143 INT. (MOVING) CAR

       DICK
I was going to steal a car.

       JANE
That I would like to see.

144 POV DICK
Sign, MONROVIA, next turn-off.

       DICK
Well, you're going to get your chance.
(pause)
We turn off here.

As she changes lanes for turn-off.

       JANE
What do you mean?

       DICK
I'm going to steal a car.

       JANE
What for?

       DICK
You don't use your own car in a hold-up, Jane. That's the quickest way to get caught. You see? You don't know everything.

       JANE
Sorry.

       DICK
We'll be using what we call the two car method.

       JANE
Really?

       DICK
You park your regular car, then steal a car for the actual robbery, returning later to pick up your own car.

       JANE
Isn't that clever?
CONTINUED:

DICK
It's the most popular method, as well as the safest.

JANE
I see you've been doing research.

DICK
Of course I've been doing research. You don't think I'd launch into a second career half-cocked, do you?

JANE
Do you think you can steal a car?

DICK
I put a man on the moon, I think I can steal a car.

CUT TO:

145

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dick is inside a late model car trying to hot wire it. Jane stands watch outside the car. Dick is obviously having a horrendous time. Jane is whistling and looks bored. Dick glares at her.

DICK
There's something wrong with this car.

JANE
Why don't you kick it?

DICK
That's right, Jane, Just keep riding me. That's a big help.

JANE
How about this car?

She indicates the XKE Jaguar parked next to the car Dick is working on.

JANE
Why don't you give this one a shot?

DICK
I don't know anything about foreign cars.
CONTINUED:

JANE
I think you can handle this one. The keys are in it.

Dick looks like he's going to slug her. He certainly would like to. Instead, he gets into the car and starts it. Dick puts it into gear and lurches haltingly out of the parking lot.

INT. JAG - NIGHT

Dick, in spite of the fact that he is not handling the car too well, is rather pleased with himself.

JANE
Congratulations. You have just embarked on a life of crime.

DICK
Not bad for a start, huh?

JANE
Why don't we just keep the car and forget about the robberies?

DICK
I don't know how to go about selling it. I only read the part about stealing cars.

JANE
There is nothing so dangerous as a half-educated man. And where, may I ask, did you read all this?

DICK
Detective magazines. Police literature. Case histories...The best stuff in crime prevention literature. That tells you how to pull any job you can think of.

JANE
That's reassuring.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

A brightly lit shopping center with a large Ralph's Market, which claims to be open 24 hours a day. The Jag cruises past.
INT. JAG - NIGHT

Dick and Jane look at the market as they drive slowly by.

DICK
What do you think?

JANE
I think we should go home.

Steamed, Dick turns into the parking lot. Jane retreats.

JANE
It's too big. Too bright. And it's crowded. Not this one.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Without so much as a pause, the Jag moves out of the closest exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Looking very much like the first one. The market in this case is Von's. It too is well lit, large, crowded. The Jag cruises slowly past.

DICK (V.O.)
What the hell is going on down here? What are all these people doing out shopping in the middle of the night? They ought to be home in bed.

CUT TO:

INT. JAG - NIGHT

They are now in a quieter, decidedly seedier, part of town. They pass a bar. Dick pulls over.

DICK
O.K., this is it, as they say.

JANE (urgently)
Why don't we forget it, before it's too late.
CONTINUED:

DICK (really fierce)
Goddamn it, Jane, I told you I was going
to do this and I mean it. Don't interfere.

JANE
Dick, please. We'll get the money.
We'll manage. Don't do this.

DICK
It's not the money. Screw the money.
It's the principle of the thing.

JANE
Principle? In robbing a bar? What
principle?

DICK
I'm sick of all the shit that's been
thrown at us in the last few months. I
want to get mine. And this is now, I'm going
to do it. Now, don't mess with me.

Dick is really acting tough now. He gets out of the car. Jane
starts to follow.

DICK
You stay there. I'm going in alone.
I don't want any crap about it.

Dick, squaring his shoulders, starts toward the bar. A beat, then
Jane, determined, follows.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dick enters, followed not far behind, by Jane. Soon as he's inside,
Dick pulls out his .45. Initially, this has no effect: drinking,
chattering, continues.

DICK (outraged)
Don't anybody move.

Everybody slowly turns. No one says a thing, just all the people
turning to look at them incredulously. Dick and Jane suddenly
realize that everyone in the bar is black. Dick swallows hard
and glances at Jane, scared shitless. The customers continue
to stare at them incredulously.
CONTINUED:

1st MAN AT BAR
(obviously amused)
What are you after, man? Trick or treat.

A beat.

JANE (emboldened)
Tell it like it is, dear.

DICK
This just happens to be a stickup.

2nd MAN AT BAR
Shit. You kiddin', man?

Before Dick can reply to that, 1st GUY goes around to side of bar and calls out:

1st GUY
Charlie. Charlie, come 'ere. You gotta see this.

Charlie, the bartender, comes out.

1st GUY
Lookit these honkies, would ya?

Charlie stares in disbelief at the two of them standing there so incongruously.

DICK
Come on. Open that register.

1st GUY
You heard 'im, Charlie. Open it, before this desperado plugs us full of holes.

Charlie opens the register and empties it on the bar. Dick comes over and looks down, dismayed.

DICK
Twelve dollars?

CHARLIE
That's all there is.

DICK
That's it?
CONTINUED:

JANE (quietly)
Let's just leave now, okay?

1st GUY
Don't get uptight. We wouldn't
want you guys getting mean.
(to the others)
They may wait outside and mug us when
we leave. Hey, how 'bout a collection
for these nice white folks?

Everybody in the place is now caught up in the incongruity
of what is happening. The 1st GUY takes off his widebrimmed,
velvet fedora and goes down the bar, collecting donations
from everyone. We HEAR the CLINK OF COINS dropping into the
hat. The man dumps the coins at Dick's feet with great bravado.

1st GUY
There you go.

By this time all Dick and Jane can do is nod. They start
backing out, leaving the money on the floor.

1st GUY (serious)
Hold it!

Dick and Jane pause, still worried.

1st GUY (smiling)
Let's hear it for the folks.

He starts applauding and others join in until it is a wild ovation.

153 INT. JAG - NIGHT
Dick throws it into gear, nearly dropping the transmission,
and lurches away.

JANE
Can we go home now?

DICK
You are never to follow me in again
when I'm on a job.

JANE
I inhibit you.

DICK
Yes!

JANE
You might have used the old equalizer
had I not been there.
CONTINUED:

DICK
I didn't say that.

JANE
Let's go home. Please.

DICK
I came out here to do something and I'm going to do it.

JANE
You don't want your son to think you're a quitter, is that it?

DICK
I knew I shouldn't have brought you.

JANE
You would have been busted in the parking lot if you hadn't brought me.

CUT TO:

154  JAG - NIGHT

As it pulls up in front of a drugstore and Dick, all businesslike again, slides out.

155  INT. DRUG STORE

Empty except for old but ebullient pharmacist, whom Dick approaches warily.

PHARMACIST
(with big warm smile)

Yes?

Dicks' assurance melts.

DICK (repeating)

Yes.

PHARMACIST

May I help you, sir?
DICK (repeating)
May you help me? Yes, I...
(tugging collar, sweaty)
I.....

156  POV KNOWING PHARMACIST

157  EXT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Jane pacing nervously outside.

158  INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

PHARMACIST (with big wink)
Don't say another word, friend.

Digs under counter and brings out a variety of phrophylactics.

PHARMACIST
These come with vaseline...these without...
and these have got the ticklers!
(pumping his fist with enthusiasm)
It drives them crazy. She'll be crawling
up the wall.

DICK
You don't understand.

PHARMACIST
What do you mean I don't understand? I just
wish I was your age again, you horny bastard.

159  INT. JAG - NIGHT

Jane now sitting in car, chainsmoking. Dick emerges from
druggist, crosses to car and gets in. No words are exchanged
as they drive off. After an icy silence.

