

NICK OF TIME

Written by

Ebbe Roe Smith & Patrick Duncan

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FADE IN:

INT. UNION STATION - DAY - 12:06PM

Art
Still

Union Station, that gorgeous fifty-year-old monument to Deco/California Mission architecture. Still beautiful. grand.

main
12:00.

A sign at one of the departure/arrival gates in the concourse-says the "San Diegan", number 2 64, is due at

diameter.

Set above the gates, a big clock - six feet in

THE TIME -

12:06.

We see the big hand slam into "7".

A loudspeaker - you can just about understand this guy.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Amtrack 2 64, the San Diegan, from San Diego, Del Mar...

EXT. UNION STATION PLATFORM - DAY - 12:06PM

slow,

The "San Diegan" pulls into the terminal and comes to a grinding stop.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...San Clemente, San Juan Capistrano,
and Irvine is now arriving at Gate
Nine.

Doors are opened. Steps set down. Passengers pour out.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Amtrack 264 will be departing in
fifteen minutes from Gate Nine for
Oxnard, Ventura...

INT. UNION STATION - DAY - 12:07PM

doors.
his
A MAN and A WOMAN stand with a view of the arrival
He's a blue-collar tough guy, dressed for church. She's
beefy counterpart.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Santa Barbara, Lompoc...

THE GUY (MR. SMITH) checks his watch.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Santa Maria, San Luis Obispo...

Then he looks up to the big clock.

12:07.

The minute hand slams into the "8".

ANNOUNCER

...and points north.

of
He resets his watch as DISEMBARKING PASSENGERS pour out
the gate. PEOPLE run forward with kisses and hugs.

MR. SMITH

Look sharp.

the
They stand like a couple of rocks, their eyes scanning
crowd.

MS. JONES

That one.

MR. SMITH

Nah. Hates his wife.

They're talking about a couple in their forties. She motormouths her way across the terminal and the husband follows with the suitcases.

WHOOSH! A couple of TEENAGE BOYS on rollerblades zip by.

MS. JONES

I hate rollerblades.

EXT. UNION STATION - PLATFORM - DAY - 12:08PM

holding
the
within
The train.. A PRETTY SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL (LYNN) , who is a stuffed animal almost as large as she is, climbs down steps. She reaches the platform, looks around. From the train:

GENE

Lynn! Lynn!!

suitcases.
GENE WATSON, thirtyish, a regular Joe in appearance and inclination, appears above, carrying a couple small

He takes a relieved breath when he sees her.

GENE

Lynn, don't walk ahead of me, OK?

As he comes down the steps:

GENE

I'm serious, honey. Don't get out of my sight, all right? I want you to stay right by me. Will you do that for me?

LYNN

Nods solemnly. GENE reaches the platform and gives out an exaggerated sigh.

GENE

We made it.

LYNN nods back.

LYNN

We made it.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY - 12:08PM

ROLLERBLADING WHOOSH! A SECURITY GUARD approaches the two
away, TEENS. They circle him, toss off a few taunts and roll
laughing.

PASSENGERS as MR. SMITH and MS. JONES continue trolling the
they come through the gate.

MS. JONES

Skate-boarders I don't mind, even though they dress like fuckin' idiots, but when I see some pin-head on rollerblades, I get the definite urge to grease the grill of my car with 'em.

MR. SMITH

Keep your eyes peeled.

MS. JONES

What about them?

MR. SMITH

Too old.

They're talking about a COUPLE IN THEIR SIXTIES, warmly greeting each other.

MR. JONES

Him!

MR. SMITH

If you ever had an idea it would die of malnutrition. First those blue hairs then some Spic. Leave this to me. I know people. It's my job. I'm a people person.

MR. SMITH laughs at his joke.

MS. JONES

What the fuck are you looking for?

MR. SMITH has spotted someone.

MR. SMITH

I'm looking for them.

MS. JONES

Where?

MR. SMITH

Right there.

He starts walking towards the exit gate.

INT. UNION STATION -ARRIVAL CONCOURSE - DAY - 12:09PM

their
can't

GENE has emerged with LYNN. They pause there, getting bearings. Next to them, a YOUNG COUPLE is kissing. They keep their hands off each other.

GENE

I gotta make a phone call, Lynn. Do you see a phone?

them,
GENE

LYNN has seen the YOUNG COUPLE. She secretly points to covers her mouth, and does a "tee, hee, hee" number. laughs.

GENE

Come on, you.

SMITH

They start walking across the concourse, towards MR. and MS. JONES.

GENE

(to LYNN)

Haven't you ever seen anybody kiss like that?

LYNN

On TV.

GENE

You never saw your Mom and me kiss like that?

slows
level.
move

LYNN suddenly gets very sad. She looks at the ground,
down. GENE notices. He stops, crouches down to her
MR. SMITH and MS. JONES, nearing them, split apart,
around them, and keep going.

GENE

(to LYNN)

Hey, it's OK to talk about her. You
can talk about her all you want. You
know that, don't you?

LYNN nods.

GENE

So, come on. You never saw us kiss
like that?

LYNN

No way.

GENE

How did you see us kiss?

LYNN gives her own hand a little peck of a kiss.

GENE

That's it? That little peck of a
kiss? Oh, brother, you missed some
kisses.

to
staring at

LYNN laughs and throws herself on her dad. He holds her
him, looks to the sky for help.. He finds himself
the big clock.

12:10.

GENE

Ooh, I'm gonna be late. I gotta call.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY - 12:10PM

target:

MR. SMITH and MS. JONES are making a beeline for their
the YOUNG KISSING COUPLE.

them.
pulls
in on

WHOOSH! The-ROLLERBLADING TEENS almost collide with
MS. JONES wants to do something about it, but MR. SMITH
her along. They have a mission to complete. They close
the couple.

MR. SMITH

Look at 'em. He'd do anything for
her.-

MS. JONES

Young love.

words
are
MR.
follows.

The couple are murmuring sweet talk between kisses. The
themselves are unclear until MR. SMITH and MS. JONES
only a few feet away. French. They are speaking French.
SMITH makes an instant one-eighty turn. MS. JONES

MR. SMITH

(sotto voce)
Foreigners! Fuck!

MS. JONES

Frogs. They copy our blue jeans and
when we need their help in Kuwait,
where the fuck are they?

MR. SMITH looks at the partner he's been saddled with.

INT. UNION STATION - PAY PHONE AREA - DAY - 12:10PM

has

GENE has found a pay phone. He keeps an eye on LYNN who
wandered a few yards away.

GENE

Hello, is Mr. Connors there? I have
an interview with him at twelve-
thirty. Hi, Mr. Connors, this is
Gene Watson. Sorry to call you at
the last minute like this but...
Hey, hey!

LYNN,

He reacts to the ROLLERBLADING TEENS who swoop past

one on each side, too close for a father's comfort.

GENE

Watch that! Lynn, come here!

found a
JONES.

She does. He keeps an eye on the TEENS, who, having
victim, are circling around, passing MR. SMITH and .MS.
MR. SMITH has noticed GENE.

GENE at the phone.

GENE

Sorry. There's some crazy kids on
skates. Listen, the train just got
in, I'm afraid I'm going to be a few
minutes late.

other
SMITH
sand-

The TEENS make their pass, flip him the bird, engage in
objectionable behavior, begin to circle again. MR.
watches GENE watch the TEENS, then notice a sturdy,
filled ashtray next to him.

GENE

Great. OK, I'll get there as soon as
I can. Bye, now.

He hangs up. Keeping one eye on the circling TEENS.

GENE

(to LYNN)

Ready?

LYNN

Nods.

GENE

Let' s do it.

it to
they
doing

He picks up a suit-case and accidently-on-purpose uses
knock over the ashtray, just as the TEENS approach. The
ashtray spills its Load of sand into their path. When
hit it, their skates stop, they don't. They sprawl,
nasty things to knees and wrists.

GENE

Whoops.

He stands over them with LYNN.

GENE

Now, see, this is why you should always wear a helmet and knee pads. You never know when you're going to fall down and go boom. Right?

LYNN

Right.

ANGLE ON MR. SMITH AND MS. JONES. - 12:11PM

MR. SMITH

Perfect.

He starts forward.

MS. JONES

(not so sure)

Perfect.

She follows. They intercept GENE. MR. SMITH flashes a badge.

MR. SMITH

Could I see some identification, sir?

GENE

What?

MS. JONES

(ditto with the badge)

I.D. Could we see some?

GENE

Uh, sure. What's, what's the problem? Will a driver's license do?

MR. SMITH

That'll do just fine.

SMITH GENE pulls out his wallet, surprised and confused. MR. looks at it.

GENE

Is this about those kids? Look, I'm sorry about that. But they darn near...

MR. SMITH

You're from Santa Maria, Mr. Watson?

GENE

Yes.

MS. JONES

Where's that?

GENE

Near Lompoc, north. What's...

MR. SMITH

Come with us, sir.

GENE

I'd like to know what...

MR. SMITH

Don't cause a ruckus, sir.

not-
gun.

He pulls open his coat, putting his hands on his hips, so coincidentally revealing the butt of a holstered

MR. SMITH

You don't want to cause a ruckus, with the little girl and all.

MS. JONES

Come with me, honey.

MS. JONES swoops LYNN up and heads for the station entrance.

GENE

Hey! I'll take the girl. I'll take the girl!

MR. SMITH

Don't worry. She's good with kids.

GENE hurries after MS. JONES. MR. SMITH grabs up the suitcases.

INT. UNION STATION - SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY - 12:11PM

the
out,
MS. JONES nears a souvenir stand. The OWNER is looking
other way. Without breaking stride, MS. JONES reaches
snatches a child's coloring book and crayons.

LYNN

You stole that.

MS. JONES

No, I didn't. I confiscated it.
There's a difference.

hand
And they're out the door, GENE hurrying after. The big
on the big clock moves.

12:12.

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT - DAY - 12:12PM

inside
MS. JONES heads for-a van with smoked windows. She gets
with LYNN. GENE stops a few feet away.

GENE

What is going on?

MR. SMITH prods him in the ribs.

MR. SMITH

Into the van, Mr. Watson. Front seat.

He
GENE looks desperately around for help. There is none.
lets MR. SMITH push him toward the van.

INT. VAN - .DAY - 12:13PM

LYNN and MS. JONES are in the back.

MS. JONES

Let's get your seatbelt on. Always
gotta wear your seatbelt, isn't that
right?

LYNN resists.

LYNN

I want my daddy.

GENE climbs into the front passenger seat.

MS. JONES

There's your daddy. See? We're your daddy's friends.

MR. SMITH climbs into the driver's seat.

MR. SMITH

That's right. The policeman is your friend. Isn't that right, Daddy?

GENE looks down. MR.. SMITH has pulled his gun. He points it casually so it's aiming through the seat in the general direction of the little girl.

MR. SMITH

Daddy?

GENE

Yes. It's OK, Lynn. These are our friends.

MS. JONES

Hey, would you look at this crazy car? Everybody has their own radio. What do you think of that?

LYNN

Everybody does?

MS. JONES

Yep. And you can listen to it without anybody else listening. Let's try it out.

She puts some ear phones on her. She holds up the plug-in end.

MS. JONES

This is what they call the jack. Hi, Jack!

LYNN

Laughs.

MS. JONES

It goes in that little hole.

LYNN

Let me do it.

LYNN

She plugs the jack in. MS. JONES turns on the radio.
gets a big smile on her face.

LYNN

(loudly)

It's loud!

stations,

She goes to work, playing with the radio, changing
etc., oblivious to all else.

MS JONES

Removes a Pro Label Machine from
under the seat. She begins to type
in several characters.

MR. SMITH

Let's get down to business.

GENE

Who are you? You're not the police.

MS. JONES

Brilliant.

plastic
looks
gun.

MS JONES presses PRINT on the Labeller. A strip of
emerges that she begins to apply to a Name Tag. He
back to her. MR. SMITH whacks him on the knee with the
It hurts.

MR. SMITH

Pay attention, Mr. Watson. Pay
attention and your daughter won't be
hurt.

GENE

You wouldn't...

MS. JONES

Try us.

He looks back. She is caressing LYNN's hair.

GENE

Get your hands off her.

He makes a move. MR. SMITH whacks his knee again,
harder.

MR. SMITH

Mr. Watson, you're not paying attention. Your daughter's life depends on you. Do you understand that?

GENE looks from MR. SMITH to MS. JONES and back. He's
having a hard time focussing.

She slips the NameTag into a manila envelope beside her
MR. SMITH Do you understand?

GENE

Yes, yes, I understand.

MR. SMITH

Good.

He takes the manila envelope from MS JONES, tosses it
in GENE'S lap.

MR. SMITH

This is for you. In it there is a picture of a woman and an itinerary. It is her itinerary. She is presently - are you listening, Mr. Watson?

GENE

Yes, I'm listening.

MR. SMITH

She is presently at the Bonaventure Hotel. That's right near here.

He gestures. GENE looks. The glassy Bonaventure Hotel
is glimpsed surrounded by taller, newer high-rises.

MR. SMITH

When you leave this van you will get yourself a cab and take it to the Bonaventure Hotel. Then you will

take this.

the
puts it

MR. SMITH holds up his hand, snaps his fingers. From
back, MS. JONES hands him a cloth-wrapped bundle. He
in GENE's hand, shows him what it is: a gun.

MR. SMITH

...and you will kill the woman whose
picture is in there. Not just shoot
her, mind,! kill her. I'd recommend
you empty the gun into her. Close
up. Got all that?

It takes a moment for it all to sink into GENE'S brain.

GENE

You're out of your mind.

MR. SMITH

What's your point?

GENE

I will do no such thing.

MR. SMITH

Yes, you will, Mr. Watson.

broken

A "snap!" from the back seat. GENE looks. MS. JONES has
a carrot stick. She breaks another.

MS. JONES

Don't worry. We'll take good care of
the kid.

half
checking

She gives half the carrot stick to LYNN, pops the other
in her mouth and grinds it to pulp. MR. SMITH is
his watch.

MR. SMITH

It is now 12:16. If the woman in the
picture is alive at 1:30...
(holds up a walkie-
talkie)
...I call my partner, your daughter
is dead.

He looks in the rear-view mirror to MS. JONES.

MR. SMITH

And what happens if I don't call
you?

MS. JONES

I kill her anyway.

MR. SMITH

Did you hear that, Mr. Watson? Do
you understand?

He taps the manila envelope.

MR. SMITH

The woman in the picture...

He indicates the back seat with his head.

MR. SMITH

...or your daughter.

GENE looks at his daughter.

