

"Maccabee"

Written By

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EXT. HORSE TRAIL - DAY

A pair of attractive, young RIDERS canter their horses through sagebrush and sand towards a grove of waving evergreen trees beneath a tall, pale cliff.

TITLE: ARIZONA, MARCH 1939

The MAN is a mustached ivy leaguer, dressed at the height of outdoor fashion, while the WOMAN is ravishing in a rodeo cowgirl's costume. Both seem very angry and upset.

The Woman halts suddenly, making the Man ride past. He quickly circles off the trail, raising a cloud of dust, then returns.

WOMAN

Damn you!

She slaps her mare's haunch with a fancy riding crop, but the Man grabs her reins. She whips his hand, he drops the reins and she gallops away, disappearing into the trees.

A BURST of submachine gun fire echoes back up the trail. The young Man frantically spurs his horse and rides into the trees. There is another BURST of fire, then silence.

JUMP CUT:

An open pickup truck ROARS out the far end of the woods. A pair of flannel-suited THUGS carrying submachine guns sit in the back of the truck on bales of hay. The young couple lie unconscious at their feet, the Man bleeding from a nasty chest wound.

THUG NO. 1

He might not make it.

THUG NO. 2

That's his hard luck!

The truck hits a jarring bump, skids around a turn and bounces up an embankment.

EXT. DUDE RANCH STABLES - DAY

The riderless horses of the young couple run inside a corral, where a pair of denim-suited WRANGLERS try to corner them. The mare shies into an open barn.

WRANGLER NO. 1 quickly grabs at the other horse's bridle but it rears and bolts away, dropping its saddle in the dirt.

WRANGLER NO. 1
What in hell's bothering him?

WRANGLER NO. 2
Where are the riders?

EXT. WILLARD'S GARAGE - DAY

The used car dealership has the fanciest looking automobiles in Los Angeles on its busy lot. Wealthy CUSTOMERS kick white-walled tires and inspect huge, overpowered engines. A big band dance number plays on a loudspeaker.

TITLE: LOS ANGELES, A FEW DAYS LATER

Four men stand by a stunning 1937 Cord Phaeton with an open top, admiring its sparkling finish and clean, aerodynamic lines.

The casually dressed buyer is JOSHUA MACCABEE, 42, a worldly, skeptical private investigator whose usually cool demeanor cannot conceal his obvious longing for the Cord.

The used car dealer is WILLARD SMITH, a friendly faced Okie who never lets a big fish off the hook. His two coveralled ASSISTANTS hang on his every word as if he were Socrates.

WILLARD
You're the detective, Mac.
Show me where there's anything
wrong with this beautiful baby
and I'll cut the price in half!

MACCABEE
Just 5,000 miles on her? No
fooling?

CONTINUED

WILLARD

We never touch the mile counter.
It ain't good business with a
wealthy clientele.

MACCABEE

Sure wish I could believe you.

WILLARD

Okay, one hundred dollars off.
You pay cash and that's it, Mac-
cabee! The boys gave her a tune
up yesterday and swear not one
major part shows even the slight-
est bit of wear.

Willard's Assistants beam proudly.

MACCABEE

I suppose the race car driver
who owned it last was extra
careful when he was driving
home from the speedway, huh?

WILLARD

Don't ask me to lie! Since
1937, this doll's been the
fastest stock car on the road!
Catching a bank robber in a
Cadillac would be like shooting
chickens in a barn!

Maccabee sighs wistfully and hands Willard a canvas
bag filled with cash. The dealer rapidly counts the
money and tries to return a one hundred dollar bill.

MACCABEE

No, keep it. Any trouble and
I'm bringing her straight back
to you!

Willard playfully wiggles the keys at Maccabee and the
detective snatches them out of his hand. Mac gets in
the driver's seat and turns over the engine. It purrs
smoothly as he pumps the accelerator and shifts gears.

WILLARD

You were made for each other!

EXT. MACCABEE BUNGALOW - DAY

A cute, little cottage on a tree-lined street in East L.A. Maccabee walks down the front porch steps onto the driveway. He carries a rifle case, a pistol belt and a large rucksack, which he sets down behind the Cord.

LUCY, a feisty little neighbor girl, runs around the hedge from the next yard and waves a newspaper at Mac.

LUCY

Hey, Mac, if you're going hunting, take me along. I never had a chance to shoot at big game!

MACCABEE

Sorry, Lucy, can't! I'm going out on an investigation.

LUCY

What kind of investigation? Hey, what kind of rifle is that and what kind of pistol?

Mac opens the car trunk and places the weapons inside.

MACCABEE

Springfield Rifle and Colt .45 Automatic.

LUCY

You served against the Kaiser in the Great War, right?

MACCABEE

Yup!

Lucy unfolds her newspaper, displaying the word, "Nazis," in big, block letters.

LUCY

(stuttering)

You read the latest about the nazis in Czecho, Czechoslovakia? They sound a lot worse than the Kaiser was!

CONTINUED

MACCABEE
(worriedly)
They probably are!

LUCY
Hope not! My Dad always says
war is the worst thing in the
whole, wide world! He always
says he hopes we never have to
fight another one!

Mac loads up the rest of his stuff, slams the trunk
shut and opens the driver's door.

MACCABEE
Be a good soldier, Lucy, and
tell your Mom and Dad not to
worry if I'm gone for more than
a week.

LUCY
Okay, Mac, I'll watch the
place while you're gone!

EXT. DEXTER AIRCRAFT FACTORY - DAY

A group of bitter, protesting WORKERS have set up a
picket line outside a large complex of loft buildings
and hangars.

Tough, plainclothed SECURITY MEN wielding night sticks
badger and hem in the picketers from both sides.

The signs carried by the Workers call for higher wages
and better benefits. Several men in hardhats chant a
slogan over and over: "Old man Dexter never lied!"

Maccabee's car halts a safe distance away beneath a
billboard depicting a twin-prop plane with the words,
"Dexter Aircraft, the Future of American Aviation."

A burly, pinstriped manager with gold captain's bars
pinned to his black fedora, THAD AMES, marches to
Maccabee's car and opens the passenger door.

CONTINUED

AMES

Thad Ames, chief of security.
Don't worry, Mister --

MACCABEE

Maccabee.

AMES

I'll personally escort you.

MACCABEE

Not if it means crossing a
picket line.

Ames looks at the expensive Cord confusedly.

AMES

Isn't your meeting up at the
executive offices?

MACCABEE

No, sir.

Ames slams the door shut and unbuttons his jacket,
threatening with the large revolver tucked under his
belt.

AMES

If you don't have any business
here, then leave the premises
immediately!

MACCABEE

A factory worker is expecting me.

AMES

Union bullyboy, huh?

There is loud shouting among the protestors and
several Security Men get punched and pushed aside as
DAVID JENKINS, powerfully built, grey haired master
mechanic, runs off the picket line and joins Maccabee
and Ames.

JENKINS

Button it up, Ames, this man
is my guest!

CONTINUED

Maccabee gets out of the Cord, slams the door and shakes hands.

MACCABEE
David Jenkins?

JENKINS
C'mon, let's go inside where
we can talk privately.

Ames quickly moves to block their access to the factory, holding up his beefy fists.

AMES
I'm not allowing it.
(to Jenkins)
You just came off the picket
line and this man -
(points at Mac)
- could be some kind of pro-
fessional troublemaker!

JENKINS
Locking me out? We're not even
officially on strike yet! The
picketers are all on break time.
What will Mrs. Dexter say when
she hears you wouldn't allow
the master mechanic back inside
the plant?

AMES
(rests a hand on
the pistol)
Probably nothing. Why can't
the meeting be held somewhere
else?

JENKINS
(bravely)
That's none of your concern.

Ames spits evilly, then looks away and buttons his jacket.

CONTINUED

AMES

You wouldn't tell me if it was.

(pauses)

All right, but take him around the long way.

As Jenkins and Mac start to walk away, Ames leans against the Cord fender. Jenkins calls back at him.

JENKINS

Better not be one scratch on that car finish when he returns.

Ames smiles insolently, saunters to the tailgate and reads the license plate number. He takes a notepad and pen out of a vest pocket and writes it down.

INT. DEXTER HANGAR - DAY

A gleaming passenger plane is being fitted with engines by MECHANICS on scaffoldings. A pair of WELDERS use flashing arc torches on the tail assembly.

Jenkins guides Maccabee to the back of the hangar and up a steep flight of metal stairs into a glass cubicle that looks down at the work floor.

INT. CUBICLE - DAY

Mac and Jenkins sit opposite each other at a drafting table. There are blueprint sized file cabinets against one wall and an American flag.

Maccabee admires an oil painting of a World War I U.S. fighter firing its machine guns at a German triplane.

MACCABEE

Beautiful painting.

JENKINS

A bit of nostalgia for the good old days. We ended production of military planes in 1920. Johnson up at the FBI tells me you're a decorated veteran of the Great War, Maccabee.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Spent all of the year 1918 in the trenches of France. I've worked for the Army occasionally since the war, looking into minor allegations of sabotage, although usually I work as a private investigator.

JENKINS

The best in town, right?

MACCABEE

You're with the picketers. Can you tell me more about the protest?

JENKINS

Later, after I explain my personal problem. Maybe it doesn't show, but I'm right on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown.

MACCABEE

Remain as calm as possible. We need to be very accurate about anything we discuss.

Jenkins reaches inside a cupboard and retrieves a framed photograph, which he tremblingly hands to Mac. It is the kidnapped young couple in wedding outfits.

JENKINS

(miserably)

Abigail Dexter and her new bridegroom, Henry Duparis. The marriage ceremony was just two weeks ago. Abigail solemnly gave her word she would be at a signing of corporate papers Monday but vanished mysteriously the day before.

Maccabee studies the picture closely.

MACCABEE

Is this the only copy?

CONTINUED

JENKINS

No, I can get another.

Maccabee takes the photo and hands Jenkins the frame.

JENKINS (Cont'd)

My fear is that they may have been kidnapped! I'm heartbroken and can't help feeling the disappearance is all my fault.

MACCABEE

How could you have prevented it?

JENKINS

Mrs. Dexter --

MACCABEE

The plant owner?

JENKINS

We haven't always been on good terms, but I was Abigail's godfather. As a personal favor, Mrs. Dexter asked me to chauffeur her daughter and the bridegroom on their honeymoon.

MACCABEE

To Cliffside, the dude ranch in Arizona?

JENKINS

Yes. The ranch has an excellent reputation, otherwise I'd have stayed to watch the kids.

MACCABEE

Was there any understanding that you would remain with the couple and guard them during the entire honeymoon?

JENKINS

No, I couldn't. They seemed anxious to be alone and didn't want me around. And because of

CONTINUED

JENKINS (Cont'd)
the trouble at the factory, I
didn't feel justified in spend-
ing more than a few days away.

MACCABEE
Has Mrs. Dexter voiced any sus-
picions against you?

JENKINS
I'm pretty sure she blames me!
Your job is to help me clear
my name by finding Abigail and
Henry. I pray God both of them
are safe and nothing worse than
kidnapping has happened.

MACCABEE
Has Mrs. Dexter hired anyone
else as investigator?

JENKINS
No, she's been in close communi-
cation with the Sheriff down in
Arizona, Ernest Rawling. He's
moving very slowly, treating it
as an ordinary missing persons
case. So I called the FBI.

MACCABEE
The FBI gave you my number?

JENKINS
Not officially. Their agent,
Johnson, said you would find
the couple if anyone could.

MACCABEE
I've successfully traced plenty
of missing persons. Only a few
were actually kidnapped. You
should be aware that if violence
was involved, the victims may
be injured or possibly even dead.

JENKINS
My God --

CONTINUED

He cries pathetically, covering his eyes with his weathered hands.

MACCABEE

I'm sorry, Mr. Jenkins.

JENKINS

You can call me David.

MACCABEE

Now this will be very difficult. Do you see any connection between the disappearances and the trouble here at the plant?

Jenkins tries to regain his composure, looking out the windows at a pair of Mechanics as they attach a propellor to an engine.

JENKINS

There have been so many disturbing changes recently. Last year, Abigail's father, John Dexter, the company founder, suddenly died.

MACCABEE

How did he die?