JANE
Well, what went wrong this time?

DICK
I had a change of heart.

JANE
Why? Was he old? Or just crippled and blind?

DICK
For your information he was a dirty old man.

JANE
I wonder if there's an orphanage around here?
They usually deal in cash and you might be able to...
CONTINUED:

DICK
Just shut up, Jane.

JANE
If I let you hit me, can we go home?

CUT TO:

160  EXT. CLIMAX COURT MOTEL - NIGHT

Not just your basic motel, the Climax Court features X-rated movies, water beds, and other delights. We SEE the Jaguar parked a short distance away. Dick gets out, Jane follows.

DICK
What do you think you're doing?

JANE
Sitting in a stolen car makes me nervous. I'm going with you where it's safe.

DICK
Get back in the car.

But she does not retreat.

JANE
And miss seeing you make an ass of yourself?

DICK (furious)
I said get back in the car!

JANE
That's right, you said get back in the car, and then I said no.

She walks by him toward the motel office door. Dick starts after her, steaming.

DICK
You are not going in there with me.

JANE
Then why don't we just stand out here and argue about it?...because you aren't going in there without me.
CONTINUED:

DICK
Do you have to louse everything up?
You have fucked up this whole night.
First, the panty hose---

JANE
If you still want panty hose you can
have mine.

She starts to raise her skirt.

DICK
Put your skirt down, for God's sake.
I'm going in there and you better stay
right here.

He walks to the office and opens the door.

161 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

The manager, a young long-haired guy, watches Dick who is standing
in the doorway issuing final instructions to Jane.

DICK
I'm warning you...

He turns around and comes into the office. In his fury, he has
momentarily forgotten what he's doing.

DICK (to himself)
The bitch...I could kill her.

MANAGER
Don't do it here.

This brings Dick around. He reaches into his coat, and pulls
out the gun effortlessly.

DICK
I don't want any shit out of you, or
I'll blow your head off.

Dick is very convincing.

MANAGER
Sure...take whatever you want. Just
don't shoot.
CONTINUED:

DICK
Turn around and face the wall. Hands up.

The manager starts to comply. Jane comes in.

MANAGER
Just stay cool with that gun.

Dick moves behind the counter. Jane watches a little horrified, but barely able to keep from laughing at the sight of Dick playing the competent, though holdup man. Dick opens the drawer which is stacked with cash.

DICK
Jesus.

As Dick motions for Jane to come back and take a look.

MANAGER
Harley is going to kill me. He's going to skin my ass. I forgot to go to the bank today.

JANE
Who's Harley?

MANAGER
The owner. A mean mother.

JANE
Will he really hurt you?

The manager can only manage a laugh at that one.

JANE (worried, to Dick)
Maybe we shouldn't take it.

DICK (stuffing his pockets)
Are you crazy!

CUT TO:

162 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT
Dick and Jane race for the car, jump in, and take off.

CUT TO:
INT. JAG - NIGHT

Dick is in shock.

DICK

I did it!

JANE

You sure did.

He stares ahead for a moment, then looks at her. They both start to laugh.

DICK

I can't believe it!

JANE

Tell me, Mr. Dillinger, how does it feel?

DICK

(shouting)

It feels...GREAT!

They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dick and Jane getting ready for bed. But, throughout this scene, as never before, since he was fired, Dick is playing the sexual aggressor. Kissing, stroking, pawing...

DICK

I couldn't have pulled it off, if it hadn't been for you.

JANE

In underworld circles, they'll call us the Bickering Bandits.

DICK

It'll be our M.O..

JANE

M.O.?

DICK

Modus Operandi. Method of Oper---

JANE

Wait a minute. We aren't going to have any modus operandi. Tonight was it. Halloween comes but once a year.
CONTINUED:

DICK
(helping her out of her bra)
Darling, what we cleared tonight will only cover some of our most pressing bills. Dick Harper has only begun to fight.

As his passion grows and Jane submits to his kisses.

DISSOLVE TO:

164A  EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

A quiet residential street in a rather nice area. The Jag comes down the street and pulls over to the curb. Dick and Jane get out of the car. Jane gets back in behind the wheel. Dick takes his briefcase out of the back, and walks down the street. He stops for a moment in front of a new Mercury or Buick or whatever. He looks around quickly, then opens the briefcase, takes out a drill with a silencer that cuts through the door lock in second. Once in the car, he goes back to the briefcase for a bolt buster with which he reams out the ignition. In less than thirty seconds, Dick drives away in the Mercury. Jane follows in the Jag.

CUT TO:

164B  EXT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

A combination record store-head shop in Orange county. It is large, well lit, and crowded with Orange county boppers. The Mercury pulls up to a convenient curb and Dick and Jane get out. They are wearing different glasses. Dick wears a mustache and a scar. They go into the store.

164C  INT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

Dick and Jane approach the counter. Dick speaks to the clerk. He is your basic freak fully equipped with all accessories. Rock music blares incidently. Jane goes behind the counter.

CLERK
Hey, you're not allowed!

DICK
(quietly)
This is a hold-up. If you give us all your money, no one will get hurt. Not even you.

Dick reveals an important gun. The clerk looks at the gun then back at Dick.
CONTINUED:

DICK
Please tell me tat we have an understanding?

CLERK
We got it.

CUT TO:

164D  EXT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT
Dick and Jane whip out of the store into the car and away.

CUT TO:

164E  EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT
Dick parks the Mercury on the outskirts of the parking lot. Jane pulls up a moment later in the Jag. Dick gets in and another nights work is completed.

CUT TO:

165  INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT
Dick and Jane are the only customers left in a late night coffee shop somewhere in L.A.. They finish eating, and cross to cash register, behind which stands the friendly owner.

PROPRIETOR
How was the food, folks?

Dick pulls his gun.

PROPRIETOR
That bad, huh?

As he allows cash register to fly open and Dick reaches over to dig in.

CUT TO:

166  INT. DICK AND JANE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Following her in, Dick can't wait to get into bedroom, but suddenly, on impulse, hauls Jane down right there on the carpet. Giggly, she sinks to floor with him, until --
CONTINUED:

Ouch!

Remembering, Dick reaches into his trousers, pulls out gun, flings it aside, resumes love-making on floor.
EXT. SUBURBAN PACIFIC TELEPHONE OFFICE - DAY

TRACKING DOWN to reveal Dick and Jane mounting steps to building; they're both wearing dark glasses and he sports a convincing paste-on mustache.

INT. TELEPHONE COMPANY

Long, disgruntled line-ups before tellers; inchoate squabbling.

CLOSER ANGLE -- TELLER'S CAGE

Black man squabbling with teller.

TELLER
In spite of what you think, we do not get our kicks cutting off telephones.

BLACK MAN
I tell you I never got the bill.

Teller sighs, eyes heavenwards, at the tale he has heard thousands of times before.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Dick, Jane close behind, thrusts himself between angry black and teller's wicket.

DICK
Excuse me. Sorry.

BLACK MAN
Excuse my ass. Where the fuck do you think ---

TELLER
I'm afraid you'll have to wait in line like everyone else, sir.

DICK (still muttering apologies)
Sorry. Excuse me.
(to teller)
I'm afraid this is what they call a stick-up.

Even as he thrusts gun at him.

BLACK MAN (hollering)
Hey, they're holding up the phone company.
ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick and Jane freeze, indeed they even retreat a step, for they are greatly outnumbered. A beat.

CHICANO
(in line)
Take them for everything they've got!

LADY
(also in line)
Shoot out the computers while you're at it.

Jane smiles graciously. Dick, business-like again, holds a brown bag out to the teller for him to fill with cash.

BLACK MAN
God bless you.

