. A
banner: "WINKY 25th ANNIVERSARY REUNION." Natalie signs
autographs, poses for pictures with Molly, fans, etc.

BENNY (O.S.)
And now, our "Winky Look-Alike"
Contest!

NATALIE'S POV - STAGE, BALLROOM

Twelve teenage girls in 1970's garb file past a grinning
Fazio and Benny. The men leer at each one.

NATALIE AND MOLLY

watch, revolted.

MOLLY
Oh, god. I'm going, Mom.
Corby's picking me up out
front.

NATALIE
I'll walk you.

EXT. CENTURY CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

No moon. Thick fog. Yes' little craft drops down unnoticed onto the hotel roof. It opens up and he springs out of it.

EXT. HOTEL BENNINGTON ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Crowded, chaotic -- bellhops, guests, etc. Rik steals along a small footbridge near the entrance, watching

NATALIE AND MOLLY

Natalie smiles, kisses her daughter, obviously saying goodbye.

RIK

is alarmed that Natalie and Molly are splitting up.

He moves toward them on the footbridge. He is HAMMERED by a large rolling object. It's a luggage cart.

Rik crashes through the bridge's rail as someone screams and he falls twenty feet into

THE HOTEL'S SERVICE ALLEY

and Yes drops from the bridge, astride Rik. Plants his boot on Rik's throat with a snarling grin.

FRONT OF HOTEL - NATALIE AND MOLLY

turn towards the commotion but it's too crowded to see anything. Then a female FAN, 42, dashes up excitedly.

FAN
Hello, Winky! Oh my god oh my
god oh WOW, it's really you...

NATALIE
(diplomatic smile)
Actually... I'm Natalie
Ballentine, glad to meet you.

FAN

Oh, to me you'll always be
Winky, always, always, always.
I am positively your biggest
fan.

MOLLY

Funny, you don't look much over
five feet.

Natalie bites her lip. Fan finally gets it, laughs.

FAN

So this must be your daughter.
My gosh, she looks so much like
you! Ohhh, Winky -- could you
sign this?

NATALIE

Of course.

The Fan hops about like she's just won the Irish Sweepstakes.
Other people gawk at Natalie, whisper to each other.

HOTEL SERVICE ALLEY - RIK AND YES

and Rik's eyes bulge as Yes' boot-heel stomps against his
throat. Yes giggles. Rik's mouth gapes.

FRONT OF HOTEL - NATALIE, MOLLY AND FAN

FAN

I just want to tell you I'll
always love that show with all
my heart. Thank you SO much.

NATALIE

Well, I'm -- glad it makes you
happy. Thanks. See you.

Fan kisses Natalie, runs off. Molly points at the street.

MOLLY

There she is -- Corby!

A small sports car screeches up, erratically piloted by
CORBY, a great-looking, not-wearing-much girl of 16. Molly
runs to her best friend excitedly. They embrace.

MOLLY

CORBY! God, I've missed you!

CORBY

Hey, you too, Mol -- look how
cute you're getting! Shove
some of your reject guys toward
me tonight, okay?

They giggle, hug again.

HOTEL SERVICE ALLEY - RIK AND YES

Yes laughs, stomps harder. Then Rik slams both fists up into
Yes' heel. Yes is flipped back on his butt...

They both get up, circle one another. Yes charges, Rik
thumps a fist into Yes' face and drops him, gasping.

RIK

Where's your ship?

Yes bolts up and kicks Rik into the alley just as

A LAUNDRY TRUCK

speeds up the alley and hits Rik with a sickening THUD.

FRONT OF HOTEL - NATALIE, MOLLY AND CORBY

NATALIE

(a little worried
about Molly going out)
Midnight sharp, kiddo. You're
grounded a day for every five
minutes you're late, okay?

MOLLY

Okay. Got it.

CORBY

Hey Molly, you remembered the
clean needles, right?

They laugh. Natalie doesn't.

MOLLY

Mom, it's a joke.

Natalie loosens up, smiles, kisses her daughter.

NATALIE

Have a great time, guys. 'Bye.

CORBY

SLAMS the tiny car into gear and it ROARS off.

NATALIE

watches them go, laughs a bit. Goes back into the hotel.

SERVICE ALLEY

The laundry truck's stunned driver watches as Yes flails and gouges at Rik, who's hurt, trying to stand. Yes moves in to finish him off, then

YES' POV - STREET - MOLLY

drives by with Corby, happy, laughing.

YES

yanks the stunned driver out of the truck. Pitches him over a fence. Yes drives the truck off, pursuing Molly.

IN ALLEY - RIK

lies unconscious. Several HOTEL WORKERS gather about, AD LIBBING "Call 911," "Holy shit, what a mess," etc.

NATALIE'S POV - INT. HOTEL BENNINGTON LOBBY - MARTY FAZIO

is being approached by her ex-husband, Benny. They don't see her.

Benny is trying to press a sweat-stained SCRIPT into Fazio's hands.

BENNY

Mr. Fazio, it's a great idea for a series, if we take it to your network, I'm sure --

FAZIO

(celeb-condescending)
A series -- starring who? You?

Benny nods timidly. Fazio sighs, puts a hand on his shoulder.

FAZIO
(continuing, mildly)
Nowadays, people want something
very different out of that
glass box than what you once
gave them. Exactly no one
wants to see you the way you
are now. Bye-bye.

Fazio pats Benny and walks off. Benny stands blank, numb.
The script falls from his fingers.

NATALIE

looks on sadly, then ducks into an elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. CORBY'S SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Behind them is a laundry truck, weaving and jerking.

MOLLY
-- and the school dances are
just desolate. So, what are we
doing tonight?

Corby slyly pulls a folded flyer out of her bra. Grins.

CORBY
How about your first rave
party, country girl?

MOLLY
I've heard about these... Yeah!

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Lights, SIREN, 911 RADIO, speed, hard cornering. PARAMEDIC
#1 (25, female) tends to a semi-conscious Rik. PARAMEDIC #2,
(28, male) lazily scans a dirty magazine.

PARAMEDIC #1 (F)
(to Rik)
Hang on sir, we'll be at Cedars
Sinai in a couple minutes.

RIK
No. Please, I have to get out.

PARAMEDIC #1 (F)
You can't, you're badly hurt.
Now lie back, please. I'm
gonna take your blood pressure.

RIK
Please, I have to go.

PARAMEDIC #2 (M)
Just sedate him.

PARAMEDIC #1 (F)
Shut up, Steve.

