

"EXTRA PAY"
original screenplay
by J. Scott Iverson

© Copyright 1999-2004
J. Scott Iverson
All Rights Reserved

www.jsicreative.com

"EXTRA PAY"

FADE IN:

INT. BUNKER -- DAY

TITLE SEQUENCE.

MUSIC UP: *ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER*

We see a man's hands and arms performing a surgically precise cleaning of a military rifle. Though we cannot see his face, we can tell he is khaki-clad.

The steam of his breath says it is cold. His hands, however, are steady and resolute; repeating a process they have been through countless times.

We see a cork-board in b.g., half taken up by a copy of THE U.S. CONSTITUTION and the remainder filled with press clippings; we also catch a glimpse of a stack of ammunition boxes on the EDGE OF FRAME.

Process continues. This is a person who, when it comes to weaponry, knows his business. At one point, his hand reaches-out to pick up a part in the re-assembly process and we

CUT TO:

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

A woman's well-manicured, if somewhat pudgy, hand reaches for the phone and punches-in a very rapid-fire set of numbers. We follow the phone cord to her face and find that it is COLLEEN MACGRUDER, a sort-of a best/worst cross between Pam Anderson and Miss Piggy.

COLLEEN

Molly? I'm doing casting for 'Polygamy Wars!'... Right. It's a network gig. M.O.W... Nope. No Central Casting in Utah... Yeah... Stan around?... Well, when can he talk?...

INT. UNFINISHED BASEMENT DEN -- DAY

STAN ISAACS, late-twenties, short ponytail, looks like hell.

He sits before a TV set, unshowered and unshaven, wearing a t-shirt and hospital scrub bottoms, while endlessly clicking the remote.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLEEN (V.O.)

Listen, how would Stan like to be a featured extra?... I know he could use the income... About fifteen days, plus... Sister-dear, he's got you to live with...

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Colleen leafs through a stack of glossies, tossing them this way and that.

COLLEEN

...And with you covering most of the bills... Same to you... I was wondering about Troy, too...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

TROY MONDO, twenty, handsome in an egg-head/mechanic kind of way, SCREECHES up in a rusting, canary-yellow '77 Camaro with a once-white vinyl top, license plate 'WOOF.' He leans across the front seat and opens the door for a PERKY TEENAGE GIRL who bounces into the car and immediately plants her face on his in hormonal passion.

COLLEEN (V.O.)

He could get noticed... I've got five holes to fill... Very funny... Oh, and Mick Callahan...

EXT. FIXER-UPPER -- DAY

MICK CALLAHAN, twenty-six, nattily-dressed and overtly handsome in an Irish-Nordic way, desperately tries to convince a YOUNG COUPLE they are standing before their "dream home." They obviously hate it. Through Mick's facade, we can see he's really not into this, even a little.

COLLEEN (V.O.)

Huh-uh... You don't know him. Mediocre Realtor, but a great guy, considering he's part of the Dominant Culture... Oh, probably Bert Wooley...

INT. BERT'S HOME OFFICE -- DAY

BERT WOOLEY, short, mid-thirties, bushy black eyebrows and chisled features, is very deliberately and systematically trashing several Social Work degrees and numerous honors certificates, some of which still hang on his wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLEEN (V.O.)

Doctor yes, but you've got the wrong end... You know. The shrink from my rehab... Folding his practice... Might have had better luck with OB/GYN...

Bert picks up a photo of Alfred Adler, stares at it, wistfully, then drops it into the trash, too.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The place is impeccable. SANDY GROSSMAN, twenty-eight, lean and buff, before a mirrored wall, completes his Tae Bo regimen, then moves to the mirror and preens in front of it.

COLLEEN (V.O.)

Yes, Sandy, too... I know he's a chore, but he owes me...

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

COLLEEN

Uh-huh... Anyway, more calls to make. Tell Stan to call me soonest, okay? Bye-eeeeee!

For the first time CAMERA REVEALS the true extent of the clutter in Colleen's office. A TEENAGE BOY stands before her, gawkingly handsome. Colleen hangs up.

REVERSE ANGLE

COLLEEN

(continuing)

I'll be right with you, Tom. Take your shirt off and flex for me.

Colleen's Miss Piggy-hand reaches again for the phone.

INT. BUNKER -- DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES.

The man's begrimed, weathered hands have moved-on to more sophisticated weaponry. Browning, Thompson, Ouzi are in various stages of disassembly on a drop-cloth.

CAMERA MOVES

to the cork-board: a story slowly unfolds from the various headlines we read: *Smith vs. Board of Education: Beaver Mountain Man Battles School Board; Close Call at Polygamist Compound -- Smith Wife Averts Violent Confrontation; Smith CHARGED --Judgment Day Looms; Polygamist Delivers Manifesto;*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gadianton Smith Questioned in Bombing of Local School; ARMED SIEGE! Officer Slain in Gun Battle; Gadianton Smith Freed on Technicality; Accident Claims Polygamist's Wife -- Smith Blames Media Circus; and finally...

Hollywood to Film 'Battle of Beaver Mountain'.

CAMERA RETURNS

to the warrior, whose face we see for the first time.

This is GADIANTON SMITH, renegade polygamist. He slams a clip into the weapon in hand and draws a bead on the last headline. THREE RAPID SHOTS and suddenly the three 'o's' in 'Hollywood' are bullet holes.

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. LOCATION CAST & CREW PARKING -- DAY

LOWER-THIRD TITLE: *BEAVER MOUNTAIN, UTAH -- NOT TOO LONG AGO...*

The lot is a snowpacked clearing. Forested hills surround.

A beat-up, old BMW 530i comes wheezing INTO VIEW and dies, just short of a parking space.

Stan, dressed for the cold, gets out and awkwardly lifts the car hood, looking helplessly into the void. A HONK startles him and he turns to see Troy grinning at him from behind the wheel of his equally thrashed Camaro, which runs perfectly.

Troy punches the gas and fishtails, masterfully, ending up facing outwards in a stall between a Mercedes and a Land Cruiser. He climbs out of the vehicle and comes over to Stan.

Troy immediately digs into the engine with both hands.

TROY

I see she's acting true-to-form.

STAN

Wanna buy a Beamer, Troy? Cheap!

TROY

Sorry, American only. So... Ready for the big debut?

One or two other cars are pulling into the lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN

Call it a command performance. Molly said she'd shoot me if I didn't take this gig.

TROY

Guess it would be some kinda comedown after directing your own stuff.

STAN

Least it pays cash.

TROY

And, it's not an infomercial!

STAN

That's my alleged career you're doggin', Pal.

TROY

Sorry... uh, maybe you'll get some connections.

STAN

Or at least get lucky...

TROY

Molly not in the mood these days?
(indicating car)
Okay, start 'er up.

STAN

(Tonto-like)
Stan on Molly's black-list many moons, now.

Stan climbs in and turns the key. It starts right up. Relief!
He pulls the remaining few feet into the stall.

TROY

Hey, everybody's entitled to a little career slump.

Stan climbs back out of the car.

STAN

Tell that to Her Majesty.
(dejectedly)
'Fraid it's all over but the kicking and screaming.
(beat)
But hey, good times for the next two weeks, eh?

He kicks the BMW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN
(continuing)
Might need to carpool it, though.

BERT (O.S.)
Excuse me...

The two turn to see Bert approaching. He is shorter than the other two, about five-five, but somehow projects an aura of bigness. This is a guy who was once the General of his chapter of Toastmasters. He extends his gloved hand, withdraws it, removes the glove and extends it again.

BERT
(continuing)
Bert Wooley...

STAN
Stan Isaacs.

TROY
Troy Mondo.

BERT
Mondo?!

STAN
It's his stage name. Troy's here to be discovered.

TROY
(a bit sheepish)
Troy Mellon.

BERT
I see... Well, gentlemen, I assume you're among the four I'm scheduled to meet at 8:30. Do we represent three-fifths of "Colleen's Crew?"

STAN
SWAT Teams R Us...

TROY
(psyched-up)
Kings of 'Beaver Mountain.'

MICK (O.S.)
Sounds kinky, if you ask me.

Coming around from behind a car is Mick, along with Sandy.

MICK
(continuing)
Mick Callahan, guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

Sandy Grossman.

Something about the RayBan aviator shades Sandy is wearing says 'back off!'

MICK

Sandy was just telling me he's an ex-Navy Seal.

Stan looks like he might smell B.S. He squints at Sandy.

STAN

Oh yeah... Friend o' Colleen's. Met you at one of her after-showcase parties...

Sandy looks a little intense for this early in the morning. He uses his left finger to scratch the corner of his mouth critically while surveying Stan, up and down.

SANDY

'S I recall, you weren't doing much partying.

STAN

Cola's for losers.

They exchange 'Screw you' glances. An awkward beat.

BERT

Um, well, I believe we now constitute a quorum.

TROY

So, where's our ride to the set?

A very-low helicopter BUZZES the lot, but flies on.

Shortly they catch sight of two vehicles -- a TRANSPO FUELER with club-cab and a VAN -- approaching. Stan looks as though he hears shark-movie MUSIC.

STAN

I drove Transpo once...
(beat)
Okay, twice.

MICK

Funny, you don't look like a teamster... You're sober.

STAN

Wouldn't say that around any of them if I were you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY
Fortunately, that condition can be
remedied.

He produces a hip flask.

SANDY
(continuing; W.C.Fields-
like)
Something to keep the demon cold at
bay.

STAN
So you know your way around a set?

MICK
I've had my share of bit parts.

BERT
Will all those *not* here to be
discovered take one step forward...

Stan is the only one who moves.

BERT
(continuing)
Not so fast, Isaacs!

Stan and Bert LAUGH.

SANDY
I'll drink to that.

Nobody else gets it. Sandy takes a swig. Mick looks at him
with just a hint of pity.

MICK
You sure that's a good idea? First
day of work, and all...

SANDY
Lemme guess... Mormon?

MICK
Problem?

SANDY
Not as long as you don't start
preachin'.

BERT
So what does bring you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK

(shrugs)

Real estate market's down and I'm
still playing catch-up from Christmas.

(beat)

Not that I'm against being
discovered...

TROY

'I'm ready for my profile, Mr. DeMille

MICK

'As God is my witness, I'll never go
hungry again.'

STAN

If you girls are ready, our ride's
here.

(beat)

Actors!

EXT. FOREST VANTAGE POINT -- DAY

LONG SHOT

The VAN snakes its way on a muddy road towards the Movie
Base Camp.

NEW ANGLE

Through field glasses, Gadianton Smith observes the vehicle.
He lowers the binoculars and lifts his arms to Heaven.

GADIANTON SMITH

Why, Lord, do you test me in this
manner? When will my beloved Rachel
be avenged? Give me the strength to
do Thy Will. Send me the sign that
my prayers have been heard.

He lowers his arms and scans the terrain nearby.

POV SHOT

All he sees is an old raven, picking at the half-rotted,
frozen carcass of a deer.

EXT. MOVIE BASE CAMP -- DAY

The vehicle pulls up and the five men climb out. The camp is
arranged like a square with two honey wagons at right-angles
to each other, with wardrobe, makeup, star trailers, etc.
filling-in the other walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Here, as everywhere, the ground is snow-covered, except for right in the center of the camp, where foot traffic has created a giant mud-hole. Straw has been scattered here-and-there to facilitate walking. People are everywhere coming-and-going, schmoozing, rehearsing, arguing. The effect is very nearly overwhelming to our five.

They are met by PENNY, the 2nd A.D.; early-twenties, pretty enough to be in front of the camera. She carries a clipboard and wears a Plantronics headset attached to a walkie-talkie, holstered to her waist. Looking right at Stan, she says:

PENNY

(non-stop)

Okay, fueler's back and flyin' in. You can't have Greg for another twenty minutes. I'm on my way to the chopper pad. SWAT Team just showed up...

(beat - sarcastic)

Because he's out of mitten warmers and won't come out of his trailer.

(beat)

Yeah, I'll tell 'em...

Stan starts to speak. Penny holds-up an index finger, distracted, listening, then beckons to the group to follow her, still talking on the headset.

PENNY

(continuing)

Catering says lunch won't be ready until one and Barney says the new straw bales for the bunker won't get here until around three. Watch it!!

She throws-out her arm and saves Stan and the others from being mowed-down by a snowmobile ROARING by. We catch a maniacal look on the face of the SNOWMOBILE DRIVER.

PENNY

(continuing)

If that goon doesn't get killed before this is over, I'm going to do it for him. Hi, I'm Penny. We've met before.

Hold a beat while the group makes sure she's talking to them, now. Stan, immediately smitten, searches his memory.

STAN

(searching)

We worked on something together?...

PENNY

Sort of...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENNY (CONT'D)

My ex-boyfriend was gaffer on those Barbara Eden commercials you directed. Why on earth are you doing extra work?!

STAN

Oh. Hey, what can I say?... Still recovering from being president of my own corporation.

Penny looks put-out and barks into her headset.

PENNY

No, I told you, this time he's not getting it his way... Because the stunt people don't arrive until Thursday... I don't know, I'll ask. Any of you guys ski?

STAN

Since eighth grade.

SANDY

Since first.

Stan pulls a 'Big Deal' face.

PENNY

We'll talk later...
(pointing to trailer)
That's Wardrobe. You guys go in there.

And she is gone.

TROY

(near drooling)
Ooooo... Want a piece of candy, little girl?

INT. WARDROBE TRAILER -- DAY

PAMELA, the Wardrobe Mistress, waits like a Nazi spider. Her bloated bag of a body seems poised to spring at them and crush them like gnats at the slightest provocation.

PAMELA

Well?

MICK

(military salute)
Special Weapons And Tactics reporting as ordered, Sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAMELA

Don't call me sir, buster, or I'll have you for a Rocky Mountain Oyster brunch. Comprene?

Mick kind of squints at her.

MICK

Didn't I show you a house, once? Small... Pointy roof... 'Fido' over the door?...

