

CREDITS IN:

FADE IN:

EXT. LOUP RIVER - DAY

WHOOPING CRANES

form a chevron in the sky and land on a sandbar in the middle of the rushing river ringings North Loup, Nebraska.

THE CHALK HILL MINES

leap up before us. This is one of the few places in Nebraska where mountains roam and roll along the horizon.

HAPPY JACK MOUNTAIN

is the highest peak in Valley County. A giant cross decorated with Christmas tree lights stands a lone and silent station.

CREDITS OUT:

A DAIRY FARM

sweeps into view.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEBRASKA COW PASTURE - DAY

Clay Creighton sticks his arm up a cow. He gently twists his arm and frowns.

CLAY

What is this?

As he pulls out his arm, we see that Clay's eyes glow like bluejay wings on the sun: sapphires speckled with flecks of black and white.

As he pulls off a large rubber sleeve from the arm he had up the heifer, we discover the contour of his young face: tanned and soft like distressed leather. Clay's gentle fingers sprout like wheat from meathook hands.

CLAY (CONT'D)

She isn't pregnant!

Reesa Lawrence pulls out a May Day basket from behind her back and presents it to him. Her wrinkled hand shakes in the morning sun. Her shoulders are stooped by the heft of heavy farm life.

REESA

I know. Happy May Day.

CLAY

Reesa. You didn't call me all the way out here just to give me a May basket.

Reesa laughs and her cracked teeth are stained coffee brown.

REESA

I figured I owed you an April Fools, too.

She slaps the heifer on the rump and the cow MOOS and scoots down the dirt path.

REESA (CONT'D)

Here. Take it, my arm's gettin' tired.

(MORE)

Clay sheepishly takes the May basket from her.

REESA (CONT'D)

You don't come around here much  
since Lizzy left. What'samatter?  
An old woman ain't good company?

Clay opens the May basket.

CLAY

This is a check for \$500!

REESA

It's payment. In advance.

CLAY

For?

REESA

For bringing Lizzy back home.

Clay quickly drops the check as if it burned him. He  
his medical bag.

CLAY

I'm a veterinarian not a bounty  
hunter.

He plods off down the dirt path. The heifer MOOS at  
him.

REESA

Come back here.

CLAY

Tell that to her, not me.

Reesa painfully bends down to pick up her muddy check.  
She slowly follows him using a birch cane to steady  
her walk.

REESA

Clay, I know she busted up your heart pretty bad. But she's nowhere! I called the New York cops. They can't find her. FBI's on the case calling her a missing person.

CLAY

(over his shoulder)  
They'll find her.

REESA

Maybe, but they won't understand her. You're the only one who can talk to her. You're the only one who bothered to learn her language.

CLAY

Hear me -- I'm through with her! Everyone South of the North Loup River knows I swore off her when she up and left me.

REESA

She left me too.

CLAY

She leaves everything.

She offers him the check again.

REESA

Find her. Find her so I can die happy knowing my baby is alive. I want her to know that she has been loved to the death!

(MORE)

She makes a sad, goofy face at him.

REESA (CONT'D)

Do it for... for a dear... and  
dying... foolish old woman.

Clay, his spirit broken, laughs.

CLAY

Okay! I'll do it... for you.

He takes her \$500 check and tears it up.

CLAY (CONT'D)

But keep your bribe. There isn't  
enough money in all of Valley  
County to pay me for what you're  
askin' me to do.

Clay kisses her hand and jumps into his red Chevy  
truck.

REESA

You'll love New York City! I hear  
it's just like Nebraska -- except  
in neon!

Clay waves and smiles as he spews dirt beneath his  
tires and leaves a trail of black exhaust behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LOW LIBRARY ROOFTOP - DAY

Lizzy Lawrence stands on the edge of the roof and  
surveys College Walk, the rugged brick pathway  
bisecting the campus, and scans the mass of students  
milling below her.

[Note: Lizzy is profoundly Deaf. She communicates  
through sign language only. The convention used  
throughout this movie so audiences can understand what  
she says as she signs is for all of her signed  
dialogue to also be in Voice Over -- as if the V.O. is  
her inner "voice" speaking along with her sign.]

LIZZY

sweeps her hair from her smooth and ivory face.

The wind blows it into billows and back into her eyes. She places a pair of high-powered binoculars to her glistening, amber eyes.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

She scans the sea of faces below her and finds a group of kids pounding up the steps to Low Library. She focuses on one girl's mouth -- MAGGIE -- and lip reads her.

LIZZY (V.O.)  
 (not signing, just her "inner  
 voice" speaking for the GIRL)  
 "This class sucks."

LIZZY

as she pulls the binoculars from her eyes and frowns.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
 Terrific.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

Lizzy scans a BOY's lips -- SAM -- in the group.

LIZZY (CONT'D V.O.)  
 "Gonna be late!"

LIZZY

laughs as the group disappears into the library.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
 You already are.

She goes to a large wire pen holding doves. 100 yards away on the roof of Butler Library, sunlight reflects off a mirror and flashes in Lizzy's eyes.

Lizzy signals back with her mirror and opens the dove cage.

THE COVEY OF DOVES

rip from the cage and fly to the flickering light across the campus at Butler Library.

STUDENTS

pour of of the access stairs and onto the roof.

MAGGIE

hacks Lizzy on the shoulder.

MAGGIE

Ms. Lawrence?

LIZZY

spins around quickly.

LIZZY

Don't hack a Deaf person on the shoulder to get their attention, Maggie. You tap -- ever so lightly. Like this.

Lizzy taps Maggie's shoulder.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Not like this!

(MORE)

She hacks at Maggie's shoulder with a mocking tomahawk hand.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
(sweetly)  
Can you feel the difference,  
Maggie?

MAGGIE  
(embarrassed)  
Oof! Ow. Okay. Right. Got it.

Lizzy and Maggie both massage their shoulders.

LIZZY  
Terrific! Although, you'd  
probably remember better if you  
didn't think my class sucks.

Maggie freezes.

MAGGIE  
What? Who told? I mean, I just  
love this class...

LIZZY  
Let's begin the sucking together,  
shall we?

Lizzy smiles and takes Maggie by the hand and together they join the other students in Lizzy's American Sign Language class.

[Note: All the students use both voice and sign language.]

SAM  
Hiya, Ms. Lawrence! Sorry we're  
late.



LIZZY

I know you're sorry Sam, I saw you.

SAM

You saw me?

LIZZY

(caught)

Uh, yeah! You know I "see" everything, right? We know I didn't "hear" you!

The class uncomfortably laughs along with Lizzy.

MAGGIE

What's with the birds?

LIZZY

They're doves and they'll be released on commencement day after we sign the National Anthem for the President of the United States.

SIDNEY

I guess the University knows you love that kind of farm/bird thing.

SETH

She's got a doctorate in stuff that flaps!

MAGGIE

No flies on her!

LIZZY

Okay! Enough! What did you learn last week?

MAGGIE

Lip-reading is only 65% successful.

LIZZY

Good!

(She smiles)

In some cases it's closer to 90%.

MAGGIE

smiles and hides her mouth behind her hand.

CARL

Lip-reading is like a fingerprint.

LIZZY

Meaning?

SAM

Each person's lips, teeth and tongue manipulate words in a unique way.

LIZZY

Excellent! Anything else?

GLEENDA

Some words look the same on all lips making correct interpretation difficult.

LIZZY

Really?

FRANCIS

Here's an example:

(She only mouths the words.)

"Milk." "Beer."

(Now she speaks)

What did I say?

MAGGIE

Fear.

SAM

Not "fear!" It looked like beer!

FRANCIS

Beer was one. The other?

The other students look at each other. Shrugs.

LIZZY

The first was "milk."

FRANCIS

Yeah!

ED

What were the clues?

LIZZY

The tongue lingers an instant  
longer on the double "e" than on  
the one short "I."

LIZZY flickers sun from her mirror to the Butler  
library rooftop. Her signal is met with a similar  
flicker.

MAGGIE

Tough.

LIZZY

Not tough. Everything's easy with  
practice. So let's.

The students line up and Lizzy leads them in signing  
The National Anthem as

THE DOVES

surround them in an arc and land back into their cage.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY - NIGHT

Clay steps off a Greyhound bus and is bumped along the corridor by the other passengers racing for the street.

CLAY

Hey. Ooo. I usually don't get touched there 'til the second date.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - 42nd STREET AND BROADWAY - NIGHT

NEON

signs sparkle and throb around Clay like popsicles on a hot Sunday afternoon.

JACKHAMMERS

pound the night streets and Clay plugs his ears with his pinkies.

SAUSAGE

from a street vendor stings the nose and hangs thick in the air like a cloud as Clay pulls off his sock, shakes out some change, and pays the vendor.

THREE-CARD MONTE

players stare at Clay as he strolls by eating a sausage kebob. He's dressed in Osh-Kosh B'Gosh overalls, a Kelly green National Corn Seed baseball cap and rubber mud boots. Clay carries his veterinarian's medical bag over his shoulder.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(Tips his hat)

Men.

(MORE)

The four teenagers kick their Three-Card Monte cardboard box into the street and follow Clay. Clay stops and turns to face them. He picks out the biggest guy and says --

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Don't I know your mother?

