

"52 PICKUP"

Screenplay by
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From the novel by
Elmore Leonard

SIXTH DRAFT
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"52 PICKUP"

FADE IN:
TITLE SEQUENCE

- 1 A man dressed in a blue blazer, grey flannels, no tie, comes toward the camera. The man is slim, ruggedly handsome, dark haired, in his mid-40's. The camera is shooting into the parking lot of a factory. The man gets in a blue XKE JAGUAR. The camera zooms into a close-up of the man. This is HARRY MITCHELL. Suddenly frame is frozen. The camera pulls back to reveal that the image is on a television screen. We see hands push buttons. The image changes to that of an attractive lady jogging in a suburban neighborhood. This is BARBARA MITCHELL.

The MAIN TITLES appear over a series of images that include Mitchell and his Jaguar at a Concour d'Elegance - Mitchell and a young girl going towards a motel. Barbara Mitchell walking toward her place of work - shots into the windows of the Mitchell house showing Barbara beginning to get undressed. Mitchell pacing in his study. Gradually the audience understands that this series of images is a video tape in the process of being edited. At times there are two different images on two different screens. The sound is that of machinery - video machinery. Faintly is heard the sound of the actual scene that has been recorded. The Credits end.

- A1 EXT. OLD HOUSE LAUREL CANYON - DAY

A young man - intense, casually dressed, hair a bit too long, a day's growth of beard, leaves the house carrying a cheap briefcase. This is ALAN RAIMY. He stops by a CAMARO with huge rear wheels, badly in need of paint, puts on his sunglasses - enters the car and drives off, wheels spinning.

- B2 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Camaro pulls up in front of building. BOBBY SHY gets in car and it drives away.

CUT TO:

- 2 EXT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

The house seen on the video.

3 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

HARRY MITCHELL stands in the kitchen finishing a cup of coffee. He wears a coat, slacks - BARBARA MITCHELL hurries down stairs, carrying briefcase.

BARBARA
How's the back?

MITCHELL
Still stiff, must be a spasm.

BARBARA
Too much swimming - you're
getting too old for all that.

MITCHELL
Thanks. Just what I need to
hear.

*

They laugh. Mitchell gives her a kiss on the cheek.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

Barbara drives out of the driveway in a Mustang convertible. Mitchell meticulously removes the hard top from his beautiful Jaguar XKE, then backs it out of the garage and drives off.

TITLES BEGIN

5 EXT. ROADS - DAY

Series of shots showing Mitchell and Barbara driving to work.

6 EXT. RELIANCE STEEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

*

The same parking lot seen on the video-tape with about eighty cars but room for about fifty more. Mitchell drives in, parks, and goes in through the front entrance.

7 EXT. HIGHRISE OFFICE BUILDING, DOWNTOWN
LOS ANGELES - DAY

Barbara drives into underground garage.

CUT TO:

OMIT 8

A8 INT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitchell entering office set just off general work area. He says hello to JANET, his secretary. She gives him his list of calls as she hands him coffee.

CUT TO:

9 INT. HIGHRISE OFFICE BUILDING - BARBARA'S OFFICE
- DAY

Barbara enters office, stops in surprise at a blow-up photograph of herself leaning up against the far wall. At bottom of blow-up is her name: BARBARA MITCHELL, printed in bold capital letters; and under that in smaller letters: "For City Council." MARK ARVESON a handsome man of about forty-five enters behind her.

ARVESON

Well, will you do it?
(He puts his arm
around her waist)

*

BARBARA

My god, what a surprise.

A9 INT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitchell is nervous - he opens cigarette box on his desk - takes cigarette, puts it to his mouth as he takes the phone and starts to dial, then crushes the cigarette in his hand and throws it in wastebasket.

MITCHELL

Barbara, how you doing? What?
Well, tell me when I see you.
I'll probably be late - we have
a big problem with the test
tomorrow. Listen, if you want me
for anything and my night line
doesn't answer, I'm back in the
shop somewhere. Leave a message,
I'll call you. Yeah, okay - you
too. Bye.

Mitchell hangs up, closes his eyes and breathes deeply.

OMIT 10

11 EXT. RELIANCE STEEL - DAY *

Mitchell, leaving mill through front entrance, waves to worker on way out. He gets into Jaguar and drives off.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Mitchell's car moving at excessive speed, weaving around slower traffic.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CONDO TOWNHOUSE COMPLEX - DAY

Mitchell pulls up out front of modern complex and stops. It has been seen on the video-tape. He looks at condos and lights a cigarette, thinking.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. CONDO - DAY

Mitchell drives up to garage. He takes card from glove box and opens garage gate.

15 INT. CONDO GARAGE - DAY

Mitchell pulls in, parking next to an '85 Celica. He notices a red patterned scarf sticking out of bottom of the drivers side door of the Celica. He opens the door and takes scarf.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CONDO - DAY

Mitchell opens door with his own key. The condo isn't large but is new and tastefully decorated. It hardly looks lived in. He enters...

MITCHELL
(calling out)
Cini?
(waits)
Cini?

(CONTINUED)

He walks into room and pauses momentarily to let his hand caress a beautiful ceramic vase standing on ebony pedestal. He puts scarf next to it and checks his watch. We hear a SOUND from the den. (Possibly feet or moving furniture) Mitchell's expression is confused and a little concerned. He walks to den and slowly opens door. There is no light coming from the room. Suddenly, a gun is pressed to Mitchell's temple.

MAN #1 (O.S.)

Take a seat, motherfucker.

17 INT. DEN

Mitchell is shoved down on chair. The room is totally black. We hear but cannot see the men talking. Suddenly, the screen of a Sony TV comes alive. Atop the TV is a VCR. The Sony is situated directly in front of Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Where's Cini?

MAN #2 (O.S.)

No talking during the show.

ON VIDEO: Various shots of Mitchell and the same attractive girl seen earlier on video-tape, on beach, swimming, running in sand.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

You've seen some of this before, Mitch, stuff your girlfriend shot, La Quinta Hotel, Palm Springs, August seventeen through twenty-first, while your wife thought you were at a convention in Miami...Now here you are shooting the broad, and here the broad is shooting you...and here she is jumpin' in the pool...nice little body, and great tits, what do you think?

ON VIDEO: Shots of girl and Mitchell together poolside - some of girl swimming, diving, and of the two of them holding each other in deep end while they try to tread water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN #2 (O.S.)

Now, the two of you together.
Jesus, Harry, you don't mind my
saying so, but for a successful
businessman, a member of the
Deprived Children's Foundation,
the L. A. County Guidance Center --
You got fuckin' rocks in your head,
let yourself get put on film. I
mean, as you can see, it's plain
fucking dumb.

MITCHELL

It sure is.

ON VIDEO: Shot apparently through bathroom window of
motel. Mitchell, shirt off, slacks unzipped but still
around waist, embracing Cini, who is completely naked.
He grabs her breast and then slides his hand down to her
crotch as they move out of camera view.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

Oh well, too bad we didn't get
more of that shot -- you looked
hungry, Harry, squeezin' those
melons...looks like fun...but,
jeez, really, I can't believe
you weren't more careful, smart
man like you.

ON VIDEO: More shots of RELIANCE STEEL.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

Here we are again...RELIANCE STEEL.
Gross sales last year almost
five mil, eighty some employees
and you hold a patent on some
fuckin' thing that fuses metal
together right? They use it on these
spaceships mostly, huh. You get a *
smooth hundred and twenty grand a *
year on that alone...one of your
trucks there, going out to
deliver, huh? Well, sport,
here's the deal...

