

"A Fugitive Must Run"

written by

Stephen Hoover & L.A. Laird

[dontlookbaxter@yahoo.com](mailto:dontlookbaxter@yahoo.com)

1-87-RE-WRITED

WGAw Reg.

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY BACK ROAD - DAY

RICHARD KIMBLE (40), closely cut hair, intense eyes, runs alongside a back road.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The name -- Dr. Richard Kimble. Occupation -- Fugitive from justice. Wrongly convicted of his wife's murder, he escaped in a train wreck --

INSERT SHOT -- STOCK FOOTAGE of train wreck.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Like that one -- on his way to Death Row.

BACK to SHOT.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Richard Kimble is now a fugitive and he must run. Run to escape the police lieutenant obsessed with his capture. Run in search of his wife's killer, the One Headed Man. Run because running provides an excellent cardiovascular workout, though of course should not be considered a substitute for a healthy diet low in both fat and calories. Tonight's episode -- "A Fugitive Must Run."

INSERT TITLE -- "A Fugitive Must Run."

EXT. BACK ROADS -- DAY

Kimble runs:

-- through the woods  
-- down a dirt road,  
-- a deserted railroad track.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Richard Kimble is on the run, cold, tired, hungry, trapped in a man's body...

Kimble in distance runs to camera. He comes to camera, covering

lens with his chest, knocking over Cameraman.

Kimble's back as he runs from now upside down camera.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Always alone, he finds safety only in suspicion, security only in solitude.

Kimble in deserted railroad yard, lurking about.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sometimes, in his quest for the one-headed man, Richard Kimble is inexorably drawn to the city.

Kimble face is intense. Pulling back we see him in a crowd of people.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But he must always remain distant, he must lose himself in the crowd, but never become part of the crowd. He must be one more drop in an ocean of faces.

Kimble's feet walking down crowded sidewalk.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Richard Kimble must walk down the city streets, where the unknown is only a foot step away.

Kimble's feet walk down sidewalk, as other people's feet shuffle along. Towards Kimble comes Sasquatch's Bigfeet, on their merry way. KIMBLE's feet turn around, as if to do a bipodal "take," then go back to walking.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And where danger lurks behind every corner.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

ECU on NEWSBOY.

NEWSBOY

Read all about it! Get your paper here!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL NEWSBOY holding paper, with headline reading:  
"CONVICTED KILLER KIMBLE AT LARGE IN BIG IMPERSONAL CITY."

Kimble'S photograph is next to the headline.

NEWSBOY  
Escaped murderer at large! Get your paper  
here!

Kimble rounds corner, hears Newsboy, and docks into alley.  
Attempting to disguise himself, he dons sunglasses.

NEWSBOY  
EXTRA! EXTRA!

Newsboy holds up another paper with headline reading:  
"KIMBLE NOW BELIEVED WEARING SUNGLASSES."

Kimble'S photo has him wearing shades, too.

NEWSBOY  
Kimble now believed wearing sunglasses!  
Extra! Extra!

Kimble recoils at this strange turn of events, throws down his  
shades and runs down the alley toward the camera.

INT. INDIANA STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

CU of KIMBLE'S photo on Wanted Poster. PULL BACK TO REVEAL LT.  
PHILIP GIRARD staring down at poster on bulletin board.

GIRARD  
(Reading from poster).  
Wanted for murder. Richard Kimble, alias Don  
Sherman, alias Paul Mason, alias The Fifth  
Beatle.

CAPTAIN enters.

CAPTAIN  
Still on the Kimble case, Lieutenant Girard?

GIRARD  
It's still an open case, Captain. It won't be  
closed until Richard Kimble is brought to  
justice.

CAPTAIN  
(Sympathetically)  
Stop blaming yourself for Kimble escaping.  
Just because he was in your custody and you  
were guarding him.

GIRARD  
He was my prisoner. And I'll bring in him.  
I'll bring him in no matter how many people  
help him. It's easy for him. He's a  
convicted murderer who escaped Death Row. Why  
shouldn't people trust him?

In background we SEE map of Indiana -- in the shape of Texas.

GIRARD  
I'm just a legally appointed officer of the  
law. Nobody trusts me.

CAPTAIN  
Maybe people trust Kimble because of what he  
said at his trial. Remember?

GIRARD  
(Searching)  
I vaguely recall Kimble saying something about  
being...innocent.