The big dude's eyes bulge! All the Monte players freak, spin, and run.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - 66th STREET AND BROADWAY - NIGHT

A horse and carriage are stopped. Lenny, the driver, is whacking the horse with a leather whip. The horse cannot move or even respond to the whipping.

CLAY arrives and strokes the horse's mane, and the horse looks at Clay with dead eyes.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
This horse needs water.

Lenny whips the horse again.

LENNY  
He's thirsty when I say so!  
Giddyap! Ho!

Clay grabs the whip in mid-air.

CLAY  
I said, "This horse needs water."  
Now, you're not gonna beat the  
sweat out of him, but if you want,  
I'll whip the tar outta you  
instead.

Lenny drops the whip. Clay unleashes the horse from its harness and leads him up the steps to the frothing water fountain in the midst of the Lincoln Center complex.

LENNY

(Shouting after him)

What are you? Some kinda do-gooder?

CLAY

(Over his shoulder)

Noop. I'm just a Nebraskan.

The horse gulps from the Lincoln Center fountain as people dressed in tuxedos and evening gowns are repelled by the spectacle.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(Grinning)

Don't mind us. He already drank the Hudson dry.

A COP

arrives.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Officer.

(Hands the reins to the cop)

Ten more minutes here, then take him to the police stables after you arrest that fella over there for cruelty to animals.

Clay smiles and leaves. The cop watches curiously as Clay leaves, then turns to the crowd.

COP

Back up. Give us some room!  
We're tryin' to drink, here!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S DINER - 112th AND BROADWAY - NIGHT

Clay peers in the window of the diner. He gasps at the prices on the menu stuck to the window.

CLAY

Five bucks for a hot dog? I knew New York was rough, but who knew you got a receipt when you're robbed? Looks like it's trail mix again for me tonight.

A STRAY DOG

whines at Clay's ankle.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Hey, there, pal. What's your name?

Clay kneels and pets the dog. He discovers a nail piercing the dog's thigh.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Aw, what's this here, hmm? I can fix that in two shakes of your tail.

Clay removes the nail, cleans the wound and dresses it. The dog licks his hands.

CLAY (CONT'D)

You're set, pardner. Go forth and conquer.

As Clay walks north on Broadway, the dog limps along and follows him.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANT'S TOMB - 122nd AND BROADWAY - NIGHT

Clay carries the dog in his arms. From the palm of his hand, he feeds the dog the last of his trail mix.

CLAY

Tonight we'll bivouac here with  
General Grant and suck up the  
stars for dessert. We'll get more  
grub in the morning when we find  
Lizzy.

Clay stretches out under a tree and the dog nuzzles in the crook of his arm. They're instantly asleep as the wild rock music and traffic of the Upper West Side rings and rocks around them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROADCAST NEWS SERVICE - NIGHT

Lizzy enters the Broadcast News Service's (BNS) editing suite wearing a BNS logo cap and a BNS hardback access pass. Emmet waits for her behind an editing bay.

EMMET

Lizzy! Glad you're here. Any  
trouble getting in this time?

Lizzy sits next to him and pulls out an Apple Newton palmtop MessagePad 310. She turns on the small device and writes on the LCD screen with a stylus. Her written words are instantly translated and voiced by the machine.

[Note: When Lizzy "speaks" in this scene, it is via the Newton MessagePad's voicing capability.]

LIZZY

Hi Emmet! Please don't turn your  
back when you speak to me -- I  
can't read your lips.



EMMET

(turning to face her  
and over pronouncing)  
Sor-ry. About. That.

LIZZY

You don't have to over pronounce  
either. Just speak normally and  
I'll do the hard part.

EMMET

(Terribly self-conscious,  
but facing her now)  
Right. Get past the guards okay?

LIZZY

(Smiles)  
I got in fine. The new pass  
helped. Thanks.

EMMET

Good! Here's the President  
arriving today in New York.  
What's the good word on his plan  
to move the U.S. to nuclear power  
only?

LIZZY

Lemme take a look. That's why you  
pay me the big bucks.

Emmet hits a button and the President of the United States appears on a large monitor disembarking from a Marine Corps. helicopter. Emmet electronically enhances the President's face into a close-up. Lizzy sits down and focuses hard on the President's lips.

LIZZY

"Good to be here." "Not yet."  
"All plants online by the end of  
the month if..." Shit!

EMMET

What? The President said, "shit"  
in public?

(Winks at Lizzy)

Golly, we'll have to make that our  
lead story.

LIZZY

No, sorry. That was my "shit."  
That Secret Service guy's face is  
in the way.

Lizzy glares at GLICK(2) as his entire face fills the  
screen as the tape runs out and electronic snow  
showers the screen.

EMMET

Hopeless, huh? Well, come back  
tomorrow and we'll see if any  
State secrets about the risks of  
nuclear power get leaked  
unknowingly.

Lizzy and Emmet laugh as the videotape is re-wound.  
The tape

FREEZE-FRAMES

on the glaring face of GLICK(2) as his eyes eerily  
appear to follow Emmet and Lizzy as they leave the  
editing bay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRANT'S TOMB - DAY

Dawn. Clay jerks awake, and for a moment, he doesn't know where he is. He checks the crook of his arm. The dog is gone. He whistles for the dog -- no response.

CLAY

Love 'em and they leave you.

(Sigh)

Good practice for meetin' up with Lizzy today, I suppose.

Clay pulls himself up, licks his fingers, and claws them through his hair. He spies a line of tethered

GARBAGE BARGES

chugging down the Hudson river.

CLAY (CONT'D)

It's a wonderment that folks don't mind living circled by their own rubbish like chuckwagons at a massacre.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - BUTLER LIBRARY ROOF - DAY

Lizzy is now on the opposite library roof with her doves. As the rising sun flickers in a mirror on Low Library, Lizzy releases her doves.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

as Lizzy once again scans the crowd below her for interesting conversation.

[Note: Once again, Lizzy's "inner voice" speaks the lines of the lips she reads and also serves as her "real" voice that comments on what she's seeing.]

LIZZY

"Test and I'm not ready." Boring.  
 "Budweiser." No thanks. "Sex  
 with Michael was hot!" Nice  
 thought, but I have a headache.  
 "Kill the President tomorrow."  
 What was that?

LIZZY

stops scanning the crowd and immediately tries to find  
 the set of lips planning to kill the President.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

as she focuses through leaves, a shaft of light  
 illuminates

THE LIPS

A thin and delicate scar splits the upper lip into two  
 pinkish half-moons.

LIZZY

(Fighting to keep the lips  
 in sight and in focus)  
 "Tomorrow. Right here. We'll  
 kill him during graduation."

The lips disappear behind a tree. LIZZY drops the  
 binoculars and sits. She holds her stomach as she  
 tries to find the speaker with her naked eye.

THE SUN

glints in her eyes from the Low Library roof. She  
 flashes light from her mirror and pulls the binoculars  
 to her eyes.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

Lizzy finds a familiar pair of soft lips and reads them.

LIZZY  
 "I see you." Uh-oh!

Lizzy chokes as she

RACKS THE BINOCULARS

back out of focus to look at the face. As she re-focuses on the entire person, she finds

CLAY

waving up at her dumbly in front of Butler library and holding a bouquet of prairie flowers. She reads his smiling lips...

LIZZY  
 "Long time no see!" Oh, Clay!  
 No!

THE DOVES

swoop down upon her as they return to their cages from their temporary roost upon the Low Library roof.

LIZZY

ducks the doves, and searches the crowd again for Clay.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

as Lizzy can't find Clay! She

SWISH PANS HER BINOCULAR P.O.V.

back to the place she last saw the lips of a killer and discovers



GLICK AND NOTH

staring back up at her via their own binoculars as they follow the doves returning to her atop Butler library!

LIZZY

Those lips! Familiar? Yes! The face on the videotape!

[Note: Lizzy is actually seeing GLICK -- not GLICK(2) whom she saw on the monitor at the BNS editing bay]

LIZZY'S LIPS - M.O.S.

as she swallows hard and mouths in silence:

LIZZY (CONT'D, M.O.S.)

Holy shit! Killers through the looking glass!

LIZZY'S BINOCULAR P.O.V.

as she pulls focus in on Glick and Noth.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - COLLEGE WALK - DAY

GLICK'S BINOCULAR P.O.V.

as he reads Lizzy's lips and stands on the brickstone walk in the center of the University.

GLICK

"Killers through the looking glass." The bitch saw us, Noth! She knows!

NOTH

lowers his binoculars and pulls a 9mm pistol from his shoulder holster.

NOOTH  
 Let's take her out, Glick. This,  
 we do not need.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BUTLER LIBRARY ROOF - DAY

LIZZY'S BINOCULAR P.O.V.

as she, in turn, reads Noth's lips:

LIZZY  
 "Take her out." Oh, God, they see  
 me!

LIZZY

spins and bumps into

CLAY

who presents her with his prairie flowers.

CLAY  
 Hi there. I picked these fresh  
 for you from the lower Loup River  
 valley.

She drops her binoculars and they hang from her neck  
 as she embraces Clay.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
 Ouch! Your binoculars pack a  
 punch!

LIZZY  
 (Signing)  
 Clay! We have get out of here  
 fast!



Clay's signing is slow and deliberate and over-practiced.

CLAY

(Signing)

Slow down, Lizzy. My sign.  
Language. Is rusty. Repeat  
slower. Please.