As Dick and Jane retreat with bagful of cash, a man rushes to open door politely for Jane, and some of those waiting in line burst into applause.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK AND JANE BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's in pajamas, she's in a negligee. Dick, standing over the bed, counting out bank notes on sheets, making a notation on pad each time he counts a hundred. Looks up to see

POV DICK

Jane, seated at her kidney-shaped desk, writing.

DICK
What are you doing?

JANE
Writing a thank you note to the phone company.

DICK
What!?

JANE
You heard me.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

Jane, in a stolen car, lighting one cigarette off another. The motor is running.

POV JANE

Across the street, maybe 10 doors down, PALACE OF HEAVENLY PLEASURES or HOUSE OF ORAL LOVE, a girl on display in shop window.

RESUME JANE

Tense

For, POV JANE, another angle, two nonchalant white cops, guns evident on their fat hips, strolling toward ORAL LOVE.

Another ANGLE, a satiated well-dressed Dick emerges. The cops between Dick and Jane's getaway car. Also, between massage parlor and Dick, two niftily dressed blacks, strolling

ANOTHER ANGLE

As man bursts out of massage parlor door.

MAN (shouting)

Stop! Thief!

POV JANE

Dick, sweaty, but playing it cool, continues his even pace, as cops, pulling their guns, race toward him.

CU JANE

Terror

RESUME STREET

As COPS race past respectable-looking Dick and fall on the two innocent black men, a struggle ensuing, as Dick makes his way to car, leaps in, and Jane starts off

STREET

HOLD struggling black men, cops, massage parlor owner gesticulating unavailingly, toward the real culprits and their disappearing getaway car.

DISSOLVE TO:
181  EXT. SMALL SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

As Dick and Jane step out of a stolen car, he puts a "scar" on
and offers her one, which she politely refuses.

182  INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Several customers in line waiting to be checked out, as Dick
and Jane thrust through, Dick drawing his gun.

      DICK
      I beg your pardon, but this is a
      stick-up. We don't want any
      trouble.

The Clerk, a young girl, throws up her hands. Most of the
people in the checkout line are frightened.

      JANE
      We won't hurt anybody. Honest.

      DICK
      Open the register.

The young girl, terrified, takes out the money and hands it
to Jane.

183  ANOTHER ANGLE

An ELDERLY LADY at the front of the line has been watching all
this, disgusted, and now speaks up to Jane.

      LADY
      You should be ashamed of yourself.

      JANE
      (by rote)
      I am, I am.

As Dick steps in.

      DICK
      Leave my wife alone. We're busy.

      JANE
      (weakly, to old lady)
      We need the money.

      LADY
      A lot of people need the money.
      (reaching angrily into her cart
      of meager supplies)

      You see these.

Two cans of cat food.
CONTINUED:

LADY
Well, I don't have a cat. They're my dinner.

Impulsively, Jane thrusts a fistful of dollars at the old lady.

LADY
Oh, my God!

DICK
(shocked)
Jane!

184 ANOTHER ANGLE

But it is now too late, for they are suddenly surrounded by thrusting hands, some even grabbing, and cries of "me! me!"

185 ANOTHER ANGLE

Utter confusion. Bills being handed out, customers fleeing, Dick tugging at Jane. Shrieks, cries.

DISSOLVE TO:

186 EXT. DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE
CU TRANQUIL JANE

Very tanned indeed, she floats on a mattress in a pool.

SOUND: Party noises OS Accordion music.

187 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Dick's head, also tanned, surfaces alongside, and leaning over mattress, he kisses her affectionately.

BEGINNING TO TRACK BACK TO REVEAL

188 EXT. DICK AND JANE HOUSE

It's their pool, completed at last, even bigger than originally planned. Luscious plants everywhere in garden and a lavish Sunday brunch in progress.

189 ANOTHER ANGLE

It is Raoul, appropriately dressed, who mans the bar.

PANNING we recognize neighbors, among them the Bradleys, school mothers last seen in Jane's embarrassing modelling days, Billy with other kids, and unemployment office regulars here and there, some serving drinks, others winding in and out among guests, playing the accordion.
190  ANOTHER ANGEL

Charlie Sanford and his wife emerging from their Lincoln Continental, surveying the party in progress.

191  REVERSE ANGLE

Dick and Jane. She now wears a stylish robe over her bathing suit: Dick, a shirt. As Sanfords approach.

    JANE
    (quickly, an aside)
    Why in the hell did you invite them here?

    DICK
    So that my joy may be unconfined.

As the Sanfords join them.

    CHARLIE
    Dick, M'boy. How goes the battle?

    DICK
    Comme ci, comme ca.
    (as he points Charlie toward Jane)
    Look at 'im. Sixty years young.

    CHARLIE
    You better believe it.

Embracing Jane in a rather more than fatherly manner.

192  ANOTHER ANGLE -- BAR (Set up in garden)

Raoul fixes drinks for Charlie, Mildred, and exuberant Dick. Jane is there too.

    CHARLIE
    You look great, just great.

A modest shrug from Dick.

    MILDRED
    My God you're so tanned.

    JANE
    We just got back from Palm Springs.

    CHARLIE
    I knew you'd land on your feet. Where are you now?
CONTINUED:

PANNING with them as Dick contrives to lead group toward a parked brand new car.

DICK
I'm out of aerospace. I started a little business of my own. Investment counselling.

It's an XKE Jaguar.

MILDRED
Is that yours? It's beautiful.

JANE
It's not very practical, but...

CHARLIE
(with a playful nudge for Dick)
Hey, I'm beginning to think I did you a favor, springing you from Dixon.

DICK
I got lucky with a couple of things.

CHARLIE
Lucky...Listen, I've got some loose change lying around, maybe you could plug me into a couple of those things.

DICK
Sure. Give me a call.

CHARLIE
I'm going to Washington tomorrow, but I'll call you when I get back.

MILDRED
That could be fifteen years to life.

CHARLIE
I'm only going to talk to a committee of the Congress. They think we've been paying off some people besides them. If they put me in jail I'll cut off their allowance.

All laugh at this.

JUMP CUT TO:

193

EXT. DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE POOLSIDE -- MUCH LATER -- DAY

All the guests have gone. Twilight. Raoul, cleaning up, sweeping, is singing a Mexican song. Maids clearing glasses. Billy at play in pool. TRACKING IN on Dick and Jane, drinking together.
CONTINUED:

JANE
That son of a bitch. I don't know how you could even talk to him.

DICK
Oh, come on Jane. You can't blame Charlie...

JANE
I can blame Charlie. Not only that, I do blame Charlie. That man practically ruined our lives. Maybe you're willing to forgive and forget, but I'm not.

DICK
Look, Jane, you just don't understand the business.

JANE
You're afraid of him.

DICK
That's ridiculous.

JANE
You are. You're practically glowing with pride about how you handled him today.

As they confront each other

SOUND: Pulsating police siren approaching.

TRACKING BACK

It is, after all, a commonplace L.A. background noise. So Raoul doesn't reach. Neither do clean-up ladies. Nor Billy in pool.

194 ZOOM IN ON DICK AND JANE
But they exchange febrile looks. They freeze.

195 POV JANE
Billy playing in pool.
As siren is upon them, recedes into night.

DISSOLVE TO:

196 OMITTED

197 OMITTED

198 OMITTED
199  INT. BEDROOM HARPER HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane lying in bed watching tv as Dick opens a locked drawer and adds a large wad of money to the considerable amount in the drawer. Suddenly, his attention caught by TV set.

200  INT. TV STUDIO

ANNOUNCER
Tomorrow begins his only Los Angeles appearance, the Reverend Thomas Will of the church of the Random Harvest.

201  EXT. STREET - DAY

Dr. Will appears on the screen behind the wheel of a Rolls Royce Corniche.

DR. WILL
The meek shall inherit the earth and that's what they're going to get...Dirt. Christ in your heart is money in the bank, cash in your pocket, a Rolls Royce in the garage. Let me show you that the Cross is a Plus Sign.

