

#02160
CLOAK & DAGGER

DUE TO TECHNICAL REASONS, GREEN REVISED PAGES
ARE BEING SKIPPED AND GREEN TINT RUN INSTEAD.

#02160 CLOAK & DAGGER - SCRIPT CHANGES

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING NAME CHANGES THROUGHOUT THE SCRIPT:

LACKLAND AFB is now to be known as KELLY AFB

OPBST is now know as ALVAREZ

DIO GUARDIA is now know as FLEMING

DATA POINT has now been changed to TEXTRONICS

The SCHMEIZER (gun) is now an UZI

CLOAK & DAGGER

FADE IN

TITLE SEQUENCE

1 EXT. EUROPEAN VILLAGE - STREET - NIGHT 1

On a heavily shadowed street, two enemy Guards patrol a tactically important village block. Inside the most prominent building, a party is in progress, music wafting out into the street. The two Guards meet at a corner near the party's entrance, one loaning a cigarette to the other. Then they reverse their directions, walk apart, the Second Guard disappearing into the darkness of the night. Titles begin.

Suddenly, Jack Flack, everything a spy should be, swoops into view, riding a square American-flag parachute down from a nearby rooftop. Red, white, and blue cut through the darkness as he lands directly on top of the First Guard.

The parachute envelops them both. Two bodies thrash within the silk. A moment later, Flack steps out, glances down the empty street. He wears a pair of tight pants and a beautifully cut brown leather jacket, molded perfectly to his broad shoulders, tapering to a tight fit around his slender waist.

He pushes a hidden button on his jacket, and, with a whoosh, the parachute repacks itself instantly back into the jacket, showing not even a lump.

TITLES CONTINUE.

The Second Guard turns around, heads back toward the party building.

Jack Flack strolls nonchalantly up to the Second Guard, who challenges him.

SECOND GUARD

(in Russian)

Halt! Identify yourself.

A moment of tension is followed by Jack Flack suavely responding by pulling out a silver cigarette case, getting out a cigarette.

JACK FLACK

(in impeccable
Russian)

Do you have a light?

CONTINUED

1

CONTINUED

1

The Second Guard looks suspicious, pumps the action on his rifle.

Jack Flack blows a feather-tufted poison dart from his cigarette and into the neck of the Second Guard, who instantly stumbles and falls. TITLES CONTINUE.

An expensive period limo pulls up. Out of it steps a villainous Iranian (with an uncanny resemblance to Khomeini), arm-in-arm with the lovely Lady Gillingham, a voluptuous Englishwoman. They are followed by a fat Soviet diplomat, who carries a thin black briefcase chained to his right arm.

From the shadows, Flack makes his move: just as the black bag is passing him, he whips out a cord from his Jack Flack spy watch, with the same action used to start a chainsaw. Indeed, he is starting a chainsaw, a miniature one. Its tiny but effective blade running from his watch to his other hand. He instantly cuts through the chain, grabs the black bag, and the flexible saw retracts back into his watch.

The Iranian lunges at him with a scimitar. Flack deftly kicks the knife high into the night sky, then Kung Fu kicks the Iranian! Lady Gillingham draws a Luger from a bra holsterette, fires at Flack, who cleverly doffs his official hat with the shiny bulletproof-steel inner liner. He holds the hat shield between himself and the bullet, causing it to ricochet off and plant itself right between Lady Gillingham's beautiful eyes.

The Russian diplomat pulls one of those bowling ball-type bombs out of his pocket, its fuse already burning. He tosses it at Flack, whose spy drill kit presents itself. He instantly drills three holes in the burning bomb, inserts his fingers into it, and, exhibiting pro bowler prowess, bowls it at the diplomat and a group of soldiers, who are running in pin formation to his aid. The bomb explodes, sending them flying.

Jack Flack knows enemy reinforcements are on the way, so he ducks around the corner, the prized black bag safe in his hands. TITLES CONTINUE.

2

OMITTED

2

3

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - FLACK

3

is halfway down the alley nonchalantly carrying the black case when suddenly a huge steel gate seems to slam down from the sky, sealing off the alley ahead of him.

CONTINUED

3

CONTINUED

3

As Jack wheels and starts back the way he came, the earth rumbles beneath his feet.

The source of the rumble becomes immediately clear, as two monstrous twenty-sided, brightly colored geometric forms come rolling around the corner and directly at Flack.

Frantically, the spy again reverses his direction, runs for his life back toward the newly dropped steel gate.

Credits end as Flack seems destined to be crushed by the frightening geometric boulders.

But just then, in the nick of time, Jack Flack is invisibly lifted out of the scene.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

4

INT. MORRIS'S GAME SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

4

A lead figure of Jack Flack is being lifted out of a two-dimensional match for the location we have just seen. There are bombs, foreign agents, a limo, the black case, even the steel gate. Camera pulls back to reveal Davey Osborne, eleven, doing the lifting. He is excited about the success of his roll of brightly colored geometric dice.

DAVEY

Twenty-four! Jack Flack's agility
is twenty-four -- he escapes!

(X)

Camera continues back to reveal two others sitting around the board game called "Cloak and Dagger."

Kim Gardener is nine. Morris Coffey, thirty, is the proprietor of Morris's Game Emporium. He is nearsighted, overweight and immature for his age.

Kim is disappointed in Davey's success.

KIM

That's not fair! You shoulda been
dead!

(X)

DAVEY

(smugly)

But I'm not. Jack Flack always
escapes!

(X)

KIM

Dumb game!

(X)

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED

4

DAVEY

You've just gotta develop better moves, Kim. You're gettin' there.

KIM

(disgusted)

I don't believe it.

(turning to

Morris)

How can he do that, Morris? I had ten times as many bullets as Jack Flack.

MORRIS

Yeah, but Flack had ingenuity and the contacts. That's better than bullets sometimes.

(getting up

and going

to his desk)

Don't feel bad, Kim. I haven't been able to beat him all summer.

Davey gives a cocky shrug.

DAVEY

(eagerly)

What happens next, Morris?

MORRIS

Let's leave it there for now. I'll have to come up with something better to get you with. Anyway, I gotta work on the game.

Davey looks hopefully to Kim to help him convince Morris to keep playing.

KIM

Don't look at me. I'm sick of getting killed.

DAVEY

We could trade. I'll give ya extra gas masks and a bulletproof vest.

KIM

No way! You never get hurt. It's no fun.

Davey looks curiously around the shop, spies a new set of quality walkie-talkies, picks one up, flicks it on, getting a squawk.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED - 2

DAVEY

Jack Flack to Lady Ace. Come in,
Lady Ace....

Kim is obviously Lady Ace. Davey shows her how to turn on
her walkie-talkie. Morris looks up from his invoices.

MORRIS

Hey, you guys, be careful with
those. I just got 'em in.

DAVEY

(talking to
Morris via
Kim's working
walkie-talkie)
Jack Flack requesting new
assignment. Over.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED - 2

4

Morris, always an easy mark, looks to Davey, then to Kim, who is just learning to talk on her instrument.

KIM
(on walkie-talkie;
clowning)
Hel-lo, everybody!

She giggles with delight at the sound of her voice on the radio.

Morris digs some cash out of his pants' pockets.

MORRIS
You guys want a real assignment?

KIM AND DAVEY
Yes!!

MORRIS
You two got bus passes?

DAVEY
Yup.

Kim holds hers up.

The invoice on the top of Morris's pile is from Data Point Corporation, makers of electronic games.

MORRIS
Go over to, ah...Data Point and
pick me up some o' those video game
mailers. Half-dozen.

Morris hands the money to Davey, who looks a little disappointed. (X)

DAVEY (X)
Can't ya give us somethin' better
than than that? Something exciting,
like Cloak and Dagger, only real.

MORRIS
(thinking,
inventing)
Okay.
(leans closer,
whispers)
Infiltrate their eighth level...go
to their vending machine.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED - 3

4

MORRIS (Cont'd)

(melodramatic
pause, looking
around for
possible
witnesses).

Bring me back a pack of Twinkies.
There's a secret message inside.
(even more
mysteriously)

And don't let anybody see you.
Anybody.

Davey grabs his backpack, throws it on.

(X)

DAVEY

You comin'?

KIM

Not if you're gonna be embarrassing.

DAVEY

I won't.

Davey pulls several items out of his backpack: a realistic Walther PPK quilt gun, a bottle of Monster Blood, a softball, and a pocket knife.

DAVEY

Let's see...

(referring to
each item above,
in order)

...gun...ammo...grenade...dagger....

He starts loading his squirt gun with the Monster Blood.

KIM

Now what're ya doin'?

DAVEY

Jack Flack says always keep your gun loaded.

Davey picks up the walkie-talkie again.

DAVEY

(to Morris)

Can we try these out?

MORRIS

Yeah, just don't break 'em.

Kim and Davey are delighted. They run out of the back room.

CUT TO

5

EXT. TOWER LIFE BUILDING - DAY

5

A bus stops in front of an elegant old skyscraper. Davey is the first one off, gun drawn, radio in hand. He makes a soldier-style run toward the building entrance, bird-dogging (X) first one passerby, then another, in a spy-like childish run, as though he uses each person as a shield from some imaginary sniper. Meanwhile, several others get off the bus, Kim among the last of them. She carries her radio, but doesn't share Davey's spirit of adventure.

DAVEY'S VOICE

(on Kim's
radio)

Flack to Lady Ace.

KIM

(not really
playing)

Yeah, what?

DAVEY

Come on, Kim!

KIM

All right. Lady Ace to Jack Flack.
Do you read me?

DAVEY

Loud and clear.

Davey spots a woman headed for the Tower Life Building. (X)

DAVEY

Prepare to penetrate enemy stronghold.
Follow me in. (X)

KIM

This is what I meant by embarrassing.

But Davey is gone. (X)

Kim sighs philosophically, follows him in. (X)

DAVEY'S VOICE

(whispering on
her radio)

Don't contact me until further notice.

KIM

(mumbling to
herself)

What a weirdo...!

6

INT. LOBBY - TOWER LIFE BUILDING - DAY - DAVEY

6

spots a security guard, pockets his toy gun, lowers the radio.

(X)

Davey notices that the directory lists Data Point on the eighth floor. Watching out for the roving security guard, he carefully crosses to the building entrance, where Kim is just entering.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DAVEY

(not looking at Kim)
You proceed to floor eight for
Operation Mailer. I'll get the
Twinkies.

Nearby, an elevator's up light illuminates, accompanied by
a ding. Kim heads for it.

DAVEY

(grabbing her)
Not so fast.
(referring to
the security guard)
Want that sentry to see you?

KIM

(becoming
exasperated,
pulling away)
I really don't care!

The elevator doors close, and Kim gives Davey a dirty look.

DAVEY

We'll take separate routes, just in
case one of us is neutralized.
(scoping the
place out)
I'll take the fire stairs.

KIM

Good, 'cause I'm not walkin' up.

Two men in dark suits, Opbst and Haverman, stop beside
them, also waiting for an elevator. Already threatening in
appearance, we can see that Davey's imagination is running
wild about them.

But then it stops being fantasy, as Haverman shoves back
his suit coat and hikes his pants. Davey is at eye level
to the man's waist and finds himself staring at a loaded
.38 in a belt holster. His eyes widen.

Davey tries to get Kim's attention to tell her about the
gun. He can't. He tries coughing. She looks oddly to
Davey, who is looking even more oddly to her.

KIM

(embarrassing
Davey)
What's the matter now?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

Davey walks away, gestures for her to follow, just as another elevator dings its arrival. Kim hesitates, finally follows Davey. Opbst and Haverman get on the elevator, having taken no further notice of the kids.

DAVEY

(nodding at
the closing
elevator doors)

That guy had a gun. A real gun.

KIM

(really aggravated)

Oh, Davey, would you stop it?!

DAVEY

(still staring
at the doors)

Honest! I saw a gun.

The doors to another elevator open. Passengers exit.

KIM

(refusing to miss
one more elevator)

You're really being a jerk.

She hurries to her elevator, just makes it. Davey follows her.

DAVEY

(handing Kim a
softball out of
his backpack)

Here. Take this grenade.

KIM

(handing it
back)

Thanks, anyway.

Davey, watches the doors close Kim in, then turns his gaze to the fire doors.

CUT TO

INT. FIRE STAIRS - DAY

Several floors up, Davey trudges up the fire stairs, bouncing the softball off the walls and catching it on the rebound, making explosion noises as it hits the walls. At every landing, there's a large window giving a view of the

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED

7

mirrored-glass skyscraper across the way. Davey stops playing ball long enough to pull a red and white plastic walkie-talkie from his backpack. He punches the send button.

DAVEY

Lady Ace, this is Jack Flack. Come in.

8

INT. LOBBY - DATA POINT OFFICES - EIGHTH FLOOR - DAY

8

Kim emerges from the elevator and stands in front of the glassed-off Data Point reception area, answering on her walkie-talkie.

KIM

Yeah, Davey, what is it?

DAVEY'S VOICE

(whispering
over the
walkie-talkie)

I'm almost in position. Give me your location.

KIM

I'm already up here. I'm waiting for you!

9

INT. FIRE STAIRS - DAY

9

DAVEY

I'm comin'. Start creating a diversion now. I'll sneak out the fire door and grab the Twinkies.

KIM'S VOICE

Davey this is embarrassing!

DAVEY

Maintain radio silence from now on. Over and out.

He clicks her off and begins to put his walkie-talkie into his backpack when suddenly it crackles to life with static and a strange adult voice, obviously desperate.

RICE'S VOICE

Murdock has intercepted it. Don't let him leave the building!

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

9

Another strange voice responds amidst more static.

OPBST'S VOICE

...moving...elevator...floor....

This is followed by a concise but indecipherable answer. And then silence. Davey stares at the walkie-talkie for a moment, then presses the talk button.

DAVEY

Hello? Hello?

But there is no response. Davey keeps his radio with him, continues his climb.

DAVEY

(on radio)

Did you hear that, Kim?

10

INT. LOBBY - DATA POINT OFFICES - EIGHTH FLOOR - DAY

10

Kim stands before the Receptionist, who hands her six videogame mailers.

RECEPTIONIST

Will there be anything else today?

KIM

Uh, do you have a food machine here?

Before the Receptionist can answer, Kim's radio crackles to life, Davey's Voice echoing over her shoulder.

DAVEY (V.O.)

Come in, Lady Ace. Lady Ace, do you read me? Over.

KIM

(embarrassed,
to Receptionist)

Excuse me.

(X)

She walks aside, gets her radio out, talks to Davey.

(X)

KIM

I thought we were maintaining radio silence.

(X)

DAVEY'S VOICE

Did you hear them?

(X)

KIM

No! I'm busy. Stop bugging me.

(X)

CONTINUED

10

CONTINUED

10

RECEPTIONIST

(smiling)

The vending machines are right around that corner.

Kim nods her thanks and departs, mortified.

11

INT. FIRE STAIRS - FOURTH FLOOR LANDING - DAY

11

Davey is still climbing, now lowering the antenna on his radio, aware that he has been shut off by his partner. He looks miffed.

From O.S. comes a strong, resonant male voice.

FLACK (O.S.)

Your friend cut off radio contact, did she?

Davey stops, sees Jack Flack materialize out of thin air. He looks real and man-sized. He's just as winded as Davey, but he's everything a spy should be, at least as a child would imagine it: tall and slender, wearing a black turtle-neck and leather jacket with a bulge under the armpit where his Walther PPK hangs ready and waiting. But it is his face that is most distinctive. Chiseled granite with two cold, pitiless eyes.

DAVEY

Oh, hi, Jack.

FLACK

Some people just don't know how to act on a secret mission. We're better off handling this one on our own.

DAVEY

Yeah, I guess so.

Davey follows Jack Flack up the stairs. Both spies draw their Walther PPKs and proceed.

(X)

FLACK

This reminds me of my assignment down in Maracaibo...

(X)

(pause)

We were surrounded by hordes of angry mercenaries...all I had on me was my switchblade and a ball of string...What's the matter?

Flack notices that Davey has lost interest in the story momentarily. The boy is distracted as he notices in the opposite mirrored building that Jack has no reflection. Then Jack notices, trying to make out what had Davey's interest outside. They continue climbing.

(X)

12

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR LANDING - FIRE STAIRS - DAY

12

Davey turns the landing, starts up the stairs toward the eighth floor. We no longer see Flack.

In the reflection from the building across the way, he sees a struggle taking place in an office on the floor above him. One man breaks away from three others and runs from the room, the others in pursuit.

Suddenly the fire door on the landing above crashes open and a moment later a man staggers down the stairs toward Davey. Blood stains are blossoming on the man's shirt from a chest wound. He staggers toward Davey.

Davey freezes, staring up at the dying man, Murdoch.

CONTINUED

12

CONTINUED

12

Murdoch sees Davey and stumbles to a halt, reaching out to support himself against the boy, causing Davey's backpack to spill much of its contents: the lead Jack Flack, his softball, his bottle of Monster Blood, his radio, etc. Murdoch stares at the frightened boy. He speaks in a death rattle, his eyes burning into Davey.

MURDOCH

Help me ---

The boy can only stare at him in horror. Murdoch grabs his shoulder. He thrusts a tape cartridge into Davey's hand.

MURDOCH

(dying)

Here. Whatever happens, don't let them get it. They have to be stopped.

Davey glances down to find a Donkey Kong game cartridge in his hand. Before he can ask any questions Murdoch speaks through a cough that flecks the side of his mouth with blood.

MURDOCK

Tell the FBI: one million two hundred thirty-seven.

(X)

The steel fire door bangs open on the floor above. Murdoch glances up fearfully, then back at Davey.

MURDOCH

(pushing Davey
down the stairs)

Run!

Suddenly two silent slugs slam into the dying man. They whip him around and catapult him back first over the stairway railing. As Davey watches in horror, Murdoch's body falls seven flights down the stairwell, bouncing off railings and walls to land with a sickening thud at the bottom, far below.

Davey looks up to see where the shots came from. Peering down at him from a railing on the floor above are Haverman and Opbst, the two men from the elevator. Opbst has a Luger with a silencer on it in his hand, still smoking. He aims at the boy, about to fire.

Davey grabs his backpack and whatever spilled items he can quickly salvage, missing the softball. He whirls and plunges down the stairs, spoiling Opbst's shot. The killers bound down the steps after him.

13

INT. LOBBY - TOWER LIFE BUILDING - DAY

13

Kim stands waiting impatiently by the directory. Suddenly, Davey bursts through the fire door on the run. Kim reaches out and tries to grab him.

KIM

Davey, where are you going?

DAVEY

(like he's
seen a ghost)

They killed a man. Now they're
after me! Run!

KIM

(staying put,
cynical)

I got Morris's Twinkies. You wanna
carry them?

Davey runs out into the middle of the lobby.

DAVEY

Help! Police! Murder!

KIM

Gawd, he's finally flipped.

A building security Guard rushes up to Davey.

GUARD

What's the problem, kid?

DAVEY

(pointing to
the fire door)

Two men are trying to kill me.

GUARD

(looking to the door)

What men?

Davey turns to see a vacant fire door.

DAVEY

They just murdered a man in there.

Guard calls over his shoulder to another security guard.

GUARD

Charlie, call the police, quick!

