

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

As the Props Master cries out in pain, Ford runs towards a "window", and hurls himself through the opening.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

The nylon scrim breaks open as Ford falls into a row of metal garbage cans.

The cans scatter.

EXECUTIVE (O.S.)
What the hell?

Ford looks up to see a studio EXECUTIVE screech his GOLF CART to a halt as a garbage can slams into the souped-up vehicle.

Just as the Props Master comes flying through the window, Ford jumps into the front seat of the cart, knocking the Exec to the pavement. Ford slams on the pedal and tears off down the street, the Props Master chasing after him on foot.

The Props Master pushes a PA peddling a studio bike to the ground. He picks up the bike and pedals off, leaving the PA on the ground, scalded by his spilled tray of Starbucks.

Ford looks back to see the Props Master rapidly closing the distance between them. He turns back around to see he's directly in the path of a massive TRUCK carrying flats rapidly backing out of the set shop. Ford slams on the brakes and skids around the truck.

The startled truck driver in turn slams on his brakes, a rope snaps, and the flats crash to the ground right in front of the Props Master. Unable to avoid the flats, the Props Master SCREAMS as he's thrown from the bike and goes flying through the air, landing with a thud on the cement.

Ford cranes his head around at the sound of the scream. He allows himself a quick smile.

PILGRIM (O.S.)
Look out!

Ford turns around to see a group of Pilgrim garment-clad actors scatter from a table on the commissary patio.

Ford slams on the brakes as the cart barrels into the table; food and drinks go flying.

ACTOR
Owwwwwww!!!

An actor lies on the ground, the cart having run over his leg.

Ford jumps out and immediately kneels in front of the crying actor.

FORD
Oh my god. Are you OK?

ACTOR
No!

As Ford tries to help the actor, the bleeding and very angry Props Master tackles Ford at full speed; they crash to the ground and land in a tangled heap amongst french fries and half-eaten sandwiches.

PROPS MASTER
My hands!

The Props Master pins Ford to the ground , shaking and cursing at him.

Ford reaches out blindly, his hand coming upon an upended food tray. He SLAMS the tray into the Props Master's wounded shoulder, causing him to recoil in pain. Ford scrambles out from under him, and makes a mad dash around the corner.

INT. SITCOM SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

BAD COMIC
They say you should talk to plants.

A bad stand-up comic warms up a bored studio audience between takes of a sitcom taping.

BAD COMIC (CONT'D)
You ever wonder what plants would
say if they could talk back?
(in a stupid voice)
"Hey, water me bozo." "Get me some
fertilizer over here."

A buzzer sounds.

BAD COMIC (CONT'D)
OK folks. Here we go for take 12 of
scene 8.

On the set, the actors, two wacky GUYS and a GIRL watch television.

DIRECTOR
OK. Rolling. And...action.

GUY 1
I love porn.

GIRL
You guys are disgusting.

GUY 2
(smiling)
Yeah, we are.

The audience burst into laughter.

GUY 1
Isn't that... Denise? Our neighbor?

GUY 2
I don't know, I've never seen her
from that angle.

The audience laugh and applaud heartily.

Just then, the side door bursts open and Ford runs in. He stops dead, looking at the audience, who in turn stare at him.

DIRECTOR
Cut!

The Props Master comes running through the door and punches the studded Ford, sending him to the ground. The actors scramble to get out of the way.

DIRECTOR
Security!

As the Props Master kicks Ford, two GUARDS grab the Props Master and struggle to pin him to the ground.

Ford bolts for the opposite entrance, pushing past a group of confused execs and crew members to get to the door.

As the guards lead the Props Master away, he screams-

PROPS MASTER
That's the guy! Not me. Get him!

Ford is gone.

BAD COMIC
(holding up a bag)
Say, who wants candy?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Later. The Props Master sits on a hospital bed with his shirt off, bandages covering his many wounds.

Rodney and Leslie sit in chairs.

PROPS MASTER

I don't know what he wanted. I
Guess to silence me for some
reason. Tying up loose ends, isn't
that what you call it?

RODNEY

And you're sure he didn't tell you
anything the day of the murder? His
plans? Where he might be hiding
out?

PROPS MASTER

Nothing. All I can figure is that
he thinks I might have seen him
switch the bullets, and could
testify or something. But I didn't.
I would have stopped him right
there if I did.

LESLIE

Of course you would have, but maybe
our boy isn't thinking so logically
these days.

Rodney and Leslie stand up to leave.

RODNEY

I'll have that car watching your
apartment by the time our men drip
you off at home.

PROPS MASTER

OK. Thanks.

LESLIE

Good job with the chase and all.
Wish I could have been there to
help.

PROPS MASTER

(rubbing his shoulder)
Yeah. Me too.

The marshals exit.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Ford, sleeping, rolls over onto his side, and immediately wakes up, wincing in pain.

He pulls up his shirt and fingers a deep bruise covering his side.

Ford gets up and heads determinedly to the back stairs. He begins walking up.

INT. MARSHAL HQ - DAY

Rodney stands at the blackboard, studying.

Leslie comes in, carrying two cups of coffee.

LESLIE
Black, right?

Rodney doesn't respond.

LESLIE
Wassamatter boss?

RODNEY
I don't know. Something isn't making sense to me. What exactly did Ford want from that guy last night?

LESLIE
He wanted to kill him.

RODNEY
With a letter opener?

LESLIE
You try getting your hands on a real weapon when the entire world is looking for you. And the guy's right, everything the cops have is pretty circumstantial. If I was in his shoes, I'd go after a possible witness too.

RODNEY
I guess.

LESLIE
Anyway, let the Blues figure it out. Our job is this: to catch him.

Rodney continues studying the board.

A FEMALE MARSHAL bursts through the door holding a cordless phone.

FEMALE MARSHAL
You're going to want to take this.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

On the upper floor, Ford tries a few office doors, before finding one that is unlocked.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ford opens the door to reveal a nondescript office. He sits at the desk, finds a copy of the yellow pages in a drawer, and picks up the phone.

We see and hear a quick MONTAGE of Ford making phone calls, the call sheet and the open yellow pages in front of him.

FORD
So you have a Ben Jobs in your
production pool. Thanks.

He crosses the name off his callsheet and dials the next production house.

FORD
OK, you have Jill Friedman and
Steve Fredericks.

He crosses them off, etc.

END MONTAGE

Ford calls yet another production house.

FORD
OK, so you have a Robert Lyman in
your pool.

Ford crosses the name off the crew list. There's only one name left.

FORD (CONT'D)
But you're sure you don't have a
production assistant named Flynt.
Black guy- African American.

Ford looks at the call sheet.

FORD (CONT'D)
Flynt Nolden? OK, thanks anyway.

Ford crosses out the number from the yellow pages, and dials the next one.

FORD
Hi. I'm crewing up for a feature and I wanted to hire a PA I've worked with before. Flynt Nolden.

CREW CHIEF (V.O.)
Flynt. You're out of luck, Flynt quit the business a couple days ago. Strange too, he loves this shit. Go figure.

Ford takes the phone away from his ear for a second, the wheels turning.

FLASHBACK:

Flynt talks on his cell phone.

FLYNT
How much is that? Ten thousand? Are you sure? I bet ten thousand? Fuck.

END FLASHBACK

FORD
(into phone)
Well, that's too bad. Listen, I have a check he never picked up for an old project. Do you have an address for him?

CREW CHIEF (V.O.)
Yeah, sure. Hold on a sec.

Ford readies his pen.

INT. ARCO BUILDING - DAY

Michael opens the front door of the building and ushers in Rodney and his crew, weaving through a handful of harried business-people heading for a smoke break.

MICHAEL
Is this all the men you brought?

RODNEY
Are you Michael?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I'm the one who called. I got your man downstairs. Been making him feel safe. Smart, huh?

RODNEY

Sure.

MICHAEL

Where's your "back-up"?

LESLIE

We have a few men posted around the perimeter. But not too many. We want to surprise him.

RODNEY

Where is he?

MICHAEL

Follow me. I'll show you.

Rodney stops him.

RODNEY

Where. Is. He.

Michael looks disappointed and points to the back stairs.

RODNEY

Leslie, come with me. Cheyanne, take two men up the elevator to the second floor hallway, secure the stairs. Candice, post with the men in the alley behind the building and send a few up those stairs. You're in charge out there.

Candice smiles briefly and runs off.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(to Leslie)

I need you to use your head on this one, OK?