The video stops. Screen continues on, full of snow. We
see sillhouette of Man #2.

MITCHELL

Is the girl in on this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN #2

Let's say she did what she was told. *
I guess this is embarrassing you, huh,
Harry? Well, live and learn. But back
to the deal. You pay us a hundred
and five grand, not even what
you make in one year on that
patent. You get to buy this
video here for your very own --
nice color footage of a very
expensive piece of ass. One
hundred and five grand -- and
it's done.

ON VIDEO: Shots of expensive hotel, Mitchell outside,
holding glass of beer. He wears pastel sport coat, white
pants.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

Hot shit hotel, two bills a *
day, that's a very jazzy outfit,
Harry, but still with the beer.
That's your background showing,
man. Eleven years at Douglas,
right? Then a few more at
Lockhead.

ON VIDEO: Sunset on beach. The girl walking barefoot
along the sand.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

(continuing)

And as the sun sinks slowly in
the west, we say good-bye to
beautiful Palm Springs, oasis of
intrigue and extracurricular
games of hide-the-salami -- and
we return to real life...

ON VIDEO: Shot of RELIANCE STEEL, of Mitchell leaving in
his sports car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN #2 (O.S.)

(continuing)

This is the new stuff, you recognize it? That's you and in a very snappy car, I gotta say, very snappy indeed. Jag XK 150 - restored it yourself, didn't you? There's your old lady keeping herself in shape for you - Not bad, Mitch - you got good taste in broads.

ON VIDEO: Shot of motel, the sports car pulling into parking space next to office. Mitchell and girl get out of car.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

(continuing)

Not a bad place, forty a night, and here, going in to buy the room, while the broad stands outside -- Christ.

*

ON VIDEO: Mitchell and girl entering room at motel.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

(continuing)

You know, you start chasing that young pussy, you got to stay in shape. I bet she drains you dry.

MITCHELL

You think I go to a bank, just draw that kind of money out?

MAN #2

It could take some time, sure. So, we'll be in touch, we'll let you know where and when -- But, as a sign of good faith -- the first payment is, shall we say, ten grand, day after tomorrow. How's that sound?

Mitchell doesn't answer.

MAN #2

(continuing)

You get the film after the last payment. So long, sport.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOUND of men leaving, a door opens, a shaft of light momentarily reveals three men exiting, all with hats and stockings covering their faces and heads. Mitchell remains seated in front of the screen. After several moments, he wearily gets up and walks out of room without turning off TV.

18 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mitchell picks up coat from couch and puts it on. Then, suddenly, he grabs the ceramic vase from pedestal and hurls it against the wall.

CUT TO:

19 INT. ALAN RAIMY'S HOUSE - LAUREL CANYON

A recently built, modern (non) style apartment, that, despite enough furnishings, still looks as though someone had just moved in.

Nothing quite where it belongs; walls with spray painted abstract designs, black light posters, gooseneck floor lamps, colored mood lights, lava lamps, Indian bells, aluminum sticks with balls on the end that hit against each other and lots of pillows in primary colors.

The room is crowded; lots of sleazy urban types; men in open neck shirts with medallions and white shoes, lots of cleavage on the woman -- and lots of drugs, cocaine, pills and marijuana.

At one end of room, a woman in very revealing dress strikes a pose as flood lights come on, bathing her in the white light. ALAN aims a video camera at her, then kneels for better angle.

A few people crowd around, laughing, calling out for more action. Alan starts to shoot, and the woman responds by dropping her breasts out of dress front and jiggling them.

In another part of room CINI sits on window seat -- she looks tired and very depressed. DOREEN walks over next to her. In b.g., we hear Alan...

ALAN (O.S.)

No...no, higher...yeah, very,
very nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laughter from crowd. Doreen reaches over and strokes Cini's hair. Cini makes only the slightest response to the touch, and then takes a gulp of the drink in front of her. The woman, now entirely naked, stumbles past Cini and Doreen, the lights and Alan, with camera, following her. Alan changes positions frequently, calling out directions. Most of the room is now watching Alan and woman -- cheering, shouting, laughing.

20 INT. SMALL KITCHEN

BOBBY SHY is standing, shades on, sipping bourbon and water. He watches Alan with bored expression. LEO FRANKS walks up to Bobby, as Alan and crowd move into bedroom.

LEO
(smiling, drunk)
Hit the fucking jackpot this
time. Am I right?

Leo tentatively slaps Bobby on back, then stands looking over the party.

LEO
(continuing)
Fucking Alan, huh, got some
weird friends.
(pause)
The broad he's taking pictures of
is some big porn star -- he says
she won best actress last year
at this awards, like Academy Awards
for fuck films.

Pause. Leo laughs, waits to see if Bobby is going to laugh. He doesn't.

LEO
(continuing)
Thing went off okay though, huh?
Mitchell guy looked sick, looked
a little green.
(laughs)
The man's world came apart on him,
huh?

BOBBY
Hmnn-hmnn.
(pause)
I don't know -- seems kind of
early to be celebrating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO

Shit, the whole deal has been perfect, fuckin' perfect. You worry too much, Bobby.

Bobby nods, walks over toward Doreen, leaving Leo standing alone in small kitchen.

21 INT. LIVING ROOM

SOUNDS of screaming and hooting from bedroom. Bobby stands next to Doreen, Cini seated between them.

BOBBY

(nods at Cini;
to Doreen)

Our little girl not feeling good?

Cini slowly raises head to look at Bobby. Silence. Doreen kneels down...

DOREEN

(to Cini)

Come on, sugar, I'm takin' you home.

CINI

Where?

DOREEN

We got you a nice room at the motel -- Bobby'll get your things tomorrow.

*

CINI

(dry)

Why? Cause he's such a terrific guy?

*

*

Bobby turns and walks off.

CUT TO:

22 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Leo making himself another drink. Alan enters, obviously in good mood. A tall black man in silver cowboy hat strolls past, nods at Alan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO
(to Alan)
Hey, hey.
(slaps Alan on
back)
Good party.

ALAN
Yeah.

Alan is looking through doorway at window seat where Cini sits with Doreen.

ALAN
(continuing;
to Leo)
Hey...I want that broad out of
here -- she's depresses me, man. *
I don't need that. *

LEO
Broad's a lush that's all. *

ALAN
Get Bobby. I want her out of
here. * --

23 INT. LIVING ROOM

DOREEN
Baby, the man wasn't gonna pay
your rent forever -- you understand *
what I'm sayin'? He's married.
This way you end up with a lot more.

CINI
I'm tired, Doreen... I'm really
tired of my life.

DOREEN
You doin' okay, honey.

CINI
Fuck this school thing, too --
I haven't been going, you know...
Doreen? You know?

DOREEN
I know. Come on, things will get
better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bobby steps up, leather top coat on, car keys in hand. He looks down at Cini who coldy returns his stare. She slowly stands, a little unsteady and finishes the drink.

CINI
You driving me, Bobby?

Bobby turns away without answering.

BOBBY
(to Doreen)
Later on, baby.

DOREEN
Hmnn-hmnnn.

Doreen watches as Bobby ushers Cini out of apartment. Alan is now in center of circle of people -- He and woman are doing lewd dance -- the woman virtually naked now.