Paramedic #1 inflates a blood-pressure wrap on Rik's arm.
She looks at the dial. Her jaw drops just before the
pressure dial SHATTERS.

PARAMEDIC #1 (F)
What the f --

PARAMEDIC #2 (M)
What's his pressure?

PARAMEDIC #1 (F)
(mystified awe)
Twelve hundred over eight
sixty.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Decrepit metal building, bleak industrial section of L.A.
MTV-dressed people, twenty and younger.

Molly and Corby walk up. The DOORMAN, 25, conniving and
smartassed, opens the door and bows.

DOORMAN
Top of the evening, ladies.
Twenty bucks each.

Molly and Corby pay, go in. Then Yes; he startles Doorman.

DOORMAN
YAA! Motherf -- gimme some
notice. You the beer guy?
You're late.

Doorman gives Yes a slight shove, freezing his grin.

YES
... I just want to go in.

Doorman looks over Yes. Sniffs at him a bit.

DOORMAN
Yeah, well y'know, we're a
little full right now. Wait.

Two high-school couples approach the door. Doorman swiftly
takes their money, lets them in.

YES
Not "full" for them?

DOORMAN
They're uh, members. Listen,
pops, I really don't think this
is your thing. Kids come here
to get away from people your
age, y'see? No Bee Gees here
tonight --
(insolent grin)
You a cop?

YES
... No.

DOORMAN
If you are, you can't say you
aren't. That's the law. Cop.

YES
I'm not a "cop." Here's my
twenty dollars.

DOORMAN
Fifty.

YES
It was twenty for them. Why
fifty for me?

DOORMAN
Senior citizen rate, cop --

KA-WHAM. Yes knocks him through the wall. Literally.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Paramedic #1 tries to soothe Rik.

PARAMEDIC #2 (M)
Hey Sandra, didja see "Blind
Date" last night? Total hoot!

Rik kicks the back door open and shoves himself out.

EXT. STREET - RIK

smashes to the pavement, rolls, stands, limps up an alley.

INT. RAVE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Cattle-pen crowded. Frantic dancing to a TECHNO BAND that's loud enough to shuffle your DNA. Drugs everywhere.

YES

walks in, looks about for Molly. He's holding the "SLAVETRAINER" control device he stole in his prison escape. Yes claws through the crowd seeking Molly. But it's impossible to find her in the crush.

TWO GIRLS ABOUT 17

inhale nitrous from balloons, collapse in laughter, pass out onto the floor. Someone hands a balloon to

YES

who inhales the entire balloonfull. Then he leans his head back against a huge speaker, soaks up the blasting NOISE. His arms and legs begin to move jerkily.

DANCE AREA - YES

blows onto the jammed floor like a nuclear tornado.

THE CROWD

stares at Yes. His crazy, spasmodic ferocity wins them over.

YES' POV - A HARD-LOOKING WOMAN

stares at him intently, invitingly. Dances with him.

DANCE FLOOR

Yes dances with the woman, then another, then two at once.

Then someone shoves a slight, female form at him.

YES' POV - MOLLY

She smiles at him shyly, her dancing sharp, good.

DANCE FLOOR - YES

flails and growls. MUSIC ends. Rough APPLAUSE from crowd.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)
All right, what a band, they're
"That Embarrassing Itch"!

Yes reaches for Molly with the slavetrainer. But the hard-faced woman plants herself between them. Yes shoves the woman aside but Corby grabs Molly, pulls her into the mosh, laughing.

YES

attempts pursuit but he's tangled in a huge wedge of people. The crowd shoves Yes into a big guy and the hard-faced woman.

The guy, DUSTPAN, 28, scowls at him. He's - in sales. Tense, aggressive, with wide PCP-laced eyes.

The woman, TIA, 26, is a leather-sheathed dope whore. She grins at Yes.

TIA
You got a customer, Dustpan.

DUSTPAN
(to Yes)
Help you?

Yes just trades stares with Tia. She fancies him.

TIA
I like your steps. Highly
original.

DUSTPAN
Listen piss-puck, if you ain't
buying, take your epileptic ass
and get out of here.

Yes and Tia continue to lock eyes. Dustpan bares his teeth.

DUSTPAN
(continuing)
Uh, mind if I cut in?

Dustpan shoves, knocks down Yes. A new BAND STARTS PLAYING.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)
Will you welcome our headline
band: "Trauma of Intercourse"!

YES

Yes slaps the bracelet around Dustpan's ankle. Then he flips a switch on the controller box.

DUSTPAN

suddenly grabs a guy in the mosh and kisses him. The guy swats him away. Dustpan lunges at another guy, tongue out.

This guy hits Dustpan in the mouth. Dustpan falls and gropes at anything on two legs. Revelers kick at him.

YES

pulls a big bag of powder from Dustpan's jacket. Tia grins.

MOLLY / CORBY'S POV - DUSTPAN

is standing on a loudspeaker, his back to them. His pants are dropped and he's looking out at the crowd, howling wildly as he flays himself.

IN CROWD - MOLLY AND CORBY

CORBY
(repelled)
Oh my god...

YES

spots Molly. He yanks the slavetrainer from Dustpan's leg and moves toward her.

A door in b.g. is smashed open. A DOZEN L.A.P.D. COPS IN RIOT GEAR rush in. The party's over. The mostly-underage crowd panics. Rushes the other door.

MOLLY AND CORBY

CORBY

Don't worry Molly, I'll get you
out of here. Just hang onto my
belt and keep moving.

YES

shoves people aside, gets within five feet of Molly.

Then Tia jumps on his back, laughing. He angrily flips her
into the air. She lands atop of a great mass of people
rushing the door.

YES' POV - MOLLY AND CORBY

slip out the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Yes furiously climbs onto the mass of humanity. He and Tia
are carried on the crowd as by a big wave. Dustpan keeps
whipping and baying, pants about his ankles.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - YES

carries Tia toward an alley. She's holding Dustpan's bag of
powder, exulting.

INT. WAREHOUSE - THE COPS

stare at Dustpan's bare-ass cavortings, jaws dropped.

COP

Is he with the band?

INTERCUT - EXT. AVENUE OF THE STARS - CENTURY CITY - NIGHT

Rik runs painfully towards the Hotel Bennington.

INT. CORBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Corby weaves through fleeing kids, cops with attack dogs,
arrests, fighting, thrown objects.

MOLLY

That guy who took off his pants
was so gross.

CORBY

He looked like an orangutan.