CUT TO:

202  EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE ENTRANCE, GARDENA - DAY

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Appearing through next week only, Dr. Will...

A simple drive-in theatre that has been taken over for the week by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Will. His name and sermon is announced on the marquee. The Rich Man, the Camel, and the Eye of the Needle: Where There's a Will There's a Way.

203  EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - DAY

Dick and Jane drive through in what is obviously a stolen car. The drive-in is packed with Dr. Tom's flock. Dr. Tom addresses them from the stage. He is a very large man.

DR. TOM
Every dollar buys you a share in the greatest corporation of them all: The Salvation Corporation.

This concludes his remarks. One of the deacons takes over the microphone.
DEACON
Those investors buying a hundred shares or more are invited to a private conference with Dr. Will in the Heavenly Board Room, which is next to the candy counter.

The Deacon repeats this as the choir begins to sing "More Than A Hammer and Nails".

ANGLE TO HEAVENLY BOARD ROOM

The heavenly board room is in fact a large camper. A line presumably composed of 100 share investors has begun to form. At the end of it we SEE our own Dick and Jane.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVENLY BOARD ROOM - DAY

Dr. Tom is just finishing with a couple of shareholders.

DR. TOM
God bless you and keep you rich.

They are ushered out by an attending deacon. Dr. Tom's mother appears from behind the altar. She is very old, but mean.

DR. TOM
How'd we do tonight, Mom?

MOM
A little less than five G's.

DR. TOM
That puts us over the twenty mark for the week. Not bad.

MOM
It's chickenshit. Your father did twenty grand a week in Fresno. And that was when a buck was a buck.

The deacon appears.

DEACON
Just one more couple.

DR. TOM
Bring 'em in.

MOM
Your father had the best closer in the business.
Mom leaves as Dick and Jane are shown in. Dr. Tom greets them warmly.

DR. TOM
Come in. Come in, my children.

JANE
That was certainly an inspirational sermon, Doctor.

DR. TOM
Well, thank you...

DICK
I particularly liked the part about not feeling guilty about prospering.

DR. TOM
Prosperity is God's greatest gift to Man. You should take joy in it, not feel guilty about it.

JANE
Inspirational.

DICK
Very inspirational.

Thank you.

DR. TOM
Stick 'em up.

DICK
Did I hear you right, sinner?

JANE
I'm afraid you did.

Dick has produced the gun. Dr. Tom looks at it, at them, and then at heaven.

DR. TOM (to God)
Always another trick up your sleeve.

DICK
Just get the money.

As Dr. Tom grudgingly produces his money satchel and Dick reaches for it, the Deacon makes a football tackle to save it, knocking Dick to the ground. There's a struggle and the Deacon wrestles the gun away from Dick. Dick grabses Jane and heads for the door with the money satchel. Now the Deacon deliberately points the gun at Dick's back. As Dr. Tom turns away, the Deacon fires the gun at Dick, but nothing happens; just a CLICK.
CONTINUES:  

DEACON  

Shit. It isn't even loaded.

206  

EXT. DRIVE-IN -- DAY  

Dick and Jane bolt out of the trailer, past two guards, and jump into their car. Dr. Tom and the Deacon come running after.  

DR. TOM  

Stop them!  

The bodyguards hurl themselves at Dick's car as he tries to escape. Dick weaves in and out between speaker poles, trying to shake them off. With a lot of twisting and turning, he manages it, and continues threading his way through the drive-in toward the exit.

207  

EXT. DRIVE-IN EXIT -- DAY  

The Dodge comes tearing out into the street, apparently clear... but the van comes barreling out a beat later...Dick and Jane are in a faster car and far ahead. They relax some, until they hear DR. TOM'S VOICE from a loudspeaker on the mobile chapel.  

DR. TOM'S VOICE  

Stop, my children! It is not too late to repent and give me back my money!  

DICK  

Shit!  

Dick floorboards it. They can outrun the van, but they can't seem to escape the booming loudspeakers.  

DR. TOM'S VOICE  

(over speaker)  

Stop them! They are sinners and thieves!  

People in cars coming from both directions stare curiously into car. Jane tries to cover her face. She is getting hysterical.  

DR. TOM'S VOICE  

Stop now! God will forgive you.  

Jane, who can't stand it any more, begins flinging money out of the window. Dick reaches out for Jane, trying to stop her before she throws away all the loot.

208  

ANOTHER ANGLE  

The cash she's already jettisoned is causing something of a minor traffic jam as cars screech to a halt and people jump out to retrieve the banknotes.
ANOTHER ANGLE

The van becomes ensnarled in the jam... as, in the distance, Dick and Jane speed off, swinging into a sidestreet.

INT. DODGE

Dick checks the rear-view mirror. They are in the clear, but Jane is only a few minutes from a trauma.

JANE

They saw us. All those people saw us.

DICK

I don't think they can identify us.

EXT. STREET

They abandon stolen car, get into their own Jag.

INT. JAG

JANE

That man didn't know our gun wasn't loaded. You could've been killed.

CU - DICK

pensive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARPER HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. TRACKING IN as Dick, emerging in dressing gown, claims local morning paper.

CLOSER SHOT

including front page headline, POV rattled Dick.

DR. THOMAS WILL ROBBED.
BURGLARS FLEE.

There are photographs of people scrabbling for money. Action photos, blurred.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DICK
(frenetically,
reading)
...turn to page three. Turn
to page three...

He does, and discovers big, badly blurred photographs of
himself and Jane in getaway car.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Baffled, pajama-clad Billy watches his father, oblivious
to his presence, on hands and knees, pulling out games and
toys from cupboard, until he finally finds what he wants,
and pounces on it. It's Billy's stamp collection kit,
with magnifying glass.

CLOSE SHOT

of magnifying glass roving over printed page, newspaper
photographs of blurred Dick and Jane. The glass searching
-- probing -- until it is obvious Dick and Jane can't really
be recognized.

INT. DEN

Grateful Dick sets aside magnifying glass, slumps in
favorite chair, and flicks on TV news, only to be jolted
again.

TRACKING IN ON TV

CLOSEUP of record store clerk (as in Orange County Head
Shop) at end of interview.

DICK (o.s.)

Holy shit!

TV ANNOUNCER

...eye-witness to the robbery of
Dr. Thomas Will, who recognized
the couple and claims they held
up the record shop he works in on
the night of
which suggests that the recent
rash of Valley hold-ups may be the
work of the same well-dressed,
middle-class couple.
Dick sees Jane standing there. Obviously, she has seen and heard everything.

**BILLY (O.S.)**
Who's driving me to school this morning?

**DICK**
Mommy will. Hurry up and get dressed, Billy.

**JANE**
What happens if we ever get caught?

**DICK**
We're not going to get caught.

**CUT TO:**
EXT. HARPER HOUSE POOLSIDE -- DAY

They sip coffee at garden table by poolside, as he fiddles with a small portable tv set.

JANE
There's nothing wrong with quitting while we're ahead.

DICK
We're not far enough ahead. Yet.

JANE
That's the principle that made Las Vegas the city it is today. We're ahead and we should quit now. Please, Dick.

He looks at her a moment and then takes her hand; still fiddling with tv set with other hand.

DICK
I'll think about it.

Jane is enormously pleased.

JANE
You mean it?

Just as he finally succeeds in getting a picture on tv set.

DICK
(brightening)
Hey, look! It's Charlie!

As he swings set around so that they can both watch. TRACK IN on TV set.

224 INT. SENATE HEARING

It's Charlie, appearing before a congressional committee.

CHARLIE
Senator, nobody at Dixon aircraft, to the best of my knowledge, has ever bribed anybody...Maybe that's why business is so bad.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

A laugh in courtroom. A laugh from Dick. The newscast switches back to announcer.

225 INT. TV STUDIO

ANNOUNCER

We'll be back in a moment with sports and the weather.