Pamela is about to do damage when Troy jumps in and reaches past her to pick up a black ball cap with F.B.I. sewn in bold letters.

TROY

These ours?!... Cooool!

Pamela snatches it from him.

PAMELA

Part of two uniforms you'll get each day and I've accounted for every stitch of each, so don't even think of souvenir hunting in my trailer. Any of you! Comprene?

All nod, dumbly.

PAMELA

(continuing)

All right, full name and social security number, right here.

(gesturing at Troy)

You... Pretty-boy... Lemme check your inseam...

EXT. HONEY WAGON -- DAY

The five, now in their 'full blacks' FBI SWAT combat uniforms, all stumble-out from the same dressing stall, fanning the air, GAGGING and GRUMBLING.

During the following dialogue, we become aware of a little on-set drama taking place in b.g. It begins as TWO FIGURES CROSS BETWEEN the SWAT Team and CAMERA.

BERT

You'd think they'd at least have the decency to provide us with a place of our own to change. If Stan hadn't known that day-player we'd be freezing our asses behind some trailer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In b.g., CO-STAR, dressed as the 'Rachel Smith' polygamist wife character, in long skirt and shawl and carrying a swaddled baby doll, marches animatedly INTO FRAME, slogged after by the DIRECTOR, stout and freckle-faced, in a doofy-looking winter cap, complete with ear-flaps. He wears unbuckled galoshes. Director is followed everywhere by FIRST A.D., who much like Penny, seems to have a constant dual conversation going-on. FIRST A.D. carries a SCRIPT and DIRECTOR keeps pointing at a line in it.

SANDY

Almost wish he hadn't.

(to Stan)

Your friend's feet smell like
Liederkrantz cheese.

Before Stan can respond, Troy emerges, fanning fumes.

TROY

It's okay, I left him a little
something to even the score...

MICK

Did you have to pull his finger,
Bert?

Bert assumes his most Adlerian expression.

BERT

'Each individual needs to belong, to
feel connected to others and to
contribute to the greater good of
the community.'

SANDY

You call that for the greater good?

BERT

Anything to promote male bonding.

They all look at each other, then all break into LAUGHTER, with lots of juvenile 'who farted?'-type expressions.

STAN

Robert Blye, eat your heart out.

MICK

I *smell* your pain, man.

More LAUGHTER. Argument in b.g. continues between Director and Co-Star.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN

Did you hear the one about the guy
who pulls up in a stall to take a
pee and there's this really, really
short guy next to him...

MICK

(Irish accent)

...A wee bit old t'be believin' in
Leprechauns, aren't ye?

More LAUGHTER. Bert looks heavenward.

BERT

Oh brother...

TROY

(kid-like)

'Leprechaun!' Perfect SWAT name!
Stan... It's you!

STAN

(Irish accent)

Always after me Lucky Charms!

Everybody, except Sandy, looks like they like the idea of
adopting nicknames.

Meanwhile, Sandy produces a fairly impressive hunting knife
and begins expertly strapping it to his leg.

STAN

(continuing)

What's that about?

SANDY

My persona. I'm adding a little to
my character.

STAN

You're not an actor, you're an extra.

SANDY

(deathly cold)

You're right. I'm not acting. I'm
your worst nightmare.

Staredown. Is Sandy serious? Stan blinks first.

STAN

Ooo... Tough guy. Hard as rocks.

TROY

Rocky!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK
(Stallone-like)
Yo! Adrienne.

SANDY
Bite me.

Bert, ever the psychologist, interrupts, holding-out the waistband on his black combat pants.

BERT
Will you guys look at these pants?!?!
There's enough for two of me in here!

TROY
At least they aren't too tight.
Can't be a good SWAT guy in tight pants.

STAN
Hmmm... So why is a tight pair of pants like a cheap hotel?

BERT
Ballroom! I'll be Ballroom!

TROY
Okay, we've got Leprechaun, Rocky and Ballroom. So who am I?

SANDY
How 'bout 'Toolman?'

TROY
Close, but not quite...

They are interrupted by Penny. Argument in b.g. continues.

PENNY
Okay, guys, long hair's gotta go.

Everyone looks at her.

BERT, MICK & STAN
Candyman!

LAUGHTER. Penny looks confused. Sandy looks like he wants to object.

STAN
That leaves you, Mick.

MICK
Whatever. Just don't make it too obscene, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENNY

Yoo-hoo... Fellas... Hair... Off...
Now... That trailer, there... Say
goodbye to your tail, Stan.

She points. As she does, in b.g. we see Co-Star throw the baby doll to the ground and go marching OUT OF FRAME, leaving a frustrated Director, who shoves First A.D. into the mud, then also marches OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. CATERING MEAL LINE -- DAY

Our newly jarhead-shorn Team moves into a relatively short meal line. Hats come off, momentarily, in the crisp air, as they compare their various cuts. Troy's is definitely the shortest. At that moment, CREW MEMBERS, including the D.P., GAFFER and BEST BOY, stride

INTO FRAME.

D.P.

(to Gaffer)

No, I want to go subtractive for this scene. Pour it on and we'll flag it out...

(to Troy)

'Scuse me, guys... Extras, right?

TROY

Yeah, I'm Troy...

BERT

(holding out his hand)

And I'm Bert.

The crew says nothing more, but rather takes its place in line in front of the Team. Others, trailing-in, do so as well.

SANDY

I see what Colleen meant about a pecking-order. We're pond scum!

The Gaffer winks a 'you got it' at him from the corner of his eye.

INT. MEAL TENT -- DAY

When the Team enters, trays of what food was left to scrounge and scrape in hand, the FULL CAST AND CREW of Polygamy Wars do not look up from the multitude of little meetings going-on.

There aren't too many empty seats and each member of the Team is forced to fend for himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stan takes a seat diagonally across from CO-STAR STAND-IN and the Director. A seduction is in progress. Stan silently marvels at the Director's "cheek."

DIRECTOR

So what-say, Honey? It's gonna take them another hour to light this thing. You ready to audition for that major motion picture with me?

She returns a sly look and gooses the Director beneath the table while licking her lips. Stan looks at the hot dog he is about to bite and decides he's not hungry.

Mick and Sandy gravitate towards a GROUP OF MEN standing near a PROPANE HEATING UNIT. The men are willing-enough to let them join the group, as long as neither gets a better position on the heater. A little doe-see-doe routine.

Bert, carrying a tray with a bowl on it, sees an empty seat next to the Co-Star and, with his resonant baritone and short-guy swagger:

BERT

Miss Holmes, I'm Bert Wooley. I just want to say how much my wife and I enjoyed you in *C'est L'Amour*.

Co-Star, perturbed, stops her conversation with the LINE PRODUCER. She rivets Bert with:

CO-STAR

Aren't you *atmosphere!*?
(to Line Producer)
I gotta go.

She makes another GRAND EXIT. Bert sits down.

BERT

That person could stand to attend one of my Interpersonal Communications Seminars. We'd spend an entire session on...

But the Line Producer is already rising to leave. He nods, absently.

LINE PRODUCER

(calling)
Benny!... Wait-up!

Bert shrugs it off and picks up the spoon to eat from his bowl. The entire glob of oatmeal comes with it like a block of concrete.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Troy manages to find POLYGAMIST WIFE #5, looking very innocent in her fundamentalist garb. He's playing eye-tag with her, apparently hanging on every word, while trying not to get caught looking at her hidden-but-alluring breasts.

POLYGAMIST WIFE #5

(babbling)

So it's not a speaking role, but I get a lot of scenes and even though I'm usually just in the background, you know, knitting or something. I mean, this is something that could really get me noticed, like... More speaking roles... Which I definitely need more of before I move to L.A. this Spring... I mean, at least that bastard, you know, Billy, that I was telling you about, left before we had kids, so I'm free to go where I want, you know? And I was always good in my drama class, so what the hell? Right?

Troy looks like a cat listening to a canary sing.

TROY

That's what I always say, Darlin'.
What the hell!

The girl obviously likes what she hears.

POLYGAMIST WIFE #5

Well, I have to go be submissive to my...

(making quote marks)

'Husband.' Will I see you later?

TROY

Oh yeah.

She sashays off as Troy admires her bottom.

ANGLE ON STAN

who has been watching, all of this from a distance. He shakes his head and looks around to see:

STAN'S POV -- QUICK CUTS

Pamela putting the moves on the tall, skinny Gaffer.

Penny, looking extremely uncomfortable, pinned in a corner by the PRODUCER, the only one there in a suit under an open parka.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D.P. using his hands to 'frame' the innocent face -- and body -- of a fourteen year-old girl, POLYGAMIST DAUGHTER #1.

Co-Star snuggling up to STAR, a square-jawed, dime-a-dozen, pretty-boy type, who bears virtually no resemblance to the real Gadianon Smith, except for his wardrobe and maybe his canine-like eyes.

A very butch FEMALE TRANSPOR DRIVER blowing a kiss to POLYGAMIST WIFE #1.

HAIR DRESSER slapping Sandy on the butt. Mick, observing, raises his eyebrows.

The CATERER'S DOG sniffing the butt of the CO-STAR'S POODLE.

ANGLE ON STAN

He SIGHS and walks out of the tent, alone.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. POLYGAMIST HOUSE LOCATION -- DAY

A scene is being set-up at one of the basement windows:

VARIOUS CREW MEMBERS aim lights, lay dolly track, mount a 35mm camera on the dolly, etc. An ELECTRICIAN is about to plug an HMI cable into the generator lead. We see him make contact.

CUT TO:

The Team, standing at a distance, looking bored to tears.

We hear an ELECTRICAL SPARK and the Electrician's voice in a 'Goofy-off-a-cliff' kind of HOWL.

ELECTRICIAN

(O.S.)

Yaaaa-hoo-hoo-hoo!

Team members react with 'what was that' looks.

Stan and Sandy smoke cigarettes. Stan smokes Camels, Sandy smokes Marlboros. Bert has a cigar that's bigger than he is. Mick stands as far away as possible without appearing unfriendly. Troy is watching a FEMALE GRIP coil cable. There's something suggestive about the way she handles it.

TROY

Wonder why they call 'em *grips*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN

Because they're always carrying things around.

TROY

Wouldn't mind letting her grip me for awhile.

In b.g. we see Electrician, clothes smoking, carried OUT OF FRAME by a group of Crew Members. Bert blows a waft of cigar smoke that heads directly at Mick, who COUGHS.

BERT

Sorry, Mick.

MICK

No sweat. I used to smoke.

SANDY

Thought you were a Mormon!

MICK

Nobody's perfect. Never really liked it, anyway.

STAN

GOD, I envy you!

MICK

I'd appreciate it, though, if you didn't take the Lord's name in vain.

Stan looks chagrined.

STAN

Sorry.

Sandy looks openly contemptuous of Mick.

SANDY

What'samatter 'Chaplain...' 'Fraid God's gonna toss a lightening bolt?

TROY

Chaplain! Bingo!!

STAN

What is it with you and Mormons, Grossman?

SANDY

Bunch o' hypocrites.

MICK

A lot fewer than most places.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN
Anybody you do like?

SANDY
Not many.

They both stare, coldly. Troy makes an effort at humor.

TROY
(jokingly)
So, Chaplain... I'm from out of
state. How many wives you got?

MICK
One's enough, thanks.

TROY
Gad Smith's got half a dozen and
he's Mormon.

MICK
(very serious)
Wrong! He may be a lot of things,
but he is *not* a Mormon. Church
excommunicated polygamists decades
ago.

TROY
He quotes the Book of Mormon and he
claims to be a prophet.

MICK
That's the trouble with so-called
prophets: when people try and speak
for God outside the lines of Authority
He has established, everything gets
all screwed-up.

SANDY
When was the last time you sold a
house?...

Mick starts to take offense, but Penny approaches, followed
by THUD CRENSHAW and RANDALL WIENER. Thud is tall and
muscular, with a cleft chin to rival Kirk Douglas. Randall
is thirty-one, soft and pudgy, with glasses.

PENNY
Guys, this is Thud Crenshaw. He's
our Second Unit Director and Stunt
Coordinator. Thud... Your SWAT Team.

Thud looks at them a bit disapprovingly. He nods, sizing
them up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THUD

I've had worse.

PENNY

And this is Randall Wiener. We asked Colleen to find us one more guy for the full shoot. Randall tells me he drove a tank in Desert Storm.

Nobody is impressed.

STAN

Welcome aboard, Randy.

RANDALL

It's Randall, if you please.

Several other Team members roll their eyes and make faces behind Randall's back.

THUD

So, who's my skier?

Sandy steps forward.

SANDY

I'm your man.

THUD

Great. You go with Penny. The rest of you follow me.

(patting Randall's
gut)

Looks like you could all use a little basic training.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEMENT WINDOW -- DAY

Penny and Sandy round the corner of the house where the shot is being set up.

PENNY

Our stunt guys aren't here yet and we've gotta get this shot. You just need to ski past the basement window.

We'll only see your legs. Think you can do it?

SANDY

Piece o' cake.

Penny takes a pair of cross-country skis from the PROP MAN and hands them to Sandy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY
(continuing)
What are these?!

PENNY
Cross-country skis.

SANDY
Turkey skis? You want me to put on
turkey skis!?! I'm a downhiller!

PENNY
Wanna back out? I could ask Stan...

Sandy sits on a nearby apple box and starts putting-on the
footgear.

SANDY
Oh what the hell... Do I get anything
extra for this?

PENNY
I'll see if I can get you a pay bump.
Meantime, if you're not used to them,
you'd better practice for awhile.
They can be tricky. Set-up should
be ready in about fifteen.

SANDY
(scoffs)
Practice with turkey skis!

EXT. SNOW-COVERED PASTURE -- DAY

Thud and his STUNT ASSISTANT are in the process of issuing
weapons to the SWAT Team. Most are the standard GI rifles.

Randall, however, is given a giant long-barrel sniper's rifle.
The men behave just like any boys given new toys, especially
guns.