JENKINS

The doctors said it was a heart attack. Afterwards, Mrs. Dexter took up with Jim Miller, the suspicious new plant manager she hired. Then all our fighting about wages and benefits began.

MACCABEE

When?

JENKINS

Two months ago. Old man Dexter promised us salary increases and benefits just before he died. The day Jim Miller came in as manager he broke every single one of the old man's promises. That's when we set up the pick-et line.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Easy to understand why.

JENKINS

Miller has turned Mrs. Dexter's head. She lets him run roughshod over the entire work force. Some men have threatened to quit over the way the factory is being run. I'm one of the few workers who still will speak to Mrs. Dexter.

MACCABEE

David, how did the missing daughter feel about Jim Miller?

JENKINS

Abigail hated him so much, it nearly halted her wedding preparations. She thought her mother was acting a fool with a man who was much too young. She didn't trust him at all.

MACCABEE

Because of his policies here at the plant?

JENKINS

Exactly. Abigail told everyone she was going to stop Miller even if she had to fire him.

MACCABEE

Did she have the power?

JENKINS

She inherited a substantial share of plant ownership when her father died.

MACCABEE

Do you suspect Jim Miller might have kidnapped Abigail to prevent himself from being fired?

CONTINUED

JENKINS

No. I can't be sure. None of us at the factory really knows anything about him. He's such a snob, we just can't communicate.

MACCABEE

I'd like a meeting, if possible.

JENKINS

The Dexter estate is up in Beverly Hills. Miller moved in with Mrs. Dexter shortly after he became manager.

MACCABEE

Anything else I should know?

JENKINS

Only this. He plans to convert our entire factory to the manufacture of light aircraft. It makes no sense economically if we're going to fight another world war.

(points out window)

Take a look at the twin prop out there.

Maccabee looks out the window.

JENKINS (Cont'd)

With modifications, that's a next generation of military aircraft.

MACCABEE

As long as the nazis are rattling their sabers at everyone, it would be a big mistake for you to switch to the manufacture of light planes. In a major war, the U.S. Army would want this factory to manufacture heavy planes for them.

CONTINUED

JENKINS

Precisely, but we won't be much help to the military if Jim Miller has his way. I hope he has no connection to the disappearances. Stop at the estate before you travel to Arizona.

MACCABEE

Good, I wanted to meet Mrs. Dexter before driving out to the dude ranch.

JENKINS

Move fast, I won't rest until you tell me Abigail and Henry are safe!

EXT. DEXTER AIRCRAFT FACTORY - DAY

As Mac gets in the Cord, Thad Ames arrives and makes a show of polishing the fender with his handkerchief.

AMES

I called my friends up at city hall. They say you're some kind of special gumshoe -- and much too clever.

MACCABEE

There must be another detective named Maccabee, I'm really not that bright.

AMES

(nastily)

Funny guy. Come back any time, we'll have a reception committee waiting for you.

MACCABEE

I'll bring roses.

Mac flashes a toothy smile, guns the engine and hurriedly drives into traffic. Ames irritably signals RON HENDERSON, a coarse tempered security man in a dark colored, hard topped sedan.

EXT. LOS ANGELES HIGHWAY - DAY

A beautiful, sunny afternoon. The Cord effortlessly moves through traffic, rapidly cutting from lane to lane as the black sedan awkwardly follows.

Mac checks the rearview mirror and sees the sedan is on his tail. He downshifts and swerves over to the right behind a slow-moving truck. The sedan nearly rearends him.

Mac turns and waves cheerfully to the frustrated security man, then suddenly ROARS back into the fast lane, pushing the speedometer up past sixty and leaving the sedan stuck in traffic.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Henderson violently throws his hat on the seat, revealing a lobster-colored, baldheaded dome.

HENDERSON
(shouting)
I hate private dicks!

EXT. DEXTER ESTATE - DAY

The Cord glides up a pretty, flowered driveway and stops by a bubbling fountain with a statue of Venus as water bearer. The half-timbered Tudor mansion is dappled with pink stucco.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The large, luxurious chamber is furnished in period French furniture and has a display of classic paintings, sculptures and objets d'art.

Maccabee is admiring a glass case of coins, when SAMANTHA DEXTER, 55, a vain and shallow-minded beauty wearing a luxurious silk gown, is ushered into the room by a BUTLER who exits, shutting a pair of gilded doors.

MRS. DEXTER
Those coins were collected by
my husband from auction houses
all over the world. Many of
them are extremely ancient.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

(pointing)

Is that one of the Caesars?

MRS. DEXTER

Yes, Mr. Dexter had a growing fondness for the Romans just before he died, as you can see --

She waves across the room at a collection of Roman statuary, then points at a leather couch.

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)

But I'm being rude. Please, let's sit and speak more comfortably.

JUMP CUT:

Seated by Mac on the couch, Mrs. Dexter gesticulates angrily at him.

MRS. DEXTER

My disagreement with Abigail could not possibly have had any connection to her disappearance. I have always doted upon her the way a mother should. She simply would not accept the idea that I remain attractive to young men in spite of my age!

MACCABEE

Young men? Is someone else in your life other than Jim Miller, the new plant manager?

MRS. DEXTER

No, no, of course not. I suppose you don't know Abigail became jealous over her bridegroom's affection for me?

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Anything in it?

MRS. DEXTER

Don't be ridiculous. Henry wanted to kiss me, and I didn't see any harm. He was a little too affectionate, that was all!

MACCABEE

Abigail also disapproved of your relations with Jim Miller. You didn't mourn very long for your husband before finding a new lover.

MRS. DEXTER

I don't see how this will help find my daughter.

MACCABEE

It may.

She nervously leans over a coffee table, takes a cigarette from an ivory container and ignites it with a silver lighter, exhaling a cloud of smoke up at a crystal chandelier.

MRS. DEXTER

(meditatively)

I was in a terrible state when Mr. Dexter died. My health deteriorated rapidly following his funeral. When Jim came into my life he was like a godsend, otherwise neither I nor the business might have survived.

MACCABEE

Didn't the factory continue operations after your husband's death?

MRS. DEXTER

Yes, but the running of the business could not be left in the hands of the managers and workers

CONTINUED

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)
Mr. Dexter had hired. None of them was qualified to take charge of an aircraft plant.

MACCABEE
Your friend Jim Miller was?

MRS. DEXTER
Yes, he's very competent and he brought along a staff of security men.

MACCABEE
I've met a couple of those bruisers already. It wasn't a pleasant experience.

MRS. DEXTER
I needed someone strong to turn down the demands of the plant workers. My concern was that Abigail might be too easily influenced without her father's guidance.

MACCABEE
Didn't your husband promise the workers everything they are asking for?

MRS. DEXTER
No.
(regards Mac uncertainly)
Well, perhaps, but he surely had no idea how selfish they can be or he might not have promised so generously. Do you think any of the workers could be responsible for the disappearances? A kidnapping?

MACCABEE
Why would the factory men harm your daughter if she was on their side in a labor dispute?

CONTINUED

MRS. DEXTER
Who knows what goes on inside
irrational minds?

The doors across the room click shut behind JIM MILLER, 45, an athletic, shady businessman, dapperly dressed in a three-piece suit with a gold watch fob and a diamond stick pin.

MILLER
Excellently put, my darling!

Mac stands to be introduced and Miller quickly crosses the room, impolitely taking Mac's seat by Mrs. Dexter and forcing the detective to sit on a small chair opposite.

MILLER (Cont'd)
(to Mac)
Jim Miller! I suppose by now
you've heard everything about
me. Hope it won't be too boring
if I ask a few questions of my
own?

MACCABEE
Not at all.

MILLER
(ironically)
Maccabee? Is that a Hebrew
name?

MACCABEE
(unhappily)
Yes.

MILLER
I've never met a Jewish detec-
tive before. Do you always
represent labor in their petty,
little disputes with manage-
ment?

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

No. In this case for instance,
I'm looking for a pair of mis-
sing persons.

(to Mrs. Dexter)

I'd like to talk more about
Henry Duparis.

Miller blushes angrily and looks away, then recovers
when he sees Mrs. Dexter watching him puzzled.

MILLER

(to Mrs. Dexter)

Sorry, my dearest, I received
a call at the bank from one of
our security people informing
me a Shamus had visited the
factory. He certainly misled
me about the actual purpose
of Maccabee's visit!

(to Mac)

David Jenkins hired you to find
Abigail and Henry?

MACCABEE

Yes.

MILLER

Then he must have admitted he
was terribly negligent in aband-
oning them at the dude ranch.

MACCABEE

Mr. Jenkins feels badly and
is eager to clear his name.

The Butler enters the room, timidly whispers in
Miller's ear and Miller stands.

MILLER

I'll be back in a moment.

They cross the room and exit.

EXT. DEXTER ESTATE - DAY

Miller comes out the door and is extremely annoyed to
find Ron Henderson and his sedan parked behind the

CONTINUED

Cord. Henderson is trying to jimmy open Mac's glove compartment but it is locked.

MILLER

Stop fool! Want him to catch you?

Henderson pockets the jimmy, then pulls out a stiletto and snaps the button, revealing a ten inch, razor-sharp blade.

HENDERSON

Lemme get rid of the trouble-maker and we'll have no more worries.

MILLER

Not here and not now! Put that away. And get the sedan out of sight, I don't want any violence with the servants as witnesses.

HENDERSON

Hell!

He reluctantly gets in the sedan and rapidly backs down the driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Miller quietly rejoins Mrs. Dexter on the couch as Mac continues his questioning.

MACCABEE

Is your daughter's husband, Henry, in any way unreliable or irresponsible?

MILLER

(to Mrs. Dexter)

Don't answer, dear.

(to Mac)

The whole incident between Mrs. Dexter and the bridegroom was blown way out of proportion.

MACCABEE

Mrs. Dexter?

CONTINUED

MRS. DEXTER

If one ignores his childish fascination with attractive older women, Henry Duparis is really not an unsuitable match for my daughter. His family are socially very prominent and he has a large inheritance of his own.

MACCABEE

Have you ever seen him in a fit of temper or rage? Has he ever struck or threatened your daughter?

MILLER

(sneering)

A lover's quarrel? Isn't it more likely workers have the young couple tied up near the factory and are waiting until we're desperate to send their ransom demands?

MRS. DEXTER

(to Miller, anxiously)

Jim, please, let's end this unpleasantness quickly.

(to Mac)

Other than showing too much affection for me, Henry has ordinarily been considerate of Abigail's feelings. He was gently raised and would not strike a woman. Actually, quite a lovely boy.

MACCABEE

I see. Now, may I change the subject? Under what circumstances did your late husband's death occur?

Mrs. Dexter leans over and nervously lights another cigarette.

CONTINUED

MRS. DEXTER

He was returning home from the plant when he had a heart attack in his car on the freeway.

MACCABEE

Anything peculiar about the death?

MILLER

Oh, don't be ridiculous. You are suspicious way past the point of paranoia! Mr. Dexter died naturally.

MRS. DEXTER

(to Miller)

Let me answer.

(to Mac)

My husband was in normal health at the age of 70, but perhaps too athletic for his age. It may have contributed to his death. He rode on horseback rather frequently.

MACCABEE

At the dude ranch in Arizona?

MRS. DEXTER

No, at our country club. Abigail and I discovered the Cliffside Dude Ranch in one of my women's magazines -- apparently, quite a fashionable gathering place for honeymooners and children from distinguished backgrounds.

MILLER

(to Mac)

How long is this interrogation going to last? I feel you're rather aimlessly pursuing the investigation.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Anything Mrs. Dexter mentions about the dude ranch may prove useful to me in finding her daughter. I don't have much to go on. Would you indulge my curiosity a bit further yourself?

MILLER

Fire away, my life is an open book.

MACCABEE

I understand you plan to convert the Dexter factory to the manufacture of light aircraft?

MILLER

Correct. My research in the marketplace indicates light planes will improve the Dexter Corporation's sales performance and profits enormously over a period as short as perhaps five years.

MACCABEE

That would be an extraordinary achievement. But your current line of heavy plane is more useful to the military. Aren't you concerned we may have to fight a war against the nazis in the near future?

MILLER

Pure nonsense from the press! We Americans have no quarrel with Mr. Hitler and should leave the Europeans to solve their own problems. Our concern is to survive the depression by improving the profitability of big business.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

May I ask your qualifications for the role of manager of an aircraft factory?