226 EXT HARPER HOUSE POOLSIDE

As Dick flicks off set:

DICK

(admiringly)

Charlie, can really shovel the old shit. I doubt if we ever made a deal at Dixon without paying off somebody.

JANE

You're kidding? You bribed people?

DICK

I never reached that level. Charlie handled all the pay-offs.

JANE

I hope he gets nailed.

DICK

They'll never nail Charlie.

JANE

Why not?

DICK

Charlie handled everything in cash, out of a secret fund. There are no records of the money anywhere in the books.

JANE

So Charlie's got his own slush fund.

DICK

Uh huh.

A beat.

JANE

(in spite of herself)

Any idea where he keeps it?
CONTINUED:

Really warming to her now.

DICK
In the safe in his office.

As something like a sexual charge passes between them.

JANE
Fortunately, Dixon is heavily guarded, and you don't even own a key to the executive toilet any more.

As Dick pulls an engraved invitation out of his dressing gown pocket and thrusts it at her.

DICK
Unfortunately, we're invited to a big party at Dixon a week Saturday.

JANE
How come?

DICK
They've signed a big missile contract with Saudi Arabia. I worked on the project in the early stage and Charlie's a sentimentalist.

As she absorbs this.

JANE
Oh, well, fortunately, we don't know the first thing about safe-cracking.

As we notice, for the first time, perhaps, a satchel under the table. Dick, grinning, shoves it toward her with his foot. Jane, not altogether surprised, lifts it a little, lets it drop, and we HEAR the distinct clatter of tools.

DICK
Help me with this one, and we retire undefeated.

JANE
Promise?

DICK
Scout's honor
227  EXT.- DIXON AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

Posh cars glide throught the gates, up the driveway to the
main entrance, where hired showgirls in astronauts briefies
(space helmets, supersonic bras, transistorized panties)
help gowned ladies and gentlemen in dinner jackets from
their cars.

SOUND: Somewhere inside, an orchestra is playing R. StausS,
that is to say, the theme from 2001.

228  ANOTHER ANGLE

As we pick up a particular white Jag, a lovely Jane, a
smartly turned out Dick, inside.

228A  EXT. DIXON - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH THEM as they get out of the car. Jane carries
what can only be described as the most outsized evening bag
ever seen, a shoulder bag in fact, resembling nothing so
much as a pony express mail pouch. She wears a kaftan.
Dick, suddenly modish, also carries a shoulder bag.

229  INT. DIXON BALLROOM

As music continues, CLOSE ON, what is obviously a missile,
though yet to be unveiled, guarded by showgirls, some
chatting with military, others with traditionally dressed
Arabs.

230  TRACKING BACK to reveal

The walls are lined with enormous photographic blow-ups.
Lindbergh and The Spirit of St. Louis. Chennault before
a Flying. A blast-off into space. Neil Armstrong taking
that first step. Shots of our planet taken from space.
Satellites, Etc., Etc. But, please note, one panel is
missing, obviously removed at last moment. A blank space,
then, like a sore thumb, between photographic blow-ups.

231  ANOTHER ANGLE

Party in middle gear. A long table with ice-sculptured
astronauts, missiles, space ships, but real canapes. A
bar. A dance band of the Meyer Davis/Lester Lanin ilk, play-
ing something else now, but not many couples dancing yet.
Crowd of some 200 people, mostly middle-aged. Military
uniforms, Arabs, among the dinner jackets.

232  DICK AND JANE

As they enter, FAVORING JANE, as she surveys the room.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
(in a whisper)
I do hope you brought the old equalizer with you.

DICK
(amused)
Cut it out.
(as he spies someone bearing down on them, out of side of his mouth he briefs Jane)
Pete Winston. Wife's name Betty. Back operation. We used to send him to the Superbowl every year.
(then, a big warm smile)
Hi, Pete. How are you?

Pete, a three star air force general, has recently had his voice box removed. He carries a transistorized speaker, which he is obliged to hold to his throat each time he speaks, his voice emerging hollow, eerie, metallic.

PETE
(box to throat)
Great. Just great.

DICK
You know my wife, Jane, don't you?

PETE
I don't know if she'll remember, but...

JANE
Pete Winston. How can you say that? We met you and Betty at the Superbowl last fall. How's your back?

PETE
(enormously pleased)
How nice of you to remember!

POV JANE

He's terminal, obviously.

JANE
Of course I remember. You look wonderful.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

233 CLOSER SHOT PETE

PETE
Thank you. I'm feeling a lot better.

As we PULL BACK to reveal Jane standing alone, Dick has disappeared.

234 ANOTHER ANGLE -- BALLROOM

Jane conversing with group, only half-attentive, really watching.

235 ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick slipping out of ballroom.

236 INT. DIXON OUTER HALL ELEVATORS

One glance and Dick, carrying his satchel, realizes the elevators are out, for there are crowds gathered here, a spillover from ballroom, drinking champagne.

237 INT. DIXON STAIRS

Dick, racing, but already winded, lugging his satchel past a door marked "4"; onwards and upwards.

238 INT. BALLROOM

Jane accepting an invitation to dance from a military man, but she is watching for Dick, obviously concerned.

239 INT. DIXON STAIRS

Floor door marked "9". No Dick, no nothing. But, suddenly, we HEAR something fall, a horrendous clatter of metal tools against concrete, followed by Dick cursing O.S.

240 CU JANE chattering

(CONTINUED)
RESUME FLOOR DOOR MARKED "9"

As, finally, a badly winded Dick, no longer racing up steps, but clutching to railing like a mountain climber, finally makes it to 9th; deposits satchel; rests briefly; and starts down the steps again.

INT. BALLROOM

Jane, as it happens, standing before the blank space on wall between photographic blowups, is finally joined by an out-of-breath, sweaty Dick. They barely have a chance to exchange whispered information before Charlie Sanford is upon them.

CHARLIE
  (beaming)
  There you are!

In reply, out of breath Dick can only manage a nod.

CHARLIE
  All I want to know is do I get a kiss from your wife, or do I have to make a scene?

JANE
  Do we know this person?

DICK
  (between puffs)
  Some guy who still works at the plant.

Charlie wraps his arms around her and kisses her.

JANE
  Good to see you, Charlie.

CHARLIE
  You get uglier every time I see you. I don't know what a good-looking man like Dick sees in you.

JANE
  I do yard work.

Even as Jane, taking the initiative, leads him on to dance floor.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

You can do work in my yard any time.

243 ANOTHER ANGLE (POV DICK)

Jane dancing closely, even suggestively, with Charlie.

244 CLOSER SHOT

Jane and Charlie dancing. Delicate fingers stroke his neck, she brushes an ear with her lips. They turn, they dance. Then, in response to a whispered request from Charlie, Jane seems to giggle acquiescence.

245 ANOTHER ANGLE

A watchful Dick sees

246 POV DICK

Charlie surreptitiously leaving ballroom, followed by Jane.

247 INT. LONG HALLWAY

PANNING with Jane, who follows after Charlie, at a discreet distance. Moving down the long hall, she passes the missing photographic panel (from ballroom), its back to wall -- stops -- realizes what it is -- steps back -- and lifts it sufficiently free of wall for us to see -- as she peers -- that it is a blowup of General Moishe Dayan standing before a Dixon missile. But, obviously, not for this week's sale promotion.

248 ANOTHER ANGLE -- HALL

Charlie unlocks a door, leaving it open...and Jane, as she reaches open door, slips in after him.

249 INT. DIXON A HOSPITALITY SUITE OR WHATEVER

Dimly lit. Immediately, she enters room, Charlie seizes her, kicking door shut behind her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Gotcha.

Jane submitting to his embrace and a degree of fondling; meanwhile, shrewdly helping him out of his evening jacket.

250

ANOTHER ANGLE

They're both on the sofa now, kissing, necking.

CHARLIE
I had a dream about you last night.