Frantically, Lizzy peers over the roof and sees Glick and Noth racing to the Butler library entrance below.

LIZZY

(Signing slower)

Home. Home.

CLAY

(Imitating her sign and  
trying to guess its meaning)

Huh? Is that sign "Kiss?"

Lizzy shakes her head furiously and drags Clay to the roof exit as she signs even slower and exaggerates her pronunciation.

LIZZY

Hoooooooooooooome.

CLAY

Home? You want to go back to  
Nebraska with me?

Lizzy rolls her eyes and nods her head ferociously and pushes Clay down a step into the library proper.

CLAY

Heck! This is easier than I  
thought!

Clay stops. He backs up from his descent into the library. Lizzy freezes as

HOLLAN AND KIST

enter onto the roof of Butler library. Hollan expertly uses Total Communication (Voice coupled with Sign Language) to talk with Lizzy.

HOLLAN

Are you Lizzy Lawrence?

Lizzy doesn't move as Hollan and Kist pull their badges from their coat pockets.

HOLLAN (CONT'D)

I'm Special Agent Hollan. This is Special Agent Kist.

Kist nods to her.

HOLLAN (CONT'D)

Ma'am we're from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. We've been informed that you're a missing person.

LIZZY

How could I be missing if I'm here? Officer, there's an emergency...

KIST

(He Upcuts her and Hollan interprets for him)  
We're not Officers of the Law, Miss. We're Federal Agents.

LIZZY

(Hollan voice interprets)  
Please, you must help me!

HOLLAN

That's what we're here for, ma'am.  
We'll help pay for a phone call to  
your mother in Nebraska if you  
like?

LIZZY

No, there's no time...

KIST

(Upcutting her again, Hollan  
interprets)  
It might put her heart at ease to  
hear from you Ms. Lawrence.

LIZZY

(Hollan voice interprets)  
Listen to me! Please! There is a  
killer...

CLAY

Killers?

GLICK AND NOTH

race onto the roof with guns drawn! They stop when  
they see

HOLLAN AND KIST

smiling at them.

LIZZY

(Pointing out to Glick  
to Clay)  
Him! Him!

LIZZY

struggles to move. She points at Glick who has taken  
dead aim at her.

HOLLAN

Whoa, whoa. Holster the hot lead,  
gents. She surrendered.

HOLLAN AND KIST

laugh out loud at the joke.

KIST

Now what's this talk about  
killers?

Clay sees Lizzy is in trouble. He steps forward and  
becomes her interpreter.

CLAY

Uh, she didn't say "kill" she said  
"deep." 'There is a "deep"  
problem with my mother.' That's  
what you were starting to say,  
right, Lizzy?

Appreciating his help, she calms down and plays along.

LIZZY

Right. Right.  
(Demonstrating the slight  
difference between the  
two signs)  
"Deep" not "Kill".

KIST imitates her signs.

KIST

"Deep." "Kill." Did I get that  
right?

Lizzy nods.

GLICK AND NOTH

stare down Lizzy as their chests heave for air. Sweat shines from their angry faces as they re-holster their pistols.

HOLLAN

Alright, then. We can go.

KIST

This case has been successfully...  
(Dramatically pushing  
up the sleeves on his  
jacket, he signs very  
slowly and grins at Lizzy)  
"Killed."

LIZZY

(Clay voice interprets  
for her)  
Don't go!

KIST

You'll be in tender hands, ma'am.  
These men are with the Secret  
Service.

HOLLAN

They just need to ask you a few  
questions.

LIZZY

(via Clay's voice)  
What's the Secret Service got to  
do with Missing Persons?

NOTH

Come with us, Miss, and you'll  
find out.

CLAY

Can't you talk to us right here?

NOTH

We're here to speak with her, not  
you. You can leave.

LIZZY

(via Clay)

Clay is my interpreter.

(She swallows hard)

You want me, you take him on, too.

GLICK

(Through a clenched  
smile)

It'll be our pleasure to handle  
you both.

HOLLAN

Good-day, ma'am.

As Hollan and Kist turn to leave, Lizzy runs to them  
and Clay voice interprets for her.

LIZZY

I have a confession! Agent  
Hollan, you should know that it is  
my intent to kill the President.

CLAY

Lizzy? What are you doing?

HOLLAN

stops.

KIST'S

eyes narrow.

NOTH

grinds his teeth.

GLICK

slams his fist into his palm.

HOLLAN

Now hold on Ms. Lawrence. Are you aware that it's a Federal crime to threaten the life of the President of the United States?

CLAY

frantically torn between the truth and saving Lizzy, tries to help.

CLAY

No. She's misunderstood. She's joking!

LIZZY

(Hollan voice interprets)

No! I understand! Yes, it is my intent and desire to kill the President.

Glick glares at Lizzy and steps up with handcuffs.

GLICK

Threats against the President are Secret Service territory, boys. Agent Noth and I will take care of her. You two move along.

Kist elbows Glick out of the way and whips out his own set of handcuffs, pulls Lizzy's hand around her back and snaps the cuffs around her wrists.

KIST

Not so fast, Glick. She confessed to the F.B.I. -- this is a Federal matter now. Miss Lawrence? You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent.



LIZZY

sighs with relief as Kist tightens the cuffs.

GLICK

(To Lizzy)

Smooth try, kid. You're smart,  
but dead.

(To Noth)

Let it happen.

Instantly,

GLICK AND NOTH

draw their 9mm guns in unison.

GLICK

aims at Kist.

NOTH

aims at Hollan.

IN SLOW MOTION:

as

HOLLAN AND KIST

draw their service revolvers.

CLAY

tackles Lizzy out of the line of fire and together  
they tumble down the roof's exit stairs.

NOTH

fires a Black Talon bullet into Kist's head.

GLICK

explodes three Black Talons into Hollan's chest.

RETURN TO REAL TIME:

as

HOLLAN AND KIST

flop to the gravel rooftop spewing blood.

THE DOVES

send white feathers flying into the air as they vainly try to flee the cage that holds them.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER LIBRARY STAIRWELL - NIGHT

LIZZY AND CLAY

leap down three flights of narrow stairwells in the closed library.

CLAY spins her around to face him so she can read his lips.

CLAY

Lizzy! What's going on?

LIZZY

can only mouth a silent, yet desperate, deaf speech sentence for him since her arms are still cuffed behind her back.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What? Again. I don't understand.  
Can you whisper it?

CLAY

grabs her face in his hands and brings her mouth directly to his eyes. In the dim glow of the stairwell emergency lights, he focuses deeply on her lips.

LIZZY'S LIPS

mouth a sentence.

CLAY

sweats and gnaws on his upper lip.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What? Repeat it. I... I can't read you lips!

LIZZY

takes her lips hard to his and kisses him with a passionate ferocity.

CLAY

embraces her and kisses her back even harder.

TONGUES

intermingle. She bites his lower lip. He licks and chews her cheek.

CLAY

breaks the kiss and his ear cocks towards the roof.

GLICK AND NOTH

clomp down the stairwell with guns drawn.

LIZZY

sees Clay's concern and she shoulders him out of her way and kicks open a fire door.

CLAY

follows her into the library Stacks.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER LIBRARY - 4th FLOOR STACKS - NIGHT

THE BOOK STACKS

are dingy and crowded with books from floor to ceiling.

[Note: Each library book aisle is lighted by a bank of flickering florescent lights that are controlled by timers at the end of each aisle. When a person enters the aisle to retrieve a book, they twist the timer dial to turn on the lights for sixty seconds. After sixty seconds, the automatic timer turns the lights off to conserve energy.]

LIZZY

with her hands still cuffed behind her back, runs to the end of each aisle and uses her teeth to twist the timers to zero so the lights will be off in the aisle. She then bites off the plastic switch knob.

CLAY

follows her example and runs down the center aisle. He twists all the aisle light timers to zero and pulls off the switch knobs. In the

DARKNESS

we hear Clay's heavy breathing. He cocks an ear to listen for Lizzy's position. He hears nothing but his

own belabored breath and steam clanging in old lead  
pipes ringing the walls.

CLAY

(Whispering)

Lizzy! Where'd you go?

(To himself)

She can't hear you, stupid. She's  
Deaf and you're dumb.

LIZZY

sits on the floor in a far-off corner and contorts her body and brings her cuffed hands from behind her back to the front. Her eyes scan the dark Stacks for any movement.

A MATCH

ignites the dark. She stops.

CLAY

is illuminated by the fire.

LIZZY

growls at him. Clay hears her growl, runs to her and gives her the book of matches.

With her hands not in front of her, Lizzy continually strikes matches for light to work by.

CLAY

opens his medical bag and rips opens a sealed pack syringe needles. He sticks the needles into the handcuff's keyholes and picks the locks.

A SHEET OF LIGHT

pierces the darkness as

GLICK AND NOTH

open the fire door and enter the Stacks.

THE HANDCUFFS

fall from Lizzy's wrist and she blows out the match.

DARKNESS

as the fire door closes.

LIZZY

watches for Glick and Noth down the center aisle.

CLAY

closes his eyes and listens for their quiet footfalls.

GLICK AND NOTH

pause inside the Stacks. They speak in hushed voices.

NOTH

You see anything?

GLICK

Get the door.