LESLIE

Yes boss.

RODNEY

Let's go.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Ford comes down the stairs from the second floor, satisfied. As he reaches the bottom, he stops cold. There is a FLASHLIGHT BEAM coming from the front entrance to the dark boiler room.

Ford quickly begins to head back up the stairs when he hears the stairwell door from above opening, followed by urgent whispers. He starts to head down the stairs, but hears another door open from the alley below.

Ford edges himself up against the wall and looks back to the boiler room.

There is only one way out.

INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the marshals cautiously enter the boiler room, Rodney grabs Leslie's shoulder.

RODNEY
(whispering)
Cut the light.

Leslie turns his flashlight off, plunging the room into near total darkness.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Don't use your eyes, use your ears.

Both me listen intently in the darkness.

Suddenly, the silence is broken by an eruption of frantic footfalls.

Leslie blasts on the light, catching a shirtless Ford as he snatches his canvas bag from the ground and leaps into the elevator shaft in front of them.

LESLIE
Jesus Christ!

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

In mid-air, his shirt wrapped around his hands, Ford grabs the elevator cable and plunges down into the darkness below.

As Cheyanne and the other men fly out from the stairwell, Leslie leaps into the open shaft and disappears.

RODNEY
(to the others)
Outside!

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Ford slides to the ground in an old, out-of-use service tunnel. He gets up and immediately starts running, slinging his canvas bag over a shoulder.

A few beats later, Leslie, going much faster, crashes to the pavement.

LESLIE
(his hands)
Ah fuck! Arrrgggggh!

He shakes if off and bolts after Ford, pissed.

LESLIE
Freeze!

Ford looks back to see Leslie running after him, gun drawn.

Ford finds a door and tries it. Nothing. He runs on and tries another door, pulling with all his might. Nothing.

As Ford approaches yet another door, the thunderous echo of Leslie's GUN FIRING fills the air. The bullet ricochets against the cement wall just above Ford's head. Ford dives against the door, which crashes open.

Ford falls into a tiny cement room with a ladder leading up to the ceiling. Ford slams the door behind him and grabs a metal pipe and wedges it tight against the door. He climbs the ladder.

From outside, we hear Leslie CRASH against the door. The pipe holds.

Ford reaches the top of the ladder, and begins pushing with all his might on the underside of a manhole cover.

Below, bullets BLAST through the door and scream into the little cement room. Dust and cement fly through the air from the battered wall.

The manhole cover comes loose and Ford lights it cautiously, having seen enough movies to know a car will probably run him over.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

In a dirty dead-end alley, Candice hurriedly herds officers up the stairs.

She turns to see Ford, at the far end of the alley, appear from beneath the street. They lock eyes.

Ford races to the end of the alley and disappears around the corner.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rounding the corner, Ford runs right into an excited Michael.

MICHAEL
(yelling)
I got him. I got him!

In a quick motion, Ford rears back and clocks Michael with a right to the jaw. Michael hits the ground. Shaking his hand in pain and surprise, Ford takes off running down the busy downtown street, dodging various shoppers and street vendors.

Candice whips around the corner, and trips over the still sprawled-out Michael.

CANDICE
Goddamn it!

Fucking pedestrians. Candice continues the chase, running between parked cars and the heavy traffic.

Rodney and his crew join the pursuit.

Ford's bag knocks over a skateboarder as he bolts into a crosswalk. He narrowly misses being hit by a bus, as a cab screeches to a halt right in his path. He leaps over the cab, sliding across the hood, before running onto the opposite sidewalk.

The crowds are thicker here and Ford looks to see a huge open-air FISH MARKET in front of him.

EXT. FISH MARKET - CONTINUOUS

He bursts through haggling shoppers and into the market.

Ford looks back to see the marshals enter the market not far behind him, and he slides under a vendor's table. The marshals fan out as Ford crawls through a sea of fish guts and bones.

RODNEY
(calling)
Talk to me!

LESLIE
Where the fuck is he?

CANDICE
I don't have him!

Ford, hearing the frantic marshals all around him, crawls under a tent awning, and finds himself at a loading dock.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Vendors load crates of fish onto trucks emblazoned with restaurant logos.

As the vendors head back for another load, Ford slips into the back of one of the trucks, hiding behind stacked crates of fish.

Four of the trucks pull away from the loading dock.

EXT. FISH MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Back in the market area, Rodney hears the telltale deep engine rumbles.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The fish truck maneuvers down the crowded street. A car slows, causing it to miss a green light.

Suddenly, the marshals surround the truck.

RODNEY
Get out!

DRIVER
Oh shit. OK.

The driver scrambles out of the truck.

Rodney and his crew rush to the back, guns drawn.

Rodney holds up his fingers, counting "1,2,3". He throws the doors open to reveal - crates of fish.

The marshals jump in, knocking over crates and looking under tarps. Nothing.

Leslie turns to Rodney, only to see his boss already walking down the street alone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Another fish truck cruises along in the opposite direction.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen and the truck pulls to a stop in front of an elegant restaurant tucked away in the Hollywood Hills.

The driver heads in to settle his invoice as bus boys begin to unload the truck.

Ford grabs the crate he's been hiding behind, and follows the other bus boys to the kitchen entrance.

He puts the crate down and runs off into the darkness, still holding his bag of costumes.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

In the backyard of a darkened house, Ford sits naked in the shallow end of a pool, quietly scrubbing the stink from his body.

He gets out and grabs a T-shirt and sweatpants hanging over a deck chair.

Ford begins climbing a rope ladder, heading to a treehouse.

INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

Ford sleeps restlessly in the cramped treehouse. As he rolls over, the head of a YOUNG BOY dressed in PJ's pokes through the entrance.

YOUNG BOY
What are you doing in my treehouse,
mister?

Ford awakens.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

Ford, holding his bag, descends the rope ladder.

We peer into the interior to see the young boy tied to the treehouse wall, bound by Ford's stinky fish clothes. A sock is shoved in his mouth. He squirms uselessly against the bindings.

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

A very tired Ford slides through the side gate of a valley house, and heads towards a small guest house in back. He hides his bag under a bush, and searches for a way in.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Ford climbs quietly through a small window, landing in the kitchen. We hear SNORING coming from the bedroom. Ford looks around, finding the detachable face from a car stereo sitting on the counter. He picks it up and wields in like a gun.

Ford makes his way quietly into the bedroom and stands above the sleeping Flynt.

Ford hits the PA in the shoulder.

FORD

Wake up!

Flynt bolts upright to find Ford standing above him in the shadows, "gun" pointed at his chest.

FLYNT

What's this?

FORD

Why did you do this to me?

FLYNT

What?

FORD

You've taken everything away from me. This was my only shot, and it was a lie. I have nothing left to lose, man. I swear I will fucking kill you-

FLYNT

What are you talking about? I Didn't-

Flynt deflates.

FLYNT (CONT'D)

I owed some cats some money.

Bingo. Ford draws closer to him.

FORD

Who paid you?

No answer.

FORD (CONT'D)
Who did this!

Ford moves closer to him. Flynt sees that what Ford holds is not a gun.

FLYNT
That's my car stereo, motherfucker.

Flynt lunges at Ford, and they both topple to the ground. The stereo face slides across the floor.

Ford instinctively scrambles for it... and then realizes it's not a gun. He whips around and hits Flynt in the head with the stereo face anyway.

FLYNT
Ow!

Flynt reaches behind him and grabs his clock radio from the bedside table. He hurls the radio and knocks Ford square in the chest. As Flynt grabs a drinking glass, Ford runs - the glass hitting him in the foot.

Ford hops into the kitchen as a bottle of lotion EXPLODES against the door frame.

Ford grabs a pot from the drying rack and turns to find Flynt running straight for him. He swings the pot, connecting with Flynt's head. The cheap aluminum pot crumples.

FLYNT
Ow!

Flynt grabs a heavier frying pan from the stove, and flings it at the running Ford. The pan hits Ford in the head, and Ford crashes onto the dining room table, unconscious.

FLYNT
Yeah. Non-stick Teflon, bitch!

Flynt picks up the phone and dials.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - LATER

Ford opens his heavy eyes. It takes him a second to figure out what he's looking at. Flynt lies on the ground next to him, a bullet hole in the middle of his forehead.

Ford notices the gun in his hand. He drops the gun and jumps to his feet in horror.

As he mutely stares at the pool of blood surrounding Flynt's head, we hear SIRENS approaching in the distance.