GENE

Oh, my God...

envelope MR. SMITH reaches over, puts the gun and manila
into GENE'S pockets.

MR. SMITH

God can't help her, Mr. Watson. Only
you can help her.

MS. JONES

Only you.

MR. SMITH

You're wasting time.

out,
to He reaches across GENE, opens the door and pushes him
then follows him. LYNN takes off the ear-phones, tries
undo her seatbelt.

LYNN

Where is my daddy going?

MS. JONES wraps a big arm around her.

MS. JONES

He's going to help the police. Your daddy is going to be a hero.

LYNN

My daddy is going to be a hero? Like Power Rangers?

MS. JONES

Just like Power Rangers.

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT - DAY - 12:18PM

MR. SMITH activates the walkie-talkie, speaks into it.

MR. SMITH

Let's test this thing. You on?

He holds it up for GENE to hear.

MS. JONES (O.S.)

(filtered)

Reading you.

MR. SMITH still has GENE'S wallet. He opens it, pulls
out some cash, puts it in GENE's breast pocket.

MR. SMITH

You'll need some cash.

(re: the wallet)

I'll hang onto this for the time being. Oh, and...

He grabs one of GENE's hands.

MR. SMITH

You'll need these.

He dumps six bullet's into GENE's palm from a cloth
Chivas Regal bag.

MR. SMITH

Get moving, Mr. Watson. Time's a wastin'.

GENE just stands there, transfixed by the bullets in
his

him hand. MR. SMITH reaches out, turns him around and gives
a shove away from the van and into the midst of...

12:19PM **EXT. UNION STATION - PARKING LOT - BUS STOP - DAY -**

carried ...a LARGE CROWD OF TOURISTS, that have just exited an
arriving mini-bus. GENE is caught up in the crowd and
along like a leaf in a stream.

in a Amid the chattering CROWD, GENE is pushed along as if
the trance. He touches the pocket with the gun. He looks at

It's Bullets in his hand, then at the people around him.
bullets, like a splash of cold water. He quickly pockets the
resist turns and pushes against the tide of tourists. They
see... him, pushing him along until he breaks free and can

The van is gone!

ANGLE ON GENE -- 12:19PM

looks He stands there, a lost man. Fear sweeps over him. He
his desperately around. He is within himself, oblivious to
emotions. surroundings, his mind racing, his face a tangle of

GENE'S He is a man alone in a crowd. He takes a step.
finds A LITTLE LATINO GIRL, chased by HER BROTHER, runs into
heart legs. He instinctively grabs her before she can fall,
himself, crouched down, holding her by the arms. His
plunges - she isn't Lynn. His intensity scares her.

LITTLE GIRL

Mama!

She pulls away, flees to HER MOTHER, who hoists her up,

watching
shoulder.

reprimanding her in Spanish. GENE stays crouched,
the LITTLE GIRL staring at him over HER MOTHER'S

TRANSIT

Until a COP crosses his line of sight. A LOS ANGELES
POLICEMAN, foot-patrolling the station.

He
more

It's like a gift from above. Relief floods GENE's face.
is saved. He stands, hurries toward the COP, each step
confident.

into
right
falls in

Then, just beyond the COP, MR. SMITH casually slides
view, pointedly holding the walkie-talkie. GENE walks
past the COP heading towards a cab stand. MR. SMITH
behind him speaking in his ear.

MR. SMITH

You talk to a cop, you even look at
a cop too long and your daughter is
dead.

(into walkie-talkie)

Do it.

MS. JONES (O.S.)

(filtered)

Go ahead, sugar Die.

LYNN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Lynn calling Daddy. Lynn calling
Daddy. Come in, Daddy.

GENE grabs at the walkie-talkie like a drowning man.

GENE

Lynn!

LYNN (V.O.)

(filtered)

I can hear you good. Can you hear
me?

GENE

Yes. Yes, I can hear you.

MR. SMITH

That's enough.

MS. JONES (V.O.)

(filtered)

'Daddy has to go now.

LYNN

(filtered)

He has to say "over and out". Daddy,
you have to say "over and out".

GENE

Over and out.

MR. SMITH clicks off the walkie-talkie.

MR. SMITH

Look at your watch. Look at it! At
one-thirty your little girl is dead.
Say it with me. At one-thirty my
little girl is dead. Say it. Say it!

GENE

(softly)

At one thirty my little girl is dead.

MR. SMITH

Unless you do what you're told. Go
do it!

He pushes GENE on, toward a cab.

MR. SMITH

And don't forget I'll be watching
you.

SMITH
the
GENE looks back at him, full of impotent rage. MR.
raises the walkie-talkie. GENE reaches the first cab at
stand.

EXT. UNION STATION - CAB STAND - DAY - 12:21PM

The CABBIE, talking to ANOTHER DRIVER, throws away his
cigarette, ambles over to the Driverside-of the cab.

CABBIE

Where to, sir?

GENE

The Bonaventure. The Bonaventure
Hotel. Do you know where that is?

into The CABBIE is disappointed, but he nods and GENE gets
the cab.

INT. CAB - DAY - 12:21PM

the The CABBIE gets in and they take off. GENE stares at
stopped manila envelope in his hand. He starts to open it, is
by:

CABBIE

Amtrack?

GENE

What?

CABBIE

You just come in on Amtrack?

GENE

Uh, yes..

CABBIE

Business or pleasure?

GENE

Business.

CABBIE

Where'd you come from?

GENE

San Diego.

CABBIE

Oh, San Diego? I've thought about
moving to San Diego. It's hard to
make a living in this town. These
short hops. Can't make a dime on
'em. To LAX, Pasadena, then I can
make a buck. These little hops cost
me money.

GENE

Sorry.

CABBIE

'S okay. What do you think?

GENE

Huh?

CABBIE

Better in San Diego? More opportunity there? What?

GENE

I really don't know. I don't live there. I was just visiting...a grave.

CABBIE

Aw, too bad.

envelope
They lapse into silence. GENE starts to open the envelope again.

CABBIE

Somebody close?

GENE

What?

CABBIE

The grave. Somebody close?

GENE

Wife. Ex-wife. Almost ex. We were separated. She was thinking about a divorce.

GENE notices the dashboard clock -

12:22

GENE leans forward.

GENE

Look...I've... I've got a problem. A big problem...

CABBIE

Oh, yeah?

He hits the horn and swerves to the left.

CABBIE

Jesus! Watch it, buddy!

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY - 12:22PM

MR.
him. He

GENE looks out his window and finds himself staring at SMITH, staring back at him, driving the van, next to throws himself back in the seat.

INT. CAB - DAY - 12:22PM

Hotel

The cab pulls into the drive front of the Bonaventure and stops.

CABBIE

I'd love to hear about your problem,
but the ride's over. Three-fifty.

up to

GENE looks out the back window, watches the van pulls the curb on the other side of the street.

CABBIE

Three-fifty. I hope your problem
doesn't have anything to do with my
three-fifty.

GENE looks back at the CABBIE, waiting for his fare.

GENE

Right. Right.

his
KIDNAP
CABBIE'S
cab.

GENE digs through his pockets and comes up with one of business cards. He hurriedly writes on it: "HELP. VAN CHILD." He wraps a five around it, pushes it into the hand, gives him a meaningful look and gets out of the

EXT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DAY - 12:23PM

CABBIE.

GENE stops a few yards from the cab, watching the

INT. CAB - DAY - 12:23PM

wrong
The CABBIE finds the secreted card, but looks at the side.

CABBIE

What do I want with an accountant?

A DOORMAN leans down at the window.

DOORMAN

I got one for the airport. You free?

CABBIE

You bet.

away,
it
The DOORMAN plants a PASSENGER in the cab. As he pulls the CABBIE again glances at the business card, crumples up.

EXT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DAY - 12:23PM

arm
what
GENE watches the cab leave. As it exits, the CABBIE's snakes out and tosses the card in the trash. GENE knows it is. He looks around.

and
VALETS, BELLMEN, ARRIVALS and DEPARTEES, cars coming going. No one pays particular attention to him.

out
away.
GENE looks at the van across the street. MR. SMITH gets and walks across the street towards him. The van drives

desperately
GENE watches the van disappear around the corner, hanging onto the last glimpse of it.

GENE
MR. SMITH takes the walkie-talkie out of his pocket. goes into the hotel.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - 12:24PM

air-
GENE enters. It's like another world. A busy, humming,

restaurants,

conditioned planet. PEOPLE hustle around the
waterfalls - a definite ant farm ambiance.

HIGH DOWN ANGLE ON GENE - LOBBY - DAY - 12:24PM

around
by

Suddenly we have cut to a VIDEO IMAGE of Gene looking
this Hotel, complete with scrolling TIME AND DATE. Shot
someone high above.

CLOSE ON GENE - LOBBY - DAY - 12:24PM

crowd. He
he

GENE is bumped and buffeted about by the bustling
breaks free to a clear spot, looks up and freezes. Then
starts tracking all around him, seeing...something.

GENE

Oh, my God. Oh, no.

He desperately fumbles in his pocket.

securing a

Facing and above him, some WORKMEN ON LADDERS are
huge, rolled up banner.

He
inside,
simultaneous
the
bottom of

GENE finds what he's looking for - the manila envelope.
rips it open. As he pulls out the photograph that is
the WORKMEN let their banner unfurl. We do a
reveal. The woman in the photograph in the envelope is
same as depicted on the banner. Written across the
it in your best red, white, and blue:

"RE-ELECT ELEANOR SAMARA GRANT GOVERNOR"

And an addendum:

"HERE TODAY!"

GENE

Oh, shit.

we see

It dawns on him. He looks around him again. This time

what he sees. Campaign posters and banners everywhere.

several
Grant

On some of them she is posed with a handsome man,
years her junior. These have the caption, "Governor
and husband Brendan".

GENE

Oh, sweet Jesus...

entrance,

His eyes fall on MR. SMITH, standing inside the
walkie-talkie in hand, watching him.

and

GENE looks at a poster, at MR. SMITH, who smiles, nods
gives GENE a move of the head - "Get to it."

incriminate

GENE shoves the photograph away as if it could
him, then slides out the itinerary.

12:00

Eleanor

The itinerary says "California Educators' Association -
noon - Emerald Bay Room - Opening Address - Governor
Samara Grant".

GENE checks his watch.

12:26.

Bellboy,

He looks around him at the confusion and spots a
GUSTINO, who's cleaning out ashtrays.

GENE

Could you tell me where the Emerald
Bay Room is?

GUSTINO points up.

GUSTINO

Third floor. Yellow stairwell. Follow
the signs.

turns

GENE turns away without a word, starts to walk, then
back.

GENE

Oh, thanks. Thanks a lot.

GUSTINO smiles.

GUSTINO

No problem.

12:26PM

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - "YELLOW STAIRWELL" - DAY -

third

GENE mounts a set of stairs that will take him to the floor. MR. SMITH follows him as he climbs.

INT. "YELLOW STAIRWELL" - DAY - 12:2 6PM

Gene

The whole lobby and entrance of the hotel are seen as ascends.

him. His

GENE forces himself not to look at MR. SMITH behind nerves are rising in anticipation of his destination.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - DAY - 12:26PM

He

GENE sees the arrow and sign for the Emerald Bay Room. walks that way. MR. SMITH follows.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - SHOP ARCADE AREA - DAY - 12:27PM

walkway

REPORTERS,

NAME

GENE and MR. SMITH pass gift shops, snack bars. The is crowded and GENE is going against the tide of POLITICIANS, SUPPORTERS, and just a lot of PEOPLE WITH **TAGS.**

GENE plows on through...

...and runs smack into BRENDAN GRANT.

BRENDAN GRANT

(laughs)

Whoops!

The two men reel back from each other. A SECURITY MAN,

earphones and gray suit, steps immediately between
them.
BRENDAN GRANT is a charmingly smooth man.

BRENDAN GRANT

Nice body check.

He continues on, talking to an ATTRACTIVE WCMAN
COMPANION.

BRENDAN GRANT What the Governor really admires, Mrs.
Wentzel,
and Eleanor has said this to me on more than one
occasion,
are people like you who take a personal tragedy and
turn it
into a positive force.

He slides a familiar hand around her waist.

BRENDAN GRANT

You know my wife has a deeply personal
reason for going after repeat drunk
drivers. They are felons and they
should be treated as such. A drivers
license is a privilege, not a right.

And he is hustled away. Right past an election poster
featuring him and Governor Grant.

Still stunned by the encounter, GENE turns back and
watches
the Governor's husband, but keeps walking.

INT. EMERALD BAY ROOM - DAY - 12:28PM

It is emptying, that's where the crowd came from. GENE
comes
in.

A WOMAN is heading for the door with a centerpiece
she's
just copped.

GENE

Excuse me, is the...thing over?

WOMAN

Yes. You didn't miss much. The
food...chicken again.

GENE

Eleanor Grant is gone?

WOMAN

Yes. Nice speech. But it's the same at all these...

grabs
starting
breathing

But GENE has turned away. The WOMAN gives him a face, another centerpiece and exits. A CLEAN-UP CREW is to go through the room. GENE leans against a wall, through a combination of relief and agony. MR. SMITH is suddenly next to him.

MR. SMITH

Check your itinerary. Move along.

d'oeuvres/
ONLY -

GENE gets out the itinerary. "12:30 - 12:45 - Hors Buffet w/Friends of Eleanor Samara Grant - INVITATION Bona Vista Lounge".

GENE

This says "invitation only".

MR. SMITH

Of course you're invited. You're a big donor to the campaign. They love you.

a
plucks
red
fastens

MR SMITH digs into the manila envelope, comes out with handful of security badges, name tags, invites. He the name tag that MS JONES printed earlier. It has a ribbon signifying a Major Donor to the Campaign. He it to Gene's lapel.

MR. SMITH

This'll get you in anywhere. Red Elevator. Thirty-fifth floor.

GENE

Where did you get these? Who are you?

MR. SMITH

I'm the guy who's going to kill your daughter if you don't get moving.

12:28PM

INT. LOBBY ENTRANCE TO THE "RED" ELEVATOR - DAY -

small
It is
a
of
few
NAME
the

GENE approaches. He notices a flurry of movement, a GROUP OF PEOPLE moving determinedly through the lobby. GOVERNOR ELEANOR GRANT with a small entourage! She is a handsome woman in her fifties. The entourage consists KRISTA BROOKS, Eleanor's, late-twenties assistant, a assorted POLITICAL AIDES and a couple of PEOPLE WITH TAGS. GENE is not sure what to do. The group reaches elevator. KRISTA pushes the button.

ELEANOR GRANT

They-didn't hear a word I said. The mike was too low on the podium.