SOUNDS of laughter, shouts of encouragement. At other end of room, Leo has teen-age boy cornered -- whispering to him, both laughing. The party looks like it's just getting started.

CUT TO:

24 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. Barbara, her expression thoughtful, eyes focused on something in distance. She stands at window of the upstairs bedroom. Her eyes never leave their subject. She stands silent. CAMERA MOVES to show she is watching Mitchell swimming laps in the back yard pool. He swims furiously.

25 EXT. POOL - CLOSE-UP ON MITCHELL

He finishes the final lap.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harry pulls himself out of pool and towels off. He pauses, then looks up toward window. He sees Barbara starring down at him. They look at each other.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

26 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Harry is grinding coffee beans in Krups grinder.
Barbara, in linen suit, sits at table looking over some papers, her briefcase open next to her.

BARBARA

We're getting too busy, you know,
both of us.

MITCHELL

Coffee?

BARBARA

Think I could book an evening
with you, soon?

Mitchell pours boiling water over the ground coffee in
french press coffee urn.

BARBARA

(continuing)

We haven't much time to talk.

MITCHELL

I guess not.

BARBARA

They want me to run with Arveson.

Mitchell turns and looks at her, pauses.

MITCHELL

You want to do it?

BARBARA

I don't know yet -- I have to make
up my mind pretty soon. If I do
it, Mitch, it means spending even
more time away from each other.

MITCHELL

We can talk about it tonight.
I've got to go. Jim O'Boyle
is meeting me early - We've got a
demonstration for NASA today.

*
*

BARBARA

Hmnn.

(sips coffee)

Say hello for me, will you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL
Yeah, I will.

CUT TO:

*

27 INT. RELIANCE STEEL, MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitchell and his lawyer, JIM O'BOYLE, seated in
Mitchell's private office.

O'BOYLE
I didn't know you fooled around.
What's the matter?

MITCHELL
Back spasm - I don't fool around.

O'BOYLE
What do you call it?

MITCHELL
I didn't consider it fooling
around.

O'BOYLE
What do you consider it?

MITCHELL
I didn't give it a label.

Pause.

O'BOYLE
Okay, I think it's clear you're
being blackmailed.

MITCHELL
(sarcastic)
How much do I owe you so far?

O'BOYLE
Tell me how you met the girl,
everything.

MITCHELL
I met her in a bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BOYLE

(pause)

What bar?

MITCHELL

Some bar, one of those bars,
topless bar, down on Western.

O'Boyle looks down, shaking head.

O'BOYLE

Jesus, Harry.

(pause)

You're in fairly serious trouble.

MITCHELL

Fairly serious, uh? What's
really serious? *

KNOCK on door. Door opens and JANET sticks her head in.

JANET

Excuse me, but there's...

ED JAZIK pushes past Janet into room.

JAZIK

You Mitchell?

MITCHELL

Yeah.

JANET

I'm sorry, but...

MITCHELL

It's all right, I'll see him.

Janet looks at Jazik, then turns and exits.

JAZIK

My name's Ed Jazik, business
agent, local one ninety-nine.

Jazik hands his card to Mitchell.

MITCHELL

We've never met, have we?

JAZIK

I've been assigned to handle
negotiations this year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL
(begins pacing)
Uh huh.

JAZIK
I wanted to see you before the
actual session, let you know a
few things.

MITCHELL
That's what the negotiating
session is for.

JAZIK
Uh huh, well, I'm not gonna take
any cheap token shit. We don't get
a quick agreement, then maybe we're
talking walkout.

Pause. Mitchell stares hard at him, trying to control
his temper.

MITCHELL
Let's wait, contract time comes,
we'll talk all you want.

JAZIK
Maybe some of your men don't want
to wait -- are tired of bad
conditions.

MITCHELL
(pause)
Here's the thing -- we get into
an argument now, I'm liable to
forget who you are and knock you
on your ass.
(to O'Boyle)
Come on Jim, let's take a walk.

They leave the office. Jazik is furious.

28 EXT. BLAST SITE - DAY

*

A flat remote area. Three railroad box cars are grouped
together. These are storage sheds for powder, wire, and
other ingredients necessary for the special explosive
process that will be shown during this scene. A large
mobile crane is lowering a huge rectangular piece of
metal into a marked area of ground. Beyond this men are
pouring a powder-like substance over a similar
rectangular piece of metal already in place. Other

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

technicians are stringing wire from the rectangular metal pieces to a detonator, some 50 yards away. These men are dressed in coveralls marked RELIANCE STEEL. Throughout the following scenes the preparation for the blast will be taking place. Mitchell is seen talking to his foreman. O'Boyle is next to him. In the background, near the detonation post, Mitchell's car can be seen along with several others. Mitchell and O'Boyle start to walk.

O'BOYLE

And this is it - you just blow it up - how does that fuse metal?

MITCHELL

It forces the layer of titanium down onto the layer of steel with such force that they fuse together - it's very simple really.

O'BOYLE

Yeah - so simple that you're the only one doing it.

(pause)

How could a guy who was smart enough to invent all this - to patent it even -

MITCHELL

(interrupting)

Be such an asshole to get himself into a situation like this, huh?

They continue walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BOYCE

Yeah, putting it bluntly, I suppose.

MITCHELL

The thing is Jim -- I liked her.

There didn't seem to be any bullshit,
or acting cute.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pause.

O'BOYLE

Okay. You met her in a bar,
what, a few months ago?

MITCHELL

Yeah, say three months, with a
client.

O'BOYLE

What were you looking for, a
little action?

MITCHELL

He was. It was Friday night
after a convention, I took him into
Hollywood - Barbara was gonna be
working late - the Arveson campaign
was just taking shape then, and she
was putting in ten, twelve
hours a day sometimes - I didn't
give it a thought.

O'BOYLE

What kind of shape were you in?

MITCHELL

Fine. You know me. A couple of
beers.

O'BOYLE

You sat down, started to talk.

MITCHELL

More or less, yeah. Bought her
a drink. She had this friend who
danced there, black girl, most
beautiful black girl I ever saw.

O'BOYLE

(pause)

Go on.

MITCHELL

She was nice. Said she was goin'
to secretarial school at night,
workin' with the black girl at a
nude modeling place during the day.

O'BOYLE

Uh huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitchell pauses to light cigarette.

*

O'BOYLE
Thought you quit.

*

MITCHELL
Yeah, twice. I liked her, she
was real, no bullshit put-on, or,
you know, no flirty stuff.

*

O'BOYLE
She was real.

MITCHELL
We talked, we started laughing
at the things each other said.

O'BOYLE
You took her to dinner.

MITCHELL
We ended up someplace near the
ocean, me looking around the whole
time, expecting somebody I know to
walk in.

O'BOYLE
You score that night?

MITCHELL
(pause, looks at
O'Boyle)
Jim, we were having a good time,
I didn't even think about it.

O'BOYLE
When did you start to think about
it?

MITCHELL
When I saw her with no clothes on.

O'BOYLE
That could do it.

Silence. They continue walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

I thought I was falling in love.
I felt twenty years younger.

O'BOYLE

And Barbara?

MITCHELL

(pausing)

Try faking it for three months.
I reached a point -- I was gonna
end it, the day I went over there,
that's what I was planning on
telling her, that it had to stop.
I went to end it for Christ's sake.

O'BOYLE

And the video, the guy talking,
you never heard this guy's voice
before?