Ford scans the guest house, realizing his fingerprints are everywhere. No time to figure out what the hell is going on, Ford takes money from Flynt's wallet, grabs the gun, and bolts through the front door.

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sirens still a ways off, Ford retrieves his bag, into which he hastily shoves the gun, and then jumps over the back fence, disappearing into the darkness.

EXT. PARK - DAWN

Ford huddles in deep brush in Griffith Park, crying.

As Ford sobs and begins to fall asleep, we hear a voice-over of a newscast.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In a shocking new development in the manhunt for suspected killer Ford Burke, a production assistant on the infamous Tom Hanks movie, Flynt Nolden, was found murdered in his home late last night after an anonymous passerby reported hearing gunfire. Fingerprints found on the scene are that of Burke.

Unconfirmed reports coming from within the police department suggest that Nolden, 24, may have been Burke's partner in the murder of Tom Hanks. Burke is still at large.

INT. MARSHAL HQ - MORNING

Rodney flies through the front door of the building, looking like hell.

RECEPTIONIST

Walter wants to see you.

RODNEY

No shit.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rodney bursts through the door and sits down.

Walter takes a swig from his Yoo-Hoo.

RODNEY

You want me off the case?

WALTER

No. I want you to catch Burke. We don't have time to set up a whole new team on this.

RODNEY

I'm fucking up. I've lost it.

Walter stands.

WALTER

Don't whine to me Rod, just do your job. What's your next move?

RODNEY

We've got people on the entire cast and crew. And of course we'll tighten the web on the family. Still nothing there.

WALTER

You figured out what he's trying to do out there yet?

RODNEY

I'm not sure. He's doing something obviously. Covering his tracks? Who knows. I'm just trying to catch him, sir.

WALTER

Don't "sir" me, Rod. You but that shit about this dead guy, Flynt, being in on the murder?

RODNEY

I don't know. It makes sense, I guess.

WALTER

Well...

Walter stops himself and sits back down.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Too much thinking can get in the way. You're right. Just get him already, would you.

RODNEY

I'll try.

Walter glares at him.

RODNEY

I will.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Ford is on the phone.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

Thank you for calling Chicago Mutual. Please dial your party's extension.

Ford presses 24- and is about to press 7, when he stops, and presses 6 instead.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Cubicle hell. We're in the offices of Chicago Mutual.

A large woman, TILDA, answers her phone.

TILDA

Chicago Mutual, Tilda speaking.

INTERCUT:

FORD

(angrily)

Tilda. Whatever you do, do not transfer me. I've been bounced around six times now. I need to talk to Janeane Burke.

TILDA

Well, I can transfer you-

FORD

Do not transfer me. Please get up and get her and bring her to the phone. OK, Tilda?

TILDA

OK.

Tilda gets up and disappears. She returns with JANEANE, Ford's sister.

TILDA

I don't know who he is, but he was very rude.

JANEANE

OK, thanks.
(into phone)
This is Janeane.

FORD

Hi, Ms. Pac Man.

Janeane turns towards the wall.

JANEANE

(whispering)
Ford. Oh my god Ford. Where are you? Are you OK?

FORD

I need some help.

JANEANE

How did all this happen?

FORD

That's what I'm trying to find out. And I'm getting close. But I need some place to hide out. Everyone wants me dead, sis.

Janeane starts to cry, but holds herself together.

JANEANE

OK. Linda's. That timeshare. She's still doing that play in Atlanta.

FORD

(catching on)
And you're supposed to be out here using it this week.

JANEANE

Yeah, but the police won't let us leave town.

FORD

I figured. Oh shit, do they know about it?

JANEANE

No. I told them we were planning to stay with you.

FORD
(she rocks!)
Good thinking.

JANEANE
OK. You got a pen?

FORD
Yeah. Hey, I love you sis.

JANEANE
I love you too. Ready?

INT. KINKO'S - DAY

Ford, disguised as a punk rocker, replete with multi-colored spiky hair, walks to the front counter. He stands for a good while, watching the Kinko's employees milling about idly. The employees all notice Ford simultaneously, and go back to doing nothing.

Finally one tired-looking KINKO'S CHICK reluctantly approaches Ford. She stands in front of Ford, saying nothing.

FORD
Um... I need a computer. But I'm
really sorry, I left my ID at home.

She looks puzzled. Ford points to sign indicating an ID is needed to use a computer.

KINKO'S CHICK
Oh. Whatever. I don't give a shit.

She gives him a piece of paper with his access code, and begins to walk outside.

KINKO'S CHICK
(bored)
I'm going on my smoke break.

Ford head over to his terminal.

INT. KINKO'S - LATER

Ford prints out material from the Internet about hot-wiring cars.

He goes to the counter to pay.

He makes eye contact with the workers, who again are unwilling to tend to a customer.

Ford turns around and leaves the store without paying. The workers notice, but could not care less.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Ford skulks about a parking garage, occasionally looking at his printout. There are tons of nice cars, but all have either the tell-tale flashing red light, are outfitted with The Club, or both.

Suddenly, Ford sees a nicely dressed couple walking towards him. He ducks behind a car and waits as they go past.

Ford notices the car he's hiding behind has no club or alarm. It is a 1985 faded red RX7. He tries the door. It's open.

INT. RX7 - CONTINUOUS

Following the instructions, Ford pulls the steering column open and cuts the ignition wires. He touches the wires together and the car turns over with a roar.

Ford drives off.

EXT. TIMESHARE - NIGHT

In the Angeles forest outside of the city, Ford drives up a long driveway lined with massive redwoods.

He pulls in front of a small, isolated house.

He walks to the front porch and reaches inside a metal watering can. He pulls out a key. He smiles.

INT. TIMESHARE - NIGHT

Ford sits on a couch, eating soup and watching TV. We see that he's watching *Barney Miller*. He laughs hysterically, spitting soup all over the table.

INT. TIMESHARE - LATER

Ford is asleep on the couch, the TV still on.

INT. RODNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rodney and Shalawn are in bed.

SHALAWN

Just curious, how close are you to catching Burke?

RODNEY

I don't want to talk about this.

SHALAWN

So not very close.

RODNEY

Someone's helping him. Someone more than that freaky security guard. But we have everyone covered.

SHALAWN

Friends. Family.

RODNEY

Parents. Sister. Everyone.

Shalawn chuckles.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

You're laughing at me?

SHALAWN

Alright. Let's pretend I'm that kid. I'm out alone on the streets. On the run. What would I do?

Rodney wait.

SHALAWN (CONT'D)

You know I'd go to Roxanne.

RODNEY

OK. Yes, of course you would, but we'd be all over your sister.

SHALAWN

I'd find a way.

RODNEY

Right. You'd find a way.

SHALAWN

I would.

Shalawn rolls over, as much as she can with her huge belly. Rodney stares at the ceiling, mulling it over.

INT. MARSHAL HQ - MORNING

Rodney is on the phone with Janeane.

INTERCUT with Janeane at HOME:

JANEANE

No. Still nothing. But you know that already. My phones are tapped and you've got goons staked out across from my house.

RODNEY

We have reason to believe he'll try to contact you. He has very few friends.

JANEANE

(defensive)

Well, it's hard to meet people in LA.

RODNEY

Oh I know. I spend most of my time with the wife. We have a kid on the way.

JANEANE

Congratulations.

RODNEY

We hope to have one more. I think it's very important for a kid to have a sibling to turn to, you know?

JANEANE

Well, I hope you get what you wish for.

RODNEY

My wife has this sister. Roxanne. I get with those two, it's like I'm invisible. They'd do anything for each other.

JANEANE

I'm sure your wife wouldn't do anything illegal to help her.

RODNEY

If she believed Roxanne was innocent, I don't know.

JANEANE

Guilt or innocence doesn't matter to you in cases like this, does it?

RODNEY
Honestly, no.

JANEANE
(a bit rattled)
Well then your wife would be caught
between a rock and a hard place,
wouldn't she? Anyway, I gotta get
to work. I haven't heard anything.

RODNEY
OK.

Janeane hangs up.

INT. TIMESHARE - MORNING

Ford wakes up with a start, and relaxes when he realizes where he is. He gets up and begins to inspect the house by daylight. In the bedroom, he studies a headshot of Linda framed on the wall.

He opens he drawers and begins to lay make-up, wigs, and assorted costume pieces on the bed, adding them to the pieces from his bag.

He contemplates his options.