He and Davey race toward the fire door, other adults from
the lobby following, drawn by the commotion.

Kim looks on pityingly from afar.

14 INT. BOTTOM WELL OF FIRE STAIRS - DAY - THE GUARD AND DAVEY 14
crash through the door.

DAVEY

He's right over here ---

Suddenly, the words die on his lips. The stairwell is completely empty, just dank concrete flooring with a small puddle in the middle and nothing else. Davey slowly turns, looking everywhere.

DAVEY

(stunned)

But I saw him fall...

(puzzled)

I even had to jump over him....

The Guard turns to him as curious adults crowd into the stairwell behind them.

GUARD

You wanna tell me what this is all about?

DAVEY

(enduring crowd
stares)

Well, these...I dunno...Nazis or something...some kind of bad guys... they shot this FBI guy.

GUARD

Nazis?

Smiles from the crowd.

DAVEY

(angry)

How should I know?! Maybe they were Russians! But they shot him.

(tears

welling up)

And he was bleeding...and he fell... and I know he was dead. I'm not kidding you!

(reaching for
the Donkey Kong
cartridge)

I can prove it. He had secret ---

But as he looks at the Guard, he sees Flack over the Guard's shoulder.

CONTINUED

FLACK

Don't trust him, Davey. He's not even
a cop. The man said give it to the FBI.

Then Flack is gone.

GUARD

Secret what...?
(pause)

Well...?

Davey's attention goes up the stairs as he hears the hollow
sound of one man descending slowly.

He looks up to see a Mr. Rice coming down the steps. Rice is
a trim, conservative-looking gentleman in a pristine white lab
coat and necktie. He wears a Data Point ID badge on his lapel.
He looks oddly peaceful.

DAVEY

(to the
security Guard)
Never mind.

GUARD

(to Rice)
Hi, Mr. Rice.

RICE

(calmly)
Hello, Freddie.

GUARD

You didn't see anybody go up the
stairs, did you sir?

RICE

Not a soul.
(indicating
Davey)
Except for this boy. Hello.

The sound of police sirens pulling up outside the building
can be heard. The Guard takes Davey by the shoulder.

GUARD

I think we'd better go talk to the
police.

He leads Davey back out the door into the lobby. The crush
of adults follows, all except Mr. Rice. When he is alone,
he pulls Davey's softball out of his roomy lab coat pocket
and looks at it.

On the leather is written: David Osborne.

DISSOLVE TO

15 EXT. ST. TROPEZ COMDOMINIUM COMPLEX - DUSK

15

A complex of affordable, common-wall condo housing, it is neat and attractive, but modest.

A squad car pulls up. Lt. DioGuardia, Davey and Kim get out. DioGuardia tousles Kim's hair, and she runs off toward her own condo. The cop walks Davey to his.

16 EXT. DAVEY'S CONDOMINIUM - DUSK

16

The Lieutenant rings the doorbell. He and Davey wait for the door to open, neither of them looking at the other. It opens and Hal Osborne greets them. His sleeves are rolled up, and he looks rather domestic with a dish towel in one hand. If the live action Jack Flack were to have a twin brother who grew up to be a rather meek-looking civil servant, this would be the guy.

HAL

(startled,
to Davey)

Where've you been? I called all
over the place.

(to the cop,
worried)

What happened, officer?

LT. DIO GUARDIA

Mr. Osborne?

Getting a nod.

LT. DIO GUARDIA

May we talk?

DAVEY

(protesting)

Dad, I didn't do anything ---

HAL

(interrupting
Davey)

You'll get your chance. Let this
gentleman do his job. Come on in.

LT. DIO GUARDIA

Thanks just the same.

(referring to
his car radio)

I gotta keep an ear out for the
squawk box.

Davey digs into his backpack for Jack Flack, wants to hear the grown-ups talk.

CONTINUED

HAL

(to Davey)
Go to your room.

DAVEY

Dad...! I wanna hear what he ---

HAL

Now!

Davey jumps, obeys. He takes extra long going up the stairs, but the adults wait him out. Once he is gone, DioGuardia begins.

LT. DIO GUARDIA

Sir, your son caused quite a stir in the Tower Life Building this morning when he reported a murder.

HAL

Aw, no....

LT. DIO GUARDIA

We followed up his story, found absolutely no credence to it, then tried to bring him home.

(politely)

But he refused to divulge the whereabouts of what he alternately called 'home' and...well...'headquarters.'

HAL

(under his breath)

Jesus.

(recovering)

I'm sorry. He does that sometimes.

Davey is eavesdropping. Flack materializes beside him.

JACK FLACK

They both think we're nuts. Which gives us a choice. We convince your dad to help us, or we go it alone. One thing for sure: we can't let that FBI agent down.

DAVEY

Right.

17-A EXT. BACK ON THE FRONT STEPS

17-A

LT. DIO GUARDIA

Mr. Osborne, ah, we can't afford to keep following up on this kind of story. We're a little shorthanded ---

HAL

It won't happen again. I can promise you that.

(pause)

Are there going to be any charges?

LT. DIO GUARDIA

Not this time, sir. But ah, we do think you ought to consider getting him some help.

HAL

Help?

LT. DIO GUARDIA

(carefully)

Psychological...?

(pause)

For a whole hour, all he'd tell us was his name, rank, and serial number.

(shaking his head)

The tougher we got, the tougher he got. Not that we'd ever get really tough on a kid. But if it hadn't been for the little girl, we'd never have gotten him home.

DioGuardia starts down the steps.

HAL

Officer?

(pause)

Davey's a good kid. I know you must hear that a lot, but he is. He's going through a tough time right now. He just lost his mother. We're still both adjusting.

LT. DIO GUARDIA

(on the steps)

I'll say one thing for him. If we were at war, I'd want him on my side.

CONTINUED

17-A CONTINUED

17-A

HAL

(shaking hands)

Thank you.

LT. DIO GUARDIA

You just have to convince him we're not at war.

Hal is only too familiar with Davey's problem. We can see it in the disgruntled look on his face.

18 INT. DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

18

It's more a refuge than it is a bedroom. The walls are dotted with fantasy posters, the shelves filled with model airplanes, tanks and fantasy role-playing games like Dungeons and Dragons, Traveller, and Blitzkrieg. The place of honor on the desk is taken up by an Atari and a TV.

Davey sits in front of a dresser mirror playing with toy soldiers. (X)

After a moment, there is a soft knock on his door.

Davey doesn't respond. A moment later, the door creaks open. Davey's father peers in.

HAL

Ready to talk?

Davey sits up. Hal joins him on the bed.

HAL

Now...tell me about the spies. (X)

DAVEY

One of 'em was real big. Like a giant. The other one looked kind of Mexican or something. (X)

(pause)

One of 'em had a .38. I saw it up close. The other one had a Luger. And they both had silencers.

(accusingly)

You don't believe me....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Hal doesn't want to answer that one.

HAL

Did Kim see them?

Davey shakes his head, discouraged.

HAL

What about the body...? Did she see that?

Davey knows his credibility is shot with Hal.

DAVEY

(hurt, wanting
to retaliate)

I wish Mom was here. She'd believe me.

These are loaded words, and they immediately soften and sadden Hal.

HAL

Yeah...she probably would.
(trying to
harden, for
both their
sakes)

But she's not. And she won't be.
We have to accept that....

DAVEY

(at his most
vulnerable,
sobbing)

I miss Mommy!

He throws his arms around his father, who holds him tightly, rocks him tenderly.

HAL

(in a whisper)
I miss her, too, Davey. I bet she knows that. I bet she can even see us right now.

Davey sniffs. Hal draws back, tries phony cheer.

HAL

I have an idea...Let's talk to Doctor Sullivan tomorrow and tell him what you saw today. We'll see what he says.

CONTINUED

Davey closes right up.

DAVEY

Jack Flack was right. You do think I'm crazy.

HAL

No, Davey. Not crazy. But you're under a lot of strain. Anybody would be. That's...that's why you sometimes...talk to yourself. Hunh?

DAVEY

I don't talk to myself! I talk to Jack.

HAL

(refers to
games in room)
Well, Jack Flack and these ridiculous games aren't making it any easier for you to get a grasp on everything.

Hal starts picking up some of Davey's more fanciful games, as though he intends to take them away.

DAVEY

No!

Davey digs into his backpack.

DAVEY

(making a
dare)

You want to see something? You wanna see proof? I'll show you what the FBI man gave me!

Davey pulls out the Donkey Kong game cartridge, waves it to his father, goes to his Atari, turns it on, turns on the TV set, sticks in the cartridge.

DAVEY

'Donkey Kong,' right?

With a flourish, he pushes the Play button. Both Hal and Davey await a dramatic revelation.

Davey goes into the game, the electronic little boy on the screen trying to climb the cliff while Donkey Kong holds the damsel in distress above him and rolls boulders down at the boy. As the singsong game music plays, Davey shoots glances at his father, while trying to play the game and discover its secret.

CONTINUED

"Game Over" flashes on the screen, and Hal walks to the door with an armful of games.

DAVEY

Wait, Dad! Let me try again.

Hal, sad and impatient, walks to the TV, uses the pile of games to push its Off button.

HAL

I've got work to do. No more video games tonight.

DAVEY

But....

HAL

Dammit, Davey! I said no and I mean no. Now get ready for bed.

Sadly, Hal starts to exit the room.

DAVEY

(mumbling in
utter frustration,
seething)

I hate you!

Hal stops, hurt in his eyes. He puts the games down on Davey's bed, takes a deep breath, sees Davey red-faced and in emotional knots.

HAL

(tenderly)

I know you don't mean that, Davey.

DAVEY

(poutily)

You don't care about me. You never believe me. Never! Ever!

HAL

(moving closer)

Davey...I know how you feel....

DAVEY

(moving away)

No, you don't!

CONTINUED

18

CONTINUED - 4

18

HAL

There's a lot of me in you, Davey.
More than I like to see. When I was
your age, I looked at things the way
you do.

(mocking pride)

That's why I joined the Air Force. So
I could fly planes! Wear a uniform!
Be somebody! I wanted to be a hero.

DAVEY

(softening)

But you were a hero in the war, Dad.

HAL

(arm around
Davey)

No, I wasn't, Davey. I just did my
job.

Davey looks puzzled.

HAL

Y'know, when you grow up...you change.
Lord knows it took me long enough to
grow up, and settle down...and have
you. One of the first things I found
different is...real heroes don't shoot
bad guys. Real heroes put supper on
the table. They fix your bike. Every-
day stuff. Boring stuff. The stuff
nobody else wants to do, but everybody
has to do. Now, I'm putting these
games away. I don't want you playing
with them anymore.

(X)

DAVEY

Dad, if you'd just play one with me
sometime....

HAL

Good night, Davey.

(X)

Hal gets up, picks up the pile of games, walks out of the
room.

Jack Flack is suddenly there, sympathizing with Davey.

JACK FLACK

He's kinda dumb for an Air Force
officer, isn't he?

DAVEY

Shut up.

CONTINUED

18

CONTINUED - 5

18

Davey angrily hurls his toy Jack Flack across the room, the flesh-and-blood version having vanished.

JACK FLACK (V.O.)

Ouch!

Suddenly, the phone in the hallway rings. Hal's voice echoes out of his bedroom.

HAL (O.S.)

Get that, will you, Davey?

19

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

19

Davey picks up the phone. Through the open doorway into his father's room, he can see Hal packing the games he took into a chest of drawers.

DAVEY

(into phone)

Hello?

RICE'S VOICE

(almost friendly)

Is this David G. Osborne?

Davey doesn't recognize the voice.

DAVEY

Yes.

Davey just stands there, frightened.

DAVEY

Dad!

Hal glances up as he closes the drawer on the role-playing games, thinking he's done with them forever.

HAL

What?

DAVEY

It's the spies. The ones who killed that man!

Hal strides quickly down the hall, takes the phone from Davey's hand. Disbelief is evident in his eyes.

HAL

(into phone)

Hel ---

CONTINUED

There is evidently no one there. All he hears is a dial tone.

HAL

Did you hang up on someone?

DAVEY

(hurt, outraged)

No! They hung up on me!

HAL

What did they say?

DAVEY

Nothing. They just asked who I was.

(frightened)

They know my name, Dad.

HAL

Davey...it was probably just a wrong number. Now, let's get you into bed!

Hal takes him in his arms and holds the boy as close as he can, crooning soothingly in his ear.

HAL

Davey, Davey. It's all right.

There's no reason to be upset ---

Davey starts to cry, trying to crawl even closer into his dad's arms.

DAVEY

(through his
tears)

But, Dad, it was them. I know it was ---

HAL

(softening)

You're just tired. It's way past your bedtime.

He takes a step toward Davey's bedroom. The boy clings to his father's neck even tighter.

DAVEY

Can I sleep in your bed tonight?

HAL

(knowingly)

Okay. If it makes you feel better.

20 INT. HAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

20

Hal lays Davey gently in bed, staring down at his son.

DAVEY

(yawning)

Those guys won't dare come in with you here.

Davey is close to sleep as Hal watches. He pulls the covers over him and gazes down at his son. Davey's eyelids flutter closed. Hal kisses him gently on the cheek and walks to the light, snapping it off as he leaves the room, plunging it into darkness.

21 EXT. DAVEY'S CONDO - STREET - NIGHT

21

Two cars sit in the street opposite Davey's condo, a shiny black van and a pearl white Cadillac.

Inside the Cadillac, Rice can be seen replacing a car phone. He gets out and walks back to the van. Opbst sits behind the wheel, Haverman next to him peering through a pair of binoculars. Rice stops opposite Opbst, nods at the condo.

RICE

He's in there.

HAVERMAN

(lowering binoculars)

So's his old man.

OPBST

Now what do we do?

RICE

We wait.

He and Opbst continue to stare at the condo. Haverman resumes his surveillance with the binoculars.

DISSOLVE TO

22 EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

22

Early morning sunshine bathes the neighborhood. It's another bright summer day.

23
and
24

OMITTED

23
and
24

25

EXT. CONDO - DAY

25

Davey bursts out the front door, stopping his father just as he's about to climb into his old Mustang. Hal Osborne is dressed in an Air Force Master Sergeant's uniform, obviously on his way to report for duty. He stops and turns back as his son rushes up to him.

DAVEY (O.S.)

Dad! Dad!

HAL

What is it, Davey?

DAVEY

Don't leave!

HAL

Davey, I have to go to work. I don't have any choice.

(X)

DAVEY

They're just waiting for you to leave so they can get me.

Hal looks around the neighborhood. No sign of strangers. Absolutely nothing looks amiss.

HAL

(patiently)

Listen to me. I called Doctor Sullivan this morning. I made us an appointment for tomorrow, okay?

(X)

Jack Flack materializes for Davey, unseen by Hal.

FLACK

Just humor him. This turkey's not gonna help us. We're on our own.

HAL

(continuing)

I have to work a double shift today because of that big inspection I told you about, but I'll be off tomorrow, so we'll both go, and you can tell him everything you told me about the spies.

(X)

DAVEY

Can't I go with you?

(X)

As Hal talks, Jack Flack cruelly mimicks him. Davey almost laughs at the sight.

CONTINUED

25

CONTINUED

25

HAL

Davey, you're a big boy, now. I think you're old enough to stay at home without making a fuss.

(X)

Jack Flack gives Hal the finger. Davey hides a smirk, looks at Hal, and slowly nods his head.

(X)

HAL

Good. Maybe next week we can get you into that baseball camp, hunh? You'd like that, wouldn't you?

(X)

(climbing into car, not waiting for an answer)

I took some tacos out of the freezer for you.

(starts car, puts it in gear)

If you need me, call me at the base.

Davey nods, not wanting him to leave, but out of ways to keep him there. Hal slowly backs the car out of the drive, and into the street, disappearing quickly around a corner.

26

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

26

Davey stops just inside the front door, listening to the everyday sounds which have taken on a newly terrifying quality. A dripping faucet, the ticking hall clock, the refrigerator motor, especially passing cars. Now that his father is gone and he's alone, there's suddenly even something spooky about the silence. It makes Davey nervous. He heads for the hall.

27

INT. DAVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

27

He pulls his walkie-talkie from his backpack, turns it on, and presses the talk button.

DAVEY

Lady Ace, Lady Ace, come in ---

As he waits for a reply, his eyes fall on the Donkey Kong game cartridge. Disgusted by the memories it evokes, he tosses it in his backpack.

CUT TO

28

INT. KIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

28

Kim lives in the same neighborhood as Davey does. She sits at the table, eating her breakfast cereal while her mother, Marilyn Gardener, does the dishes at the sink. Marilyn is an attractive, friendly woman in her midthirties. The walkie-talkie nearby suddenly comes to life, blaring Davey's Voice into the room.

CONTINUED

DAVEY'S VOICE

Kim, are you there?

Kim punches the talk button while her mother watches and listens.

KIM

Yeah, what?

DAVEY'S VOICE

(needily)

I got an assignment for ya.

KIM

I don't want any more of your stupid assignments.

Marilyn is relieved to hear that.

DAVEY'S VOICE

Come on, Kim. I'm really in trouble!

KIM

Good! Ya got me in trouble yesterday.(pause,
relenting)Now what?

DAVEY'S VOICE

Remember those spies from yesterday?

KIM

(not at all
convinced)

You mean the killers?

Marilyn and Kim exchange amused, pitying looks.

DAVEY'S VOICE

Right! They're trying to kill me now. They want the Donkey Kong thing back. I need you to get on your bike and ---

KIM

(interrupting)

What Donkey Kong thing?

DAVEY'S VOICE

I can't tell you now. It's top secret.

CONTINUED

Marilyn has heard enough of this nonsense. She cuts in on Kim's attempt to respond.

MARILYN

(softly,
to Kim)

Tell him you're having your breakfast
and you'll call him back later.

KIM

My mom says I have to go now.

DAVEY'S VOICE

Wait!

KIM

I'm eating breakfast. I'll call you
back later.

DAVEY'S VOICE

But ---

Kim clicks off her radio.

Marilyn joins her at the table, seems sympathetic.

MARILYN

Is he always like that?

KIM

(mouth full)

Usually..

MARILYN

Doesn't that drive you crazy?

KIM

(after a
swallow)

Nah. He's the only boy in school
who isn't boring.

Marilyn looks pleased, recognizing something of herself in Kim's pronouncement.

MARILYN

Did I teach you that?

Kim shrugs and continues eating.

MARILYN

What's his father like?

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED - 3

28

KIM

Forget it. He's not your type.

MARILYN

(laughing)

Wait a minute, young lady...! How do you know who is and who isn't my type?!

KIM

He's in the Army or somethin'.

MARILYN

(realizing Kim is right)

Oh.

Kim dives back into her bowl of cereal. Marilyn continues with the dishes.

CUT BACK TO

29

INT. HOUSE - DAVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

29

He keeps pushing the speak button and talking into his walkie-talkie.

DAVEY

Hello, Kim, Kim -- ?

He finally gives up and tosses it back into his backpack, slipping it over his shoulders.

DAVEY

(to himself)

I'm getting out of here ---

30

INT. ENTRANCE HALL AND LIVING ROOM - DAY

30

As Davey comes down the stairs, he suddenly hears a car pull up outside his condo. He hastens down the stairs, peeks out the open front door. The black van, huge and ominous even on this sunny day, squats directly in front of his house. Davey slams the front door, locks it, backing away across the room, staring at the door fearfully.