KRISTA

How much did we pay for that room?

CHIEF AIDE

We didn't.

ELEANOR GRANT

Somebody did.

KRISTA turns to an Aide.

KRIST

A Have Nolin pre-check the PA systems.

to
close.

Gene looks around, where did Mr. Smith go?

The
doors stop, then bounce open. GENE is startled, finding

himself face to face with a cold eyed bodyguard.

BODYGUARD

Excuse me, sir, this car is for the Governor. You can take the next one.

ELEANOR GRANT

Don't you dare, Franco. This is one of our biggest supporters.

She smiles charmingly, offers her hand to GENE.

ELEANOR GRANT

Eleanor Grant, gubernatorial incumbent. That's a mouthful isn't-it? I love saying that.

GENE steps aboard, shakes her hand.

INT. "RED ELEVATOR" - DAY - 12:29PM

The elevator begins to rise.

ELEANOR GRANT

Whose idea was it to have a lunch right after the brunch? I'm about to bust as it is.

KRISTA

We'll just walk through, do a little grip-and-grin, then get ready for the press con.

INSERT FLOOR INDICATOR

We are on the third floor.

The doors have closed and the elevator begins to rise.

GENE

Governor...

turned,
committed.

It comes out a little louder than he intended. He has his back to the door. Everyone looks at him. He's

GENE

I need your help.

ELEANOR GRANT

What can I do for you Mr....Watson?

GENE

Its'...ah...about my daughter....

The elevator slows and stops on the next floor above.

INSERT FLOOR INDICATOR

We are on the fourth floor.

Behind GENE, the doors open.

MR. SMITH (O.S.)

Room for one more?

GENE freezes.

ELEANOR GRANT

I think we can accommodate you.

She offers her hand to MR. SMITH as he steps on board.

ELEANOR GRANT

Eleanor Grant, gubernatorial
incumbent.

MR. SMITH

A pleasure to meet you, Governor.

The car begins to rise again. ELEANOR .GRANT turns back

to

GENE.

ELEANOR GRANT

You were saying? Your daughter....?

GENE

I...

ELEANOR GRANT

Yes?

ANGLE ON MR SMITH

Yes???

ANGLE ON GENE

What to do now?

GENE

She ..ahh...wanted me to... be sure
to get your autograph.

ELEANOR GRANT

Of course. I wish everything were
that easy.

KRISTA

I've got the pen if you've got the
paper.

GENE looks at her. She smiles back.

KRISTA

How about that?

He looks at what she refers to: the manila envelope he
holds,
the one MR. SMITH gave him.

KRISTA

Is that something precious?

GENE

No, that's,..that's fine

He gives it to ELEANOR GRANT. KRISTA hands over the
pen.
the
GENE's eyes flick over to MR. SMITH who is staring at
envelope.

ELEANOR GRANT

What's her name?

GENE looks at the Governor, only inches away, back to
MR.
SMITH, who raises his eyes, nods, his silent message
do it! GENE pulls his eyes away.
curt -

GENE

Her name? Her name is Lynn.

ELEANOR GRANT writes the autograph. MR. SMITH'S eyes
drill
his
his
face, pretends to scratch an itch. His other hand taps

pocket.
KRISTA

wristwatch. GENE's hand slides toward his jacket
Sweat beads on his forehead. He's barely aware of
talking to him.

KRISTA

It's funny. I don't even keep a pad
of paper with me anymore, everything's
gone so electronic.

He gives her a quick, weak smile. His free hand wipes
the sweat from his face.

KRISTA

If it wasn't for double A batteries
I'd be in big trouble.

He is slowly reaching into the pocket with the gun, but
stops when he notices MR. SMITH'S hand slide into his jacket,
where his gun is.

He looks at the other MR. SMITH, earphone, crewcut-
Security. There is the hint of a gun on his hip.

GENE's eyes widen, dart to MR. SMITH'S face, his hand
sliding into his coat. His hand hovers over his gun, trembling.
Is the SECURITY MAN staring at him?

ELEANOR GRANT hands over the autograph.

ELEANOR GRANT

Are you all right? Elevators make me
queasy, too.

GENE gives her a sick smile, abruptly turns away. He
takes his hand out of his pocket. It's shaking. He clenches
it to stop the shakes.

The doors open, startling him.

INT. THIRTY-FIFTH FLOOR - DAY - 12:2 9PM

ELEANOR GRANT and her entourage exit to greetings and applause.

SMITH.
GENE stays in the elevator, frozen, alone with MR.

The doors close and the elevator descends.

INT. "RED ELEVATOR" - DAY - 12:29PM

MR. SMITH is fuming, his face red. He explodes.

MR. SMITH

She was right in front of you! What's wrong with you!?

backs
His fists clench. He seems about to lose control. He
GENE into a corner, physically terrified.

MR. SMITH

Are you 'fucking with me!?

GENE

The gun...

MR. SMITH

What about the gun?

GENE

It wasn't loaded. I didn't put the bullets in it.

MR. SMITH

You...

GENE,
pocket,
He raises a fist. Struggles with the impulse to smash
controls it. Angrily, he takes the gun from GENE's
expertly loads it with bullets from his own pocket.

MR. SMITH

You won't get many chances like that,
Mr. Watson. That's the way life works.
Don't blow the next one.

eyes.
He indicates the glass, wall of the elevator with his
GENE looks out and down.

GENE'S POV

the
The van. It's moving into a parking spot across from
Bonaventure, on Flower Street.

INT. THE VAN - DAY - 12:29PM

JONES
LYNN is coloring a picture in her stolen book. MS.
takes a look.

MS. JONES

That's pretty good.

LYNN

I've done much better ones than this.

MS. JONES

You have, huh?

LYNN

Oh, yes. I'll show you. I have much
more colors at home.

MS. JONES

That's good.
(checks her watch)
That's good, sweetie pie.

INT. RED ELEVATOR - DAY - 12:29PM

disappears
The elevator continues its descent and the van
from view. GENE strains to see it again, but it's
impossible.

MR. SMITH jams the loaded gun into GENE's pocket.

MR. SMITH

There, all loaded. Ready for the
hunt.

The elevator, doors open into the lobby.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR - YELLOW ELEVATOR

LOBBY -

DAY - 12:29PM

becomes
MR. SMITH walks out. GENE follows. MR. SMITH, suddenly

taping

self-conscious, walks away from GENE. The object of his shyness: A JAPANESE TOURIST COUPLE nearby. The man is his wife with a video camera.

VIEW THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA - 12:31PM

Behind

We see what the camera is seeing, the WIFE, smiling. her, we see GENE, looking confusedly after Mr. Smith. He turns, walks out of frame. In the corner of the picture, a read-out of the TIME:

He

picture, a

12:31:00.

12:31PM

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - SHOESHINE STAND - DAY -

outside

Back in real life, GENE walks toward a shoeshine stand the Men's Room. "Huey's Polished Act" and below that, hand-lettered, "Disabled Veteran" where HUEY himself, a fiftyish black man, reads a "Smithsonian" magazine.

hand-

fiftyish

He sees GENE and perks up - a customer.

HUEY

Having a rough day? Down at the heels as they...?

But GENE goes right past HUEY and into the Men's Room.

HUEY

(calling after him)
You don't see your face, you don't pay!

HUEY gives up, goes back to his magazine.

INT. MEN'S ROOM. - DAY - 12:31PM

water,

Gene goes- over to one of the sinks, runs the cold splashes his face, looks in the mirror, into his own eyes. He tries to find an answer, a way out. A pay phone, on the

eyes.

the

in,
Gene

wall behind him, comes into focus. Then a hand reaches
grabs the receiver...and yanks it, snapping the wire.
spins around. It is MR. SMITH, of course.

MR. SMITH smiles. GENE doesn't. MR. SMITH leaves.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

GENE exits the Men's Room and walks back the route he
came.

12:32PM

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - SHOESHINE STAND - DAY -

HUEY sets down his magazine again.

HUEY

Having a rough day? Down at the heels
as they say? What you need is a shoe
shine, shoe shine, shoe shine today.

It's HUEY's usual patter, he's said it a thousand
times.
GENE looks around.

MR. SMITH is in the lounge area, facing the Flower
Street
entrance, able to keep the Men's Room and GENE in view.

HUEY

Take ten, take a break, take a seat,
take a load off. Put the world in
perspective.

GENE lets HUEY usher him into a chair.

The gun in his jacket pocket clunks against the arm of
the
chair. A grim reminder. He pulls out the itinerary.

ECU - ITINERARY

12:45 - Governor Eleanor Samara Grant - Pacific Rim
Multi-Cultural Conference - Pool Deck - Fourth
Floor

GENE looks at his watch.

ECU WATCH

12:32.

The minute hand clicks to 12:33 as he watches.

ANGLE ON HUEY - 12:33PM

He works away at GENE's shoes.

HUEY

So, are you a visitor or lucky enough
to live in The City of Angels?

It's more of HUEY's patter, no real substance to the
inquiry.

GENE

I'm...I'm visiting.

GENE watches MR. SMITH frown and amble toward the
shoeshine stand.

HUEY

What do you do, if I may be so bold?

GENE

(looking at MR. SMITH)
I'm just an accountant.

HUEY

Don't denigrate yourself, my friend.
Where would the government be without
accountants? They wouldn't know how
hard they can squeeze us before we
pop, isn't that right?

ANGLE ON MR. SMITH - 12:33PM

He takes note of the conversation and wanders back to
his chair.

ANGLE ON HUEY - 12:33PM

HUEY

Now you take tips. Time was a tip
was between a man and his customer.
Not any more. They've figured out
what they call a formulae, don't
laugh, it ain't for babies. They

take your sales, see, and slap a percentile on there, figuring that somewhere between your lies and your bad luck they'll hit on the mean amount, mean meaning "in the middle", but if you ask me it means "just plain mean". Why you can have Uncle Scrooge wring a nickel over your poor out-stretched palm, or Daddy Warbucks dropping pearl stick-pins like manna from heaven, don't make no difference, they'll tax your behind according to that same figure. Doesn't seem quite right., does it?

GENE

No. No, it doesn't.

The Bellboy GUSTINO walks by, calls out to HUEY.

GUSTINO

Hey, Huey, how's it hangin'?

HUEY

It's a load, my friend, but somebody's got to carry it.

GUSTINO laughs, waves.

GENE

I have to do something.

HUEY

What's that? You have to speak up.

(taps his ear)

I'm a little deaf in this ear. Between that and my wooden leg I'm a mess. Compliments of the United States Army Artillery Corps.

GENE

I said I have to do something.

HUEY

I'll have you out of here in two shakes o'f a lamb's tail.

GENE

Is within himself.

here. GENE I keep wondering what she would do if she was
all She'd figure it out. She'd run it down like a column of
his numbers. Pro's and cons. That's the way she was: Lists
over the house.
HUEY's manic shoe-shining slows down: who has he got in
chair?

GENE

Drove me crazy. There must have been
one on me. I didn't add up so she
left. That's what attracted me to
her In the first place. She made up
her mind and she did it. She wouldn't
sit around waiting for...whatever.
She'd do something. She'd do
something.

live HUEY keeps his eyes on his work. He's afraid he's got a
one.

HUEY

Yes, well, you know, for a quality
shoe you can't beat a good wingtip.
Wears like iron. You're a wise man.
There ya' go. Two bucks.

floor. HUEY gestures for GENE to get down. GENE steps to the
He pays HUEY with a twenty.

HUEY

You got anything smaller?

GENE

Keep it.

HUEY

It's a twenty.

GENE

Keep it.

GENE is thinking about something.

HUEY

Well...thanks muchly...

Street
pocket.

GENE looks around the lobby, at MR. SMITH, the Flower
entrance, the rest of the area, feeling the gun in his

GENE

Can I get out to Flower Street from
here?

HUEY

Sure. Go down past the bar. Take you
right out there.

HUEY nods toward the bar.

GENE

Thanks.

for
GENE walks toward the bar. HUEY shakes his head: time
the boys in white.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - 12:35PM

is
GENE looks towards the Flower Street entrance. The van
still there. A bus pulls up.

GENE walks past MR. SMITH.

MR. SMITH

You get another chance in ten minutes.

GENE

Then I have time for a drink.

He heads up to the bar.

MR. SMITH

All right, Mr. Watson, but make it
just one. I don't want you...

But GENE is long gone.

INT. HOTEL BAR AREA - DAY - 12:3 6PM

just
getting
GENE walks into the area of the bar. The BARTENDER is
returning to chat with a customer, a REPORTER who is

where
sloshed. GENE moves slowly along the bar, into an area
MR. SMITH'S view of him is blocked.

REPORTER

So where was I?

BARTENDER

I don't know. Something about the
Governor's new regime.

GENE hears this and glances towards them.

REPORTER

Oh yeah. She's dumping the Good Old
Boys like yesterday's newspapers.

the
Street.
GENE sees that MR.SMITH can no longer see him. He scans
lobby, sees a smaller door that leads onto Flower

REPORTER

The white boys are in for it. When
they got her elected they never
thought she was gonna make the
Governor's office look like the United
Nations.

lobby and
The BARTENDER laughs. GENE quickly cuts across the
out the smaller door onto Flower Street.

REPORTER

We're talking Custer's Last Stand
here. The only minorities not on her
staff are the ones still lost in the
Rain Forest.

EXT. FLOWER STREET - DAY - 12:3 6PM

weaving
GENE comes out the door, dashes across the street,
through the traffic.

keeping
door,
other -on
Once across, he heads up the sidewalk toward the van,
low, sneaking up behind it. He crouches by the front
one hand sliding into his pocket for the' gun, the

looks the door handle. He raises his head cautiously and
inside the cab.

braces No MS. JONES up front at least. He takes a breath,
yanks himself. With one motion he jerks the back door open,
out the gun.

INT. VAN - DAY - 12:37PM

stretched The first thing he sees, fixates on, is LYNN. She is
dead. out on the seat, eyes closed, mouth open. She appears

GENE

(a gasp)

Lynn!

MS. JONES (O.S.)

Shhh. You'll wake the baby up.

on. MS. JONES is sitting on the seat behind the one LYNN is

GENE points the gun at her face. She smiles.

MS. JONES

(softly)

What we have here is what they call a Mexican standoff. The thing you gotta ask yourself is, "What's behind the seat?" Now, a twenty-two'd go right through it, but even a button will throw a twenty-two off so there's a good chance it'd get screwed up somewhere along the way, miss the target. Maybe a thirty-eight? A thirty-eight'll drill pretty straight, unless it hits metal, then it'll bust up in little bitty pieces. They'll keep going but they'll be slowed down quite a bit. How's about a three-fifty-seven? It'll go through the seat, her, you, the dashboard, shit, it'll go through the engine block before it knows it's hit anything, end up in some pedestrian three blocks away. What do you think? What's my poison?

hand. GENE look at Lynn's sleeping face - the gun in his own

He lowers the gun, defeated.