Troy gets his first and does his best Bruce Willis imitation,
complete with MOUTHED SOUND EFFECTS of a machine gun.

TROY
Cool guns!!

BERT
Weapons, soldier.
(pointing at Troy's
rifle, then his crotch)
This is your weapon. This is your
gun. This one's for killing. This
one's for fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDALL

Boy did I get sick of that one in basic.

THUD

All right, all right... As you can see, actions are functional, but barrels are plugged and clips empty, No danger of an accident.

Stan looks at Randall's rifle, barrel dangling almost to the ground.

STAN

Ladies man, I see...

RANDALL

(defensive)

What are you talking about?

STAN

You know... Size matters...

RANDALL

I'm man enough.

MICK

(under his breath)

Village People.

RANDALL

What's that?

MICK

I said, I can't imagine killing people.

RANDALL

Hey, in the service of my country...

STAN

(mock-German)

I vas only obeying ze orders off Mein Fuhrer.

RANDALL

(stamping his foot)

What is it with you guys?!

TROY

Easy, Thumper...

All smile at Troy's name for Randall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN

Hey... We're just having some fun with you. C'mon, buddy, lighten-up. That *is* quite a weapon you've got there.

Randall looks unsure and almost appears to be trying to hide his rifle barrel from view.

THUD

Okay, cut the grab-assing. We're gonna be spending a lot of time together for the next couple of weeks and you guys have got to look like a polished unit, so, let's get you whipped into shape...

MUSIC UP FULL: *MACHO MAN*

EXT. NEAR POLYGAMIST HOUSE LOCATION -- DAY

MONTAGE -- VERY QUICK SHOTS.

Sandy, the picture of confidence, gets a few tips from Penny on the cross-country rhythm.

EXT. HILL -- DAY

The Team slogs up. Randall drags twenty yards behind.

THUD

(calling)

C'mon Thumper, get it in gear.

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND -- DAY

Gadianon Smith teaches several Smith Children how to throw a grenade.

INT. DIRECTOR'S WINNEBAGO -- DAY

The Director frowns, masterfully, as he composes a scene we can't see. First A.D. is noticeably absent.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED PASTURE -- DAY

The Team crawls through the snow with their weapons. Randall gets mud and snow on his glasses.

THUD

Thumper! Chaplain! Get your butts down! You look like centerfolds? Crawl, dammit! Faster!

EXT. FOREST VANTAGE POINT -- DAY

Gadianton Smith spies, through binoculars, from afar.

EXT. NEAR POLYGAMIST HOUSE LOCATION -- DAY

Sandy pushes off with his skis. He moves confidently, at first, until the flat starts to curve into a hill. He realizes with a shock that he has no edges and no ankle support.

INT. DIRECTOR'S WINNEBAGO -- DAY

The Director reaches out to make an adjustment on something.

REVERSE ANGLE

to show CO-STAR STAND-IN posed alluringly. He slightly adjusts her teddy to be a bit more revealing.

INT. SMITH MAIN HOUSE LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Gadianton Smith preaches hellfire from the Bible's *Book of Revelation* to his family.

GADIANTON SMITH

And he opened the bottomless pit;
and there arose a smoke out of the
pit, as the smoke of a great furnace;
and the sun and the air were darkened
by reason of the smoke of the pit.
And there came out of the smoke
locusts upon the earth: and unto
them was given power, as the scorpions
of the earth have power.
And it was commanded them that they
should not hurt the grass of the
earth, neither any green thing,
neither any tree; but only those
which have not the seal of God in
their foreheads.

EXT. HILL -- DAY

Team runs down the hill. Randall lags twenty yards behind.

STAN

(puffing; to Bert)
If Thumper falls and rolls, we're
all done for.

EXT. NEAR POLYGAMIST HOUSE LOCATION -- DAY

Sandy goes ass-over-teakettle with the cross-country skis.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED PASTURE FENCE -- DAY

Team crawls under barbed-wire. Randall gets a scratch.

EXT. MEDIC'S VAN -- DAY

Randall, acting like a hurt little boy gets a Band-Aid from "mother" Penny.

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND -- DAY

Gadianton Smith teaches his son, SETH how to set the trigger on a land mine.

EXT. CATERING MEAL LINE -- DAY

The Team gets butted to the back of another food line. Sandy limps in to join them.

INT. DIRECTOR'S WINNEBAGO -- DAY

Co-Star Stand-in shifts from one allegedly sexy pose to another, to another.

CO-STAR STAND-IN

I'm ready...

Director emerges from behind curtain, dressed as Zorro, and dives onto the bed.

MUSIC ENDS

CROSSFADE:

INT. MEAL TENT -- NIGHT

Tables have been struck, but folding chairs are scattered everywhere. A few pockets of Cast & Crew stand and stamp around glowing propane heaters, trying to keep warm. Our team, as usual, is set apart from the others.

One of the crew members, an ancient, wrinkled Best Boy named ELVIS (think Willie Nelson), has a cheap old guitar, tinny and out-of-tune in the cold, it still somehow provides a bit of warmth. He is PLAYING some old Presley riff. Stan gets up from the Team and moves over to Elvis. A pint of Jim Beam sits on the table.

Elvis nods at Stan.

ELVIS

Help yourself.

Stan hesitates, then takes a swig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN
Guitars and whiskey... Two reasons I
believe in God.

ELVIS
And the Devil, my friend.
(beat)
You play?

STAN
Some.

ELVIS
You're Stan Isaacs, aren't you?

Stan is caught off-guard.

ELVIS
(continuing)
I worked for you, once. Documentary
on the U Medical Center. You were
one arrogant sonovabitch.

STAN
Oh, uh, yeah. Listen, I'm sorry, I
really don't remember, but if I did
anything...

ELVIS
Crazy business, isn't it. You're up,
you're down. Y' can't afford to
burn any bridges. You burn-up your
guts instead. And if you're lucky,
you get to die as far as possible
from the things that got you where
you wanted to be in the first place.

PLAYS an arpeggio major seventh chord.

STAN
(looking upward)
Please, God... Don't let me die as
an extra...

ELVIS
I've seen your work. You'll be back.
After all...
(plastic grin)
That's showbiz!...

Elvis starts PICKING the intro of the EXTRA PAY THEME.

Penny comes over and stands beside Stan. A look passes between
them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN
Got anything of your own?

ELVIS
Nothin's your own, man...

CAMERA DOLLIES

ELVIS
(continuing; singing)
I thought that Hollywood would hand
it all to me...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE: EXTENDED, STUDY-OF-THE-CRAFT FEEL; CONVEYING THE
PASSAGE OF TIME THROUGH THE PRODUCTION, AS DAYS AND NIGHTS
FLOW INTO ONE COMMON MEMORY.

EXT. POLYGAMIST COMPOUND LOCATION -- NIGHT

TRANSPO FUELER DRIVER, his frozen breath silhouetted in the
work lights, re-fuels a picture vehicle.

ELVIS (V.O.)
(singing)
I knew that I was good 'n' fans 'd
pay t' see...

EXT. SCENIC MODEL OF HISTORIC SCHOOLHOUSE -- NIGHT

Full-sized building is visible in b.g.

ELVIS (V.O.)
(singing)
But that was long before those good
times went away...

MODEL BUILDING EXPLODES and BURNS.

ANGLE ON

Director and Crew as a wrap is called for the day.

ELVIS (V.O.)
(continuing; singing)
These days I'm cryin' more for Extra
Pay...

INT. MAKE-UP TRAILER -- NIGHT

The MAKE-UP ARTISTS fastidiously put away their tools and
boxes for the day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (singing)
 Extra Pay, Extra Pay, Y' gotta get
 money but y' wanna go play.

EXT. POLYGAMIST HOUSE LOCATION -- NIGHT

CREW MEMBERS weave an intricate dance as they strike a scene. Bert is unceremoniously ushered away from the set by a LARGE GRIP.

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (singing)
 Y' keep on workin' for that Sunny
 Day and some Extra Pay, yeah, Extra
 Pay.

EXT. MOVIE BASE CAMP -- NIGHT

Penny is handing-out checks, going in six directions at once. She notices Stan, leaning on his rifle, is watching her. She smiles, demurely and hands him his check.

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (singing)
 Well I think that me and you could
 really make a team...

Stan opens the envelope and looks a little nauseous. Penny winks.

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (continuing; singing)
 You think like I do 'n' our thoughts
 are turnin' green...

EXT. CRAFT SERVICES TABLE -- NIGHT

CRAFT SERVICES takes inventory, shopping list in hand.

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (singing)
 It costs a pretty dime to really
 make the scene...

EXT. BEHIND MAKE-UP TRAILER -- DAY

Troy makes-out with Polygamist Wife #5.

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (singing)
 But two together totals more than
 one can dream. Y' dream of...

45 EXT. FOREST RAVINE -- DAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A battered car burns in b.g. Director works with Star and Co-Star to rehearse the touching, "Rachel's Death Scene."

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (continuing; singing)
 Extra Pay, Extra Pay, y'think ya got
 someone but she goes away...

POV SHOTS of Star, then Co-Star, in CLOSEUP, gauzy, heartwrenching gaze, as if at each other, just before 'Rachel' dies.

EXT. CAMERA TRUCK -- NIGHT

Penny is busy with paperwork. Stan catches her eye in passing. Her whole face lights-up.

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (singing)
 Y'keep on searchin' for that Sunny
 Face with your Extra Pay, yeah, Extra
 Pay.

MUSIC BRIDGE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOVIE BASE CAMP -- MORNING

TIME LAPSE SEQUENCE: SUNRISE, SUNSET, SUNRISE, SUNSET

Passage of days.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMITH MAIN HOUSE LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gadianon Smith, the loving husband and father, kneels with his family in a prayer circle.

EXT. POLYGAMIST COMPOUND LOCATION -- DAY

GUNBATTLE SCENE between the Authorities and the Polygamists. Lots of BULLET SQUIBS and BILLOWING SMOKE.

Our Team (except Randall, who still can't keep up) is now performing like a well-oiled machine: crawling, running, jumping, signaling, etc.

At one point, Stan gets to lob a prop concussion grenade that triggers a SPECIAL EFFECTS GAG.

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER -- DAY

Director and Line Producer standing in front of a storyboard while the Team is drinking coffee in b.g.

Director keeps pointing at the storyboard, obviously demanding more coverage.

EXT. NEAR LOCATION HAY-BALE BUNKER -- DAY

Snowmobile Driver, reckless as ever, careens, out-of control, towards the Cast & Crew shooting a scene.

Everybody dives for safety.

EXT. FOREST VANTAGE POINT -- DAY

Gadianton Smith, watches the scene through his binoculars as the Snowmobile Driver falls-off the machine, which continues driverless into the camera dolly.

INT. POLYGAMIST HOUSE LOCATION -- DAY

Director, veins bulging, screams animatedly at the Co-Star. Co-Star turns; Mick, who is closest to her in the scene, smiles sympathetically. She slugs him in the belly.

ELVIS (V.O.)

(singing)

Keep howling at the moon till you
get it right...

EXT. DIRECTOR'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

Director invites a young INGENUUE into his "parlor."

ELVIS (V.O.)

(singing)

Sweet Fame and Fortune just might
shine on you tonight...

INT. MEAL TENT -- NIGHT

Team is unsuccessfully trying to stay warm around a propane heater. They all watch incredulously as LOCATION MANAGER comes, turns the heater off and carries it away.

ELVIS (V.O.)

(singing)

You wonder if you'll win or just
give up the fight...

INT. STAR'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Star slugs a drink and stares at his bloodshot eyes and ever-expanding wrinkles.

ELVIS (V.O.)
 (singing)
 You're scared this mess you're in is
 gonna nail you in spite...

INT. POLYGAMIST LIVING ROOM SET -- NIGHT

Gaffer turns the LIGHTS OFF.

ELVIS
 (singing)
 In spite of Extra Pay, Extra Pay, Y'
 wanna be someone but you're too
 afraid...

DISSOLVE:

INT. MEAL TENT -- NIGHT

This is obviously a different night from when the song started. People are in different wardrobe. Much of the Cast and Crew are crowded around Elvis.

The Hollywood Moment, as we look at the Players -- each face reflecting the price he or she has paid to be in The Biz.

ELVIS
 (singing)
 Just knock 'em dead: Sonny, you got
 it made, 'n' there's Extra Pay, yeah,
 Extra Pay, oh Extra Pay, yeah... I
 wanna be in movies, I wanna be in
 movies... I wanna be in movies, I
 wanna be in moo-vees.

He finishes and all is silent for a few beats. Everyone has felt a little magic, except...

DIRECTOR
 (breaking the mood)
 Well isn't that just dandy... But
 don't quit your day job, Elvis.
 Here, let me see that thing.

He takes the guitar from Elvis and starts to PLAY a very bad rendition of 'Hang On Sloopy.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR

(continuing)

Ha-ang On Sloopy, Sloopy hang-on...

Ha-ang On Sloopy, Sloopy hang-on...

Gaffer rolls his eyes with an 'Oh, brother' look, but from his mouth comes...

GAFFER

Awright!! Let it rock, Charlie.

The rest of the Cast and Crew join-in with Director's encouragement. Some start to SING along.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Moonlight reveals Gadianton Smith and several teenage sons, Seth, ISAIAH and LEMUEL, planting land mines on a stretch of road.

GADIANTON SMITH

Thus sayeth The Lord: And there followed another angel, saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.

SETH

We know, Pa... And Hollywood is the Great Whore that has risen in these latter-days.

ISAIAH

And it's about time the Whore met her Day of Judgment.

Lemuel is the slow one of the group.

LEMUEL

What's a whore, Pa?

GADIANTON SMITH

It's a woman with teeth between her legs, and don't you forget it! You stay away from 'em, hear? All of 'em... until the Lord calls you to take a virgin to wife.

LEMUEL

But what's a virgin? Ain't they both just girls? An' how will we know when the Lord calls. Pa?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISAIAH

You pray, dummy.