CAPTAIN  
And that hasn't changed your mind?

GIRARD  
I won't let it change my mind. Because I'm an officer of the law.  
When an innocent man is wrongly convicted of murder, it's my job to  
see he's brought in and executed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- DAY

CU of Kimble'S photo on Wanted Poster. PULL BACK TO REVEAL GIRARD  
showing poster to man.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And so Philip Girard searches for Richard  
Kimble.

SHOTS of Girdard showing Kimble's Wanted Poster to other people.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Two men drawn together by Fate. One,  
purser...

Girard walks purposefully down city street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- DAY

Kimble walks warily down city street.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The other, pursued.

Kimble walks away from camera, into distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But even on the run, a fugitive must live.

Kimble walks into store with sign in window reading, "HELP WANTED."

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
A fugitive must take a certain kind of job.

Kimble sweeps up a store.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The kind where no questions are asked...

Kimble flips burgers at greasy spoon.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...and where no experience is required.

STOCK FOOTAGE of symphony orchestra. SHOT of Kimble in tuxedo,  
conducting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
A fugitive must blend in.

Kimble, in wrinkled suit, stands in gym with four black youths in  
basketball uniforms. The five of them perform a Globetrotters-  
style routine (with "Sweet Georgia Brown" playing on soundtrack),  
then Kimble sinks a layup.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He must never draw attention to himself.

INT. STRIP CLUB -- DAY

Kimble, in wrinkled suit, is on stage performing, wrapped around a pole.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Kimble thumbs a ride.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He must not stay too long in one place.

Car pulls up alongside Kimble. Kimble moves to get in when car pulls away a hundred feet or so, then stops. Passengers laugh. Kimble runs to car.

CUT TO:

SHOTS OF LT. GIRARD driving car, riding city bus. STOCK FOOTAGE of airplane in flight. SHOT of LT. GIRARD in airplane seat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For never far away is Lieutenant Girard.  
Always in pursuit...

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Kimble is still chasing that car, which keeps stopping and driving off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Always on the trail of his quarry.

STOCK FOOTAGE of ocean liner on high seas.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (Cont'd)

In a hunt that will end only when Richard  
Kimble is on Death Row.

SHOT of LT. GIRARD in deck chair, reading "OBSESSED WITH RECAPTURING FUGITIVES MAGAZINE."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INDIANA STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Girard examines U.S. map. Captain enters.

CAPTAIN

Lieutenant Girard, I think you're spending too much time and money on the Kimble case.

GIRARD

Time and money don't matter. There is only the law.

CAPTAIN

But you're searching for Kimble in every nook and cranny.

GIRARD

I've searched every nook, but I missed a few crannies.

CAPTAIN

And that expense voucher you turned in. You've traveled over three million miles chasing Kimble this month alone. You're the frequent flyer mileage leader on six different airlines. When you heard Kimble was in Hawaii you rented the *Love Boat* and searched Waikiki Beach for two weeks.

While CAPTAIN speaks, a POLICEMAN walks into background. He sees sign on wall reading "PLEASE TAKE ONE." POLICEMAN studies sign, then takes sign off wall and walks away.

CAPTAIN

You bought ads in twelve magazines and commandeered time on the "Ed Sullivan Show" asking people if they've seen Kimble. And today you bought the *Playboy Jet* from Hugh Hefner. Frankly, Lieutenant, I'm not sure the governor will approve how you're spending the taxpayers' money.

GIRARD

You don't understand, Captain, I don't care how much it costs the taxpayers. I'll keep searching for Kimble until I find him.

Girard pounds the desk in front of him.

GIRARD  
(Intensely)  
And when I find him, he'll be in the last  
place I look.

CAPTAIN  
Lieutenant, just how long do you intend to  
keep after Kimble?

GIRARD  
(To CAPTAIN)  
As long as it takes  
(Looks off into space)  
Maybe even longer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE -- DAY

CU on KIMBLE sweating and straining. PULL BACK TO REVEAL KIMBLE  
attempting to climb steep hill.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And so Richard Kimble runs. For a fugitive  
must run. Run to escape. Run to survive.

PULL BACK TO LONGEST SHOT POSSIBLE.

EXT. ROADSIDE -- DAY

Kimble's exhausted. Panting and sweating, he stops running.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Sometimes even a fugitive must stop running.  
For a while.