Corby imitates Dustpan's frenzied motions. They laugh loud.
Then Molly SEES something that stills her. She points.

THEIR POV - NEAR WAREHOUSE ALLEY - TIA

is being pulled from a dumpster by two cops. Her clothes are
torn, her makeup smeared. She's babbling incoherently.

INT. CORBY'S CAR

MOLLY

(soberly)

Corby, it's getting close to
midnight.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BENNINGTON - NIGHT - NATALIE'S SUITE

POUNING on the door. Natalie gets out of bed. She looks
through the peephole and opens the door, exasperated. Rik
rushes in, breathless and battered, devouring Junior Mints.

NATALIE

What the hell are you doing
here? Don't ever leave my
horses alone like this.

RIK

You... have to leave this
place.

NATALIE

Why? What -- how did you get
down here?

RIK

I got a ride.

NATALIE

From who?

RIK
From you. Now get your things.
We have to leave as soon as
Molly's back.

NATALIE
This is crazy --

He grabs her, pulls her very close.

RIK
Natalie. There's a fan of your
show out there. He's trying to
assault you -- and maybe your
daughter. Now get your things.

Natalie looks at him, scared. The door BANGS OPEN. Rik
grabs Natalie and stuffs her behind the bed just as

MOLLY

comes in, sees her mother grappling by the bed with Rik.

MOLLY
Oh my god mom, that is SO
sleazy --

INT. HOTEL BENNINGTON - ELEVATOR

Marty Fazio flirts with a girl of 18 wearing a crown and
sash: the winner of the Winky lookalike contest at the party.

Door opens and Yes walks in, eyeing the girl. The talk show
host startles in recognition. Glowers at Yes.

FAZIO
Look, why don't you ride the
bus home to your shitty
apartment, microwave some
Budget Gourmet, jam some porn
into the DVD, and work one up -
(pause, it hits him)
At the studio. You.

Yes gazes at the girl in her "Winky" costume, breathing
rapidly, She blanches. Yes reaches towards Fazio.

Then the door opens and a DOZEN HOTEL GUESTS pile in,
laughing and chattering.

Yes grins at Fazio, slips quickly out the door.

INT. HOTEL BENNINGTON - NATALIE'S SUITE

MOLLY

(angry, adolescent)
-- But Mom, I'm having fun here. Why should we leave just because of what he says?

RIK

Molly... someone is trying to hurt you and your mother.

MOLLY

God damn you, you drop into our lives from shit-knows-where and tell us what to do --

NATALIE

Molly, watch your lang --

MOLLY

(starting to cry)
He's not family, Mom. You and me, we're family! I -- I don't like the way you act around him.

RIK

(quiet, intent imploring)
Natalie. Please. I'm the only one who can help.

Decision time. Natalie looks at Rik. Then her daughter.

NATALIE

... Molly, pack.

MOLLY

Mom --

NATALIE

Pack now.

MOLLY

But Corby and me are going shopping at The Promenade tomorrow.

NATALIE

MOLLY! Grab your things in ONE MINUTE or I'm dragging you out of here without 'em.

INT. HOTEL BENNINGTON - PARKING GARAGE

Marty Fazio and the girl from the "Winky" contest enter, kissing and giggling. They get into his Mercedes.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR

Rik hurries Natalie and Molly into an elevator.

MOLLY
Mom, you are so paranoid about
L.A.

NATALIE
Tough. We're going home.

INT. MARTY FAZIO'S CAR - IN HOTEL PARKING GARAGE

Fazio and the girl laugh, grope at one another. He stops at the hotel parking shack.

ATTENDANT'S VOICE (O.S.)
(odd, still tone)
No charge for you, Mister
Fazio. I love your show.

FAZIO
Yeah? Thanks man, really, I --
YAAA!

Yes pokes his head into Fazio's car. The girl shrieks as Yes opens the door and pulls Fazio out. With unholy force, Yes slams the door shut on Fazio's elbow.

Fazio screams. The car door bends about his arm but closes, holding Fazio like huge jaws. Yes pulls from the shack a big coil of steel cable. The elevator door opens. Yes ties an end of the cable to the handrail inside it.

Then he moves toward Fazio with the other end of the cable.

The girl huddles in the Mercedes, whimpering. Fazio struggles, moans. Yes loops the cable around Fazio's neck.

Fazio looks down at one end of the cable wrapped around him. Then at the other end tied inside the elevator.

FAZIO
No. No.

Yes pushes the elevator's "UP" button. Its doors close.

FAZIO
NO! NO! NOOOO!

Yes reaches in the Mercedes and extracts the screaming girl.

FAZIO'S POV - THE CABLE

uncoils, snaking into the elevator shaft, faster, faster.

FAZIO
NOOOOOOOO!

INT. GARAGE

Yes slings the girl over his shoulder. Carries her off.
There is a THUMP and JERK o.s. and a choked male scream.

Another elevator opens near the Mercedes. Natalie steps out.
Her eyes widen. Rik slaps a hand over Molly's mouth to
stifle her shriek.

NATALIE'S POV - MARTY FAZIO

stares up, mangled and lifeless.

NATALIE, MOLLY AND RIK

sprint into Natalie's truck. Female crying o.s. from the
Winky lookalike. Natalie CRASHES through the parking gate.

INT. NATALIE'S TRUCK

RIK
You can't go to the ranch. He
might know where that is.

NATALIE
Then I got no choice. The
horses.

RIK
Natalie, you can't --

NATALIE
Everything I own is in those
stables, Rik. Everything.

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - MORROW BAY - NIGHT (LATER)

Clock on wall reads 3:48. Natalie is sitting on the couch. Molly is asleep on her shoulder. Rik enters.

RIK
No sign of him.

NATALIE
Maybe I should call the Sheriff
and tell them to come out here
with all they got.

RIK
"All they got" won't help.

An faint, odd clanking NOISE outside. Wind? Horses?

RIK
(continuing)
I'll be outside on lookout.
Try to rest.

He leaves. Natalie rubs her eyes. Picks up the TV's remote. Familiar MUSIC plays. The theme of "Our Wonderful Winky."

TV SCREEN

All the old-time sitcom trappings: The immaculate house. The Mother's perfect dress, sculptured hair. The Father smoking his pipe... it's bright, charming.

ON TV -- WINKY
(gently)
Oh, Donald, I'd be honored to
wear your varsity pin. Would
you... put it on my collar?

ON TV -- DONALD
Naw, I'm afraid I might stab
ya.