INT. TIMESHARE - LATER

Ford grabs a set of keys from a key rack.

EXT. TIMESHARE - MORNING

The garage door opens and a black Range Rover drives out and continues down the driveway.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Ford sits in the Range Rover on Wilshire, across from an upscale office building.

He's wearing a dark wig, sunglasses, and a prosthetic nose and chin.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

The door to the office building opens, and Ron Howard, flanked by what is obviously an UNDERCOVER AGENT, gets into a Mercedes. The director driving, the car pulls away.

The black Range Rover follows.

EXT. SPAGO'S - DAY

The Mercedes pulls up to the chic restaurant, and Ron Howard hands the keys to one of the many valets. He heads inside, followed by the agent.

EXT. STREET - DAY

On a side street, a harried MEXICAN VALET parks a car in a small lot, and heads back on foot to the restaurant. As he passes a clump of bushes, a voice calls out...

FORD (O.S.)

Hey.

The valet stops and looks in the direction of the voice. A hand reaches out and yanks the stunned valet into the bushes.

EXT. BUSHES - DAY

The valet, in boxers and an undershirt, lies gagged and tied to a pipe.

INT. SPAGO'S - DAY

Ron Howard finishes a meeting with a WRITER.

RON HOWARD

A writer paying the check?! Holy moly.

He laughs and gets up.

RON HOWARD (CONT'D)

See you Saturday.

The director and the undercover agent make their way out of the restaurant.

SYDNEY POLLACK

Ronnie!

Ron Howard turns around to see Sydney Pollack waving him over.

RON HOWARD

(to the agent)

You go ahead and get the car. I'll be right out.

The agent hesitates.

RON HOWARD (CONT'D)
Trust me, Sydney's not going to
shoot me.

The agent heads outside.

EXT. SPAGO'S - CONTINUOUS

As the undercover agent walks to the valet station, Ford, dressed now as a valet, rushes forward to meet him.

The agent hands Ford the valet tag. Ford grabs the key from the lock box, and runs off.

As the agent pops a stick of gum in his mouth, he looks at the faces of the other valets...

They are all Mexican.

The agent pauses, then heads off after Ford.

EXT. LOT - DAY

In the valet lot, Ford gets into the Mercedes.

The agent's head pops through the driver's side window.

UNDERCOVER AGENT
I got it, thanks.

Ford reaches for the door handle, and SLAMS the door open, knocking the agent off his feet.

Ford jumps from the car, tennis racket in hand, and whacks the agent in the head. The agent slumps, out cold.

Ford looks around nervously, and drags the undercover agent away from the car.

EXT. SPAGO'S - DAY

Ron Howard waits as the Mercedes pulls up to the curb.

Ford gets out and the director hands him a ten spot.

Ford closes the door for Ron and runs over the passenger window.

FORD
Um, I noticed this thing with your
brakes.

Ron Howard looks down at the pedal.

RON HOWARD
Oh, really.

Ford opens the door and gets in.

FORD
Yeah, it could be dangerous. It
sounds like the pads are shot.

RON HOWARD
I just had it serviced. Shoot.

He looks towards the restaurant, looking for the agent.

RON HOWARD (CONT'D)
Well, thanks for...

The director looks at Ford, to find a gun pointed at his
side.

FORD
(calmly)
Yeah, drive on, I'll show you what
I mean.

Ron gets the message, and pulls away.

INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

FORD
Pull up here.

On another side street, the car pulls up behind the parked
Range Rover.

INT. MARSHAL HQ - DAY

The office is abuzz.

Rodney storms out of an interrogation room, where the dazed
undercover agent sits, a bandage on his forehead.

RODNEY
Goddamn it, this is getting fucking
old!

Cheyenne walks with Rodney down the hall.

CHEYANNE
Cops found the Mercedes parked
three blocks from the restaurant.

RODNEY

They switched cars. Alright, cancel the APB for-

CHEYANNE

-the Mercedes. Done. And here's a list of all cars reported stolen in LA in the last forty-eight hours.

The list is massive.

RODNEY

Well, he just added another six months to his sentence. Cool.

Pause.

They head into their workroom where Leslie and Candice are on the phone.

CANDICE

We doubled security on the rest of the cast and crew.

RODNEY

Tell them if anyone leaves his assignment's side for even a second, I will kill them dead.

Cheyanne looks at her boss.

CHEYANNE

What's he doing, chief?

RODNEY

Killing the most liked people in Hollywood.

LESLIE

If he offs Ron Howard I swear I'm going to cry.

RODNEY

Well, tears might be in order already.

CANDICE

Are you sure he's going to kill him?

RODNEY

I'm not sure what the hell he's doing. But I'm going to find out.

INT. TIMESHARE - DAY

At the timeshare, Ford finishes tying Ron Howard to the sofa.

FORD
That too tight?

RON HOWARD
(without a hint of
sarcasm)
No. It's fine. You're not going to
kill me, are you?

FORD
No.

RON HOWARD
That's good.

FORD
You want a cold beverage or a
snack?

RON HOWARD
No, I just ate.

FORD
Oh. Right.

They both laugh.

RON HOWARD
Um, why am I here?

FORD
Why did you cast me?

RON HOWARD
Listen, I don't cast the small
parts. I probably should but I
leave that to the casting director.

FORD
So you didn't-

RON HOWARD
Nope. Met you on set for the first
time. Remember?

FORD
Yeah. Shit.

Ford paces, thinking.

FORD

Call her.

RON HOWARD

You're going to have to dial for me.

Ford takes out his call sheet and dials, holding the phone to the director's ear.

FORD

(whispering)

Find out why I was cast. And don't take "they liked my look" as an excuse.

RON HOWARD

(into phone)

Hello. This is Ron. Pretty good, I guess. How are you? No, no just a last minute vacation in the mountains.

FORD

Cut it out.

RON HOWARD

I need to talk to the boss.

(pause)

Spelunking? Good for her. I don't she brought her cell? Of course not. No, I don't need to talk to Maureen. Thanks. Bye.

Ford hangs up the phone.

FORD

Who's Maureen?

RON HOWARD

Assistant. Nice girl. From what I hear she practically runs the place.

Ford grabs his costume bag and starts to leave.

RON HOWARD (CONT'D)

Oh. OK. Uh, you'll be back?

FORD

Soon as I can.

RON HOWARD
Can I watch TV?

FORD
Um...sure.

Ford slips the remote into the director's bound hand.

RON HOWARD
Thanks, Ford.

EXT. GOODMAN & ASSOCIATES - DAY

Ford, this time dressed as a bald, goateed courier, looks around, then jumps into the dumpster in back of his agent's office.

He digs around, gathering discarded headshots. He lifts up a box to find a massive pile of his own photo.

FORD
I guess I need a new agent.

INT. TIMESHARE - DAY

Back at the timeshare, Ron Howard flips channels. He comes to Larry King Live. Larry talks to his guest, Henry Winkler.

LARRY KING
Is there anything you want to say
to the now presumed kidnapped Ron
Howard?

Henry Winkler looks directly into the camera.

HENRY WINKLER
Ronnie. If you're out there,
watching.

He gives "the Fonz" thumbs up and smiles.

HENRY WINKLER (CONT'D)
Ayyyyyyyy.

Larry is visibly moved.

So is Ron Howard.

HENRY WINKLER
We're all praying for you, buddy.

LARRY KING
 (breaking the moment)
 So, tell me about working with Ron
 Howard on *Night Shift*.

HENRY WINKLER
 Well, Larry. Outside of *The
 Waterboy*, that was one of my
 personal wins as an actor.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ford walks down an office hallway carrying the pile of
 headshots. He comes to the door of CATES/GALLIGAN CASTING.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A harried SECRETARY talks on the phone at the front desk.

FORD
 I have some-

The secretary points to a table loaded with piles of other
 headshots.

As Ford drops off the headshots, he sees a young woman,
 MAUREEN, in an adjacent room conducting an audition.

ACTRESS
 Oh Manny. I always knew you'd come
 back to-

MAUREEN
 Great. Thanks.

ACTRESS
 (sweetly)
 Oh, OK. Thanks for the read,
 Maureen. Good luck on the project.

The actress walks past Ford.

ACTRESS
 (under her breath)
 Cunt.

As the actress signs out on the audition log, Ford leaves the
 office.

EXT. CASTING BUILDING - NIGHT

It's early evening and Ford sits in the Range Rover in a parking lot. Maureen strides out of the building and gets into her car.