Kimble walks down the road.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The place -- West Virginia.

Kimble walks past a road sign reading "Welcome to Kentucky."

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(Confused)  
Uh... The place -- Kentucky.

Kimble walks past a sign reading "You Are Now Leaving Kentucky."  
Then another reading "Welcome to West Virginia."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Annoyed)

I was right for the first time. Anyway... back to pomposity). A fugitive must always travel back roads and hope he can fade into the background.

A HILLBILLY comes over to Kimble.

HILLBILLY

Hey, there! Yeah you, trying' to fade into the background. Where ya from, stranger?

KIMBLE

Uh, out of town.

HILLBILLY

What do you do for a livin', boy?

KIMBLE

(Stalling)

I, uh...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When questioned, a fugitive must always be ready to answer with a ready answer.

KIMBLE

I, uh, I renovate fifteenth century Florentine architecture.

HILLBILLY

Ain't much call for that 'round here, boy. Nawsir. Down here in the valley most of us is Neo-Classicists. Course, up in the hills there's a few Post Modernists, but we don't much cotton to their like 'round these parts.

SHERIFF walks into view.

SHERIFF

What in the name of Victor Hugo is goin' on here?

HILLBILLY

Sheriff, I just caught to this suspicious lookin' stranger trying to fade into the background.

SHERIFF (to KIMBLE)

We don't like suspicious lookin' strangers trying to fade in to the background 'round

here, boy.

KIMBLE

I was just lurking --

Kimble moves away, but Sheriff grabs him.

SHERIFF

You ain't goin' no place. You're coming home with me to meet my beautiful mixed up daughter. You can probably help her with her personal problem before you vanish as quickly as you came.

Sheriff and Kimble walk away from Hillbilly.

SHERIFF

You're a suspicious lookin' stranger, but for some reason I trust you. You wanna hold my wallet?

Kimble shakes his head as he and Sheriff exit frame.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

I have some personal letters you might like to read. Wanna see my diary?

INT. WEST VIRGINIA SHERIFF'S HOME -- DAY

ELLY SUE, the Sheriff's beautiful daughter, is watching television.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Tonight watch an innovative new dramatic series, "THE WANDERER." Thrill to the adventures of Dr. Robert Randall, an army surgeon wrongly convicted of murder during the Civil War, who escaped from a military stockade and now must wander the Old West searching for the real killer, a one-legged man. Tonight's episode -- "A Wander Must Run."

Sheriff and Kimble enter.

SHERIFF

This is my beautiful but mixed up daughter, Elly Sue.

Elly Sue brightens up seeing the handsome stranger.

SHERIFF

Elly Sue, this is a suspicious lookin' stranger  
I caught lurkin' in the shadows without identification  
or means of support. I think he can help you with  
your personal problem before he leaves town  
as mysteriously as he came.

(To Kimble)

Well, I'll be goin' now so my daughter can  
become emotionally dependent on you.

Sheriff exits.

KIMBLE

So, you're beautiful but mixed up.

ELLY SUE

And you're the fugitive.

KIMBLE

Why didn't you turn me in?

ELLY SUE

That's not how we do things here in Kentucky.

KIMBLE

West Virginia.

ELLY SUE

(Realizing)

Yeah, that's right.

(Back to normal)

Maybe I didn't turn you in because -- I  
believe you're innocent.

KIMBLE

Innocent...

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

CU on Kimble.

JUDGE (O.S.)

You stand accused of murder in the first  
degree. How do you plead?

KIMBLE

As God is my witness, I swear I'm innocent.

D.A. (O.S.)

Objection, Your Honor.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL courtroom in shadows, with only the barest of features. Kimble stands alone at one table, the D.A. sits at another. The JUDGE sits behind the bench.

D.A.

An improper plea has been entered.

JUDGE

(Banging gavel)

Objection sustained. The defendant must plead guilty or not guilty.

KIMBLE

Not guilty.

WHIP AROUND RIGHT.

The D.A. addresses the JURY (which we do not see).

D.A.

The prosecution intends to prove, inconclusively and beyond the shadow of most doubts, that the defendant, Dr. Richard Kimble, is probably guilty. And if you're still not convinced, I intend to introduce a lot of hearsay and innuendo. I hope that'll do the trick.

WHIP AROUND RIGHT.

LADY in witness box. D.A. stands nearby.

D.A.