MILLER

I would enjoy discussing my professional life further, but financial duties must call me away. Please arrange an interview when you return from Arizona.

MACCABEE

Can't you answer a few questions more about Abigail and Henry?

MILLER

When we meet again.

Miller rises and impatiently indicates the door. Mac reluctantly stands and shakes hands.

MACCABEE

Very well. I don't want to lose any more time.
(to Mrs. Dexter)
I'll remain in touch, Ma'am.

EXT. DEXTER ESTATE - DAY

Getting in the Cord, Mac notices jimmy marks around the glove compartment. He sighs uneasily, opens it and checks to see that his license, registration and a snub nosed revolver are still inside.

EXT. OAK DRIVE - DAY

A steep, tree-lined street bordered by the sculpted hedges and ivied lawns of Roman Villas and Spanish Colonial Haciendas. As Mac's Cord glides downhill he takes in the luxuriant scenery.

EXT. SPRUCE DRIVE - DAY

Henderson's dark colored sedan is parked at a scenic turnout overlooking a sharp turn on Oak Drive below. Henderson is in the kneeling marksman's position, with his pistol aimed down at the Cord as it enters the turn. He FIRES four times.

EXT. OAK DRIVE - DAY

Mac floors the accelerator. His tires SQUEAL through the turn as he narrowly misses an approaching Packard. Two more SHOTS strike the Cord door and the passenger seat.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Mac SKIDS around the corner and speeds through traffic, past NICK DAIN, 28, a wryly dutiful motorcycle cop who runs his SIREN and finally stops the Cord at curbside three blocks away. The cop checks his gunbelt and saunters up to Mac.

NICK

What's this, some kind of race car? I could write a fifty dollar ticket, buster.

MACCABEE

You're not gonna want to after I explain.

NICK

Make it good. I've got a lie detector between my ears.

Mac points at a bullethole in the driver door.

MACCABEE

See that?

Nick leans over and inspects the puncture hole.

NICK

(surprised)
.38 caliber. Where'd it happen?

MACCABEE

At the turn on Oak Drive, just now.

NICK

Did you stop to talk to the gunman?

MACCABEE

Uh uh! I didn't wanna be a sitting duck in a shooting gallery.

CONTINUED

NICK

Why would anyone wanna take a
shot at a handsome guy like you?

A pair of pretty, rich GIRLS stroll by, admiring Mac
and his car. He pulls a card out of his shirt pocket
and hands it to the cop.

MACCABEE

My line of business.

NICK

Private eye? Hey, maybe I've
heard your name, maybe I can
help.

(admiringly)

Yeah, you broke the Diablo case
out in Santa Monica, caught the
thugs who murdered a Senator's
son. What's the rap here, Mac?

MACCABEE

Possible abduction. Abigail
Dexter and her new husband,
Henry.

NICK

The kids from the Dexter Estate!
Okay, so we can forget the ticket,
but we may have to look over the
car, run tests on the bullet.

MACCABEE

Do me a favor, pal, let's work
on the case together.

Mac pulls a penknife out of his pocket, digs the
bullet out of the passenger seat and hands it to Nick.

MACCABEE (Cont'd)

Run a ballistics test on this
slug, the one in the door will
be squashed flat.

Nick drops the bullet in a leather breast pocket.

CONTINUED

NICK

Don't tell me there are no suspects.

MACCABEE

At least a dozen, the security men over at the Dexter Plant, especially a big, ugly faced brute, about six feet tall, 250 pounds, drives a dark colored sedan, license: 4829 BK.

NICK

(grins broadly)

Sounds like you stepped in a load of trouble, but it's my lucky day. If the bullet matches the brute's pistol, I could make detective!

MACCABEE

Careful, son, there's a lot more to this case than meets the eye.

NICK

(looks at the business card)

What's a good time to call?

MACCABEE

For the next few days, I'll be at the dude ranch where the kids were snatched.

Nick scrawls a number on the back of a slip of paper and hands it to Mac.

NICK

Call my stationhouse tomorrow afternoon. Ask for Patrolman Nick Dain. I should have something for you by then.

Mac shakes hands gratefully and turns the ignition.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Will do. Thanks! Wish me luck,
Nick, the drive to Arizona is
over 300 miles at night.

NICK

Try to stay in one piece.

Nick holds up his hands, slowing traffic while the
Cord quickly pulls away from the curb.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Far out on the desert. The speedometer on the Cord
reads a constant ninety as Mac races past three
lumbering tractor trailers.

INT. CLIFFSIDE RANCH LOBBY - NIGHT

Nearly deserted at midnight, the rustic, high-
ceilinged lodge is ribbed by enormous wooden logs and
decorated with wagon wheels and other western regalia.
A fire glows brightly in a brick fireplace big as a
house.

BRIAN CARLYLE, the tough and clever ranch manager,
waits alone behind a polished, oak registration desk
as Mac crosses the room, weighed down by his rucksack
and other gear which he drops in front of the counter.

Brian gives Mac a thorough going over before offering
his hand. They shake vigorously.

MACCABEE

You must be Mr. Carlyle?

CARLYLE

Brian. I wanted to meet you
in person and alone. We won't
be interrupted at this hour.
There's no reason for the
other guests to know why
you're here.

MACCABEE

Unless I need to question them
about the disappearances.

CONTINUED

CARLYLE

Of course, but please be discreet. No business can thrive on sleazy scandals or criminal goings on, especially not the Cliffside Ranch.

MACCABEE

(appraising the sumptuous digs)
You seem fairly prosperous.

CARLYLE

That all could change in a day. We live in a very dangerous world, Mr. Maccabee.

MACCABEE

Yes.

CARLYLE

Anyone who must know about your investigation has already been quietly informed -- ranch employees and the guests who had contact with the young couple. I'm sure everyone will cooperate fully if you just don't make a fuss or frighten them.

(hands him a slip of paper)

Here's a list of names and a description of how the honeymooners were dressed.

MACCABEE

Should be a big help, Brian.

(looks at list)

I'll certainly need to speak with Janis Nesbit, the small plane pilot. My immediate worry, though, is to visit the site where the kids vanished.

Carlyle points at a large photograph on the wall, which depicts the cliff and evergreens.

CONTINUED

CARLYLE

Inside that grove of trees, according to Sheriff Rawling, about three miles from the stables.

MACCABEE

How can I get up there?

CARLYLE

Ever ridden on horseback?

MACCABEE

A bit rusty.

CARLYLE

We'll have a good mount saddled and waiting for you at 7:00 AM. The stables are out back.

MACCABEE

(indicates his
rifle case)

I'll need a holster for my rifle.

CARLYLE

Is it absolutely necessary?

MACCABEE

Afraid so.

CARLYLE

(sighs hopelessly)

General Sherman.

MACCABEE

Who?

CARLYLE

He's an old army mule and he won't balk or rear if you fire a weapon while in the saddle. If any guests ask, say you're on a hunting trip.

MACCABEE

A deal.

(looks at a big wall clock)

I'm exhausted and better get some sleep. Been up all day.

CONTINUED

CARLYLE

Sorry. Your room is ready.
(holds up a brass key)
Free of charge, but please don't
take too long. We have a wealthy,
new group of guests arriving at
the ranch next week and they must
not be disturbed.

MACCABEE

(takes the key)
Much obliged.

EXT. DUDE RANCH STABLES - DAY

Mac wears his .45 gunbelt and carries his Springfield Rifle. He is introduced to General Sherman, in army tack, by Wrangler No. 3, a crooked looking fellow who'd be more comfortable in a flashy suit.

Mac strokes the animal's withers, then slides the rifle into the holster, fits his foot in a stirrup and swings up in the saddle.

WRANGLER NO. 3

The General has a hide three inches thick. Got him from the cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas. Okay to ride him all day.

Mac digs in a pocket and hands the Wrangler some change.

MACCABEE

Which way are the cliffs?

WRANGLER NO. 3

(pointing)
Over the hill. You can just see the rocks from here.

Mac kicks General Sherman's flanks and the mule trots steadily up the trail.

EXT. EVERGREEN GROVE - DAY

The sun casts sharp shadows on the forest floor. Mac quietly rides along the base of a rock cliff, studying a single pair of muddy tiretracks among the many foot- and hoofprints on the trail.

Suddenly, a fat MAN with a Winchester rifle jumps out from behind a boulder and aims the weapon at Mac's head. Mac throws up his hands and the Man roughly motions him off the mule.

The Man is SHERIFF ERNEST RAWLING, 50, an intolerant lawman with a taste for trouble and graft. He turns back the lapel on his jacket, revealing a sheriff's star.

RAWLING

Ain't you seen the barrier
on the trail? Nobody's al-
lowed up here.

MACCABEE

Can I lower my hands?

RAWLING

Slowly. Keep them away from
those firearms.

Maccabee reaches into his coat. Rawling jabs at him with his weapon.

RAWLING (Cont'd)

What's in there?

Mac tosses the Sheriff a card carrier.

MACCABEE

My detective's license.

RAWLING

(looking at card)
I know who you are.

MACCABEE

Then why the weapon?

CONTINUED

RAWLING

You don't belong here. No-body cleared it with the Sheriff's office first.

MACCABEE

Sheriff Rawling, right? I can get you the name of a man at the FBI who'll vouch for me.

RAWLING

The FBI already pushed me around enough on this case. I told the field agent like I'm gonna tell you, there ain't no evidence of violence or a kidnapping.

MACCABEE

Then what happened to Abigail and Henry Duparis?

RAWLING

Maybe they went off someplace to be alone. Me and my deputies been over this place more than once and there's nothing but a load of hooveprints.

Rawling hands back the license and Maccabee points at the muddy tiretracks.

MACCABEE

What about these treadmarks? There seems to be only one set of tire tracks on the trail.

RAWLING

It's rained heavily since the disappearances. Can't get a decent impression from wet soil. Anyway, that same type of tread is on over a hundred pickup trucks in this part of the country.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Did you follow the tracks?

RAWLING

Sure, but when you get further up the trail they join a main road traveled by dozens of other ranch vehicles. You'll never find the one you're looking for.

MACCABEE

Which way?

RAWLING

(motioning)

The back end of the grove.

MACCABEE

Let me show you something.

Mac leads General Sherman to a nearby tree, mounts and then stands in the saddle. He indicates naked scars in the tree bark, nine feet above the ground.

MACCABEE (Cont'd)

These stripes were made by bullets, probably fired by a submachine gun! They aren't even a week old.

RAWLING

(angrily surprised)

Don't see how my stupid deputies could have missed anything so obvious.

Mac jumps from the saddle to the ground.

MACCABEE

When it rains, where does the runoff from the trail go?

CONTINUED

RAWLING
(points along
a channel)
Down that way.

MACCABEE
Mind?

RAWLING
No, go ahead. You ain't gonna
find nothing, though!

Maccabee follows the channel to the edge of the trees where it empties into a wash. He slogs through the mud and inspects a pile of debris on the opposite bank.

A torn piece of bloodstained fabric is caught in a large clump of hay, also died red. Mac carefully cradles the evidence then climbs back up to Rawling and hands it to him.

MACCABEE
The rain carried this clump of
hay down to the edge of the
grove. Look at the deep stains
on that piece of shirt fabric.

RAWLING
So you found a few traces of
of blood. Are you sure a crime
was committed?

MACCABEE
Not necessarily. Anything
might have shied a horse,
causing the rider to fall
and injure herself.

RAWLING
She might have torn her shirt
accidentally.

MACCABEE
(indicating the hay)
But where did all this come
from?

CONTINUED

RAWLING

Came from under a horse's saddle.

MACCABEE

So much hay would have worked loose on a three-mile ride up the trail from the stables. I think it fell out of the truck that made these tire tracks.

RAWLING

Tell me what else you see.

MACCABEE

A woman on horseback -- Abigail Duparis -- was grabbed by men who frightened her horse with submachine gun fire. When she fell, they threw her in the rear of the truck, injuring her during a struggle.

RAWLING

What about her husband, Henry?

MACCABEE

The kidnapers fought with him too. This could also be his blood.

RAWLING

(mockingly)

Think maybe he was killed?

MACCABEE

Don't know.