LEMUEL

Will the lord send me a virgin?

ISAIAH

The Lord always answers prayers,
doesn't he, Pa?

GADIANTON SMITH

He does. Sometimes the answer is No.

LEMUEL

Well I ain't never heard him say Yes
or No.

ISAIAH

Then you ain't listening, stupid.

LEMUEL

Who you callin' stupid... stupid?

ISAIAH

Stupid...

LEMUEL

I'm rubber, you're glue. Bounces off
me and sticks to you.

GADIANTON SMITH

Silence! Lemuel, this is not the
time for questions. Isaiah, you shall
not provoke your brother. You will
be punished when we return to the
compound.

ISAIAH

Yes, Pa...

GADIANTON SMITH

Tomorrow, the Cleansing begins. We
will be as the Book of Daniel
foretells: like unto a stone, cut
without hands, which smites the Image
that has given the Great Whore sway
over the governments of the earth.
And lo, the image shall be replaced
by the Kingdom of God. Thus sayeth
the Lord.

CUT TO:

INT. MEAL TENT -- NIGHT

The Cast and Crew have continued the sing-along and are now virtually screaming an old folk song:

ALL

(singing)

'Oh y' can't get to Heaven... On roller skates, 'Cause you'll skate right past, them Pearly Gates... Oh y' can't get to Heaven on roller skates 'cause you'll skate right past them Pearly Gates, I ain't-a gonna grieve My Lord no more.'

CHEERS and LAUGHTER from the crowd.

DIRECTOR

(over crowd)

Okay, okay... People... People, this isn't the wrap party. It's been a grueling eighteen days,

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

How would you know, Charlie?...

LAUGHTER.

DIRECTOR

Your wife told me.

FEWER LAUGHS.

DIRECTOR

(continuing)

...Gruelling eighteen days, but it's all over tomorrow.

CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

DIRECTOR

(continuing)

So get outta here. Get some rest. We'll party soon enough for real. Penny, can I see you in my Winnebago, please?

Penny is not pleased. Neither is Stan.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVIE BASE CAMP -- DAY

The weather looks iffy. Meanwhile, lots of activity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Much of the film has already wrapped and we see the process continuing:

Transpo closing-up Winnebagos; Generators being shut down; Honey Wagon being swept out; meal tent coming down; lights loaded onto Grip Truck; Pamela counting wardrobe items with growing anger.

Penny, Thud and the Team stand near several utility vehicles, manned by DRIVERS.

PENNY

Okay, all we need is a few pick-up shots in the forest. Where will you be?

THUD

(evasive-but-nonchalant)
It's a place Charlie and I spotted from the air during the scout. Driver's going to follow me.

PENNY

Think you can wrap by noon?

THUD

Not a problem.

STAN

Aren't you coming?

PENNY

Sorry, I've need to head for town and make sure we've got everything for the party. Ever try to buy liquor in Beaver, Utah?

Troy is about to make a crude pun, but Penny heads him off.

PENNY

(continuing)
Shut-up, Troy. I've already heard it.

Team and Thud start to get into the vehicles. Stan holds back and approaches Penny. Troy observes.

STAN

So... Can I buy you a drink at the wrap party?

TROY

(under his breath)
Go, Leprechaun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENNY

Maybe... Y' might have to fight your way past Charlie, though.

STAN

Well, I've learned a thing or two about fighting on this film. Maybe I'll toss a grenade in his shorts.

PENNY

I'd like that. Yeah, please, come rescue me.

STAN

Deal.

PENNY

Go... Go...!

She shoos him off to join the rest, even as he tries to linger just a hair closer to her.

Stan moves to the Transpo vehicle. There is one last spark between their eyes before he piles-in with the rest of the Team.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

LONG SHOT

Gadianon Smith watches the Team and SECOND UNIT CREW from a distance.

CLOSER

SECOND UNIT CAMERA follows Team members as they creep from tree to tree.

THUD

And, CUT!... Okay, guys, we're wrapped.

Limited CHEERS and APPLAUSE from the Team members. Some back-slapping, hand-shaking, etc.

TROY

So where's our ride?

MICK

It won't be long. Penny really takes care of us.

Thud winces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THUD

Uh, Charlie said not to worry about telling Penny, since she's on Party Detail.

STAN

So we've gotta rely on those messed-up, zoned-out Transpo geeks?...

Thud busies himself with note-making.

TROY

(muttering)

Should've been here twenty minutes ago.

STAN

I am gonna die as an extra.

SANDY

Let me guess... Charlie...

SWAT TEAM

(unison)

...Needed one more shot!

INT. BEAVER LODGE RECREATION HALL -- DAY

The place is rustic, decorated in a make-shift way, with corny trimmings. Director Charlie did not need one more shot, however. In fact, the wrap party is just getting underway. Cast and Crew members are really ready to let off some steam.

Director and First A.D. are arguing.

FIRST A.D.

I'm tellin' ya, we're going to regret cutting that last set-up.

DIRECTOR

We'll edit around it. Storm's coming and there is no way I'm gonna get stuck out in the woods in B.F., Utah.

Co-Star walks by. Suddenly, she is no longer the enemy.

DIRECTOR

(continuing)

But I might as well make the best of it. 'Scuse me...

He starts following Co-Star.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST A.D.

But what about the SWAT Team? They're out there waiting for us right now?

DIRECTOR

And Thud arranged for Transpo t' get 'em back. Anyway, screw 'em. They're extras! Oh Alexandra...

He switches into smooth-talk mode and pursues Co-Star.

DIRECTOR

(continuing)

Sweetie... All is forgiven!... Now aren't you glad I pushed you to get that performance?... I smell Emmy.

Co-Star stops and turns, martini in hand.

CO-STAR

That's not all you smell, is it, Darling?...

DIRECTOR

See? What a team we are! We even think alike.

CO-STAR

My room. One hour. Don't be late or you might find Lazlo in your place.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

The weather is really looking threatening. Thud and the Second Unit Crew have everything, except the SWAT Team and a few provisions, piled into one Jimmy. The Team watches rather dejectedly as the others prepare to leave. Sandy looks fit to be tied.

THUD

I don't know what happened to 'em. Now the battery's crapped on the walkie.

SANDY

What, and nobody carries a cell phone?...

THUD

Out here? You're just gonna have to hang until First Unit arrives or we get back and send Transpo to pick you up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

How about taking us and letting
Transpo bring the equipment?

THUD

Sorry, guys... You know the drill.
It's rented. Can't afford to risk
it if the storm hits.

BERT

But you can risk us.

Mick holds-out his prop weapon.

MICK

At least take these.

THUD

Props?... No can do. Look... You
got your winter gear.

(fishing a bag from
the truck)

Here's all the hand-warmers I got.
We're leaving you with plenty of
drinks and munchies, and chances are
we'll pass Transpo on our way back.
Stay put.

He squeezes into the over-stuffed vehicle, shuts the door
and Second Unit drives-off, leaving a very disgruntled Team.

RANDALL

I hope their engine blows-up.

STAN

Oh that would solve everything.

TROY

Anybody got a deck o' cards?

Of course not. Sandy, however, produces his hip flask.

SANDY

(ironic)

Well... Let the wrap party begin...

He slugs a big one.

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY

The Second Unit Jimmy drives along. A few flakes of snow are
starting to fall.

INT. BEAVER LODGE RECREATION HALL -- DAY

Penny listens, distractedly, to a DRUNKEN CREW MEMBER. She checks her watch.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Snow is falling. The Team sits around on rocks and logs, or stamps around in the snow, trying to stay warm. Randall cinches-up his parka hood until only his nose protrudes.

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY

Snow falls harder, denser. The Jimmy bounces along at a fast clip. It rounds a curve skidding and swerving slightly, as the four-wheel drive battles the snow; it disappears from sight.

THREE BEATS, then a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION with flames and debris flying back INTO VIEW.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

EXPLOSION STILL ECHOES. Snow is getting miserable. Troy turns to Stan.

TROY

You hear that?

STAN

Yeah... Never heard the Jimmy backfire that loud.

INSERT SHOT

A scorched, ripped PANAVISION blimp cover hits the snow.

EXT. FOREST VANTAGE POINT -- DAY

Gadianon Smith is oblivious to the elements as he lowers his binoculars and smiles like an Avenging Angel.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

VARIOUS ANGLES

Of the Team members show that the weather is starting to take its toll. They look cold and worried.

Sandy begins pacing about like a caged animal. Stan watches him closely, wondering just how unstable this guy really is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

I am damn-well not going to just sit here and freeze to death. Somethin's wrong and I, for one, don't want to sit here anymore.

BERT

Look. Thud said stay put. Every survival manual says stay put. We head out and get ourselves really lost, we'll freeze, for sure.

MICK

I agree with Ballroom.

STAN

I'm not so sure. Normally I would, too, but... Guys, you and I both know from the night shoots that the only reason we could last over an hour was the warming tent. We've gotta take shelter, now.

RANDALL

Who do they think they are?
Endangering our lives this way!!...
We've got a good lawsuit.

SANDY

Hey, Perry Mason... Their lawyers eat cases like this for breakfast.

BERT

There was that line in the waiver we signed about providing...

TROY

Nobody cares about that, right now!...
I say we at least hike back to the junction with the main forest road.
We stay with the Jimmy tracks before they disappear completely.

The Team seems to agree, without much further debate.

SANDY

Good thing you jerks saw the light of day.

STAN

Nice working with you too, putz. I sure as shootin' don't want to freeze to death with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Team starts walking down the rapidly disappearing snow track left by the Jimmy.

TROY

Yeah, you might be forced to eat each other to survive.

RANDALL

Are there any Cheetoh's left?

MICK

You really amaze me, you know that?

TROY

I hear Chaplain's grandfather resorted to cannibalism once.

MICK

Watch it...

STAN

Then she returned the favor and they lived happily ever after.

They traipse into the distance.

BERT

A gourmet meal, so I'm told...

MICK

You guys don't let up, do you?

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY

Snowstorm is reaching blizzard proportions now. The Transpo Wagoneer rolls and bounces along toward the forest.

INT. WAGONEER -- DAY

We see that the Snowmobile Driver is at the wheel. It would seem from the SINGING in the vehicle, the party has not diminished much.

SNOWMOBILE DRIVER

(singing)

Oh you can't get to heaven, In a Wagoneer, 'Cause a Wagoneer Will bite your rear...

(speaking)

Twenty-point-five miles on the nose...

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY

The Wagoneer slows and turns onto a nearly obscure set of tracks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Driving the forest path -- bouncing and BELCHING.

SNOWMOBILE DRIVER (O.S.)

(singing)

'I ain't-a gonna grieve my Lord no
more Ain't-a gonna grieve my Lord no
more I ain't-a gonna grie-eeeeve My
Lord no more...'

The vehicle disintegrates into a BALL OF FLAME as it is hit
by a ROCKET...

EXT. FOREST VANTAGE POINT -- DAY

...and Gadianton Smith takes his eye from the rocket launcher
scope.

GADIANTON SMITH

Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord.

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY

One more look at the burning spot that was the Wagoneer.

INSERT SHOT

This time, it's a charred copy of
the call sheet for *POLYGAMY WARS:*
THE BATTLE OF BEAVER MOUNTAIN we see
nestle into its snowy grave.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL -- AFTERNOON

The light is starting to fade, but the blizzard isn't. The
Team halts, abruptly.

STAN

There's another one!

TROY

You think Charlie added some special
effects?

STAN

That was a lot closer than base camp.

BERT

Maybe they're lost and trying to get
our attention.

SANDY

Well I'm not standing around here
debating it.

He trots-off along the trail, followed closely by Randall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The others look at each other, then follow, a bit more reluctantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND -- EVENING

Dusk; or it would be if the furious blizzard would allow anything other than a thick, darkening gray. We vaguely see several dwellings, including one very large home.

There is also a smaller cottage, a barn, several sheds and other structures. Lights are twinkling in the main house, as well as a smaller cottage some distance behind it.

INT. SMITH COMPOUND MAIN HOUSE -- EVENING

Gadianton enters, dusting the snow from his military-issue snowsuit. He removes a stocking cap and surveys the scene:

GADIANTON'S POV

of an idyllic living room scene out of a Norman Rockwell painting except that where one would expect a mother and children near the hearthfire, there are EIGHT WIVES, ranging in age from seventeen to forty-two and TWENTY-NINE CHILDREN, ranging in age from newborn to twenty-five; some at the hearth, some playing simple games that don't involve the sins of video or face cards, some reading scripture, some changing diapers and playing with infants, some sewing, knitting, darning... One is in the kitchen, stirring a kettle on the stove and giving a sample of the steaming broth to a FIVE YEAR-OLD GIRL.

Then BENJAMIN, a boy of twelve, slams a clip and works the action on a bolt. He holds up his toy. It's an old M-1 rifle.

BENJAMIN

Minute twenty-eight seconds, Pa...
My best time yet!

Smith moves to the boy and tousles his hair.

GADIANTON SMITH

Bless you, Benjamin...

CUT TO:

INT. BEAVER LODGE RECREATION HALL -- EVENING

Back at the party, the booze is flowing freely and nobody is thinking much about where any absentees might be -- except Penny. She is sober while the Director is not only drunk, he's a drunk with a prior engagement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENNY

Transpo hasn't brought back the SWAT Team and Second Unit should have checked-in hours ago.

DIRECTOR

Now, now, Darlin'... They're jus' fine. Prob'ly got a better offer. Which reminds me, I...

PENNY

Don't you get it?! This isn't L.A. We're not on a sound stage. People die in blizzards like this.

DIRECTOR

Well, whaddaya want from me?!... Go talk to the Producer. Call the Sheriff. I got places to be.

He staggers-off, sideways. Penny surveys the revelry. Nobody is in any condition to care about a few late arrivals. She grabs her parka and blows-out the door into the storm.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL -- NIGHT

The weather hasn't backed-off one iota. Our guys are tired, cold and worried.