Canned LAUGHS. Winky takes Donald's hand and helps him attach pin. Sugary MUSIC swells up as Winky's Mother enters beaming over a silver tray of cookies.

NATALIE

looks at the show for a moment, its clean, naive simplicity. Then she picks up the remote, changes channels.

TV SCREEN

and the new channel is also playing a "Winky" rerun. Winky's cheerleading. Her parents beam at her from the stands.

NATALIE

changes channels again, a little annoyed.

TV SCREEN

and the next channel's playing "Winky" too.

ON TV -- WINKY
Oh Donald, let's go down to the
Malt Shoppe and dance --

NATALIE

works the remote furiously.

TV SCREEN

On channel after channel, Winky, Winky, Winky, nothing else.

MOLLY
(waking up, murmuring)
Mom, turn it down.

NATALIE

stares at the screen, very frightened. Outside, a mammoth ball of flame ERUPTS, blowing out the window. Natalie covers the screaming Molly as both are showered with glass.

MOLLY
It's the stables!

NATALIE

grabs the phone, dials 911. The receiver STATICS oddly.

PHONE (V.O.)
(filtered,
old-style singing)
Our Winky, Our Wonderful
Winky...

Rik bursts in. Molly rushes past him outside. Natalie drops the phone and chases her.

EXT. STABLES

The fire engulfs them. Horses are screeching and stomping. Molly runs into the stables, pursued by her mother and Rik.

NATALIE
MOLLY! Baby, NO--

INT. STABLES

Smoke, flame, animal terror. One horse kicks out the door of his stable. It narrowly misses Molly. She grabs its mane and pulls it out the door.

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Alone and bored at a speed trap, a Sheriff gnaws pork rinds.

SHERIFF'S RADIO
(filtered)
-- caller says there might be a
brush fire out at the
Ballentine place. Go by there
and see.

SHERIFF
Okay ten four, I'm on my way.

Sheriff starts the patrol car and speeds away.

INT. STABLES - NIGHT - NATALIE

dodges the horses' frightened kickings. She shoos one horse out the door, then another.

Finally they're all out and Natalie motions to Molly, coughing and gasping.

AN OVERHEAD LOFT

collapses above Molly. A ton of tools and machinery drops towards her. Natalie SCREAMS.

Molly is tackled and pitched out of harm by Rik. He picks up Molly and carries her toward the door.

NEAR DOOR - A GASOLINE CAN

ignites, covering the door with flame. Rik lowers a shoulder and hits the door.

EXT. STABLES - RIK AND MOLLY

crash through the door, sparks and wood flying.

Natalie follows and clutches Molly, sobbing. She embraces Rik in gratitude. Something startles her --

DUMONT YES, weirdly silhouetted against the inferno.

YES

(imitating Eddie Haskell)
Gosh Mrs. Cleaver, that's a scrumptious young daughter you have there.

Natalie rushes toward Yes. Rik restrains her.

YES

(continuing, to Rik)
Dreary little rock, isn't it?

RIK

I arrest you. Trespass onto a protected planet, piracy, assault on authority. Each punishable by cessation of lifespan.

Yes pulls out the slavetrainer. Rik sees it, dismayed.

YES

You forgot possession of this.

MOLLY

My god, Mom... he's a cop.

NATALIE

Rik -- you lying bastard --

RIK

Natalie, you and Molly leave here now. Don't argue.

Natalie grabs Molly's arms and pulls her towards the truck.

Yes points the beam weapon at the vehicle.

Rik tackles him, gets in a pair of good right-hands. Yes swats Rik away with several hard chops.

Yes points the weapon again at Natalies' truck. It emits a small purple ringlet of light.

The truck glows a molten red. Its paint bubbles. The gas tank IGNITES and flame engulfs the truck.

NATALIE AND MOLLY

are flattened by the BLAST. They lie prone, gasping.

MOLLY
Mom, who is he? Was that his
ship we saw? Mom --

NATALIE
RIK!

RIK / YES

Yes slams a thunderous kick into Rik's chest. Rik writhes on the ground.

The wind blows SMOKE from the burning gasoline over Yes. His entire body convulses dementedly. He uproots a steel fencepost easily as a tulip, grunting.

YES
(imitates dull, solemn
TV golf announcer)
Jack Nicklaus, about 200 yards
out, three iron...

Yes pulls the fencepost back like a golf club. Swings it into Rik's midsection.

YES
(continuing)
OH! Tough break for Jack.
Back to you at fourteen, Al--

Yes jams the post onto Rik's chest, pinning him to the ground. Yes stands over him, savoring the victory.

YES
(continuing)
Coming up next, the real show.
But it's on past your bedtime.

NATALIE AND MOLLY

NATALIE
(quiet, to Molly)
Remember that place in the
woods I said we'd meet at if
there was ever a fire or a
break-in?

MOLLY
Yeah.

Natalie leaps onto a horse. Molly onto another.

YES

draws back the fencepost again. Swings it towards Rik's
skull. But there's HOOFBEATS o.s.

NATALIE

slams the horse she's riding into Yes. He's knocked on his
ass. She reaches down to Rik, pulls him up onto the horse.

DETAIL - YES' BEAM WEAPON

is SMASHED to bits by a stomping hoof as

NATALIE AND RIK

panics, runs off at full gallop. disappear into the woods.

NEAR STABLES

Yes turns toward Molly with a rabid look. Her horse rears
up, frightened. Molly clings to the mane, screaming.

He dashes toward her, reaches out. Yes is very close when
Molly's horse pulls away and bolts off.

Yes grabs one horse. It shies, runs away. Another horse
does the same. He catches a third and lurches onto it.

The horse does nothing. Yes slaps it. The horse takes off
at full speed, bouncing Yes wildly.

YES
PA! GET HOSS 'N LITTLE JOE!

Yes flies off the horse, splatters in the dust. The horse roars away. Yes springs to his feet, growling.

EXT. WOODS NEAR RANCH - GULLY - NIGHT

A deep gap in the rocks. Rik holds his middle in pain.

Natalie huddles on the ground, looking at Rik blankly.

RIK
Molly got away. I saw her.

NATALIE
When she gets here, we'll head toward the highway and flag down a ride.

RIK
No, that won't --

NATALIE
Look, that's what we're doing. And don't tell her anything about that guy. Nothing.

RIK
Molly has to know. More than anyone.

NATALIE
(she comprehends)
Oh god, no. No.
(quiet, furious)
Where are you from? Really?

Pause. Rik slowly, silently, solemnly points at the sky.