RAWLING

(smugly)

Well, what's next, Sherlock, gonna pony express the evidence to the FBI crime labs in Washington?

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

(deadpan)

No, my plan is to follow the tire tracks as far as they go, then see if I can pick up the trail again. Wanna come along?

RAWLING

Wouldn't wanna slow you down, hoss, my sheriff's cruiser is parked by the highway a mile and a half from here.

Mac holds out his hand for the bloodstained debris. Rawling shakes his head and carelessly stuffs it in a small canvas bag.

RAWLING (Cont'd)

I'll keep it at headquarters. Safer there. Make certain you stop by if you stumble across anything else that might be called evidence.

Mac springs into the saddle and the mule starts walking.

MACCABEE

(doubtfully)

Fair enough.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

The heavily rutted dirt road leads past scrubby pastures, evergreen hedgerows and an occasional ranch house in the distance.

General Sherman trots along as Mac studies one pair of tracks among all the others. At a crossroads, the furrows cut deeply into the mud, turning onto a narrow, side road, where the mule follows.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

Mac rides the winding lane downslope through a stand of juniper trees to the base of a hill with a pretty view of dozens of small cottages on acres of rolling land.

CONTINUED

A Native American HERDSMAN in a woolen poncho leads seven goats across the road. He waves to Mac in warning.

HERDSMAN

Better turn around, Mister, those houses are private and the owners can be damned unfriendly. They don't want nobody passin' through.

MACCABEE

What kind of folks?

HERDSMAN

Out of towners. A big deal developer put up the vacation bungalows and sold them all to rich people from cities outside the state. Sure don't seem to like me or my kind.

Mac pulls the wedding photo from a saddlebag and shows it to the Herdsman.

MACCABEE

Ever seen this couple? The woman might be dressed like a rodeo cowgirl now.

HERDSMAN

What's your business?

MACCABEE

Investigator.

HERDSMAN

Can't say as I have.

MACCABEE

How about a pickup truck carrying bales of hay?

HERDSMAN

Seen only a few pickups on this little side road. It ain't much traveled. Most of these people ain't ranchers.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE
(pointing)
That way?

HERDSMAN
Yep. But be careful, Mister,
rich folks can be damned rude
to a stranger!

MACCABEE
I'm used to it, partner!

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

Mac rides through a dusty, open field of dried roots. A single pair of tire tracks leads to a gate in a wooden fence that borders a hedge of tangled bushes.

Suddenly, the pickup truck SKIDS through the gate, knocking down a fencepost. The two sneering Thugs cling to the bouncing cab as the DRIVER careens after Mac.

General Sherman gallops for the fence, then stubbornly freezes, narrowly escaping a collision. Thug No. 1 FIRES his submachine gun, missing wildly, while the truck turns in a tight circle and makes a second pass.

Mac draws his rifle and SHOOTs, SHATTERING the pickup windshield, killing the Driver instantly and causing the truck to CRASH through the fence and turn over on top of the Thugs.

General Sherman shudders and wheezes, forcing Mac to dismount. The wreck EXPLODES in a ball of fire which ignites the bushes.

JUMP CUT:

FIREFIGHTERS extinguish the blaze while RESCUE WORKERS stand by hopelessly. Lying near the pickup, the body of the Driver is burned beyond recognition.

EXT. VACATION COTTAGE - DAY

A one-story ranch house and a barn sit inside a nicely landscaped cactus garden behind the pasture. The

CONTINUED

cottage driveway connects to a highway, where the Sheriff's cruiser is parked.

INT. VACATION COTTAGE - DAY

The main room is strangely empty, except for an unused fireplace and a couple of chairs. Windows look at the accident scene. Sheriff Rawling crouches and inspects an open liquor bottle lying on the floor.

Mac enters from a side door. The Sheriff regards him venomously and stands.

RAWLING

Nothing here.

MACCABEE

In the barn.

INT. BARN - DAY

The floor is covered with straw and bales of hay. There is a long boat trailer without the boat. At a wooden post, Mac and the Sheriff examine ropes and a bloodstained sheet.

MACCABEE

Whoever did all this bleeding is badly in need of medical attention. Can you get up a search posse?

RAWLING

What good would that do? A getaway car could be 80 miles away by now. Some of the gang escaped while you shot it out with the gunsils.

MACCABEE

Did you put out an all points bulletin?

RAWLING

No. Without a fair description of the car or its occupants, the state police won't stop anyone.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

You can provide a description of the victims, Henry and Abigail Duparis.

RAWLING

Could but I won't. You didn't see them. We have no idea whose blood this is.

MACCABEE

Rawling, you keep getting in the way, and I can't see any reason why!

RAWLING

In thirty years as a peace officer, plenty of missing persons cases have been reported to me and no one's ever been dissatisfied by the way my office investigated. This case is being handled no differently.

MACCABEE

I'm calling in the FBI.

RAWLING

Don't expect much, Maccabee. I hear the field agent is very busy with a couple of other major cases.

MACCABEE

What about this boat trailer? Where can you use a motorboat around here?

RAWLING

(reluctantly)

There's an artificial lake ten miles past the dude ranch on the highway.

MACCABEE

Any homes by the water?

CONTINUED

RAWLING

Do you have to be such a damned busybody?

MACCABEE

The kidnapers may have another hideaway by the lake.

RAWLING

You killed three men today. God knows what you'll do next! Don't rough up any of the folks by the lake. A lot of them are rich, important people.

MACCABEE

My PI license hasn't got a single blemish.

RAWLING

The FBI says I can't stop you, but that don't mean I'm gonna help.

MACCABEE

Just stay out of my way.

EXT. DUDE RANCH STABLES - DAY

Mac unholsters his rifle as he dismounts, then hands the reins to Wrangler No. 3.

WRANGLER NO. 3

Never seen the General so hot before.

MACCABEE

His hide ain't near as thick as you said it was.

Mac slaps the mule's neck and the animal snorts discontentedly.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - DAY

The Cord rolls along at sixty, passing a dozen colorfully dressed DUDES on horseback. On the horizon, dark clouds have gathered over a tall chain of snow-capped mountains. A plane soars above the road.

EXT. LAKE CAUSEWAY - DAY

Mac slowly drives down a levee dividing an artificial lake in half. Sailboats and motorboats glide through the water raising foamy wakes. A pretty SAILOR on a catamaran waves and Mac smiles worriedly.

A long, torpedo shaped speedboat quickly approaches the causeway and then follows alongside the Cord. Mac glances over at the casually dressed MOTORBOATERS, one of whom waves, then suddenly pulls a pistol and FIRES.

Mac floors the accelerator and the Cord zips up the causeway with the motorboat rapidly pursuing.

Inside the speedboat, the Motorboaters -- THUGS NO. 3 and 4 -- both FIRE revolvers.

Ahead, a black coupe drives onto the causeway and halts, blocking the road. Mac keeps the accelerator floored, then at the last instant veers off the levee and flies onto a sandy beach, landing with a THUD.

The speedboat swerves, barely misses a concrete pier and vanishes around a bend in the lake.

The black coupe ROARS down the causeway and disappears among the trees on the opposite shore.

Mac carefully gets out of the Cord and stretches his limbs, checking for any sign of injury.

INT. DUDE RANCH OFFICE - NIGHT

The elegant private office has a gallery of western landscape photographs and leather chairs occupied by Brian Carlyle, Maccabee and Sheriff Rawling, who are having an unfriendly discussion.

RAWLING

(to Mac)

Twice in one day! Better throw in the towel. Sooner or later those thugs will kill you.

MACCABEE

(impatiently)

What about the speedboat?

CONTINUED

RAWLING

Don't know who owns it. This area is a major tourist attraction. Plenty of people drive their boats here and return home at night.

CARLYLE

(to Mac)

You're a hazard to the other visitors! We want you to leave as soon as possible. Wrap up the investigation and get going.

MACCABEE

That may take a month after what happened today.

CARLYLE

I'll give you till the weekend.

A knock on the door is followed by the entrance of SYLVIA, 60, the mousy ranch Receptionist.

SYLVIA

Mr. Carlyle, I have a long-distance call for Mr. Mac-cabee.

CARLYLE

He'll take it out front.

(to Mac)

Would you mind? The Sheriff and I have private matters to discuss.

MACCABEE

(standing)

Of course.

As soon as Mac and the Receptionist exit, Carlyle sits behind his desk and snaps on an intercom so he may eavesdrop. The Sheriff draws his chair closer.

INT. DUDE RANCH LOBBY - NIGHT

At the dinner hour, many Guests are dressed in formal attire and chat quietly by the fire or elegantly stroll on the way to the dining room.

Mac takes a phone from Sylvia while she greets a HUSBAND and WIFE in matching broad brimmed hats with their room key.

SYLVIA
Number twelve?

HUSBAND
Thank you.

MACCABEE
(into phone)
Mrs. Dexter?

INT. DEXTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Dexter is stretched out tiredly on a canopied, satin sheeted bed. She wears a nightgown and drinks from a martini shaker while speaking on the phone.

MRS. DEXTER
I suppose you've already heard
the terrible news?

INTERCUT MACCABEE AND MRS. DEXTER

MACCABEE
About Abigail and Henry? Have
you received a ransom demand?

MRS. DEXTER
No, David Jenkins has been
killed and the police say it's
murder. I received the news
from Police Officer Nick Dain
a short while ago. Is he an
associate of yours?

MACCABEE
(shocked)
We've spoken, but Nick doesn't
work for me. Tell me quickly,
what did he say?

CONTINUED

MRS. DEXTER

He is simply an awful man, exuding all kinds of unpleasant suspicion. Apparently whoever took a shot at you after you questioned me is also the man who murdered David Jenkins.

MACCABEE

How'd it happen? Was there a name?

MRS. DEXTER

Ron Henderson.

MACCABEE

A Dexter Factory security man?

MRS. DEXTER

Yes.

(a pause)

I wanted to assure you, in spite of Officer Dain's repeated insinuations, that neither I nor Jim Miller had anything to do with the attack on you or the death of David Jenkins.

MACCABEE

I'll be in contact with the Beverly Hills Police later.

MRS. DEXTER

Since your client is dead now, aren't you off the case?

MACCABEE

Not yet. Did Nick say where Jenkins was murdered?

MRS. DEXTER

At the factory, in his office. David's wife is in a terrible way and has been bothering the police with information that absolutely should have remained secret.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

What information?

MRS. DEXTER

I must confess I lied to you previously about Henry Duparis. I didn't mention he virtually forced me to have sex the night of my daughter's wedding.

(pauses)

The dismal matter could have been forgotten, but David Jenkins and his wife discovered the rape. Before his death, David told me he hired you because he feared Henry might have intended to hurt Abigail.

MACCABEE

That's not what Jenkins told me.

INT. DUDE RANCH OFFICE - NIGHT

Carlyle and Sheriff Rawling listen intently to the telephone conversation over the intercom.

MRS. DEXTER (V.O.)

My rape may be directly connected to the disappearances and the killing. I suspect Henry could be a party to murder.

MACCABEE (V.O.)

When we spoke last time, why did you insist he was harmless?

Carlyle angrily snaps off the intercom.

CARLYLE

We'll have to get rid of Maccabee soon!

RAWLING

Let's hear the rest of it, first.

Carlyle reluctantly turns the intercom back on.

MRS. DEXTER (V.O.)

I'm sorry.

INT. DUDE RANCH LOBBY - NIGHT

MACCABEE

Ma'am, please be completely forthright with me. Your daughter is in a great deal of danger.

INT. DEXTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

MRS. DEXTER

What about my son-in-law? Do you suspect he may have harmed Abigail and is hiding from the law?

INTERCUT MACCABEE AND MRS. DEXTER

MACCABEE

No. I'm certain both he and your daughter are victims of a gang of thugs.

MRS. DEXTER

Entirely sure?

MACCABEE

Without a doubt.

MRS. DEXTER

Then continue the investigation. I will take David Jenkins' place as your client. Cost is no object. I'll send a generous retainer fee immediately.

MACCABEE

It'll be expensive, the thugs almost killed me twice today. I'm getting very close to finding Abigail and Henry, but I can't promise they're still alive after what happened to David Jenkins.

MRS. DEXTER

If you find my daughter, contact me immediately before speaking to anyone else, no matter what her condition is!