She drives off. Ford follows.

EXT. MAUREEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maureen walks to her front door carrying a bag of groceries. She puts her keys in the door. Ford creeps up behind her.

As Ford reaches out to grab her, Maureen whips around, slamming a gallon of milk into Ford's head. The milk explodes as Ford falls to the ground.

Maureen is right on the soaked Ford, beating him with a clump of celery. Ford scissors her legs between his, and she falls against the wall.

He jumps up and pins her to the ground. Maureen instantly knees him in the balls. Ford nevertheless keeps his hold on the feisty assistant. She knees him again.

Ford crumples and Maureen pushes him off. She rushes to the door and tries to slip inside. Ford grabs her ankles.

FORD
(gasping for breath)
Please, Maureen.

Maureen whips around at the mention of her name.

MAUREEN
Who are you?

FORD
Ford. Ford Burke. Please. I need to ask you-

MAUREEN
Ford Burke?

FORD
I didn't kill him. I swear to God.

MAUREEN
(flatly)
Oh, I know.

She walks into the house and closes the door.

FORD

"I know"?

Wincing from the pain, he tries the door. It opens.

INT. MAUREEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ford finds Maureen sitting on the couch, opening a beer.

MAUREEN

Everything in this town is more complicated than it seems. From the first time I saw you on TV, I knew you were a patsy. Just like Oswald. Just like Squeaky Fromme. Just like Kaczynski. Go ahead, sit.

FORD

You believe me?

MAUREEN

It never made any sense that you got cast. Not only are you a total unknown but you have absolutely no experience.

FORD

(under his breath)

Oh my god.

(sitting)

How did I get cast?

MAUREEN

I can't prove it, but I think my bitch boss did a favor for someone. I asked her about it but she brushed me off. But fuck, she does most of her small casting as favors anyway.

Ford is confused.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

She wants to get into producing so she whores out small parts like handjob. When I have my own office I'll never do that shit.

FORD

I don't suppose you have any idea who this particular favor was for?

MAUREEN
I've got a theory.

FORD
Who?

MAUREEN
I told you she wants to get into producing.

FORD
The producer.

MAUREEN
One of them. She's been sucking up to him since we got on the project. Young indie hotshot turned sell-out, Jason Belcher.

FORD
The associate producer.

MAUREEN
Weasly little fuck. Pretends not to know my name when he calls.

Maureen finishes her beer.

MAUREEN
So, what are you going to do?

FORD
Figure this out before whoever's framing me and killing people disappears and the cops get me and I'm fucked.

Pause.

FORD (CONT'D)
I've got the director.

Maureen sits up.

MAUREEN
You've got Ronnie?!

FORD
He's tied to a couch in a timeshare up north.

MAUREEN
He's been there all day?

FORD

Yeah.

MAUREEN

How's he supposed to pee?

Pause.

FORD

Oh yeah.

Maureen gets up.

MAUREEN

We've got to go up there.

FORD

We?

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

The two drive down a dark highway.

FORD

So do you like working in casting?

MAUREEN

Theoretically I should. I love the idea of discovering people with genuine talent and dedication. The reality is, after a blindingly frustrating day of casting, that rare needle in the haystack ends up looking like just another piece of hay.

FORD

Do you know how much power you hold? One yes from someone like you could change a life. Start a life. And you complain about your job being frustrating.

MAUREEN

That's incredibly simplistic, Ford. Just because you need us doesn't mean that our job isn't frustrating. I'm just tired of feeling mean all the time. All day saying no. Believe it or not I'd actually like to say yes once in a while. Or at least, maybe.

FORD
Is that why you're helping me?

MAUREEN
(a beat)
Maybe.

They pull up the long driveway to the timeshare.

MAUREEN
So this is where you've been
hiding?

FORD
As of yesterday. But I've been
running more than hiding.

Ford stops the car in the driveway.

Maureen gives Ford's body a once over.

MAUREEN
Yeah, you look pretty banged up.

Ford reacts to the very first expression of sympathy he's
received.

FORD
I am.

INT. TIMESHARE - NIGHT

We hear a toilet flush.

Ford leads Ron Howard out of the bathroom at gunpoint.

RON HOWARD
Thanks. You were just in time.

Ford ties the director back to the couch with Maureen's help.

RON HOWARD (CONT'D)
(to Maureen)
Hello. How do I know you?

MAUREEN
(offended)
I helped cast your last three
films.

RON HOWARD
Oh. Duh. Maureen. I'm sorry. I'm a
little distracted right now.

Maureen beams.

MAUREEN
That's understandable.

They both laugh.

FORD
Maureen's going to stay here, make
sure you're OK.

RON HOWARD
Fine.

MAUREEN
Ron- Can I call you Ron?

RON HOWARD
Please. As long as you don't call
me Opie.

MAUREEN
Who's Opie?

They both laugh again.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Ron. You know Ford didn't do it.

RON HOWARD
Oh. Sure. Of course not. Uh, who
did?

FORD
Not sure, Ron.
(to Maureen)
I should go. Thanks for, you know,
helping, Maureen.

MAUREEN
No problem. You got the address I
gave you?

FORD
541 Rexford.
(grabbing a cordless
phone)
I gotta make a phone call first.

RON HOWARD
Jason Belcher? You think he did
this?

FORD
It's possible.

RON HOWARD
I never did like Jason.

MAUREEN
(mocked shocked)
You harbor bad feelings about
another human being?

RON HOWARD
You'll find him at SkyBar. He's
always at SkyBar at this hour.

Ford begins dialing the phone.

FORD
Great. How am I gonna get into
SkyBar? They only let big shots and
hot chicks in there.

Pause. Ford looks at his costume bag.

INT. MARSHAL HQ - NIGHT

In a MONTAGE, we see the following:

Candice at a high-tech video console. She plays a videotape of Ford from the pirate news interview, loading the information into a large computer.

Cheyenne sits at the computer processing Ford's voice, breaking it down into vocal features.

Leslie, at another computer, reads and prints out numerous e-mails between Janeane and Ford. He circles certain phrases on the print-outs.

Rodney sits with his crew, talking into a mic hooked up to the large computer. Cheyanne processes Rodney's voice in much the same way, breaking down the vocal features. The two vocal charts sit side by side on the computer screen. Cheyanne types the command: MAKE "R" to "F" VOCAL FILTER.

END MONTAGE

INT. MARSHAL HQ - NIGHT

The crew is still at the computer.

CHEYANNE
Ready?

Rodney holds the microphone.

RODNEY

Ready.

CHEYANNE

OK, go.

RODNEY

I killed Tom Hanks. I am very
sorry.

But instead of Rodney's voice, we hear what sounds just like
Ford's, coming from the computer.

CANDICE

(to Rodney)

You're a genius.

RODNEY

We don't know if it's going to work
yet.

LESLIE

That's freaky. Lemme try.

CANDICE

Um, it only works for Rodney.

LESLIE

Oh yeah.

Rodney smells blood.

RODNEY

(into the mic; Ford's
voice)

I'm sorry. I should have never run
from you guys. You marshals are
very good at your jobs. I am a bad
bad person.

Rodney finally allows himself a smile.

The female marshal rushes in.

FEMALE MARSHAL

Ford Burke left you a voice mail.

RODNEY

What!

He hits a few buttons on a desk phone.

We hear a beep. Sobbing.

FORD (V.O.)
It's Ford. I'm tired of running.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Sunset Strip. We are outside the entrance to the ultra-hip SkyBar. Expensive cars drive past the Hollywood hot spot with expensive women hanging from the windows.

Outside of the imposing white doors stand a variety of wanna-be guys with silicone-enhanced women. A stony-faced BOUNCER ignores everyone with a practiced eye.

Near the back of the crowd, we see a manicured hand drop a can of shaving cream and a razor into a trash can.

We pull out to see that the hand belongs to Ford. He is dressed very classily as a large-breasted woman. He looks, dare we say, good.

Ford shimmies to the front of the line and begins to reach for the door. The bouncer blocks his way.

BOUNCER
Sorry honey. Hotel guests only.

As Ford begins to walk away, a limo opens to reveal young hotshot actor JAY MOHR. Jay walks straight for the door, which the bouncer quickly opens.

BOUNCER
Mr. Mohr.

JAY MOHR
Hey, Billy.

The actor takes a quick glance at Ford, and grabs his arm.

JAY MOHR (CONT'D)
This one's with me.