MS. JONES

Well it's a comfort to know you've got the co-Jones to pull that thing out. Whether you've got the balls to pull the trigger we've still got to see.

EXT. FLOWER STREET - DAY

there. The GENE climbs out of the van, shuts the door, leans gall of his defeat is hard to swallow. He realizes he's holding the gun, hurriedly tucks it away.

INT. THE VAN - DAY - 12:38PM

MS. JONES puts her gun down, raises a walkie-talkie.

MS. JONES

(into the walkie-talkie)
He's coming back in.

MR. SMITH

(filtered)
I've got him in the crosshairs.

INT. BUFFET AREA - DAY - 12:38PM

watches MR. SMITH near the entrance, eating some food. He

GENE walk past him. Their eyes meet.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - 12:39PM

more. GENE looks at his watch, then checks the itinerary once

ECU - ITINERARY

Multi- 12:45 - Governor Eleanor Samara Grant - Pacific Kim Cultural Conference - Pool Deck - Fourth Floor

ANGLE ON GENE-NEAR BUFFET AREA - 12:39PM

luggage

GENE addresses another Bellboy, HECTOR who is moving out to the street.

GENE

Pool Deck?

HECTOR

Fourth Floor. Take that escalator.

follows

GENE thanks him and moves across the lobby MR. SMITH

GENE

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - BAR AREA - DAY - 12:39PM

Governor

GENE heads toward the escalators. Ahead of him, he sees ELEANOR GRANT and BRENDAN GRANT surrounded by AIDES and SECURITY MEN facing a crowd of PRESS PEOPLE. The

each

and her husband have an arm around each other. They are smiling, relaxed, quite the " happy couple. They give

moment.

other a warm kiss. Camera flashes, recording the

through a

GENE, heading toward them, has to thread his way

When he

large WEDDING PARTY - tuxedos and bridesmaid gowns.

conference.

clears them he has neared the impromptu press

ANGLE ON BRENDAN GRANT - 12:3 9PM

taking

He is now alone in front of a campaign poster, fielding questions from a few remaining REPORTERS.

GRANT.

Farther on, ELEANOR GRANT and her entourage can be seen

the escalator up. GENE heads that way, passing BRENDAN

BRENDAN GRANT

My wife is not interested in negative campaigning. She wants to accentuate the positive. I don't know about you but I find that refreshing.

A REPORTER

Have you ever thought of running for

office yourself?

BRENDAN GRANT

(smiles, charmingly)

Me?

eyes
A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN walks by. The Governor's husband's
follow her appreciatively as he says:

BRENDAN GRANT

I'm just a business man.

ANGLE ON GENE - 12:40PM

into
the
He nears the escalator. It's crowded and GENE is pulled
the midst of NEWS PEOPLE, TV, RADIO, PRESS. He joins
flow and lets it pull him along.

follows the
GENE rides the escalator to the Second Floor and
crowd up two flights of the circular stairs.

Down a short tunnel and out onto the Pool Deck.

**EXT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - POOL, DECK - HIGH ANGLE -
12:41PM**

connect
About an acre of grass on the Fourth Floor. Skyways
the Pool Deck to the office buildings across Flower and
Figueroa. A platform has been set up with chairs and
microphones in front of a podium.

EXT. POOL DECK - CLOSE ANGLE ON GENE - 12:41PM

eyes
A
panics,
along,
determined to
facing a
GENE blinks in the sudden, bright sunshine. When his
adjust, he finds himself in a line that is approaching
SECURITY MAN with a hand-held metal detector. He
turns, trying to escape, but finds himself bumped
trapped. The line shuffles forward. He turns,
make a supreme effort to escape and finds himself
2ND SECURITY MAN, who waves him to one side.

wait. I
He
of
toward
-
gizmo
pushed
among:
the
through
glances
particular
reacts
going in
Call
He
in
way
is
scanning
him.

2ND SECURITY MAN Excuse me, sir, You don't have to
can take you over here.

GENE is dragged forward. He looks around; no way out.
stands, expectant, as the detector slides down one side
his body, is lifted over to the other. Down it slides,
the pocket concealing the gun. GENE waits for the alarm
which doesn't come. The SECURITY MAN operating the
deftly switches it off as it passes the weapon. GENE is
on, looking back, confused, alarmed, finds himself
PRESS by the dozens. Eleanor Samara Grant SUPPORTERS by
hundreds. SECURITY MEN and COPS IN UNIFORM. GENE moves
them, trying to figure out what just happened. He
back to the 2ND SECURITY MAN, and bumps into one
POLICE OFFICER, plain clothes, badge in pocket, who
with a quick laugh.

POLICE OFFICER Easy, sir. Got to watch where you're
a crowd like this.

He is a handsome, solid-looking guy. You'd trust him.
him OFFICER TRUST. OFFICER TRUST seems to be in charge.
moves off through the crowd, giving LOCAL POLICE orders
an easy way.

GENE looks around. He can't see MR. SMITH. He edges his
after OFFICER TRUST, who reaches the wall beyond which
the drop to the street. He leans there comfortably,
the crowd, GENE reaches the wall a few yards away from

as he He looks out at the city, getting his courage up. Just
turns to approach OFFICER TRUST:

MR. SMITH (O.S.)

I know what you're thinking.

him. GENE freezes! MR. SMITH appears from the crowd, joins
it. He smugly flips his walkie-talkie into the air, catches

GENE

What would you do in my place?

MR. SMITH

Me?

He flips the walkie-talkie, catches it.

MR. SMITH

The bitch would be dead. Course I
ain't sayin' which bitch.

walkie- He flips the walkie-talkie. GENE lashes out, smacks the
the talkie. It sails over the edge, falls and smashes onto
sidewalk four stories below.

MR. SMITH goes ballistic.

GENE walks away from him - right up to OFFICER TRUST.

GENE

There's a plot to kill the Governor.
If you don't believe me, check that
guy right there. He has a gun.

OFFICER TRUST looks at MR. SMITH and then at GENE.

OFFICER TRUST

So do you, Mr. Watson.

Walkie- And OFFICER TRUST reaches in his hip pocket for a spare
Talkie that he tosses to MR. SMITH.

OFFICER TRUST

You got this under control?

MR. SMITH

Yeah.

OFFICER TRUST

It doesn't look like it.

MR. SMITH

It's under control.

OFFICER TRUST

It better be.

OFFICER TRUST walks away.

MR. SMITH stares at a devastated GENE. He sticks the walkie-him talkie into his pocket, grabs GENE under the arm, drags to an isolated corner.

MR. SMITH

I oughta throw you after that walkie-talkie but I'm going to give you a break because you're an amateur.

WAITER M (O.S.)

Gentlemen...

The WAITER offers a tray of hors d'houvres.

MR. SMITH

Yeah, thanks. Have a cracker.

GENE shakes his head.

MR. SMITH

Have a cracker, Mr. Watson.

GENE woodenly takes one. The WAITER moves on.

MR. SMITH

There was this guy. Big guy. Irish-Italian. Red-faced, black-haired, jolly son-of-a-bitch.

We see them from a distance - just a couple guys chatting.

MR. SMITH

Nobody could make me laugh like him. We closed more bars together than I

can count. He was my pal. I loved that crazy mick, I'm not ashamed to say it. But he was fuck-up. He had this image of himself. Thought he was con man. Always trying to shave the edge. Nickel and dime. I'll always miss him. Tell me why.

GENE

What...?

MR. SMITH

Tell me why I miss him.

GENE

He's dead?

MR. SMITH

That's right. He's dead. Tell me why.

GENE

How should I...?

MR. SMITH

Tell me why he's dead.

GENE stares at him for a beat.

GENE

You killed him.

MR. SMITH

That's right, I killed him. He fucked up one too many times so I put a bullet in his eye. Then I put two more into him just to make sure. Now that was somebody I loved.

He moves in on GENE, crowding him. He breathes hard,
looks like one insane piece of work.

MR. SMITH

I loved that motherfucker but I got the call and I put him down like a sick animal. So if you've got any doubts about what's going to happen if you don't deliver let me tell you something. I'd make gravy out of your little girl just to season that

black Irish cocksucker's meat.

A wave of applause catches their attention.

ANGLE ON ELEANOR GRANT

toward
way.
She and her entourage enter the Pool Deck and walk the platform. ELEANOR GRANT gladhands people on the way.

ANGLE ON MR. SMITH - 12:45PM

He turns' back to GENE.

MR. SMITH

Do what you're supposed to do. Do it now.

buffeted
then
lifting
around
the
He grabs GENE and gives him a push. There is a general movement in the crowd toward the platform. GENE is along. MR. SMITH follows him, keeping him in sight, but a PACK OF PHOTOGRAPHERS move in, start snapping, their cameras high to shoot over the crowd. MR. SMITH instinctively turns away, hiding his face. He moves the PHOTOGS and finds himself separated from GENE by mob. He searches, trying to spot him.

MR. SMITH

Shit!

ANGLE ON GENE - 12:4 6PM

face
desperately on
something ahead:
In the crowd, GENE is bumped this way and that. His displays an inner devastation. His eyes focus

this
way and that, greeting supporters.
It is the back of ELEANOR GRANT'S head. She is turning

is at
the end of his rope. He is going to do it.
GENE's hand slides into his pocket, grips the gun. He

ANGLE ON ROSTRUM

microphone.

A local POLITICO mounts the platform, taps the

Mayor

LOCAL POLITICO Can I have your attention Please! Please welcome a man who was for 19 years the distinguished

of Los Angeles. The honorable Tom Bradley.

pushes his

The CROWD reacts loudly, yells and whistles. GENE-
way forward.

TOM BRADLEY

It is my extreme pleasure this
afternoon to introduce to you...

ANGLE ON GENE - 12:4 6PM

against
metal
away.
CROWD.

He is now a few yards from ELEANOR GRANT. He comes up
the SECURITY MAN who gave him the once-over with the
detector. The man's eyes slide over him, then he looks
He nonchalantly steps aside, moves off through the

TOM BRADLEY

...a woman who can only be
characterized as a one-of-a-kind.

bodies
pocket. He

GENE is close to ELEANOR GRANT. She is just a few
away, visible between them. His hand moves in his
swallows. The impulse sweeps over him and...

KRISTA (O.S.)

Feeling better?

next to

KRISTA BROOKS, the young woman from the elevator is
him, smiling. He looks at her in confusion.

TOM BRADLEY

An iconoclast with class...

KRISTA

The elevator. You weren't feeling well.

GENE looks at ELEANOR GRANT.

TOM BRADLEY

A genuine lady who's not afraid to get into the trenches...

KRISTA

Are you better now?

GENE turns, scans the crowd - no sign of MR. SMITH.

TOM BRADLEY

...and go to the mat with greedy special interests...

GENE looks at KRISTA, studies her intensely. She's a bit unnerved.

TOM BRADLEY

The finest Governor our state has ever had...

Again GENE looks at ELEANOR GRANT. She's turning around, facing the crowd, facing him.

TOM BRADLEY

My friend and yours, Governor Eleanor Grant!

ELEANOR GRANT raises her arms. A perfect target. The CROWD roars as GENE turns back to KRISTA. He leans into her, speaks.

GENE

My wife always said I had a problem trusting people.

KRISTA

Well, you can trust Eleanor Samara Grant.

GENE

You don't understand. I'm going to trust you. And you have to trust me.

Krista looks at Gene.

KRISTA

Yes, you're right, I don't understand.

GENE

Look...my daughter ... she's going to die...unless you can help me.

Krista assesses Gene, his desperate tone of voice.

Obviously

a nut case. A well-dressed nut case, but a nut case nevertheless. Krista, nervous, looks around for help.

KRISTA

Sure, sure, I'll help you. Let me get Mr. White. I'm sure he can assist you, he's our...

Gene pulls the gun, holding it in Krista's sight only, unnoticed by anyone else.

GENE

(sotto voce)

No! You have to listen to me.

Krista stares wide-eyed at the gun, at Gene.

KRISTA

I'm listening, I'm listening.

ANGLE ON THE ROSTRUM

beaming

ELEANOR GRANT takes over the microphone from the

LOCAL POLITICO.

ELEANOR GRANT

My friends, my good friends...

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

Gene and Krista are gone.

EXT. BEHIND THE PLATFORM - DAY - 12:47PM

fringe

Hidden by potted plants and campaign posters at the

the

of the CROWD, GENE confronts KRISTA, covering her with

a

pocketed gun. In the background, ELEANOR GRANT delivers ringing speech, accented with applause.

GENE

Please...please...you have to believe me... They have my daughter. They want me to kill Eleanor Grant - or they'll kill my daughter.

KRISTA tries to edge away.

KRISTA

All right, let's just...let's get security in on this.

GENE

No! You can't! They're in on it.

KRISTA

I don't see how they could be in on it. They're the best. They're hand-picked.

GENE

I don't know. One of them is following me. If he knew what I'd just told you they'd...

thinking
GENE pulls the gun from his pocket. She recoils, he's going to shoot her.

GENE

Look, how did I get in here with this!?

KRISTA stares at the gun. She can't deny the fact.

KRISTA

I don't know.

GENE

You've got to trust me. I'm putting my daughter's life in your hands. She's only six. She's just a little girl. Please, please, trust me.

KRISTA

It's a little hard to trust you under the circumstances.

GENE looks at her intently.

GENE

You're right, it is.
(beat)
Here.

the GENE offers KRISTA the gun. She is surprised, to say
least. She takes it gingerly, with only the tips of her
fingers.

GENE

Will you trust me now?

She stares at the gun, at the strange man.

KRISTA

I guess I'll have to. Come on, there's
one person we can go to.

GENE

The man following me has a walkie-
talkie. If he sees I'm not here he'll
call his partner. I do anything out
of line and he'll send the word to
kill my daughter.

KRISTA

He'll think you're in the crowd until
the end of the speech. Wait a minute.

GRANT'S She steps closer to the platform/ listens. ELEANOR
voice is heard.

ELEANOR GRANT (O.S.)

...I remember that horrible night as
if it were yesterday. A phone call
pulling me out of sleep, the terrible
news...

KRISTA checks her watch.

12:48.

ELEANOR GRANT (O.S.)

My husband and child senselessly
killed by a drunk driver.

KRISTA

We've got about ten minutes.

GENE

Are you sure?