JANE
Oh, Charlie, you didn't.

As his hand travels up her knee.

CHARLIE
Yes, I did.

JANE
What did you dream?

As with her free hand, behind her, she begins to fumble for Charlie's jacket pockets, her breasts, alas, now vulnerable to him as well.

CHARLIE
I dreamt I made you the gift of a fur coat.

As he squeezes and strokes and she is desperately intent on own designs.

JANE
Why?

CHARLIE
(in heaven, but plunging downwards)

Why what?

JANE
Why did you buy me a coat?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Aw, come on.

JANE
(submitting to a kiss)
No. Why?

CHARLIE
(with her dress up to her knees)
You were very, very nice to me.

JANE
(pulling free)
What did I do?

CHARLIE
(pressing again)
Aw, come on. I mean, you know.

As he embraces her, his hands everywhere.

CUT TO:

251  INT. BALLROOM

Dick, agitated, in conversation with a group. A last, he sees:

252  POV DICK

A somewhat disheveled but nevertheless triumphant Jane waving at him.

253  ANOTHER ANGLE -- BALLROOM

As they cut through people, dancers, working their way closer to each other.

254  CLOSER SHOT

At last, their outreaching hands touch. In her hands, a key, Dick hugs her.

CUT TO:
INT. DIXON STAIRS

Dick and Jane reach the 9th floor landing, where their satchel lies in wait. Immediately, she digs out a flashlight. Dick peers cautiously out of the door.

JANE
(in a desperate whisper)
We've got to be quick! Charlie expects me to meet him in his office at eleven. For the big blastoff!

He turns to look outside again

DICK'S POV CORRIDOR

He sees football tackle size black security guard ambling down the hall, away from them. Dick ducks back in.

STAIRS

Urgently, he motions for Jane to keep silent. A pause; then Dick peers out again. Very cautiously.

ANGLE TO GUARD (LARRY GORDON) DICK'S POV

Larry has paused momentarily in front of what can only be a reflective surface of some kind. After a long tough look at himself, he does an imitation of Burt Lancaster in Vera Cruz. He smiles, then does a quick draw, and speaks into the mirror.

LARRY
Eat that, you white lump of shit!

He smiles then twirls his gun and returns it to the holster in one move. After a beat, he ambles away.

STAIRS

Dick is rather unnerved by what he has seen.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DICK
Goddamn black bigot!

JANE
What's wrong?

DICK
Never mind.

He looks out again, then motions for her to follow him.

260 INT. CORRIDOR

Dick and Jane make their way stealthily down the corridor to Charlie's office, arriving without incident. Dick produces key, opens door, slips inside with Jane.

261 INT. BALLROOM

PANNING through dancers, many more couples on floor now, toward Men's Washroom.

262 INT. WASHROOM

Black valet brushes down jacket of a bouncy Charlie, even as Charlie combs his silvery locks, getting the part just right, and, as an afterthought, picks up spray, sprays his mouth. Finally satisfied, turns to go.

263 INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE

Dick and Jane search office with their flashlights, looking for the safe. They look behind pictures, can't find it.

JANE
Has he got a closet? In the book it says closets are very popular hiding places for wall safes.

DICK
He does indeed have a closet.

He leads her to door opening into dressing room/bathroom area.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

264 INT. DRESSING ROOM/BATHROOM AREA

Lavish. Shower, sauna, closet. It connects, by the way, to the president's office. Dick opens closet door, pushes the clothes aside, and reveals a safe in the back of the closet.

DICK
I love you, Jane.

JANE
Thank you.

265 INT. BALLROOM

Charlie in conversation with a group, sneaks a glance at his wristwatch and then checks to see if his fingernails are clean.

266 INT. CLOSET

Dick examines the safe as Jane reads from safecracker's manual.

JANE
(reading)
The first problem is to find out what kind of safe you're dealing with. Does it have a time lock? Does it have one combination or many?
(pause)
See diagrams.

She flips pages, then begins comparing safe to diagrams.

JANE
Here we are. Figure four...a double combination lock. See page fifty seven.
(turning to page 57)
"In my experience, I have always found that double combinations are easy to blow, if you know the combinations. If not, it's explosives or drills.

CUT TO:
INT. CLOSET

CLOSE UP DRILL, boring into safe.
Pull back to include Dick.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE

Jane speaks to Dick on the intercom

JANE
I can barely hear you out here...

INT. RECEPTION

She hears footsteps in the hall. They stop outside the door.

JANE
(whispers into phone)
Somebody's coming.

She puts the phone down as we hear footsteps stop at door.
She races out of the room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Dick is frantically hauling all the stuff into the closet.
Jane enters.

DICK
Get in the closet.

She does. Dick turns out the light and crawls in after her.
As he does, we see the light go on in Charlie's office.

INT. CLOSET

A large walk-in, with sliding doors. They are fairly well hidden by Charlie's wardrobe.

DICK
Is it the guard?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JANE
I don't know. I couldn't see. But it can't be Charlie yet. It's only 10:15.

DICK
(reproachful)
You really must have got that bastard worked up.

JANE
I got you the key didn't I?

DICK
Maybe he won't look in here.

JANE
What if he does.

A beat.

DICK
Fuck him.

JANE
(outraged)
I most certainly will not.

DICK
No. No. You don't understand

Nervously, Dick indicates the revolver in his shaky hand. He signals for Jane to keep quiet as the door to the bathroom opens and the light is turned on. They wait in horrified silence for a moment. We HEAR the door to the shower being opened and the shower being turned on. They exchange heated looks. A moment later there is a contented enthusiastic sigh from whoever has gotten into the shower.

The shower stops. Door opens, showeree steps out. Dick shifts to a ready position, gun in hand. A moment later closet door opens and a well muscled very black arm reaches in and grabs one of the robes. Closes door. Clearly it isn't Charlie.

DICK
(whispers)
That isn't Charlie.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JANE

Really?

Whoever it is, leaves bathroom, turns off the light.

INT. BATHROOM

Very loud 'soul' music is heard from stereo in Charlie's office.

Dick cautiously crawls out of the closet. He turns on the flashlight and then inspects the clothes hanging on a clothes valet. It is the uniform of a security guard, including gumbelt and gun. Jane looks out of the closet.

DICK

Look at this.

He shows her the gun.

JANE

- I think God must love us.

Dick goes to the door and very carefully opens it just enough to peek into Charlie's office.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE (DICK'S POV)

The guard finishes pouring himself a drink, then sits back at Charlie's desk, putting his feet up. Music blares in b.g. After a moment, he shouts over the music.

GUARD

Come on in...

Briefly, we should think this is directed at Dick. Actually, it is directed at a group of custodians and cleaning ladies who have just entered the office. Amid some laughter, gaiety, a couple of custodians begin pouring drinks, others light up joints.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Dick watches in stunned silence.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JANE
What's going on? Let me see.

275 INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - POV JANE
It's a poker game.

276 INT. BATHROOM

DICK
They're not going to hear the drill. I'm going back to work. Just tell me if anyone looks like they're coming in.

Dick goes back into closet.

277 INT. BALLROOM
The party in full swing. Picking out Charlie checking out his watch again -- it's 10:40 -- he summons a passing wine waiter and has a whispered word with him.

278 INT. CLOSET
Dick drilling.

279 INTERCUT - MONTAGE
between Dick drilling -- Jane keeping lookout -- the party downstairs -- Dick drilling -- the party upstairs -- Jane -- Dick drilling until --

280 INT. CLOSET
Dick opens the safe, revealing great stacks of money, much, much more than he had anticipated. As exultant Dick begins withdrawing money and stuffing it into his shoulder bag.

DICK
(to Jane)
Shut the door and lock it!

She does.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DICK

Take a look at this! It's all the money in the world.

As she begins to stuff her shoulderbag.