MITCHELL

I don't think so. Jesus, the guy
knew more about me than my
accountant.

O'BOYLE

Eventually, we have to take it to
the police.

MITCHELL

Jim, Barbara told me this morning
she's probably going to run for
office on Arveson's ticket - can
you imagine what they'll do with
that when they read it in the
papers.

O'BOYLE

Christ - what a mess, Mitch --

MITCHELL

Yeah - you talk about timing -
just suppose I pay it and forget
it.

O'BOYLE

If you pay, they won't let you
forget.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

(pause)

Yeah, well, let's just see what happens.

Silence. They look at each other.

CUT TO:

28A EXT. DETONATION POST - DAY

MITCHELL and O'BOYLE arrive at the detonation post. A distinguished looking man, well-dressed, surrounded by three aides, is waiting for him.

MAN O.S.

Mr. Mitchell!

MITCHELL

You must be Ed Salvan?

SALVAN

That's right, from NASA. I'm looking forward to seeing this.

MITCHELL

This is Jim O'Boyle, my lawyer.

(turns toward his foreman)

Tom, we all set?

TOM

Like they say, we're ready whenever you are, Mr. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Let her go.

The foreman transmits an order into the microphone he wears around his neck. Suddenly the area of the rectangles explodes with a tremendous blast, sending a cloud hundreds of feet in the air.

29 INT. BARBARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Barbara seated at desk. A dignified black man in late forties, JAMES BOYER, stands facing her.

BOYER

Well?

BARBARA

I don't know, James.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOYER

Uh huh.

He looks at her, pause.

BARBARA

You haven't given me much time -
I'm just insecure.

BOYER

Okay.

BARBARA

I never thought about running.
God, I was nervous just
preparing the speech for the
fundraiser.

*

BOYER

What else?

BARBARA

(pause)

I don't know -- different things.
Harry owns RELIANCE, and a while
back, before I was on the clean-air
commission, RELIANCE was cited for
poor pollution safeguards.

*

*

BOYER

They complied, didn't they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

Yes. I don't know, I just don't want our lives hung out to dry in the papers. Look what they did to Ferraro.

BOYER

Look Barbara, you have nothing to hide. We picked you because we thought you would do a good job, that's the truth. And because you can win.

BARBARA

And because you're down to the wire and nobody else is available. *

Boyer's face slowly breaks into a subtle smile. He says nothing. Barbara looks at him.

CUT TO:

A29 INT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY

A jet fighter fills the frame. It is revealed as a * model. It is an F-86. There are photos of Mitchell in pilots gear in his plane with a group of other men and there are other photos of Mitchell, some with Barbara, some with important dignitaries. Mitchell is standing by these objects - looking at them - thinking about what has happened since - where he is going now. He walks to the window. It is late afternoon. He watches the employees leaving. Janet knocks, enters.

JANET

Package for you, just came special delivery. It's not your birthday, is it?

MITCHELL

Nope.

Janet hands him small package wrapped in brown paper, no return address.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

Thanks, Janet, see you tomorrow.

Mitchell opens package. Inside is ticket to California Angels game and handwritten note. *

CUT TO:

30 INT. BANK - DAY

Mitchell getting in line, a long line, to teller's window. A WOMAN moves in behind him.

WOMAN

Damn place is too cheap to hire extra tellers.

MITCHELL

Yeah, I guess.

Long pause. Mitchell is lost in his own thoughts.

WOMAN

Crime is on the increase nationwide...biggest increase ever.

MITCHELL

I believe it.

WOMAN

Damn crooks, and most of 'em probably on welfare.

MITCHELL

(hardly hearing her)

Uh huh.

WOMAN

Make 'em go to work -- make them earn their welfare.

MITCHELL

Then it wouldn't be welfare.

WOMAN

What?

TELLER

Next!

CUT TO:

OMIT 31 - 32

33 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

*

Political fund raiser. Several hundred people, in evening dress, milling about, waiting for speakers to take the podium. Several "ARVESON FOR D.A." signs can be seen, and even one TV mini-cam. Waiters carry trays of champagne throughout the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see Barbara standing off to side of stage. We see Mitchell entering the room, Jim O'Boyle and wife right behind. Barbara waves. At another table is Janet (Mitchell's secretary), also personnel that were seen in Barbara's office including Lowenthal and Barbara's secretary. Mitchell waves back. O'Boyle and wife take seats at table. BOYER takes podium:

BOYER

Good evening, and thank you for coming. Let's get right to it -- It's my pleasure to introduce Ms. Barbara Mitchell, senior member of the clean-air commission and member of the mayor's task force on toxic waste disposal.

Applause. Most of the crowd is seated now at the three long tables that run length of room.

BARBARA

Thank you. Before I introduce Mark Arveson to you tonight, I want to say a few words about him.

We PULL AWAY enough to see Mitchell standing to the side, unlit cigarette in hand, listening.

BARBARA

(continuing)

I have lived in Los Angeles over twenty-five years, and I feel that it's a city with an enormous future -- a city that continues to grow -- a city that, therefore, deserves a decent, talented strong district attorney. A loyal man who knows the truth.

We see Mitchell flinch slightly.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Mark Arveson believes in "personal integrity." He knows that one small deceit, one head turned the other way -- is one too many -- that it can snowball into the kind of corruption we have seen all over this country at various times. I know Mark Arveson and I believe him -- I trust him -- and nothing more

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

flattering can be said about
anyone.

Mitchell lights his cigarette.

BARBARA
(continuing)
L.A. County's next District
Attorney, Mark Arveson.

Huge applause. We FOLLOW Mitchell as he turns and walks
out of room...

A33 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Mitchell crossing lobby, walking out front doors.

B33 EXT. HOTEL

Front entrance of hotel. Mitchell stands smoking
cigarette, looking out at traffic go past. He looks sad,
tired, disgusted.

34 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mitchell is pouring two snifters of brandy. He takes one
to Barbara on the couch -- laying with her feet propped
up on the arm rest. She takes a sip, then puts glass on
the floor and closes her eyes -- tired.

BARBARA
What did you think of Arveson?

MITCHELL
Of his chances? *

BARBARA
Of his speech, of him, of all of
it.

Mitchell has turned away, looking through glass door at
pool. When he doesn't answer, Barbara turns and looks at
him.

MITCHELL
(eyes still on pool,
back to Barbara)
I've been seeing a girl.

Silence. Finally, he turns around, facing Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL
(continuing)
I met her three months ago.
(short pause)
About three months ago, three
and a half.

Pause, looking at each other.

BARBARA
Go on.

MITCHELL
I don't know how to do this.

BARBARA
Try.

Mitchell takes gulp of brandy.

BARBARA
(continuing)
Do I know her?

MITCHELL
No.

Silence.

MITCHELL
(continuing)
I wasn't looking for anything --
I didn't go out, you know, looking.

BARBARA
How old is she?

MITCHELL
Twenty-two.

Barbara picks up snifter, takes sip, stare at floor.

BARBARA
What's her name?

MITCHELL
Cini.

BARBARA
Cute.

MITCHELL
Short for Cynthia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a pause.

BARBARA
Why are you telling me?

MITCHELL
It's been bothering me.

BARBARA
Poor thing...feel better now?

MITCHELL
You want anymore?

BARBARA
I don't know.
(pause)
You prick.

Silence.

MITCHELL
I won't see her again. I
don't even know where she is.

BARBARA
(pause)
She's young, twenty-two.