NATALIE
(continuing)
Who are you? What's -- what's your real name?

RIK
It would take you three or four breaths to say all of it. A tiny piece of it sounds like "Rik."

NATALIE
Who is he?

RIK

His name is DuMont Yes. He hurts people. He broke our strictest laws by coming here. So did I.

NATALIE

Oh, an illegal alien-alien. Where's your -- vehicle?

RIK

It crashed. He shot me down. I lost everything.

NATALIE

That was you. We saw you. Then, last night, we saw him... so you're with the government?

RIK

I'm with... a government.

NATALIE

Then they'll send somebody to look for you.

RIK

No, they think I'm dead. I'm not supposed to be here. Nobody is.

NATALIE

Nobody from... out there.

RIK

Right. You're too new a species. How do you say it? "All hell would break loose" here. So Earth is Censorship Protected. That means --

NATALIE

Look but don't touch. Then why are you --

RIK

I have to kill him, Natalie. And I have to get his ship. It's the only way I'll ever get back.

NATALIE

So once he's dead, you'll...

They exchange a long look.

RIK

I have to. But listen to me.
That bracelet device he was
holding. You must not let him
put it on you.

NATALIE

What is it?

RIK

It's used for training
prisoners and slave labor.
It's very illegal, very
dangerous. He can control all
physical function with it,
nervous, glandular, anything.
He brought it here to use on
you and --

TIRES ON GRAVEL O.S. as blue police lights flicker into the
woods. The car's loudspeaker CLICKS ON.

SHERIFF'S VOICE (SPEAKER, O.S.)

Natalie Ballentine, can you
hear me...

RIK

Damn it! Shut him up.

NATALIE

Sheriff Dixon, is that you?

SHERIFF (SPEAKER, O.S.)

Yeah Miz Ballentine, you okay?
Got somebody here.

MOLLY (SPEAKER, O.S.)

... Mom?

NATALIE

(wild relief)
Baby, I'm here--

RIK

Quiet.

Sheriff's car moves toward Natalie and Rik. Stops. The door
opens.

A "SMOKY BEAR" STYLE POLICE HAT

rolls toward them. The hat touches Natalie's feet. Inside the hat is the SHERIFF'S HEAD.

NATALIE

looks at it, frozen in horror. Something o.s. finally raises her eyes and she recoils as

DUMONT YES

strides toward her, cradling Molly in his arms. Molly stares at her mother, her eyes vacant and glassy. Yes hurls the slavetrainer bracelet at

RIK

and it wraps and clasps about his leg. Rik collapses.

EXT. RANCH - NIGHT (FIVE MINUTES LATER)

Natalie and Molly are on a horse, tied together. Yes holds its reins. Rik is crawling on all fours, the slavetrainer on his ankle. Yes rides him merrily.

YES
(singing, bawling)
Ride 'em in, Rawww-HIDE...

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (THIRTY MINUTES LATER)

The ranch house is completely gutted, a shell. Everything in it has been smashed, thrown or burned.

Natalie and Molly are lashed to a horrific tangled mix of objects -- furniture, appliances, uprooted fixtures. A horse stomps about the mess inside the room, whinnying nervously.

Rik still has the slavetrainer on his ankle. He's in the corner, flailing and mumbling weakly.

YES
(low, to Natalie)
So now. Just how long before
that Sheriff is missed?

Natalie says nothing, just stares him down.

Yes crosses to Molly and touches her face.

YES
(continuing, to Molly)
How long? Wouldn't want 'em to
interrupt our regularly
scheduled programming.

Molly turns away, crying silently. Yes grabs the horse's
bridle and looks it in the face.

YES
(continuing, to horse)
How long? HOW LONG?

Yes shakes the animal's head violently. It stomps and
snorts, frightened.

MOLLY
What are you doing?

YES
I KNOW these creatures talk!
I've SEEN them! One even has
his own TV show!

Molly laughs loud. Yes turns to her, snarling. He rips away
the cords tying her. He carries Molly up the stairs towards
her bedroom loft.

NATALIE

frees herself and chases them. The horse bolts outside.

INT. HOUSE - LOFT

Yes throws Molly to the floor. Natalie catches her daughter.

NATALIE
(whisper)
I'll stay with him, you run and
keep running -- do what I say.

Yes shoves Natalie away. She grabs him, takes his wrists.

MOLLY

hesitates for a second. Then she panics, dashes down the
stairs.

NATALIE

looks at Yes with defiant finality.

YES

pauses, then slowly reaches to her. A crystalline blade protrudes from his thumb. The light catches its razor edge.

NATALIE

watches the blade as it moves over her face. Travels down her neck. Then it cuts into her blouse, shearing the fabric, missing her skin by millimeters.

Then the blade moves down to Natalies' leg and the blade slices the outseam of her jeans.

NATALIE / YES

She kisses Yes grimly. His hands clutch at her, lift her roughly. He pulls her blouse off with a hard sudden yank. Then he does the same with her jeans.

UNDER LOFT, NEAR RIK - MOLLY

huddles, frozen, listening.

LOFT

Yes slams Natalie against the wall. Enters her. Thrashes against Natalie as her face contorts in pain and terror.

NATALIE

(murmuring, playing along)
There good there now don't you
see I'm much better for you not
some little girl you can do
whatever you want with me and I
don't shock so go ahead oh it's
good it's good yes go ahead...
(girlish tone)
'Cleveland High, comets fly' --

YES

(suddenly enraged)
No... you're not her anymore!

Yes growls, shoves her away. Natalie crashes through the loft guard rail.

Molly screams for her mother as Natalie falls ten feet onto an ottoman. It breaks her fall but the wind is knocked out of her.

Molly runs to her as Yes jumps down from the edge of the loft. Then he grabs Molly and carries her up the stairs.

MOLLY
Mom... MOM...

Natalie crawls painfully toward the stairs. Rik grabs her arm. He's twitching, sweating and motioning upwards.

HER POV - THE SLAVETRAINER'S CONTROL BOX

is lying on the edge of the loft, twelve feet above them.

RIK (O.S.)
G-g-get... it.

NATALIE

grabs a power cord from the tangle on the floor. Ties a loop in one end. She throws the cord up towards the loft. The loop catches on a broken stump of the loft's rail.

Natalie climbs. It's slow agony but she finally gets her hands on the edge of the loft.

She pulls herself up, just behind Yes.

NATALIE'S POV - LOFT

and the walls are now covered with distorted multiple projections of the old "Winky" reruns.

