

Diamond Chasers (partial)

by
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Pages 20-30 (for pre-viz)

EXT. BEHIND HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Uri's bloodied face slams the ground. Then he's yanked up into a staggering walk. Gunnar and Cur drag him around the edge of the metal building and grabbing his head, point his face to the line of airplanes parked along the edge of the distant runway.

GUNNAR

Which one?

Uri looks at the airplanes painfully. His eyes stop on the HI-FLY biplane - inflatable LIGHTNING BOLTS and the BANNER dancing in the wind on either side of the plane's wings.

Gunnar motions to Cur, who breaks into a quick jog towards the plane. Gunnar leans into Uri's bloody face.

GUNNAR (cont'd)

You should hope he finds it quickly.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Cur approaches the biplane casually. People mill about. A small BOY is entranced by the inflatable lightning bolts that sway back and forth.

Cur looks around the crowd. No one pays attention to him as he ducks behind the far wing of the Hifly biplane. He quickly hops up the wing and peers into the cockpit. The young boy approaches.

BOY

You gonna fly soon?

Cur glances up at the boy and then back into the cockpit. He spots the small locked box under the seat.

BOY (cont'd)

You gonna fly?

CUR

Beat it.

BOY

Dick.

Cur looks up the small boy in surprise. Then his attention focuses on the crowd behind the boy: Sticking above other heads and faces, the Styrofoam lightning bolt moves through the crowd, approaching the plane.

He grabs the box and tries to yank it. It doesn't budge.

EXT. CROWD - CONTINUOUS

Eddie, lightning bolt hat on his head, concentrates on his ICE CREAM CONE as he works himself through the crowd.

He clears the last people and looks from the cone up to the HI-FLY biplane in the distance. He squints as he tries to comprehend what he's seeing - then his eyes widen quickly.

The ice cream cone drops from his fingers and spins to the ground, exploding in wet slo-mo as it smacks the asphalt.

The PROPELLER of the biplane bursts into rotation, Two puffs of blue smoke, shoot from the mufflers.

The HI-FLY biplane quickly starts to roll forward.

Eddie coils back and then breaks into a full sprint towards it.

EDDIE
HEY!!! STOP!!

The sparse crowd's attention shifts vaguely to the action, as Eddie runs for his biplane, now rolling onto the grass strip.

The engine ROAR increases as the plane picks up speed.

Eddie runs closer and then throws himself at the biplane, grabbing the tail as it whips past.

Cur senses the change in weight and looks back. They make EYE CONTACT.

The tail RUDDER starts wagging back and forth, slapping Eddie in the head. Eddie hangs on grimly in spite of the abuse.

The CROWD applauds halfheartedly, as the biplane bounces and meanders down the runway, Eddie hanging on to the tail. It's an 'okay' stunt show.

The plane picks up speed as Eddie climbs from the tail up and toward the cockpit.

The biplane reaches take-off speed and hops off the ground momentarily. The tires hit the ground again with a jolt, knocking Eddie back to the tail. He struggles to regain his hold.

The Plane leaves the ground again, and this time banks sharply. Eddie loses his grip and slides to the edge of the tail holding on by a mere edge. The cloth tears slightly as Eddie's fingers slip. He's losing the battle.

The airplane fights to climb above ten feet. Small trees approach as the end of the grass strip nears. In a quick move, the airplane arcs up and barely misses them. Eddie is not so lucky as the lower portion of his body smacks into the branches with full force. Grip lost, he flies into the trees as the biplane, free of him, launches into the sky.

EXT. TREE GROVE - CONTINUOUS

Eddie crashes through the branches and thuds to the ground. He raises his face out of the grass to see the plane flying into the sky.

He staggers to his feet and starts a limping sprint toward the crowds and tents in the distance. From the same direction, a GOLF CART races toward him, Scottie at the wheel. Eddie jumps into the gulf cart as it circles him.

Eddie points frantically to the sky.

EDDIE
Someone's stealing my plane!

The Gulf cart zips over the smooth grass surface heading back to the tents as Eddie rubs his elbow.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

The cart CHIRPS to a stop in front of a YELLOW biplane - Scottie's biplane.

A crowd of people forms to watch the two working in panicked high speed. The little boy approaches.

BOY
You gonna fly?

Eddie slides under the wings and yanks blocks out from under the wheels as Scottie jumps into the front cockpit.

SCOTTIE
(yelling)
Clear!

The engine ROARS to life and quickly, the biplane taxis toward the grass airstrip, Eddie still climbing into the back cockpit.

With a ROAR, the biplane zooms down the grass strip and into THE AIR. Eddie's Styrofoam Lightning bolt hat flattens back ninety degrees from his head by the wind.