RANDALL

Hey, slow down, willya?

SANDY

C'mon, Thumper. Make like a bunny...

STAN

Randall, y' gotta keep up. We gotta find some shelter, fast.

BERT

This is an excellent opportunity to apply Co-operative Discipline. I suggest we fashion a kind of lean-to, using branches from...

SANDY

(interrupting)

I'd like to fashion your head to a post. Are you planning on gnawing the branches?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERT

Hey Rocky, at least I'm tossing-out more than insults. What about that badass knife of yours?!

TROY

Save your energy, guys.

MICK

Yeah, and take-up praying again.

This falls dead. An awkward moment.

MICK

(continuing)

Look!... Those are lights!

POV TEAM

Sure enough: there is a twinkle of lights downward through the trees.

They all start in that direction, moving as fast as conditions will allow. Randall lags about twenty yards behind.

RANDALL

What am I? A Voice in the Wilderness, here?...

GADIANTON SMITH

(V/O)

...for verily, as God delivered Laban into the hands of Nephi, even so have these Idolators from the Hollywood Babylon been delivered unto us.

INT. SMITH COMPOUND MAIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Smith preaches to an adoring family. The man really is a winning orator. It's not what he says, it's the delivery.

GADIANTON SMITH

And Thus Sayeth the Lord: 'It is better that one man should perish than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief.' These whoremongers are not only killing this nation. Because of them, the blood of my beloved wife, our dear Sister Rachel, was spilled. The only way the murderers can atone is by their own blood being shed. Gird up, sons...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GADIANTON SMITH (CONT'D)

For tomorrow is the beginning of the
Great Awakening. Sister-Wives...
Daughters... Prepare! Trim the wicks!
Break-out the stores!

ZENOS

(calling from a window)

Gad!... Somebody's comin'... They're
armed.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Our Team can be seen slogging up, weapons are visible.

Smith watches like panther. Zenos opens the window a crack.
Smith takes a nearby weapon and cocks it.

GADIANTON SMITH

And I will spew thee out of my
mouth...

(commanding)

Lights!

FLOODLIGHTS flare on. Smith takes aim and FIRES. Randall
goes down.

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND ACCESS ROAD -- NIGHT

RIFLE SHOT is still ECHOING as Randall YELLS hysterically:

RANDALL

I'm hit!!

BERT

What the...!? They're shooting!!!

Another SHOT RINGS OUT and a bullet strikes a puff of snow
right next to them.

TROY

It's these!...

He throws his weapon down. The others fling theirs away.

TROY

(continuing)

Don't shoot! They're not real!!

Another SHOT WHIZZES by.

STAN

Go!!!... GO!! Grab 'im.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stan, Troy and Mick grab Randall and haul him off the road and into the forest shadows. Bert, instead of turning tail, is actually standing full-on to the distant windows of the house, frowning as if trying to melt it with X-ray vision.

SANDY

Bert... No time to be a hero.

He starts to collar Bert, but the man shakes him off and turns his back on the windows, walking resolutely. Another SHOT. We hear the BULLET WHIZZ and SMACK a tree.

SANDY

(continuing)

Dammit!

He tackles Bert. The two scrunch into a pile.

BERT

I didn't know you cared.

SANDY

You don't know squat.

They start crawling, very quickly and deftly, towards the forest.

SANDY

(continuing; chuckling)

Ballroom is right!... Balls. Just plain Balls.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Bert and Sandy reach the rest of the team, crouched around Randall. They are shielded only by a few trees. Troy has ripped-open Randall's pantleg and is applying pressure.

BERT

How's Thumper?

TROY

He'll live...

MICK

What just happened?

BERT

Somebody obviously didn't want an unexpected visit from the authorities.

STAN

I'll tell you what happened. We just met Gadianon Smith.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

His land's miles from here.

STAN

No, it's miles from base camp. *We're*
miles from base camp. Knowing
Charlie...

TROY

You mean that sadistic jerk knew
where he was sending us?!

RANDALL

Excuse me, but I'm still bleeding,
here.

(beat)

What's that? I heard something.

A frozen moment as everyone listens.

STAN

We've gotta get Thumper to...

RANDALL

It's Randall!...

STAN

Whatever... Randall here, to shelter.
Can you walk?

RANDALL

Not bloody likely.

STAN

All right, but we gotta move soon.
Candyman, see what more you can do.
Rocky, let's go take a look around.

Stan and Sandy head out as Troy produces a sanitary napkin
from one of the multitude of pockets on his uniform.
Everybody does a take.

TROY

There's an explanation for this.

He begins daubing the wound.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAVER LODGE RECREATION HALL -- NIGHT

MUSIC BLASTS. Now the party's getting wild. People are
dirty-dancing on the dance floor, and making-out everywhere.
We see a rowdy Conga-line, snaking through the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Co-Star, with a tiny little spoon, is trying feed a white powder to her prop baby.

Stuntmen and Transpo Drivers are comparing tattoos.

RECREATION HALL OWNERS, looking like the couple from the 'American Gothic' painting, stare at the orgy in progress.

MR. OWNER

How much did you say they paid us for this?

MRS. OWNER

Five thousand dollars.

MR. OWNER

The Lord moves in mysterious ways, Alma. Remind me to pay a little extra tithing this month, Dear.

Just then a BUXOM STARLET jumps on his back.

STARLET

C'mon, Zeke, you promised me a piggyback ride. Yee-hah!!

They disappear into the crowd.

MRS. OWNER

It was really eight... loser.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST -- NIGHT

Stan and Sandy move cautiously, but rapidly; looking for anything that would even resemble real shelter.

Sandy, in the lead, turns around to talk.

SANDY

It's no use. We'll just have to pile some dead braaaa---

Sandy loses his balance and disappears, followed by a puff of snow. Stan creeps forward and peers over a small drop to Sandy, about ten feet below.

STAN

Will you be careful? We don't need two...

SANDY

(interrupting)
Look!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stan jumps down beside him where he sees they had been on what appears to be some kind of camouflaged bunker. It has a double padlocked metal door. They both get up and approach, cautiously.

SANDY
(continuing)
What the hell's this?

STAN
Doesn't much matter. I forgot my
blowtorch.

SANDY
Hang on a sec...

Sandy surprises his partner by producing a set of lock-picking tools from his wallet. Stan give him a quizzical look. Sandy shrugs.

SANDY
(continuing)
You pick-up new skills after being
out-of-work for awhile.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN TOWN -- NIGHT

Snow blows and swirls. 'BEAVER POLICE' is emblazoned on the door of a squad car.

CAMERA MOVES

to reveal Penny, resolutely marching up to the door of a house. From within, we hear the MUFFLED SOUND OF A TV.

Penny both RINGS the bell and POUNDS on the door. After awhile, PHILO RICHARDS, Chief of Police, opens the door. Two of Chief Philo's children -- GLORIA and SCOTTY -- appear, peeking around from behind their father.

PENNY
They said I could find you here.
Some of our people are missing.

CHIEF PHILO
Prob'ly serves'm right, knowing your
crew. Well, come in out of the storm
at least. Gloria, Scotty... Go get
your pajamas on.

Penny enters the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER -- NIGHT

Huffing and puffing, the Team hauls Randall into the bunker.

STAN
Who's got light?

Bert flicks his lighter and holds it up. All are dumbfounded.

CAMERA PANS

The arsenal of weapons, ammo, dynamite and other ordinance, as well as survival and first aid gear.

TROY
Jeez! Dowse it, quick!

All goes DARK.

TROY
(continuing)
Did you see all the stuff in here?!
This guy's ready for Armageddon!

SANDY
Probably not far wrong.

MICK
Bingo!

A FLASHLIGHT CLICKS-ON. Then a BATTERY LANTERN.

MICK
(continuing)
All the comforts of home...

BERT
(surveying room)
I'd say this officially puts us in
over our heads.

RANDALL
Are they coming for us?

BERT
I doubt they're going to forget
anytime soon.

STAN
(holding a flamethrower)
Well, at least this evens the odds a
bit.

Sandy finds a large first aid kit, brings it to Randall and sets about working on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Randall takes some comfort from Sandy's concern. Neither acknowledges it in words.

TROY

We need to find out what's happening.
Somebody's gotta go back out.

MICK

Thanks, but I gave blood this month.

BERT

I'll go.

SANDY

Hey Balls... You got a death wish
or somethin'?

Troy selects a handgun, rifle and ammo. He tosses Bert an Ouzi and an extra clip.

TROY

Look, we need to keep ahead of this
guy. He caught us off guard once.
I'd say, we've had our lucky break.

He moves to the door with Bert.

TROY

(continuing)

Don't worry, everybody gets a turn.
Keep a candle in the window.

RANDALL

But that would...

SANDY

Shut-up, Thumper.

He pours some disinfectant on the wound.

RANDALL

(whimpering)

I don't wanna be Thumper. Wow!...
Take it easy, willya?

TROY

I'd say you guys have the worse duty.

He and Bert go outside.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH COMPOUND MAIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

A silent vigil is underway. Well-armed Family Members occupy positions at all windows and doors. FLOODLIGHTS illuminate the blizzard continuing outside.

ISAIAH

Well I say it was the ATF.

LEMUEL

FBI

ISAIAH

ATF!

LEMUEL

FBI! Wasn't it, Pa!

GADIANTON SMITH

No, someone far more dangerous. They were actors! Minions of the Great Whore: She, who gloats over the sacrifice of her own brood; even Hollywood.

LEMUEL

You havin' a revelation, Pa?

GADIANTON SMITH

The government officials *will* come, my sons, but they will be struck dumb as the trump sounds and the Savior returns, not with an olive branch, but with a sword. Go to your beds, children. Wives, to the Circle. Know you are safe this night, the very eve of destruction. Angels have their work to do. I will stand as sentry.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST NEAR SMITH COMPOUND -- NIGHT

The wind is lessening and the FLOODLIGHTS reveal, the snowflakes are getting bigger as Troy and Bert creep, silhouetted, INTO VIEW.

TROY

'Kay, I'm gonna move around back. Keep watch up here.

BERT

I don't think it's wise to split up. We don't know how many there are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

Ball-man, you're a great guy, but you'll just slow me down. So chill here or head back.

BERT

Listen: we'll meet back at the bunker in thirty minutes. No more! And no heroics!

And Troy is gone.

BERT

(continuing)
Chill is right...

Bert does a masterful run-tuck-and-roll under the perimeter fence and into the shadows of a small building. He listens, tense, and inches towards a dark window. After a few tense moments, he determines it is unmanned.

Creeping beneath it, he peeks around the corner at the Main House. He creeps a few more yards toward the main dwelling.

EXT. BACK OF SMITH COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Meanwhile, Troy sneaks-up on a small cabin a hundred yards or so behind one of the main dwellings. FIREGLOW. He peers in, cautiously.

POV SHOT

The woman-child, VANESSA, he sees is a vision of beauty. She is brown-skinned, probably Hispanic, in her late-teens. Her long black hair cascades down her back as she removes a bobby pin. She wears only a flannel nightgown. In wood stove and lantern light, she applies a silky lotion, anointing her bronze skin, lost in thought.

ANGLE ON TROY

This is too much for him. He bursts through the door, weapon raised.

INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

The girl makes a move for a nearby fire poker, but he stops her. They struggle. He subdues her, covering her mouth to prevent a scream. His face inches from hers, their eyes truly meet for the first time. Something in her softens. Her look says, "I will not scream." Slowly, he removes his hand, ready to clamp it back if she changes her mind.

TROY

I promise I won't hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

(defiant)

I've heard that before. If The Revelator catches you here...

TROY

The Revelator?...

VANESSA

Gadianton Smith.

TROY

Your father?

VANESSA

My husband.

TROY

Husband!? How old are you?

VANESSA

Seventeen.

TROY

Who-o-oo!...

VANESSA

So, Gad's begun the war...

TROY

War?

VANESSA

My husband thinks God is working through him to usher in the Second Coming.

TROY

You don't sound convinced.

VANESSA

I'm convinced he's crazier than a bull on loco weed.

TROY

Why'd you marry him?

VANESSA

As if I had a choice. I was a 'gift' to him from my devoted parents.

(beat)

Better go call your troops. He hates Feds and you're no match for him alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

I'm a movie extra. This is just wardrobe.

Vanessa is cynical, yet a bit awe-struck.

VANESSA

(ironic)

Wow! A minion of the Great Whore. In that case you're really dead. He hates Hollywood worse than the Government.

TROY

What's your name?

VANESSA

Vanessa. AKA Wife number nine.

TROY

(whistles)

He's got nine wives?

VANESSA

Eight, if you only count the obedient ones.

TROY

So why don't you leave him? Run away!

VANESSA

You don't think I've tried? Why do you think I'm banished out here? I'm his prisoner!

TROY

I don't see any chains.

VANESSA

He saves those for his lovemaking.

TROY

You don't seem too abused.

VANESSA

(bitter)

What do you know about abuse!? He'd hunt me down and beat me. He's done it before.

(beat)

Take me with you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

Oh no... I've got enough trouble without inviting you along. Your Revelator just wounded one of my buddies.

VANESSA

Where are your friends?

TROY

We found an ammo bunker...

VANESSA

Uh-huh... He's got them all over the property. Look. I grew up around here. I know this land. I can help you get away.

(tearing-up)

Please... I'm afraid he's going to kill me. He's getting worse. He gets these "fits of the Spirit." At least, that's what the family calls them.

She moves even closer to Troy. She reaches out and caresses his chest with her hand.

VANESSA

(continuing)

Please... I'll do anything. I saw how you looked at me.

Troy is torn. This woman-child tempts him sorely.

TROY

I... I can't...

VANESSA

(petulant)

Then my blood will be on your hands.

She moves away, but then turns. Suddenly, she is upon him, kissing him passionately. They melt to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER -- NIGHT

Bert ENTERS suddenly. The others jump, including Sandy who points and nearly fires his rifle.