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Of course, unless she needs
medical care. Agreed?

MRS. DEXTER

(reluctantly)

Yes.

MACCABEE

I'll be working for you starting
tomorrow morning. Can Jim Miller
come to the phone?

MRS. DEXTER

He's been away on a business
trip since yesterday. I'm
all alone and frightened to
death. Wish you were here.

MACCABEE

Stay inside if possible.

MRS. DEXTER

(coldly)

Good bye.

She hangs up and walks over to a huge mirrored vanity with dozens of crystal perfume and cosmetics bottles. Her hands shake as she lights a cigarette and blows a cloud of smoke at her reflection, showing a face creased with lines of hatred and brutality.

INT. DUDE RANCH OFFICE - NIGHT

Carlyle rips open a desk drawer, pulls out a Luger pistol, checks the clip then loads a round and locks the safety.

RAWLING

(contemptuously)

What's that for?

Carlyle digs a wad of fifty dollar bills out of the desk and tosses them at the Sheriff who quickly counts the money.

CONTINUED

CARLYLE

If you can't arrange the gum-shoe's death, I'll shoot him myself tonight.

RAWLING

Be patient. He'll be dead by this time tomorrow.

Carlyle reaches to snap off the intercom but the Sheriff grabs his hand.

RAWLING (Cont'd)

Wait.

There is the sound of a phone dialing, three RINGS and then a deep masculine voice answers.

VOICE (V.O.)

Beverly Hills Detective Squad.

MACCABEE (V.O.)

Can you put Nick Dain on the line?

EXT. DUDE RANCH LOBBY - NIGHT

JANIS NESBIT, a flamboyant aviatrix in a flyer's outfit, enters from outside and removes her leather helmet. Adventurous and independent, the stunning blonde wears a trademark silk scarf and has her hair tied in pigtails.

DICK PURDY and TOM COOK, a tough pair of gangsters dressed in business suits, stand by the fireplace. Dick WHISTLES lewdly and Janis rapidly swings towards him.

JANIS

Mind your manners, dude. I may walk like a woman but I can fight just like a man!

Dick violently reaches in his jacket, but Tom holds him back, gesturing at the evening crowd.

TOM

You crazy, with all these people watching?

CONTINUED

Inside his jacket, Dick's hand is on a pistol. He slides the gun back in a shoulder holster and roughly shrugs Tom off.

DICK
(to Janis, obscenely)
But I'm not looking for a fight,
sweet little mama, I'm looking
for some --

He grabs for Janis and she catches his wrist and twists it painfully. When Dick tries to knee Janis in the thigh, she suddenly throws him backwards, making him yelp and tumble onto the hearth in front of the burning logs.

A small crowd gathers and watches Dick dust himself off as Carlyle arrives and confronts him.

CARLYLE
I want you packed and checked
out before 9:00 AM tomorrow
morning.

DICK
Ooh. Afraid the little lady
might get hurt?

CARLYLE
What'd I say?

DICK
(spits in fire)
Okay.

Tom and Dick rudely push their way past the other Guests and head for the stairs.

CARLYLE
(to Janis, angrily)
We must have a serious discus-
sion about your future prospects
at the Cliffside Ranch, Janis.

CONTINUED

JANIS

Sounds promising. Don't expect me to swoon into your arms though.

CARLYLE

I'm not amused.

Carlyle frowns sourly and hurries back inside his office. Janis turns to her crowd of admirers.

JANIS

Fight's over for now, folks.
Come back later for round two.

The Guests laugh relievedly and drift away. Janis nonchalantly strolls over by the desk and curiously watches Maccabee who is again deep in conversation on the phone.

MACCABEE

When did you find out about
Jenkins' murder?

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

The spartan room has metal file cabinets and wanted posters on the wall. Nick Dain sits at a wooden desk talking excitedly into the phone.

NICK

When I went to question the
factory head of security about
Ron Henderson, the man who shot
at you. Henderson's license
plate number is registered to
Mrs. Dexter for his use as a
factory guard.

INTERCUT NICK AND MACCABEE

MACCABEE

Why didn't she tell me that?
How did you connect him to the
murder of David Jenkins?

CONTINUED

NICK

Los Angeles detectives had already arrived at the Dexter plant before me. They found a witness who saw a security guard drive away from the plant with a pistol in his hand just after Jenkins was shot.

MACCABEE

Certain it was Henderson?

NICK

Positive ID from the witness, and --

MACCABEE

The bullet I dug out of my car?

NICK

Right! Our ballistics tests show the bullet you gave me matches the one that killed Jenkins. All we have to do now is find Henderson and his pistol and we've got the murderer, maybe your kidnapper too!

MACCABEE

Where's the sedan he was driving?

NICK

The sedan was found in Henderson's driveway, but he isn't at home. He may be headed your way if the kids he snatched are being held near the ranch.

MACCABEE

Possibly. Several other hoodlums are involved in the kidnapping.

NICK

Sounds like you ran into more trouble. Wish I could join you, Mac, but I'll be working under the L.A. cops investigating the murder.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

One more thing before you go.
When you spoke to David Jen-
kins' wife, did she tell you
Henry Duparis raped Mrs. Dexter?

NICK

No, the other way. She said
Mrs. Dexter seduced Henry just
before his wedding!

MACCABEE

I'm getting a very bad feeling
about this case. Call me the
instant anything breaks.

Nick and Maccabee hang up. Janis smiles prettily at
Mac and he blushes.

JANIS

You're kind of shy for a pri-
vate investigator. Heard you
wanna talk to me.

Mac looks at a slip of paper from his pocket.

MACCABEE

Janis Nesbit?

Janis offers her hand and they shake. She has an
unusually strong grip.

INT. DUDE RANCH OFFICE - NIGHT

Carlyle snaps off the intercom and regards Rawling
fatefully.

CARLYLE

Do me a favor and wait for me
here.

The Sheriff waves his wad of fifties.

RAWLING

Don't forget, my time costs
money!

Carlyle brusquely exits, slamming the door.

INT. DUDE RANCH LOBBY - NIGHT

Carlyle confronts Mac and Janis in front of the reception desk.

CARLYLE

(to Mac)

Excuse us, we have urgent private business.

Janis draws closer to Mac and affectionately loops her arm through his.

JANIS

It'll have to wait. This gentleman has graciously invited me to dinner.

(smiles seductively at Mac)

Haven't you, dear?

MACCABEE

Uh huh.

(to Carlyle)

She is on the list of witnesses you provided.

CARLYLE

(to Janis, tightly)

I'll be in my office if you change your mind.

Janis swings Mac around and jauntily marches him towards the dining room while Carlyle watches uneasily.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Guests happily chatter and dine at checker clothed tables facing a bandstand with a painted drop depicting red mesas and desert cacti.

A curvaceous WAITRESS, costumed like a native in fringed, beaded leather, brings drinks to Mac and Janis at a table up front. Janis pleurably sips her wine and pouts.

MACCABEE

A fair guess is there used to be something special between you and the boss.

CONTINUED

JANIS

Only a lot of bad feeling. Carlyle is unusually possessive. He thinks owning the ranch gives him proprietary rights over everyone who works here.

MACCABEE

And it doesn't?

JANIS

The airplane is my property. The sightseeing tours are only sponsored by the ranch. Carlyle wants me to sell out so he can run the show. I keep telling him I can take care of my business myself.

MACCABEE

I like the way you handled that pair of gangsters in the lobby.

JANIS

You're a real charmer. Carlyle prefers his ladies to be more dependent on a man. By the way, those gangsters may actually be close personal friends of his -- he sure was cordial when they first arrived.

MACCABEE

Strange company.

JANIS

What you saw wasn't the first of that kind of trouble either.

MACCABEE

How long has it been going on?

JANIS

Only one month ago Carlyle bought the ranch.

CONTINUED

JANIS (Cont'd)

Ever since, the clientele has included more and more rowdies.

MACCABEE

Can't help wondering if any of the guests have something to do with the disappearances I'm investigating.

JANIS

I have no way of knowing. The first and last I saw of Henry and Abigail Duparis was on one of my sightseeing tours. Didn't see them speak with anyone else. In fact for a newlywed couple they were a bit sullen and sour.

MACCABEE

Did you fly them on your standard tour?

JANIS

We flew over the desert to the lake instead. Henry said a friend had persuaded him to look at houses by the water. I think he was planning to buy one as a honeymoon cottage for Abigail. But she didn't seem to care for the idea at all.

MACCABEE

She had other worries. Fly me over the same route early tomorrow morning. Is your plane a safe one?

JANIS

Not very. Pay for the dinner and the trip's on me.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Sold.

Mac winks romantically, then touches his glass to Janis's and they drink staring into each other's eyes. The lights go down low and a DRUM ROLL plays.

The stage lights come up on another painted drop, displaying the inside of a stables with cartoon horses comically peering out of their stalls.

Center stage, under a spotlight, is a flashy BLUES QUINTET in fancy western duds, featuring bass, drums, piano, trumpet, and SMILEY WILSON, a lanky black Texan, on hawaiian guitar.

A debonair, pencil-mustached ANNOUNCER wearing a tuxedo excitedly jumps on stage and waves dramatically at the audience.

ANNOUNCER

All the way from Austin, Texas,
the jumpiest combo in the
whole Southwest: Smiley Wilson's
Jive Five. Please show them how
much you care!

The Audience politely applauds and cheers as the Drummer lays down a heavy shuffling beat, expertly picked up by the rest of the Band.

The Announcer marches off stage and Smiley slides out a melodic intro on the guitar, then sings in a reedy baritone.

SMILEY

I'm a rodeo rounder,
A straight shooting son of a gun!
(REPEAT)
My home is way out west,
Far beyond the setting sun!

The trumpet plays a western ditty accented by blue notes.

CONTINUED

SMILEY (Cont'd)

I had my .44 pistol
 Built on a .38 frame!
 (REPEAT)
 It jumps like a bucking bronco
 But hits the target just the same!

The guitar solos a full verse, with each whining figure answered by a rock-ribbed phrase from the piano.

SMILEY (Cont'd)

My gal is wild and crazy,
 She rides a coal black mare!
 (REPEAT)
 Folks say she's most too tough,
 And mean as a grizzly bear!

The song ends with a pulsating duet between trumpet and guitar that brings the audience to their feet, shouting and clapping.

JUMP CUT:

The band set is done and Smiley joins Mac at his table, embracing like long lost pals. Mac ceremoniously introduces his date.

MACCABEE

Janis Nesbit, the barnstorming
 pilot.

SMILEY

A privilege, Ma'am. If you ever
 fly down to Texas, stop by Smil-
 ey's in Austin! You'll find the
 warmest welcome in the whole
 damn state.

JANIS

Say, you fellows know each other!
 Let me in on the secret.

MACCABEE

That's a long story about the
 last war and a cozy little

CONTINUED

MACCABEE (Cont'd)
bistro in a French village near
the front lines.

SMILEY
Who can forget? Mac and me are
brothers now! It was his people
who built the pyramids -
(singing)
- down in Egypt land!

JANIS
You must be the best of friends!

SMILEY
(emphatically)
I'd trust him with my life,
and I did more than once!
Couldn't leave you in better
hands, darling.
(pauses, wistfully)
Farewell, hope we meet again!

Smiley exits and Janis strokes Mac's arm seductively.

INT. DUDE RANCH OFFICE - NIGHT

Seated at his desk, Carlyle introduces the Sheriff to
Dick Purdy and Tom Cook.

CARLYLE
Sheriff Rawling is all the law
there is in this part of the
state. Best do as he says,
boys, he can keep you down on
the county farm breaking rocks
for the rest of your lives if
you don't cooperate.

TOM
(laughs nastily)
You know that was only an act
before, Brian. We ain't mad.

DICK
Want the little lady left alone?
Okay. I knew you wanted her
in bed, still you said to keep
her away from the detective.

CONTINUED

RAWLING
Kill her!

DICK
But --

TOM
(cuffs Dick)
Shut up. We have a chance to
move higher inside the organ-
ization.

RAWLING
And kill the shamus if you find
them together. I don't want him
snooping around anymore, he's
certain to bring in the FBI
again.

Dick eagerly draws his revolver and checks the ammo.

DICK
Tonight?

RAWLING
No, not around the guests. Wait
until morning. Outside the
ranch.