Suddenly, a softball comes smashing through the window and rolls to a stop at his feet. He stares in horror at his name on the ball, then whirls and dashes for the back door.

31 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

31

Davey tears across the kitchen, heading for the back door. He suddenly skids to a halt as Haverman fills it with his huge frame. The man kicks in the glass door, lunges at Davey, crashing through the kitchen table. Davey whirls and runs towards the living room.

32 INT. ENTRANCE HALL AND LIVING ROOM - DAY

32

As he passes he sees Opbst climbing through the window he has just smashed with the softball. Davey tries for the front door, but Opbst anticipates him, retreats from the window. Davey reaches the front door, unlocks it, and throws it open, ready to dive outside. Opbst fills the frame. He makes a grab for the boy, and Davey ducks it, retreating back up the hall stairs as Haverman lunges for him from the kitchen, crushing the coffee table beneath his bulk and sending a lamp smashing to the floor.

Davey races up the hall stairs, the two men scrambling after him.

33 INT. DAVEY'S ROOM

33

He slams the door behind him, punches the lock, and runs out of frame. Camera holds on door as Opbst crashes through it, barely slowing, tearing it off its hinges. Haverman follows him in to find Opbst staring out an open window. There is no sign of Davey. The two heavies look at each other, foiled again.

CUT TO

34 INT. WINDSOR PARK MALL - LOWER CONCOURSE - DAY

34

Davey hurries down the concourse toward Morris's Game Shop.

35 INT. MORRIS'S GAME SHOP - DAY

35

Davey rushes in just as Morris finishes ringing up a sale. The customer leaves as Davey approaches Morris.

DAVEY

Morris!

MORRIS

(heading for
back room)

Where're my Twinkies?

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED

35

DAVEY

Morris, guess what...!

MORRIS

(guessing)

Ah, you made it to the seventeenth level of Cloak and Dagger...?

DAVEY

No. Take a look at this.

But Morris is preoccupied. Davey has to follow him into the back room to keep the conversation going.

36

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

36

Morris sits down at his computer, half-listening to Davey as he gears up for his millionth attempt to program a new video game of his own. Davey stands by his shoulder, hardly able to contain his excitement.

DAVEY

Morris, I got a very important tape here.

MORRIS

(preoccupied)

Oh, yeah?

DAVEY

Yeah, it's got a secret code on it or somethin'. Will ya take a look...!

Morris is involved with his computer and hardly listening, his fingers flying across the keyboard, all sorts of numerical gibberish coming and going on his monitor. Davey very quickly realizes that he's being neglected.

DAVEY

Morris, are you listening to me?

MORRIS

(not really)

Yeah, sure.

(still working)

I want either the Twinkies or the money back.

Davey takes the tape and slams it down so hard that Morris jumps.

CONTINUED

Morris stares at Davey for a moment, a bit taken aback by the desperation in his young friend's voice. He picks up the tape and looks at it.

MORRIS
What's this?

DAVEY
You tell me.

MORRIS
Looks like a Cloak and Dagger tape.

DAVEY
(getting impatient)
But it's not.
(points to an anomaly in the packaging)
Look.

MORRIS
(curious)
Hmmm. Where'd you get this?

DAVEY
A guy.
(pause)
I can't tell you any more than that.

MORRIS
(playing)
Top secret, eh?

Davey nods.

MORRIS
So...what do you want me to do?

DAVEY
I don't know, Morris. You're the genius around here. Tell me what it is.

Morris can't resist the challenge to live up to Davey's expectations.

MORRIS
All right, all right....

He unscrews the back and peers into the guts of the cartridge.

CONTINUED

MORRIS

Well, this microchip doesn't belong here.

DAVEY

What?

MORRIS

(pointing to a microchip)

This. Whoever put this in knew what he was doing.

(with admiration)

Look at those connections...!

(thinking)

It could be used to store information...

(scrutinizing; mumbling)

...input...output....

DAVEY

(getting excited)

What kind of information? Secret government plans, maybe?

MORRIS

(not recognizing the significance of Davey's question)

Anything, really. Somebody went to a lot of trouble, though.

DAVEY

Think you can figure it out? Break the code?

MORRIS

The question is how to get to it....

He snaps the back on and slips the cartridge into the Atari. He pushes the start button, and the game comes on. Same musical theme, same spy, same game. Morris absently starts to play the game. He is an absolute master, hardly looking at the screen as he puts the spy through his paces, jelly blasting his way to higher and higher levels.

DAVEY

The guy who gave it to me said something about a number.

MORRIS

What number?

36

CONTINUED - 3

36

DAVEY

(trying
to remember)
One million seven hundred and
something, I think.

(X)

MORRIS

(playing,
thinking)
Hmmm, could be some kinda number
code....
(looks to
Davey)
Anything else?

(X)

DAVEY

(shrugging)
I don't think so.

Morris is hardly listening, playing the game, already
obsessed with this new challenge and on the point of
forgetting Davey's even there.

Davey just watches Morris for a while, this interrupted by
Kim's voice on the walkie-talkie.

KIM'S VOICE

(sounding
meek)
Davey...? Are you alone?

MORRIS

~~(eyes glued~~
to screen)
That reminds me. I want those
walkie-talkies back.

CONTINUED

36

CONTINUED - 4

36

DAVEY

(on radio)

Just a minute.

Davey leaves Morris to his Donkey Kong conquest, ducks into the front of the store.

37

INT. SHOP - DAY

37

Davey pushes the talk button on his walkie-talkie.

DAVEY

Flack to Lady Ace. Come in, Lady Ace.

KIM'S VOICE

(on radio;
miserable)

I'm here.

DAVEY

Where are you?

KIM'S VOICE

Your house.

DAVEY

(alarmed)

Kim, no! Get out of there! Those guys were there! The spies!

KIM'S VOICE

(crying)

I know....

Suddenly, the walkie-talkie goes silent in his hand. He stands there, desperately yelling into the mouthpiece.

DAVEY

Kim, Kim, answer me!

37-A

INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAY - INTERCUT WITH DAVEY AT MALL

37-A

Haverman holds Kim roughly, his big hand around her tiny mouth. She struggles just to breath, whimpers in fear. Opbst pushes the button on her walkie-talkie. Rice is now there, sitting comfortably on the couch, amidst the shambles of the living room.

CONTINUED

37-A CONTINUED

37-A

OPBST

(on walkie-
talkie)

Seems we each have something the
other wants, don't we, kid?

DAVEY

(slowly)

Yes....

Opbst signals to Haverman, who causes Kim to cry out a bit
louder, just for Davey's benefit.

OPBST

We might consider a trade. How's
that sound?

DAVEY

Just leave her alone. She doesn't
know anything.

OPBST

She does now. Do you know the
Japanese Sunken Gardens?

DAVEY

Yes.

OPBST

Good. We'll meet you there at noon.
If you tell anybody about this,
we'll break your little friend in
half.

~~The walkie-talkie suddenly erupts with Kim's pain-filled~~
scream as Opbst thrusts it to her mouth while Haverman
releases his hand from over her mouth.

Davey stares at it in horror.

DAVEY

Wait! Kim?! Let me talk to Kim!

But by now, the villains have turned off the radio. Rice
speaks softly to Opbst, as Kim is dragged out of the house.

RICE

(referring
to radio)

Give me that thing. I have an idea.

37-B INT. MORRIS'S GAME SHOP - DAY

37-B

Davey stands alone in the shop, trembling with fear. Jack
Flack materializes.

CONTINUED

37-B CONTINUED

37-B

FLACK

You can't give it to them. That won't save Kim. Then they'll just kill you both. You know too much.

DAVEY

I have to give them something....

Flack meanders over to the video games case, hinting to Davey with a raise of the eyebrows.

Davey walks over, stealthily slides a Donkey Kong game out of the case, and beats a hasty retreat out of the shop, crawling under Morris's electric eye as he leaves.

He gets a few strange looks from passersby.

CUT TO

38 EXT. JAPANESE SUNKEN GARDENS - DAY

38

Davey fishes the new Donkey Kong tape out of his pocket and continues along a path beside a lovely sylvan lake at the bottom of a steep gorge. He suddenly sees Rice ahead. Rice spots him at the same time, starts toward him. Davey holds his hand up, palm out.

DAVEY

Stop right there.

RICE

(picking up
his step)

Cut the crap, kid. Gimme the tape.

Davey definitely holds the Donkey Kong tape out over the water, ready to drop it if Rice takes another step.

DAVEY

Come any closer and you'll be using scuba gear to get it.

Rice skids to a halt, his eyes narrowing. He glances up at the rim of the canyon, Davey following his gaze. Opbst and Haverman stand there, Kim between them.

At a nod from Rice, they walk her out to the edge, hold her beyond the precipice, ready to let her drop to her death. Rice turns his gaze back to Davey.

Davey retracts the tape. Rice nods at the two men on the canyon rim, and they pull Kim back in from over the edge.

CONTINUED

RICE

Now...are we going to trade, or are we going to drop things?

DAVEY

Why do you want it so bad? It's just a kid's game.

RICE

Let's just say I'm a kid at heart.

DAVEY

Then why don't you buy your own. They're not that expensive.

RICE

Look, kid. Don't outsmart yourself. I have friends I play with, too. And if I don't bring it to them by 5:30, your little friend's life isn't gonna be worth shit.

He shuts up as a young couple, very much in love, strolls by. He and Davey stand eyeing each other silently until they pass.

RICE

Tell you what. Just put the tape down, and I'll let her go.

FLACK

Don't be a sucker.

DAVEY

You let Kim go first. Then I'll give you the tape.

Rice measures Davey's resolve for a moment, with his eyes.

RICE

Okay. Anything you say.

He pulls a walkie-talkie from his belt case and speaks into it.

RICE

Let her go.

High on the rim of the canyon, Opbst releases Kim, watch her scamper down the stone steps to the gorge below as he puts his walkie-talkie away. She has her backpack with her. Rice turns back to Davey.

CONTINU*

CONTINUED - 2

RICE

Okay. Your turn.

Davey drops the tape at his feet and begins to back away.
As Rice starts to pick up the tape, Flack gets nervous.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

FLACK

Don't trust him.

Rice picks up the tape, then suddenly lunges for Davey, reaching out to grab him.

The boy whips out his realistic Walther PPK squirt gun.

DAVEY

Freeze, turkey!

Rice skids to a halt, staring in surprise.

Davey keeps glancing over his shoulder, watching Kim run down the steps toward the path behind him. Opbst and Haverman are moving after her now.

Rice tries to get a better look at Davey's gun, shielding his eyes from the sun, but all he gets is sunlight glinting off the barrel. Davey backs away from him, down the path where Kim will meet him in a few moments. He keeps the pistol on Rice.

DAVEY

Take my advice. Don't follow us.
(nodding at the
water pistol)
Otherwise I'll have to use this.

Rice gets a better view of the gun as it passes out of the sunlight.

RICE

You're fulla shit, kid!

He dives for Davey, only to be squirted in the face with opaque red Monster blood from the water pistol. Yelping in surprise, he stops, digs at his eyes. Davey whirls and runs toward Kim, who has just reached the bottom of the gorge. She watches him approach.

KIM

Boy, am I glad to see you!

DAVEY

C'mon!

He grabs her hand on the run, jerking her after him. Behind them, coming fast down the same path she took from the rim, are Opbst and Haverman. They have their guns drawn.

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED - ~~4~~

38

The kids race through a lower exit from the gorge before the two killers reach the bottom. The villains run to Rice, whose face appears bloody from the shot in the face. He is just now snapping the back off the Donkey Kong cartridge. We see a sticker on it: Morris's Game Shop.

RICE

It's the wrong tape!

He pockets the tape, breaks into a dash after the kids. Opbst and Haverman run after him, all three in pursuit of Davey and Kim.

39

EXT. ENTRANCE TO SUNKEN GARDENS - DAY

39

Davey and Kim tear down the steps, heading for a public bus, the killers running after them. The kids leap aboard just as the bus doors close. The three killers skid to a halt, watching the bus pull away. Rice pushes his companions toward their van, meanwhile digging the phony Donkey Kong tape out of his pocket.

RICE

Quick, after them!

His thugs obey, while he inspects the new tape. He reads the label, which says: Morris's Game Shop, Windsor Park Mall, San Antonio.

RICE

I'm gonna check something out.

As the van screeches away, Rice heads for his Cadillac.

40

INT. BUS - DAY

40

Davey and Kim flash their bus passes at the Driver and take seats in the back. The bus heads toward downtown San Antonio. A few passengers are scattered about.

KIM

Thanks; Davey.

DAVEY

What for?

KIM

You saved my life.

CONTINUED

These are the nicest words Davey has ever heard. He doesn't know what to say, simply blushes and gives Kim a self-conscious smile.

DAVEY

What were you doing in my house, anyway? I thought you weren't coming over.

KIM

I wasn't, but then I felt bad... 'cause I hurt your feelings.

(eyes
tearing)

I was just mad 'cause you got me in trouble yesterday...

(a tear
leaking out)

...and I thought you were dumb... because of all that murder stuff.

(sniffs)

I never thought it could be real.

DAVEY

Me, neither.

KIM

(voice
cracking)

I'm really sorry, Davey.

Davey gives Kim's hand a platonic, tender pat.

DAVEY

That's okay, Kim. It's gonna be all right.

Davey glances out the back window. He sees the black van drawing up behind the bus with incredible speed. The fear in his face is communicated to Kim, and she turns, too.

In the black van, the villains are clearly visible now, Opbst behind the wheel, Haverman screwing a silencer onto his pistol.

KIM

(scared
to death)

Uh-oh....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

Kim and Davey duck down below the seat back. Davey gestures that they should move up a row. He leads the way. Once they are newly situated, he turns to Kim.

DAVEY

We gotta get outa here!

(thinking)

I'm going to have to draw them off.
You get to Morris as quickly as you
can and tell him what's happened.
Tell him to get that tape to the FBI
right away.

He starts toward the Driver. Kim grabs his arm.

KIM

But they'll kill you if they catch
you.

DAVEY

(smiling
confidently
at her)

No, they won't. Not as long as they
don't have the tape ---

He runs down the aisle, skidding to a halt next to the bus
Driver.

DAVEY

Pardon me, mister, but I need to get
off here.

DRIVER

(hardly glancing
at him)

Sorry, junior. No unscheduled
stops. That's the law.

Kim peers out the back window. The van is getting closer.

DAVEY

But, sir, it's an emergency! You've
got to let me off ---

DRIVER

I told you. No unscheduled stops.
We're three blocks from the bus
station. Then everybody gets off.

CONT'

40

CONTINUED - 3

40

DAVEY

(getting
an idea)

But I feel sick ---

The Driver looks at him, suddenly concerned.

DRIVER

What?

DAVEY

Yeah. Like I'm going to throw up ---

He suddenly gags and heaves in the direction of the Driver's lap. The man slams the brakes on.

41

EXT. STREET - BUS - BLACK VAN - DAY

41

The bus jerks to a stop right in the middle of downtown San Antonio. The black van screeches to a halt behind them, almost rear ending the bus. The bus doors snap open and Davey jumps out, tearing across the lawn of the Hertzberg Circus Museum. Opbst leaps out of the van and races after him.

42
thru
45

OMITTED

42
thru
45

46

INT. BUS - DAY

46

Kim races from the side window of the bus where she has just watched the black van roaring away, catching a glimpse of Davey as he dives down the steps to the river walk, Opbst a hair's breath behind him.

KIM

Run, Davey, run ---

The bus pulls away, carrying her deeper into downtown.

47

EXT. STAIRWAY TO THE RIVER WALK - DAY

47

Davey runs down the broad stone staircase to the Paseo Del Rio, pausing at a turn halfway down the deserted stairs and glancing back.

Opbst appears at the top of the stairs, whips out his Luc in one fluid motion and fires twice, the silencer deadens the sound. The stone wall beside Davey's head suddenly two deep pockmarks in it, as the bullets ricochet narrowly missing his head.

CONTIN'

CONTINUED

DAVEY

(hardly able
to believe it)

He's trying to kill me.

Flack suddenly materializes.

FLACK

Of course, he's trying to kill you.
That's his job.

(sudden
realization)

Davey! They must know where the
tape is!

Davey stares at the pockmarks in horror, then runs. Opbst
pounds after Davey without seeing the invisible Flack.

48

EXT. PASEO DEL RIO RIVER WALK - DAY

48

Opbst hits the river walk behind Davey, slipping his gun into his shoulder holster as he runs after him, picking up startled glances from the passersby, none of whom are actually sure they saw the gun, none of whom are going to make a fuss about it even if they are.

CUT TO

49

INT. MORRIS'S GAME SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

49

Morris sits before the TV screen, still playing Donkey Kong, the repetitious music singsonging along with his every move on the joy stick. He now has this incredible score on the game, something like one million one hundred twenty-eight. The electric eye in the front of the store dings as a customer enters. Morris's eyes never leave the screen. He continues playing. (X)

MORRIS

Be right with you....

He hits one million seven hundred thirty-seven and the game goes wild as on the screen his little man reaches the top of the cliff and throws Donkey Kong off the ledge and saves the girl. (X)

"You've won! You've won!" flashes across the monitor. Then suddenly the game stops. Donkey Kong is swept away and replaced by a new grid, blueprints for a new American jet prototype, the Stealth Bomber, which is undetectable by radar. Page after page of its innermost secrets flash across the screen.

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED

49

The curtain behind Morris is swept open and Rice's face appears reflected in the TV screen. Morris turns to him.

MORRIS

I said I'd be right there ---

He sees Rice.

(X)

MORRIS

What can I do for you?

(X)

Camera dollies in on Morris as his smile fades. In the reflection on the TV monitor behind Morris, Rice can be seen drawing a Luger with a silencer on it.

(X)

CUT BACK TO

50

EXT. PASEO DEL RIO RIVER WALK - DAY

50

The walk is packed with tourists, strolling along in bright-colored shirts, loose thighs stuffed into short-shorts, beer bellies hanging over Montgomery Ward slacks, people taking pictures and sitting in the sidewalk cafes overlooking the river, sucking on Margaritas and watching the passing parade.

The increasingly desperate small boy threads his way through this circus along the walk, constantly glancing over his shoulder at Opbst. The killer draws closer, then falls back as he gets tangled in the crowds. Davey, being smaller and more agile, uses his size to dash between hand-holding couples and around strolling tourists, but no matter what he does, Opbst seems to be gaining on him.

50-A

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

50-A

Davey sees an outdoor cafe ahead and dives for it, trying to lose himself among the crowded tables and scurrying waiters, almost bowling one of them over on his headlong dash for safety.

(X)

He sees Opbst draw abreast of the cafe and falls to his knees, scurrying toward the back by crawling under tables and between the legs of scrambling waiters.

He finally comes to a halt beneath a table occupied by an athletic-looking couple in their thirties. They are dressed for tennis, and they are sharing a banana split.

(X)

CONTINUED

50-A CONTINUED

50-A

In the middle of a huge, cheek-filling bite of whipped cream, sauce, nuts, and cherry vanilla ice cream, something under the table disturbs the Woman. She peers down to see a frightened Davey, his eyes pleading for silence.