KRISTA

I've heard this speech a lot. Come on. We'll take care of him. We will.

GENE

But...

KRISTA

Trust me. You asked me for help. Let me help. Trust me.

GENE

Okay...

She starts to lead him away.

GENE

Hey.

He stops her, points to the gun she still holds.

GENE

I think you better put that away.

KRISTA

I think you're right.

She pulls out a handkerchief, covers the gun and tucks it out of sight as she leads him behind the platform and away.

EXT. POOL DECK - DAY - 12:4 9PM

MR. SMITH still roams the crowd, looking for Gene.

ELEANOR GRANT

But tragedy, if it doesn't destroy us, has a curious way of giving us strength.

He sees OFFICER TRUST who gives him a questioning look. He ignores it.

ELEANOR GRANT

I doubt if I would be before you
now, if I hadn't been put through
that crucible of loss.

before.
angle.
MR SMITH notices the JAPANESE TOURIST COUPLE we met
The man has the video camera pointed at a sharp up

MR. SMITH glances up toward what the man is shooting.
Consternation and anger fill his face.

ANGLE ON RED BONAVENTURE TOWER - 12:4 9PM

KRISTA
glimpsed,
What he sees is one of the exterior elevators rising.
stands at the glass looking down. Behind her, just
is GENE.

ANGLE ON MR. SMITH

ELEANOR GRANT

And though I can never forget William
and Bill Junior or the love I felt
for them...

MR. SMITH cuts a wake through the CROWD.

ELEANOR GRANT

I have found joy again in serving
this great state. I have found love
again in my second husband Brendan...

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - DAY - 12:.50PM

hurry
The elevator doors open. GENE and KRISTA bolt out and
down the hall.

GENE

Where are we going?

**INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - SECURITY TABLE - DAY -
12:50PM**

the
turned
KRISTA leads GENE past the SECURITY GUARD stationed in
hallway at a small table. GENE tries to keep his face
away. The GUARD glances up.

HALL GUARD

Ms. Brooks ...

KRISTA

Is he in?

HALL GUARD

Yes, ma'am.

shrugs They walk past him. He's a bit curious about GENE, but
it off.

GENE and KRISTA reach a door and knock.

GENE

Who is this? Are you sure we can
trust him?

KRISTA

I'm sure. It's her husband. He's her
Campaign Manager.

The door opens. BRENDAN GRANT is framed there.

BRENDAN GRANT

What is it? Is there a problem?

KRISTA

We need to see you, Brendan.

She grabs GENE and pushes inside.

INT. ROOM 2503 - DAY - 12:51PM

chair. Upscale suite. BRENDAN GRANT'S coat is draped on a

KRISTA moves past him, pulling GENE.

GENE

(to KRISTA)

We have to hurry.

KRISTA

I know. Brendan, listen to me. Someone
is trying to kill Eleanor.

BRENDAN GRANT

What? What are you talking about?

KRISTA

We need people we can "trust. We only have a few moments...

BRENDAN GRANT

This is...this is insane. How do you know this?

GENE

I know it because I'm the one who's supposed to kill her.

BRENDAN GRANT

You are!?

(to KRISTA)

You brought this man here!? You brought this man to my room!?

KRISTA

I had to. Her Security people may be involved...

hands
looking,
There is the sound of a toilet flushing in an adjacent bathroom. The door opens and A MAN emerges drying his on a hotel towel. He is late-middle-aged, white, mild-looking, perhaps wearing glasses.

MYSTERY MAN

Is there a problem, Brendan?

BRENDAN GRANT

There certainly is. This man says he's been hired to kill Eleanor.

GENE

Not hired. They're blackmailing me.

MYSTERY MAN

Who is this "they"?

GENE

I don't...I don't know. Please, Mr. Grant! They have my daughter. I'm not some lunatic. Your wife is in trouble. Someone is trying to kill her. Someone is trying to make me kill her. Please, listen...

MYSTERY MAN

And on the strength of this story,
you bring this man to Brendan's suite?
Does that show good judgment, Ms.
Brooks? I'm just a friend of
Brendan's, but it seems to me...

KRISTA

He brought a gun onto the pool deck.

MYSTERY MAN

(beat)

What?

KRISTA

He got onto the pool deck with a
gun. How did he get past her Security
carrying a

MYSTERY MAN

I see. Where is this gun?

KRISTA I

Have it.

MYSTERY MAN

Well, is it real? Do we know anything
about it?

KRISTA

It looks real. I don't know anything
about guns.

MYSTERY MAN

Could I see it?

hands
it
KRISTA gets out the gun, wrapped in the handkerchief,
it to him. It lays in the palm of his hand. He unwraps
awkwardly, examines it.

MYSTERY MAN

My goodness. It certainly looks real.

suite.
He looks beyond them, towards the entrance to the

MYSTERY MAN

What's your opinion? You're the expert
in these matters, supposedly.

GENE turns, to see who he is talking to.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY - 12:.53PM

Speak,
from the
and
wonder
Shock
stand

MR. SMITH stands by the open door. Before GENE can
MR. SMITH moves. It is fluid and controlled and fast. He
marches across the room, detouring to grab a pillow
couch. He takes the gun, shoves it- into the pillow
goes face to face with KRISTA. She just has time to
what is going on There is a double muffled gunshot.
fills her eyes, she slides to the floor. GENE can only
there, unbelieving, freaked to the gills.

BRENDAN GRANT

Jesus Christ!

MR. SMITH

(calmly, staring at
GENE)

Yeah, I'd say it's real.

MYSTERY MAN

Are you out of your fucking mind!?

The door opens. OFFICER TRUST slides in quickly.

OFFICER TRUST

Somebody mind telling me...
(sees KRISTA's body)
What the hell happened!?

MR. SMITH

Help me get her off the rug.

begin to

OFFICER TRUST checks the hall, shuts the door. They
drag her body to the bathroom. The MYSTERY MAN watches.

BRENDAN GRANT

What have you done to me!? Christ
almighty!

comes

GENE's eyes follow them. As if rousing from a sleep he
to life.

GENE

No!

there,
watching
grabs
that's

He tries to rush to the bathroom but MR. SMITH is right gripping him. GENE struggles frantically, uselessly, the bathroom door close. MR. SMITH is beyond anger. He GENE'S throat, muscles down. GENE grips the iron hand cutting off his air.

MR. SMITH

You fucked up.

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)

That's enough.

loose.

The MYSTERY MAN grabs MR. SMITH'S arm, tries to pry him MR. SMITH is beyond reason.

MR. SMITH

You want me to kill your kid!? You want me to kill you!?

begins

GENE's eyes begin to roll back in his head. Everything fading to black.

his
blank

The blackness retreats in a rush and GENE finds himself staring at the butt of MR. SMITH'S gun, visible under coat. He reaches for it, yanks it out, fires point-into

away.

MR. SMITH, again, again. MR. SMITH'S shocked face falls GENE heads for the door.

MYSTERY MAN

Don't let him go!

shoots

OFFICER TRUST steps between GENE and the door. GENE him down and is out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

down
wounded
pulls
rushes
MAN
stops

GENE stumbles out in the hall, gun in hand. He hurries
the hall, looking back to see the MYSTERY MAN and a
OFFICER TRUST spill out of Room 2503. The HALL OFFICER
his weapon MYSTERY MAN Get him!
GENE fires at the HALL OFFICER who goes down. GENE
down the hall. One of the guest room door's opens and a
staggers out. It is a bloody, wounded MR. SMITH! GENE
in shock.

GENE

I killed you.

MR. SMITH

You fucked up.

over a

And MR. SMITH grabs him by the collar and throws him
railing.

INT. THE LOBBY - MID-AIR - DAY

elevator
against
up to

GENE is falling, falling. He passes the ascending
and gets a glimpse of MS. JONES and LYNN, pressed
the glass, her face a mask of terror. The floor rushes
meet GENE and...

INT. ROOM 2503 - DAY - 12:5 6PM

escape

...he hits the floor, thrown there by MR. SMITH. His
has been a dream. A wrist-watch fills the frame.

12:56.

the

It is GENE's. We are seeing his P.O.V. He's laying on
floor, his watch-hand in front of his face.

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)

You nearly killed him, too, you idiot!

MR. SMITH (O.S.)

Nearly doesn't count.

Lose the P.O.V.

BRENDAN GRANT

I'm on record. I never wanted this. I wanted simplicity; a telescopic sight, a powerful rifle, but no. What was good enough for Oswald wasn't good enough for you two. You had to get fancy. Drag some shmuck in off the street, stick a gun in his hand.

MYSTERY MAN

It's academic now. She had to be killed.

MR. SMITH

What were you going to do, Brendan? Lock her in a closet? You're in the fucking kitchen now. Get used to the heat. He's been seen all over the hotel, looking like some Loony Tunes. We even got him on video. It'll work. Don't worry about it.

GENE stirs on the floor.

MYSTERY MAN

(about GENE) Is he awake?

MR. SMITH

Yeah.

He yanks GENE to his feet.

BRENDAN GRANT

Oh Great. Why don't we just give him our home phone numbers while we're at it?

MR. SMITH

It doesn't matter what he hears.

He pulls GENE over to the bathroom door. Throws it open.

GENE reacts to what he sees within.

MR. SMITH

That's what it looks like. She was alive a minute ago. Now she's dead. Because you wouldn't do what I told you to do.

MYSTERY MAN

Get going. You've only got a few minutes to pull it together.

The
are
through

MR. SMITH takes GENE out of the suite into the hall.
door closes. Brendan, the Mystery Man and Officer Trust
alone BRENDAN GRANT I don't know if we should go
with this.

MYSTERY MAN

It's too late for that.

BRENDAN GRANT

There is a dead woman on my bathroom floor!

MYSTERY MAM

What about it? She's Eleanor's assistant and they will have been shot with the same gun, by the same lunatic. Some, anonymous loser who went over the edge.

BRENDAN GRANT

(breathing easier)
Only thing better would be if he were a postal worker.

OFFICER TRUST

He won't be doing any work once I get through with him.

MYSTERY MAN

And in a few months you're in the Governor's mansion. The people'd make you king of California if they could.

BRENDAN GRANT laughs.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - 12:57PM

OFFICER
the

OFFICER TRUST exits from the room and engages the HALL
in conversation down the hall. GENE and MR. SMITH turns
other way, walk. In an undertone:

GENE

I'm not stupid.. I know how this is
supposed, to work.

MR. SMITH

Do you now, Mr. Watson?

GENE

I kill her - and you kill me.

MR. SMITH

Keep your voice down.

GENE

Even if you don't, Her Security men
will.

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - ELEVATOR FOYER - DAY -

12:58PM

GENE

They reach the elevator. MR. SMITH punches the button.
turns on him.

GENE

How am I supposed to get away?

MR. SMITH

That's not my problem, Mr. Watson

He gets out the walkie-talkie, keys it.

MR. SMITH

(into the walkie-talkie)
Come back.

GENE

How do I know you won't kill my
daughter once I'm gone?

MR. SMITH

(into the walkie-talkie)
Come Back....Fucking Radio.

keys

MR. SMITH is getting nothing but static. He angrily
off, hisses at GENE:

MR. SMITH

I told you she'd be alright, if you
do your job.

GENE

And I'm supposed to trust you?

MR. SMITH

What choice do you have?

The elevator doors open. MR. SMITH gestures graciously.

MR. SMITH

After you.

INT. "BLUE" ELEVATOR - DAY - 12:58PM

doors
the
by MR.
glass

They step into the elevator. Stare at each other. The
close. MR. SMITH erupts. He grabs GENE slams him into
outside window. GENE's face is smashed into the glass
SMITH'S shoulder. His body presses GENE against the
wall and he speaks, his mouth an inch from GENE's ear.

MR. SMITH

Look out there! You see the van?

The van can be seen below on Flower Street.

MR. SMITH

You see it?!

up

WHAM! He slams GENE's head against the window. He lifts
the walkie-talkie.

MR. SMITH

Come back.

MS. JONES (V.O.)

(filtered)

Yeah.

MR. SMITH

Do it!

He jabs the walkie-talkie next to GENE's ear.

LYNN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Daddy...?

in
heart.
And then a scream. The horrible sound of a little girl
terrible pain. It cuts through GENE like a stab in the

GENE

Lynn!

him,
surprise.
He struggles to turn around. MR. SMITH kidney punches
hard! GENE goes down on one knee.
The car stops. SOMEONE starts to board it, stops in
MR. SMITH sticks a badge in their face.

MR. SMITH

Security. Take the next car.

descent.
They back off. The doors close, the car continues its

MR. SMITH lifts the walkie-talkie.

MR. SMITH

Again.

GENE

(a gasp)

No, please...

GENE is
shoves
Another bone-chilling scream from the walkie-talkie.
ripped to his soul. MR. SMITH hauls him to his feet,
him against the glass.

MR. SMITH

You got one last chance. Half an
hour and that kid is dead. I'll kill
her myself. I'll rip her fucking
head off right in front of you!

doors

MR. SMITH releases GENE, who goes limp. The elevator
open onto the lobby.

sweat

MR. SMITH gets out, straightening his tie, wiping the
from his face.

INT. THIRD FLOOR "GREEN" ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY - 12:59PM

the
They
clear

GENE gets out of the elevator, almost getting caught in
closing doors. He can't even fight back at the doors.
pound him a couple of times before he is able to step
of the elevator. GENE stifles a retch, hurries away.

from the

MR. SMITH is standing there. Childish giggles erupt
walkie-talkie.

LYNN (O.S.)

(filtered, giggling)

Daddy, did you hear me scream?

INT. THE VAN - DAY - 1:00PM

MS. JONES holds the walkie-talkie for LYNN.

LYNN (O.S.)

She told me to scream as loud as I
could. Did you hear me?

OMIT

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY - 1:01PM

sink
throws

GENE staggers over to the row of sinks. Leaning on one
with both hands, his body shudders violently. And he
up.

He
quickly.

A man exits a toilet stall and walks toward the sinks.
sees GENE retching, turns away in disgust, and leaves

GENE turns on the faucets.to wash the mess away.

He tries to clean up, but catches his reflection in the

mirror. He has trouble looking himself in the eye.

INT. THIRD FLOOR LOBBY - DAY - 1:01PM

MR. SMITH is fuming. Into the walkie-talkie:

MR. SMITH

The next time I tell you to do something, you goddamn well do it!

INT. THE VAN - DAY - 1:01PM

MS. JONES tries to be private on the walkie-talkie.

MS. JONES

Hey, fuck you! You want to baby-sit a screaming kid in traffic, come out here and do it yourself. He got the message, didn't he?