Carlyle goes to the door, opens it a crack and peers
into the lobby.

EXT. DUDE RANCH LOBBY - NIGHT

Affectionately strolling arm in arm, Mac and Janis
climb the staircase.

INT. DUDE RANCH OFFICE - NIGHT

Carlyle snaps the door shut and bitterly addresses
Dick and Tom.

CARLYLE
You split a grand when both
of them are dead. Then relocate
at the house by the lake.
Don't go up to your rooms yet.

The gunsils nod agreeably.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

A long, carpeted corridor with potted cacti and imitation gas lamps. Another pair of GANGSTERS whisper conspiratorially by a curtained window. Mac and Janis stop in front of the door to her room. She playfully squeezes his powerful arms.

JANIS

Big boned and well muscled.
I'd be a good match for you,
Mac, I used to be quite a gym-
nast. Is there any chance for
us?

MACCABEE

If we're both single. We don't
want to attract the attention
of any private eyes.

Janis pulls his head down and kisses him hungrily. Gangster No. 1 watches voyeuristically, then HEMS in disapproval.

JANIS

Come in?

MACCABEE

(glances at Gangsters)
That pair of bruisers don't much
care for the idea.

JANIS

I'll protect you.

MACCABEE

Promise?

JANIS

(licking her lips)
Yessir!

INT. JANIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

On the brass-framed bed, Janis hastily strips off Mac's clothes. He stops her, gulping for air.

MACCABEE

I need a telephone.

CONTINUED

JANIS

Tell your friends about us later!

She feverishly unbuttons his shirt.

MACCABEE

No, the FBI!

JANIS

I'll give them the whole sordid story of my life in the morning.

Mac holds her wrists.

MACCABEE

Sorry. A couple of facts I've discovered may persuade the Feds to come and investigate.

JANIS

Gangbusters at a time like this!
(points at a phone)
Use the outside line. I'll just powder my nose. Don't be long, sugarlips.

Maccabee kisses her throat sensuously. She pouts in mock disappointment, stands and enters the bathroom. Mac quickly dials a number.

JUMP CUT:

INT. JANIS'S ROOM - DAY

The following morning, at dawn. Glowing and dressed in a fresh flyer's outfit, Janis stands by the bed, shaking Mac out of a deep sleep.

MACCABEE

(drowsily)

Hey, hey, I'm not a stallion!

JANIS

But you snore like one. Come on, breakfast is already being served in the dining room!

EXT. DUDE RANCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Overflowing with expensive guest cars and one, beaten up, old station wagon. Janis leads Mac straight to the jalopy. Mac has the .45 strapped around his waist.

MACCABEE

Oh no not in that thing! I hope you keep your airplane in better shape.

JANIS

The plane is my babydoll. Automobiles are my Achilles heel.

MACCABEE

Mind if I drive us to the airfield?

JANIS

Lead on, MacDuff!

CUT TO:

Janis caressing the Cord with her fingertips.

JANIS

Wow, a real beauty! Can't fault your taste in women or cars.

MACCABEE

Cost me three years' savings.

JANIS

How come it has no running board?

MACCABEE

Passengers are asked to ride inside the vehicle.

JANIS

Wait'll you see Marjorie, you'll just die.

MACCABEE

Marjorie?

CONTINUED

JANIS
My airplane, silly. She's a
bit fragile but cute as a
button.

They both climb in the Cord and Mac warms up the engine.

INT. BROWN COUPE - DAY

Dick and Tom are parked at the back of the lot, watching angrily as the Cord drives away. Dick violently throws the coupe in gear.

TOM
Wait a few minutes more.

Dick shifts back into park.

DICK
Why not hit the creep now?

TOM
I siphoned out his tank. Mac-
cabee has only enough fuel to get
him to the gas station on the
highway. The pump attendant is
one of our boys and will say
nothing if we commit murder
right in front of him.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - DAY

Janis's silk scarf flutters in the wind as the Cord coasts through an area of low topped mesas. Mac worriedly checks the rearview mirror, sees the brown coupe is gaining on him, then glances at the fuel gauge which reads empty. He pushes the Cord past 60.

JANIS
Why so fast, honey?

MACCABEE
Don't look back, but we're be-
ing followed by that pair of
hoods who bothered you last
night. They siphoned out my
gas tank.

CONTINUED

JANIS
Tell me the plan of action.

MACCABEE
Take my revolver from the
glove compartment.

She grabs the gun.

MACCABEE (Cont'd)
When we get to the filling
station, stay in the car and
keep the pistol ready. I'll
handle the rest.

She cradles the weapon on her lap.

EXT. FILLING STATION - DAY

A nervous, nasty faced PUMP ATTENDANT fills the Cord
gas tank while Mac watches for trouble. The Attendant
ogles Mac's gun holster.

PUMP ATTENDANT
Hey buddy, how come you're pack-
ing heat? The Sheriff in this
county don't like strangers who
travel around armed.

MACCABEE
I thought I might have to kill
a rattlesnake.

PUMP ATTENDANT
Better put that thing away
before anyone else sees it.

Mac looks at the pump gauge.

MACCABEE
Enough. How much is the damage?

PUMP ATTENDANT
A dollar fifty.

CONTINUED

The Attendant slowly hangs up the pump nozzle, closes the car gasport and wipes off the finish. Mac hands him a pair of bills.

MACCABEE

You sure took your time. Keep the change.

PUMP ATTENDANT

Thanks for the tip, bud.

Suddenly, the Attendant dives behind a stack of rubber tires. The brown coupe careens into the station with Tom riding on the running board, his pistol aimed at Mac and Janis.

Mac already has his .45 in hand and FIRES once, hitting Tom's arm and making him drop the gun. Tom falls to the ground, howling in agony as Dick runs to help.

Mac calmly gets in the Cord and pulls away from the pump. Tom yells hysterically to Dick.

TOM

They're getting away!

Dick sprints alongside the Cord. Janis aims her pistol at him.

MACCABEE

Don't shoot yet!

Mac hits the gas.

TOM

(shouting)

Dick, jump on the running board!

Dick leaps and grabs a hold of the car door but his feet pedal crazily, groping for a non-existent foothold.

DICK

There is no running board!

He stumbles and screams as the Cord rolls over his foot and speeds back onto the highway.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The Cord is parked by a small hangar with a windsock on a flagpole. Mac and Janis climb aboard a light, single-engined monoplane on the runway.

The propellor turns over slowly before reaching speed, then the plane rapidly taxis, takes off and SOARS steeply into the sky.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The rickety vessel stops climbing and comes level. Mac's face turns from deep purple to green. Janis turns the wheel sharply and the fuselage GROANS in protest.

MACCABEE

Hey, what's holding this thing together?

JANIS

Isn't Marjorie simply adorable? Her body is made of fabric stretched over metal ribs.

MACCABEE

(dismayed)
Fabric?!

JANIS

Same as lots of small planes. You should be more concerned about those two fellows we left behind. They looked awfully angry.

MACCABEE

Not my worry. The FBI promised to send a team this afternoon. I'll let them tie up any loose ends. This case is gonna bust wide open real soon.

JANIS

Why do I think you know exactly what you're doing?

Mac smiles bashfully.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The brown coupe halts by the Cord while the plane passes through a distant cloud.

INT. BROWN COUPE - DAY

Tom's shoulder is bloodsoaked. He yells painfully at Dick.

TOM
Sonofabitch! You let them get
away from us!

DICK
How can I drive when my foot is
killing me?

TOM
Lemme drive!

Dick climbs out of the coupe, slams the door and hobbles into the passenger side as Tom slides painfully into the driver's seat. Tom backs the coupe away from the Cord, shifts gears and SLAMS into the sportscar's fender, making a large dent.

DICK
(loudly)
My foot! Tom, you're killing
me!

TOM
I'm bleeding to death, but do
you hear me complain?

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The coupe backs up again, then SMASHES the Cord's taillight, littering the ground with glass.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Janis makes a banked turn above tall, tree-topped cliffs.

JANIS
Abigail wanted a look at the
countryside before seeing the
lake.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

I'm still frightened by the way this thing moves.

JANIS

Can't blame you. Always much safer to fly in a big commercial plane, especially over long distances. My dream was once to become an airline pilot.

MACCABEE

Why'd you give it up?

JANIS

How many lady airline pilots do you know?

MACCABEE

Not a one. Wish I could change the world for you.

JANIS

That's very sweet. I've become fatalistic. My last two planes were both wrecked in crashes. Probably only a matter of time before I get injured or killed in this one.

MACCABEE

Would you say it makes a lot more sense to manufacture large airplanes rather than small?

JANIS

Yes.

(pauses)

Hmm. Abigail asked me the same question just before she disappeared.

EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY

The plane glides past, then flies towards a badlands of gullies and dry washes.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

The two-story, gingerbread chalet and attached boathouse on the water occupy an acre of untended grounds with a circular, gravel driveway.

The Sheriff's cruiser enters a gate followed by a long, silver Rolls Royce. A chauffeur in black uniform and sunglasses steps out of the limousine: Thad Ames. Mrs. Dexter delicately takes his hand and alights from the rear, passenger compartment.

INT. LAKE HOUSE LIBRARY - DAY

The oak paneled room has bookcases, a stag's head trophy and floor length curtains pulled tightly shut. Ames and the Sheriff respectfully enter behind Mrs. Dexter.

Standing by a leather couch, Jim Miller snaps his heels together and pompously gives the nazi salute which is instantly returned by all three of the new arrivals.

MILLER
Heil Hitler!

MRS. DEXTER
Heil Hitler!

Against the far wall is the nazi swastika flag.

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)
(impatiently)
Where are your guards?

MILLER
I have a man in the boathouse with the prisoners and one guarding the road. He is cleverly concealed. You did not see him when you arrived.

MRS. DEXTER
We are miserably understaffed.
Our enemies are everywhere.

Miller's eyes brim with water and he trembles.

CONTINUED

MILLER

I have taken every reasonable precaution.

MRS. DEXTER

And what about Maccabee?

MILLER

He is dead.
(to Rawling)
Correct, Sheriff?

RAWLING

(nervously)
Yes.

MRS. DEXTER

Liars.
(to Ames)
Stay on guard outside.

Ames snaps his heels together and exits.

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)

(to Rawling)
Now take me to Abigail and Henry.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

A long, enclosed dock lit by bare bulbs. The torpedo-shaped motorboat is moored against a pier. Abigail and Henry are unconscious and slumped over, tied to wooden pylons.

Thug No. 3 sits on a beerkeg coldly watching the victims and enjoying a cigar. Mrs. Dexter, the Sheriff and Jim Miller officiously enter down a narrow staircase. The Thug stands.

Mrs. Dexter roughly holds up Henry's chin. He is ghastly pale and barely breathing. She examines the black-rimmed bullet wound in his chest and spits in the water contemptuously.

MRS. DEXTER

He might have become my protegee, if only he could have been trusted. Execute him.

CONTINUED

Thug No. 3 unties Henry, then brutally shoves a pistol in his mouth and FIRES once, dropping the corpse in the water at the base of the pier.

MILLER
Later, we'll dump the body
in a river gorge.

Abigail unconsciously moans, pathetically swaying her head from side to side. Her rodeo outfit is soiled by dirt and blood. Mrs. Dexter unemotionally examines a light flesh wound in her arm.

MRS. DEXTER
Still unconscious. How was she
injured?

RAWLING
She put up quite a fight dur-
ing the kidnapping. Should
we shoot her too?

Thug No. 3 waves his pistol at Abigail.

MRS. DEXTER
Put that away. I want her death
to seem more accidental. Will
she eat?

THUG NO. 3
(pockets his pistol)
Sometimes.

MRS. DEXTER
(to Miller)
Take me to the kitchen.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A wide expanse of naked, rocky desert is visible through the passenger window.

MACCABEE
(impatiently)
This is such a roundabout
way!

CONTINUED

JANIS

Abigail insisted. She was sulking about the house by the lake being a scheme Henry had hatched with a man she disliked named Jeff or Jim.

MACCABEE

Jim Miller?

JANIS

Yup. Abigail pronounced his name so hatefully. That's when I noticed she seemed unusually pale for a young woman of athletic build, as if she'd suffered a recent, serious illness.

MACCABEE

Was she short of breath?