WOMAN

Looking for something?

Her husband looks down now, issues a slightly surprised laugh.

DAVEY

(whispering)

Someone's trying to kill me.

HUSBAND

(playing along)

Why don't you kill them first?

WOMAN

Howard, don't encourage him. Your ice cream's melting.

(to Davey)

Would you please go away?

Davey nervously looks out to see Opbst working his way among the tables, looking for him.

DAVEY

(to the
Husband)

I need to reach the FBI. Please help me.

The Husband picks up his salt shaker, talks into it.

HUSBAND

(into shaker)

Give me a direct line to J. Edgar Hoover. This is an emergency.

WOMAN

Hoover's dead, Howard.

HUSBAND

Oh, my God. They've gotten Hoover. Now we're all goners!

(too loudly,
getting Opbst's
attention)

Sorry, kid. Can't help ya.

CONTINUED

50-A CONTINUED - 2

50-A

Opbst spots Davey, who bolts out from under the table, hops a low fence, and runs down the riverwalk. The tennis couple just watch in amusement, lapping up more ice cream.

CUT TO

50-B ANOTHER PART OF THE RIVERWALK - DAY

50-B

Farther down the riverwalk, Davey hits an open spot and breaks into a headlong dash, leaving Opbst caught behind him in a clot of tourists.

The boy grabs the first adult he sees, a middle-aged Texan complete with a huge silver belt buckle and Stetson. Davey tugs on his shirt desperately.

DAVEY

Mister, please help me!

TEXAN

What's the trouble, little feller?
You lost?

DAVEY

(pointing down
the walk into
the crowd)

That man, he's after me.

The Texan follows his finger, but can see nothing but swirling people, many of them men.

TEXAN

Which one?

DAVEY

(catching
glimpses of
Opbst fighting
his way through
the crowd)

That man right there ---

TEXAN

(seeing nothing
unusual)

Now wait just a minute. Simmer down
and tell me what this is all about.

DAVEY

(increasing
panic as Opbst
approaches)

He wants to kill me!

CONTI'

50-B CONTINUED

50-B

TEXAN

Whoa! Nobody's gonna kill anybody.
You just start from the beginning.
I'm sure we can straighten this
whole thing out. Now, where're
your folks?

Opbst suddenly breaks free of the crowd and runs down the walk directly for Davey. The Texan doesn't see him; gaze is on Davey as the boy whirls and flees, leaving the Texan staring after him.

TEXAN

Hey!

A second later Opbst dashes by, leaving the Texan looking after them both and not knowing what to do.

Davey sees a stairway leading back to the street and charges for it.

51 EXT. STAIRWAY - DAY

51

Davey skids around the bottom pillar and charges up the stairs. He's halfway to the top when Haverman's bulk fills the exit to the street. Davey jerks to a halt, panting hard, and stares at the huge killer. Haverman lumbers down the steps after him. Davey whirls and retraces his steps, taking the steps four at a time.

Opbst suddenly appears at the bottom of the stairs, turning the corner on the run, just missing the boy as Davey slips past.

52 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

52

Davey tears down the walk and over a bridge to the other side of the river, the killer's behind him getting caught in a gaggle of tourists and being slowed down.

53 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER WALK - DAY

53

Davey glances back and sees nothing. He stands there, staring into the crowd. Suddenly, Flack materializes beside him.

FLACK

Just stand still a minute, Davey.
And calm down....

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED

53

FLACK

They won't dare shoot you in front
of all these people.

(X)

(glancing about)

In fact, the more people the better.

His gaze falls on a line of tourists waiting to board one
of the boats running the river, driven by outboard motors.
He points to it.

FLACK

There ---

He shoves Davey toward the waiting line and steps back into
the flow of tourists, disappearing as Davey watches.

The boy buys a ticket from the booth and heads for the back
of the waiting line, hoping to lose himself there, just as a
boat pulls into the dock and unloads passengers.

He waits there as the line lengthens behind him, constantly
throwing nervous glances over his shoulder, afraid at any
moment he's going to see Opbst and Haverman racing for him.
The boat at the landing has finally disgorged its last
passenger and begins to fill with new ones. The line
begins to rapidly move toward the landing. Suddenly he
hears Haverman yelling.

HAVERMAN (O.S.)

Over there ---

He glances up to see Haverman standing on the bridge,
pointing at him. He twists his head to see Opbst running
down the walk on his side of the river, toward him, called
by Haverman's shout. Opbst joins his partner and they
both work their way through the crowd toward Davey.

(X)

Drawing closer to the boat, Davey finds himself enclosed in
wooden guard rails that keep the line in order, snaking back
and forth on itself as it feeds on to the dock. As he
watches over his shoulder, the two killers race up the line,
trying to cut in front to get to him.

A burly construction worker with his three kids doesn't
appreciate the fact that the two are trying to jump ahead
of him, and makes his displeasure known; loudly. He grabs
Opbst by the shoulder.

WORKER

Hey, buddy, wait your turn!

CONTINUE

53

CONTINUED

53

Haverman reaches out to tear the guy apart. Opbst grabs him, hissing into his ear.

OPBST

Not here.

He drags his partner toward the ticket booth, casting back glances at Davey near the front, the entire time. The boy turns back to the boat which is tantalizingly close now, anxiously waiting his turn to board.

54

EXT. BOAT - DAY

54

He steps onto the boat, taking his place by one of the gunwales. The seating is circular with more seats in the middle, the Mexican-American Captain at the back trying to restart the stalled outboard motor. It simply sputters with each new attempt. As Davey watches the boat fill up, he sees the killers standing in line, tickets in their hands, getting closer and closer to boarding. He looks around, not knowing what to do if they make it aboard.

There's no way to run, nothing for him to do except plunge into the water where he'll make a slow moving target for them if they decide to shoot.

By the time the frustrated Captain gets the motor started, Opbst and Haverman are almost at the head of the line. And finally the last person between them and the boat steps aboard. Davey watches, knowing he's had it. Suddenly the Captain puts up a hand stopping the two killers.

CAPTAIN

All full. Have to wait till the next boat.

Davey, Opbst and Haverman look to another boat approaching, about thirty yards away.

OPBST

We want this one.

CAPTAIN

(snapping a chain into place across their path)

Sorry. Law doesn't allow us to take any more passengers.

CONTINUED

Opbst grinds his teeth. Davey smiles at him, allowing himself a moment to rejoice in this favorable twist of fate. Suddenly a woman in her midthirties, a Schoolteacher from Ohio, stands up her seat, clawing through her purse.

SCHOOLTEACHER

Howard, my wallet, it's gone!

(X)

Her husband, Howard, an accountant, rises also, trying to calm her.

HOWARD

Are you sure?

(X)

SCHOOLTEACHER

Of course, I'm sure. And all our traveler's checks were in there.

HOWARD

Don't panic. Let's go back the way we came and see if you've dropped it somewhere.

He nods at the Captain. The young man releases the chain and helps the woman, babbling hysterically the entire time, to step off the boat. Her husband follows.

SCHOOLTEACHER

It'll be gone by now. You know what people are like ---

And they're gone. As Davey watches in horror, the Captain waves Opbst and Haverman onto the boat. They take the vacated seats, the Captain starts the outboard engine.

Opbst looks at Davey, triumph on his face.

(X)

The boat starts down the Paseo del Rio. The two killers staring at Davey, Davey staring back at them.

(X)

(X)

Opbst leans over and whispers to Haverman.

OPBST

I'm going to get close to the boy. When I give you the signal, create a diversion.

HAVERMAN

How?

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED - 2

54

OPBST

(savagely)

I don't care. Just as long as
people aren't looking at me.

He gets up and begins to move around the island in the
center of the boat toward Davey. Davey watches him come.

Opbst's movement distracts him and he speaks to the man
disapprovingly.

(X)

GUIDE

Please, sit down, sir. No walking
about while the boat is in motion.

Opbst stops above a teenage couple who are making out a few
seats away from Davey.

OPBST

Move.

TEENAGE BOY

(breaking his
lips free from
the girl's)

Huh, why?

OPBST

Because I said so. Now move ---

He almost bodily manhandles the two kids out of their seats,
shoving them toward the one he's vacated, and sitting down,
leaning forward to stare at Davey a few seats away. He
smiles at the boy.

At the far end, a nice-looking, middle-age woman from the
Midwest, Eunice MacCready watches this cat and mouse game.
She's dressed for church, right down to the white gloves on
her hands. She pokes her husband, George, a man just as
pleasant looking as herself.

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED - 3

54

EUNICE

Look at that, George.

GEORGE

What?

He follows her gaze just as Davey gets out of his seat and moves in their direction in a desperate attempt to put some distance between himself and Opbst. Opbst rises and comes after him. Eunice grabs Davey as he attempts to pass and plops him down between her and her husband, wriggling over to make room for him. Opbst comes to a halt and sits down a few seats back, forcing others to make room for him.

EUNICE

What's wrong, boy?

Davey casts a glance in Opbst's direction. The man leans out from the file of seated people and looks at him, smiling wolfishly. Eunice follows the boy's gaze.

DAVEY

You wouldn't believe me if I told you, ma'am.

EUNICE

Try me.

DAVEY

(nodding
at Opbst)

That man is trying to kill me ---

EUNICE

(eyeing Opbst)

Don't be ridiculous. Looks more like a pervert if you ask me.

(to her husband)

What are we going to do about this, George?

Before he can answer, several seats away, Opbst nods across the boat at Haverman. The big man suddenly stands, pointing to the boat's engine housing, cutting off the Guide's rap.

HAVERMAN

Fire!

Everybody on the boat leaps up, focused on the engine housing. Unseen by anyone, Opbst's stiletto drops out his suit coat sleeve into the palm of his hand, and with a push of its button, its lean, hungry blade leaps out.

CONTIN'

CONTINUED - 4

A social-security-age Tourist comes out of his seat just as quickly to the side of Haverman, looking in the same direction as the brute, but seeing nothing.

TOURIST

Where?

HAVERMAN

There, in the engine ---

While everybody is craning their necks to see the fire that isn't there, Opbst dives for Davey. Davey sees him coming and leaps out of his seat just in time to avoid the flash of the stiletto blade. It buries itself an inch into the wood where he'd just been sitting.

The Guide is on his feet along with the rest of the boat, uselessly pleading with his passengers, trying to restore order.

GUIDE

Would everybody please sit down ---

Trying to get away from Opbst, Davey rams into the Guide, knocking him into the tiller, shoving it hard to the starboard side. The boat suddenly swerves. The social-security-age Tourist who's been trying so hard to see the smoke is thrown off balance, and tumbles over the side into the water.

As general pandemonium ensues, Davey leaps around Opbst as he makes a diving grab for him, jumps onto the wooden island in the center of the boat, and from there to the prow of the boat as it slices through the water on a sharp diagonal for shore. As the Guide rights himself and grabs hold of the tiller, straightening the boat out, Davey glances back over his shoulder. Haverman is headed toward him.

He leaps off the prow of the boat onto a passing paddle-boat powered by a young couple and from there jumps onto the shore. He races for the nearest steps to the street.

Opbst, caught between the gaggle of people at the front of the boat trying to help the man overboard and Davey on the land, reaches under his suit coat, beginning to draw his Luger out for a shot at the retreating boy. But the construction worker they had encountered back in the line is now between Opbst and Davey, and he is looking at the villain with a scrutiny that makes the shooting impos-

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED - 5

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

54
(X)

(to Opbst)

Siddown, you're rockin' the boat.

By the time Opbst glances back up at the land, Davey is gone. George and Eunice seem to have noticed what Opbst was up to.

(X)

DISSOLVE TO

55

INT. WINDSOR PARK SHOPPING MALL - UPPER CONCOURSE - DAY

55

Davey hurries down the concourse toward Morris' shop. He stops by the front door, momentarily confused by the sign, "Out To Lunch", hanging there. He peers through the glass into the store. It's empty. He tries the handle. The front door swings open. He steps inside.

56

INT. STORE - DAY

56

He walks past the games and models, deeper and deeper into the dimly lit store. It is disturbingly quiet. Then he hears a small girl weeping in the back room and moves into that direction.

57

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

57

He steps inside the room to find Kim seated on Morris' desk, her feet swinging off the floor, her eyes filled with tears. Davey approaches her slowly.

DAVEY

Kim ---

Kim looks up at him, sees how disheveled he is, wipes her tears away.

KIM

What happened to you?

DAVEY

(looking
around)

Nothing.

(afraid to
ask)

Where's Morris?

KIM

I don't know. But look....

She points to the video monitor on the desk. A bullet has punctured the center of the glass, sending a spiderweb of cracks out in concentric circles over the entire screen.

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED

57

Davey checks out the Atari console, finds no cartridge in it. He just stares at the bullet hole. Kim fills the silence.

KIM

Davey? Do you think they -- ?

DAVEY

(interrupting)

No!

(scared)

No way. Morris is too smart for them. We'll find him.

KIM

(crying anew)

I think he's already dead...!

DAVEY

(fearful anger)

Shut up! You don't know that.

Kim continues to weep, louder now. Davey is sorry for his outburst, puts his arm around her.

DAVEY

I'm sorry.

He tries to figure out what to do next. He sees a clock on the wall, reading 3:30. He picks up a phone, dials.

KIM

What do we do now?

(X)

DAVEY

(thinking)

No use calling my dad. He'd never believe me.

(X)

(getting decisive)

You call your mother. Tell her Rice is going to do something with the tape at five thirty. Make her call the police, even if she doesn't believe you! We need a grownup.

KIM

Okay...

(pause)

What are you gonna do?

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED - 2

57

DAVEY
(taking her arm,
walking her out)
I'm gonna try to find Rice and stop
him.

KIM
How?

DAVEY
I dunno yet.

They exit the shop, arm in arm.

DISSOLVE TO

58

EXT. TOWER LIFE BUILDING

58

From across the street, Davey stares up at the tall building,
seeming unsure of what to do next. Flack materializes next
to him, urges him across the street.

FLACK
(stepping into
traffic)
Come on! We don't have much time.

Flack continues across the busy street without fear of
being hit. Davey starts out, has to dodge the first car,
which squeals its brakes and blasts its horn. Two others
nearly hit the boy before he makes it across, shaken.

FLACK
Come on!

58-A
thru
58-C

OMITTED

58-A
thru
58-C

59

INT. BUILDING GARAGE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

59

Flack and Davey sneak through the garage, checking the
names on every parking space.

DAVEY
(to Flack, as
they run)
He said he had to be someplace at
5:30.

FLACK
So he's probably taking his car.
(pause)
Look!

CONTINUED

59

CONTINUED

59

Flack points to a pearl white Cadillac. On the wall in front of it, a sign reads MR. RICE - DATA POINT.

Davey races to the Cadillac, peers inside.

FLACK

No room to hide in there. How 'bout the trunk?

Davey finds the car's front door locked, tries a back door, opens it, quickly crawls to the front, pushes the trunk latch in the glove compartment.

The Cadillac trunk pops open about two inches.

Davey races around, lifts the trunk hurriedly, is about to hop in, but immediately stops short at what he sees. He gasps.

(X)

Morris's crumpled body is in the trunk, his glasses askew, his eyes dull and lifeless, a nice, neat bullet hole drilled in the center of one of his eyeglass lenses.

CONTINUED

59

CONTINUED - 2

59

Davey opens his mouth to scream. Flack leaps to his side, clapping his hand over the boy's mouth.

FLACK

Now what's wrong -- ?

He follows Davey's frozen gaze to the body in the trunk.

FLACK

Oh -- tough!

(X)

He glances at the corner where the sound of Rice's footsteps are drawing irrevocably closer. He goes to lift Davey into the trunk. Davey, terrified, tries to struggle free.

FLACK

(whispering
urgently)

...Now or never Davey!

He lifts Davey into the trunk.

Rice rounds a concrete buttress just as his trunk is lowered by Davey.

Inside the trunk, Flack, Morris, and Davey are crammed together, Davey holding the trunk closed, about an inch from clicking shut.

Rice suspects nothing, gets in his car, starts it up, drives away, tires screeching as he heads up the ramp for the street.

60

INT. CADILLAC - TRUNK - DAY

60

Inside the bouncing trunk, Davey holds on for dear life. The car suddenly takes a sharp turn and Morris's dead body rolls over on top of him, pinning him underneath, scaring him to death.

DAVEY

(whispering)

Jack...! Agent X...?

(struggled
with corpse)

Jack, help me...!

(X)

Flack materializes inside the crowded trunk, feeling like a pretzel in a sardine can. He helps remove the corpse off Davey.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

FLACK

Isn't it crowded enough in here?
(finishing
helping)
There. You okay?

Davey, miserable, shakes his head.

DAVEY

He was my friend. How could they
do that to him?

FLACK

He just wasn't good enough.

DAVEY

(outraged)
But they didn't have to kill him...!

FLACK

When you've been playing this game
as long as I have, you'll get used
to this kind of thing.

Davey gives Flack a look which indicates he'll never get
used to it. There is a long pause then, motion ceases
within the trunk.

DAVEY

We've stopped.

FLACK

Let's see where we are.

Davey ever-so-slightly raises the trunk, about an eighth
of an inch. He looks out.

61 EXT. STREET - ALAMO PLAZA - DAY

61

Rice pulls up in the Cadillac, parks right behind the van. Rice is visibly nervous, keeps checking his watch, paces around. Opbst gets out of the van, walks over to Haverman as he gets out. They meet near the trunk of the Cadillac.

Down the street, the Alamo sits waiting, whitewashed and clean in the late afternoon sun.

HAVERMAN

What happens now?

RICE

(looking at
his watch,
which reads
5:27 PM)

I make the drop at 5:30.

(looking at
Alamo)

I never thought the Russians'd be saying, 'Remember the Alamo.' Heh.

HAVERMAN

(not getting it)

Hunh?

62 INT. CADILLAC - TRUNK - DAY

62

Davey stiffens as he hears this, cracking the lid an eighth of an inch for a look at what's going on. He finds himself staring at the belt buckles of the two thugs from his sliver of a vantage point.

RICE

(to Haverman)

Forget it. You wait here. We got a date with some guy missing two fingers on his right hand.

63 EXT. CADILLAC - DAY

63

OPBST

Who is he?

RICE

I don't know. They don't want us to know.

OPBST

They don't tell ya much.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

RICE

Just enough.

He throws the camera case over his shoulder and starts down the street, followed by Opbst. Haverman turns toward the Caddy and gets in.

64
and
65 OMITTED

64
and
65

66 INT. CADILLAC - TRUNK - DAY

66

Flack turns to Davey with an encouraging wink.

FLACK

Time to go --

(begins to
open the trunk)

And remember, you can win or lose
the game right here. Good luck!

67 INT. CADILLAC - FRONT SEAT - DAY

67

Haverman is seated behind the wheel, reading the paper.

Slowly, unseen by him, the trunk lid rises into view through his rear window behind him. Suddenly sensing that something is wrong, he stiffens, his gaze rising to his rearview mirror. The raised trunk lid fills the mirror. He twists in his seat, staring out the back window.

68 EXT. CADILLAC - STREET - DAY

68

He slams out of the car and walks rapidly around to the back of the car. He stares into the trunk at Morris's crumpled body.

HAVERMAN

Shit!