LYNN watches her, knowing something's not quite right.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - EXT MEN'S ROOM - DAY - 1:02PM

GENE comes out of the Men's Room, stands there at a loss.

HUEY (O.S.)

Having a rough day? Down at the heels as they say? What you need is a shoe shine, shoe shine, shoe shine today.

GENE looks around. HUEY has his nose in his magazine, calling out his patter for whoever drifts by.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - SHOESHINE STAND - DAY - 1:02PM

GENE walks over, climbs into a chair.

HUEY

(still not looking up)
Take ten, take a break, take a seat, take a load off. Put the world in perspective.

GENE has settled into the chair. HUEY tosses the magazine aside, swings into action...

HUEY

So, are you a visitor or are you
lucky enough to...

...and freezes, staring at the familiar pair of shoes.

HUEY

(as he looks up)
You got a complaint?

GENE looks down at him.

GENE

You remember me?

HUEY

I remember. The big tipper.

GENE

Something is going to happen. When
it's over you'll know what I was
talking about.

HUEY

Oh, man...

GENE

Please. Something is going to
happen...

HUEY

What? The end of the world? Man,
don't give me your mad rap. I'm not
a bartender. I don't want to hear
it. I raise a family doing this
bullshit. Do me a favor. Get your
crazy white ass out of my chair.

GENE

Please...

HUEY

Hey, a big tip doesn't give you the
right to crap in my ear. You want
change? You got it, brother. What
was that you gave me, a twenty?

HUEY kneels down, gets his cashbox, starts to open it
up.

From behind him:

MR. SMITH

Come on, let's get some privacy.

GENE

He's deaf.

a
thumb at
It spills out of GENE almost without volition. There's
note of pleading hidden in it. GENE slowly points a
HUEY's "Disabled Veteran" sign.

GENE

He can't hear a word we're saying.

-
MR. SMITH looks at the sign. HUEY stops what he's doing
"What the fuck?" He almost says it aloud, then:

MR. SMITH

You wouldn't be kidding me now, would
you, Mr. Watson?
(to HUEY's back)
Hey, nigger! Is that right? You can't
hear me? Nigger?

going to
then
into a
HUEY's face settles into something cold. What's he
do? He stands, looks at GENE, who stares back at him,
slowly turns around, looks at MR. SMITH - and breaks
jive-ass grin.

HUEY

Why, looky-here. My customer-quotient
just got multiplied by two. What do
you think of that? You'll have to
forgive me, sir. Didn't hear your
approach. Fact of the matter is, I'm
deef as a post. Compliments of the
United States Army...
(does a snappy salute)
...Artillery Corps. Can I give you a
shine, sir? You don't see your face,
you don't pay.

chair.
MR. SMITH is suspicious but he climbs into the second

MR. SMITH

(loudly)

Yeah, sure, give me a shine...
(looks at GENE)
...shine.

HUEY goes to work on his shoes.

MR. SMITH

I'm putting your toy back in your
pocket, Mr. Watson.

Unseen by MR. SMITH, HUEY takes a peek and sees the gun
being transferred to GENE's pocket.

MR. SMITH

It's all wound up. Now let's get out
your itinerary.

GENE does.

Century - "1:'30 - California Leads the Nation into the 21st

California Ballroom - Governor Eleanor Samara Grant and
Brendan Grant" It is the last entry.

GENE

One thirty. California Ballroom.

MR. SMITH

(glances at HUEY)
That's right. That gives you...

He looks at his watch.

1:04.

MR. SMITH

...twenty-six minutes to get your
shit together.

GENE

Let me talk to her again.

MR. SMITH

No.

GENE

I want'to talk to her.

MR. SMITH

Forget about it.

GENE

I talk to her or you can forget about it.

MR. SMITH

Don't you threaten me.

GENE

What are you going to do about it, shoot me?

MR. SMITH

(glances again at HUEY) You know what I'm gonna do.

GENE

What? Walk out there and twist her arm off?

MR. SMITH doesn't reply.

GENE

It would be a lot less trouble just to let me talk to her.

SMITH

They stare at each other for a few beats. Then MR. checks HUEY out and gets out the walkie-talkie.

MR. SMITH

(into it)
Come Back.

MS. JONES (O.S.)

(filtered)
Yeah.

MR. SMITH

Put her on.

MS. JONES (O.S.)

What gives?

MR. SMITH

Just put her on.

LYNN (O.S.)

(filtered)
Daddy?

GENE grabs the walkie-talkie.

GENE

Yes, sweetie, it's me.

LYNN (O.S.)

(filtered)

I'm tired. I want to go now.

GENE

I know you do, honey.

INT. THE VAN - DAY -1:05PM

MS. JONES holds the walkie-talkie for LYNN.

LYNN

Can we go now?

GENE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Not just yet, baby. There's...there's something Daddy has to do.

LYNN

To be a hero?

INT. BONAVENTURE LOBBY - DAY - 1:05PM

MR. SMITH, GENE and HUEY in situ.

GENE

No, honey, not to be a hero. But I want you to remember something for me, all right?

LYNN (O.S.)

(filtered)

All right.

GENE

He's doing it for you. No matter what anybody tells you, no matter who they are, he's doing it for you, because he loves you.

MR. SMITH

That's enough.

down. He reaches for the walkie-talkie, but GENE stares him

Back to the walkie-talkie:

GENE

Will you promise me that?

LYNN (O.S.)

(filtered)

I promise.

GENE

All right. Kisses to you.

LYNN (O.S.)

(filtered)

No...kisses to you.

GENE

No. Kisses to you.

LYNN (O.S.)

(filtered)

No, kisses to...

MR. SMITH grabs the walkie-talkie.

MR. SMITH

I don't care who the fuck you do it
for just so you do it. Hey.

looks He reaches down, snaps his fingers in HUEY's face. HUEY
up.

MR. SMITH

You done yet?

HUEY

Just about.

He gives the shoes a final wipe, stands away.

HUEY

Two dollars, if it pleases you.

MR. SMITH

It doesn't. I remember when it was a
fuckin' quarter.

stalks

He throws a couple dollars to HUEY. To GENE as he
away:

MR. SMITH

Twenty-five minutes.

TO HIS BACK:

HUEY

Thanks for the tip.

HUEY turns back to GENE. They stare at each other.

HUEY

Mister, what are you dragging me
into?

GENE

I'm not dragging you into anything.
I don't expect...

HUEY

Cover your mouth.

GENE

What?

HUEY

This gorilla's watching you, is that
right?

GENE

That's right.

HUEY

Then don't let him be seeing you
talking to me. I don't want him
twisting my arm off.

GENE lowers his head, covers his mouth with a hand.

HUEY

pretends to work on his shoes.

HUEY

That was your kid on the walkie-
talkie?

GENE

My daughter. They have her in a van
across the street. They say they'll

kill her if I don't do something for them.

HUEY

In twenty-five minutes in the California Ballroom.

GENE

There was a woman. She was trying to help me. I watched him murder her.

HUEY

What are you supposed to do?

GENE

Kill the Governor.

HUEY checks his perimeters, then:

HUEY

I knew I should have packed up and gone home as soon as I got that twenty. What am I supposed to do about this situation?

GENE

One of them is in on it. He might even be in charge. Her Security is in on it. There's only one person I know for sure isn't in on it.

HUEY

Who?

GENE

The Governor. If I could just talk to her...

HUEY

Oh, Jesus ...

GENE

No way, there's nothing you can do to help me.

HUEY

Then why'd you drag me into it?

GENE

(getting emotional)
It's my kid. I've got to...to

somehow...do right by my little girl.

He gets out her picture, stares at it.

GENE

It's about time I did. I was one of those guys, workaholics. I worked my ass off for them - my wife, my daughter. That's just what I thought I was supposed to do.

HUEY

Yeah, all right, listen...

GENE

(running on)

So when she wanted a divorce...I was...I didn't know what I'd done wrong. I didn't see it. I didn't see it....

foot,

HUEY takes his wooden brush and whacks GENE on the snapping him from his downward spiral.

HUEY

Why don't you tell me about the early years some other time?

GENE

I'm sorry. You understand I don't mind dying if I could save my daughter. I mean that.

HUEY

Yeah, now listen. I can't mess with these shoes any more or it's gonna look funny. You go down get yourself something to drink. Make sure Godzilla there, follows you.

GENE

What are you going to do?

HUEY

I haven't the faintest idea. Go on now. I'll get word to you.

GENE gets down.

GENE

If nothing else, someone heard my story.

He gives HUEY a twenty.

GENE

Keep the change.

HUEY

Don't think I won't.

GENE just stands there. HUEY has to give him a little push.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR - DAY - 1:09PM

GENE turns and walks across the lobby toward the bar. His mind is racing. As he passes MR. SMITH...

GENE

I need a drink.

MR. SMITH rises immediately, looks back at HUEY. HUEY gives him a symbolic tip of the hat. MR. SMITH follows GENE.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY - 1:11PM

GENE finds a stool at the empty part of the bar. The place is half-full, noisy. The television is showing a game show.

The BARTENDER comes over.

GAME SHOW HOST (O.S.)

(over television)
...and time is running out...

GENE

Give me a ...a gingerale?

MR. SMITH sits -at the other end of the bar. The BARTENDER gets him a beer. GENE and MR. SMITH lock eyes in the mirror. Between them, a couple of T.V. NEWS TECHNICIANS are grabbing a quick beer. A video camera resides on the bar by them.

above,
GENE notices OFFICER TRUST, walking by on a level
watching him.

T.V. NEWS TECHNICIAN 1

Man, I thought she was going to get
out the violins.

TV REPORTER

No shit. If I hear that stop the
violence routine one more time I'm
going to shoot somebody.

him.
next
A WAITRESS appears suddenly at GENE's elbow, surprising
She puts a basket of pretzels next to him and a coaster
to his drink.

WAITRESS

Here's your Ginger Ale, sir.

DOWN THE BAR:

T.V. NEWS TECHNICIAN 1 Politicians.

TV REPORTER

They're all the same.

bar.
The WAITRESS is tapping a long fingernail against the

"Men's
Room - Huey."
GENE looks down and sees it. A note on the coaster.

looks
The WAITRESS turns the coaster over, and leaves. GENE
down the bar at MR. SMITH, drinking, unaware.

TV REPORTER

You know what bothers me?

GENE looks at his watch.

1:12.

TV REPORTER

When they get all weepy eyed about
the "ordinary citizen", the "regular
Joe", the "normal American". Gimme a
break. There ain't no such animal.

We're a nation of two hundred forty million special interest groups.

GENE stands.

GENE

Well, I'm just a regular guy.

The T.V. NEWS TECHNICIANS stare at him.

TV REPORTER

Is that right?

GENE

Yeah, that's right. But I've built a good solid business out of nothing. Don't underestimate the regular guy.

He heads for the open lobby.

BARTENDER

Sir, you haven't paid.

GENE

It's on the Special Interest at the end of the bar.

GENE jerks a thumb at MR. SMITH and is gone. MR. SMITH starts to follow him. The BARTENDER is right with him.

BARTENDER

Hey, Sir, don't make me call a cop.

MR. SMITH slaps some money on the bar and leaves.

T.V. NEWS TECHNICIAN 1

Left field bleachers heard from.

T.V. REPORTER

Laughs.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - 1:13PM

MR. SMITH scans the lobby trying to spot Gene. OFFICER TRUST comes up behind him.

OFFICER TRUST

Where is he? Did you lose him?

MR. SMITH

Shut up.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - SHOP ARCADE - DAY - 1:13PM

Elsewhere, GENE circles around the lobby. There seem to
be
clocks everywhere.

A. set of four clocks over the registration desk with
the
time for Tokyo, Los Angeles, New York, and Paris.

The souvenir shop has a dozen clocks on display, with
the
logos of various LA sports teams.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - RESTAURANT AREA - DAY - 1:14PM

The restaurant, the travel agency, the newsstand, all
have
clocks.

1:14 .

Everywhere he turns. GENE has to look at his watch.

1:15! GENE's watch and all the clocks tick over at
once.
tick
GENE winces as if he could hear all those minute hands
over one number in a thunderous chorus.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - SHOESHINE STAND - DAY - 1:16PM

He's near the Men's Room. HUEY's stand has a sign on
the
chair - "Gone to Lunch" and there is a clock face with
moveable hands. "We'll be back at 1:30."

GENE

(sotto voice)

Let's all hope so.

And he enters the Men's Room.

Across the lobby MR. SMITH spots him, heads that way.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY - 1:16PM

runs
GENE enters to find HUEY and GUSTINO the Bellboy. HUEY
to the door, keeping a lookout.

HUEY

Quick, off with the shoes and pants.
Trade with Gustino. The big guy's
coming.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR - DAY - 1:16PM

MR. SMITH marching towards the Men's Room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY - 1:16PM

other,
HUEY turns to see GENE and GUSTINO just looking at each
uncomfortable, to say the least.

HUEY

C'mon, ladies. No time to be shy.

his
small
GENE kicks off his shoes, shucks his pants. He trades
pants and jacket with GUSTINO, who has done the same.
GUSTINO's pants are too big for GENE. His pants are too
for GUSTINO.

GUSTINO goes into a stall and closes the door.

HUEY comes back from the door.

HUEY

Gustino! Drop 'em!

GENE's
GUSTINO has taken a seat inside the stall, but with
pants still up. He drops them.

HUEY

And cover up them socks. Man, who
dresses you?

Only".
and
HUEY leads GENE to another door. "Service Personnel
He taps on it. It is opened by a Latino JANITOR. HUEY
GENE slip through the door, shut it. The JANITOR begins
mopping the floor as MR. SMITH comes in.

GENE's

His eyes come to rest on the stall. All he sees are shoes and GENE's pants crumpled around the ankles.

MR. SMITH smirks and leaves.

The Janitor raps on GUSTINO's stall with the mop.

JANITOR

Fue. (Gone.)

INT. SERVICE HALL - DAY - 1:17PM

stacked
cleaning
a

HUEY and GENE move down a drab service corridor. Boxes on both sides, floor buffers at rest, shelves with supplies. GENE notices for the first time that HUEY has a pronounced limp.

moving

They come upon IRENE the Cleaning Woman. She joins them down the corridor.

HUEY

Meet Irene.

GENE

Hi.

HUEY

Irene is going to help.

GENE

Thank you.

trot.

IRENE takes GENE's hand and leads him along at a half-

GENE

Where am I going?

1:17PM

INT. BONAVENTURE - SERVICE ELEVATOR FOYER - DAY -

They come through a short corridor and onto the service elevator.

HUEY

You said there was only one person

you knew wasn't in on this thing.