INT. SCOTTIE'S BIPLANE - CONTINUOUS

SCOTTIE
(yelling over the engine)
I can't believe I'm doing this.

The ground vanishes quickly beneath them.

EDDIE
Come on, Scottie, faster.

SCOTTIE
Hang on.

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

The biplanes roar past. The chase is on.

INT. COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

SCOTTIE
We gotta go back.

EDDIE
What?

SCOTTIE
I fly light... no fuel.

EDDIE
Are you serious?

Eddie hastily assesses the situation. Craning over the edge of the cockpit, his eyes alight on a straight road parallel to them far below.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Get down to that road.

SCOTTIE
What?

Eddie hand motions desperately - DOWN! Scottie pushes on the control stick and the biplane's altitude quickly decreases.

Below, an old CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE comes into view. Eddie alternates between looking at the car and his biplane, now distant.

EDDIE
Over that car.

Eddie pops the release of his safety harness.

SCOTTIE
(realizes)
Eddie, no...

Scottie's biplane gets closer to the convertible. The driver is entirely engrossed in the MUSIC blasting from the radio.

EDDIE
Closer... closer...

The biplane descends to ten feet above the car, the driver oblivious of them. Eddie quickly climbs out of the cockpit and on to the lower wing. The wind buffets him furiously.

Eddie gives WIDE EYED Scottie a desperate grin and then JUMPS.

INT. MARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The large car is driven by MARLIE (22), a beautiful, tough, NEO-ROCKABILLY CHICK.

She is into the loud ROCKING GUITAR AND DRUMS when the blur of RED AND BLUE PLUMMETS into the passenger seat. She recoils in startled surprise. The Styrofoam Lightning bolt jumps to attention as her jaw drops in shock.

The car swerves wildly, nearly leaving the road.

Eddie pulls himself into a sitting position - a split second to refocus - then frantically he jabs his finger towards the distant HI-FLY biplane in the sky.

EDDIE
Follow that plane!

Marlie grabs for her purse. The car veers over both lanes of the road. Above them, Scottie's biplane ARCS UP and AWAY. Eddie looks up to see it vanish.

MARLIE
 (Screaming)
 What the hell are you?

EDDIE
 Holy shit, I jumped out of that!
 (looks at her.)
 Hi, I'm Eddie. (points to horizon)
 Follow that plane.

Her hand wildly searches her purse. Then she sees what she's looking for dangling from the CAR KEYS IN THE IGNITION.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 Faster! You gotta go faster.

Her foot pounds the brake pedal, locking the wheels.

The car SCREECHES to a stop, pitching Eddie's head into the dashboard.

MARLIE
 Out!

She pulls the key out of the ignition and hastily pulls the cap on a SMALL MACE BOTTLE attached to the key chain.

EDDIE
 What?

MARLIE
 Out. Now.

EDDIE
 We gotta follow my plane! Christ,
 it's getting away!

MARLIE
 Last time I ask!

EDDIE
 You don't understand-

CUT TO:

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY

WIND rustles through the fields bisected by the long, lonely road.

BOOTS stagger into frame walking a drunken walk.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Eddie's PUFFY RED EYES tear profusely as he stumbles along the road. Every so often he looks up at the sky as if hoping to spot an airplane-as-savior.

INT. HI FLY BIPLANE - DAY

Cur flies grimly before breaking into laughter: He just stole an airplane!

A LIGHT starts blinking on the dash, freezing his laugh in mid-giggle. Cur studies the LOW FUEL GAUGE, then looks over the edge of the plane for any spot to land. In the barren distance ahead appears to be a small enclave of civilization.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The Hi-Fly biplane buzzes towards the buildings.

INT. TARYVILLE CONTROL TOWER - DAY

The RADIO squawks, waking up SQUIRREL (65), dozing in a chair with a PHILATELIST'S MONTHLY magazine on his lap.

He clicks on the transmit button of the radio.

SQUIRREL

Come in.

CUR (ON RADIO)

Requesting permission to land.

SQUIRREL

Knock yourself out. Left strip,
head east. We got dead air.

Squirrel looks up from the radio through the large window in front of him. In the sky, the biplane nears closer and finally drifts past and bounces into a landing.

Squirrel looks at the biplane more closely. Then his eyes grow wide in recognition.

SQUIRREL (cont'd)

I'll be damned.

He picks up the phone and presses a speed dial button.

SQUIRREL (cont'd)
 Oh, you're never gonna believe who
 just flew in.

EXT. TARYVILLE AIRPORT - DAY

Squirrel runs onto the grass airstrip, where the biplane has coasted to a stop. He stops in surprise as Cur jumps out of the cockpit.

SQUIRREL
 And who are you?

CUR
 I just radioed you.