On one, Winky smiles sweetly at her boyfriend Donald.

On another, she nervously takes her drivers' license test.

On a third, she smiles and cries as a rhinestone crown is placed on her head to applause.

Sugary VIOLIN INCIDENTAL MUSIC and a LAUGH TRACK.

The projections throw gray slivering shadows on the faces of

YES AND MOLLY

ON WALL -- WINKY
That was a wonderful basket
you made at the end of the
game, Donald. I was so
nervous my heart felt like a
big drum!

ON WALL -- DONALD
Aw, it was nothing. I just
thought of your smile and...

MUSIC wells up. Winky looks
at Donald shyly, then smiles.

MOLLY
(halting, terrified)
That was a wonderful basket
you made at the end of the
game, Donald. I was so
nervous my heart felt like a
big drum...

YES
Aw, it was nothing. I just
thought of your smile and...

Molly shudders involuntarily.

YES
(continuing)
Honey... where's the remote?

He turns toward Rik and

NATALIE

is holding the slavetrainer bracelet with a tight grim smile.

NATALIE
Show's cancelled, asswipe.

LOFT

Yes lunges at her. Natalie slaps the slavetrainer about Yes' ankle. Rik shoves a lever on its control box.

Yes contorts and thrashes. He bangs his head against the wall with almighty force; wood and plaster fly.

Natalie clubs at Yes with a piece of the loft rail.

NATALIE
Goddam galactic pervert, try
THIS for fiber in your diet --

She hits him, a terrific wallop. Yes huddles as Rik jams a lever on full. Yes' fists begin to club at his face like someone is holding his wrists. Yes runs in small furious circles. He looks like all three of the Stooges.

Then he takes off at full speed into the wall and CRASHES through it.

EXT. HOUSE -- YES

explodes out the wall. Falls to a heap in the yard, hurt.

He twitches and spasms, then hits his head against the concrete foundation, over and over and over.

YES

grabs the ankle wearing the slavetrainer. His head THUMPS and THUMPS against the cement. He's dying.

INT. HOUSE - LOFT

Natalie and Rik comfort Molly. Natalie is faint but manages to don a bathrobe and limp with them slowly down the stairs.

NATALIE
Come on, we gotta finish him off.

RIK
He's dead by now. No one can survive that thing clamped to their system for long. Not on full power like that.

NATALIE
He's not dead 'til I see him dead.

RIK
All right. But then you have to help me find his ship.

MOLLY
What for?

Neither answer her. Then Molly suddenly understands and looks at Rik, eyes wide.

EXT. HOUSE - YES

continues to pull his ankle towards his grimacing, sweating face. His leg quivers violently, fighting his efforts.

It takes every ounce of his ebbing might but he slowly, slowly draws the slavetrainer-wrapped ankle toward his open mouth.

EXT. HOUSE - NEAR FRONT DOOR

Rik, Natalie and Molly emerge cautiously. Move to the spot where Yes blew out the wall.

There is no sign of Yes but chunks of concrete and a yellow viscous FLUID smeared about. Rik examines it.

MOLLY
Is that his blood?

RIK
Something like it.

NATALIE
It leads over here. Maybe he's trying to get back to his ship.

RIK
It only holds one. Now help me find him.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (FIVE MINUTES LATER)

Very dark. Rik, Natalie and Molly slowly, silently steal through the trees into a small clearing. Yes is nowhere. Then Natalie taps Rik and points.

EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS - YES' SHIP

is there, dim streaks of the dawn catching its hull.

Rik, Natalie and Molly approach the little craft. Rik looks inside it, jubilant.

RIK
He's not inside. His body must be back in the woods. Let's find it then I'll be... going.

NATALIE
Molly, hide in that brush over there. Don't come out for anything but my voice. We'll have daylight in half an hour, it'll be easier to find him.

Molly just stares at her mother, frozen.

NATALIE
(continuing)
Honey, it's okay. We'll be
real close to you --
(puzzled)
Molly --?

Molly hits her mother, full and terrible on the face.

A small fallen tree near Rik suddenly straightens and catapults toward him with a loud WHOOSH. Tangled in its branches is the hate-wrenched face of

DUMONT YES

and he pounds into Rik, pummeling him sadistically, howling.

Yes' mouth is horribly smeared with his yellowish blood. His legs are wrapped around Rik's chest.

Yes has chewed off his foot at the ankle, freeing himself from the slavetrainer.

YES
(singing theme to
"Three's Company")
COME 'N KNOCK ON MY DOOR! WE
BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

Natalie tries to pull Yes off Rik but she's shoved away by Molly, who now has the bracelet on her ankle.

Molly punches at her mother, staring blankly. Natalie sobs.

Rik rams Yes against a tree, breaking the leg lock. Yes applies a chokehold. Pounds Rik into the side of the ship. Redoubles the strangling pressure.

Rik blindly kicks out a foot. It catches Yes' good leg, knocks him down. Rik climbs onto the ship. Opens the hatchway. He's free to go.

RIK'S POV - NATALIE / YES / MOLLY

NATALIE
Rik, GO! Get out now!

Yes hobbles about on his stump, puts a hand on Natalie and Molly, grins at Rik.

YES
Leave everything to me.

EXT. WOODS

Rik hesitates, climbs down. Moves toward Yes. Molly runs up behind Rik and rolls into his knees. Rik stumbles.

Yes launches a huge roundhouse right that catches Rik full on the face. Rik totters, semi-conscious.

NATALIE
STOP IT! YOU FUCKING BASTARD.
Why are you tormenting us?

YES
Why? Why do all your game-show hosts wear toupees? It's just how things are done.

Yes throws a metal yoke around Rik's neck. Locks the noose shut. The yoke is attached to a steel cable. The other end is connected to the ship.

YES
(continuing)
We'll leave in awhile, Rikky.
Let me give you something to relax.

He grabs Rik's head and slams it against the ship, knocking Rik out. Natalie collapses, weeping.

Molly, slavetrainer on her ankle, stares off vacantly. She looks at Yes and mechanically smiles.

Natalie slaps Yes in the face. Yes doesn't even blink, just grabs Natalie and throws her upward with astounding force.

Natalie flies up twenty feet, then comes down and crashes into a large tree branch and stays tangled in it, unmoving.

Yes crosses to Molly, slowly kisses her neck. She sighs dreamily.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (TEN MINUTES LATER) - NATALIE

moves slightly on a tree branch. Awakens. Clutches at her ribs. Reacts to MUSIC O.S. -- the theme from her old show.