BERT

(dropping)

Jeez!... Rocky!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sandy catches himself but does not apologize.

SANDY
You know better than that, man.

STAN
He's right, Balls.

BERT
Candy isn't back?!

MICK
You left him out there?!

BERT
We agreed on meeting back here in 30 minutes. Smith clan appears to be waiting-out the storm.

Sandy grabs Bert's arm.

SANDY
What is with you, man?! Who you suitin'-up for? Them or us?

BERT
Get your hands off me, mister. Now!

In a quick move, Bert sweeps Sandy's arms and they both square-off. Tableau. Finally...

STAN
Guys... Look, we're all jumpy, okay? But we gotta have everybody. So where did you guys split-up and how long ago?

Bert and Sandy relax and both take a breath.

BERT
Thirty-...
(checking watch)
...Two minutes ago at the north perimeter. Let's give him fifteen minutes more as weather contingency.

SANDY
Y' sound like the frickin' First A.D.

He attempts a smile. Bert does likewise.

BERT
How's our patient?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK

We're seriously thinking of putting
him out of our misery.

RANDALL

Hey! Have you ever been shot?

MICK

Bite me.

RANDALL

Oh, nice talk, *Brother* Callahan...
I thought I could respect you as a
Church Member.

MICK

(beat - grabs his
crotch)

Respect this member...

All LAUGH except Randall.

O.S. a DOG BARKS.

GADIANTON SMITH

(O.S. calling)

Gabriel!!

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

The flannel nightgown lays in a jumbled pile. Vanessa sits
bolt upright, grabbing it and covering herself.

Troy is semi-clad.

VANESSA

He's coming! Gabriel always lets me
know.

Troy and Vanessa scramble to dress.

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Smith approaches, rifle on his shoulder. Gabriel the German
Shepherd romps around him.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

The fumbling for clothes. Fortunately for the pair, it's a
long walk for Smith and the snow is getting deep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unfortunately, there is only one door to the cabin and it faces Smith's approach.

Troy is peering out the door, Vanessa behind him.

VANESSA

Come back for me... Please...

TROY

Looks like I may never leave you again.

Smith is getting perilously close; Gabriel takes-off and starts to run for the cabin, when

LEMUEL

(O.S. - calling)

Pa!... Pa?!

Smith stops and turns around, fuming. He calls back:

GADIANTON SMITH

What is it?

Troy sees his chance and makes a crouched run for it. Vanessa remains, standing in the doorway.

LONG SHOT OF MAIN HOUSE.

LEMUEL

(tattling)

Isaiah says that with Sister Vanessa you're trying to turn a whore into a virrrrr-ginnnn...

BACK TO SMITH.

He explodes.

GADIANTON SMITH

SILENCE!!!

Smith turns and trudges towards the cabin, taking his time. He approaches the awaiting Vanessa. The dog, romping around them, has destroyed any sign of Troy. At one point, he starts to follow a scent, but Vanessa calls him back, just before Smith reaches her.

VANESSA

Here Gabriel!... C' mon, Gabe...
Good dog.

Composing herself, she looks at Smith seductively, maintaining his eye contact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

(continuing)

Hello, Gad...

(sexy-but-ironic)

Have you come to teach me another lesson?

He halts before her. His eyes are on fire. He sniffs the air like a goat in May. Her funk drives him mad. He flings her backward into the cabin and onto the bed, tearing at her nightgown. Gabriel quickly settles down in a corner.

EXT. BACK OF CABIN -- NIGHT

Through the window, we see Troy watching as Gadianton begins his rough concept of foreplay.

INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

CLOSE-UP VANESSA

She catches sight of Troy. 'Come back for me,' her eyes plead.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF RICHARDS HOME -- NIGHT

Penny is angry. The Chief looks skeptical.

CHIEF PHILO

I'm sorry miss, but you can't really expect me to believe they're not just somewhere partying.

PENNY

This isn't exactly a party town, Chief.

CHIEF PHILO

Not till your crew showed-up. Give it till morning.

PENNY

They may not make it till morning.

CHIEF PHILO

You movie people are so melodramatic.

PENNY

Can we please cut through the stereotypes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF PHILO

(sniffs)

Your bunch is out here making a network movie about an excommunicated renegade polygamist and you're talking to me about stereotypes! My dinner's getting cold.

PENNY

Look, Chief, I'm not the enemy. I grew up in Provo. I live up in Oakley now... And I'm telling you, these are good men. Most are residents of the state. Of the eleven, only two are what you'd call partiers. But if any of them are out in this, they won't last the night... And nobody deserves to die like that.

CHIEF PHILO

Bullfeathers! I usually spend an entire weekend out in weather like this every deer hunt. You said they were outfitted well. Perhaps the boys were hoping for something a bit more intimate.

Penny's disgust is obvious.

PENNY

Really...

CHIEF PHILO

Have you checked each and every one of their hotel rooms?

PENNY

(totally frustrated)

Arrggh! Will you please pull your head out!

But the Chief is infuriatingly calm. He hands Penny a picture of himself and another man, in a suit, at a political victory rally.

CHIEF PHILO

To be honest, miss, it might have helped a bit if your director hadn't insulted our Mayor.

PENNY

That's what this is about!? That issue was settled before we ever started shooting...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF PHILO

In your opinion, maybe. But the Mayor doesn't like bein' made a fool of. How much do you think my job'd be worth if I spent the community's hard-earned tax dollars mounting an expensive search for a bunch of actors and roustabouts only to find them having sausage races in somebody's room.

PENNY

Oh please...

He rises and begins escorting Penny to the door.

CHIEF PHILO

Now you just go back to the party and have a good time. Not too good, mind you. I don't want to have to come break it up. If they're not around by mid-morning, we'll get the Sheriff to organize a search.

PENNY

You're making a big mistake.

CHIEF PHILO

If that's a fact, I'll deal with it as best I can. Bundle up. It's cold out there...

He closes the door on her. Immediately his kids are swarming around him. Little Gloria looks up at him with big eyes.

GLORIA

Daddy?...

CHIEF PHILO

What is it, Gloria?

GLORIA

Can we go to the sausage races, too?... Please...

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER -- NIGHT

Randall is caressing the flame-thrower like a lover. The rest of the team looks bored to tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDALL

And just when we thought he was a gonner, he fires-up one of these babies and buys us enough time to make the chopper...

STAN

Sure, sure... We saw it too. One of Chuck Norris's better performances.

Randall looks guilty.

RANDALL

This was not a movie! That's how it happened.

MICK

You really don't expect us to buy that bull, do ya?

Sandy, however, comes in on Randall's side.

SANDY

Hey, Chapel... I've seen bigger wimps than him... and some of 'em turned into pretty decent soldiers.

(beat)

Once y' taught 'em to kill... Right, Randall?

STAN

(a la Schwarzenegger)

Maybe ve should call you Ah-nold, instead of Thumper.

RANDALL

I was serving my country!

SANDY

(aside, to Randall)

It's okay, man... I know what it's like to be the guy everybody takes a pot-shot at.

They exchange a look. Randall isn't quite certain what it is he sees in Sandy's.

Sandy gets up and starts inventorying the supplies in the bunker. He discovers white combat snow-shell clothing amidst the stash and holds a piece up.

SANDY

(continuing)

Just like shopping at Mr. Mac's...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A KNOCK at the door: two short, pause, one more. Everyone tenses. Troy opens it a crack.

TROY (O.S.)
It's me. It's cool.

He pokes his head in, then ENTERS.

SANDY
Out for a little stroll, Candy?

TROY
Sorry. But I got lots of info, so it was worth it. I met one of his wives!

STAN
Not sure I wanna hear this...

TROY
She's seventeen.

MICK
Ouch!

CUT AWAY TO SANDY

As he discovers a bottle of tequila squirreled away.

TROY (O.S.)
And, she's a rebel. Says he's got these bunkers all over the property. She can help. We gotta go back for her.

RANDALL (O.S.)
Are you nuts!!?!

BERT (O.S.)
Bad form, Candyman. She was probably willing to say anything.

TROY (O.S.)
She's not like that. I'm not leaving her behind.

SANDY
Yeah, it's her *behind* you're not leaving.
(produces the bottle)
Well, here's to ya... Looks like ol' Gadianton isn't a strict teetotaller.
(takes a slug)
Anybody else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Randall looks tempted, but doesn't want to appear hypocritical.

RANDALL
I'm not sacrificing my values just because of a flesh wound.

Bert looks concerned.

BERT
Why don't we just stow the booze for now?

STAN
Is she in danger?

TROY
Smith came. I got away just in time. Guy's an animal.

SANDY
Maybe she likes it rough.

Troy shoots him a venomous glance.

MICK
Why didn't ya take him out then and there?

TROY
Not with his German Shepherd standing guard.

RANDALL
You had a weapon.

TROY
He might have hurt her first. Hey, it was a judgment call. But I *am* going back. Who's with me?

STAN
I'll go. We can't leave her there.

MICK
I'm sorry, but I'm not geared for these heroics. I just wanna get out alive.

RANDALL
Amen.

SANDY
She's not my problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes another pull or two on the bottle.

BERT
Go easy on that. We need your wits.

SANDY
Listen, *old man*, I know when to quit
an' I'm not even close.

All eyes go to Bert. He contains himself. Sandy SNORTS and withdraws with the bottle.

STAN
Well, Candyman, I guess it's up to
you and me.

BERT
Unacceptable. We're either all in
or all out. Rocky... Come on, man.
You pulled me out of harm's way.
Now I'm returning the favor... Put
down the bottle!

SANDY
I'll tell you how we stick together.
We wait for the storm to break, and
we make a run for it. We don't go
back for some wet dream of Candy's.

Troy is on him in a flash. The bottle falls and breaks, but even as Troy reaches out to collar Sandy, the reaction is so fast that before Troy knows what has happened, he is pinned with the badass knife at his throat.

SANDY
(continuing)
Don't move on me. Ever!

BERT
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa... Get a grip,
guys!...

Sandy releases Troy with a shove.

SANDY
Waste of a good bottle...

MICK
And just how are we supposed to haul
Thumper around while we rescue the
girl.

STAN
We don't. One of us 'll hold the
fort here with Thumper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDALL

Randall.

STAN

Whatever. How's the bleeding?

RANDALL

About stopped, but it hurts like heck.

STAN

All right. Rocky, you're the closest thing to a field medic and you know ordinance, so you stay with Randall. You guys can load and prep while we go for the girl.

SANDY

And if Smith shows up?...

STAN

Give 'im a taste of his own ammo.

Mick stands up to pace around.

MICK

I can't believe you're actually considering risking our necks for a total stranger.

STAN

What *would* you risk your neck for, Mick?...

MICK

Me?

STAN

Ever thought about it?

Mick thinks about it.

MICK

My kids, if I ever live to have any.

STAN

Yeah. Kids are worth it. What else?

MICK

Not much else.

STAN

Who can blame you, right? Me?... I was always the man with the camera.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN (CONT'D)

A video voyeur -- the guy who recorded the blood, sweat and tears of others, but from a distance.

(beat)

This girl... What's she to us?

MICK

Look, I'm sure she's a very nice person, but if it's a question between my life and hers -- and it is...

STAN

You're missing my point. I have no idea about the girl. But I do know Candy's going back... I'm *not* gonna let him go alone.

(beat)

Something happened over the last two weeks. Thud, and even that sonovabitch Charlie, made us into a unit. I'm really part of a team. I'd do it for you. I'd even do it for Rocky, jerk that he is sometimes... I am doing it for Troy.

(beat)

Sorry... No more speeches.

Nobody has much to say to that. Finally,

MICK

Well... as a great man once said, 'They'll probably shoot at you and hit me.'

(resigned)

I'm in.

BERT

(to Sandy)

Can we count on you two to keep us armed?...

SANDY

If y' live that long.

BERT

Randall?

This is Randall's moment of truth. He's wounded. He's scared spitless and he's still not sure about the way Sandy keeps looking at him.

RANDALL

I'll be praying for ya... For us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Sorry I can't do more.

(beat)

And I guess you can call me Thumper...
Ballroom.

He smiles, a little tentatively. Bert breaks into a grin and nods.

BERT

You got it, Thumper.

STAN

Is this a Tom Selleck moment, or
what?

LAUGHTER breaks the mood.

MICK

So what's the plan?

BERT

First, we secure the perimeter...
For now at least, the storm is our
friend. We have to be ready before
it breaks, though.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE -- MORNING

The storm has abated, but only slightly. The sky is growing lighter gray.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE -- MORNING

Penny and the Producer enter.

PRODUCER

Why wasn't I notified.

PENNY

Where were you to be notified?

PRODUCER

Never mind.

Chief Philo and a DEPUTY SHERIFF are right behind. From their uniforms, we can tell they are under different jurisdictions.

CHIEF PHILO

I'm telling ya...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF PHILO (CONT'D)
they're just hungover and they'll
come back, waggin' their tails behind
'em, perish the thought.

PRODUCER
Maybe so, but it takes time to mount
a search and I want us prepared.
What's your search plan?

DEPUTY SHERIFF
County's arranging to transport the
search teams. Sheriff himself is
seeing to it. Help if we knew where
they were filming.

PENNY
Charlie left that up to our Second
Unit Director.

PRODUCER
And neither you nor Milos was party
to the information?

PENNY
Sorry, I was on the Wrap Brigade.

PRODUCER
He didn't tell anybody?

PENNY
Guess not.

PRODUCER
Where *is* Charlie?

PENNY
I've got Milos out looking for him.
Alexandra said he left her room before
midnight. We've got it narrowed to a
blonde, a brunette and a redhead.

PRODUCER
(beat)
Brunette.

PENNY
Fifty bucks says redhead.

PRODUCER
Two hundred.

PENNY
You're on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY SHERIFF
 (looking out window)
 Storm's about down to one more big
 push... and here they come.

Director walks in, hungover, with a REDHEAD, hungover,
 followed by First A.D.(Milos). Penny's expression says 'Pay
 up.'