He slams the trunk lid shut and turns looking up and down the street, momentarily afraid that a passerby has seen the corpse. The street is nearly empty except for a few pedestrians on the other side.

69 EXT. FRONT OF THE ALAMO - DAY

69

Davey stops before the main entrance to the mission. He spends a moment hiking up his pants and wiping the sweat off his palms. Then he begins to slowly walk toward the huge double-oak doors.

INT. ALAMO - DAY

Davey steps through the door and looks around. It is a huge rectangular adobe room, enormous candelabras hang from the vaulted ceiling. Smaller rooms containing exhibits lead off to one side, security guards posted at both the main entrance and the side door to the gardens. Tourists pack the place. Davey moves through the throng searching for a glimpse of Opbst and Rice. They're nowhere to be seen.

A small knot of tourists dissolves at the far end of the room and Davey suddenly sees Rice. The killer checks his watch, hikes the camera bag over his shoulder, and begins to move. Davey is directly in his path. If he glances up, he must see the boy. Davey dives behind the first adult he sees, a woman he doesn't even recognize in his panic.

Eunice MacCready, the nice lady from the boat, looks down at him curiously, her husband beside her pawing through the postcard rack.

EUNICE

Well, look who's here. Last time I saw you, you were jumping off a boat. Get a little seasick did you?

(X)

DAVEY

Please ma'am, I'm hiding from that man.

(X)

Davey glances up, recognizes her, but his attention is on Rice. He slides around Eunice, keeping her girth between him and Rice as the killer picks up his stride for the door. She follows the boy's gaze, and sees Rice.

EUNICE

Oh, it's somebody new this time, is it? Are you ready to tell me what this is all about?

(to her husband)

George!

Her husband walks over, mumbling subserviently. In the b.g., a uniformed Guard announces closing time.

GUARD

Ladies and gentlemen, the Alamo will be closing in two minutes.

GEORGE

Yes, dear.

EUNICE

(nodding at Davey)

Our young friend seems to be in some sort of trouble again ---

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

Rice disappears out the door. Davey takes a step after him, trying to escape the two adults.

EUNICE

Just a second, young man.

Eunice grabs him by his shirt collar, dragging him to a sudden halt.

Davey twists under her grip, desperate to follow Rice before he loses him.

EUNICE

What's your name?

DAVEY

Davey.

EUNICE

Not Davey Crocket, by any chance...?

DAVEY

Ma'am, I really have to go. It's a matter of national security.

EUNICE

(amused)

Well, then. We wouldn't want to stand in your way...!

She releases her grip. He scampers away, the nice couple staring after him. Eunice turns to her husband.

EUNICE

What do you think?

GEORGE

I think the boy needs us.

EUNICE

I agree.

Davey spots Rice through a break in the milling throng just as the overhead lights begin to flick on and off, a Guard's voice echoing in the vaulted room.

GUARD

Ladies and gentlemen, the Alamo is closing. Everyone please exit through the front doors ---

CONTINUED

70

CONTINUED - 2

70

The Guard begins flashing the lights as people begin to move out. As Davey watches, Rice carefully puts down his camera case and steps forward, Nikon in hand, seemingly framing a snapshot of a painting of Davey Crocket. Davey dodges through the crowd, heading for the camera case.

Rice turns just as Davey steps out of a knot of tourists, grabs the case, and darts back into the crowd. Rice yells after him.

RICE

Hey!

Davey darts across the Alamo, past the rather startled Mr. and Mrs. MacCready, heading for the front door. A security Guard steps out to grab him, but Davey dodges him, slamming through the front door, pursued by both the Guard, the MacCreadys, and Rice.

71
thru
74

OMITTED

71
thru
74

75

EXT. FRONT OF THE ALAMO - DAY

75

He's just about to pick up speed and be off when the Guard catches him by the nape of the neck. The Guard tears the camera case out of his hand and shakes him so hard his teeth rattle.

GUARD

You've got a hell of a nerve, kid, stealing inside the Alamo. Where's your patriotism or is that word too big for you?

DAVEY

(trying to talk
between rattling
teeth)

But, but ---

George and Eunice step through the door into the plaza outside the Alamo, George hurrying over.

GEORGE

He didn't steal anything, officer.

GUARD

(holding up
the camera
case)

But he took this ---

CONTINUED

George smiles apologetically and holds up his camera case; it's almost identical to the one Davey grabbed.

GEORGE

A simple mistake. I asked the boy to pick up my camera case and he took the wrong one.

Rice slams through the front door behind them and skids to a halt when he sees Davey with the security Guard and the nice couple. Trying to preserve his anonymity, he turns to walk off toward the distant figures of Opbst and Haverman. The Guard holds up the camera case he took from Davey and yells at Rice.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED -2

75

GUARD

Hey, this your camera case?

Rice halts, looking like he'd like to deny it, but thinks better of it, and manages a very uncomfortable nod.

(X)

GUARD

Well, come on over here and take it.

George turns to Eunice, throwing a smile at Davey on the way.

GEORGE

Why don't you take the boy to our car while I straighten this out.

DAVEY

(desperately
pointing to
the case in
the Guard's
arms)

But that case has the secret plans in it ---

EUNICE

(patting Davey
on the head)

Of course, it does, dear.

DAVEY

But it does ---

Before he can say anything more, Eunice takes him by the shoulders and steers him toward a non-descript blue Ford Fairlane parked just down the street. Davey keeps glancing back at the three men, the security Guard, Rice, and George MacCready lost in conversation. And behind them, watching him stands Opbst. Eunice clucks at him the entire time as she leads him toward her car.

(X)

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED - $\frac{3}{2}$

75

EUNICE

Now, now, don't fret yourself.
George will take care of everything.
He's very good at that.

She opens the passenger side door to the front and shoos Davey inside before he can argue any further.

76

INT. FORD - DAY

76

Davey slides across the seat and stares out the driver's side window as Eunice gets in beside him. He watches as the security Guard walks away, apparently satisfied with whatever explanation he's received. George continues to talk to Rice, the older man gesturing animatedly, seemingly very angry, the killer listening almost contritely, both men clutching their identical camera cases. Davey's eyes widen as the conversation suddenly ceases and the two exchange camera cases.

DAVEY

He's given him the camera case back.

EUNICE

He did? Well, he must have had a reason to do it. George always knows what he's doing.

Davey turns to Eunice, unaware that George has broken free of Rice behind him and is walking toward the car.

DAVEY

But you don't understand. There was a Donkey Kong tape in there, only it wasn't a Donkey Kong game, it was ---

The driver's door suddenly opens and George slides in, tossing the camera case to Davey, and starting the car.

GEORGE

Is this what you're so worried about?

DAVEY

(holding the
case almost
broken-heartedly)

No, sir, it was the other case, the one you gave that man just now. That was the one that had the secret plans in it.

77

EXT. ALAMO - STREET - DUSK

77

The Ford pulls out into traffic and disappears down the street.

78

INT. FORD - DUSK INTO NIGHT

78

As they drive along, dusk begins to slip into night. George takes his eyes from the road long enough to toss an amused glance at the dispirited boy in the seat beside him.

GEORGE

What makes you so sure I gave the wrong case back?

DAVEY

Pardon?

GEORGE

(nodding at the case in Davey's hands)

Open it and find out.

Davey opens the case, hardly daring to believe the tape might actually be there. But there it is at the bottom of the case, black and rectangular with that stupid logo on it. Davey whips the tape out, flashing George a joyous smile.

DAVEY

You got it!

EUNICE

(smiling benevolently at him)

See. I told you. George is real good at making things come out right.

DAVEY

(to George)

But how'd you do it?

GEORGE

I just gave that man my camera case in its place. He never noticed the difference. Now do you mind telling us what this is all about? After all I've sacrificed my good camera to save your Donkey Kong tape.

CONTINUED

DAVEY

But it isn't a Donkey Kong tape.
There's an extra micro chip in here
that contains the plans to some
important American defense project.

GEORGE

Then why would that man have it
at the Alamo?

DAVEY

He was going to give it to some
Russian spy.

GEORGE

No...!

EUNICE

(breaking in)
Really? Did he say what this spy
looked like?

DAVEY

Only that he had two fingers missing.

EUNICE

How exciting! May I see that tape,
Davey?

DAVEY

Sure.

He holds the tape out to her. She primly removes one of
the gloves she always wears and grasps the tape with her
thumb, first and second fingers. The other two are
missing. Davey stares at the mutilated hand in numb
horror. Eunice frowns at the boy.

EUNICE

Something wrong, Davey?

His terror-filled eyes lift to stare at her cold face.

He makes a sudden dive over her for the door, but George
grabs him and roughly yanks him back down in the seat,
hurting him.

GEORGE

Sorry....

Eunice takes out a bottle of Chanel Number 5 and methodically
sprinkles the "perfume" onto her handkerchief as Davey watches,
fascinated.

CONTINUED

78

CONTINUED - 2

78

EUNICE

Such a clever little boy, George.
I wish we could bring him with us
to Mexico City.

GEORGE

I've made arrangements with Rice.
He'll take care of him for us on our
way to the airport.

EUNICE

(upset)

I don't like his methods, and I don't
like those two thugs of his.

GEORGE

I made it very clear to him back
there how displeased we are with
this whole mess. He won't dare
make another mistake.

EUNICE

Not if he wants to keep doing
business with us.

(X)

GEORGE

I made that clear. What time is our
flight?

(X)

EUNICE

(still adding
perfume)

Midnight. We'll go back and check
out now, but I think we should
cancel our dinner reservations.
What a nuisance!

(X)

(X)

Suddenly and without warning Eunice clamps the handkerchief
over Davey's face. He struggles against the chloroform as
everything goes black.

DISSOLVE TO

79

INT. TRUNK - CADILLAC - NIGHT

79

Tiny pinholes of light leak through portions of the Cadillac
chassis and fall on Davey's unconscious face. Flack's
voice comes out of the darkness.

FLACK

Wake up. Somebody's coming.

Davey opens his eyes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DAVEY

(groggily)

Where are we?

FLACK

Right back where you put us.

Davey spots Morris's body next to his own, is sickened at the reminder of his friend's death. Footsteps approach.

FLACK

Play dead or we will be.

Davey shuts his eyes, feigns unconsciousness.

Someone tries to open the trunk, but it's locked.

OPBST'S VOICE

(just outside
trunk)

Hey...!

INT. TOWER LIFE BUILDING - SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE - NIGHT

Opbst is standing at the closed Caddy trunk. Haverman sits in the driver's seat, reading a football magazine. Evident, but not prominent, is the fact that the keys are in the ignition.

OPBST

(continuing)

...Pop the trunk, will ya?

Haverman pushes the button in the Cadillac glove compartment, and the trunk pops open about two inches. Opbst opens it and peers into it.

OPBST

The kid's still out cold.

HAVERMAN

Want to kill him now?

OPBST

Wait'll we get to the desert.

HAVERMAN

What's taking him so long?

CONTINUED

80

CONTINUED

80

HAVERMAN (Cont'd)

(getting out
of car)

Can't take him two hours to divide up
the money...I think we should get
extra for killin' the kid. That
wasn't part of the original deal.

OPBST

Yeah. Let's go hurry him up.

Opbst slams the trunk closed, walks to the stair door with
Haverman.

81

OMITTED

81

82

INSIDE THE TRUNK

82

Davey tries to pry open the trunk. It is locked firmly.

DAVEY

We'll never get out of here.

FLACK

Stay cool.

(pause)

I'm thinking.

(pause)

Call Kim. Get her out to the airport.
Maybe she can bust the MacCready's
without you.

Davey fumbles for his walkie-talkie, finds it in his back-
back, whispers into it.

DAVEY

Kim, Kim ---

Just static.

DAVEY

Lady Ace...!

More static.

DAVEY

Why can't I get her?

FLACK

Maybe her radio's busted.

DAVEY

Well, think of something!

FLACK

See that crowbar?

Davey grabs it.

83

INT. CADILLAC - BACKSEAT - DAY

83

The empty backseat is suddenly disturbed by a moving lump in the plush upholstery. A moment later, Davey breaks through, crowbar in hand.

Flack peers through the hole from the trunk.

FLACK

Let's get outa here. Open the door.

Davey spies Rice's car phone.

DAVEY

Wait.

Davey clambers across the seat and into the front. He picks up the phone and begins to dial.

CUT TO

84

INT. KIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT WITH
DAVEY AND FLACK IN CAR

84

Kim sits in the dark, biting her nails as she waits for her mother to come home. The phone rings on the table beside her. She picks it up.

KIM

Mom?

DAVEY

Kim, it's me. Did you tell your mother?

KIM

(upset)

No. She hasn't come home yet. I don't know where she is. She had to cater somewhere, but I can't read her writing. It's illegible.

DAVEY

Kim, you gotta get to the airport. Right now!

KIM

Davey, it's past my bedtime!

DAVEY

The spies have the tape. They're old. A man and a lady. She only has three fingers.

CONTINUED

84

CONTINUED

84

KIM

Where are you?

DAVEY

I'm in a car. Listen: They're gonna fly to Mexico City. At midnight.

KIM

(practically
in tears)How am I supposed to get to the airport?

DAVEY

Use your bus pass....

FLACK

Duck!

85

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - INTERCUT BETWEEN DAVEY HIDING AND VILLAINS 85

Davey sees Rice, Haverman, and Opbst returning toward the trunk. The thugs are pocketing their share of the money. Davey hangs up on Kim, ducks below the front seat.

OPBST

What about the girl? You want us to get her, too?

RICE

I've already taken care of that.

Puzzled looks from Opbst and Haverman. Rice pulls a triggering device out of his pocket. It is an everyday household item.

OPBST

What's that?

HAVERMAN

Model airplane control.

OPBST

What're ya gonna do? Dive bomb her? Heh heh.

Haverman chuckles along with his pal. Rice doesn't laugh. Instead, with a certain amount of pride, he pushes a little button, bringing a battery power indicator into the green/activated part of a scale.

CONTINUED

85

CONTINUED

85

Davey, hiding in the car, can't tell what's going on.

RICE

(patronizingly)

Not quite. Actually, it's a trigger
...for a clock...which sets off enough
plastique to blow up half her neigh-
borhood.

Davey is stunned.

HAVERMAN

Ya mighta told us. Hell, we coulda
been blown up with her.

RICE

(gestures
with trigger)

That's why I used the timer. I push
this...and...our little friend will
have a very short, very loud night-
mare in...

(checks watch;
11:00 PM)

...exactly one hour.

Rice pushes the button.

Davey looks at the clock on the dashboard: 11:00 PM.

FLACK

That'll be midnight...!

DAVEY

(horrified)

I gotta call Kim!

FLACK

(referring to
the action at
the car's rear)

Not now, you don't....

86
and
87

OMITTED

86
and
87

88

INT. SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE - NIGHT - CADILLAC

88

Opbst opens the trunk, the rising trunk blocking Davey's
view through the rear window.

CONTINUED

88

CONTINUED

88

OPBST (O.S.)

He's gone!

The trunk lid slams down, revealing all three killers. Opbst pulls a pistol from his belt. Rice and Haverman do the same.

RICE

(looking around)

He won't get far.

Inside the car, Davey's eyes widen with fear. Behind him, seen through the car windows, the three killers start to spread out in their search. Davey locks the front doors and reaches for the ignition key.

89

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

89

All three killers suddenly freeze as the Caddy engine leaps to life. Rice raises his pistol, stares at the car.

RICE

What the -- ?

90

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

90

Davey, who isn't quite tall enough to both hit the accelerator and see out the windshield at the same time, turns to Flack for help.

DAVEY

You gotta tell me how to drive this thing!

FLACK

(clearly
bluffing)

Uh, well...this here's the, uh...
shift?

DAVEY

This is the shift.

FLACK

Well, hell! What d'ya want from me?
This is a real car! I'm only a figment
of your imagination!

Davey slips the automatic transmission into reverse, glances out the side window, sees all three killers dashing toward the car. He slips down to the gas pedal.

- 91 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 91
- The Caddy engine whines, and the car suddenly leaps backward, headed right toward the three killers.
- RICE
- Look out!
- All three dive for cover as the Caddy, apparently driverless, roars at them and hits a post.
- 92 INT. CADDY - NIGHT 92
- Davey selects drive.
- DAVEY
(to Flack)
Sorry.
- As the car suddenly shoots forward, Flack is knocked back over the seat by the tremendous acceleration.
- FLACK
I'm okay, just keep drivin'!
- 93 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 93
- The three killers leap to their feet and run after the car as it caroms off another post then off the the walls and up the ramp.
- 94 INT. CADDY - NIGHT 94
- The car is going like a fitful bat out of hell, scraping along the walls at one point, stripping away paint and tearing off chrome, clipping a corner at another point, demolishing a headlight, going in fits and starts up the ramps and through the various levels of the garage as Davey either peers over the steering wheel, out the window or slips beneath the wheel to give it more gas.
- Flack sits behind him, enjoying the ride.
- FLACK
Not bad for your first lesson!
- 95 INT. GARAGE - A DIFFERENT LEVEL - NIGHT 95
- The Caddy is nowhere in sight. Rice comes to a stop beside a shorn-off Cadillac mirror, picks it up, looks around the garage.

CONTINUED

95

CONTINUED

95

From the level above, the sound of a terrible collision echoes down.

RICE

That little bastard.

(back to
Haverman as
he and Opbst
catch up)

Quick, get the van and follow us.

Haverman turns back, as Rice and Opbst rush toward the next ramp up, on foot.

96

INT. ANOTHER LEVEL OF THE GARAGE - NIGHT - CADILLAC

96

The Cadillac has come to a forced halt against a wall. Inside the car, Davey finds reverse, and the car burns rubber, backing up a dozen yards, then skids to a halt as Davey slams on the brakes.

97

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

97

Flack sits in the backseat of the stopped car, more than just visibly shaken by the crush. Davey is trying the phone again.

DAVEY

I gotta warn Kim...!

FLACK

(seeing Opbst
and Rice over
his shoulder)

Better wait.

Davey sees what he's talking about, drops the phone, floors it.

98

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - CADILLAC

98

The car screeches away, leaving Rice and Opbst behind, firing at the car with their pistols.

99

EXT. TOWER LIFE BUILDING - GARAGE EXIT - NIGHT

99

The car barrels out of the exit, flies five feet in the air before it slams back to earth, and takes a left turn into the street on two wheels.

99-A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

99-A

The Cadillac turns right into another street and proceeding along the wrong side of the street, approaches a street sweeper truck with a flashing yellow light.

100 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

100

Flack is braced in his seat, held there by fear, staring out the window at the approaching sweeper.

FLACK
(stiffening
in his seat
even more)
Daveyyyyyy...!

Davey whirls the wheel.

101 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

101

The car averts the sweeper but mounts the opposite curb and skids into the side of a building, bringing building debris crashing down on the roof.

102 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

102

As the dust settles, Flack picks himself up off the floorboards with a groan while Davey fumbles with the car phone, trying to dial out.

DAVEY
I gotta call Kim and tell her about
the bomb.

FLACK
She's probably already on her way
to the airport.

DAVEY
Then she's prob'ly safe.

FLACK
(thinking)
Unless she's carrying the damn thing.

DAVEY
She couldn't be...
(tries his
radio)
Hello, Kim...?
(getting no
answer)
Why won't she answer?