LIZZY AND CLAY

huddle together. Lizzy forms hand signs in the dark and Clay places his hands over hers to "feel" what she's saying. Clay nods his understanding and crawls away from her.

NOTH

grabs an armful of books and props open the fire door with the pile so a bit of light can pull into the Stacks.

NOTH

You smell something?

GLICK  
(Sniffing and smiling)  
Matches.

NOTH  
Follow the sulfa. Lights?

GLICK  
End of each aisle on timers.

LIZZY

quietly uses the spiked crescent of a handcuff talon to claw away the plaster hiding a metal plate in the wall. Clay has vanished.

NOTH

reaches for an aisle timer and finds only a metal stub where the knob used to be.

NOTH  
No knobs!

GLICK  
Doesn't matter. Pinch and twist.  
Like this.

GLICK

turns on the first bank of aisle lights.

LIZZY

shudders as the lights at the opposite end of the Stacks flickers on. She digs her fingernails behind the metal plate and follows its outline in the wall.

GLICK AND NOTH

advance on Lizzy's position a bank of aisle lights at a time. They scan each aisle and keep their guns trained down the center of each book row.



CLAY'S P.O.V.

as he lies on the top shelf of a book row in the middle of the Stacks and watches Lizzy.

LIZZY'S P.O.V.

as she searches for Clay. When their eyes meet, he points in Glick and Noth's direction. She nods.

GLICK AND NOTH'S P.O.V.

as they advance beyond the half-way point to Lizzy's position. Behind them: light. In front of them: darkness.

CLAY

holds his breath as Noth and Glick pass by. He opens his clenched hand and counts seven timer knobs. He cocks his fist and throws the knobs sidearm across the rows of lighted book aisles.

GLICK AND NOTH

spin to the sound and crouch as the knobs skittle across the marble floor.

LIZZY

hefts the metal plate from the wall and exposes a steam pipe passageway. As she sets the plate on the floor, it sounds a gentle THUD. Her head snaps to Clay -- she points to her ear and raises her eyebrows, miming, "You hear that thud?"

CLAY

nods his head and points to his ear as the color drains from his face.

GLICK AND NOTH

quickly turn back to Lizzy's direction and advance.

LIZZY

raises her shoulders, miming, "Now what?"

CLAY

motions her to go on through without him. She shakes her head.

GLICK

turns the corner and takes dead aim at Lizzy.

GLICK

It's Deep Kill time, darlin'.

CLAY

lights a match from his perch atop the bookshelves and drops it onto Noth's hair below.

NOTH

screams and slaps his head to smother the fire.

GLICK

turns to help Noth, and in that instant,

LIZZY

leaps into the wall opening and disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER STEAM TUNNEL - NIGHT

LIZZY

bangs against several sets of service pipes as she falls twenty feet to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER LIBRARY - 4th FLOOR STACKS - NIGHT

CLAY

jumps from his perch and kicks a steam valve off it's purchase -- sending a rush of hot steam directly at

GLICK AND NOTH

who crumple to the floor to escape the scalding.

CLAY

in one slick motion, lands hard on the floor, grabs his medical bag, handcuffs the top support beam of the bookshelf near the opening in the wall, leaps into the opening and uses his entire body weight to yank on the handcuffs.

THE BOOKSHELF

comes tumbling down in an avalanche of dust and paper --completely covering their escape route!

GLICK AND NOTH

now empty their guns into the grimy cloud of books and metal where Lizzy and Clay used to be.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER STEAM TUNNEL - NIGHT

CLAY

hangs by his wrist twenty feet in the air! His wrist is locked in the other end of the handcuff. He drops his medical bag.

LIZZY

now limping from her fall, catches the bag.

CLAY

hangs. His hand turns a deep purple. He swings and sways gently. Then, the sound of creaking metal is heard as the other end of the handcuff breaks free of the bookshelf support above him.

LIZZY

jumps out of the way as

CLAY

tumbles to the floor.

[Note: Lizzy and Clay both use sign language. Clay voices for himself and Lizzy's sign is enhanced with her "interior" voice.]

CLAY

Neat trick -- that hidden escape hatch built into the wall. How'd you know?

LIZZY

I used to date the chief of building maintenance.

CLAY

You sure have some interesting friends, Lizzy. Do they all welcome you with 9mm bullets or not?

LIZZY

Clay? What're you doing here?

Clay picks himself up and checks for broken bones.

CLAY

I... thought I'd drop by to say hello.

He pulls her battered prairie flower bouquet from his back pocket and presents them to her.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Hello. Here.

(Tosses the flowers at her)

Good-bye.

Clay turns away from her and walks down the musty steam tunnel.

LIZZY

Come back here! Mother sent you!

She follows him.

CLAY

(Over his shoulder)

I always said you'd be the death of me, Lizzy Lawrence.

LIZZY

I don't concern you any more!

CLAY

I should've been satisfied that when you up and left me you'd only busted up my heart and left me for dead.

LIZZY

Why did you come here, then?!

Clay stops and faces her.

CLAY

Because I was asked.

She is stopped. Her resolve is broken.

LIZZY

Well... now what are we gonn do?

CLAY

I dunno, Lizzy. But... if, for once, the two of us can come together instead of comin' apart - - we might make it outta this mess in one piece.

He opens his arms to her. She tentatively steps into his embrace.

LIZZY

I love you, Clay. You know I always have.

CLAY

Yeah, I know, Lizzy. I love you too.

They kiss deeply.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. REESA'S KITCHEN / BUTLER LIBRARY ROOF - DAY

In this split action sequence,

REESA

sits at her kitchen table candling eggs and talking on an old, black, rotary phone.

REESA  
Your name is what?

GLICK

stands on the Butler library roof dressed in work overalls. He speaks into a digitally encrypted satellite telephone via infra red headset.

GLICK  
Glick. Agent Glick..

NOTH IN B.G.

is also dressed in work blues. He stirs

TWO GIANT VATS

of bubbling roofing tar. Two large mounds of

ROOFING GRAVEL

are piled on the roof.

GLICK (CONT'D)  
I'm calling from New York about  
your missing daughter.

REESA

rejects an egg and marks a giant "X" on it with a wax pencil.

REESA  
You FBI?

GLICK (O.S.)  
No. Secret Service.

REESA  
I thought the FBI handled missing  
persons?

GLICK

helps Noth pull

HOLLAN'S DEAD BODY

out from under one pile of gravel.

GLICK

We're assisting the Bureau on this matter.

REESA (O.S.)

You found her didn't you? What's wrong?

GLICK AND NOTH

dump Hollan's body into one steaming vat of tar.

REESA (CONT'D O.S.)

Is she dead?

NOTH AND GLICK

pull

KIST'S BODY

out from under the other gravel heap.

GLICK

Oh, it uh... appears she's really quite fine from what we've been able to discover so far. We just can't actually put a hand to her yet.

REESA (O.S.)

Well, when you do grab her, give her a big hug from me. And tell her I saw her name in the credits



on the BNS Evening News last  
night. I'm proud of her.

GLICK

BNS, eh? Good. She has a male friend. Do you happen to know him?

REESA

breaks eggs into a hot cast iron skillet.

REESA

You mean Clay? What's he done?

GLICK (O.S.)

Who is he? Where's he hail from? His prints don't match any in our records database.

REESA

Why did you check his prints?

GLICK AND NOTH

plunge

KIST

into the gurgling tar pot.

GLICK

It's all part of the routine. We'll take any break we can make to help you find your daughter.

REESA (O.S.)

(Lying very well)

She spoke of a fella named Clay, but I never met him.

(MORE)

REESA

drops bacon strips into the fry skillet.

REESA (CONT'D)

(Changing tone)

Listen, son. Call off the investigation. It seems Lizzy's fine and just bein' rude to her Ma by not returning my calls. I'll withdraw my report of her being missing and we'll call it even, okay? Bye now.

She hangs up the phone on Glick and dials another number.

REESA (CONT'D)

Hello Relay Operator? I have an emergency message for Lizzy Lawrence.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTLER LIBRARY ROOF - DAY

GLICK AND NOTH

are gone.

THE DOVES

coo restlessly in their cages as the

TAR POTS

cool and harden to hide their inhabitants.

CUT TO:

INT. BNS EDITING BAY - DAY

LIZZY, CLAY AND EMMET

crouch around a monitor and watch the videotape Lizzy and Emmet studied earlier of the President disembarking from a Marine Corps. helicopter.

This time, Lizzy tries to lip-read GLICK(2) instead of the President.

EMMET

(Checking his watch)

It's 2:30 in the morning and we're still clueless? Who's going out for donuts?

[Note: Clay voice interprets for Lizzy in this scene.]

LIZZY

It's so fuzzy -- is it the monitor or my tired eyes? Can you clean up his face?

EMMET

jogs a shuttle dial and GLICK(2)'s face comes into sharper focus as he shouts at the President in order to be heard above the helicopter's whopping whine.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Better, thanks. I just wish he didn't cup his hands around his mouth like that. Impossible!

She turns away from the monitor in disgust.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Any report on who this guy is yet?

EMMET

I'll see if the search complete.

Emmet swivels in his chair and punches keys on an active color matrix notebook computer.

CLAY

Why do these guys want to kill the President, anyway? What's in it for them?

LIZZY

They're probably just messengers.