DIRECTOR
 (noticing law officers)
 Look, I told the Owners I'd cover
 the damage to the room.

PENNY
 Our people never made it back last
 night.

DIRECTOR
 You brought me down here because a
 couple of extras went AWOL?

PENNY
 And your Second Unit *and* a driver!

DIRECTOR
 (vaguely remembering)
 They're missing too?... What about
 the equipment?

Others GROAN. Director gets the point.

DIRECTOR
 (continuing)
 I-I mean, how well-equipped were
 they in this blizzard?

PENNY
 As well as your budget would allow.

DIRECTOR
 Hey, I'm the Director. I don't worry
 about budgets.
 (to Redhead)
 Do I, baby?

Director and Redhead make goo-goo eyes. Penny rolls hers.

DIRECTOR
 (continuing)
 But why drag me here?

DEPUTY SHERIFF
 Where were they shooting?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR

(evasive)

Second Unit stuff. I left that up to Thud.

PENNY

And he didn't tell anybody. That's not like him...

DIRECTOR

Well, we've all been working a lot of long, hard hours. Maybe he just forgot.

CHIEF PHILO

Please think again. If we know where to search, there may still be a chance.

DIRECTOR

(shrugs)

Could be anywhere.

Director and Redhead rise to leave.

DIRECTOR

(continuing)

Now if you'll excuse us, I've got some packing to do. C'mon, Darlin'.

PRODUCER

You're not going to help?

DIRECTOR

Sorry, I start prep on a new gig tomorrow.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Real humanitarian.

REDHEAD

I hope they didn't trespass on the Smith land.

DIRECTOR

(interrupting)

Now don't you worry your pretty little red head about it. Last one in the car doesn't get an audition...

They exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN -- MORNING

Gad Smith comes out of the cabin, still cinching-up his breeches and donning his winter coat. He swaggers back toward the main house: king of the roost. Gabriel romps along in front, oblivious to the storm.

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND PERIMETER -- MORNING

Troy, Stan, and Mick, wearing the newly-discovered snowshells, converge from different directions at a point on the perimeter of the polygamist compound just as the storm redoubles its fury.

MICK

Where's Ballroom?

STAN

He had an idea, said to give him ten minutes.

The Team can vaguely see Smith's slow trek back to the house, where lights are starting to wink on. The house is astir.

TROY

Looks like he's had his jollies.
Can't I just shoot him now?

STAN

Let's just get the girl.

Bert materializes from the blizzard and joins the group.

MICK

Where were you?

BERT

That would ruin the surprise.

TROY

(looking quizzical)
Yeah, yeah...
(beat)

Okay, here's your best angle. If they come, keep 'em diverted long enough for Leprechaun an' me to get her out.

BERT

What if we need to get your attention fast?

STAN

Guess you can always start shooting.
That'll get our attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bert just smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH COMPOUND MAIN HOUSE -- MORNING.

Gad Smith comes indoors, shaking off the snow. His brother, ZENOS and a small army of their SONS, including Seth, Isaiah, Benjamin and Lemuel make ready to search the property for intruders. They are well-outfitted and well-armed.

GADIANTON SMITH

It's a glorious day, Brethren. Gird up your loins.

LEMUEL

What're loins, Pa?

ISAIAH

They're your privates, dummy.

LEMUEL

I'm not wearin' a girdle for nobody.

ZENOS

Show some respect, Lem.

GADIANTON SMITH

It's a figure of speech, son. Today... you become a man. Today, you are as the Sons of Ammon, prepared to fight in service of your God.

ISAIAH

We're gonna go kick some Gentile butt, ain't we, Pa!

Gad looks especially self-righteous.

GADIANTON SMITH

We are but instruments in the Master's hand. Hosannah!!

ALL

HOSANNAH!!

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE -- MORNING

Producer, Penny, Chief Philo and Deputy Sheriff remain. There is a map spread out before them.

PRODUCER

Who's Anna?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY SHERIFF

She's that redhead was just in here.
I think she's got a point. If they
went anywhere near Smith property,
they could be in deep ka-ka.

PENNY

Ka-ka?...

CHIEF PHILO

Deputy, I know this search is County
jurisdiction, but sending a team of
men out there to get shot at by those
lunatics, unless we've got something
more concrete to go on, is a ticket
out of law enforcement.

He puts a familiar arm around the youthful Deputy.

CHIEF PHILO

(continuing)

Think about it, Danny.

(to Producer)

Much more likely they're in the hills
to the east. Storm was brewing
yesterday. Your guy would want to
buy as much time before it hit as he
could.

(indicating map)

I'll start here with one team and
work our way around to here. The
Sheriff will start his team here and
join up with us, while Deputy Russell,
here, coordinates from the base-point.
We'll search toward Smith property
and get as close as we dare, but
nobody sets foot on his land until
we have a court order. Let's hope
that is not necessary.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND PERIMETER -- MORNING

Bert and Mick, meanwhile, see their worst fears are about to
come true: out of the main house, comes the psyched-up, in-
bred army of Gadianon Smith. Some mount snowmobiles, others
climb in snow cats. Some are on foot.

Gadianon and Zenos get into a military jeep. They head-out
in the general direction of the ammo bunker.

MICK

Man...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK (CONT'D)

If they're going for munitions, Rocky and Thumper are sitting ducks.

BERT

Guess we'll have to draw them off.

MICK

And how are we going to do that?

BERT

All arranged, my good man. Pull this...

He extends his index finger.

MICK

Very funny...

BERT

Go ahead... Pull it!

After an 'are you crazy?' look, Mick does what he's told.

Suddenly, the vacant building in the compound EXPLODES into toothpicks. Bert smiles and holds up a tiny detonator transmitter and wiggles his bushy eyebrows like Groucho.

The Smith army, just barely out of range of the blast, scurries mindlessly about like a swarm of ants after a firecracker has blown-up their antbed.

MICK

You got all the way over there while we were rigging!?

BERT

Gotta do what y' gotta do. I think it's time we head for point B.

They head out, keeping low.

MICK

Did I miss the meeting where we voted to start blowing things up?

They disappear in the whiteness.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER -- DAY

Sandy peers out through a crack in the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

Sounds like they're drawing 'em away.
I hear some shouting.

RANDALL

Is it getting closer?

SANDY

Farther-off.

Randall returns to loading clips and ammo belts.

RANDALL

Anyway, as I was saying, they had four of my buddies pinned-down in a bunker a lot like this, except desert, and I only had two rounds left. But I didn't win my sharpshooter status for nothing. I took my time. I drew a bead and waited. Waited until I knew I had a kill. Waited until I could literally see the trajectory the round was going to take. Waited until...

SANDY

Will you shut up, already? I don't care what kind of legend you are in your own mind.

Randall clamps his mouth. Sandy as paces about, listens at the door, prepares weapons, inspects those already prepared. Finally...

RANDALL

Y'know, I've watched you ever since day one. Why such a big chip on your shoulder?

SANDY

Why such a big mouth on your face?

RANDALL

I'm on your side, remember? So are the other guys.

SANDY

They all hate me, or hadn't you noticed.

RANDALL

Is that what you really think? It's your attitude they hate, not you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY
Same difference.

RANDALL
What you're feeling about them is
really how you feel about yourself.

SANDY
(sarcastic)
And where did you get your PhD?

RANDALL
Stanford, actually.

SANDY
Oh.

An awkward pause.

RANDALL
I hope those guys know what they're
doing. They really need your
experience out there.

SANDY
People don't listen to me.
(beat)
It's why I washed-out of the Seals.

Randall gets the picture.

RANDALL
Oh... I see.

SANDY
Do you?...

RANDALL
Why don't you tell me about it?

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFFS OFFICE -- DAY

The SEARCH AND RESCUE TEAM makes final preparation to move-out. Penny is angry again. Chief Philo and the Deputy look dug-in on the issue:

PENNY
What do you mean?! Of course I'm
going out with the search team!

CHIEF PHILO
I said we'll handle it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF PHILO (CONT'D)

Go back to the hotel and get some rest. We'll notify you.

PENNY

But...

CHIEF PHILO

No buts. I can have you detained.

Penny frowns but remains silent. Chief Philo mounts into a vehicle with one of the S/R Teams.

PENNY

Remind me never to get lost around Beaver.

CHIEF PHILO

Amen, Sister.

The Deputy smirks. The Search and Rescue Team starts pulling-out.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Philo's just an old cop set in his ways.

(beat)

You wanna go search?

PENNY

What d' you think?!

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Look. I gotta haul this first batch out to Cove Fort. Then I'm supposed to hold down the office. I'll be back in forty-five minutes.

PENNY

But won't you get in trouble?

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Which is more important, my troubles or your crew?

PENNY

Wow, a real human.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

We're all human, Miss. Even Gad Smith. "He's not really bad, he's just drawn that way."

PENNY

Roger Rabbit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY SHERIFF

One of the great allegories of our
time. Relax. See you soon.

He moves to his S/R vehicle and drives-off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND -- DAY

The storm has abated somewhat. The Smith party, armed to the hilt, sets-out again; minus Gadianton and Zenos.

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY

Up the road a piece, Bert and Mick create six sets of obvious footprints that lead to a tripwire attached to concussion grenade. They move off to set another boobytrap.

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

Stan and Troy approach the cabin in the best guerrilla fashion, keeping an ever-vigilant eye towards the main house.

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- DAY

A trio of Smiths has spotted the footprints. One points in the direction they lead. They mount their snowmobiles and go roaring off the road. The leader hits the tripwire and all are BLOWN-OFF, unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. PENNY'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Penny is just stepping out of the shower, wrapped in a towel, with a towel-turban on her head and looking very serene and refreshed. There is a KNOCK on the door. Her serenity cracks a bit.

PENNY

Deputy, could you give me five
minutes? I'll meet you in the lobby.

Then a POUNDING. She jumps, but opens the door. There stands Director Charlie. He strolls right in.

DIRECTOR

Hel-lo, Darlin'. Seems to me you
and I still have a little unfinished
business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENNY

Charlie, I told you I was going to file a grievance with the Guild if you kept it up.

DIRECTOR

That's all I'm askin' you to let me do: keep it up.

He grabs her waist and pulls her in.

PENNY

You're right. A grievance just won't do it justice.

With no further warning, she pushes back and slugs him. Charlie does a full-Sequoia to the floor. Glass jaw. Penny's gig bag sits open in a corner. Spotting a roll of gaffer's tape, she smiles to herself.

Director's surprised expression somehow remains on his unconscious face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENNY'S HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

The Director looks very peaceful, but we can tell he has been moved. He winces, frowns and groggily starts to come to. Something isn't right.

PENNY (O.S.)

Good, you're alive. I'll be gone for awhile. I'm leaving the TV on for you and I've told Housekeeping not to disturb you.

NEW ANGLE

reveals what is wrong. Penny has him hog-tied with his rear-end pressed to the window.

DIRECTOR

What th'...?! HELP!!!...

PENNY (O.S.)

I told them you were a working on a new script and it was death to anybody who disturbed you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON PENNY

PENNY

(continuing)

Remember how glad you were when I
told you I spoke Spanish?

She EXITS.

DIRECTOR

(calling)

This is a gag, right? Ha, ha...
Come on, you guys... I know you're
all outside that door.

(long beat)

All right, Penny, you win... I'll
leave you alone. Penny!...

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN -- DAY

Vanessa quickly opens and closes the door as Troy and Stan
steal inside.

VANESSA

I knew you'd come back.

TROY

So why aren't you ready?

They look longingly at each other.

VANESSA

No clothes, no shoes. Less chance
I'd run away.

STAN

Damn!

TROY

All right. Stan, stay with her.
I'll go get her some gear.

He pulls Vanessa close and kisses her, desperately.

STAN

Maybe I should go...

TROY

I'm faster. You keep watch. If I'm
not back in fifteen minutes, get
outside and wait another fifteen in
the woods out back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN

What about Vanessa?

VANESSA

Gad's had his way. He won't be back
till he wants it again.

He moves to the door. Stan checks out the window, sees nothing
and nods.

TROY

Fifteen minutes, max...

He opens the door. There stand Gadianton and Zenos, both
holding shotguns, cocked and ready.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

The snow has finally stopped for good. Bert and Mick kneel
at the top of a small gully cliff. There, the snow has
drifted into a small cornice. They have just rigged their
second trap. We can tell they're getting into their duty.
This one is a bit more creative. Both take refuge.

MICK

Looks like we're none too soon...

Six Smiths come INTO VIEW. As they creep forward, one of
them, Seth, is SINGING:

SETH

(singing)

'Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to
thee...'

(calling)

Come on, Sinners. 'Olly-olly oxen
free.' Time to meet your Maker...

Our guys trigger a small AVALANCHE. Two Smiths are buried.
Four escape by a hair. One of them spots Bert and Mick making
their getaway through the settling snow.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAVER HOTEL CORRIDOR -- DAY

HISPANIC HOUSEKEEPER pushes a cart past the Director's room.
She is startled by:

DIRECTOR

(O.S.)

Dammit!!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Will somebody call the Front Desk
 and come untie me! Help!!
 Somebody!... Doesn't anybody habla
 English! H-e-e-e-l-l-l-lp!

She shakes her head and moves down the corridor.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-15 NEAR BEAVER -- DAY

Penny, in a 4x4, hauls a snowmobile trailer with two snowmobiles up the road as fast as conditions will allow.

She looks in her rear view mirror. Damn!

POV SHOT

Deputy Sheriff's lights flash and he WHOOPS on the SIREN a couple of times.

Penny drives on.

Deputy Sheriff pulls along side and motions Penny over.

She shakes her head. He pulls in front of her and applies his brakes, almost causing her to lose the trailer in a fishtail. They pull over and Penny jumps-out, raging.

PENNY
 Wanting more dead on your hands!?

DEPUTY SHERIFF
 Thought you were going to wait for me.

PENNY
 Were you going to help me check out the Smith property?