CONTINUED

70

CONTINUED - 2

70

The Guard begins flashing the lights as people begin to move out. As Davey watches, Rice carefully puts down his camera case and steps forward, Nikon in hand, seemingly framing a snapshot of a painting of Davey Crocket. Davey dodges through the crowd, heading for the camera case.

Rice turns just as Davey steps out of a knot of tourists, grabs the case, and darts back into the crowd. Rice yells after him.

RICE

Hey!

Davey darts across the Alamo, past the rather startled Mr. and Mrs. MacCready, heading for the front door. A security Guard steps out to grab him, but Davey dodges him, slamming through the front door, pursued by both the Guard, the MacCreadys, and Rice.

71
thru
74

OMITTED

71
thru
74

75

EXT. FRONT OF THE ALAMO - DAY

75

He's just about to pick up speed and be off when the Guard catches him by the nape of the neck. The Guard tears the camera case out of his hand and shakes him so hard his teeth rattle.

GUARD

You've got a hell of a nerve, kid,
stealing inside the Alamo. Where's
your patriotism or is that word too
big for you?

DAVEY

(trying to talk
between rattling
teeth)

But, but ---

George and Eunice step through the door into the plaza outside the Alamo, George hurrying over.

GEORGE

He didn't steal anything, officer.

GUARD

(holding up
the camera
case)

But he took this ---

CONTINUED

George smiles apologetically and holds up his camera case; it's almost identical to the one Davey grabbed.

GEORGE

A simple mistake. I asked the boy to pick up my camera case and he took the wrong one.

Rice slams through the front door behind them and skids to a halt when he sees Davey with the security Guard and the nice couple. Trying to preserve his anonymity, he turns to walk off toward the distant figures of Opbst and Haverman. The Guard holds up the camera case he took from Davey and yells at Rice.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED -2

75

GUARD

Hey, this your camera case?

Rice halts, looking like he'd like to deny it, but thinks better of it, and manages a very uncomfortable nod.

(X)

GUARD

Well, come on over here and take it.

George turns to Eunice, throwing a smile at Davey on the way.

GEORGE

Why don't you take the boy to our car while I straighten this out.

DAVEY

(desperately
pointing to
the case in
the Guard's
arms)

But that case has the secret plans
in it ---

EUNICE

(patting Davey
on the head)

Of course, it does, dear.

DAVEY

But it does ---

Before he can say anything more, Eunice takes him by the shoulders and steers him toward a non-descript blue Ford Fairlane parked just down the street. Davey keeps glancing back at the three men, the security Guard, Rice, and George MacCready lost in conversation. And behind them, watching him stands Opbst. Eunice clucks at him the entire time as she leads him toward her car.

(X)

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED - ³/₂

75

EUNICE

Now, now, don't fret yourself.
George will take care of everything.
He's very good at that.

She opens the passenger side door to the front and shoos Davey inside before he can argue any further.

76

INT. FORD - DAY

76

Davey slides across the seat and stares out the driver's side window as Eunice gets in beside him. He watches as the security Guard walks away, apparently satisfied with whatever explanation he's received. George continues to talk to Rice, the older man gesturing animatedly, seemingly very angry, the killer listening almost contritely, both men clutching their identical camera cases. Davey's eyes widen as the conversation suddenly ceases and the two exchange camera cases.

DAVEY

He's given him the camera case back.

EUNICE

He did? Well, he must have had a reason to do it. George always knows what he's doing.

Davey turns to Eunice, unaware that George has broken free of Rice behind him and is walking toward the car.

DAVEY

But you don't understand. There was a Donkey Kong tape in there, only it wasn't a Donkey Kong game, it was ---

The driver's door suddenly opens and George slides in, tossing the camera case to Davey, and starting the car.

GEORGE

Is this what you're so worried about?

DAVEY

(holding the
case almost
broken-heartedly)

No, sir, it was the other case, the one you gave that man just now. That was the one that had the secret plans in it.

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The Ford pulls out into traffic and disappears down the street.

78 INT. FORD - DUSK INTO NIGHT 78

As they drive along, dusk begins to slip into night. George takes his eyes from the road long enough to toss an amused glance at the dispirited boy in the seat beside him.

GEORGE

What makes you so sure I gave the wrong case back?

DAVEY

Pardon?

GEORGE

(nodding at the case in Davey's hands)

Open it and find out.

Davey opens the case, hardly daring to believe the tape might actually be there. But there it is at the bottom of the case, black and rectangular with that stupid logo on it. Davey whips the tape out, flashing George a joyous smile.

DAVEY

You got it!

EUNICE

(smiling benevolently at him)

See. I told you. George is real good at making things come out right.

DAVEY

(to George)

But how'd you do it?

GEORGE

I just gave that man my camera case in its place. He never noticed the difference. Now do you mind telling us what this is all about? After all I've sacrificed my good camera to save your Donkey Kong tape.

CONTINUED

DAVEY

But it isn't a Donkey Kong tape.
There's an extra micro chip in here
that contains the plans to some
important American defense project.

GEORGE

Then why would that man have it
at the Alamo?

DAVEY

He was going to give it to some
Russian spy.

GEORGE

No...!

EUNICE

(breaking in)

Really? Did he say what this spy
looked like?

DAVEY

Only that he had two fingers missing.

EUNICE

How exciting! May I see that tape,
Davey?

DAVEY

Sure.

He holds the tape out to her. She primly removes one of
the gloves she always wears and grasps the tape with her
thumb, first and second fingers. The other two are
missing. Davey stares at the mutilated hand in numb
horror. Eunice frowns at the boy.

EUNICE

Something wrong, Davey?

His terror-filled eyes lift to stare at her cold face.

He makes a sudden dive over her for the door, but George
grabs him and roughly yanks him back down in the seat,
hurting him.

GEORGE

Sorry....

Eunice takes out a bottle of Chanel Number 5 and methodically
sprinkles the "perfume" onto her handkerchief as Davey watches,
fascinated.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

102

FLACK

She probably dropped her walkie-talkie....

On the word "walkie-talkie," Davey has a sudden and horrible thought. He looks to his own.

DAVEY

Her walkie-talkie...?

102-A INT. BUS STOP

102-A

Kim is trying to raise Davey on her walkie-talkie. It doesn't work.

KIM

Hello, Davey?
(pause)
Can you hear me?

She gets nothing...not even static.

KIM

Hello?

She listens in her receiver, hears a strange "beep-beep-beep" continuing faintly, relentlessly, with the precision of a clock. She screws up her face at the strange noise, considers the walkie-talkie broken.

KIM

Cheap thing.

She throws it back in her pack.

102-B BACK TO INT. CADILLAC

102-B

DAVEY

We have to tell her!
(thinking, sees
car clock:
11:06 PM)
I'll call my dad!

FLACK

Don't waste your time. He already
thinks you're a nut case.
(looks out window,
plucks at Davey's
sleeve)
Look out...!

Flack points out the window. Rice and Opbst are running toward the car. They'll be there in just a few seconds.

Davey just drops the phone. He and Flack slip out the broken window on the side opposite the killers' approach.

103 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - DEMOLISHED CADILLAC 103

Rice and Opbst reach the Cadillac, just as the black van whips out of the garage behind them.

Opbst tears open the door, his gun ready, and looks inside. He turns back to Rice.

OPBST

He's gone.

The black van pulls up beside them, Haverman behind the wheel. Rice motions him forward.

RICE

We'll search on foot. He can't have gotten far.

HAVERMAN

That's what you said last time.

They exchange dirty looks, then the black van drives ahead, while Rice and Haverman search on foot.

104 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 104

Davey and Flack stop beside a public phone booth. Davey whips off his backpack, takes a quarter out of it, and drops it to the ground, stepping into the booth. Flack crowds in behind him looking at Davey with an almost joyous smile.

105 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 105

FLACK

You know, this is starting to get good.

DAVEY

(looking at him
like he's crazy
as he dials)

What?

FLACK

Just like Cloak and Dagger.

DAVEY

(listening to
the phone ring
on the other end)

Are you crazy? They're trying to kill me.

FLACK

(poking him in
the ribs to make
sure he gets the
joke)

They can't kill me. Can't even see me!

CONTINUED

105

CONTINUED

105

DAVEY

(outraged)

They can kill me.

FLACK

Not if you're good enough. That's
what the game's all about. Right?

(pause)

Right?

Davey just ignores him, speaks into the phone.

DAVEY

(into the phone,
suddenly)

Yes, could I speak to Master Sergeant
Hal Osborne, please. It's his son
calling.

CUT TO

106

INT. LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE - AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT

106

Hal picks up the phone, as in the b.g., several ground crews
under his command, service F-410 fighter jets.

HAL

(into phone)

Hi, Davey. Why aren't you in bed?

CUT BACK TO

107

INT. PHONE BOOTH - STREET - NIGHT

107

Davey into the phone desperately, Flack peering over his
shoulder.

DAVEY

Dad, you've got to help me. Those
spies put a bomb in Kim's walkie-
talkie and she doesn't know it ---

CUT TO

108

INT. LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE - HANGAR - NIGHT

108

Hal stiffens, cutting Davey off.

HAL

Davey, I told you...I don't want
you getting into those games...!

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

108

DAVEY'S VOICE

Dad, this isn't a game. I need your help ---

HAL

(anguish,
guilt)

I don't have time for this, Davey.
I have a rush job here ---

CUT TO

109 INT. PHONE BOOTH - STREET - NIGHT - INTERCUT WITH HAL AT
WORK AS NECESSARY

109

DAVEY

(almost in
tears now)

Dad, please, listen to me. They're
going to take the plans out of the
country at midnight ---

Unseen by either Davey or Flack, the black van turns the corner and cruises down the street behind them. It's obvious Haverman hasn't spotted the boy yet; it's just as obvious he will any second.

HAL (V.O.)

Davey, just calm down. You've
worked yourself into a state again.
I'll be home soon ---

Behind Davey, the van suddenly stops, then creeps forward toward the phone booth. Haverman has spotted Davey.

DAVEY

(the tears
coming now)

Dad...! I'm not home. Please listen
to me for once. I promise I'm telling
the truth! I'm down by the river walk.
But don't worry about me. You've got
to get to Kim before the bomb....

The van picks up a little speed, heading directly toward the phone booth.

HAL

(alarmed)

Davey, stay right where you are. I'm
coming. Now, listen to me. Find a
street sign. Tell me what it says
on it ---

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

But before Hal can finish, Haverman suddenly shifts gears and lays rubber, the black van roaring down the street toward the phone booth. The screech of the tires draws Flack's attention. He looks up to see the van tearing directly for them.

FLACK

Let's go -- !

He and Davey tumble from the phone booth.

110 EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - BLACK VAN

110

Davey and Flack just roll out of the van's path as it smashes into the phone booth, totally demolishing it in an explosion of splintering glass and chrome.

111 INT. VAN - NIGHT

111

Haverman's miscalculated, a wall's rushing up at him. He tries to turn, but it's too late. He doesn't even have time to scream.

112 EXT. STREET - STORE FRONT - NIGHT

112

The van plows into a store front directly behind the demolished phone booth, and comes to a halt, upended on its side.

CUT TO

113 INT. HANGAR - LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

113

Hal snaps the receiver up and down trying to get his son back on the line.

HAL

Davey, Davey -- ?

Hal drops the phone, fear in his eyes. His conversation has attracted the attention of fellow workers, who look on curiously as his imagination carries him into agony. He bolts from his desk, confused, but knowing he must leave. He addresses his nearest Coworker on his way out.

HAL

I gotta go.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

COWORKER

What's the matter?

HAL

I dunno. I gotta go. My son...
 (leaving, dazed)
 I dunno....

Hal runs out of the hangar, his face showing that a terrible lesson is being learned, possibly too late.

CUT BACK TO

114 EXT. STREET - STORE FRONT - NIGHT - VAN

114

Flack helps Davey to his feet, both of them staring at the wreck. Haverman's dead body hangs out the front window of the van.

FLACK

(patting
 Davey on the
 shoulder)
 One down, two to go!
 (shoving Davey
 toward the van)
 Get his gun ---

DAVEY

No....

FLACK

Come on! Get with it! You can use
 a real gun about now....

But Davey is repulsed by the sight of Haverman's body. He turns his attention to a jewelry store window, crammed with clocks. They all read 11:10. Davey's eyes widen with fear.

DAVEY

We gotta get across the river to the
 bus stop. We need a bus to the
 airport.

FLACK

Pick up the gun Davey, or you're gonna
 lose the game.

But Davey takes off down the street. The super spy has no choice but to run after him, although he does turn back once or twice, looking wistfully at Haverman's .38.

115 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT - BUS

115

A public bus rolls along the freeway, moving well within the legal speed limit, cars passing it all the time.

116 INT. BUS - NIGHT

116

Kim sits at the front of the near-empty bus, staring at the clock that ticks away on the dashboard. It reads 11:30, clicking over to 11:31 as she watches.

(X)

CONTINUED

116

CONTINUED

116

The camera pushes in on the backpack, dissolving through the material to the walkie-talkie inside and then through that into the very guts of the machine. It is stuffed with plastique explosive, a profusion of colored wires, and a digital readout counter that is clicking away like mad, rushing toward the fatal hour.

CUT TO

117 EXT. STAIRCASE TO THE RIVER WALK - NIGHT

117

Davey races down the same stairs he took earlier in the day, leaping them four at a time.

118 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - NIGHT

118

At the same cafe where he stopped for help earlier in the day. Davey skids to a halt between the deserted tables, and looks at his watch.

DAVEY

Only twenty-five minutes till
midnight ---

He turns, about to run only to see Flack sitting at a table drinking filtre coffee, calmly looking up at Davey.

FLACK

You're going to have to take these
guys out you know.

Before Davey can think of a reply, he hears the killers coming. He dashes away, ignoring the super spy, racing down the river walk into the darkness. Flack watches him go.

A moment later Rice and Opbst appear, staring down the walk into the darkness. No Davey, no Jack Flack, nothing but night and stillness and an empty coffee cup. Rice turns to Opbst.

RICE

Give me the machine gun.

Opbst tosses him the Schneizer. Rice snags it out of the air.

RICE

I'll take this side. You take the
other.

Opbst draws his Luger with the silencer on it, clears the chamber, and slowly begins to walk down the path, his eyes probing every shadow for Davey.

CUT TO

119
thru
121

OMITTED

122 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

122

Davey hurries across the bridge, freezing midway. From his point of view, he sees Rice and Opbst stopping, searching the shadows and moving on, then suddenly Rice spots Davey:

RICE

There he is!

Davey turns and runs, the killers following.

122-A EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER - NIGHT

122-A

Davey runs along the river then through an arched tunnel beneath the road that passes overhead, leaving his pursuers far behind.

123 EXT. RIVER WALK - NIGHT

123

He picks up his pace and runs headlong along the tree-lined path. He disappears into the shadows of another bridge on the run.

124 EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

124

Davey trips and sprawls headfirst onto the path, ripping his pants.

He sits up, grabbing his knee. He's skinned it badly, blood beginning to well up through the torn skin.

Flack suddenly steps out of the shadows, staring back the way Davey just came, listening hard.

FLACK

They're coming.

(X)

(turning to Davey)

Now just wait here and take them out.

DAVEY

(looking
up at him)

I don't wanna kill anybody.

FLACK

Davey, you know the rules. You're s'posed ta take out the obstacles before you reach the objective.

(X)

CONTINUED

FLACK (Cont'd)

(offended)
Ya can't just go right for the
objective. That's no fun.

DAVEY

Fun?! We've got twenty-four minutes
till the bomb goes off....

FLACK

That's why ya gotta take these guys
out!

Davey is unconvinced.

FLACK

C'mon. How many people have I killed
for you over the years?

(pause)

And now you don't wanna play...

(pause)

This is Cloak and Dagger, Davey. For
real! Just what you've always
wanted.

DAVEY

But I don't have a gun or a knife or
anything....

FLACK

(excited)

The "crossfire gambit..." Remember
the crossfire gambit..?

(nodding
down
path)

Go back down there, hide until the
Mexican guy has passed you, then
attract Rice. Lead his fire. Under-
stand?

(adding
the
final
coup)

Who's going to save Kim if you don't?

They lock eyes; a moment passes. Davey considers, then
finally:

DAVEY

(reluctantly)

Okay.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED - 2

124
(X)

Davey whirls and runs down the path, disappearing into the night. Flack stares after him.

FLACK

Good luck!

125 EXT. THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

125

Opbst pads along silently, his gaze probing every nook and cranny, every shadow along the walk.

Davey crouches in the darkness of the tunnel. He stares into the darkness as the spy passes. Nearby, a rat chirps and scurries out from near Davey. Opbst shoots him. Then there is silence again. But Davey now looks around for other rats that might be surrounding him. He turns and looks along the path. There, glimpsed for a moment in a splash of moonlight is Rice.

Davey takes a deep breath, gulps, and suddenly jumps up shouting and waving his hands.

DAVEY

Hey, Ricey! Whatsamatter? Can't
ya shoot straight?

126 EXTERIOR - FURTHER BACK - NIGHT

126

Rice's gaze is torn from the path directly ahead of him, and toward the boy in the tunnel. All he sees is the kid jumping around, mocking him, laughing at him. He whips the Schmeizer machine gun up and fires, stitching a line of bullets along the walk behind the boy, slowly catching up to him as Davey breaks into a run, dashing through the tunnel after Opbst.

127 EXT. THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

127

Opbst stands beyond the tunnel, looking back the way he just came, listening to the soft sound of the bullets smashing into the dirt along the path. Suddenly Davey appears out of the darkness, almost crashing into him, zigzagging around him at the last moment, and down the path.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Opbst whirls, sighting on the boy with his pistol, drawing a bead on the small of his back, unaware of the bullets stitching along the path, behind him, headed directly toward him.

CONTINUED

127

CONTINUED - 2

127

Just as he's about to pull the trigger and shoot the boy down, the machine gun slugs find him, ripping into his body, jerking him around, almost cutting him in half, throwing him backward and into the grass. The Luger flies out of his hand and skitters across the path.

Davey emerges out of the shadows and stares down at Opbst. The man doesn't even twitch. Jack Flack steps out of the darkness by the tunnel coming to a stop above the dead man's Luger, pointing at it.

FLACK

(jubilantly)

Great work, Davey! Now get the gun.

Davey turns to him, still in shock, nodding at the body in the grass.

DAVEY

He's dead.

FLACK

Don't worry about that now, Davey. You're winning. Just hurry over here and pick up his gun.

DAVEY

(a little
in shock)

My dad was right.

(turning to
Flack)

I don't wanta play anymore.

Davey turns, looking at the Luger at Flack's feet, glancing back down the path where he can now hear Rice approaching. Back and forth his head goes, between the gun and the approaching killer, the killer and the gun.

FLACK

(childishly)

Come on! Don't be a spoilsport now! What are you, chicken?!

(X)

Davey suddenly whirls, runs to the gun, scooping it up without breaking stride and continuing on down the path, disappearing into the night. Jack Flack stares after him, totally surprised.

FLACK

(calling after
him)

Don't go down there, dumb head! It's a dead end!

CONTI'

127

CONTINUED - ~~2~~³

127

But the boy is gone. Flack glances at his watch. It reads 11:38, twenty-two minutes till the bomb goes off.