EMMET

Most likely so! The President has pissed off the entire business mass and the human morass of working families. Going totally nuclear means coal, natural gas, and your local electric company are history -- along with millions of jobs that the nuclear industry can't possibly absorb.

CLAY

It's economic suicide!

EMMET

Hey, the guy's a radical fanatic who got himself the top job. Now we're paying the price for casting protest votes for a wild card candidate!

LIZZY

It's a cultural killing all in the name of Politics.

EMMET

And vision.

CLAY

And the perception of leadership.

Emmet's computer beeps. He taps Lizzy on the shoulder.

EMMET (CONT'D)

What's this? Lizzy! Is this your killer?

GLICK(2)'S FACE

appears crisp and clear on the computer monitor.  
Emmet reads the results of the computer scan aloud.

EMMET (CONT'D)

"Secret Service; Agent Andrew  
Glick; Graduated Cornell Law with  
honors; decorated Navy Seal;  
Distinguished Service; Silver  
Star. Born: Classified.  
Hometown: Access Denied. Current  
Billet: White House Security  
Detail."

CLAY

This guy's Mr. Duty and Honor. It  
doesn't figure.

LIZZY

It does.

CLAY

How so?

LIZZY

now has her face plastered to the television monitor  
as a

FREEZE-FRAME OF GLICK(2)'S FACE

stares back at her. As she peels her face from the  
monitor, she smiles.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

It all figures... because it isn't  
the same guy.

EMMET

Not the same guy?

LIZZY

Right. The guy on the computer and in this videotape is not the same guy who used us for target practice today.

CLAY

Lizzy, I was there with you! It is the same guy!

LIZZY

It isn't. It's all in the lips, Clay. The guys are identical, except this one...

She taps her finger on GLICK(2)'s lips in the monitor.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

...has no scar!

(She traces an imaginary scar across her lips with a fingernail)

The guy chasing us today has a thin, delicate scar right here that splits his upper lip into two pinkish half-moons.

CLAY

Are you sure? How can a guy cut his lip and have it heal into a scar in less than 24 hours.

LIZZY

Lips don't lie. There must be two of them!

CLAY

Then we gotta find the good one.

EMMET

Call the police.

LIZZY

Ha! And tell them what?

EMMET

Well, we need to do something, don't we? We just can't let the President be assassinated tomorrow -- even if we do think he deserves it. Can we?

LIZZY

I have an idea. Emmet, can I use your phone to pull down my messages?

Emmet nods.

LIZZY

pulls out a compact TDD (Telecommunication Device for the Deaf) and hooks it to the phone.

CLAY

Lizzy, we need to get outta here.

LIZZY

I'm working on a plan, Clay. Relax. I gotta see if anyone other than bad Glick knows what's happened. Maybe there's a call from the F.B.I. about what's going on.

EMMET

Don't worry. You're safe here.

THE TDD'S

backlit LCD screen shows everything Lizzy types as she dials the phone number and the



MESSAGE TERMINAL

answers. Lizzy types in her password to log onto the system. Her messages scroll by and she relays them to Clay as he paces

LIZZY

"{HUNG UP} NO MESSAGE."  
"Call Agent Glick at 529-7890."  
"Call Agent Glick at 529-7890."  
"{EMERGENCY PAGE} Agent Glick  
knows you work at BNS. Love, Your  
Forever Ma."

CLAY

Why do I have a feeling that  
wasn't the good Glick calling?

CLAY

unhooks the TDD from the phone and slams down the receiver.

LIZZY

He knows where we are.

EMMET

Call the number and find out which  
Glick called!

LIZZY

Right. And if it's the wrong one,  
he'll trace the call and kill us  
even quicker.

CLAY

There's no reason the good one  
would call Lizzy. Let's move!

LIZZY AND CLAY

move for the door when

GILL

the BNS security guard, pops up on the surveillance monitor.

GILL

Mr. Lark? Still in there?

EMMET punches a button and speaks into a microphone.

EMMET

Yes, Gilly. We're on our way out.

GILL

Not so fast: I just sent a coupla guys back to see you.

CLAY AND LIZZY

shrink from the door.

EMMET

What?! You didn't clear them through me first?

GILL

Uh. No. They had badges... with photos... and holograms... and they said you were expecting them.

Fists pound on the editing room door.

CLAY

It's them.

LIZZY

Look and see.

GILL

peers into the camera by his guard's desk and

GILL'S FACE

distorts as his face grows bigger on the monitor in the editing bay.

GILL

You okay in there? You want for me to come back and keep an eye on 'em?

EMMET

flicks a button and GILL's image is replaced by

TWO FIGURES

standing outside the door. As Emmet

ZOOMS IN

the tiny hall security camera, the two figures grow bigger on screen.

LIZZY

catches her breath as she recognizes

GLICK AND NOTH

as they come into focus!

EMMET

RACKS IN CLOSE:

on

GLICK'S LIPS

and when the scar becomes visible,

EMMET, CLAY AND LIZZY

turn, in unison, from the flickering, fuzzy, five inch black and white image of Glick's lips -- to the twenty-seven inch, perfect, in color image of GLICK(2)'s full lips glowing from the studio monitor.

Then,

A SHOTGUN BLAST

explodes the door into shards of wood and fiery sparks of lead.

LIZZY

pushes Emmet into a closet.

LIZZY

Stay. This isn't your fight. No matter what happens, stick to the plan for tomorrow. Tell no one of this.

EMMET

nods as she closes the closet door.

CLAY

pulls Lizzy behind him as his eyes scan the room for an escape route: there isn't one! They're trapped.

GLICK AND NOTH

kick at the remains of the door and enter the editing bay as they re-load their double-barrel shotguns in tandem.

GLICK

You didn't return my calls.

NOTH

Maybe she forgot who we are?

GLICK

(kicking the debris that  
used to be the door)

There's one reminder. Here's more  
one.

CLAY AND LIZZY

flinch as Glick moves his arms to cradle the shotgun  
in his arms.

GLICK (CONT'D)

(smiling as he signs the  
quoted words)

We are "Deep" and "Kill."

GILL

the security guard, runs up behind Glick and Noth  
holding a handful of keys.

GILL

Hey, what's going on here? I got  
the Master key right here!

Gill is speechless at the ruins of the door.

GILL (CONT'D)

(Sputtering)

And... and... this? Well, I'm  
not cleaning it up and I'm not  
paying for it! This door is not  
coming out of my paycheck!

GLICK

No, your paycheck is coming out of  
you. Deep Kill, sonny.

NOTH

On your way to Deep Six.

GLICK AND NOTH

reveal their shotguns to Gill.

GILL

brings his hands to his face and covers his eyes as they take aim.

GILL

I knew I shoulda stayed in Pigeon  
Forge, Tennessee.

RED FIRE SPEWS

as Glick and Noth empty

BOTH BARRELS

of their shotguns

INTO GILL

and as the lead pellets tear through Gill's body, the buckshot also finds Gill's

WALLET

in his pocket, sending shreds of dollar bills floating in the air like confetti.

LIZZY AND CLAY

instantly seize their only opportunity to escape as

GLICK AND NOTH

re-load their shotguns.

LIZZY

claws at Glick's eyes and draws blood. He fights her off and hits her hard on the collarbone with the butt of his shotgun. She is dazed by the blow. At the same instant,

CLAY

grabs Noth by the neck and wrenches his head hard to the left.

NOTH GURGLES

and falls down dead. As Glick swings his shotgun to hit Lizzy,

CLAY

steps between them and jabs a sharp elbow into

GLICK'S MOUTH

and splits the pink scar on Glick's lip into two, separate, crescent moons again!

CLAY

gather's Lizzy in his arms and carries her through the shattered door. As

GLICK

tries to stand and lunge for Clay,

EMMET

silently opens the closet door

EMMET

Here's a touch of Deep Kill for  
you, you shallow fuck!

and smacks

GLICK

on the temple with a Hi-8 handheld camcorder. As Glick shrivels to the floor and lands on Gill,

EMMET

turns on the camcorder and videotapes Glick while he circles him.

EMMET

Now you're the News at Eleven.

GLICK

rolls over, pulls out Gill's service revolver from its holster and fires, plunging six shots through Emmet's chest. As

EMMET'S LIMBS

flap in the air like ribbons as he crashes to the floor and dies, Glick stands tall over him.

GLICK

And you're yesterday's news.

CUT TO:

EXT. BNS BUILDING - NIGHT

CLAY

bursts from the back door and into an alleyway with Lizzy heavy in his arms. She clings to him.

CLAY

You okay?



LIZZY

nods

CLAY (CONT'D)

You're going to have to read my  
lips. I can't sign and carry you  
at the same time.

LIZZY

Don't talk! Run!

CLAY (CONT'D)

Which way to the Hudson river?  
Point with your toe.

(She does)

Okay. West.

As Clay pivots and runs, Lizzy winces as the pain in  
her broken collarbone sends an aching wave across her  
shoulders. She loses her grip on his shirt.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Hurry, Clay. I hurt. Don't know  
how much longer I can hang onto  
you.

CLAY

Can't talk. I'm running!

(Clay smiles at her and  
kisses her cheek lightly)

I'll hang on for both of us, don't  
worry.

CUT TO:

INT. BNS EDITING BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUED

GLICK

lifts

EMMET

with one hand positions him in the hall outside the editing bay. He then takes Noth's shotgun and wraps Emmet's hands around it.