BOUNCER
Yes sir.

Jay escorts Ford into the club.

EXT. SKYBAR - CONTINUOUS

The two walk into the swanky, dark, outdoor bar and survey the crowd.

JAY MOHR

I'm Jay.

Ford nods, and immediately walks away.

JAY MOHR (CONT'D)

Hey!

Ford has disappeared into the crowd.

JAY MOHR

(to himself)

Should have gone with the other jacket. Oh well.

He swings into action, smiling.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Ford stands at a courtesy phone in the attached hotel lobby.

FORD

(into phone)

Yes. I'm calling from Universal Studios. I have an emergency message for Jason Belcher. His cell phone isn't going through. Yes, please. It's absolutely urgent. Thank you.

Ford lays down the phone and heads back outside to the bar.

EXT. SKYBAR - CONTINUOUS

Ford scans the crowd. Finally, he sees a tuxedoed bar employee carrying a cordless phone. Ford watches closely as the man approaches a youngish guy in a Hugo Boss suit.

He hands him the phone. After a beat, the man petulantly hands the phone back to the employee and waves him away.

Bingo.

EXT. SKYBAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ford is situated on the far side of the swimming pool, occasionally dismissing would be suitors, as he watches Jason talking to actor PETER DELUISE.

PETER DELUISE

I'm telling you. I'm pretty sure Johnny will do it.

JASON
I'll tell you what. You lock Depp,
and *21 Jump Street: The Movie* is a
go.

PETER DELUISE
Bitchin'.

Ford finally catches the young producer's eye.

JASON
Excuse me, Dom.

PETER DELUISE
Peter.

Jason is gone.

On the far side of the pool, Jason approaches Ford. Ford coyly walks away into the shadowy edge of the bar's property. Jason follows. A moment later, Jay Mohr, seeing Ford, also follows.

Ford leans seductively against a tree.

JASON
Hi there.

Ford gives a little wave.

Jason's call phone goes off.

JASON (CONT'D)
Excuse me.
(into phone)
Talk to me. Hello? Hello?

The ringing continues. Jason reaches into his pocket and produces another phone.

JASON (CONT'D)
Ha. Wrong phone.
(answering)
Talk to me. Yeah. No. I don't want
to discuss this right now. No, I've
got other business. Later.

He hangs up the phone.

JASON
Sorry, that was just...

The producer stops dead. Ford has his gun pointed at Jason's chest.

Before Ford can say anything, Jason lets out a bloodcurdling, sissy-boy SCREAM.

JASON (CONT'D)

It's you!!!

The bar goes silent.

Two AGENTS assigned to cover Jason immediately leave the pool area where they've been chatting up a couple women. They train their guns at Ford, SCREAMING for him to drop his weapon.

At that moment, Jay Mohr, in an attempt at heroism, dives at Jason, pushing the producer out of the way. Rattled, one of the agents FIRES at Ford.

Jay Mohr takes the bullet in the arm, and flops into the pool. The water turns scarlet with the flailing actor's blood.

The CROWD goes nuts; Hollywood hipsters run every which way in panic. The stunned agents are overrun.

The shocked Jason bolts and climbs over a side fence. Ford follows.

Jason, still screaming, runs up a side driveway, knocking over startled kitchen employees on break.

Reaching the street, Jason leaps into his RED FERRARI parked in a prime spot. He revs the engine and pulls out.

Ford emerges from the driveway to see the Ferrari screech into traffic.

Ford rushes towards a VALET getting out of a BLACK PORSCHE. Ford pushes the valet to the ground and jumps into the car. The Porsche speeds off.

VALET

Put a.

One of the undercover agents reaches the street, and jumps into his car.

The HEAD VALET pulls out a cell phone and dials frantically.

HEAD VALET

Hello, police?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Ferrari leaps over the center divider, and roars up a side street into the Hollywood hills. The Porsche makes the same turn, nearly crashing into a bus. The skidding bus slams into a street light and flops onto its side.

Cars plow into the downed vehicle. The undercover agent narrowly avoids the mess.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The marshals sit outside Ford's small theatre in the valley. A few police cruisers wait nearby. Snipers line the adjacent rooftops.

They've been here a while.

RODNEY

I guess he's a better actor than we thought.

Rodney's WALKIE-TALKIE crackles. He puts it to his ear.

RODNEY

Motherfucker. Let's move!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The two speeding cars wind up the hill. Jason tries to lose Ford by making a quick right. Ford, in turn, swings his car right, taking out a large hedge.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Ford's face is set in concentration. The odometer reads fifty.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jason whips through an intersection. Ford quickly follows. Right behind them, three POLICE CARS fly out from the side-street, joining the chase, along with the undercover agent.

The Ferrari climbs to the crest of the hill, making a sharp left onto Mulholland. Ford and the police cars are close behind. The third cop, having dropped a little back, makes the left and is clipped by an oncoming Mercedes. Both cars flip over, the siren petering out. The undercover agent again narrowly avoids the accident.

INT. FERRARI -CONTINUOUS

As the panicked Jason desperately tries to shake Ford, his car phone RINGS.

JASON
Can't talk right now.

He hangs up and makes a left back down the hill.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ford and the pursuing cars also make the left.

EXT. MOVIE SET - CONTINUOUS

On a quiet street, a medium-sized movie crew puts the finishing touches on a shot.

The FEMALE DIRECTOR sits on the rig of a camera vehicle, parked at the curb.

FEMALE DIRECTOR
OK people. Let's do it. Action!

A YOUNG STUD runs from a house and jumps into a convertible.

Suddenly, the Ferrari blows past a waving PA and flies down the street, followed closely by Ford.

The young stud, like a trooper, continues acting, pulling the convertible away from the curb. The camera vehicle follows.

The two police cruisers, in full pursuit, slam on their brakes. The first car crashes into the back of the slow-moving camera vehicle as the director futilely calls, "Cut!"

The other cruiser hops the curb and slams into a star trailer parked in a driveway.

His path blocked, the undercover agent hits a hard left, cutting through a backyard...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The chase continues as Jason and Ford whip down a street bordering a canyon.

Suddenly, the undercover agent careens out of driveway, straight at Ford. Ford weaves to the right. The agent skids to the left, bumping Ford with the back of his car. Ford nearly flies off the road, but maintains control.

Driving side by side with Ford, the undercover agent repeatedly knocks into the side of Ford's vehicle. As the agent swings the car into Ford once more, Ford slams on the brakes.

The agent's car clips the front of the Porsche, ripping off Ford's bumper.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car spins out of control.

AGENT

Fuck!!!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The agent's car crashes headlong into a tree. Ford speeds up to catch Jason.

INT. PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS

Angry, Ford reaches into his dress and pulls out his gun. Steering with one hand, he leans out the window and begins firing.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Three bullets ricochet off the pavement behind the Ferrari. The fourth finds its mark and shreds the back right tire of the vehicle.

The Ferrari goes into a MASSIVE SKID and careens off the canyon wall, disappearing into the night.

The Porsche skids to a stop and Ford jumps out, running to the lip of the canyon:

A nearly completed HOUSE sits off just below the road near the canyon wall. The backside of the Ferrari, its hazard lights blinking, dangles from the second story of the house.

Ford scrambles down the canyon wall.

INT. MARSHAL CAR - NIGHT

Cheyenne sits shotgun as an embarrassed and glum Rodney speeds down the freeway.

RODNEY

Goddamn. Goddamn. I could be home right now, working in the garage.

CHEYANNE
(all business)
So, what's our approach going to be?

RODNEY
I don't know. Shoot him.

CHEYANNE
(wheeling on him)
Jesus, Rodney. You want to do art, do art. Go home.

RODNEY
Twenty years. Shit. I've caught guys ten times smarter than this one.

CHEYANNE
So what?

RODNEY
So I'm better than this...little fucker.

CHEYANNE
Well, maybe you're not anymore.

Pause. Rodney is stunned.

RODNEY
That's bullshit.

CHEYANNE
(mumbling)
Well...

RODNEY
(stronger now)
No. That is bullshit. Wait, are you saying I'm getting old?

CHEYANNE
I'm not saying anything.

RODNEY
You're saying I'm getting old! Fuck you...I'm not getting old.

Rodney's driving a little faster now.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Shit.

CHEYANNE
(smiling)
Then let's go fucking get him.

Rodney stares at her for a beat. Smiles.

RODNEY
Damn right let's get him.