NATALIES' POV - YES AND MOLLY

are slow-dancing about fifty feet away. Molly eyes are locked onto Yes' with a look of stoned adoration. Yes slides a huge diamond ring onto Molly's finger.

EXT. WOODS

Natalie jolts and thrashes, falls from the tree. Lands near Rik. He turns to her, the metal noose tight about his throat. Dazed and bleeding, she crawls toward him. One of her horses shuffles up, looking at her sadly.

RIK

This isn't what I... to die so far from home, forgotten by my... missing, or a deserter...

NATALIE

You never even got to tell me about where you're from.

RIK

Go now. He may let your daughter live after he --

NATALIE

Go? What will he leave her? What will he leave me? She'll never get herself back.

RIK

He'll just kill you too.

Natalie shrugs fatalistically. O.S. the languid MUSIC plays. Molly giggles crazily. Rik closes his eyes and motions Natalie to leave him alone to die. She takes his hand.

NATALIE

(softly)

Thank you for trying to help us. Thank you.

She kisses his mouth quickly, holds Rik close for a moment, then stands. She looks at Yes and Molly, scheming.

Something makes her turn back to Rik.

NATALIE

(continuing)

No. NO, god damn it. This is gonna take both of us.

She grabs the metal ring locked around Rik's neck. Pulls him towards a docking hook on the side of Yes' ship.

She passes the collar over the hook, then ties a loop in the cable and throws it over the neck of the horse.

NATALIE
(continuing, to horse)
Archie. GIDDUP!

The horse yelps, lurches forward, pulls the cable taut. The collar SEVERS.

EXT. WOODS - NEARBY - MOLLY AND YES

Molly sighs as Yes' arms slowly lower her to the ground.

MOLLY
(odd, remote tone)
Remember our first date, after
the game with Franklin High
where you made the basket that
won it? Remember, Donald?

Yes limps toward Molly, the slavetrainer control in his hand.

And he hesitates. Now that he finally has her, he's overwhelmed. He circles her, savoring his prize.

MOLLY
(continuing)
I'm...a little nervous.

YES
I am too...
(reassuring smile)
Just do exactly what I say and
things will be fine.

MOLLY
You're such a gentleman,
Donald. A gentle... man.

Yes kneels and flutters his oily lips across her chin. He quivers, losing control for an instant, then --

YES
Smile for me.

Eyes glazed, Molly's face twists into an involuntary smile.

YES
(continuing)
One sweet single luscious kiss.

She obeys. He lifts and cradles her.

MOLLY
I've always dreamed of making
you happy on this night,
Donald.

Yes' last trace of control evaporates. He pinions her
against the ground. Strokes her hair. Then claws at it,
harder and harder.

MOLLY
(continuing, softly)
No one else around. No
parents, no teachers, no other
kids, no homeroom gossip, no
reputations, none of it, just
you and me.

The blade on Yes' thumb moves towards her neck. Cuts into
her blouse. Molly's eyes close. The light on the blade
changes from dawn-gray to flashing blue.

MALE VOICE ON
LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)
Freeze. You're under arrest.

Yes' eyes narrow at the intruder.

MALE VOICE ON
LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)
(continuing)
Release the girl and raise your
hands. Now.

Yes grins at the cop like a coyote at a stray cat.

YES' POV - THE COP

He advances slowly, gun drawn, a big flashlight's beam
obscuring his face. Just another poor dumb country cop with
ten seconds to live...

YES

lets go of Molly, glares at the Sheriff, smiles with stark
rage, then runs a finger over the thumb-blade.

THE SHERIFF

swings the flashlight with sudden blurring speed, smashing Yes' temple. It's Rik.

He grabs Molly and shoves her away from Yes. The Sheriff car suddenly accelerates. It blasts into yes, pounding him against the tree with mammoth impact.

INT. SHERIFF CAR - NATALIE

puts the car into reverse. Teeth gritting, she backs the car up a few feet, then launches it at Yes again.

YES

howls in pain. Steam, oil and broken metal erupt around him. The slavetrainer box is knocked from his grip.

INT. SHERIFF CAR - NATALIE

backs off, then hits Yes again. Backs up, heads toward him.

YES

is pounded again. He screams as an eruption of oily exhaust shoots at him. Utterly deranged now. He clutches at the car as it goes into reverse; it drags him twenty feet.

Yes shoves a fist through the shattered radiator. With absolute atomic fury he reaches deep inside the engine. Pulls at something. The motor CLANKS and STOPS RUNNING.

NATALIES' POV - YES

pulls something from the motor, glowing, red. It's a PISTON and he throws it through the windshield.

NEAR SHERIFF'S CAR - NATALIE

ducks the missile and the glass. Scrambles from the car. Yes goes for her but Rik pounds into Yes.

There's something new, even frightening about Rik's combat, a brutality and savagery from down deep.

He circles the hissing, limping Yes. Kicks his chest. Yes grabs Rik's foot and twists him down. They grapple, CRASH onto the ship. A mortal struggle near its hatch.

Natalie tries to clamber onto the ship too but pain and fatigue overwhelm her. She collapses.

Molly watches Yes and Rik, tears streaming.

MOLLY
Leave my Donald ALONE!

Natalie stumbles toward her daughter, grabs and shakes her. Molly struggles with her mother as with a menacing stranger.

NATALIES' POV - THE SLAVETRAINER CONTROL BOX

lies in some brush.

EXT. WOODS - NEAR SHIP

Natalie pulls away from Molly and picks it up. The controls are hopeless gibberish.

Rik lands a solid punch. Yes flies off the ship, lands near Molly. He stands and GRABS her. She embraces Yes.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Donald sweetheart, are you all
right?

Natalie tries to free her daughter from Yes' headlock but he shoves her away. Using Molly as a shield, he climbs back onto the ship. Rik follows him.

YES
(to Rik)
Such delicate twigs, the necks
of these primitives.

Yes throws open the hatch cover.

YES
(continuing)
Someone as small as her just
might fit in here with me,
Rikky.

NATALIE
NO...

YES

Just maybe, Rikky.

RIK

You won't get anywhere with my weight on this thing. You've got no antigrav parity. It won't fly.

MOLLY

Donald, let's drive down to the Malt Shoppe and dance.

Yes pulls Molly into the cockpit with him.

YES

Now get off and I'll let her go. That's the bargain, Rikky. Or she goes with me. I'll wring her like a rag until the lowest trader in the starband won't pay a millicredit for her. Get off, Rikky.