281

INT. BALLROOM

Charlie is pulled aside by a somewhat perplexed, appropriately bemedalled Saudi Arabian ambassador, his military attache with him. The attache carries a large Gucci valise. We don't hear their dialogue, but Charlie's gestures couldn't be more reassuring, and the ambassador seems satisfied.

282

INT. CLOSET

Dick's bag is full, so is Jane's, but there is still more money. Raising his trouser legs, he stuffs his socks with banknotes, and then -- breaking open other money packets, dropping the wrappers on the floor -- he begins to stuff his pockets. And still, there is more money.

DICK

(to Jane)

Turn around.

She does. He unzips the back of her dress, as far as her waist, revealing convenient bra straps. As he begins to rip the wrappers off more stacks of money --

283

INT. 9TH FLOOR CORRIDOR

An armed security guard passing.

284

INT. CLOSET

The safe empty. Jane zipped up again. Dick bulging everywhere.

JANE

How do we get out of here?

DICK

Just follow me.

As they slip out of closet, into president's office, such is their excitement that they leave behind them, Dick's gun, tool satchel, and money wrappers everywhere.
INT. PRESIDENTS OFFICE

As Dick and Jane move quickly through darkened office, her flashlight picks out a military tunic...a show girl's bra... on floor.

MAN'S VOICE (metallic, eerie
with benefit of throat box)
Get it, baby. Get it all!

JANE
Excuse me.

As Dick manages to open door and they make it out into hallway. Dick peers left and right.

DICK
Get the elevator.

INT. HALLWAY

We can't help noticing as Jane walks toward elevator door that she does not move with her accustomed grace, stuffed as she is with 100 dollar bills. Then, no sooner, does she press elevator button, than the doors slide open and standing there, beaming, carrying a bottle of champagne and two glasses, is Charlie.

CU JANE
Her reaction.

ANOTHER ANGLE
As he is about to embrace her.

JANE (urgently)
He followed me up here!

And, indeed, Charlie's gesture dies -- freezes -- as he sees:

POV CHARLIE
A high spirited, bulging Dick, loping up behind.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED:

DICK

Hi, Charlie.

A bewildered Charlie is already retreating back into the elevator, where he is joined by Dick and Jane.

290 INT. ELEVATOR

DICK (poised at buttons)

What floor did you want?

CHARLIE

...floor did I want?...

DICK

Yeah, where you going with all that hootch?

CHARLIE

Oh, this. Ha, Ha.

DICK

Well?

CHARLIE

The lobby, please.

As they begin to descend in a troubled silence, Charlie shifts uneasily from foot to foot.

JANE

I don't feel well, Dick. I'd like you to take me home now.

CHARLIE (recovering)

Oh, no you don't kids, not before you've had a drink with old Charlie.

CU DICK

Seething.

Then, as elevator doors open, Main floor, and they start out

JANE

I think I'm going to faint.
INT. MAIN FLOOR

Partygoers everywhere. Music. Charlie, at his most solicitous. shoves champagne and glasses at Dick, too surprised to protest.

CHARLIE
(relieving Jane of her enormous bag)
Here. Let me take this.

TRACKING WITH THEM, helpless, as they follow Charlie, her handbag swinging from his shoulder, to his table.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - CLOSET

Following security guard's flashlight as he picks out open safe --- safecracking tools --- money wrappers --- gun.

GUARD
Well, I'll be fucked!

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM CHARLIE'S TABLE

Dick, Jane, Charlie, all smashed together. As he talks, we make out, in b.g., Security Guard wending his way toward them between dancing couples.

CHARLIE (drunkenly)
Nobility. Pride. The sense of feeling your life is worth something. That's what we lost when they killed the Space Program.

As the security guard is upon them, and Dick and Jane, sobering, try to react cooly.

GUARD (to Charlie)
I must have a word with you in private, Mr. Sanford.

CHARLIE
Ah, shit, now?

CONTINUED:
Guard nods urgently. Charlie rises from table.

CHARLIE
Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.

Dick has to laugh at that one, but, as soon as Charlie moves off with guard, Jane leaps to her feet.

JANE
Let's go.

Dick pulling her down again.

DICK
Where?

294  POV DICK AND JANE

Security guards moving in unobtrusively to cover all exits.

JANE
You said we were just going to walk out of here.

DICK
We were, we were.

JANE
Well, what are we going to do now?

DICK
Get drunker than we've ever been in our lives.

Even as he fills their glasses.

JANE
Very funny.

DICK
Look, there's nothing to worry about.

JANE (raising her glass)
Whoopie.

DICK
Charlie wouldn't dare call the cops. This money doesn't exist. Don't you understand.

CONTINUED:
POV JANE -- armed security guards.

JANE
What about the security men. Do they exist, or don't they?

DICK
God, are you ever depressing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Charlie in solemn conference with security man, nodding, nodding, in b.g., he is being watched by Dick and Jane.

REVERSE ANGLE -- CHARLIE'S TABLE

JANE
What if we call the police.

DICK
Are you crazy?

JANE
Charlie could never admit to them that there is an actual slush fund.

(pause)
The minute he sees the cops, he's going to make sure we get out of here safely. With the money.

A beat.

DICK
You are smart, Jane.

As she rises from table and, in b.g., we see Charlie returning.

JANE
You got a dime?

Dick feeling his overstuffed pockets.

DICK
JANE
No.
Literally pushing her off as Charlie looms closer.

DICK
Find someone with change of thousand
or borrow it, for Christ sake!

As Jane moves off, walking with difficulty, a beat, then Charlie, sobered, is back with Dick.

CHARLIE (a deadness in
his voice)

Jane feeling any better?

DICK
Oh, yeah, sure.

Charlie, scrutinizing Dick coolly, refills their glasses.

CHARLIE
Dick, there's been something I've been
meaning to ask you all night.

DICK
Shoot.

CHARLIE
What have you got in that bag? Your
make-up kit?

A beat.

DICK
Charlie, can I level with you?

CHARLIE
Sure.

DICK
I mean really level.

CHARLIE
Dick, you can tell me anything.
As out of the corner of his eye, Dick sees Jane approaching, her manner confident.

DICK
Charlie, we've just cleaned out your safe. Every last buck.

As Jane rejoins table and Charlie gallantly refills her glass.

CHARLIE
Did you now?

DICK
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said it straight out like that. But I'm sick of all the bullshit.

A beat, Charlie, remembering.

CHARLIE
And how do you plan to get of here?

JANE (smiling sweetly)
With your help, Charlie.

CHARLIE
(indicating security man)
You see that big buck nigger there? He can shoot the eye out of a humming bird at fifty paces.

SOUND: Suddenly, police sirens.

DICK
We called the cops, Charlie.

CHARLIE
(digesting the implications)
Ah ha.

POV GROUP AT TABLE

Armed cops in discussion with security men at door; others starting on trot for elevator.
RESUME TABLE

DICK
We're going to confess, Charlie.

CHARLIE
This is no joke, friends.

JANE
We want to make a clean breast of everything.

As security man is ushering two cops to Charlie's table.

CHARLIE
Now don't get stupid. You keep your mouths shut and I'll get you out of here.

DICK
With the money?

A beat, eyeball to eyeball.

CHARLIE
You son of a bitch.

Even as he rises, all smiles, to greet the two cops.

CHARLIE
(extending his hand)
I'm Charlie Sandford, Executive Vice President of Dixon. What can I do for you, officer.

As they huddle close by the table.

DICK (to Jane)
My dear, you have just seen a demonstration of what we in the corporate world refer to as 'hardballing it with the big guys'.

JANE
I enjoyed it thoroughly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Charlie, cozing goodwill, with cops.

CONTINUED:
CHARLIE

...I'm afraid you've been the victim of a drunken prankster, officer, but if you'll excuse me for just one moment (indicating Jane). this young lady isn't feeling well.

OFFICER (concerned)

Oh, sorry.

As Dick helps Jane to her feet.