DEPUTY SHERIFF
 We just can't go blundering in.

PENNY
 But I know that's where they are!

DEPUTY SHERIFF
 And how do you know that?

PENNY
 Because I know Charlie.

The Deputy thinks it over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY SHERIFF

My gut says you're right. But where...?

PENNY

A location I scouted with him. Middle of nowhere west of here. Map's in the car.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Yep, that's probably Smith land.

PENNY

We realized that and got the hell out... I thought. But I'm betting Charlie decided to get some extra publicity.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Lucky you weren't shot. They don't understand the term negotiation unless they're severely outnumbered.

Penny moves to get back into the 4x4.

PENNY

You coming?...

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Wait a minute! Didn't you hear what I said?!... We can't do this alone. We'd need an army...

PENNY

And just where are we supposed to get one?

She brightens, suddenly.

PENNY

(continuing)

Oh!...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST FROZEN LAKE -- DAY

Bert and Mick hike up a rise and see a frozen lake below.

MICK

Oo!... Let's find a way to lure them out onto the lake and then blast the ice out from under them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERT

Too exposed. They'd never go for it.

He looks around and spots a snow-blanketed beaver dam, long deserted.

BERT

(continuing)

If, however, we can't bring them to the lake, maybe we can bring the lake to them... Mick looks quizzical.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER -- DAY

Sandy is pacing up-and-down, his tear-stained face contorted with emotion.

SANDY

(between sobs)

And then he beat me for sticking up for my mom.

(beat; bitterly)

"Which color belt do you want?..."

He BREAKS DOWN again. Randall looks awkward, but sincerely touched.

RANDALL

It's okay, buddy... really... Nobody blames you a bit.

SANDY

I vowed I'd never let anybody push me around again.

Randall rises, as best he can, and puts an arm around Sandy. They sit down together.

RANDALL

Well, I sure feel a lot safer with you here.

SANDY

How's your wound?

RANDALL

Oh, it smarts, but I'm okay.

(beat)

I just know we're going to be all right.

SANDY

But how?...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDALL

Like I said, I'm a praying man. I just know it.

SANDY

You're not just saying that?

RANDALL

No, really... We're being looked after.

SANDY

Even me?

RANDALL

Even you.

Sandy looks into Randall's eyes. Suddenly, he takes Randall in an embrace.

VIOLINS SWELL: 'OUR LOVE'

RANDALL

(continuing)

Uh, Rocky... Did I mention I'm married?

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST BEAVER DAM -- DAY

The four remaining Smiths, including Isaiah and EZEKIEL, are trudging up a long gully. They stop and scan ahead.

ISAIAH

Looks as though them two heathens headed up and over.

More trudging.

EZEKIEL

You really think the Lord is comin' back, Isaiah?

ISAIAH

I believe in what Pa says. He's a prophet all right. Remember that time he laid his hands on me after the horse kicked me?... and the bleeding stopped?

EZEKIEL

Yeah, but maybe it just stopped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISAIAH

No way!... While he was blessin' me, I opened my eyes and saw a ring of Angels with their hands on Pa's head, even as his were on mine. An' that's the Truth!

They halt again at the base of the dam, searching for footprints.

EZEKIEL

Well, I sure wish he'd hurry an' get here. My feet are gettin' cold.

KABOOM! A torrent of water, ice, mud and debris spews from a gaping hole in the deserted beaver dam. Isaiah and Ezekiel, are swept away. Two, NEBO and ARARAT, remain.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH MAIN HOUSE LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Troy and Stan are tied, ungagged, to wooden chairs in the Smith's parlor. They are covered on three sides by armed Wives and Children. At one end of the room sit Gadianton, Zenos and a THIRD JUDGE, enthroned in velveteen wingback armchairs. Smith holds an elaborate staff or scepter.

Court is in session.

GADIANTON SMITH

You have been tried and found guilty by a Court of the Holy Priesthood. Have you anything to say?

TROY

What have you done with Vanessa?

GADIANTON SMITH

My errant wife is of no concern to you, though you will meet again.

TROY

You are frickin' bonkers, y'know it, pal?

GADIANTON SMITH

Silence!

For his remark, Troy receives the butt of a rifle to his head from one of the Wives. He shakes it off.

TROY

Thanks, Sister. Maybe I can poke you back one of these days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN

Let it go, man.

GADIANTON SMITH

Verily, Thus Sayeth the Lord: you are guilty of the idolatries of Babylon. Because of your service to that Great Whore, by which, innocent blood has been shed; even the blood of my dear Rachel, you shall pay with your the shedding of your own blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST RAVINE BRIDGE -- DAY

Bert and Mick are rigging the piece d' resistance: they are going to blow an old bridge across a ravine as their assailants cross it. The charges are placed.

MICK

This is the best yet.

BERT

But will they take the bait, I wonder?

MICK

One way to find out. Let's get across and outta sight.

The pair crosses the bridge to watch from the woods. They each find a good vantage point from which to observe.

MICK

(continuing)

This oughta be good.

Suddenly, they are jumped from behind by the remaining Smiths, Nebo and Ararat. Their weapons are knocked free and fall into the ravine.

It's hand-to-hand. Though outsized, our guys are faster and smarter. Mick ultimately gets caught in a bear hug. He bites Nebo's nose. The lug drops him and HOWLS. A couple well-placed slugs send Nebo headlong into a tree trunk. Mick is impressed with himself.

Bert, meanwhile, is playing a game of dodge-and-whack with Ararat. The guy is just too huge to risk getting grabbed. Suddenly, Bert lifts his arms and raises one bent leg before him. He looks like a stork about to take off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK
(continuing)
What the hell are you doing?

BERT
Don't distract me.

The last Smith makes his move. Balls leaps and lets-fly his kick. It connects perfectly. Ararat falls into the ravine.

MICK
I'll be damned! *Karate Kid*?!

BERT
Life imitates Art.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH COMPOUND -- DAY

Stan, Troy and Vanessa face a firing squad of robot-like Wives and Children. Gad Smith, Zenos and Third Judge look on. Smith paces the ranks.

GADIANTON SMITH
Do you have any final words of
Repentance?

STAN
Got a cigarette?

GADIANTON SMITH
Speak your peace to God, Son. Your
ironic attempt at humor is not lost
on me. However, as you are well aware,
I obey a strict health code.

STAN
Except for that bottle o' Cuervo we
found in the ammo bunker...

Some WHISPERING amongst the Wives & Children.

GADIANTON SMITH
Most certainly not mine, but then,
boys will be boys, won't they?

He moves to Troy until his face is just inches away.

GADIANTON SMITH
(continuing)
Sadly, some boys go on to commit
Mortal Sin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Each of the other prisoners is offered a blindfold by one of the Wives and each refuses it.

STAN

(to Troy and Vanessa)

I envy you two. At least you get to go out together.

(to Smith Wife)

Keep your blindfold!

Smith moves to Vanessa.

GADIANTON SMITH

Farewell, sweet Vanessa. I regret that I was called to be your judge.

VANESSA

Judge this, loser.

She SPITS on him. His eyes grow wild again, but he contains himself, barely.

STAN

Wow... Beats the hell out of dying alone, craving a smoke. Hey Smith, how about pot? Y' got any grass?

GADIANTON SMITH

Let us begin...

A BABY CRIES

STAN

(to Troy)

I guess any drink with Penny is pretty-much out of the question.

GADIANTON SMITH

Rifles at the ready!...

STAN

(buying time)

Wait a minute! You want me to repent? You want to hear me say I'm sorry, *Brother* Smith?

GADIANTON SMITH

Say your peace.

STAN

I'll say it, all right. You'll never know how sorry I am, you lunatic. You think you see visions now?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN (CONT'D)
 Just wait until I'm on the other
 side, pal. You're gonna get to know
 me real well... Real well.

Smith raises his right hand, index finger pointing to heaven.

GADIANTON SMITH
 AIM!!...

A SLO-MO moment. Then, a ROARING SHOUT comes from all around them. The Smiths look up to see themselves surrounded by several hundred UNIFORMED PEOPLE, armed with all kinds of weaponry; M-16's, Ouzi's, even AK-47's, aimed at the firing squad. Come to think of it, some of the men look like they really might be women. We recognize the Cast and Crew of *Polygamy Wars*. And a lot of them look pretty hungover.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
 (through bullhorn)
 Throw down your weapons! We have you
 surrounded.
 (beat)
 Do it! NOW!

He is flanked by Penny, Sandy and Randall, all with real weapons trained. The women and children look to Gadianton.

Finger still pointing skyward, he gets an even more insane look in his eye. Will he give the order?

No... Instead, we hear a STRANGE HISSING SOUND.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN

from Smith's statuesque pose to reveal him peeing his pants. He GIGGLES, then falls to his knees in the snow, WHIMPERING. He is both comic and pathetic as we see from the reactions of those around him.

The Deputy starts to move in, when suddenly, Smith jerks his head up. The look in his eyes says, 'Gaddie doesn't live here anymore.'

GADIANTON SMITH
 Verily, Thus Sayeth the Lord...

He uses the staff to slowly rise to his feet. He picks it up, considers it, then without warning, breaks into the strangest routine imaginable, using the staff as a prop until he finally casts it away. It is as if he is a tv set on *scan*: being hit by a new transmission between each line. It goes on and on...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GADIANTON SMITH

(continuing; Gene
Kelly)'I'm singin' in the rain, Just singin'
in the rain...'

(Joseph McCarthy)

'Are you now, or have you ever been
a member of the Communist Party?'

(Zuzu)

'Look, Daddy... Teacher says, 'Every
time a bell rings, an angel gets its
wings.'

(Richard Nixon)

'I am not a crook.'

(The Graduate)

'Plastics, Benjamin.'

(Documentary)

'Then the female mantis bites-off
the head of the male.'

(Ricky Ricardo)

'Lucy, you in some trouble now...'

(Steve Martin)

'Well, excu-u-u-use mee!'

(Neal Armstrong)

'That's one small step for man...'

(Beatles)

'Number Nine... Number Nine...'

If... you become naked...'

(Bill Clinton)

'I did not have sexual relations
with that woman...'

(Commercial)

'Where's the beef?'

(Documentary Narrator)

'Then by some unknown mechanism, a
single sperm is allowed to penetrate
the ovum...'

(Twilight Zone)

'DO-DO-DO-DO, DO-DO-DO-DO...'

(Huckster)

'A twist of the wrist and, presto!
Sno-cones for the kiddies!'

(Announcer)

'There are eight million stories in
The Naked City...'

(Bullwinkle)

'Hey, Rocky... Watch me pull a rabbit
outta my hat...'

(Vincent Price)

'Quoth the Raven, Nevermore.'

With this last scene, he is hit with a blinding pain, SCREAMS, clutches his head and collapses in the snow, twitching occasionally to let us know he is alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone is flabbergasted at what has just transpired.

Then reality sets-in.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Throw down your weapons!

The Wives and Children surrender. The Deputy and SEVERAL MEN move in to Smith. Penny heads straight for Stan. All the days of holding back are revealed in their embrace.

Troy and Vanessa are freed and embrace.

STAN

(V.O.)

And then, as I live and breathe...

CUT TO:

INT. BEAVER HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

Stan, Penny, Troy, Vanessa, Bert, Mick, Sandy and Randall all sit around with drinks. Randall's has a cherry in it. Vanessa sucks on a Diet Pepsi. So does Mick. Bert and Mick are hearing the details for the first time.

STAN

...he wets his pants like a three year-old.

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER, almost to tears as Stan stands-up and tries to mimic Smith's pose-and-pee.

STAN

(continuing)

...And when he realized the Great Whore had had him by the nads, he started talking like late night cable tv.

More LAUGHS. It finally dies-down enough to where Bert can compose himself.

BERT

Oh-ho... Ohh... Ohh... We've gotta find a way to keep this group together...

PENNY

(sobering)

I guess we shouldn't be laughing...

This gives everyone pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

From what the Chief said, Thud and
the other guys didn't have a chance.

(beat)

To fallen comrades.

Everyone toasts, followed by a moment of SILENCE.

RANDALL

What happened to Smith?

PENNY

Catatonic, from what I hear.

MICK

(shaking his head)

Weirdest thing of all? I can't believe
it's over.

RANDALL

Well, in many ways, it's just begun.

He and Sandy exchange meaningful looks.

BERT

So, how are we going to stay in touch?

Should we have a reunion once a year?

SANDY

(ironic)

Oh, yeah, I just love reunions.

(turning to Randall)

Come on, Thumper, you're my ride
back to civilization. We'll see you
guys again... But let's keep it loose.

He and Randall rise, say their GOODBYES and exit.

TROY

(watching pair leave)

Who'da thunk?...

MICK

I really hope it's just a close
friendship.

VANESSA

Hey, if they're happy...

BERT

Whatever it is, I have a feeling
they'll be good for each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN
If they don't kill each other.

MICK
Maybe we could all take a cruise...

This falls flat.

MICK
(continuing)
...or not.

PENNY
How about bowling?

BERT
Bowling?... Nehhh.

TROY
Cards? Road trips? Bungee jumping?

People are shaking their heads.

BERT
It's just not 'us.'

MICK
So what, then?

Ponder, ponder, ponder.

STAN
Well, I guess we'll just have to
make a movie about it.

BERT
Brilliant idea!

TROY
Oh sure. We star, but who we gonna
get to direct?

The answer hits everyone at once.

CUT TO:

INT. PENNY'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Director, still hog-tied, is silhouetted in the moonlight
through the window.

DIRECTOR
(calling hoarsely)
Will somebody please come get me!...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I have GOT to be in L.A. by eleven...
Help!! ... Somebody! ... As God is
my witness, Penny, YOU'LL NEVER WORK
IN THIS TOWN AGAIN!!

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BEAVER HOTEL -- NIGHT

From a distance, we see the Director's butt: Jockey shorts
white against the windowpane in the light of the FULL MOON
in the clear, cold sky.

FADE OUT.