Rik slowly backs to the edge of the ship.

DETAIL - UNDERSIDE OF SHIP - NATALIE'S HAND

slips the slavetrainer controls into Rik's grip. He feels for the lever that deactivates it.

MOLLY

Donald, let's go. This boy scares me. Donald --

Molly starts as if awakened. Looks about - horror -

MOLLY'S POV - NATALIE

gestures at her to stay calm. Subtly points at her ankle.

MOLLY

stifles a scream, calms herself. Reaches down.

DETAIL - INT. SHIP - MOLLY'S ANKLE

her hand furtively pulls off the slavetrainer, gropes, finds Yes' good leg. She tries to ease it onto him.

But Yes' leg moves, stomps a pedal. There is a low growling machine NOISE.

EXT. WOODS NEAR SHIP

Dust flies as the engine to Yes' ship FIRES UP.

YES
Rikky, GET OFF.

Rik steps off the ship, watches Yes release Molly.

DETAIL - INT. SHIP

Molly quietly snakes the slavetrainer around Yes's ankle.

NEAR THE SHIP

Molly stands up, steps out of the cockpit with a slight nod at Natalie and Rik.

NATALIE
(to Rik, under engine noise)
The second she's off, zap him
with that thing.

RIK
He's not going to let her go.

NATALIE
What do you mean? He just did.

Rik doesn't answer, just watches Molly climb out and slowly crawl toward her mother and him.

NATALIE
(continuing)
Then just let him leave.
Someone else will catch him.
He won't be back. Rik. Maybe
you could stay with us.

RIK
Natalie, it's wrong for me to
be here. It's not my place. I
have to get home. I have to.

Molly is halfway between Yes and Rik. Engine noise swells louder.

YES (O.S.)

Don't feel sad about being marooned here, Rikky. Who knows? Maybe I'll be back, as a tour guide. Bring fun-loving types like me here by the shipload...

Molly is within inches of their reach. Yes watches.

NATALIE

Rik. Stay.

He says nothing, just kisses her perfectly for a second. She looks straight into Rik, incandescent with love for him.

Rik reaches to Molly. Their hands touch.

DETAIL - RIK'S OTHER HAND

readies the slavetrainer switch. Then there's a detonation of engine noise o.s. from Yes' ship. The control box is blown from Rik's hand as

THE SHIP

lurches up suddenly, tips sideways. Molly slides down towards the cockpit. Yes cackles.

Natalie grabs at the ship and misses. But Rik latches on.

Molly thrashes in Yes' grip. Rik gropes toward the cockpit.

The ship climbs, wobbles, hovers crazily. Rik flails and trapezes.

YES

You're too much fucking weight
damn you get off or we both --

Rik reaches into the cockpit. Pushes aside Molly then hits Yes square in the face.

The ship swoops and circles about a large jagged rock formation. Narrowly zigs through two huge boulders.

Then it climbs and climbs, engine groaning, up, up, then it dives --

NATALIE

NATALIE
(soft, dazed)
Come back to me... love...

SHIP

Yes tries to wrestle the control yoke from Rik. Rik punches him off. Yes gropes at Molly.

YES
Are THEY worth getting scraped
off the rocks for?

Rik is now positively feral. He hits Yes again, hard as the Last Judgement. It loosens Yes' grip. The ship plummets at free-fall speed. Then it swerves, levels off scant feet from the ground.

Rik yanks the terrified girl out of the cockpit. He shoves the control yoke full to the left, tipping the ship.

Rik bundles Molly in his arms, slides off the ship. Natalie half-catches, half breaks the girl's fall. Rik sprawls on the ground, gasping. Natalie clutches at her daughter.

NATALIE
(sobbing)
Baby girl baby girl baby --

THE SHIP

is blasting starward, streaking away. Yes is free.

RIK'S POV - THE SLAVETRAINER BOX

lies in the dust.

RIK

dives at it. Shoves levers.

INT. SHIP - YES'

arms twitch like a puppet's. He looks down at his ankle. His arms shoot out and SLAM the control yoke forward. The ship dives earthward. His eyes bulge in terror.

YES' POV - THE GROUND

The planet he invaded rushes at him in vengeance.

YES

YES
(braying cry, like
Lucille Ball)
AWWWW RIKKEEEE, WWWAAAAAHH!

ON THE GROUND

Rik stares blankly. Natalie pulls Molly to her as

THE SHIP

dives into the rocks and VAPORIZES --

NATALIE / MOLLY / RIK

Rik drops to his knees, void, limp. Natalie lets go of Molly and reaches to him. A hard wind kicks up, blows pieces of the wreckage about their feet. The metal swirls and scatters.

NATALIE
I tried to think of some way.
Maybe there was some way...
I'm so sorry, Rik -- I...

Rik stands, reaches up, up, as if to pull back what has fled from him forever. Then he drops to his knees again.

NATALIE
(continuing)
Rik...

She falters. Silence, except the sunrise wind. Molly stares at her mother and at Rik solemnly. Accepting them.

MOLLY
(gently)
Mom. I'm -- I'm gonna start
looking for the horses.

She pats them both softly and leaves them alone.

Rik gazes at the wreckage.

RIK

I never cared about the police work. That was just what gave me a chance to fly. Slicing through the black - between those specks of light...

(lost for words)

I'll miss them.

NATALIE

They'll still be there. Every night.

RIK

... Will you?

She touches a hand to his cheek, then a kiss. She holds him.

NATALIE

I need you. I'll -- need you to put all this back together. Stay and help and we'll make it yours, too.

Rik looks at what's left of the house and stables. Natalie helps him up and they walk towards the road.

RIK

So... what now?

NATALIE

(gestures at ranch)

We start over. Oh shit, what am I gonna tell the Allstate guy? ... Come on. Let's hitchhike into town.

RIK

Can we -- I like that 'breakfast' ritual.

NATALIE

You'll need it. C'mon, I'm buying. Whatever you want.

Her arm encircles him. Pause. Rik breaks a tiny smile.

RIK

M and M's?

NATALIE

(grins)

Let's go. We'll get you some.

RIK
Junior Mints?

NATALIE
We'll get you some. Come on.

RIK
How about some of those little
Reese's Pieces things, you
know, with the peanut butter?

NATALIE
I'll see what I can do.

Molly returns, leading two of the horses.

Mother and daughter walk off toward the highway with Rik.

A sudden hard wind rips at the trees.

FADE OUT.

THE END