GENE

Yeah.

HUEY

You're going to go see her.

GENE

What!?

The elevator doors close.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAT - 1:17PM

IRENE punches the button for the twenty-fifth floor.

HUEY

You sure she's asleep?

IRENE

I took up extra pillows. She take a nap before her big speech.

GENE

What am I supposed to say to her?

HUEY

It'll come to you. See if you can stop this thing 'fore it gets started. Save us all considerable embarrassment.

puts
got
me.
HUEY takes a pillow and a blanket from IRENE'S cart and
it into GENE's arms IRENE You don't have to save me. I
nothin' to do with it. You ain't gettin' no key from

HUEY

(shocked)
Irene...?

into
starts
floor.
The service elevator stops. IRENE pushes her cart out
the hall signalling them to stay put for a second. She
moving out into the hall, the card key falls on the

1:17PM

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - SECURITY TABLE -

when he

At the other end of the hall the HALL OFFICER turns
hears her approach.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY -

elevator.

GENE and HUEY hover in the door of the service
Gene reaches down and snags the card key at his feet.

1:17PM

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - SECURITY TABLE -

can

The HALL OFFICER has to move his table aside so Irene
pass with the cart. As he turns,

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Governors

HUEY pushes GENE across the hall to the door of the
bedroom.

The Service Elevator door closes.

1:18PM

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - SECURITY TABLE -

HALL OFFICER turns quickly at the noise.

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

room.

GENE holds totally still in the alcove outside her

1:18PM

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - SECURITY TABLE -

down.

HALL OFFICER looks suspiciously, and finally sits back

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

GENE uses the key to let himself into

INT. ROOM 2510 - 1:18PM

the
on a
stands

Lit only by a bedside lamp. ELEANOR GRANT is laying on bed, dressed, towel across her eyes, bare feet elevated pair of pillows. GENE edges over slowly to her. He over her, not knowing how to begin.

GENE

(softly)

Excuse me...

eyes.
ELEANOR GRANT lifts a hand, moves the towel from her

ELEANOR GRANT

Who the hell are you?

putting
She sits upright, reaches for the phone! GENE moves, his hand on top of hers on top of the phone.

GENE

No, please.

They stare at each other for a beat.

up
She bolts for the door! Gene beats her to it! She backs to the bed.

Eleanor Grant is a strong, tough woman, but she's not fearless.

GENE

Mrs. Grant, Governor...I won't hurt you.

ELEANOR GRANT

My security people are right next door.

GENE

I appreciate that.

ELEANOR GRANT

One loud scream will bring them in here instantly. You won't get very far. Think it over.

GENE

If I were here to hurt you I would have done it already.

ELEANOR GRANT

That's...a comfort to hear.

GENE

I have a problem.

ELEANOR GRANT

Ah.

GENE

Only you can help me. I'm also sorry to say, my problem is your problem, Mrs. Grant.

She studies him.

ELEANOR GRANT

I remember you...in the elevator.

GENE

That's right.

ELEANOR GRANT

You were very nervous.

GENE

It was because I had this...in my pocket

He slowly pulls out the gun. She takes it in.

GENE

I need you to listen to me. Carefully. Three lives depend on you listening very carefully to what I have to say.

She smiles.

ELEANOR GRANT

(friendly as can be)

Of course. But suppose we set up an appointment. I have an important speech to deliver and you're cutting into my nap time.

Very slowly, she moves to the table, lifts the phone

ELEANOR

GRANT My assistant, Krista Brooks, takes care of constituent...

GENE

Krista Brooks is dead.

She freezes, slowly replaces the phone.

ELEANOR GRANT

How do you know that?

GENE

I saw her die. She was shot. With this gun.

She turns to him.

ELEANOR GRANT

You shot her?

GENE

No.

ELEANOR GRANT

Who did?

GENE

I don't know. The only thing I know about him is that he works for your husband.

ELEANOR GRANT

What?

GENE

And your husband works for somebody else.

ELEANOR GRANT

What the hell are you saying?

GENE glances at the bedside clock.

1:19.

He looks back to the Governor.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR - DAY - 1:19PM

An increasingly edgy MR. SMITH is looking at the Men's

Room

eye
heads

door. He glances over to OFFICER TRUST who's keeping an
on him. He looks at his watch again, then gets up and
for the Men's Room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY - 1:19PM

MR. SMITH enters. HECTOR is at the urinal.

to
pants

MR. SMITH checks out the feet under the stall. He has
bend over to check properly. GENE''s shoes, GENE' s
legs.

HECTOR notices MR. SMITH'S actions.

very

MR. SMITH is aware that he's been noticed, but he is
suspicious.

HECTOR flushes the urinal.

the

MR. SMITH stays by the stall. He is going to look over
top of the stall. He rises on his tiptoes.

But HECTOR is staring at him like he's a pervert.

the

MR. SMITH is suddenly embarrassed. He backs away from
stall.

mirror.

HECTOR washes his hands, watching MR. SMITH in the

MR. SMITH leaves.

knocks

HECTOR dries his hands. He walks over to the stall and
on the door.

HECTOR

He's gone.

stall.

And GUSTINO tosses a Bellboy jacket over the top of the

HECTOR puts it on.

HECTOR

Hey, Gustino, what takes you so long?
You need to eat more fiber.

GUSTINO (O.S.)

You got anything to read?

INT. ROOM 2510 - DAY - 1:21PM

The clock on the nightstand.

1:21.

ELEANOR GRANT sits against the headboard. GENE sits on
the
loosely in
edge of the bed, the gun all but forgotten, held
his hand.

GENE

I knew you wouldn't believe me.

ELEANOR GRANT

I said I'd listen to you, not
necessarily believe you. You're
telling me my people are in a plot
against me. You're telling me my
husband wants me killed. What do you
expect?

GENE

I don't blame you. I don't have any
proof. But nothing like this occurs
in a vacuum. You can't be totally
oblivious. You must suspect something.
You're doing things which are making
people angry. People who have been
in power a long time are losing their
jobs. You know them better than me.
How much does it mean to them? How
far would they go to hang onto it?

Her eyes go inward, reflecting a vague doubt. GENE sees
it,
hurries to follow up on this possible chink in her
armor.
Excited by it, he gets up, forgets to cover her so
closely.

GENE

There's only one way to find out for
sure. Try to cancel the last speech.

ELEANOR GRANT

(smiling, covering
her inner thought)
I'd prefer we didn't refer to it as
my last speech.

GENE

It's the last chance they have for
me to kill you. Try to get out of
it. They won't let you. They can't.
Try to change the schedule and you'll
know I'm right. What have you got to
lose? It comes down to who you trust,
them or me? Test them.

ELEANOR GRANT

I love it when pistolero's talk of
trust.

takes
GENE, across the room looks at the gun in his hand. He
the plunge.

GENE

This? I've never even fired one.

ELEANOR GRANT

Indeed.

plunging
ELEANOR GRANT'S hand sweeps the lamp off the table,
the room into blackness.

ELEANOR GRANT

(in the blackness)
Franco! Franco.'

door
rushes
GENE slips out into the hall as the connecting room
flies open. Light from the other room spills in. FRANCO
in, pulling a gun.

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - SECURITY TABLE - DAY - 1:22PM

suite
The HALL OFFICER jumps from his chair and runs into the

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

the
GENE quickly moves to the Service Elevator and pushes
button.

INT. ROOM 2510 - DAY - 1:23PM

light
holds in
frame.
ELEANOR GRANT stares up at FRANCO, back-lit by the
coming from the next room. It gleams off the gun he
his hand. She stares from the gun up to his hulking

FRANCO

What is it, Governor!? What's wrong!?

She hesitates.

ELEANOR GRANT

I...I'm afraid I've had a bad dream,
Franco.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1:23PM

hurries
out of
The service elevator opens and GENE rushes out. He
down the dim service corridor. Suddenly an arm snakes
the blackness and grabs him! HUEY steps into the light.

HUEY

Well?

GENE

I don't know.

HUEY

What are you going to do now?

GENE

I don't know. I have to get back.

GENE keeps moving fast. HUEY limps to keep up

HUEY

What are you going to do!?

GENE

This is about power and you haven't
got any. There's nothing more you
can do. I'm sorry. Thanks for trying.

HUEY watches him disappear.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - 1:23PM

the
MR. SMITH sees the T.V. TECHNICIAN and REPORTER leaving
bar with their equipment.

OFFICER TRUST (O.S.)

(alarmed)

Where is he?

MR. SMITH looks at the man who has appeared behind him.

MR. SMITH

In the john.

He looks at his watch.

1:23.

OFFICER TRUST

Get moving.

MR. SMITH

You' oughta learn to relax. I told
you I've got it under control.

OFFICER TRUST

It's time. It's time now.

MR. SMITH scowls and heads for the Men's Room.

INT. THE VAN - DAY - 1:24PM

A different watch. The minute hand moves to:

1:24.

looks
It is MS. JONES'. She is in the driver's seat. She
back at LYNN who is trying to amuse herself one way or
talkie,
another. She checks her gun. She pulls out her walkie-
puts it on the seat beside her. She starts the car.

LYNN

Where are we going?

MS. JONES

Not very far, honey-pie. Not far at all.

She pulls the van out into traffic.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY - 1:24PM

stall
MR. SMITH bursts into the Men's Room. He goes to the
and lifts his fist to pound on the door.

MR. SMITH

Out of there, Mr. Watson! Your time's up!

pants.
MR. SMITH reaches out, grabs him.

MR. SMITH

You forgot to wash your hands.

MR. SMITH leans against the sink next to him In the mirror
above
Is the sink, GENE sees the stall door swings open. GUSTINO
huddled in the corner, feet up on the toilet. MR. SMITH
doesn't notice.

MR. SMITH

I've got faith in you, Mr. Watson. I know you're not just a regular guy, see, I know that. Even if you don't know it yourself. Maybe that's why I picked you.

GENE steps between MR. SMITH and the open stall door.

GENE

I know what I have to do. I'll do it. Let's go.

relief.
And'they exit the Men's Room. GUSTINO slumps with

INT. ROOM 2510 - DAY - 1:25PM

fixing
broken
it
in

Other lights have been turned on. ELEANOR GRANT is her hair in the mirror. FRANCO is cleaning up the lamp. There is a perfunctory knock on the hall door and opens, revealing BRENDAN GRANT. The MYSTERY MAN hovers the background.

BRENDAN GRANT

Hey, El, how's the head?

She turns, locks eyes with the MYSTERY MAN.

MYSTERY MAN

Eleanor.

She nods, turns back to the mirror.

ELEANOR GRANT

Lousy. And I have siesta hair. I'm thinking of canceling the speech.

BRENDAN GRANT

It's an important speech.

MYSTERY MAN

I'd say critical, not that it's any of my business.

ELEANOR GRANT

It's just another speech in a Tower of Babel so high that Nimrod himself would be put to shame. Cancel. Make my apologies.

MYSTERY

In the mirror she takes note of BRENDAN GRANT and the MAN exchange a look.

BRENDAN GRANT

Excuse me.

MYSTERY MAN

I'll trot along. Nice to see you, Eleanor.

BRENDAN steps into the room, shuts the door.

BRENDAN GRANT

During a campaign every speech is important. This is free media exposure. Primetime news coverage that we couldn't buy.

ELEANOR GRANT

What's he doing here?

BRENDAN GRANT

Who, him? Just visiting.

ELEANOR GRANT T

Things have changed, Brendan. I thought you understood that.

BRENDAN GRANT

He's my friend. And he did help you to get elected, after all.

ELEANOR GRANT

Don't remind me.

BRENDAN GRANT

(re the broken lamp)

What happened here?

ELEANOR GRANT

Nothing. I broke a lamp.

her
Brendan steps behind Eleanor and puts his arms around affectionately.

BRENDAN GRANT

Eleanor, please. I'll put it this way. This speech or a half-dozen rubber chicken-fund raisers. What do you say?

ELEANOR GRANT

Truth is, besides the headache I've come down with a little lower intestinal havoc. Make my apologies.

BRENDAN GRANT

Come on, El, you're a trooper. I'll get you some Pepto, you'll make one of your patented tributes to the common person, then back to Sacramento. This is no time to lay down on the job. I don't care what

the polls say, you can't afford to relax. Look what happened to Bush. Tell you what, if you want to blow off the Sacramento speech, fine. But do this one and we'll get out of the smog.

toward
ELEANOR GRANT looks at him, almost sadly. She steps
the dressing table to fix her hair

ELEANOR GRANT

All right, I'll do it.

BRENDAN GRANT

That's my girl.

ELEANOR GRANT

But I want to make some changes. Get Krista in here right away won't you?

like
BRENDAN looks at her for a beat, then snaps his fingers
he just remembered something.

BRENDAN GRANT

Aw, gee. I sent her on an errand.

ELEANOR GRANT

You sent my assistant on an errand.

BRENDAN GRANT

(trying to look
sheepish)

I've been a bad boy.

ANGLE ON ELEANOR

It was not what she wanted to hear.

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - 1:26PM

Mr. Smith pushes Gene toward the escalators.

INT. CALIFORNIA BALLROOM - DAY - 1:27PM

WORKERS
All sorts of MEDIA PEOPLE hover around, CAMPAIGN
wearing political buttons and REGULAR FOLKS round out
the
crowd. People are eating, drinking, and talking.

room.
room. On
chairs

There are a couple of bars, one at each end of the
Dessert tables are strategically placed around the
the speaker's platform at one end is a podium with some
arranged behind it.

One of the POLITICO'S takes the podium microphone.

POLITICO

Ladies, gentlemen, it is my great
pleasure to introduce to you the
esteemed spouse of our Governor.
Let's give a big L.A. welcome to Mr.
Brendan Grant.

The crowd applauds warmly.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - 1:27PM

signs
ahead.

GENE and MR. SMITH move down the hall, following the
to the California Ballroom. The entrance to it looms

INT. CALIFORNIA BALLROOM - DAY - 1:27PM

BRENDAN GRANT at the podium.

BRENDAN GRANT

Ladies and gentlemen of the press,
campaign volunteers, and those of
you who were looking for any excuse
to take off work for the afternoon...

Polite laughter.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - 1:27PM

gives
join

GENE is pushed up to the doorway where he is met by our
friend, the SECURITY MAN with the metal detector. He

MR. SMITH a nod over GENE'S shoulder and sends GENE to
the crowd beyond.

INT. CALIFORNIA BALLROOM - DAY - 1:28PM

VIEW THROUGH CAMERA

comes
quite
The Video Camera clumsily tracks past the CROWD, and
to settle on GENE who is walking into the room, not
sure where he is going.