MITCHELL
I guess she is, yeah.

BARBARA
Maybe I've known, for about a
month, I've known. God, I wish
you hadn't told me.

Silence. Barbara finishes her brandy. Mitchell lights a
cigarette. Both look down, eyes on floor, almost
motionless. Finally, Barbara looks up.

BARBARA
(continuing)
Why aren't you going to see her
anymore?

MITCHELL
(pause, hesitating)
This just isn't what you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

(cuts him off)

Was the sex that good? Huh?
Lots of kinky things...

MITCHELL

It's not a simple thing to explain.

BARBARA

No? Our marriage has lasted for
twenty-three years -- longer that
she's been alive. Is this the
first time?

MITCHELL

Yes.

BARBARA

Jesus.

MITCHELL

She was a little girl.

BARBARA

What does that mean?

(pause)

You got to play daddy? Something
like that?

MITCHELL

Maybe, in part.

(pause)

It was different -- maybe I'd
gotten tired of a certain part.

BARBARA

The married part, Jesus.

MITCHELL

Not like that.

(pause)

It's not that simple. I'm sure
you know that. *

BARBARA

Do you know how this hurts?

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

It was so easy to have someone
look to you for answers, about
everything. Easy to just
coast along, on top of every-
thing with someone...

*
*
*
*

BARBARA

You don't know how it hurts,
do you?

Barbara turns and walks upstairs. Mitchell watches.

CUT TO:

35 INT. MITCHELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barbara standing in center of room. She hears SOUND of
car engine starting and steps quickly to window. She
sees Mitchell pulling away in his sports car. Her
expression is a combination of surprise, anger, and
weariness...

CUT TO:

36 EXT. ANAHEIM STADIUM - NIGHT

The Angels playing the Tigers. Mitchell and O'Boyle sit
way up in the top tier on first base line.

O'BOYLE

He could have bought you a better
seat.

Crowd screams, many stand up as batter singles to right.

MITCHELL

Thanks for coming, Jim.

O'BOYLE

Hey.

(waves off the
thank you)

But, listen, you need to talk
to a professional, and I know
a guy, a cop works with stuff
like this.

MITCHELL

With blackmail?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BOYLE

Yeah, twenty years on the force.

MITCHELL

All right.

(looks up at
scoreboard)

Well, if Moore fans this guy,
it's time. *

Both Mitchell and O'Boyle look around. The crowd moans, as pitcher does strike out Angel batter. A peanut VENDOR walks down, stops next to Mitchell. He's a sickly, pale young man with bad acne.

VENDOR

Hey, pal, you got somethin'
for me?

Mitchell looks at him a moment, then pulls thick envelope from pocket and hands it to Vendor.

MITCHELL

No peanuts?

VENDOR

Huh?

Mitchell takes two bags. Vendor walks off. Mitchell and O'Boyle turns to watch his retreat up the aisle.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ANAHEIM STADIUM - NIGHT

Gate III area, the Vendor is putting away his peanut carrier as Bobby strolls up. The Vendor nods to him and Bobby hands him two packets of (we assume) heroin. The Vendor, in return, hands Bobby the envelope.

BOBBY

Think the Angels can come back?

VENDOR

Fuck the Angels.

BOBBY

(already walking away)

I heard that.

(chuckles)

Drugs be ruinin' the game.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. ANAHEIM STADIUM - NIGHT

Bobby leaving stadium, stops outside ground level gate, looks around. Alan's Camaro pulls up -- and Bobby gets in.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

The car pulls away. Leo driving, Alan in back seat.

BOBBY
Hi ya, fellas.

LEO
Is that it?

Leo nods at envelope in Bobby's hand. Bobby looks at Leo, his expression cold.

LEO
(continuing)
Well, open it, man.

Silence.

LEO
(continuing; looks
away from Bobby)
Looking good, just the way we
thought it would -- this one we
finally fuckin' cash in.

Bobby hands envelope back to Alan. Alan fingers it, his expression darkens.

BOBBY
You think so, too, huh?

Alan rips open envelope and out falls cuttings of L.A. Times and a note written on Ranco stationary reading, "BAG YOUR ASS."

ALAN
Honest to Christ, I don't know
what this world is coming to.
You honestly tell the guy how it
is, and the motherfucker doesn't
believe you.

CUT TO:

40 INT. BARBARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Barbara stands at window looking out at downtown. She turns, and faces the seated DARYL LOWENTHAL, a heavy-set man in his early fifties.

LOWENTHAL

Having a woman identified in
the voter's mind with Mark
Arveson is a great plus, believe
me. Mark's a bachelor. His opponent *
is the prototype father and husband *
figure.

BARBARA

Don't jerk me around, Daryl.

LOWENTHAL

(smiles)

Sure. But I'm serious, people
here like the image of a family
man -- they don't know his *
opponent has twice broken his *
wife's jaw.

Lowenthal laughs cynically. Barbara stares at him.

BARBARA

I'm not sure I want to become a
politician.

Pause.

LOWENTHAL

(nods)

All right, all right, I'm not going
to do a song and dance, but I
want this made clear -- Mark wants
you, I want you, Boyer wants you --
and, yeah, we're running out of
time?

BARBARA

Can I win?

LOWENTHAL

Yes.

Long pause.

BARBARA

You'll give me a few more days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOWENTHAL

I can give you three more --
that's it, Barbara, I'm sorry.

Barbara nods.

CUT TO:

41 INT. THE BALL - NIGHT

Bobby strolling into the club. In rear booth sit Alan and Leo. On stage dancing, naked, is Doreen. Bobby walks to booth and sits.

LEO

You want something to drink?

BOBBY

Don't need nothing, man. *

ALAN

I can see it.

(pause)

This guy's not scared yet.
He's twitchy, but he's not scared. *

BOBBY

Man's lookin' for a way out.
So would I. *

ALAN

I don't know -- who's he think
he's dealing with a bunch of
ding-dongs, freaks, clowns? *

BOBBY

You getting close. *

ALAN

I think we're going to have to
dig the hole a little deeper --
and man, I got an idea, a way
to do it, that's un-fucking
believable. *

BOBBY

Well, lay it on me, see if I
like it.

CUT TO:

OMIT 42 - 43

A43 INT. MITCHELL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

He sits on edge of bed and reaches into coat pocket for cigarettes. He pulls out pack -- sees that it's empty. He throws it angrily at wall.

MITCHELL

Shit.

He stretches out on his back, staring at ceiling.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

Barbara pulls her Mustang into driveway, gets out, walks up to front door. Surprised to find door unlocked, she cautiously steps inside.

45 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan Raimy is seated in easy chair. He smiles.

ALAN

Hello, Slim -- I'll tell you
what I'm going to do...

Barbara stands stunned, speechless and a little scared.

ALAN

(continuing)

I'm going to give you a
personalized monthly accounting
service -- take care of all your
bills and expenditures for a low
three and a half percent charge,
guaranteed accurate, or we eat
the difference.

BARBARA

Who are you?

ALAN

-- Silver Lining Accounting
Service.

BARBARA

How did you get in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

I walked in, Slim. I knocked, nobody answered. The door was open, so I walked in.

BARBARA

Well, would you mind now walking out.

ALAN

You got credit cards, and you spend in excess of five grand a month on bills, right?

(pause)

All right, let's say five for now...

BARBARA

I'll ask one more time...

Alan holds up a hand.