FLACK

(to himself)

Jesus ---

With one glance over his shoulder at the sound of Rice's approaching footsteps, the super spy dashes after the boy.

128

EXT. RIVER WALK - DEAD END - NIGHT

128

Davey skids to a sudden halt, facing a blank concrete wall, twenty feet high. He's reached a dead end. He whirls, looking to his left: nothing there but more high wall. He glances to his right: nothing there but the river. He stares back the way he's just come. He can hear Rice's footsteps pounding toward him out of the darkness. He's trapped with nowhere left to run.

CONTINUED

He stands there, breathing hard, the cold certainty of defeat and imminent death sinking in on him.

Farther down the walk, Rice runs into view, stopping as he sees the cornered boy. Smiling, he slowly starts to walk toward him. Davey backs away, raising Opbst's Luger in the dark.

DAVEY

Stay away from me or I'll shoot.

RICE

(mocking him)

Sure you will. Red ink. (X)

(raising his
machine gun)

Only this one shoots real bullets.

DAVEY

(continuing to
back away)

I'm warning you, this isn't a water
pistol ---

RICE

(holding up
the machine gun)

Neither is this. (X)

Rice twirls the machine gun with a display of gunhandling
virtuosity. It ends up in firing position. (X)

RICE (X)

If I wanted, I could turn you into
shredded meat in five seconds with
this baby. But you've been a real
pain in the ass. So I'm not gonna
be that nice. You know what I'm
going to do to you, boy?

Mesmerized by the evil in the man's tone, Davey can only
shake his head as he backs away.

RICE

I'm going to blow both your knee-
caps off. It won't kill you, but
it'll hurt worse than any dying you
can imagine. Then you know what I'm
gonna do?

CONTINUED

128

CONTINUED - 2

128

Suddenly Jack Flack materializes next to Davey, his gaze snapping from Rice to the frozen boy.

(X)

FLACK

Shoot him, Davey, shoot him!

(X)

Davey just stands there, mesmerized by the evil in Rice's voice.

RICE

I'm gonna shoot you in the stomach.
Then when you beg me to finish the
job, I won't. I'm just gonna watch
and enjoy myself as you die.

Davey bumps to a halt, his back against the wall, no further to go, no place to run or hide, trapped. He holds the Luger up, pointing it directly at Rice's face.

FLACK

Shoot! Pull the trigger...!

(X)

DAVEY

Stop, please, stop. I don't want to
shoot you!

RICE

Sure, you don't. But I want to
shoot you.

He lifts the gun and aims at Davey, beginning to squeeze the trigger. The boy stares at him, unable to find the will to fire his own gun.

FLACK

(shouting until
red in the face)

Kill him! Kill him!

(not understanding
Davey's hesitation)

This guy's a jerk! Just kill him!

(X)

(getting
impatient)

Aw, heck! I'll show you what a
real hero does. Watch this!

Davey sees Flack suddenly run along the wall, angling toward Rice, whipping off his spy hat with the bullet-proof shield, holding it in Rice's direction.

FLACK

Get him to shoot over here! Old
Agent X'll bounce the bullets right
back at him. It'll be great!

(X)

CONTINUED

FLACK (Cont'd)

(trying to
egg Rice on)

Come on, you turkey! Shoot me! Or
can't ya find the trigger?! Ha ha
ha!

DAVEY

Don't, Jack!

Rice, alarmed at the possibility of an accomplice with Davey, instinctively whips his Schmeizer around, shoots a burst of machine-gun fire at the super spy.

The pyrotechnics are wild, as a mixture of brightly glowing tracer bullets and standard ammunition flies through Flack's semitransparent body, throwing him back as each slug enters and passes through his body, tearing through his flesh and clothing, then crashing into the wall behind him. It is a spectacular death, and it horrifies Davey to see his friend murdered.

DAVEY

(standing,
screaming)

No!!!

Davey raises the Luger, fires it at Rice, the bullet slamming into the killer, right between the eyes, propelling him backward, the part of his face which can still be seen now looking stunned, just before the blood gushes. Rice topples into the river, and floats away.

Davey runs over to where Jack had just been. He seems to have vanished.

DAVEY

Jack!

Jack materializes behind Davey, in perfectly good shape. There is no sign of any physical damage. Just a little dust. The kind you get playing guns. He brushes himself off.

FLACK

Good work! You won!

DAVEY

(in disbelief)
You're not dead?

CONTINUED

FLACK

Never even touched me.

(suddenly
noticing bullet
holes in his
hat, looking
disgruntled)

Hmh. I guess this thing doesn't
stop real bullets. Hmm.

Davey's eyes snap back to Rice's body, floating down the
river.

DAVEY

He could see you.

Jack just shrugs. He doesn't seem to know or care.

FLACK

I doubt if he had the imagination.
Who cares! You're a hero now.

Davey looks at Rice's body, bobbing in the river. He
showly shakes his head in the negative.

FLACK

You killed the bad guy, Davey. You
won the game. How does it feel?

DAVEY

That wasn't fair! You tricked me!
You made me kill him!

FLACK

A clear case of self-defense!

Davey whips the lead figure of Jack Flack out of his
pocket, is about to throw it ---

FLACK

(alarmed)

What are you doing?

But it is too late. Davey throws it right through Flack,
causing it to bounce off the concrete wall and land back
near his feet. Davey stomps on it, bending the lead
pathetically out of shape.

The boy and the super spy remain frozen on the walk. Flack
turns to Davey, his face filled with sadness and pain.

FLACK

Why did you do that? This was
our best adventure yet.

CONTINUED

DAVEY
(still furious)
I don't want to play anymore.

Flack, deeply hurt by the boy's action, sits down, weak.

FLACK
(genuinely puzzled)
Why do you kids always do this?

DAVEY
Huh?

FLACK
(reminiscing)
Your father was the same way. And
after all those games of cowboys and
Indians....

Davey is puzzled, doesn't know what to say.

FLACK
(complaining)
...It always ends like this. You
get tired of...make believe...
(looks wistfully
to the broken
figure)
...then you break your toys.

Flack suddenly feels something, looks down as bullet holes
begin to materialize for real in his Flack jacket, blood
beginning to show.

FLACK
(looking down)
Damn!

He suddenly coughs and weakens.

DAVEY
(staring)
He did hit you...!

FLACK
I'm okay. We better get to the
airport....

He begins to move dizzily. Suddenly Davey realizes that
the front of Jack's shirt is drenched in blood. Davey
stares at him.

CONTINUED

DAVEY

But you're bleeding. I didn't think anything could hurt you.

FLACK

Maybe you better go to the airport without me...You're the hero now -- you don't need an old jelly blaster like me....

DAVEY

Don't say that. You'll be fine.

Davey grabs Flack as he falls, gently cradling the man's head in his lap. The super spy looks up at him, trying to smile through the pain.

FLACK

Never did like that rule.
(fading fast)

I always have to leave when they stop believing....

DAVEY

(not wanting
to hear)

Just hold on Jack. I'll get help.

FLACK

(making light
of it)

No use. They couldn't see me anyway ---

(smiling
at Davey
through the
pain)

It was fun though...wasn't it Davey?

DAVEY

No, Jack! It isn't over!

FLACK

You were the best playmate I ever had. Do you know that?

DAVEY

(in a panic)

Don't leave me!

CONTINUED

128

CONTINUED - 7

128

FLACK

I have to, kid. You're growin'
up.

Flack manages to smile at him, then a coughing jag hits him and he loses the smile, blood flecking the corners of his mouth.

FLACK

Pass me a smoke, will you.

(X)

Davey reaches for the super spy's shirt pocket, but Flack nods at the ground behind him.

FLACK

Over there. On the ground.

Davey rises and turns, searching the ground for the smokes that aren't there.

Behind him, Jack Flack begins to fade, his body turning more and more transparent. His dying eyes are on Davey, taking a last glance at his friend. A sweet sad, wistful smile wreathes his lips and an instant later the super spy snaps out of existence, gone into the night air forever.

Davey can't find the cigarettes and turns back to tell Flack, only to discover he isn't there any longer.

Stunned, Davey stops crying. He looks around wildly. Rice's body is there, the path and the night are there, everything is there except Jack Flack. Davey lifts his head and calls into the night.

DAVEY

Jack, where are you?

And a voice answers him out of the ether, getting further and further away all the time.

(X)

(X)

DAVEY

Jack, Jack, come back. I can't do
it on my own!

The voice getting farther and farther away.

FLACK'S VOICE

Yes, you can, Davey -- You were
always on your own.

(X)

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED - 8

128

Davey keeps looking up at the summer sky overhead, the swirling clouds doppling the slate-grey darkness of a Texas summer night. He nods up at those clouds way up above, wiping the tears away.

He looks at his watch. It's 11:42. He hobbles hurriedly down the path, dragging his wounded leg after him, moving as fast as he can for the nearest exit.

CUT TO

128-A OMITTED

128-A

129 INT. KIM'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

(X)
129

Kim's mother, Marilyn Gardener, sits in a chair, staring worriedly at a note in her hand. There is a knock at the

CONTINUED

door and she opens it hurriedly to find Hal and DioGuardia standing there. Hal looks just as worried as Marilyn.

HAL

Uh...you're Kim's mother, right?

MARILYN

(worried sick)

Who are you?

HAL

(embarrassed
by his lack
of manners)

Uh, I'm Davey's father...uh, I've
been meaning to come over and
introduce mys ---

MARILYN

Yes, I've heard a lot about you.
Where's Kim?

Hal and DioGuardia look to each other, more worried now.

HAL

She's not here?

LT. DIO GUARDIA

Excuse me, I'm ---

HAL

(interrupting)

Oh, ah, this is Lieutenant....

Hal forgets his name.

LT. DIO GUARDIA

DioGuardia. I'm with the San
Antonio Police.

MARILYN

You'd better look at this....

She picks up Kim's note, hands it to DioGuardia, looks
worriedly to Hal, who reads over the Lieutenant's
shoulder. The note reads: "Have gone to airport. Bring
police. Love, Me."

MARILYN

(accusingly,
to Hal)

Is this another one of your son's
games?

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED - 2

129

Hal and DioGuardia look to each other, neither knowing the answer. Finally, Hal gives one.

HAL

No.

CUT TO

129-A EXT. BUS STOP - STREET - NIGHT

129-A

Davey hobbles as quickly as he can to a stopped bus. The door is open. A disinterested Driver sitting at the wheel as a few passengers await its departure.

129-B INT. BUS - NIGHT

129-B

The Driver turns to the panting boy.

CONTINUED

129-B CONTINUED

129-B

DAVEY

This the bus to the airport?

DRIVER

Uh-huh.

Davey moves up the steps, reaching for his backpack only to realize it isn't there. He looks at the Driver helplessly.

DAVEY

I've lost my school bus pass.

DRIVER

(like a broken
machine)

Dollar fifty!

DAVEY

(turning his
pockets inside
out)

But I don't have it.

DRIVER

Have to get off then. Can't let you
ride for free.

DAVEY

(desperately)

But you have to. I'll pay you when
we get to the airport ---

DRIVER

Sorry!

Davey turns and climbs off the bus.

129-C EXT. BUS STOP - STREET - NIGHT

129-C

Davey alights from the bus, the hiss of the airbrakes
mocking him as it departs.

CUT TO

130 EXT. SAN ANTONIO AIRPORT - NIGHT

130

Kim's bus pulls to a halt before the main terminal. Kim
leaps out, racing for the doors. She passes underneath
a huge wall clock as she disappears inside. It reads
11:45; fifteen minutes left till the bomb goes off.

CUT BACK TO

131 EXT. CAB STAND - STREET - NIGHT

131

Several cabbies stand around talking before an all-night donut shop, their cars waiting for fares at the curb. Davey skids to a halt before a pot-bellied older driver.

DAVEY

Mister, take me to the airport,
please.

OLD CABBY

(looking at
the disheveled
boy doubtfully)

You got any money, son?

Davey hesitates, not used to lying, but deciding to do so in this case.

DAVEY

Yes, sir, tons.

CABBY

(reading the
lie)

Forget it, kid.

DAVEY

But, mister, I have to get to the
airport ---

But the man has already turned away, lost in conversation about the San Antonio Spurs with a buddy. Davey hobbles to the next cabby, an aging Hippie with a day's growth.

DAVEY

Will you take me to the airport,
please? I'll find some way to pay
you when we get there.

The man just stares at him.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

131

DAVEY

Please, it's a matter of life and death!

HIPPIE

(fixing him
with a doubtful
eye)

That important, huh?

(seeing his
wounded leg
for the first
time)

What happened to your leg?

DAVEY

(tearing up
and plucking
at his shirt-
sleeve)

Please, mister, I have to get to the airport quick.

HIPPIE

Maybe I should get you to a hospital first. That leg doesn't look too good.

DAVEY

I haven't got the time. If I don't get to the airport now, this girl is going to die.

Another moment passes, the aging Hippie staring at the kid, the kid staring back, neither blinking. Suddenly the cabby walks to his car and throws the back door open.

HIPPIE

Get in.

Davey dives inside.

132 INT. CAB - NIGHT

132

The Hippie slides behind the wheel and starts the car. Davey leans over the front seat.

DAVEY

How long does it take?

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED 132

HIPPIE

At this time of night, about ten minutes.

He floors it.

133 EXT. STREET - CAB STAND - NIGHT 133

The cab peels out into traffic, burning rubber.

CUT TO

134 INT. AIRPORT - CHECK-IN COUNTER - NIGHT 134

Kim fidgets impatiently while a Clerk behind the counter checks the computer for arrivals and departures. The Clerk finally looks at her.

CLERK

Flight 146 to Paraguay is about to board at Gate Fifteen, Concourse B.

KIM

Thanks ---

She whirls and runs down the terminal, headed for Concourse B.

CUT BACK TO

135 EXT. SAN ANTONIO EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 135

The cab carrying Davey speeds along, headed toward the airport.

136 INT. CAB - NIGHT 136

Davey glances at his watch. It reads 11:47. He leans over the front seat.

DAVEY

Can't you go any faster? Please. I only have a few minutes left.

HIPPIE

Yes, sir, boss ---

He floors it. The cab leaps ahead, going even faster.

CUT TO

137

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

137

Kim stands before a security Guard at the checkpoint prior to the main boarding terminal where all passengers must pass through the metal detector and have their hand luggage searched and X-rayed before they can board. She's deep into her effort to explain to the man what Davey told her.

KIM

(caught
midsentence)

-- but I'm telling you these two
spies are leaving on the twelve
o'clock flight to Mexico City ---

(X)

GUARD

(interrupting)

That flight hasn't started boarding
yet.

KIM

I know. They told me that at the
check in counter, but you have to
stop them from getting on the plane.
You see, they have this Donkey Kong
tape ---

GUARD

(staring at
her incredulously)

What?

KIM

(beginning to
lose patience)

A Donkey Kong tape. You know, a
game cartridge. Only it has these
stolen government plans in it ---

(X)

GUARD

(interrupting
her again)

What's this couple look like?

George and Eunice MacCready walk right in front of Kim, but she just stares at them blankly, getting really exasperated with the security Guard.

KIM

I don't know. Kinda old. One of
them only has two fingers. Or maybe
it's three. I forget. Look, would-
you just stop the plane from boarding
before they take off in it?

(X)

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

137

GUARD

I think we'd better talk to the
Chief of Airport Security ---

The MacCreadys stop against a wall and with a casual glance to make sure no one's watching, George MacCready slips his .9 mm. Llama automatic into a newspaper and drops both into a trash can.

Across the floor, the Guard takes Kim by the arm.

He leads her toward a door marked "Airport Security" while George and Eunice MacCready take their place at the back of the line feeding through the metal detector, the camera case swinging casually from George's shoulder.

138 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

138

The cab carrying Davey screeches to a halt before the entrance to the international terminal.

139 INT. CAB - NIGHT

139

Davey pauses with his hand on the door, looking at the aging Hippie.

DAVEY

I'll see you get your money somehow ---

HIPPIE

Forget it, kid ---

Davey leaps out of the cab.

140 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

140

He rushes into the terminal, dragging his bad leg behind him.

141 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

141

Davey skids to a halt before the check in counter, looking around wildly for a glimpse of Kim. She's nowhere in sight. He dashes for a public courtesy booth.

DAVEY

How do I find somebody?

A woman leans forward to answer him.

CUT TO

142 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

142

Kim sits in a chair facing the Head of Airport Security, the Guard who brought her into the office standing behind her.

CHIEF

(caught
midsentence)

-- and that's all the description
you got?

(X)

KIM

(all
patience
gone)

I told you, we got cut off.

(X)

(pause)

Look, all you gotta do is check their
fingers. Jeesh.

She hears the PA system blaring from outside.

MAN'S VOICE

Flight 467 to Mexico City is now
boarding at Gate Fifteen. Will all
passengers ---

(X)

KIM

(rising out
of chair)

That's their flight ---

CHIEF

(taking out
his report)

Now just let me get all this down ---

Kim glances up at the wall clock. It reads 11:54, six minutes till the bomb goes off, six minutes till the flight leaves. She whips her gaze back to the security Chief, almost screaming at him in her frustration.

KIM

But there isn't time ---

The Guard behind her forces her gently back into her seat. Kim looks at him like she'd like to kill him. The camera dollies in on the walkie-talkie poking out of her backpack, the second hand on the overhead wall clock ticking away.

143 INT. TICKET COUNTER AREA - NIGHT

143

Davey stands by a public courtesy phone as the overhead speaker blaers an announcement.

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

143

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Will Kim Gardener please report to
the white courtesy phone. Will Kim
Gardener please report to ---

Davey looks up and down the terminal, waiting for some sight
of Kim. There is none. His eye catches a computer screen
overhead listing all the arriving and departing flights.
He has no trouble finding Flight ____ to Mexico City.

The word "Boarding Now" flashes on beside it. He tears his
eyes away, glancing at his watch. Five minutes left till
the bomb goes off.

He looks up and down the terminal, desperately searching
for some sight of Kim.

144 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

144

KIM

(in midst of
bureaucratic
interview)

Did they just call my name?

CHIEF

(preoccupied
with paperwork)

I wasn't listening. What was your
mother's maiden name? Do you know
what that means?

KIM

I think they said 'Kim Gardener.'
That's me...!

CHIEF

Just a couple more questions....

145 INT. TERMINAL - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

145

The MacCreadys have just passed through the checkpoint and
are walking toward the entrance to the boarding area as
Davey skids to a halt before the guards, the metal detector
to one side with a waiting line behind it.

DAVEY

Pardon me, have you seen a girl
about eight? She's got blonde hair
and....

CONTINUED

145

CONTINUED

145

He keeps glancing around even as he talks, hoping to catch sight of Kim. Suddenly he see the MacCreadys walking with stately steadiness toward their boarding area. Davey suddenly stops talking, pointing at them, and shouting.

DAVEY

Stop them!

The MacCreadys turn and stare at the boy as Davey tries to dash around the X-ray machine only to be snagged by one of the guards.

CONTINUED

GUARD

Just a second there, son.

Davey frantically struggles to free himself, still pointing at the MacCreadys who watch him with looks of frozen horror on their faces.