UP ON THE PODIUM:

BRENDAN GRANT

We have with us today the first woman
Governor of our great state...

seems
GENE is pushing forward into the crowd. He looks back,
surprised, begins turning, searching for someone as:

BRENDAN GRANT

Governor Eleanor Samara Grant. What
can I say about her....that won't
get me in trouble when I get home
tonight.

Laughter.

Lose the video camera effect.

ANGLE ON GENE - 1:28PM

SMITH.
GENE, in the midst of the crowd, can't locate MR.
Confusion clouds his face.

The
He finds himself near the T.V. TECHNICIAN from the bar.
TECHNICIAN is talking into a walkie-talkie.

T.V. NEWS TECHNICIAN

Charlie. Charlie. Charlie, are you
reading me?

back of
He gets nothing but static. GENE's eyes move to the
the room.

BRENDAN GRANT

She's a woman who loves our great
state.

T.V. NEWS TECHNICIAN

Charlie...
(gives it up)

I can't get shit on this stupid radio.

GENE looks up to a spotlight booth set up in the back.

BRENDAN GRANT

A brilliant legislator.

widen. Is
to
GENE sees the GLINT of something. A gun? His eyes
that MR SMITH there? He looks from the spotlight booth
the stage.

BRENDAN GRANT

...who will soon win her second term
as the greatest Governor California
has ever seen!

T.V. NEWS TECHNICIAN

Somebody's going to have to run down
to the truck. Tell them this radio's
fucked.

OFFICER
the
GENE looks away from the stage and locks eyes with
TRUST. He's at the front of the ballroom to one side of
speaker's platform.

clutching
OFFICER TRUST stares at GENE like a hungry wolf,
his gun in his pocket. They both hear:

T.V. NEWS TECHNICIAN

I can't get through. Walkie-Talkies
don't work from here. There's too
much concrete and stuff.

Smith
Realization floods GENE'S eyes. He looks back at Mr.
in the booth.

ANGLE ON MR. SMITH - EXTREME CLOSEUP

comes
The camera pans along the barrel of the weapon until it
to Mr. Smith who is settling into firing position.

ANGLE ON CROWD

BRENDAN GRANT

Ladies and gentlemen...

T.V. NEWS TECHNICIAN

Nothin's getting out.

his

OFFICER TRUST, presses forward, hand in pocket. Gene is target.

ANGLE ON PODIUM - 1:29PM

BRENDAN GRANT

I am honored to present to you our esteemed Governor and my beloved wife, Eleanor Samara Grant!

ANGLE ON ELEANOR GRANT

GRANT

work her

the

The crowd erupts in .applause and cheering as ELEANOR comes from the rear of the auditorium and begins to way down the center aisle. She waves and nods to all lyal supporters who surround her.

ELEANOR GRANT

Thank you! Thank you all!

floor.

Ballons are released above her onto the center of the

ANGLE ON WAITER-GUSTINO

He is pushing a large high cart filled with hundreds of finished plates back towards the kitchen area.

ANGLE ON GENE - 1:30PM

impending

podium.

GENE looks at Mr. Smith and Officer Trust and the disaster. He has to do something...anything...NOW!

GENE begins frantically clawing his way toward the

GENE

Look out! Look out!

But it is lost in the uproar.

Fighting to be heard above the noise:

the gun
GENE clawing forward, screaming hopelessly. He pulls
out.

ANGLE ON ELEANOR GRANT

drawn.
She spots Gene in the crowd, pushing toward her, gun
Her eyes widen in fear.

something
BRENDAN GRANT follows her gaze. His eyes widen in
other than fear.

GENE aims his gun at the ceiling and fires.

BAM! BAM!

GENE

Look out!

Pandemonium. Total chaos. People scattering.

The Gun in the booth swings from Gene to ELEANOR GRANT.

panicked
Mr. Smith fires, but his target is blocked by a
guest who is hit.

as
From behind her, FRANCO runs to protect ELEANOR GRANT
more gunfire erupts.

Mr. Smith's aim is clear and he pulls...BAM! BAM!

shoulder.
FRANCO is hit in the center of the back and in the
hard on
He falls onto ELEANOR GRANT and they both fall down
the steps. Blood is everywhere.

ANGLE ON GENE

looking
He looks over and sees ELEANOR GRANT, beneath FRANCO,
very dead.

He careens toward a door.

ANGLE ON PODIUM

lays,
splattered

On the dais, BRENDAN GRANT crawls over to where FRANCO half on top of ELEANOR GRANT. They are both still, eyes closed. BRENDAN looks down at his wife's face, with blood.

BRENDAN GRANT

My God, he did it!

Her
worst

The Governor suddenly and violently gasps for breath. eyes snap open and burn into BRENDAN. She has heard her suspicions confirmed.

shock and

BRENDAN'S a great liar, but even he can't hide the fear on his face.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY

OFFICER

GENE bursts through a door. He is followed speedily by **TRUST.**

OFFICER TRUST

You little son of a bitch.

The
them

His attack is interrupted by a noise from the darkness. HUGE DISH PLATE CART, fully loaded, comes flying toward pushed by GUSTINO. The cart smashes into OFFICER TRUST, throwing him against a wall, dishes clatter and smash. GENE raises a hand to the darkness and takes off.

INT. CALIFORNIA BALLROOM - DAY

GRANT
shirt
bullet
eyes

The dais. FRANCO takes a shuddering breath. ELEANOR pulls herself free, leans over him. She rips opens his revealing a slightly-used bullet-proof vest with a hole that missed the vest and hit his upper arm. His flutter open.

ELEANOR GRANT

Are you all right, Franco?

FRANCO

(painfully)

I'd be better if they'd put sleeves
on these damn vests.

stands. She touches his face, looks over to where her husband

Their eyes lock. It's curtains for BRENDAN.

EXT. HOTEL TAXI STAND - DAY

The van pulls into a waiting area.

INT. LOBBY - NEAR SHOESHINE STAND - DAY

He Huey turns and spots a van arriving outside the hotel.
realizes who it could be.

INT. THE LOBBY - DAY - 1:30PM

down GENE 'bangs out of a door, comes to a failing and sees:
MR. SMITH has reached the spiral stairway. He starts
it, two and three steps at a time.

GENE moves along the railing.

GENE MR. SMITH is a whole floor below him. He looks up, sees
and lifts the walkie-talkie to his mouth.

GENE pockets the gun climbs the parapet. And jumps!

INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - 1:30PM

flies fountain. GENE lands right on top of MR. SMITH. The walkie-talkie
over the railing and into the water of the central

INT. THE VAN - DAY - 1:30PM

MS. JONES

(on the walkie talkie)

It's time....You read me? I don't

hear from you I'm going ahead now.

CHECKS HER WATCH:

1:30

INT. THE LOBBY - DAY - 1:31PM

SMITH
continue
SMITH. He
him,
fountain

MR. SMITH and GENE roll down the steps, fighting. MR. basically beats the crap out of him and gets up to on. GENE somehow pulls himself up and tackles MR. gets in a few lucky shots before MR. SMITH overpowers beats him again finally .sending him flying into the pool.

INT. THE VAN - DAY - 1:31PM

MS JONES looks to the back seat at LYNN.

LYNN

Why do you keep looking at me?

MS. JONES

That's my job. I'm your babysitter.

As they talk MS. JONES screws a silencer on her gun.

LYNN

I'm not a baby.

MS. JONES

You're a big girl, huh?

LYNN

I'm not a big girl but I'm not a baby.

MS JONES turns to face LYNN.

MS. JONES

Close your eyes.

LYNN

Why?

MS. JONES

I've got something for you.

LYNN

A surprise?

MS. JONES

You ask too many questions. You want the surprise or not?

LYNN closes her eyes. MS. JONES makes to do the deed.

Suddenly, HUEY appears behind her at the windshield.

HUEY

Good afternoon, madam. Hello there, little girl.

rubbing
With a crumpled up newspaper he begins vigorously the window. LYNN's eyes pop open.

MS. JONES

Hey, hey, what are you doing!?

HUEY

Just giving you the gift of a clean windshield. Only cost you a dollar.

MS. JONES

I don't want my windshield cleaned.

HUEY

You just think you don't want your windshield cleaned.

MS. JONES

No, I know I don't want it cleaned. Get out of here.

HUEY

Don't be like that. Think of me as the Moses of dirty windshields leading you through the desert of dead bugs.

LYNN laughs.

MS. JONES

For the last time, I don't want it cleaned. Now get the hell out of here!

HUEY

It's already done. I've already done it. You have to pay me now.

MS. JONES

I don't have to pay you nothin'.

HUEY

You're going to deny me a lousy dollar after I've sweated like a pig giving you the gift of a clean windshield?

MS. JONES

Fuckin' A.

HUEY

I don't think so.

He reaches in the passenger's window.

MS. JONES

Hey!

HUEY

I think this is worth a dollar.

He snatches the walkie-talkie off the seat.

MS. JONES

Goddamnit! Gimme that!

before
She lunges across. HUEY dangles the walkie-talkie
her.

HUEY

Oh, we'll have to do better than that.

MS. JONES

You worthless piece of shit! Gimme that!

She throws open the passenger door, climbs out.

EXT. TAXI STAND - DAY

She is
under
HUEY backs away, taunting her with the walkie-talkie.
caught between the van and HUEY, trying to keep her gun

wraps.

MS. JONES

Goddamnit, you fuckin' bum, come here!

HUEY

Gimme a dollar.

MS. JONES

Fuck you!

She loses it, hauls out her cannon.

BAM!

his
walkie-
talkie..

HUEY's leg is shot out from under him. He ends up on back. MS. JONES swoops down on him, trying to grab the

MS. JONES

Gimme that thing!

HUEY's wounded leg is twisted under him.

INT. THE VAN - DAY

someplace to
go.

Lynn is terrified by the gunfire and looks for

EXT. THE VAN - DAY

bravely
clutches the Walkie Talkie under him.

MS. Jones jumps on the wounded HUEY who is stunned but

MS. JONES

Goddamnit, give it to me, you Sunnavabitch!

away
fires
causing

She sticks the gun in HUEY's face. He tries to take it from her, but she's really tough...and mad. The gun wildly, hitting a passing vehicle which careens left causing a chain reaction of COLLISIONS on the street.

INT. THE VAN - DAY

door
LYNN tries to open the van door to escape. The van's
flies open. MR. SMITH stands there, gun in hand.-

MR. SMITH

Daddy blew it.

clammers
He points the gun. Lynn jumps back in terror and
back in the van. She goes over the seat as he FIRES...
The back window SHATTERS.

seat.
MR SMITH steps inside the van a step and aims over the

This time he won't miss.

LYNN has nowhere to hide.

BAM! BAM!

surprised,
But it isn't his gun firing. He stands, staring
wide-eyed. He pivots...

EXT. TAXI STAND - DAY

MR.
...and stares at GENE, soaking wet, holding the gun.

SMITH'S gun slides from his hand.

MR. SMITH

Very good...Mr. Watson. I told
them...I could make a killer out of
you.

face.
He drops to his knees, pauses, then tree-falls onto his

ANGLE ON GENE

seat to
He rushes forward into the van and reaches over the
pick Lynn up.

ANGLE ON MS JONES AND HUEY

HUEY
She has heard the gunfire and turns her attention from

inside to GENE. She raises her gun and aims at GENE and LYNN
the van.

shattered HUEY reaches down, grabs his ankle and pulls his
the artificial leg out of the pants-leg and applies it to
side of her head. She is knocked aside and out.

HUEY

There's nothing like a good wing-
tip.

2:26PM
INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - SHOESHINE STAND - LATER -

shoe- At HUEY's shoe-shine stand, GENE and HUEY sit in the
GENE'S shining chairs. They are variously bandaged. LYNN is on
lap. She clings to him, her face buried against him.
They are guarded by COPS.

HUEY

What time is it?

GENE looks at his wrist, gives an ironic smile.

GENE

Lost my watch.

A hub bub catches their attention.

ANGLE ON LOBBY AREA-BELOW - 2:26PM

PRESS A handcuffed BRENDAN GRANT is lead out by STATE POLICE.
flock around them - shouting questions.

ELEANOR GRANT watches her husband taken out.

The PRESS descends on her like ducks on bread crumbs.
Questions litter the air like confetti.

ELEANOR GRANT

Any comment at this time would be
most premature. Please, we'll have
something for you in a couple of
hours. Please...

keep

ELEANOR GRANT finally makes her way toward GENE. COPS
the PRESS back.

INT. BONAVENTURE - SHOESHINE STAND - 2:27PM

ELEANOR GRANT looks at GENE for a long moment.

ELEANOR GRANT

I...I would like to...thank you,
Mister Wat... Gene.

GENE NODS, SMILES.

ELEANOR GRANT

I would also like to apologize.

GENE

For what?

ELEANOR GRANT

For not believing you.

GENE

Believe me, I don't blame you.
(to LYNN)

This is the Governor, Lynn. Say hello.

LYNN lets go of her father with one of her hands, gives
a shy little wave.

The Governor reaches out, strokes the little girl's
hair.

ELEANOR GRANT

You have a very brave father, Lynn.

LYNN looks up.

LYNN

He's a hero.

ELEANOR GRANT

Yes, yes he is.

LYNN

Dads are like that.

like he

She goes back to clinging to her father. Gene looks
might cry he, loves her so much.

GENE

Can we go now?

ELEANOR GRANT

Of course. I'll get a car to drive
you.

GENE

No, that's... That's OK. We don't
need any help. We'll be just fine.
Won't we, Lynn?

LYNN nods. ELEANOR GRANT offers her hand to GENE.

ELEANOR GRANT

Good luck.

GENE

Same to you.

assault.
ELEANOR GRANT walks away. The PRESS renews their

HUEY and GENE look at each other. Then:

GENE

Thanks for the shine.

HUEY

Thanks for the tip.

GENE

(to LYNN)

Come on, kid. I gotta make a phone
call.

shoulder
He gets up wearily, carrying his daughter, grabs his
briefcase, and heads away. LYNN peeks back over his
at HUEY, shyly waves. HUEY points at her.

HUEY

Kisses to you.

LYNN laughs, comes to life.

LYNN

No, kisses to you!

HUEY

No, kisses to you.

INT. BONAVENTURE - LOBBY - DAY - 2:30PM

crystal
Across the lobby, GENE's watch lays on the ground. The
is smashed, the hands stopped.

1:31.

belongs
walks
A shoe steps on the watch, crushing it further. It
to the MYSTERY MAN. He stops, checks his perimeters and
slowly toward the exit.

FADE

OUT:

THE END