ALAN

Two hundred more for restaurants.

BARBARA

...or I'll call the Police.

ALAN

What for?

BARBARA

I can't believe this -- you walk in my house, you refuse to leave...

ALAN

I didn't refuse. You haven't given me a chance.

Alan stands, picks up his briefcase.

BARBARA

You got it -- now's your chance. Get out.

ALAN

Fifty-two hundred, times three and a half, say... in round figures... Ah... well, in the neighborhood of one-fifty to one-eighty a month and you never balance another bank account. How's that sound?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA
What's your company's phone
number?

Alan steps toward her, stops...

ALAN
That's okay, I'll get back to
you -- when it's more convenient.

BARBARA
Give me the number, or your card.

Alan pats pocket.

ALAN
I ran out of cards. Don't worry,
Slim, we'll be in touch.

He turns and walks to front door, opens it, turns to look
back at her, then walks down the street. Barbara steps
over to window and watches.

BARBARA'S P.O.V.

A Camaro pulls up, and Alan gets inside.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CAMARO - DAY

Leo driving, Alan next to him, briefcase on his lap.

LEO
I see her car pull in, and I
think, Christ, what's he going
to do?

ALAN
I was upstairs, you can't ever
get caught upstairs. They
don't believe shit they catch
you upstairs.

Alan unfastens lock on briefcase.

ALAN
(continuing)
She's not bad, I wouldn't mind
"hurtin'" her a little.
(chuckles)
Get a leg over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alan touches briefcase.

ALAN

You ready?... Ta-Daa.

He opens lid. Inside is neatly folded sport coat, tie, and small metal case trimmed in leather.

LEO

Christ -- Okay, come on...

ALAN

Sport coat, tie, I got a shirt here, too. Underneath.

LEO

Yeah?

ALAN

And, you ready? The all-time luckiest fucking award of all time --

Alan opens box to reveal Ruger Redhawk .44 Magnum.

ALAN

(continuing)

A genuine forty-four Magnum, Ruger, with the papers, and a box of ammo -- huh? You like it?

LEO

Jesus -- you're hopin' for somethin' like this goin' in, never in a million years will it happen.

ALAN

Clean living, man. Pays off every time.

*

CUT TO:

47 INT. RELIANCE STEEL - DAY

Loud CRASHES of butt-weld furnace and station. The robot carriers bringing plastic explosives outside -- the conveyors rolling the blued steel tubing down toward the furnaces.

Mitchell walking in from out back, notices Ed Jazik in lunch-room talking to a group of workers. Mitchell walks over... hears Jazik:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAZIK

(to workers)

You think he gives a fuck what
you think, how you bust your ass...
You guys put in ten, twelve...

MITCHELL

Excuse me.

Jazik turns around, surprised for a moment, then recovers quickly. The two men stare at each other.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

You're talking to my employees
on my time.

JAZIK

(to workers)

You hear that? Huh? "My" time!

MITCHELL

Look, these guys work for me, I
know them, they know me, they
know I listen, I've always
listened.

JAZIK

(half to Mitchell,
half to workers)

Shit -- his plant, if you don't
play his way he's gonna take his
bat and ball and go home.

MITCHELL

You see that much, it is my
plant.

JAZIK

Maybe, but you got no idea how
the rank-and-file feel.

MITCHELL

(laughs)

Rank-and-file, you reading from
the union rep's manual, kid?
Listen, did you know I worked for
Douglas for eleven years. Lockhead
for five? I worked -- nothing is
free, I don't want favors, but I
also don't want any shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAZIK

I don't care what you want,
you're gonna listen.

*
*

MITCHELL

Look, we're bidding for Defense
contracts - we've got a lot of
headaches. I'm trying to be
patient, show you how it is.

JAZIK

You're trying to be patient,
Christ --
(to workers)
-- you hear that?

MITCHELL

What did I say last time you
were here?

JAZIK

You threatened me -- said if we
got into an argument you're liable
to try and knock me on my ass.

MITCHELL

No, I said if we got in an argument
I was liable to forget who you are,
and I would knock you on your
ass... there's a difference. Let's
cut the bullshit, you going or not?

JAZIK

I could take you to court for
threat...

Mitchell hits him on the word "threatening" sending him
backwards over a chair. Nobody moves to help him up.
Silence. A voice behind Mitchell.

O'BOYLE

Harry?

Mitchell turns, sees O'Boyle. Pause. Harry rubs his
back.

O'BOYLE

(continuing)

Think of your back.

MITCHELL

Yeah. Back feels much better.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

48 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Jim O'Boyle and Mitchell, on edge, are seated with natty middle-aged cop, who studies the menu intently. *

MITCHELL *

Lieutenant... *

DETECTIVE *

I don't know, sirloin tips or the *

strip steak. Jim, what do you *

think? *

MITCHELL *

Lieutenant. *

(gets his attention) *

I told my wife. *

DETECTIVE *

Yeah? What'd she say? *

MITCHELL *

Look, I can't let this become a *

news item. But I want those guys *

put away. *

DETECTIVE *

You got a problem. *

Mitchell knows that. He hangs onto his patience with *

an effort. *

DETECTIVE *

We have to identify 'em and gather *

sufficient evidence - maybe wire *

you - before we can even bring 'em *

up on a warrant. *

(returns to menu) *

MITCHELL *

What if I give 'em what they want? *

DETECTIVE *

You do that, they own you. Send you *

a payment book, like your friendly *

mortgage company. *

(grins as he looks *

at O'Boyle) *

What're you gonna have? *

MITCHELL *

And if I don't pay? *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE

You need to give that a lot a thought.

MITCHELL

I'll tell you what I don't need
any of, this bored-spounding bull-
shit you're giving me. You hungry?
You want to eat first and then
talk or what?

DETECTIVE

Mr. Mitchell, you're the one got
caught sticking your thing where
it doesn't belong, not me. I'm paid,
not a whole lot either, to remain
objective. Jim tells me you're a
respected businessman, never fooled
around before. I'll take his word
for it. But, I'll tell you, I know
a lot of respected businessmen who
fool around all the time. So that's
neither here nor there. If you want
us to get these assholes then you
have to cooperate, put it entirely
in our hands. But there's no way in
the world, once it breaks, you're
gonna keep it off the six o'clock news.

Mitchell stares at him for several beats, resigned, at
a low ebb; then pushes his chair back to get up.

MITCHELL

Thanks.

(to O'Boyle)

I'll get the next one, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitchell gets up from the table, leaves.

O'Boyle watches him go, then looks at the detective. *

O'BOLYE *

What do you think? *

DETECTIVE *

I think I'll go with the sirloin *

tips. *

CUT TO:

49 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Mitchell stands under awning and turns up his coat *
collar. He takes car keys from his pocket and starts *
to his car down the block. As he reaches car and bends
to unlock door, a gun appears pressed to his ear.
Holding it is Bobby Shy.

BOBBY

Keep your cool, Harry -- we're
goin' for a drive. Come on.

CUT TO:

50 INT. SPORTS CAR - DAY

Mitchell driving through the rain. Bobby sits on
passenger side, his S & W .38 on lap pointed at
Mitchell's stomach.

51 EXT. TERMINAL ISLAND WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

Rain is falling heavily now. The sports car slows, parks
on deserted street in front of rundown warehouse.
Mitchell and Bobby get out.

OMIT 52

53 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mitchell enters darkened room. The only illumination
coming from TV screen, now filled with snow. The TV is
sitting on two empty milk crates.