CUT TO:

EXT. 72nd STREET - NIGHT

CLAY

carries Lizzy in his arms as he crosses Broadway, West on 72nd Street. The street is packed with New Yorkers, but no one stops to look at them -- no one thinks them out of the ordinary.

CLAY

Hang on! We're almost there.

Clay races past

DOUG

a large and angry panhandler and accidentally squashes his foot.

DOUG

Hey, man! You step on my foot again and I'll stomp on your face! Get back here and apologize! Don't make me come after you!

CLAY

keeps running and Doug takes up the chase and runs after him.

CUT TO:

INT. BNS EDITING BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUED

GLICK

tears the Hi-8 tape from Emmet's camcorder and lights the tape on fire. Glick drags

GILL

into the editing bay and presses Gill's service revolver into his hands, making it appear that Emmet and Gill shot each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST SIDE PIER - NIGHT

DOUG'S P.O.V.

as he gains on Clay and Lizzy.

DOUG

Don't make me hurt you, man! Stop and apologize before you're sorry!

CLAY

reaches the edge of the pier as

DOUG

arrives on his heels.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What's with you man? Didn't your Mamma teach you no manners?

CLAY

(Gasping for air)  
It's been a tough day, sorry.

DOUG

Well, sorry ain't gonna cut it now, cowboy. Sorry was 3 blocks back. Now I'm gonna have to hurt you to set this issue of respect straight. I've maimed men for less! Got it?

CLAY walks out to the edge of the pier hovering over the Hudson River. Lizzy is woozy in his arms.

CLAY

Listen. You get this. I just killed a man for the first time in my life tonight by snapping his neck. I'm a little buzzed out. I'm a little hacked off. Maybe I enjoyed it too much. But right now, I know that what I don't need... is you.

DOUG

Well, ain't you the monkey's ass!

CLAY

If you don't leave right now, and if you make me put her down to make you go -- you're gonna be the second snapped neck on my list.

DOUG

stares at Clay.

CLAY

stares Doug down: Clay's eyes fester with anger.

THE DOG

clay fixed up earlier arrives. He trots to Clay's side and bares his teeth at

DOUG

who, seeing the dog and the crazy look in Clay's eye, casually backs down and turns to go.

DOUG

Snapping necks -- who'd a thought you had it in you?

CLAY

Not me. And that's what scares me.

Doug waves him off as he walks back to his panhandling corner.

DOUG

Tell it to the judge, cowboy.

CLAY

(Over his shoulder)

I'm sorry about stepping on your foot.

DOUG

(Muttering)

Monkey ass crazy, that's what he is. Lock them people up and swallow the key!

CLAY

inches out to the very edge of the pier and crouches like a swimmer on a diving tower.

THE DOG

whimpers and looks at him with longing eyes.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Sorry, boy. I gotta go. I'll see you real soon.

A GARBAGE BARGE

chugs by the pier and sounds its horn.

CLAY

Lizzy? Believe me when I say: "I  
know this is gonna hurt you more  
than it hurts me."

And with that, Clay leaps off the pier! As he

FALLS IN SLOW MOTION

CLAY

twists in the air so that as they land on the barge,  
Lizzy lands on him.

CLAY AND LIZZY

sink into a giant mound of gooey restaurant rubbish.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BNS EDITING BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUED

GLICK

opens a large Anvil brand equipment case and dumps the  
contents. He sees Clay's

MEDICAL BAG

and places it near the door. He then takes

NOTH

and roughly stuffs him into the Anvil case.

GLICK

locks the case, picks it up in one hand, grabs Clay's medical bag in the other, and walks briskly out of the editing bay.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARBAGE BARGE - NIGHT

MANHATTAN

shines and glitters as Clay and Lizzy chug around the island on the barge.

CLAY

sets Lizzy's broken collarbone.

CLAY

I lost my medical bag, so I can't numb your collarbone. You'll feel a pinch, the bone will grind, and a burning sensation will start on your shoulder and run down your leg.

LIZZY

Sounds like New Year's Eve in Times Square.

CLAY

Pretend I'm Dick Clark.

Clay uses all his weight to push the bone sticking out of her shoulder back inside her body and into place.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(Screams)

Hurts.



CLAY

Inhale deeply. The stench'll make  
you pass out!

LIZZY

(She inhales, and stops)  
Oh. My shoulder. I can't sign.

CLAY

Sorry. That was the worst of it.  
If you have to speak, try using  
the Rochester Method.

[Note: The Rochester Method consists of quickly  
fingerspelled words in a sentence instead of using the  
entire arm and shoulder to sign phrases. Lizzy's  
internal "voice" let us know what she's saying in this  
scene.]

LIZZY

manages a smile and leans back into a pile of thick  
garbage bags. She clasps Clay's hands in hers.

LIZZY

Your hands are shaking.

CLAY

Seeing you again has rocked me to  
the core.

CLAY

sits next to her and offer the crook of his arm. She  
gingerly snuggles into him.

LIZZY

Are you scared?

CLAY

I'm scared for Emmet. I wish he'd  
followed us out.

LIZZY

Yeah. Me too. Do you think  
Glick'll find us here?

CLAY

It doesn't matter. Because we're  
going to find him first, right?

LIZZY

Right. We'll stick to our plan.

CLAY

Good.

LIZZY

Shouldn't we call the police for  
help?

CLAY

And what? Tell them the Secret  
Service is planning to kill the  
President?

LIZZY

They'd arrest us instead.

CLAY

Maybe it's an inside job? If it  
is -- we'll stop it. If it isn't  
-- we'll stop it.

LIZZY

I appreciate your help, Clay.

CLAY

I know.

LIZZY

Why did you really come here?

CLAY

I told you. Your ma sent me.

LIZZY

Oh c'mon. Do you have fifteen hundred miles of her apron strings behind your back so you can rope me up and bring me home?

CLAY

I only have this message from her inside my heart: "You are loved to the death."

LIZZY

You're still corny and romantic. What else?

CLAY

That's it. That's all she wanted you to know.

LIZZY

Oh. Well, I guess you'll be moseying along, now, then?

CLAY

Yes. Right after we save the President, put Glick in prison and bring peace, love and understanding between all mothers and daughters.

LIZZY

I guess we're stuck with each other forever, then.

They laugh and kiss and fall back into the trash and gaze together at the flickering

MANHATTAN SKYLINE

CUT TO:

EXT. HAPPY JACK MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

THE CROSS

glows in the night like a beacon.

REESA

stands atop the mountain with rose petals. She kneels in front of the giant cross.

REESA

Thank you for looking out for  
them. I believe in You blindly  
and I believe You will bring them  
home brilliantly.

She stands and walks to the crest of the mountain.  
The

LOUP RIVER

froths far below her.

REESA (CONT'D)

If you're lost, follow these home.  
The trail back is blazed blood  
red.

She casts the rose petals upon the water like bread.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLICK(2)'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is magnificent in its stylish simplicity:  
wood floor run the hallways, glossy walls rocket from  
room to room, and a killer view of the Connecticut  
hillside rolls in green waves beyond floor-to-ceiling  
windows.

A GIANT CLOCK

fashioned out of an old beechwood beer barrel gongs  
4:30 in the morning.

GLICK(2)

enters the living room in his underwear. He punches on the TV and snow fills the screen. He searches for the remote control when

GLICK

swivels around in a green leather chair. He holds out the remote to Glick(2) -- his identical twin.

GLICK

Never could sleep the night before  
a big assignment, could you,  
Andrew? Here's your pacifier.

He tosses the remote at him. It falls to the floor with a clack.

GLICK(2)

eyes him. As he circles Glick, Glick swivels the chair. The TV still throws snow into the dark room.

GLICK(2)

What are you doing here, Charles?

GLICK

I came to wish you good luck.  
You'll be at the President's right  
side in five hours when he makes  
his bid at Columbia for a New  
Nuclear Nation.

GLICK(2)

I thought you ran to the money?

GLICK

I still am. When you're a gunslinger, and the home team hires you back into duty, you run back home to help.

GLICK(2)

Who hired you? The utility companies? International Natural Gas? Coastal Electric?

GLICK

You're boring me. What matters is that we both have a job to do: May the best brother win.

GLICK(2)

Is that a threat against the life of the President of the United States?

GLICK

It's no threat. It's what's happening. My job is to kill thoughts in people's heads and if the body follows, well, that's part of doing business. The fact that this job is going to be carried live on International television makes the job harder, but my reward is richer.

GLICK(2)

You're under arrest for threatening the life of the President of the United States...

GLICK

(Upcut)

Save it.

GLICK(2)

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

GLICK

I didn't run all the way back here for this, Andrew.

GLICK(2)

Stand. And place your hands behind your back.

GLICK

stands and places his hands behind his back.

GLICK

Run to the money with me, Andrew. Let's do this last job together.

GLICK(2)

I have a job, Charles: taking you in.

GLICK

You're making a mistake.

GLICK(2)

The only mistake I made was not shooting you on sight!

GLICK

spins and grabs his brother by the throat with both hands.

GLICK

I can feel the thoughts in your head trying to escape through your throat. Should I cut them free,



or shove them back up where they  
don't fit?

GLICK(2)

Fights hard to speak -- his face is a deep burgundy.