Now, Madame, can you tell the jury who murdered Mrs. Kimble?

LADY

I can say without a moment's hesitation.

(Points to KIMBLE)

It was probably him!

ZOOM INTO CU on KIMBLE.

CUT to ANOTHER LADY in box.

ANOTHER LADY

It's absolutely horrifying, the way he murdered his wife. And him a doctor.

CU on KIMBLE.

CUT TO MAN in box, pointing to KIMBLE

MAN

Him! He's the one!

CU on Kimble.

CUT to NUN in box.

NUN

He sure looks guilty to me!

CU on Kimble.

CUT to ANOTHER MAN in box.

ANOTHER MAN

I lived next door to Dr. Kimble. He was always so quiet. He kept pretty much to himself. Dr. Kimble's the last person you'd suspect of murdering his wife.

SHOT of Kimble half-smiling nervously.

ANOTHER MAN (Cont'd)

But I guess it's always the last person you'd suspect.

CU on Kimble no longer smiling.

KIMBLE

It'S not true. I'm innocent.

D.A. (O.S.)

Objection, Your Honor.

JUDGE

(Banging gavel)

Objection sustained.

CU on Kimble from opposite angle.

KIMBLE

I'm innocent. I swear I'm innocent.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL KIMBLE in witness box.

D.A.  
(Bored)

Yes, you said that.

(In sincerity, friendly)

Dr. Kimble, how've you been treated while in police custody?

KIMBLE

I can't complain. If I do, they'll beat me.

D.A.

Now, Dr. Kimble, you've told the jury your version of what happened the night your wife was murdered.

(Sarcastically)

I myself found your story fascinating. Do you still insist your wife was murdered by a one-headed man?

KIMBLE

I'm innocent. It was the one-headed man, I tell you -- the one headed man.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

LT. GIRARD in witness box.

GIRARD

And after that diligent search, the police could find no evidence of any one-headed man.

D.A.

(To Judge)

Your Honor, I'd like to ask a leading question that calls for a conclusion on the part of the witness.

INSERT SHOT of JUDGE leaning back in chair, reading *Les Miserables*.

JUDGE

(Blandly)

Sure, go ahead.

BACK to SHOT

D.A.

Lieutenant, who do you believe killed Mrs. Kimble?

GIRARD

All the circumstantial evidence points to only one man.

ZOOM to CU on GIRARD

GIRARD

Dr. Richard Kimble.

Kimble jumps up.

KIMBLE

That's not true! I'm innocent.

D.A.

Objection, Your Honor, the defendant's  
innocence is irrelevant, immaterial, and  
fattening.

JUDGE

(Banging gavel)

Objection sustained.

KIMBLE

But I'm innocent, Girard. You know it's the  
truth!

GIRARD

I'm only interested in the law. I can't worry  
about the truth.

WHIP AROUND RIGHT.

JUDGE

Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, have you  
reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

(Somberly)

We have, Your Honor.

JUDGE

And how do you find the defendant?

FOREMAN

(Looks at KIMBLE)

Ooooooh, is he guilty.

WHIP AROUND RIGHT.

JUDGE

Richard Kimble, you have been found guilty of  
murder in the first degree. Do you have  
anything to say before this court passes  
sentence?

KIMBLE

As God is my witness, I could've sworn I was innocent.

JUDGE

Richard Kimble, it is the sentence of this court that you be taken to an overcrowded prison, where, six weeks from today, you shall be executed at seven A.M. -- six Central, four Pacific.

KIMBLE

But, I'm innocent. I'm innocent. I'm...

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S HOME -- DAY

KIMBLE

...innocent.

ELLY SUE

I believe you. More than that, I want to go with you!

She embraces him.

KIMBLE

But, you can't.

ELLY SUE

Why not?

KIMBLE

Because I'm on the run, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Sometimes even longer.

ELLY SUE

I'll run with you. We don't have to run together. You can run a little ahead of me if you want.

KIMBLE

No. A fugitive must run -- alone.

He breaks free from her embrace.

ELLY SUE

I don't understand why you've rejected me. I'm more mixed up than ever.

She faints. Kimble goes to her as the Sheriff enters.

SHERIFF

What happened?

KIMBLE

Your beautiful but mixed up daughter fainted.

Kimble holds her as Sheriff comes over.

KIMBLE

Give her some air.

SHERIFF

Okay.