In the darkness, we can make out the shapes of possibly
two men. Bobby shoves Mitchell forward in direction of
TV. A single folding chair is placed in front of TV.
From shadows comes voice of Alan:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (O.S.)
Sit the fuck down, man. Second
feature.

Mitchell sits.

BOBBY
Too close? You can move it back
a little, you like.

Mitchell sits silently.

ALAN (O.S.)
All right, let's start the show.

A man steps out of shadows and pops cassette into the
VCR. The video starts.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Slick Entertainment Incorporated
presents "Tit In The Wringer" or
"How Harry Mitchell Agreed To Pay
One Hundred And Five Thou A Year
And Found Happiness."

ON VIDEO: The face of Cini Frazier, close up. Her
expression puzzled, changing, frowning, nearly obscuring
the fear in her eyes. Her lips move, but there is no
sound.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
The star of our picture.

ON VIDEO: Camera pulls back. Full shot of Cini tied to
straight-back wooden chair.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Some people you got to tie down
to convince them they can act.

ON VIDEO: Behind Cini in chair is cement wall, a water
pipe showing toward top. A hand enters and rips her
blouse off. She is naked underneath. Picture is
unsteady at times. A square of half-inch plywood, the
size of a newspaper folded once, enters frame, held by
same hand. The hand shows both sides of the wood board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
No marks either side, right?

ON VIDEO: Camera pulls back, the plywood is placed upright on her lap, cover her from waist to shoulders.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Now, you're asking what do we have here exactly... okay... wait, now... reverse angle.

ON VIDEO: Reverse angle from behind chair --

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
... to see what she sees.

ON VIDEO: Camera zooms in on table. A revolver (the Ruger .44) is mounted in a vise clamped to edge of table.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
There, a Ruger Redhawk .44 Magnum. It's yours, and that box of shells next to it, also yours. We even got your permit.

ON VIDEO: An arm extends into frame wearing Mitchell's sport coat.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
And the coat. Kind of ratty looking, you want my opinion. But what I like about it is your name sewed on the inside... Now then, what's this... What's tied to the trigger there?

ON VIDEO: Close-up of trigger. A wire is tied to it.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Ahh... see. You can fire the gun without messing up your finger-
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (Cont'd)
prints - We'll let you think about
that for a minute. Meanwhile,
back to our star.

ON VIDEO: Cini's face, above the plywood, now with
expression of increasing fear.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Looks like she's sticking her
headout of a box, doesn't it?
Honey, relax, you're gonna do
the scene, don't worry.

ON VIDEO: More of Cini's face, now terrified, tears
pouring down her cheeks.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
We wanted you to see the gun and
our little star. Okay, suspense
time is over.

ON VIDEO: The wire jerks taut, again and again.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Bang, bang, bang. Bang. Bang.

ON VIDEO: Five splintered gouges appear on plywood.
Cini's mouth and eyes stretched open, her head jerking
back with each shot.

Silence. A pool of blood begins to form beneath the
chair.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
The thing about Cini that makes
her a star, she not only lives her
part, she dies it. If you don't
believe me, watch.

ON VIDEO: Camera follows plywood sheet as it's pulled
aside and turned over.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
The bullet holes go all the way
through.

ON VIDEO: Cini slumped in chair, restrained by the
ropes. Blood staining entire front of dress. The puddle
under chair is larger now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Take my word, that's not ketchup.
Now, watch this.

ON VIDEO: Hands grab Cini by hair and lift up her head.
Her eyes are open.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
See, they don't blink.

ON VIDEO: A hand places pocket mirror under her
nostrils.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
No breath to fog it up. And the
eyes, Harry, look at the eyes.
They never blink, do they? That's
because they don't see.

Video ends. Screen full of snow. Mitchell sits forward,
head in hands.

ALAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Now, what we want you to see,
sport, is that your tit's tightly
in the wringer. There ain't no way
out. The cops find the body, with
no clothes on, and the gun, with
your prints all over it. Nice
fuckin' guy that Harry Mitchell,
takes the broads clothes off and
pumps five rounds into her,
probably raped her first, guy
should be gassed. Or, as I
said at the top of the show, you
pay us one hundred and five grand a
year for the rest of your life. No
more fuckin' around. Ten grand day
after tomorrow. Ten grand a week
after that. Thirty G's in good
faith. You got it? That gives you
time to get the rest together.
That's it, sport. We'll be in
touch.

*

The men exit. Mitchell remains with head in hands for
several moments, then sits up slowly. Tears streak down
his face.

CUT TO:

OMIT 54

A54 INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - DAY

Moving P.O.V. - rain hits the windshield.

C.U. Mitchell - His pain shows in his face.

55 EXT. RELIANCE STEEL - DAY *

Late twilight, heavy rain. The parking lot empty except one car -- Mitchell's sports car.

CUT TO:

56 INT. RELIANCE STEEL - NIGHT *

Mitchell sits alone in the silent mill. He is leaning over a motionless conveyor of steel tubing.

CUT TO:

57 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Barbara opens door -- Mitchell stands on front porch.

MITCHELL

I want to pick up a few things.

BARBARA

It's your house, too. You've got a key -

Mitchell enters, and immediately starts upstairs. Barbara, a little confused, follows...

BARBARA

(continuing)

Tell me, why did you leave the other night?

He stops, looks at her. Silence.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Did you think I wanted you to go? I'm not some dumb kid, Mitch. I think I have enough good sense to handle this the right way. *

*
*
*

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

Has anyone, any strangers, been here?

BARBARA

What does that mean?

*

Mitchell turns, continues on to bedroom. Barbara follows.

58 INT. BEDROOM

Mitchell checks closet, then quickly his dresser drawer.

BARBARA

(continuing)

What's going on?

MITCHELL

Has anyone been here recently, anyone you didn't know?

BARBARA

(pause)

Yes.

(pause)

I came home and this man was sitting in the living room. He said he was from some accounting service. I told him to leave and he did.

Silence.

MITCHELL

(half to himself)

The little prick. He found the gun, he fucking came up here and found the gun.

BARBARA

What gun? Harry? Please, what is going on?

MITCHELL

(pause)

These guys, some guys, they're trying to blackmail me. I wouldn't pay them -- they had pictures of me and Cini at a, you know, motel.

(pause)

This afternoon they showed me a video of Cini. She's sitting in a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL (Cont'd)
chair. She's being shot in the
chest five times. *

Silence.

MITCHELL
(continuing)
This guy, this accountant, he took *
my gun and then used it to kill Cini. *
(pause)
She was strapped in the chair and *
the blood came out of her... *
it was all over the floor. *

He stops, voice breaking. Barbara steps to him and puts
her arms around him. They hold each other a moment, then
separate. Barbara sits down on edge of bed.

BARBARA
What about the police?

MITCHELL
And tell them what?

BARBARA
What if she isn't dead, what if
it was faked?

MITCHELL
She's dead. Believe me. *

Silence.

MITCHELL
(continuing)
We go to the police-- it gets in *
the papers.

BARBARA
You're afraid of the publicity
on my account, is that it?

MITCHELL
Christ.
(drops his head into
his hands, shuddering)
You should have told me about
this accountant...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

(yelling)

You son of a bitch... I couldn't
reach you, you left, you left!
How could I help you, Harry?