GLICK(2)

Who do you think you are?

GLICK

squeezes his hands together even tighter around Glick(2)'s neck.

GLICK

You.

He releases Glick(2)'s throat and Glick(2) staggers back onto the quilted chamois couch. He quickly goes to Clay's

MEDICAL BAG

and pulls out an empty

HORSE SYRINGE

and bares the needle.

GLICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you didn't see things my way, Andrew.

Glick picks up Glick(2) by the throat and pins him to the floor. He then

PUNCTURES

Glick(2)'s right eye with

THE NEEDLE

and extracts the eye's gelatinous core into the

SYRINGE CAVITY.

GLICK(2)

cannot squirm or scream: Glick has his body completely pinned.

Glick(2)'s mouth gapes in an open scream as he watches Glick plunge the remains of his eye from the syringe to the floor

GLICK (CONT'D)

Now you see me, now you don't.

GLICK

punctures and drains Glick(2)'s left eye in the same manner.

THE SUN

breaks the horizon and pulls through the magnificent windows, shedding dancing prisms of light across the floor.

GLICK (CONT'D)

Ahh. A new sun beckons us to the rewards of duty and honor, Andrew.

As the sun glistens in the morning, Glick waves his hands over Glick(2)'s face.

GLICK (CONT'D)

And... it appears... that for the first time in your life... you'll have to take my word for it.

GLICK

begins to titter as he rises up and begins to dance in the new rays of the sun.

GLICK(2)

moans, and touches his

MOUTH

then

EARS

then... finally... his bleeding

EYES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. I.R.T. SUBWAY ACCESS TUNNEL - DAY

CLAY AND LIZZY

run full-blast along a wet and lonely subway service tunnel. The walls shimmer with green algae.

LIZZY

Hurry! We haven't got much time!

CLAY

Is this Columbia?

LIZZY

Look out!

THE NUMBER ONE TRAIN

careens around a sharp bend and whooshes by them.

CUT TO:

INT. 116th STREET SUBWAY STOP - DAY

LIZZY AND CLAY

round the bend in the tunnel and the 116th Street subway stop's harsh florescent lights tweak their dilated pupils.

SUBWAY RIDERS

pile on and off the rail cars. As the subway pulls out of the station,

CLAY AND LIZZY

quickly crawl on their hands and knees along the rail trench to avoid detection from subway riders waiting on the platform above them for the next train.

LIZZY

The campus is right across the tracks. See that small hole near the service tunnel? It leads to a sewer that runs directly under Low Library.

CLAY

Won't it be covered by the Secret Service?

LIZZY

No. It's an unmapped dirt removal route used when they dug this subway tunnel. There's another one right up there. I'll take that one.

CLAY

How do you know all this?

LIZZY

I used to date an archaeologist  
who considered the subway system a  
city of modern ruins.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

LIZZY AND CLAY

arrive at the other end of the subway stop and stand in the shadows near the service tunnel.

CLAY

picks rotten cabbage leaves and carrot shavings from his hair.

CLAY

Don't you think our smell will  
give us away?

LIZZY

Our stench is our cover. This is  
New York. We'll waft in and blend  
with the crowd.

They kiss quickly.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

I'll meet you back here in half an  
hour.

LIZZY

leaps across the tracks and climbs a cast iron ladder to a plateau above Clay.

CLAY

Last one back's a rotten egg.

CLAY

squeezes himself into the tiny auxiliary tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE WALK - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

ALMA MATER

is the grand bronzed statue of a robed woman clinging to a sword and scepter. She royally overlooks the entire Columbia campus from a giant throne that is anchored at the foot of the Low Library steps.

5,000 STUDENTS

and their guests grace the emerald lawn of Columbia University. It is graduation day!

LIGHT BLUE AND WHITE

balloons bounce in the breeze on silver strands of string.

RIBBONS OF STREAMERS

hang from the windows of Hamilton Hall, The Dodge School of the Arts, the Journalism School and Kent Hall.

THE COLUMBIA SPIRIT BAND

plays the school Fight Song from the Low Library steps as the

PROCESSION OF SCHOOLS

down College Walk commences.

SAM AND MAGGIE

Lizzy's two sign language students, walk side-by-side in the processional in full graduation regalia.

MAGGIE

So, like, where is she? Does she really expect us to perform in



front of God and the President  
without her?

SAM

It's probably some kind of "Deaf thing." Teach the Hearies how to sign, then toss them in front of an audience and watch 'em fall flat on their ears.

MAGGIE

Yeah. Sounds just like one of her life-lesson plans. You practice?

SAM

All night long.

MAGGIE

Yeah. Me too.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER TUNNEL BENEATH COLLEGE WALK - DAY

LIZZY

snakes along a brick tunnel using her hands to lead her in the dark. As she takes a sharp turn, she sees below her an

OUTLINE OF A FIGURE

sprawled spread-eagle in standing water.

LIZZY

climbs down from her secret passageway and descends into the storm tunnel below her.

THE COLUMBIA SPRIT BAND (O.S.)

is heard above this scene playing "We Will Rock You" from the steps of Low Library. The sound is dead and muted as it tries to echo in this hollow hallway.

LIZZY

treads through the ankle-deep water and

SUNLIGHT

pulls through a manhole cover above to illuminate the moaning, unknown figure dressed only in underwear as

GLICK(2)

and

LIZZY

don't move. She tries from afar to see if it's Glick or Glick(2) -- but the electrical tape covering his mouth won't allow her to check for the identifying scar.

GLICK(2)

hears that her splashing footsteps have stopped and moans through the electrical tape for her to come to him.

LIZZY

sees

ANOTHER FIGURE

sprawled out next to Glick(2) in the brackish water. The figure has one hand handcuffed to Glick(2)'s hand and the other hand is handcuffed to Glick(2)'s left leg. As

LIZZY

tries to take a quiet step forward,

GLICK(2)

snaps his head to the sound of her shoes stroking  
through the water.

LIZZY

stops again and peers into the new light drawing through the manhole cover above her. She sees that the second figure is

NOTH'S CORPSE

and

LIZZY

stifles a scream of recognition.

CUT TO:

EXT. 116th STREET AND BROADWAY - DAY

THE SUBWAY EXIT

is teeming with people racing up and down the stairs.

A HOT-DOG VENDOR

fills the air with smoke as he cooks soft pretzels on his cart.

NYPD COPS

cover the iron gate entrance to Columbia's College walk and check graduation tickets for admission onto the campus.

THE DOG

that Clay healed trots East across Broadway and

CARS

honk and screech to a stop to let him pass.

THE HOT-DOG VENDOR

laughs as the dog approaches.

VENDOR

Here, boy! A hot-dog for a Hot-dog!

THE DOG

takes the hot-dog from the Vendor and gallivants past

THE COPS

and into the Columbia campus.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMAPPED TUNNEL - DAY

CLAY

is on his stomach and he pulls himself along a stone shaft with outstretched arms. He pauses and pulls a mirror shard, a length of wire and a rusty nail from his breast pocket. He winds the soldering wire around the mirror and the winds the wire end around the nail head: he has constructed a deadly, mirrored brooch.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOW LIBRARY STEPS - DAY

THE CHANCELLOR

of the University addresses the graduates from a platform built on the steps of the library.

CHANCELLOR

For seven years, our graduation ceremony has been washed out due to rain.

SECRET SERVICE

agents now appear in the windows of Kent Hall and the Dodge School.

CHANCELLOR (CONT'D)

Today? The Gods are shining down upon us.

ALMA MATER

sits serenely in front of the reviewing stand -- keeping a vigil and silent watch over the crowd of 5,000.

THE CHANCELLOR

squints as he stares up into the bright sun.

CHANCELLOR (CONT'D)

This moment grandly reflects our University Motto here at Columbia: "In Lvmine, Tvo Videbimvs Lvmen." "In Your Light, Shall We See The Light."

ALMA MATER'S EYES

are round and unblinking.

MATCH CUT:

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

GLICK(2)'s EMPTY EYE SOCKETS

are caked closed with dried blood.

LIZZY

slowly peels the tape from his mouth and is relieved that there is no scar bisecting his lip.

GLICK(2)

speaks to her softly.

GLICK(2)

Help. I cannot see.

LIZZY

gently takes his head in her hands and moves his face into the light shaft so she can read his lips.

GLICK(2) (CONT'D)

Help. The President.

She takes his free hand and places it over her closed fist. She then signs "yes" by moving her fist up and down like a nodding head.

GLICK(2) (CONT'D)

Who are you? Identify yourself.

Lizzy opens his palm and traces the following letters from the alphabet with her fingers.

GLICK(2)

speaks the letters out loud.

GLICK(2) (CONT'D)

"D-e-a-f. N-o. V-o-i-c-e."

He nods his understanding.

LIZZY

draws more letters in his palm.

GLICK(2) (CONT'D)

"L-i-p. R-e-a-d."



GLICK(2)

nods and speaks to her carefully.

GLICK(2) (CONT'D)  
 My brother. Brought me here. To  
 hear the end. To listen to him  
 kill the President. Get help.

LIZZY

takes his palm and places it against her cheek and  
 nods. GLICK(2) smiles and offers her his open palm.  
 She traces...

GLICK(2) (CONT'D)  
 "H-e-l-p. I-s. H-e-r-e."