Squirrels stares at the airplane, momentarily confused.

SQUIRREL
 So you a friend of Eddie's?

Cur looks at Squirrel blankly.

EXT. TARYVILLE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

THREE MEN push the airplane toward a hangar while Cur screams at Squirrel as they walk toward the office.

CUR
 What do you think you're doing -

SQUIRREL
 Standing orders from the Reverend.

CUR
 What are you talking about? I ran
 low on fuel...

Squirrel walks into the office with Cur following closely.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CUR
 How am I going to get through to
 you-

Squirrel points to a corkboard on the wall. Cur follows his finger to a XEROXED FLYER. Eddie's grinning face occupies most of it. A smaller photo below his face is of the Stearman, painted silver - not its present, garish colors.

Cur walks to the wall to study the flyer more closely. A
WANTED POSTER --

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD TO ANYONE THAT DELIVERS FUCKHEAD

Cur tears the flyer from the wall and stares at it.

SQUIRREL

You landed at the wrong airport,
buddy.

CUR

Keep the plane. I won't charge you
for delivery.

Squirrel snorts.

CUR (cont'd)

Get me a mallet and screwdriver.

EXT. HI-FLY BIPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

The SCREWDRIVER is set against the lock and the MALLET comes
down hard on the handle.

Squirrel watches from the ground.

Cur whacks at the handle hard several times. The lock pops.
He pulls it from the latch and then yanks open the small box.
Cur grabs the handful of papers out of the box and quickly
rifles through them. He frowns. Something isn't right. He
reaches under the seat and feels around for anything else. He
retracts his empty hand and stares at the empty box for a
long moment, then jumps off the wing and flings the mallet
and screwdriver away. Squirrel watches as he strides away.

CUR

It's all yours.

As he walks off, he looks through the papers he holds and
pulls a CELLPHONE out of his pocket.

EXT. ROAD - LATE DAY

Eddie walks along the road, desperately peering with
bloodshot eyes for any signs of life.

A CELLPHONE RING cuts through the desolation. Eddie looks at
himself with confusion - remembers - and reaches into his
jacket for the new cellphone. He clumsily opens it and puts
it to his ear.

EDDIE
Hello?

EXT. AIRSHOW - CONTINUOUS

Scottie focuses on the phone as Eddie's voice is heard.

THE CONVERSATION GOES BACK AND FORTH.

SCOTTIE
Eddie?

EDDIE
Yeah.

SCOTTIE
You're alive.

EDDIE
Look, don't tell Chuck anything and-

SCOTTIE
How do you think I got this number?

Eddie realizes.

SCOTTIE (cont'd)
Yeah, he's doing a little freak out dance. Kinda funny, actually.

EDDIE
Okay, hell with him. Do me a favor and give Uri a message... 'They don't have them. I have them. I took them out of the compartment.' You got that?

SCOTTIE
They don't have them, I have them. I took them out of the compartment. What does that mean?

EDDIE
He'll know.

Eddie looks around the barren roads.

SCOTTIE
Alright. I got some good news and I got some bad news. Good news is your plane landed.

EDDIE

Good. Where?

SCOTTIE

Tar--(garble)

EDDIE

Scottie? You broke up on me. Where did it land?

SCOTTIE

Taryville.

Eddie stops walking.

SCOTTIE (cont'd)

You still there?

EDDIE

Yeah, I'm here.

SCOTTIE

What are you going to do?

In the far off distance, a faint ONE-TWO BEAT slowly grows in volume, turning into MARIACHI MUSIC. Eddie turns and looks back at the road behind him.

In the distance, a PICKUP TRUCK that should have been in a junkyard ten years before, limps down the road toward him.

SCOTTIE (cont'd)

Eddie, what are you going to do?

The pickup truck slows to a stop next to Eddie, Mariachi music blasting from the dinky speakers. Along with various lawn and farm implements, SIX migrant workers sit in the back, THREE in the front.

They silently look at Eddie, tan faces glistening in the late day sun. Eddie closes the cellphone and motions to the back of the truck. The migrant squashed against the passenger door stares at Eddie and slowly nods a greeting.

Eddie takes a long look down the road he has been walking, then back to the truck. With a deep breath, he hefts himself over the edge and into the truck and with a harsh grinding of gears, the truck lurches forward.

I/E. BACK OF TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The migrants stare at Eddie with bemusement. He follows their eyes down to his costume, snorts understanding and unzips the red jumpsuit. He wiggles out of it, revealing his true clothing: classic white T-Shirt and old blue jeans.

EXT. ROAD - LATE DAY

The truck goes past a bullet riddled sign: WELCOME TO TARYVILLE. It sways gently in the dusty wind as the truck drives into the distance.