JANIS

As a matter of fact!

MACCABEE

Which way is the lake?

Janis points to the left.

MACCABEE (Cont'd)

Skip the detour!

Janis expertly turns the plane, bringing a hilly, wooded area into view.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Ames marches stiffly around the gravel drive carrying a submachine gun slung under his arm.

INT. LAKE HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Miller and the Sheriff watch as Mrs. Dexter hastily goes through the cabinets, finding flour, seasoning, a mixing bowl and a spatula. She rapidly mixes the ingredients, adds a cup of water and stirs up a batter, then wipes her hands on a towel.

CONTINUED

MRS. DEXTER
 (to the Sheriff)
 I've left something in the limo.
 (to Miller)
 Stay here.

Miller is offended but obediently waits. Mrs. Dexter and Sheriff Rawling exit through a dutch door to the driveway.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Janis's plane SOARS over a pair of racing sailboats.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Rawling watches Mrs. Dexter rummage through a large bag in the trunk of the Rolls until she finds a brown medicine bottle.

The ROAR of the plane is suddenly close by. Rawling and Mrs. Dexter irritably look up and are shocked to see Mac's smiling face outlined in a cockpit window. The Sheriff draws his pistol.

Ames FIRES the submachine gun at the plane's nose.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The engine GROWLS and emits black smoke.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Janis turns the wheel sharply and yells at Mac above the loud SPATTERING of the engine.

JANIS
 We have to make an emergency
 landing!

MACCABEE
 (shouting)
 What do I do?

JANIS
 Hold on tight!

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The plane ROARS up a wooded slope, snapping off treetops and trailing a cloud of smoke.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Dexter screams furiously at Sheriff Rawling.

MRS. DEXTER
Find the wreck and make sure
they are both dead!

Rawling rushes into his cruiser and rapidly backs up the gravel drive.

EXT. LAKE-DESERT ROAD - DAY

Pistol drawn, Thug No. 4 runs out from behind a hedge and throws open the lake house gate. The Sheriff's cruiser swerves backwards onto the asphalt, halts, then races uphill.

At the top of the hill, the cruiser SQUEALS to a stop. Rawling gets out and peers down at the desert below. The smoke trail of the airplane follows the road a distance, then disappears behind a mesa.

CUT TO:

The cruiser speeding downhill.

INT. LAKE HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Using an eyedropper, Mrs. Dexter carefully adds a few drops from the medicine bottle to the batter in the mixing bowl. Jim Miller nervously looks on.

MILLER
How can you be so cool? Suppose
someone finds them before Rawl-
ing does?

MRS. DEXTER
Idiot, the plane probably won't
survive the crash.

CONTINUED

She pours the batter into a saucepan on the gas range, ignites a flame and shakes the pan slowly back and forth.

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)
(homicidally)
Why did you lie about Maccabee's death?

MILLER
The Sheriff misled me!

MRS. DEXTER
If he fails again, you may be required to take your own life.

MILLER
(shocked, slowly)
I would gladly sacrifice myself for the Third Reich.

MRS. DEXTER
A suicide note should confess your complete responsibility in the kidnappings, making it appear I was an innocent victim and relieving me of all suspicion. If outside authorities intervene, I will say you forced me to cooperate.

MILLER
(pauses)
Shall I write the note now?

Mrs. Dexter removes the saucepan from the flame.

MRS. DEXTER
No, perhaps it won't be necessary. We will give the Sheriff one hour to return with news of Maccabee's death. Now take me to Abigail.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The smoking plane dives down a rocky slope, catches a wheel on a large boulder and crashes nosefirst in flames.

CONTINUED

A foot kicks open the cockpit door and Mac jumps out, with the unconscious Janis draped over his shoulder.

In a panic, he runs fifty yards and the plane EXPLODES in a fireball, knocking him and Janis to the ground.

Mac cradles Janis's head and she groggily comes awake.

JANIS
(pathetically)
Ohhh, we lost Marjorie!

Mac cautiously helps Janis stand. When she's steady, he rubs his muscular trunk checking for sore spots.

JANIS (Cont'd)
Are you okay?!

MACCABEE
A couple of fractured ribs.
How about you?

JANIS
A nasty little headache, but
all the parts seem to be in
working order.

MACCABEE
(sexily)
So we're still on for tonight?

JANIS
Can't you think of anything
else at a time like this?

MACCABEE
Just glad you're alive!

He turns her away from the smoking wreck and kisses her tenderly. She sighs passionately.

JANIS
Hey, "Mac" is kind of impersonal
for the fellow who gallantly
rescued me. Shouldn't I know
your real first name?

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Joshua.

JANIS

Joshua and Janis. Sounds sweet.

He hugs her tightly and worriedly surveys the arid landscape. The road passes nearby.

MACCABEE

Is that a good road?

JANIS

Solid. Marjorie's controls gave out or we could have landed safely. We can follow it to the lake.

MACCABEE

Too dangerous! The gang'll be looking for us. What's in the opposite direction?

JANIS

Seven miles of rough, snake infested desert.

MACCABEE

(points up the rocky slope)

Straight ahead. Keep those baby blues wide open and expect more trouble soon.

He draws and cocks his .45. Janis pulls the snub nosed revolver.

JANIS

Joshua fit the battle of Jericho!

MACCABEE

And his plane came tumbling down.

CONTINUED

JANIS
My plane, Josh. My plane.

MACCABEE
If we get through this alive,
I'll buy you a brand new one.

They start climbing.

JANIS
I'd rather ride alongside you
in the Cord.

MACCABEE
Sounds like a proposal.

JANIS
(blushing)
Please try not to embarrass me
in public.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Eyes shut but now barely conscious, Abigail painfully swings her head from side to side as Mrs. Dexter force feeds her from the saucepan.

ABIGAIL
No! Nooo!

Miller and Thug No. 3 watch impatiently.

MILLER
Let's shoot her!

MRS. DEXTER
Fool. Why would kidnapers murder both hostages before receiving any payment? So far, our real goals have not been detected.

MILLER
Maccabee must already have contacted the FBI and voiced his suspicions about all of us.

CONTINUED

MRS. DEXTER

Yes, but how much does he really know?

MILLER

If we are discovered by the authorities, Abigail may also talk. Do you seriously believe anyone will think this was a simple case of kidnapping and you played no part?

Mrs. Dexter pulls up her skirt and adjusts a garter strap while lewdly leering at Thug No. 3. The Thug smiles lustily.

MRS. DEXTER

My persuasive skills are considerable.

MILLER

Return to Beverly Hills and let me dispose of Abigail.

MRS. DEXTER

No, I cannot safely leave the area until we have heard from Sheriff Rawling about Maccabee and any other potential intruders.

(to Thug)

Teach him a lesson!

Thug No. 3 suddenly grabs Miller by the lapel and pistol whips his face, opening a bloody wound around the mouth. Miller falls on his knees and gently caresses the wound.

MILLER

(crying)

Why?

MRS. DEXTER

There is, as yet, no question of your loyalty, but preparing for self-sacrifice is never easy. You must pass another test.

She nods at the Thug and he pistol whips Miller again.

EXT. LAKE-DESERT ROAD - DAY

The Sheriff's cruiser moves along slowly as Rawling bitterly watches Mac and Janis plod through the sand safely outside pistol range. Mac bravely looks in his direction and Rawling passes without stopping.

JUMP CUT:

The cruiser drives by again, skids to a halt and then backs up. Rawling leans his head out the window and looks at the blazing sun, then irritably wipes the sweat off his brow with a handkerchief.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Mac and Janis are crossing an open, scrubby flat when the Sheriff's car glides off the road straight towards them, stopping 50 feet away.

Mac and Janis pretend the automobile is not there. Finally, Rawling opens the door and stands hipshot by the vehicle, a hand on the butt of his revolver.

RAWLING

(loudly)

Hey, folks, sorry I missed you on the first couple of passes. How about riding to the lake with me?

(wipes off some sweat)

You shouldn't walk the whole three miles in this scorching heat!

(pause)

Maccabee! If I let the pair of you get away, you'll denounce me to the FBI and I'm as good as dead!

Rawling draws his revolver and aims at Janis. Mac quickly places himself in front of her and FIRES the .45 three times, killing the Sheriff.

JUMP CUT:

Mac takes a Winchester rifle from the open trunk of the cruiser, hands it to Janis and slams the trunk shut. They quietly get inside the car and drive onto the road, leaving the Sheriff's dead body behind.

EXT. LAKE-DESERT ROAD - DAY

Thug No. 4 hides behind the hedge, his pistol guarding the approach to the lake house.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Ames guards the gate with his submachine gun.

INT. LAKE HOUSE LIBRARY - DAY

Miller sits at the desk nervously drafting a letter, as Mrs. Dexter coldly dictates the language.

MRS. DEXTER

Say that after murdering Henry,
you threatened to kill Abigail
and demanded I provide you a
quarter of a million dollars
in cash.

Miller grimaces painfully, but dips his quill in ink and quickly pens the lines. He looks up questioningly.

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)

Sign the letter with today's
date.

While Miller signs, Mrs. Dexter retrieves a Mauser pistol from a glass case on the wall. She checks to see the weapon is loaded and then places it on the desk. Miller regards it morosely but firmly grasps the handle.

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)

By now, the Sheriff has failed
to kill Maccabee and will not
return.

MILLER

For the Fatherland!

Mrs. Dexter leaves the room, gently closing the doors behind her. Miller dutifully turns his chair to face the Hakenkreuz flag, puts the pistol barrel under his chin and pulls the trigger, BLOWING his brains onto the library shelves.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Dexter and Thug No. 3 wearily climb from the boat, having just completed the sex act. The Thug tucks in his shirt and buttons his pants while Mrs. Dexter pulls up her stockings. They walk up the end of the pier together.

Mrs. Dexter examines Abigail closely, opening the eyelids and feeling her pulse.

MRS. DEXTER

Very near death. How unexpected. She always had such a strong heart. The shock of being kidnapped.

The Thug leers knowingly.

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)

Now strike me in the face the way you did Jim Miller.

THUG NO. 3

Madame?

MRS. DEXTER

Leave me by Abigail, tied to the dock. Then join the others who are waiting for Maccabee and pray the FBI has not discovered our whereabouts.

THUG NO. 3

I will sacrifice myself rather than be captured.

MRS. DEXTER

Good.

The Thug draws his pistol and smacks her across the jaw, raising a large nasty bruise. She seems oblivious to the pain.

EXT. LAKE-DESERT ROAD - DAY

The Sheriff's cruiser tops the wooded hill and coasts down towards the shimmering lake.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Mac worriedly regards Janis as she gets the Winchester ready for action.

MACCABEE

Handled a Winchester rifle before?

JANIS

Grew up with one. Used to hit dead center bullseye at fifty yards while on horseback. I'd be more worried about you!

MACCABEE

Then stay behind me!

JANIS

Won't let you out of my sight, honeybun!

Mac pulls to a halt at a scenic overlook above a set of wooden steps that lead down by a little pier where numerous small boats are moored.

MACCABEE

Who owns that dock?

JANIS

The county.

MACCABEE

What about the boats?

JANIS

They're for rent, usually to kids and honeymooning couples.

EXT. LAKE MARINA - DAY

Mac gives a few coins to a grey haired BOATMAN who indicates a small rowboat tied at the end of the dock. The Boatman suspiciously watches Mac and Janis, who are both still armed, as they nimbly climb on board the boat.

BOATMAN

There's no hunting on the lake this time of year.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Don't worry, Mister, we didn't
want to leave any weapons up
in the car.

The Boatman looks up where the cruiser is parked.

BOATMAN

Oh, you work with the Sheriff!
Then of course it's all right.

He smiles assuredly as Janis expertly casts off and
Mac firmly rows away from the pier.

EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY

Janis balances on a bench and scrutinizes the
shoreline.

MACCABEE

Sit down, sweetie.

JANIS

I won't tip us over. We've had
our fill of nearly fatal acci-
dents for one day.

MACCABEE

But you may get us both shot.

JANIS

(sits)
Whoops!

MACCABEE

They might have a lookout along
the shore.

JANIS

My eyes are pretty sharp. I
didn't see a soul. The brutes
aren't expecting a naval attack!

Mac pulls hard on the oars, sending the small craft
skimming across the smooth surface of the lake.