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE WALK - DAY

THE DOG

trots along the cobblestones and

STUDENTS

shout and whoop at the dog as he goes into the heart  
 of the graduation ceremony to sniff around.

CUT TO:

EXT. REVIEWING STAND - DAY

THE CHANCELLOR

folds up his speech.

CHANCELLOR  
 It is now my divine pleasure to  
 present, for the first time ever,  
 The Columbia Signing Singers and

their rendition of the National Anthem.

CLAY

pops a spring-loaded lock on a storm grate and pulls himself up into the middle of the Signing Singers.

SAM

Hey! What's the word, man?

CLAY

Lizzy's in trouble. Help her.  
You. Get out there and lead us.

MAGGIE

stunned, moves out to face the group.

MAGGIE

Thank God I practiced!

CLAY

You and you. Cover me so it looks  
like I belong.

SAM AND FRANCIS

stand close to Clay and wrap their robes around him.

SAM

Oh, you belong sure 'nuff: You  
stink like the subway!

THE CHANCELLOR

grins in the sunlight.

CHANCELLOR

Please. All rise and join them in  
song.

CLAY

and the

COLUMBIA SIGNING SINGERS

and

5,000 PEOPLE

rise and sing and sign the National Anthem.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTLER LIBRARY ROOF - DAY

LIZZY

dressed in her BNS cap and wearing her hardback press pass, enters the roof. She is immediately met and stopped by Secret Service agent

FUNDEE

who towers above her.

FUNDEE

Can I help you?

LIZZY

shows him her pass.

FUNDEE

inspects her pass.

FUNDEE (CONT'D)

You're late. And you smell fierce.

LIZZY

shrugs and smiles.

FUNDEE

looks her in the eye.

FUNDEE (CONT'D)  
Cat got your tongue?

LIZZY

sneezes and for the first and only time in this movie,  
Lizzy Uses Her Real Voice.

LIZZY  
(Holding her hand over  
her mouth)  
I have a cold and bad B.O.

FUNDEE  
Well. You must be legit, then, on  
account of: A). You're sick and  
smelly from the overwork and...  
B). There's still a slot open.

FUNDEE

steps back out of her way and

LIZZY

sees representatives from every news organization  
perched atop the library and reporting on the  
President's speech as she walks onto the gravel roof.  
The

BNS AREA

is empty.

BRAD

a television competitor, calls out to Lizzy from across the roof.

BRAD

Hey, everybody! BNS finally showed up. They won't Win or Place, but at least they showed!

Flaccid laughter from the other networks drools out and

LIZZY

rolls her eyes to

FUNDEE

who chucks her on the back, sending her on her way to the BNS booth.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANCELLOR'S PLATFORM - DAY

THE CHANCELLOR

leads the applause as the

COLUMBIA SIGNING SINGERS

finish the National Anthem with a flourish.

CLAY

squints to try and see Lizzy on the roof of Low Library.

CHANCELLOR

It is now my pleasure to introduce the President of the United States of America.

Immediately, the

COLUMBIA SPIRIT BAND

swings into a rocking rendition of Hail To The Chief  
as

THE PRESIDENT

enters from inside

LOW LIBRARY

and plods down the steps and waves to the churning sea  
of white and light blue spread out before him.

SECRET SERVICE

agents crowd the President.

GLICK

is stationed on the President's right side.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTLER ROOF - DAY

LIZZY

stands behind a video camera on a tri-pod and peers  
through the viewfinder. She pans the crowd on the  
Chancellor's Platform and sees

P.O.V. VIA THE VIEWFINDER

CLAY

embedded in the Columbia Singing Singers. He is  
looking right at her. She

SWISH PANS:



to discover

P.O.V. VIA THE VIEWFINDER

and discovers

GLICK

patting the service pistol underneath his jacket as he escorts the President.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANCELLOR'S PLATFORM - DAY

THE PRESIDENT

arrives at the podium and waves to the madding crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE WALK - DAY

THE DOG

trots up the steps to the

CHANCELLOR'S PLATFORM

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANCELLOR'S PLATFORM - DAY

CLAY

freezes as he sees

THE DOG

sniffing the marble steps.

THE PRESIDENT

laughs as

THE CROWD

giggles at the antics of the dog.

PRESIDENT

(Indicating the dog)

Ladies and Gentlemen: I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Buggles, my new Chief of Staff.

THE CROWD

is spattered with ripples of laughter.

GLICK

steps from the President's side to remove the dog.

PRESIDENT

(Covering the mic, he whispers to Glick)

Oh, let the old boy roam.

(Uncovering the mic, he resumes speaking to the crowd)

Today, we enter a new Age of Reason -- the Age of Nuclear Necessity. The conventional means of fueling our world have failed us as ancient and dogmatic tendrils of the past: as useless to us now as coal was to prairie Pioneers and wood stoves were to a mining town.

THE DOG

slowly follows a scent he's picked up on the stage.

CLAY

closes his eyes as if to become invisible.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTLER ROOF - DAY

LIZZY

reacts as she pulls her eye from the camera and mouths  
"That dumb Dog."

CUT TO:

EXT. LOW LIBRARY STEPS - DAY

THE PRESIDENT

pounds the podium with a closed fist.

PRESIDENT

Together today, we must each step  
blindly with Faith into the New  
World of atoms and fission and  
fusion in order to lead the world  
again in production of goods and  
to increase the tenable, vendable  
value of the American dollar.

THE DOG

stops in front of the

COLUMBIA SIGNING SINGERS

and discovers Clay.

CLAY

tries to take a step back, but is blocked by the other  
students.

THE DOG

barks!

CLAY

shakes his head at the dog.

THE DOG

wags his tail and barks wildly at

CLAY

who whispers "No" to the dog.

THE PRESIDENT

sweats driblets and glares at the dog. He nods at Glick.

THE STUDENTS

have parted and

THE DOG

has an open line to Clay.

ALMA MATER

glows in the morning sun.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(Trying to top laughter  
from the crowd as they  
watch dog's antics)

We must embrace the nucleus of  
nuclear energy. For it is that  
spirit of power that controls and  
mechanizes us all!

GLICK

moves quickly to the dog.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTLER ROOF - DAY

LIZZY

leaves her camera post and walks slowly toward her

DOVES

who call to her from their wire cages.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOW LIBRARY - DAY

CLAY

freezes as Glick appears directly in front of him with the dog.

GLICK

looks to see what is making the dog bark and he finds

CLAY

staring back at him.

SILENCE OF RECOGNITION as:

GLICK

instantly locks eyes with

CLAY

and

TIME STOPS

as they are

REFLECTED



in each other's eyes.

Then...

SLOW MOTION:

GLICK

draws his gun and spins away from Clay and aims at

THE PRESIDENT!

CLAY

yells

CLAY

Mr. President! Down! Fall down!

SECRET SERVICE

heads snap to the sound of Clay's voice.

THE PRESIDENT

turns to Clay and raises an eyebrow.

STUDENTS

scream and duck down.

CLAY

pulls the mirrored brooch he made from his pocket and  
stabs its rusty nail deeply into

GLICK'S

chest. As Glick falls, the mirror reflects the  
newborn sun, and he manages to peel off a shot that  
explodes through the

PRESIDENT'S

shoulder.

THE SECRET SERVICE

gang tackle the President out of the line of fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTLER ROOF - DAY

LIZZY

releases her

DOVES

and they bolt from the cages and home in on the flickering sun reflecting off the mirror staked into Glick's chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOW LIBRARY - DAY

GLICK

aims at Clay and fires a bullet through his bicep. As

CLAY

is thrashed by the vicious Black Talon slug -- he tumbles to the hard marble steps below the stage.

THE DOVES

drop dive on Glick from their sharp arc in the sky as he prepares to shoot Clay again.

THE DOG

lunges at Glick and bites his forearm.

GLICK

stumbles and screams as the sun reflects off the bloody mirrored brooch embedded in his chest and

THE DOVES

land on him and peck at his flesh. Glick beats off the Doves and stands when

THE DOG

pounces on Glick and pushes him head first off the reviewing stand.

GLICK

tumbles backwards and is

SELF-IMPALED

upon

ALMA MATER'S

sharp sword.

THE DOVES

scavenge Glick's pierced body for their reward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAPPY JACK MOUNTAIN - DAY

THE SUN

is setting auburn and golden across the river in North Loup, Nebraska.

LIZZY

stands under the giant cross and signs "amen" to a silent prayer. Her arm is in a sling. She holds an urn.

CLAY

places an arm around her. His other arm is in a full cast.

CLAY

She loved to live.

LIZZY

She died loved.

Together, they walk to the edge of the mountain and feel the

LOUP RIVER

rushing hard and fast and cold below them.

THE DOG

trots up and heels at Clay's feet and peers over the edge, too.

LIZZY

opens the urn and sprinkles Reesa's ashes to the wind.

WHOOPIING CRANES

form a chevron along the horizon.

LIZZY

takes Clay's hand in hers and smiles at him silently.

Together, they tromp down the twisting, wooden rail-tie stairs.

THE DOG

happily follows them down the mountain.

THE WHOOPING CRANES

land on a sandbar in the middle of the Loup River and  
caw with life as they bathe in the cool water.

FADE OUT.

The End

"DEEP KILL"

an original screenplay

by David Boles

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