

And a videotape falls out.

Art stops, looking down at it.

He picks it up.

ARTHUR

Betamax?

And he hears THE PORCH DOOR OPENING.

Someone's coming in... Art heads for the stairs.

THE BEDROOM

Arthur steps in and closes the door as someone comes up the stairs. A kicked cat HOWLS.

THE CLOSET

It's full of fading clothes, Arthur backs into it. He takes the video tape and hides it in a shoe box.

He slips... —hangers CLATTER. THE DOOR JERKS OPEN.

JULES BESNARD stands in the doorway, grinning, with a gun in his hand.

Arthur holds out a house dress, hoping to protect himself with a wad of heavy cloth.

JULES

What? You will kill me with the ugly
clashing outerwear?

ARTHUR

—fucking hell.

JULES

It is bad taste, but it is not so bad I
die!

Arthur throws down the dress and steps out as Jules gestures with his pistol.

ARTHUR

What do you want?!

JULES

I must tell you to accompany with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Why?

Jules drops his good humor.

JULES

I need someone to identify this Lena Brand. She has the gold molding. We have no picture of her.

Arthur's eyes light up.

ARTHUR

She has it?

JULES

You can recognize? You know her face?

ARTHUR

Hell yes!

JULES

Good. I start the car. Just a few minutes—is English.

Jules is a bit puzzled. The gun seems suddenly superfluous. He heads out.

JULES (V.O.)

Come! Soon is very not safe!

INT. JULES' CAR - NIGHT

Jules speeds North onto the freeway as Arthur coldly goes over the car—he searches the glove compartment.

JULES

It is a rented. You will prove fruitless.

Arthur SLAMS SHUT the glove compartment.

ARTHUR

So tell me where we're going.

Jules pulls out a breath freshener, sprays it in his mouth, smiles at the mirror—then turns to look at Arthur.

Lights of the freeway cast ochre yellow moons over the windshield as Arthur sits in silence, watching.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Are you going to talk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

Are you ready for the truth?

Jules slides in a CD and A SOFT TANGO PLAYS, a musical description of the battle of the sexes.

ARTHUR

What's GUISE?

JULES

Our organization began many years ago as a joke. But sadly, a joke no longer: G.U.I.S.E.—Gender Unequality Through Increased Social Enforcement.

ARTHUR

Shouldn't that be Inequality, instead of Unequality?

JULES

We are men of action, not schoolteachers of grammar! In 1953, the same year MEN conquered Mount Everest, Alfred Kinsey—TRAITOR—published *Sexual Behavior of the Human Female*, and all of it lies!

ARTHUR

And the connection is what?

JULES

Before, we did not need a secret organization to keep women in their place! But as they began to maneuver, we did. Your Margaret Mead, Hillary Clinton, now this Christina Aguilera, all D.O.L.

ARTHUR

But what's D.O.L.?

Jules ignores him, turning the car sharply right.