Rodney punches the gas, with new-found determination.

His walkie-talkie comes to life.

COP (V.O.)
We've lost him.

Rodney slams on the brakes.

RODNEY
Of course you did.

He hands Cheyanne the walkie-talkie. She chucks it out the window.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ford bursts through the front door and runs up the not-yet completed stairs to the second floor.

He opens door after door, finding only unfinished bedrooms and bathrooms, until he opens a door to see the front of the Ferrari in what looks to be a den.

Ford rushes to the Ferrari, and opens the driver's side door. It is empty. The airbag lies deflated against the steering wheel.

Ford inches away from the car, turning slowly back towards the hallway. He opens a bedroom door. Nothing. He opens another bedroom door. Still nothing. Hearing a small noise, Ford stops. A quiet whimpering can be heard coming from behind a closed door.

Ford, his gun drawn, KICKS the door open. Sitting in a bathtub, curled into a fetal position, is Jason. He is crying and cowering.

JASON
Please don't kill me.

Ford cracks him in the face with the gun, knocking the producer out cold.

INT. MARSHAL HQ - MORNING

Leslie sits, reading the paper. The headline reads:

"BURKE STRIKES AGAIN. Leads police on high speed chase, escapes. Actor Jay Mohr shot, recovering."

Leslie tosses the paper onto the table.

LESLIE

Boss, we need to hire some new agents.

Rodney ignores him. He's done fucking around.

He is at the phone, hooked up to the computer console; the voice filter program is up on the screen. The other marshals gather around.

RODNEY

(to Cheyanne)
You got the list?

Cheyanne hands him a piece of paper.

CHEYANNE

This is the company phone list for the sister's office.

CANDICE

Oh. So she feels free to talk to him!

LESLIE

We'll call one of her co-workers, and get Janeane to come to that phone.

CHEYANNE

Which obviously isn't tapped.

CANDICE

How did you think of this?

RODNEY

Let's just hope Ford already has.

He dials a number from the list.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

In the offices of Chicago Mutual, Janeane walks into a small office where an older woman hands the phone to her.

JANEANE

Thanks.

The woman exits. Janeane closes the door behind her.

JANEANE

(into phone)

Ford?

INTERCUT:

RODNEY

(sounding just like Ford)

Hey.

JANEANE

Did you get in OK?

RODNEY

Yeah.

JANEANE

Good. The key was where I told you?

RODNEY

Yeah.

(thinking)

Are you sure it's safe?

JANEANE

Yes. Linda isn't going out there anytime soon. Her play got extended.

The marshals look at each other hopefully. Rodney fumbles for something to say.

RODNEY

Has she been on Broadway before?

Janeane balks.

Rodney and the marshals sense the mistake.

JANEANE

What? Ford?

RODNEY

Hold on, someone's coming.

Leslie plows through the pile of e-mails.

RODNEY
They're gone.

JANEANE
Why did you say Broadway?

Leslie thrusts a paper at Rodney, pointing at a circled word.

RODNEY
Uh, did I say Broadway? I'm sorry,
I'm really tired...
(reading)
...Ms. Pac Man.

Janeane relaxes, and allows herself a chuckle.

JANEANE
Atlanta's a far cry from Broadway.
Poor Linda. She's not even very
good. Unlike you.

Cheyenne and Leslie jump from their chairs and rush to another computer terminal.

RODNEY
(whispering)
Shit. They're back. I gotta go. I
love you.

He hangs up.

JANEANE
Ford. Ford?

She hangs up, worried about her baby brother.

INT. MARSHAL HQ - CONTINUOUS

Rodney and Candice wheel their chairs over to Cheyenne and Leslie.

LESLIE
Right on, boss.

Rodney smiles.

CHEYANNE
OK. I've got Playbill Online. There
are eight plays covered by Playbill
running in Atlanta right now.

RODNEY
Get those cast lists.

CANDICE
Let's hope she's Equity.

The three look at the rookie.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
Equity. The stage actors' union.
Because if she's not then...

They go back to work.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
We'll assume she is.

INT. TIMESHARE - DAY

A comatose Jason is sprawled out on the floor of the timeshare. Ron Howard watches from the couch, interested.

Ford stands above the producer as Maureen brings a can of beer from the kitchen.

Ford pops the can and takes a swig, pouring the rest on Jason's face.

The producer coughs and spits, waking up. He looks up to see Ford standing above him, and immediately begins SCREAMING.

They let him scream. Jason finally notices Maureen, and then Ron Howard on the couch. He stops screaming.

Ford Pulls his gun out and puts it to Jason's head.

FORD
(serious)
How did I get hired on the movie?

JASON
I don't know.

FORD
Maureen. Take Ron out of the room,
I don't want him to have to see
this.

JASON
(terrified)
My mom. It was my mom.

FORD
Your mom?

JASON

She asked me for a favor. Hire this kid. She didn't know you were going to kill Tom Hanks. She was as upset as anyone afterwards.

FORD

(yelling)
I didn't kill-

JASON

That Tom Hanks would be killed, I mean!

FORD

Why did she want me hired?

JASON

She said you were the son of a friend. You'd be surprised how often people hit her up, knowing I'm a producer.

INT. MARSHAL HQ - DAY

Rodney is on the phone, holding a printed cast list. The other marshals gather around expectantly. He hangs up.

He grabs his coat.

RODNEY

Linda Travelli has a timeshare in the Angeles Forest.

LESLIE

Let's go.

The marshals run from the room.

INT. TIMESHARE - DAY

Ford puts the gun away.

FORD

Where is she?

JASON

No. No way. I'm not telling you where she is.

Jason begins crying.

JASON (CONT'D)
You can shoot me, but I'm not
giving up my mommy.

Ford is exasperated.

FORD
I'm not going to hurt her! I Just
need to figure out who set me up.
Goddammit, can't you people figure
it out by now? I was set up.

JASON
You put my Ferrari in a house.

MAUREEN
What?

FORD
Nevermind.

RON HOWARD
(to Jason)
Oh, tell him you big pussy.

Everyone is shocked. Ron Howard shrugs.

FORD
Tell me.

Jason looks to Ron Howard. The director nods, reassuringly.

JASON
She teaches drama at North Pasadena
High School.

FORD
Maureen, tie him up.

Maureen grabs Ford's gun, and cracks Jason over the head.
Jason is out cold once again.

FORD (CONT'D)
Or you could do that.

EXT. TIMESHARE - DAY

The four marshals, flanked by various cops, silently climb
the front steps of the timeshare.

On Rodney's count, they burst through the front door.

INT. TIMESHARE - CONTINUOUS

The marshals stream into the house with their guns poised.

RODNEY

Freeze!

Ron Howard, Jason, and Maureen look up from the couch.

Jason screams.

Rodney motions, and Cheyanne, Candice, and Leslie fan out slowly into the other rooms.

RON HOWARD

He's already gone.

Rodney puts down his gun.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's late afternoon and Ford parks the Range Rover in a nearly empty lot.

He throws on a cap and sunglasses, and makes his way into the main building.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

In an empty classroom with a make-shift stage on one side, a haggard but elegant-looking woman, SUSAN BELCHER, sits at her desk grading papers.

FORD (O.S.)

Mrs. Belcher.

Susan starts and then whips around to see Ford standing behind her, his gun drawn.

She nervously looks around.

FORD

Why did you do this to me?

SUSAN

(whispering)

He threatened to kill me.

FORD

Who?

SUSAN

I didn't know he would kill anyone.

FORD
(yelling)
Goddamn it, who?

Susan begins to weep.

SUSAN
I knew it was wrong. I was lonely
and he was... He just wanted me
because of Jason. Because Jason
could... And I couldn't lose my
husband. But I didn't know anyone
would die.

FORD
Who!

SUSAN
And after, when I realized. He came
back. He said he'd kill me. He
never thought you'd get this far.
But it became obvious you were
close.

FORD
(cocking the gun)
Who.

SUSAN
(whispering)
He's here. He's watching.

We hear the SQUEAL of brakes outside.

Ford runs to the window to see the marshals and several
police cruisers pull up.

Ford immediately bolts from the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ford runs down the long hallway, art murals and signs for
school rallies decorating the walls.

A ways in front of Ford, a side door opens and Rodney bursts
into the hallway.

Ford immediately hits a right and runs down another long
hallway. Suddenly, a lone figure walks slowly around a
corner, appearing at the far end of the hallway, gun pointed
in Ford's direction.