JANIS (Cont'd)

(hugging her rifle)
This is so romantic!

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Thug No. 3, armed with a submachine gun, has joined Ames by the gate. Ames calls uneasily to Thug No. 4 in the bushes by the side of the road.

AMES
Any cars headed our way?

THUG NO. 4
No.

THUG NO. 3
(to Ames)
What do you think happened?

AMES
The Sheriff's been killed.

THUG NO. 3
You have a lot more respect for
Maccabee than I do.

AMES
He's escaped us every time.
And maybe five men are dead!

THUG NO. 3
(smirking)
Keep a good count, I'll go tend
to the Mrs. again.

He struts towards the house, but Ames grabs his arm and roughly pulls him back.

AMES
Leave her alone, you've helped
her enough for one day.

The Thug angrily rips his arm away and points his weapon at Ames.

THUG NO. 3
Jealous? Too bad.

AMES
(pushes him violently)
Swine!

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Roped to a pylon, Mrs. Dexter regards Abigail with a terrible loathing. The young girl seems almost lifeless.

EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY

As Mac quietly dips the oars, the boathouse comes into view. A few more strokes and the boat turns inside.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Pistol ready, Mac crouches as he glides up behind the motorboat; Janis steadies the rowboat and Mac silently leaps onto the pier.

Clutching her rifle, Janis courageously follows Mac as he hunts for guards. Instead, they are dismayed to find Abigail and Mrs. Dexter tied to the dock.

Mac keeps a wary eye on the stairway while Janis gently tends Abigail. Mrs. Dexter is furious and strains against her bonds.

MRS. DEXTER
(moaning)
She's dead!

Mac quickly kneels by Mrs. Dexter's side.

MACCABEE
(whispering)
Where's Henry?

MRS. DEXTER
They shot him and disposed of
the body!

MACCABEE
Where are the guards?

MRS. DEXTER
I don't know.
(regards Mac fearfully)
Upstairs. Outside.

Janis softly strokes Abigail's face and a little color reappears.

CONTINUED

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)
She's dead.

JANIS
She's alive!

Mrs. Dexter's eyes cloud with tears. Mac loosens her ropes a little, then turns to Janis.

MACCABEE
Untie them but keep them down here.

He fearlessly heads for the stairs and Janis whispers after him.

JANIS
Joshua! Be careful!

She offers her rifle but he refuses.

MACCABEE
Stay down here.

INT. LAKE HOUSE PARLOR - DAY

Thug No. 3 swaggers in from outside just as Mac cautiously opens the door from downstairs. They see each other instantly and the shocked Thug FIRES full auto, splintering the walls with bulletholes.

Mac falls in the prone position and FIRES a single pistol shot which slams the Thug in the chest and sends him SMASHING through a parlor window.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Ames races up the drive, followed by Thug No. 4, waving his pistol. Suddenly, a SHOT from the house fells Thug No. 4. Ames pitches forward on his knees and STRAFES the house windows with his submachine gun, SHATTERING glass.

Out of ammo, Ames frantically reloads a clip from his pocket as Mac slowly walks toward him, pointing the .45 at his chest.

MACCABEE
Drop it, Ames!

CONTINUED

Ames homicidally points the weapon and Mac SHOTS him in the arm knocking him flat. Mac tosses Ames' submachine gun into a flower bed.

Mrs. Dexter runs wildly from the house, screaming hysterically.

MRS. DEXTER

Kill him!

She jumps at Ames but Maccabee quickly grabs her around the waist. She desperately pummels Mac's chest; he wrestles her still.

MRS. DEXTER (Cont'd)

The murderer! Kill him!

(moaning)

Ohhh!

EXT. DUDE RANCH - NIGHT

Federal PRISON GUARDS load a dozen unruly Prisoners on a bus parked by the entry while Maccabee, Janis and several FBI AGENTS vigilantly keep watch, weapons at the ready.

Among the Prisoners are Tom Cook and Dick Purdy in bandages, several Gangsters and Brian Carlyle, all in manacles. Carlyle fixes a menacing look on Maccabee but a Guard roughly pushes him on board the bus.

Special Agent RED JOHNSON, 45, a bright, efficient field supervisor, looks at his watch which reads 4:30 AM. He regards Mac and Janis sympathetically.

JOHNSON

Why don't you folks catch some shuteye?

MACCABEE

We'll stay till the round up's done, Red, if it's okay with the FBI.

JOHNSON

Fine by me. I have a pair of men still trying to find Rawling's deputies and a few hoods

CONTINUED

JOHNSON (Cont'd)
who checked out this afternoon.
Thad Ames spilled his guts about
the whole gang, but he was feeling
too much pain to remember where
everyone was hiding out.

Janis giggles involuntarily.

MACCABEE
Can I question Mrs. Dexter now?

JOHNSON
The lady is not very cooperative
for a kidnap victim, more like
a suspect. We have her locked
up in Carlyle's office.
(hands him a keyring)
She's your client, be my guest.

JANIS
(grabs Mac's arm)
Not without a chaperone.

MACCABEE
(gently)
Please look in on Abigail. I'd
better handle her mother alone.

JANIS
Drape some garlic around your
neck, Josh. I wouldn't trust
Mrs. Dexter alone with a snake.

They walk together through the ranchhouse doors.

INT. DUDE RANCH OFFICE - NIGHT

Mrs. Dexter sits at the desk brooding angrily. She wears a clean suit of clothes and her hair is freshly combed. Mac enters the room, shutting the door behind him. Mrs. Dexter rises indignantly.

MRS. DEXTER
Have you persuaded the FBI to
release me from this -- prison
cell?

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Not yet. Maybe if you let me test a theory about the crimes, I can put their suspicions to rest.

MRS. DEXTER

Why am I regarded suspiciously at all? The special agent, Johnson, asked me innumerable stupid questions which betrayed his idiotic theory that I am somehow responsible for my own kidnapping!

MACCABEE

He's just doing his job. May we continue the questioning? I'll play the role of devil's advocate.

MRS. DEXTER

It won't help the FBI make a case against me. Don't expect me to lie or contradict what I've already told them.

(pauses)

Okay.

They both sit.

MACCABEE

The man who survived the shoot out, Thad Ames, has made a lot of damaging accusations, including the claim you master-minded the murders of David Jenkins and Henry Duparis as well as Jim Miller's suicide.

MRS. DEXTER

A pathetic, desperate liar!

MACCABEE

You don't seem very upset about Jim Miller's suicide. He was your lover.

CONTINUED

Each remark brings Mrs. Dexter closer to the boiling point.

MRS. DEXTER

Because he was the one behind the whole criminal scheme. He lured me here from Beverly Hills with the false promise of saving Abigail's life. Imagine my horror when I found out Jim was behind the kidnappings!

MACCABEE

When precisely did you discover he was the gang leader?

MRS. DEXTER

As soon as I arrived, when his confederates tied me up in the boathouse and killed Henry. Jim confronted me with an outrageous ransom demand.

MACCABEE

The one mentioned in the suicide note? Did Agent Johnson show you Miller's note?

MRS. DEXTER

Yes. In spite of his boldness, Jim obviously felt terribly remorseful about what he had done to Abigail and Henry. I heard the pistol shot that killed him while I was tied up, an hour before you arrived.

MACCABEE

Your fingerprints were found on the pistol Jim Miller used to commit suicide. How did they get there?

MRS. DEXTER

(nervously)

He had me hold the gun while he searched for ammunition in a desk drawer.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

But you just said you were tied to the boathouse dock before Miller went upstairs and shot himself. A lie! You forced Miller to write that suicide note; you handed him the pistol and commanded him to take his own life; then you ordered one of the thugs to tie you up. Now shall I explain how your fingerprints got on the medicine bottle used to poison Abigail?

She suddenly lets loose a terrifying shriek, grabs the lead paperweight and viciously lunges across the desk at Maccabee. He deftly catches her hand before the paperweight can crush his skull and forces her back on the desk.

MRS. DEXTER

(spraying venom)

Juden tod! Tod, Juden!

The door crashes open and Janis runs inside. She is stunned but quickly calms down.

JANIS

Private language lessons? I knew it was a mistake to leave you alone together!

Janis grabs Mrs. Dexter's wrist and twists it hard pulling her to her feet.

MRS. DEXTER

Oww! Bitch!

Janis twists her wrist even harder and Mrs. Dexter howls in pain.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Late morning, most of the guests are gone. Mac, Janis and Red Johnson share coffee at a table by a window with a view of horses frisking in a corral.

CONTINUED

JANIS

Mrs. Dexter's a German spy like
Mata Hari!

JOHNSON

Exactly. For more than twenty
years, masquerading as an American
socialite, she has been a head of
one of the most extensive foreign
spy rings in the United States,
lately under orders from the
Third Reich.

JANIS

Is that why she married John
Dexter?

JOHNSON

Yes, and then poisoned him to
death. Her plan was to sabotage
the aircraft factory and then
sell it off for scrap metal.

MACCABEE

Your men got it all from Thad
Ames?

JOHNSON

Mrs. Dexter confessed this morn-
ing on the way to prison. The
lady's frightened to death her
nazi colleagues will have her
assassinated now that she's been
captured. Your questions con-
vinced her she would not sur-
vive outside prison during a
public trial.

JANIS

After what Mrs. Dexter tried to
do to her own daughter, you
should feed her to the nazis.

JOHNSON

She still has a lot to tell us.

A Waitress brings a plate of breakfast rolls.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

Has any of her information been confirmed from other sources?

JOHNSON

Yes, I've been on the phone to Washington all morning. A lot of intelligence is beginning to surface about espionage directed all the way from Nazi Germany, aimed at the heart of our government and industry.

JANIS

Wow!

JOHNSON

(to Mac)

You uncovered a very tangled web of international subversion and crime.

JANIS

(proudly)

That's my Joshua!

MACCABEE

The opening shots of another major war.

JOHNSON

It'll be the deadliest war ever fought. These nazis don't play by any rules I ever heard of. The way they murdered Henry Duparis. Bloodthirsty devils.

JANIS

Filthy, lying gangsters.

MACCABEE

What about Ron Henderson, the man who murdered David Jenkins?

JOHNSON

So far, there isn't much of a trail. I'm afraid he's escaped.

CONTINUED

MACCABEE

(bitterly)

He fired the shot that killed
the man who hired me.

JOHNSON

I understand and the FBI will
give you any help we can, but
right now your case is stretch-
ing us near the limit.

JANIS

I'll help you, Josh.

Mac kisses her and she responds very warmly.

JOHNSON

Would you like some time
alone?

Mac coughs politely and wipes Janis's lipstick off his
mouth with a napkin.

MACCABEE

We're driving back to L.A.
today.

JOHNSON

Staying on the case, Mac?

MACCABEE

Yup.

JOHNSON

The Dexter factory union is
offering a substantial reward
for the capture of Ron Henderson.
In the mean time, the FBI can
help cover expenses.

MACCABEE

Not to worry. When Mrs. Dexter
hired me, she tried to buy off
my suspicions with a cashier's
check for three thousand dol-
lars sent to my L.A. office.
My secretary cashed it yester-
day.

CONTINUED

JANIS
(jealously)
Secretary? Brunette or blonde?

MACCABEE
He's losing his hair. And
married with four kids.

JANIS
Whoops! Sorry.

JOHNSON
(beaming)
Looks like you folks are off
to a galloping, good start.

EXT. DUDE RANCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Weighed down with luggage, Mac and Janis waddle to the
Cord which is scarred all over by dents and scratches.

JANIS
(sighs miserably)
Oh Joshua, your beautiful car
is ruined!

MACCABEE
I know a guy near Hollywood who's
an absolute wizard with a blow
torch!

JANIS
But first we have to get this
wreck back to L.A.

Mac gently pries open the trunk and deposits the
luggage inside. The driver door is smashed shut and
they both board from the passenger side.

Mac fires up the engine and the Cord rattles and
suddenly jerks forward. Janis holds on tightly to her
leather helmet.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Limping along at forty, the Cord stalls, sputters and
the tailpipe EXPLODES.

CONTINUED

Mac rapidly shifts gears, the tailpipe EXPLODES again and the Cord takes off at sixty, blowing black smoke out the rear. Janis kisses Mac adoringly.

The End