Sheriff blows in Elly Sue's face.

KIMBLE

Uh, that's enough air. Tell me, has your daughter even been sick before?

SHERIFF

She just had the usual childhood diseases. Mumps, chicken pox, Disco Fever...

KIMBLE

She's suffered an aneurysm.

Kimble recoils, realizing he's revealed his identity.

SHERIFF

How does a suspicious stranger like you know a fancy word like that...

(Realizing)

Hey, you ain't no drifter...you're Dr. Richard Kimble, the fugitive...

(Drawing his gun)

I trusted you when things were easy, but now in a crisis, I'll show my true colors by turning on you.

KIMBLE

Sheriff, I know that I'm a convicted murderer who escaped from justice on his way to Death Row and that I've lied to you from the moment we met, but you've got to trust me.

SHERIFF

(Suddenly agreeable)

Okay.

He holsters his gun.

KIMBLE

We do have plenty of time to take your daughter to a hospital, but if I'm going to operate on her it will have to be here, in the primitive and unsanitary conditions of this office.

SHERIFF

Right!

Sheriff moves away. Kimble grabs him.

KIMBLE

And Sheriff, get me cardboard, lots of cardboard!

Sheriff exits. Kimble produces a saw and hammer and moves toward the camera, "mad doctor" style.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Kimble bandages Elly Sue'S head as the Sheriff watches. Girard enters pointing a gun.

GIRARD

Okay, Dr. Kimble. I've got you now. I intend to see you hang in the electric chair. Move away from that girl.

SHERIFF

But he's trying to save my daughter's life.

GIRARD

I'm an officer of The Law. I can't worry about people's lives.

KIMBLE

I'm finished anyway.

SHERIFF

How is she, Doctor?

KIMBLE

I'm not sure. I had to relieve the pressure inside her skull. So I took out her brain. I've got it inside this shoe box.

He lifts a shoe box.

SHERIFF

Will she be alright? Dr. Kimble?

KIMBLE

Only time will tell. Watch her for a few days. If there's no improvement, put her brain back in.

He hands the shoe box to the Sheriff.

GIRARD

Okay, Kimble. Let's go. You've got a date with the hangman. So, be sure to put on some cologne.

The phone rings. Sheriff answers.

GIRARD

How do you do it, Kimble? How do you get people to trust you?

KIMBLE

It's simple, Lieutenant...

(Whispering)

I always pick very stupid people.

SHERIFF

Lt. Girard, it's for you. It's the governor of Indiana.

Sheriff hands phone to Girard.

GIRARD

Hello? Yes, operator, I'll accept charges. Hello, Governor. What? You found the One Headed Man? He confessed to everything? Kimble is cleared? I see. Yes. I'll be flying back to Indiana, although I may stop off in Chicago to see Hef at the mansion. What? I am? I see, Governor. Goodbye.

Girard hangs up the phone.

KIMBLE

I guess today -- the Running Stops.

GIRARD

Your running, maybe. Trying to recapture you I ended up spending eighty seven million dollars from the Indiana state treasury.

Girard is stunned.

GIRARD

I've been indicted for misappropriation of funds,  
fraud, embezzlement, malfeasance, misfeasance  
and nonfeasance.

(Puzzled)

And for some reason, sexual harassment  
(almost pleading).

All I did was ask her out.

KIMBLE

(Sympathetically)

Women are so touchy lately.

GIRARD

Well, I'm a wanted man now. Have to run!

KIMBLE

Wait a second. You cost the state of Indiana  
87 million dollars? They probably have a big  
reward out for you. Would you mind if I  
became obsessed with your capture?

GIRARD

Sure, why not?

(Gives Kimble his gun.)

But you've got to give me a head start.

KIMBLE

Okay.

Kimble closes his eyes then puts his hands over them.

KIMBLE

One Mississippi, two Mississippi...

Girard exits.

EXT. BACK ROAD -- DAY

Girard jogs down a country back road.

NARRATOR

Lt. Philip Girard is now a Kimble -- and a  
fugitive must run. Not walk very fast, but  
run.

Girard speeds up his pace.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

See the fugitive run. Run fugitive run. Run!  
Run! Run! C'mon man, run! Aw, my  
grandmother can run faster than that! Speed  
it up, slowpoke! Whatsamatter, got a piano on  
your back? Get the lead out! Run! Run!  
Run!

FADE OUT.

THE END