Ford stops in his tracks.

ANGLE FORD: He strains to make out the figure.

FORD

Oh my god.

As Ford fumbles for his gun, we see the figure suddenly bolt, disappearing back around the corner.

Confused, Ford looks back to see Rodney rounding the corner far behind him.

Ford sprints away from the approaching marshals, chasing the figure.

RODNEY (O.S.)

There's nowhere to go, Ford!

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ford, lost, stops for a second, listening for footsteps ahead of him. He hears the sound of a door opening and rushes around a corner to see a large door slowly closing.

His gun out, he rushes for the door and slips inside.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Ford pulls the door shut and locks it behind him.

His gun drawn, Ford surveys his surroundings. House lights illuminate rows of auditorium seating, which lead down to a medium-sized proscenium stage. On the stage, a cheesy, colorful beach set stands, decked by fake palm trees.

Ford hears shuffling from the stage, and he carefully makes his way down the aisle.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rodney leads his team down one hallway after another. He signals for them to stop; there are no footsteps. The marshals begin to frantically open door after door, guns and flashlights drawn.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Ford climbs onto the stage and pops behind a curtain. He sees light pouring from behind a stage door, and he makes his way to it. As he starts to open it, he hears footsteps on the opposite side of the stage.

Breathing hard, Ford slowly edges towards the stage. He bumps into a prop table, a telephone and a fake gun fall from it.

A booming voice breaks the silence.

VOICE (O.S.)
Put down the gun, Ford.

Ford looks across the stage from where the voice came.
Darkness. We hear a GUN COCK.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Throw your gun onto the stage where
I can see it.

Ford considers his options. He has none. He throws his gun
onto the stage where it hits a palm tree and falls to the
ground.

The stage is suddenly flooded with light. Ford looks up to
the catwalk to see the once shadowy figure with his hand on
the light switch.

It is Peter Scolari.

His gun is trained on Ford.

PETER SCOLARI
Slowly walk out onto the stage.

As Ford begins walking, Scolari makes his way one-handed down
the cat-walk ladder, his gun still pointed at Ford.

PETER SCOLARI (CONT'D)
You're a tenacious fucker. Stop
right there.

Ford stands stage left, facing Scolari, who stands on the
right side of the stage, in front of a grass hut.

FORD
Why did you-

PETER SCOLARI
Don't ask me why.

He kicks out the wall of the grass hut.

PETER SCOLARI (CONT'D)
You know, I started my career on a
cheap high school stage just like
this. I played Tevye in *Fiddler on
the Roof*.
(sings)
If I were a rich man. Ya da de da
de da da da da de da de da dum.

FORD
I didn't do anything to you.

PETER SCOLARI
Aw, who cares. Do you remember
Bosom Buddies?

FORD
The show you did with Tom Hanks.

PETER SCOLARI
Well, do you remember who was
funnier on that show?

Ford is silent.

PETER SCOLARI (CONT'D)
Do you know what it's like to watch
your one time best friend become
the most revered actor in the
world, while you slip into
oblivion?

FORD
I'd love to have your career.

PETER SCOLARI
Do you know how often people ask
me, "What was it like to work with
Tom Hanks?" DO you think anyone
ever asked him what it was like to
work with Peter Scolari?

FORD
(trying to be calm)
What do you want me to do?

PETER SCOLARI
I think it makes sense. Crazy young
actor ends his run from the police
by killing himself of stage.

Ford closes his eyes as Scolari picks up Ford's gun with a handkerchief. He aims it at Ford's head.

At the same moment, the sound of RIFLE FIRE shatters the silence as the door at the back of the auditorium is blown into a million pieces.

The very angry marshals stream through the hole where the door used to be. Leslie, seeing Ford, begins firing onto the stage.

Ford and Scolari both hit the deck.

Rodney throws his hand into the air.

RODNEY
Stop it!

Leslie stops shooting.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Get up!

Scolari stands up, with his hands in the air. Ford is gone.

PETER SCOLARI
(to Rodney)
Oh thank god.

RODNEY
Don't move.

Rodney begins making his way towards the stage.

FORD (O.S.)
Stay where you are! I have a gun
and I will kill him.

A gun peeks out from behind the proscenium wall, pointed at Scolari.

FORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
See?

The gun disappears.

Rodney stops cold. He turns to his team and the various cops behind him.

RODNEY
All of you, get out.

They all look at their boss, not moving.

CHEYANNE
You heard him.

Cheyanne quickly herds them out of the auditorium.

RODNEY
We're alone now Ford. It's just me.

FORD
He did it. It's him.

Scolari nervously looks to Rodney. Rodney winks at the actor.

RODNEY

I'm sure we'll get this all sorted out, as soon as you put that gun down.

FORD

It was him. He set me up.

Rodney sees Scolari's gun lying at the actor's feet.

RODNEY

Now Ford, I'm going to have him kick that gun to me. We don't want him getting any hero ideas now do we?

FORD

Fine.

Rodney gives Scolari a reassuring nod. Scolari kicks the gun off the stage. Rodney picks it up and backs up the aisle a bit.

Ford slowly emerges from behind the proscenium, gun still pointed at Scolari.

FORD

It was him.

RODNEY

Now Ford, I'm going to put these two guns down. See?

He lays the guns on the ground.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

See Ford, you have the power. Now you don't want to hurt this man.

FORD

He set me up.

RODNEY

Let me finish. You don't want to hurt this man...

Scolari looks to Rodney and winks.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

...because he's going to jail for the murder of Tom Hanks, among others.

Scolari turns white.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

That's right, Mrs. Belcher told us the whole story out there. Now you can put down the gun, Ford. It's over.

FORD

Are you kidding, my life is over because of this. He shattered everything I've been fucking working for. Everything I've been struggling for is gone. Suffering humiliation and indignities that this fuckhead hasn't had to deal with in the last twenty years. He's angry because he's not as famous as some people? Last month I ate nothing but ramen noodles and hot dogs. He killed my dream, and I will kill him.

RODNEY

Ford, you get your life back. Do you really want to-

Ford begins firing. Scolari jerks back, collapsing to the ground.

RODNEY

No!

Rodney grabs his gun off the ground and cocks the hammer.

PETER SCOLARI

Oh Jesus!

A shaking Scolari sits up, looking at his chest. There is no blood. Rodney relaxes his gun, staring in surprise at the smiling Ford.

FORD

(re: his prop gun)

Hm. Guess I got it right this time.

The various officers flood into the room and arrest the still stunned Scolari.

Rodney makes his way onto the stage and approaches Ford. He reaches out his hand, and Ford gives him the prop gun.

A look passes between the two men. Candice and Leslie lead Ford out of the auditorium.

Rodney walks up the aisle to Cheyanne. He hands her his badge.

Cheyanne smiles.

CHEYANNE

I better get an invite to your first show.

RODNEY

You will.

He walks away.

INT. FORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ford, cleaner than we've seen him in a long time, sits in an easy chair, a phone to his ear. His various cuts and bruises are healing nicely. Sam is sprawled on the couch, watching TV.

FORD

(into phone)

Yeah, Mom and Dad just left. They've never been nicer to me.

He laughs.

FORD (CONT'D)

Tomorrow at 3:30. United. I got it. Alright Ms. Pac Man, I'll see you then.

He hangs up the phone and puts the chair into reclining position. The doorbell rings.

FORD

(to Sam)

Don't get up.

Sam wasn't about to.

Ford gets up and opens the door. It's Maureen, looking lovely.

FORD
(happily surprised)
Maureen.

MAUREEN
You look much better.

FORD
Thanks. Bathing helps.

She laughs.

MAUREEN
I thought you should know, there's
a lot of buzz about rights to your
story in town.

FORD
Yeah, I know. I've never had to
screen my calls before. But I've
decided I don't want to sell this
experience. People died. There's
nothing exciting about that. I
don't want to do that.

MAUREEN
Hmmm. What do you want to do?

FORD
Get a drink. You want to come with
me?

SAM
I could totally use a...

Ford and Maureen both shoot him a look.

SAM (CONT'D)
...I'm just gonna stay here. Watch
some TV.

MAUREEN
Hey wait a second. Are you taking
me out just because I'm a casting
director?

FORD
I don't need you, woman. I'm
famous.

MAUREEN
Yeah, but not in a good way.

FORD

Eh, I'll take what I can get.

Maureen smiles. Holds out her hand. Ford looks at her, and takes her hand. They leave.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END