DAVEY

But they've got the tape ---

GUARD

I'm sorry, son, but you can't pass through here without being searched first. Who you with anyway?

DAVEY

(hopping up and
down with
frustration)

But the tape ---

GUARD

(pushing
him back)

Now you'll just have to go around to the other side of the metal detector like everyone else ---

Davey looks at the long line. By the time he is searched and passes through the machine, the MacCreadys will be long gone. They know that, too, and turn to go on their way. Davey watches them go, not knowing what to do for a moment. Suddenly he wails at the MacCreadys like some long, lost child.

DAVEY

Mom, Dad, please, don't leave me!

The MacCreadys freeze again, glancing back as the Guard turns around to look at them. They hurry on their way, suddenly wishing they were invisible. The Guard turns back to Davey.

GUARD

(bewildered)

They your folks?

Davey stands there, watching the MacCreadys getting further and further away.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - ³/₂

DAVEY

Yes, sir, and they told me to wait in the car. They said they'd be right back. Only I knew they were lying. They're leaving me behind forever!

The Guard suddenly turns and calls loudly after the MacCreadys.

GUARD

Just a minute there, folks. Would you mind comin' back here.

The MacCreadys stop, exchanging glances. George turns to the Guard, doing his best to smile.

GEORGE

But our plane's boarding ---

GUARD

It'll wait. Let's get this straightened out first.

Holding Davey by the hand, he walks him toward the MacCreadys, the couple walking back to meet them. Everybody is now glancing at them curiously. They all stop opposite each other, the Guard nodding down at Davey.

GUARD

This your boy?

GEORGE

(sarcastically)

Of course not! Do we look like we'd have children that age?

(X)

The Guard looks down at Davey, none too pleased.

GUARD

You putting me on, boy?

DAVEY

(more innocent than apple pie)

No, sir. I don't know why they're doing this, but I can prove they're my folks.

GUARD

How?

CONTINUED

Davey turns an angelic smile on the MacCreadys. He points to the camera bag hanging off of George's shoulder.

DAVEY

If you look inside that bag, you'll find one of my electronic game tapes, Donkey Kong.

The Guard looks up at George and holds out his hand.

GUARD

Could I see your bag, sir.

GEORGE

(getting very uncomfortable suddenly)

But I assure you, officer, this boy's lying. We've never seen him before in our lives.

GUARD

I've still got to see that bag. Now, please, give it to me.

Furious, George glowers down at Davey. Davey gives him a huge smile in return. George's eyes snap to the trash can with his pistol in it on the other side of the metal detector, suddenly wishing he hadn't ditched it.

Suddenly the security office door to the side of the checkpoint opens and Kim steps out followed by the Chief of Security and the Guard that originally took her in there. She sees Davey and yells at the top of her lungs.

KIM

Davey!

He whirls, seeing her at the same time. They take off on the run for each other.

DAVEY

Kim, quick, give me the walkie-talkie ---

George and Eunice glance up. All they see is a little girl rushing toward them followed by two security guards. Thinking they've been discovered, George goes crazy. He smashes the Guard beside him across the chest with his overnight case, slamming the man back against the wall. As the man slumps to the floor stunned, George grabs his gun out of his holster and whips it up, pointing it at the approaching security guards.

GEORGE

Stand back!

CONTINUED

145

CONTINUED - ~~4~~

145

The guards skid to a halt, their hands raised just as Davey meets Kim in front of them.

Before she can say anything, he rips her backpack off, paws through it, and grabs the walkie-talkie. He looks around wildly for somewhere to get rid of the bomb. He sees a door behind the MacCreadys with a glowing "Exit" sign above it. He vaults the inspection area stand and dashes for it.

George reaches out and snags Davey on the way, throwing a choke hold on the boy and using him as a body shield between himself and the guards, yelling at them as he holds the gun to Davey's head.

GEORGE

Now just stay where you are!

DAVEY

(struggling to get
free, holding up the
walkie-talkie)

But this thing has a bo(mb) -- !

(X)

George tightens his hold on Davey's neck, cutting off his words and most of his air. The boy gasps as he's dragged backward by George, Eunice beside him, the gun and the hostage holding the guards at bay.

CUT TO

146

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

146

Hal's old Mustang screeches to a halt opposite the entrance to the terminal. He and Marilyn jump out just as two police cars pull up, disgorging a battalion of cops led by Lt. DioGuardia. They all dash for the terminal.

147

INT. TERMINAL - BOARDING AREA - FLIGHT 467 - NIGHT

147

George and Eunice back into the crowded waiting area, George's gun still held to Davey's head. People back away from them as the Ticket Agent intones boarding instructions.

TICKET AGENT

We will begin boarding passengers
rows one through twenty-seven ---

The Ticket Agent stops as he becomes aware of the commotion. He comes out from behind his dais, heading toward the MacCreadys.

TICKET AGENT

What's going on here --- ?

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

147

George turns and shoots the man in the leg as he gets too close. He goes down as people all around them panic, screaming and clawing to get away from the MacCreadys.

Holding the gun to Davey's head, George drags the boy across the lounge, his wife beside him. All three disappear out the door onto the tarmac and up the portable stairs into the waiting 727 jet.

148 INT. TERMINAL - CHECK-IN COUNTER - NIGHT

148

Hal and Marilyn wait while a policeman questions the check-out girl. Fleming talks to them.

FLEMING

We found two dead men by the river. Another one two blocks away. Turns out they were wanted by the FBI for selling military secrets on the international market. They were smuggling them out in children's video game cartridges.

Hal looks tremendously guilty when he hears the last line.

HAL

What about Davey?

FLEMING

(solemnly)

We've got divers down there now.

(pulls something out of his pocket)

We did find this though. Did it belong to your son?

Hal takes the mutilated lead figure of Jack Flack from the lieutenant, clutches it in his hand.

HAL

God! Why didn't I believe him....

Marilyn comforts him. The policeman returns to Fleming with news.

FLEMING

Come on!

149 INT. BOARDING AREA - NIGHT

149

They skid to a halt before the empty lounge, already cordoned off by airport security men holding pistols trained on the

CONTINUED

149

CONTINUED

149

waiting jet outside. Lt. Fleming hurries over to the Security Chief, flashing his badge at the man.

(X)

LT. FLEMING
Fleming, Homicide.

(X)

CHIEF
A man and a woman just kidnapped a boy. They're holding him hostage inside the plane ---

Marilyn rushes to Kim, her arms outstretched.

(X)

(X)

MARILYN
Kim!

She runs across the cordoned-off area and sweeps her daughter up in her arms.

MARILYN
Oh, Kim, Kim, I was so worried about you ---

CONTINUED

KIM

(pointing through
the window to the
waiting plane)

They've got Davey in there!

Marilyn turns to stare at the 727 sitting out there on the tarmac, then walks back toward Hal as DioGuardia and the Security Chief leave him alone to go about business on their own.

MARILYN

What did they say?

HAL

(nodding at the
jet outside)

If they don't get a pilot to fly them
to Cuba in the next five minutes...
they're going to kill him.

MARILYN

(in disbelief)

No...they wouldn't....

Hal hurries across the lounge to where the Security Chief and DioGuardia stand.

HAL

What are you going to do?

CHIEF

The FBI is sending a team over. They
~~have a pilot who's trained to handle~~
situations like this.

HAL

How long before they get here?

CHIEF

(hating to
admit it)

A few minutes. I just called them.

HAL

(exploding)

A few minutes may be too late.
That's my boy in there ---

A member of the ground crew enters from the outside.

GROUND CREWMAN

He says we've got three minutes
before they....

The crewman sees Hal, stops what he was about to say.

CONTINUED

149

CONTINUED - 3

149

LT. DIO GUARDIA

(following Hal)

They might buy the uniform, but what happens when they expect you to take that plane into the air?

HAL

(breaking away,
going out)

I'll fake it.

CHIEF

Stop him!

DioGuardia turns to respond to the Chief, decides to say nothing, just shakes his head in refusal.

150

INT. 727 AIRPLANE - FORWARD SECTION - NIGHT

150

George shoves Davey away from the door, Eunice by his side.

GEORGE

Now go sit in the back and keep your mouth shut.

Davey holds up the walkie-talkie.

DAVEY

But this is a ---

GEORGE

~~(going berserk)~~
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!
up! Shut up!

Driven back by the man's insane tone, Davey gives up and hurries to the back of the empty airplane.

He plops into a seat near the bathrooms, hidden from sight. He takes out his Boy Scout penknife and pries the back off the walkie-talkie. It is filled with plastique and a profusion of colored wires; red, green, white, and blue, seemingly running every which way from the timing device into the explosive. He stares at them in total bewilderment.

DAVEY

Which one...?

(without
thinking
about it,
calls out)

Jack, which one do I cut?

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED

150

No answer; he looks up.

DAVEY

Jack?

And it hits him; Jack Flack isn't there to save him. His eyes widen with panic as he realizes just how alone he is.

And he sits there, surrounded by the silence, staring at the bomb with its impossible profusion of wires sitting on his small lap, the seconds ticking away inside the digital display, the counter showing there are only three minutes to go.

In the front section, George and Eunice step back as Hal, dressed in his Air Force uniform, walks into the plane. George motions at him with his gun. Eunice frisks him. (X)

GEORGE

Into the cockpit. (X)

In the back, Davey glances up long enough to catch a glimpse of the pilot disappearing through the forward compartment, but he's too far away and the moment is too brief for him to recognize his father.

150-A INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

150-A

Hal slips into the pilot's seat and begins to run a check on the instrument panel as George stands over him, the gun trained on his back.

Hal hits a red button and George's ears pop. He digs a finger into one of them trying to ease the pain and digs his gun into Hal's back.

GEORGE

What was that?

HAL

Pressurizing the cabin ---

He continues to check the instruments without missing a beat.

150-B INT. 727 JET - NIGHT

150-B

Davey is staring worriedly at the guts of the bomb, biting his lower lip, the penknife poised in his hand, the seconds ticking away on the digital display, even as he watches.

CONTINUED

150-B CONTINUED

150-B

Outside the window, the wing jets leap to life, revving and making the entire plane shudder as they warm up. Davey keeps his gaze on the impossible profusion of wires in the walkie-talkie, pounding his good leg in his frustration.

DAVEY

Oh...oh...

(suddenly really
frightened)

Help me, Jack....

Tears of hopelessness start to roll down Davey's face.

150-C INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

150-C

Hal reaches nervously for the radio mike. George reacts suspiciously.

HAL

I have to get take off clearance.

150-D INT. 727 JET

150-D

Davey is close to tears.

DAVEY

Oh, Jack, I'm sorry. I didn't mean
to throw you away ---

150-E INT. COCKPIT

150-E

Hal feels something uncomfortable on his seat. It is in his back pocket. He pulls out the damaged figure of Jack Flack, pauses a half instant, then repockets it in his shirt.

HAL

(on radio mike,
to tower)Attention, tower. This is flight
one-four-six requesting permission
to taxi to runway one-five, for
immediate reroute to Havana.

TOWER VOICE

Permission granted, one-four-six.

Now, without George seeing him, we see Hal push the intercom button on the radio mike.

CONTINUED

150-E CONTINUED

150-E

Suddenly Hal's Voice comes over the intercom from the cockpit.

HAL'S VOICE

This is Captain Jack Flack. Will
Davey Osborne please come forward
to the cockpit.

Stunned, Davey stares toward the forward cabin as he recognizes the voice.

151 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

151

As Hal sets the mike down, George jams his gun muzzle deep into his ribs. Hal groans in pain from his seat in the pilot's chair.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

151

GEORGE

What's the big idea? You don't need to see the kid.

HAL

Orders. I'm not supposed to take off until I make sure he's safe.

(X)

George stares at him furiously. Hal returns his gaze, refusing to drop his eyes. George finally whirls and shouts out the cockpit door in Eunice's direction.

GEORGE

Get him up here.
(whirling
back on Hal)
And no funny business from you.

(X)

He jams the gun into the back of Hal's neck, both men waiting for the boy to appear, Hal revving the huge jets outside the windows, bringing them up to full power and beyond.

152 INT. 727 - REAR COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

152

Eunice walks down the plane toward Davey.

EUNICE

C'mon, you're wanted up front ---

Davey rises reluctantly, staring at the bomb on the seat.

DAVEY

But...but it's going to go off in less than a min ---

(X)

EUNICE

March, junior! Now!!

(X)

She clears the seat and stops above him, getting her first look at the bomb. It's a very good one: the plastique, the wires, the ticking time counter, all of it are suddenly visible to her. She freezes with fear and screams.

EUNICE

George! George!

The bomb's digital counter is clicking away even as she watches, 068, 067 ---

153

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

153

George suddenly whirls, taking his eyes off Hal, and staring down the passageway toward the back of the plane, Eunice's screams getting louder and more fearful.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED

153

EUNICE (O.S.)

George!

He takes off on a run out of the cockpit. Hal grabs the microphone again, yelling into it.

HAL

Davey, get up here quick!

154 INT. PLANE - REAR COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

154

Davey takes off down the aisle, leaving Eunice, staring at the bomb and still screaming. It keeps ticking, 060, 059 ---

EUNICE

George!

Davey gets halfway down the plane when George suddenly appears from the front section. They almost collide, the spy collaring the boy and dragging him to a halt.

GEORGE

Oh, no, you don't ---

Davey struggles to free himself, but he doesn't have a chance against the stronger adult.

155 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

155

Hal rises from his seat, craning his neck to see back down the passageway into the interior of the plane. At the midsection, he sees Davey struggling in George's grasp. He falls back into his seat, throttling all jets full open and releasing the brake.

156 INT. AIRPORT - BOARDING LOUNGE - NIGHT

156

Marilyn, her daughter Kim, Lt. DioGuardia, all the cops and security guards stand with their noses pressed to the glass, staring at the huge jet just outside the first-floor window of the lounge. The plane suddenly shudders and lurches forward.

KIM

(pointing
excitedly)

Look, it's moving!

The jet leaps directly toward them, gaining speed at a frightening rate, tearing loose from the boarding ramp and throwing it aside.

157 INT. 727 - MIDCOMPARTMENT - NIGHT

157

The sudden movement throws George back against the wall of the plane, causing him to lose his grip on Davey. As the plane straightens, gaining speed, the boy leaps to his feet and dashes toward the cockpit. George heaves himself erect, about to spring after Davey. Eunice screams at him from farther back in the plane as she picks herself up from the floor where she fell.

EUNICE

Forget the boy and get back here!

158 INT. AIRPORT BOARDING LOUNGE - NIGHT

158

The huge jet tears right toward the window; suddenly it turns a hard right, its enormous left wing swinging in a huge arc directly toward the window.

LT. DIO GUARDIA

Duck!

Everybody hits the floor as the plane wheels about on a dime, its wing barely missing the window.

Everybody leaps to their feet, staring out the window at the 727 roaring down the runway away from them, gaining more and more speed with every passing second.

Kim suddenly leaps forward, climbing through the window, and out onto the runway, tearing across the tarmac after the plane.

KIM

Davey ---

Her mother leaps after her, dashing down the runway trying to catch her daughter.

MARILYN

Kim!

159 INT. 727 - REAR SECTION - NIGHT

159

Eunice and George stand staring down at the bomb on the seat. She turns to him, barely able to control her panic.

EUNICE

Well, disarm it.

CONTINUED

159

CONTINUED

159

George manages to pull a wire loose, but nothing happens.

GEORGE

(turning
to her
helplessly)
I don't know how.

A terrified moment passes. Suddenly:

EUNICE

The door!

They both bolt down the aisle toward the midsection doors.

160

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

160

Davey bursts through the door into his father's arms.

DAVEY

Dad ---

HAL

(embracing
his son)

Davey ---

Davey pulls free and glances at his watch.

DAVEY

Dad, there's a bomb in the back
that's due to go off in less than a
minute.

HAL

C'mon, we'll get out of here ---

He slams the cockpit door closed and locks it, turning back
to the small side window, fumbling with the catch to open it.

161

INT. MIDSECTION - NIGHT

161

George is pulling at the exit door. He turns to Eunice.

GEORGE

It won't open. Not with the cabin
pressurized.

CONTINUED

DAVEY

Dad, Dad -- !

And the plane continues to gain speed, quickly outdistancing the small running boy, roaring off into the night, swallowed up by darkness. Davey keeps running after it anyway.

The night is suddenly shattered by a huge explosion, a fireball of incredible brightness and size roaring up out of the blackness. The concussion blows Davey back and off his feet, bending the grass and bushes around him almost to their breaking point.

He picks himself slowly up off the ground, staring down the runway at a night that has suddenly become brighter than day, an enormous fireball of high-octane aviation fuel climbing into the night sky.

DAVEY
(in a shattered
voice)

Dad!

Tears stream down his cheeks.

(X)

DAVEY

Dad -- !

CONTINUED

He suddenly stops, staring into the almost blinding incandescence of the fireball. A tall, handsome figure of a man backlit in burning orange, shimmering against the night sky and the rising fumes of the fire is walking toward him slowly out of the conflagration.

Davey just stares at the apparition, watching the glowing outline of the figure drawing closer and closer to him, something teasingly, wonderfully familiar about it.

And then he recognizes the figure, that jaunty, confident walk, the insolent slouch, that aggressive lowered curve of the shoulder.

DAVEY

(staring
in disbelief)

Jack?

And now the figure is closer, almost recognizable...and it looks just like the super spy, everything about him is the same, the walk, the carriage, even the faint smile Davey can barely make out on the man's face.

DAVEY

Jack!

And his father stoops down and grabs him up in his arms, swinging him about, cradling the crying boy's face in his strong shoulder. They stand there like that, embracing for what seems like several minutes. Finally Hal holds him out a little bit away from him, using his free hand to wipe Davey's tears away, and brushing aside a few of his own at the same time. He smiles almost wistfully at his son.

Davey gets his first real good look at his father; sure enough, it's Hal Osborne, his face smudged with the smoke of the wreck, his hair singed by the fire, discheviled and battered, nothing very romantic about him at all. Davey looks at him hard, real joy and relief flooding his small boy's face. He throws his arms around his father's neck again, holding him as tightly as he can.

DAVEY

Dad! How'd you get out?

HAL

Jack Flack always gets out.

CONTINUED

And they stand like that, father and son tearfully embracing as the plane burns away in the b.g., Kim and Marilyn Gardener racing toward them in the f.g., the sound of fire engines and police cars tearing across the tarmac toward them, already renting the night air and somehow interrupting this very private, very personal moment between father and son.

THE END

#02160 CLOAK & DAGGER - SCRIPT CHANGES

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING NAME CHANGES THROUGHOUT THE SCRIPT:

LACKLAND AFB is now to be known as KELLY AFB

OPBST is now known as ALVAREZ

DIO GUARDIA is now known as FLEMING

DATA POINT has now been changed to TEXTRONICS

The SCHMEIZER (gun) is now an UZI

DONKEY KONG VIDEO GAME AND CASSETTE is now to be known (X)
as CLOAK & DAGGER

No. 02160
(Formerly: #00870)
August 3, 1983

EXEC. PRODUCER: Doc Erickson
PRODUCER: Allan Carr

CLOAK & DAGGER

(Formerly: THE WINDOW)

Revised Final Draft Screenplay

by

TOM HOLLAND

as Revised by

BILL PHILLIPS

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