CHARLIE

I'd just like to see my young friends out of here and then we can get into that ridiculous story about my safe.

As officer politely clears way for Jane.

301  CU JANE

As she realizes her bra strap has just snapped.

302  POV HELPFUL OFFICER

Dick and Charlie helping Jane across dance floor to exit.

303  CU OFFICER

Suddenly his expression changes.

304  ANOTHER ANGLE

Jane's skirts trailing hundred dollar bills...

Now the cop can't help noticing Jane's oversize bag and Dick's shoulder pouch.

OFFICE (O.S.)

Oh, just one moment, lady.
ANOTHER ANGLE

As Jane turns to him, her grin decidedly weak, and Dick, and Charlie, too, are aware, suddenly, of trail of banknotes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAY - HARPER HOUSE

leaves being cleared from pool by attendant.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A police matron serves as a babysitter as Billy dressed for school, watches (on morning news) Dick and Jane, with lawyer, being led into L.A. courthouse.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Matron all but moved to tears on Billy's behalf.

MATRON

Come on now, dear. We musn't be late for school.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Billy, now the child of celebrities, greeted as a hero, boys and girls vying for his attention.

KIDS

Hi, Billy!
Hey, did you see your Dad on TV?
Your mom looked terrific!

Billy has never had it so good.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Dick and Jane are at a press conference in hallway, surrounded by press, other media people, and their lawyer.

LAWYER

...and the supermarket wasn't the only time they were moved to share their good fortune. They also redistributed much of the money they took from Dr. Thomas Will.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

As a reporter interrupts with a question for Jane.

REPORTER
Didn't sending thank you notes to your victims seem, well, an odd thing to do?

JANE
On the contrary. It was only proper. A courtesy.

LAWYER
You are not looking at a pair of shifty robbers. On the contrary, Dick and Jane Harper were latter-day Robin Hoods.

As press conference breaks up.

311 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY
ANGLE on Dick, Jane, lawyer, walking toward an office.

LAWYER
That's good. All that polite shit is good.

JANE
I meant it.

LAWYER
That's good, too.

CUT TO:

312 EXT. L.A. STREET - DAY

A TV reporter is doing a man-on-the-street interview with a Hollywood Boulevard OLDSTER; other street types thrusting themselves forward.

OLD MAN
I ain't saying I approve of what they did and I ain't sayin' I don't approve of what they did.

REPORTER
(to old man)
So you feel...

(CONTINUED)
OLD MAN

I told you what I feel. I like 'em.

CUT TO:

313 INT. RECORD STORE / HEAD SHOP - DAY

The Clerk, a former victim of Dick and Jane, proudly points out framed thank you note (from Jane) to reporter.

REPORTER
And you feel no animosity towards the people who robbed you?

CLERK
See that?
(indicating framed note)
People come from all over to look at it and when they're here they buy something. I already cleared twice what Dick and Jane stole.

REPORTER
What about the morality of it?

CLERK (suddenly inflamed)
I thought you said no trick questions. Right?

REPORTER
That's right, but --

CLERK
But, nothing. You can't bullshit me.

As he clears reporter out of way the better to deal with real customers.

CUT TO:

314 EXT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - DAY

Packed with cars, lined up to get in. The marquee reads:

DR. THOMAS WILL, PERSONALLY ROBBED BY THE NOTORIOUS DICK AND JANE. TODAY'S SERMON: "FORGIVE AND PROSPER."

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

People lined up to get in.

INT. COURTROOM

crowded. Media people, onlookers, and also the regular collection of flotsam scheduled for day's business. Dick and Jane are at a table in front of the low railing separating the judge, lawyers and defendants from the spectators. Their lawyer is called WAYNE and the judge, JUDGE BINACA. Most likely, Charlie is there, among the spectators, and so is RAOUŁ.

ANGLE ON DICK AND JANE

obviously concerned, maybe holding hands.

ANOTHER ANGLE - JUDGE

checking his digital watch, making a note or two; he glares down at conferring lawyers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The whispering lawyers, WAYNE, and ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY (DAVE).

WAYNE
I think Binaca wants us to hurry.

DAVE
I don't care. We're talking about people's futures.

WAYNE
Yeah, ours. Let's not begin by pissing off the judge. C'mon, Dave, you know there's lots of pressure to let these two off altogether. I've got a ton of character references...

(showing them)

...People are dropping charges left and right.

DAVE
I'll tell you what. We'll cop them on a robbery plea and drop the armed allegation.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

WAYNE
No way. I want suspended proceed-
ings and probation.

DAVE
You're crazy. Those two did commit
robbery. And I have some people who
will press changes.

Who?

WAYNE
The insurance companies.

DAVE
All right. I'll take conversion
of felony and a county lid.

WAYNE
Hell, no. I'll give you a class
"E" felony with a recommendation
for two years. That's a good
offer.

WAYNE
Not when I got a cute kid to play
with. Nobody's going to want to
see him separated from his mommy
for that long.

A beat.

DAVE
I'll go for a top of eighteen months.

WAYNE
Uh, uh. Public opinion is against
you on this one. They're decent
people who look good on TV. Johnny
Carson wants them.

DAVE
No shit?

WAYNE
So does Merv Griffin. And they're
signing a book contract with a New
York publisher. Two hundred thousand
dollars down.

(CONTINUED)
DAVE
What did you cut yourself in for?

WAYNE (proudly)
Twenty-five per cent.

DAVE
Twenty-five! People that stupid belong in jail.

WAYNE
C'mon, Dave. What do I have to do to get those people a break...give you my Laker Tickets?

DAVE
How'd you get Laker tickets?

320 ANGLE ON DICK AND JANE

Watching the lawyers confer.

321 ANGLE ON BENCH

The Judge, exasperated, continues nervously checking his full calender.

JUDGE
(rapping his gavel)
Gentlemen, justice is waiting to be served.

The two lawyers make a hurried last minute agreement.

WAYNE
May we approach the bench, Your Honor?

JUDGE (impatiently)
Yes, yes.

322 ANGLE ON DICK AND JANE

Watching lawyers and judge whispering together up front. They have absolutely no idea what's going on.
CONTINUED:

JANE
Dick, this is so embarrassing. All these people. Do you think we'll have to come to court often?

DICK
I don't know, honey. The American judicial system works slowly.

Wayne, the ADA and the Judge break up their huddle and Wayne comes back to them.

WAYNE
Well, that's it.

DICK
That's what?

WAYNE
I got you nine months each with a lot of goodies.

The Judge raps his gavel and declares.

JUDGE

323 TRACK BACK

DICK AND JANE are now at far end of court, besieged by reporters, photographers, TV people.

324 CU DICK

Ignoring Charlie, as he works his way toward him, his grin large.
EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

It is a classy sort of Beverly Hills bookshop. We PAN OVER the window display of inspirational books. POWER AND HOW TO USE IT by Michael Korda, HOW I MADE A MILLION IN THE MARKET, The SYLVIA PORTER MONEY BOOK, etc. And we end on a big stack of books entitled THE DICK AND JANE PRIMER, REVISED by Dick and Jane Harper.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

TRACKING PAST the CASHIER, we come upon Dick and Jane signing copies of their book, amid a crush of potential buyers. They are glowing amid this public approbation. END TITLES COMMENCE SUPERED OVER.

THE DICK AND JANE STORYBOOK:

We return again, as at the beginning, to a series of stills, this time depicting the further story of Dick and Jane. They show Dick and Jane in the country-club like setting of a minimum security prison, Dick playing cards with the boys, Jane playing tennis, Dick and Jane being visited by Billy. Then we see the Dick and Jane Coming Out Party, as Billy cheerfully holds up a banner proclaiming "Nine Months Off For Good Behavior." We go on to other stills of Dick and Jane at home, posing in front of a new car, in front of a new house, looking more and more prosperous. The stills continue, as in the background we hear the faint sound of a police siren. SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE OUT.

THE END