MITCHELL

(yelling)

These guys have an airtight
fuckin' case -- I don't pay them, I *
could put away, Christ, forever. *

He sags onto bed, shaking.

BARBARA

No, no.

BARBARA

(after a long pause)

Do they think you'll pay them?

MITCHELL

I don't know, I guess so.

Pause.

BARBARA

I've got to call Arveson and
tell him I'm out of the race.

MITCHELL

Wait - We have a couple of days.

BARBARA

Mitch...

MITCHELL

(cuts her off)

Give me that much time -- see what *
happens.

Barbara looks at him, then nods. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

I almost, you know, the other night, I had an urge to just chuck all your things, clothes, everything, just toss it out the window.

(pause)

Ten, fifteen years ago I would have.

(dry; looking at him)

I don't know if I've mellowed or gone soft.

*
*
*

Silence. They look at each other. Silence.

She looks away, at floor, fighting back any tears. Silence.

MITCHELL

You know, I never fired that gun. Since I bought it, not once.

Barbara stands.

BARBARA

(half to herself)

We were so young when we met. Remember.

*
*

They look at each other.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Get some rest, Mitch.

She turns and walks out of room. Mitchell starts to take another sip of his drink then stops, looks at glass with vague disgust and puts it down on table. He leans back in chair.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Mitchell walks down street, past topless bar, night clubs, check cashing storefronts, etc. He stops out front of "Nude Model Salon." He hesitates a beat, then enters.

CUT TO:

61 INT. NUDE MODEL SALON - DAY

Behind counter is acne ridden and effeminate man in early twenties -- GRADY. Seated in the reception area near the counter are five girls dressed in flimsy short robes. One of these girls is Doreen.

MITCHELL

Hi.

GRADY

You want to take some pictures?

MITCHELL

I want to see the manager.

Grady looks at him, shrugs, then exits to the rear.

GRADY (O.S.)

Hey, Leo.

Mitchell turns and looks at the girls. They all look at him invitingly. One of the girls crosses to pour herself some coffee. She's a very pretty Oriental Girl.

ORIENTAL GIRL

Don't be shy honey. Just tell him you want to come with me.

Grady returns. Leo is behind him.

MITCHELL

I want to ask you about a girl used to work here.

LEO

Yeah?

MITCHELL

Cini Frazier, Cynthia Frazier.

LEO

(indicating the girls)

We got a Peggy, we got a Terri, we got a Mary Lou, we don't have any Cini.

MITCHELL

Five-three, nice looking blonde. Was going to school.

LEO

They're all going to school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

(with suggestion
of threat)

Cynthia Frazier. Take a minute.
Think back, you might remember
after all.

LEO

(pause)

Well, yeah, yeah, yeah, right,
right. She was here, sure. But
she quit, quit some time ago.
Months, couple of months.

MITCHELL

She did, huh?

LEO

Yeah, couple of months ago.
Look, man, I can't help you --
but you can look right there, take
your pick. The blonde, Peggy,
nice goodies, I'm tellin' you,
nice goodies there.

*

MITCHELL

(looking at Doreen)

Who's she?

*

*

LEO

Wha?...Okay, pal, Doreen, it's
Doreen, but...

MITCHELL

Yeah, I want Doreen.

*

Mitchell starts to take out his wallet. As he reaches
for it in his inside coat pocket, he first takes out
thick envelope -- obviously stuffed with money. He puts
it on counter in front of Leo. Mitchell then brings out
his wallet.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

Now, it's twenty and ten for
the camera, right?

LEO

(pause; looking at
envelope)

The fuck is this?

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leo indicates envelope.

MITCHELL

Ten thousand dollars.

They look at each other. Silence.

LEO

Twenty and ten, five for the film
if you want it.

MITCHELL

You know anything about this, Leo?

Mitchell indicates envelope.

LEO

You want the film or not? Come on.

Mitchell hands him a twenty, a ten, and a five.

MITCHELL

Yeah, I want film.

Mitchell picks up envelope, puts it back in pocket. He
looks at Leo...

CUT TO:

62 INT. MODEL BOOTH - DAY

Doreen stands topless. Mitchell enters. *

DOREEN

You a cop?

MITCHELL

You want to look in my wallet, pat
me down. *

DOREEN

(grins) *

You the one seems to want to do
the pattin', huh? *

MITCHELL

I've seen you dance.

DOREEN

Is that right. At the Club?

MITCHELL

Uh huh, a couple of times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOREEN

And you wanted a closer look?

MITCHELL

Something like that.

DOREEN

Now, are you a tit man or do
you want the whole show?

Mitchell raises the camera and snaps her picture.

DOREEN

(continuing)

You really do take pictures,
huh?

MITCHELL

I remember, I met you a few
months ago.

DOREEN

Oh, yeah...

(looks over at

Polaroid print)

How it come out?

MITCHELL

A little dark.

DOREEN

That's me, honey.

MITCHELL

Hmm.

(puts picture

in his pocket)

The time we met you were
with a girl named Cini. *

DOREEN

Yeah, Cini, very nice person.

Hey, you used to see her, didn't
you? *

Mitchell raises camera for another picture.

DOREEN

(continuing)

You want to focus my thing this
time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL
(fiddles with
camera lens)
Last one was under exposed.

DOREEN
Oh, then I say, wait 'til I get
my pants off, you want more
exposure.

MITCHELL
(grins)
That's pretty good.

DOREEN
Or the dude says, "What size is
your aperture"?

MITCHELL
Lots of laughs in your work, huh?
He raises camera, aims, snaps another picture.

DOREEN
You ever go up to Cini's place?

MITCHELL
You asked me if I used to see
her, that's where it was.

DOREEN
Where exactly?

MITCHELL
Apartment over by the bus station.
I think she said you had one in the
same building.

Mitchell looks down at second picture.

DOREEN
You did know her didn't you?
(pause)
She moved though, you know?

MITCHELL
So I heard.
(pause; Mitchell
looks at picture)
This one's better.

DOREEN
How much she used to charge you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

(A pause. For the first
time he realizes Cini
was a prostitute.)
She didn't charge me anything.

*
*
*

DOREEN

Not even the first time?

MITCHELL

Not any time.

DOREEN

Huh. Of course you could just
be bragging, telling me a story.

MITCHELL

What difference does it make?

DOREEN

Well, love, I was entertaining
the thought, maybe we ought to
leave the store here and head
for my place. Only thing is,
the management over there don't
hand any freebies, not to anybody.

MITCHELL

How much?

DOREEN

A hundred. You get tea, a smoke,
and a chance for seconds.

Mitchell starts to smile.

CUT TO:

63 INT. NUDE MODEL SALON - DAY

Mitchell enters lobby area. Grady still at counter.
Doreen comes out a moment later.

DOREEN

(to Grady)

Where's Leo?

GRADY

In his office.

DOREEN

Shit.

(to Mitchell)

Just wait here a sec, hon, I got

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOREEN (Cont'd)
to go tell Leo I'm going -- and
get my wages.

Doreen smiles and exits through curtain that covers
doorway. Mitchell follows...

GRADY
(to Mitchell)
Hey, you can't...

CUT TO:

64 INT. OFFICE, NUDE MODEL SALON - DAY

Leo sits eating cheeseburger and onion rings. Doreen
knocks, enters. Suddenly, Mitchell pushes past her into
room.

LEO
(to Mitchell)
Hey, I'm sorry, but you can't
come back here.

MITCHELL
Good to see you again, Leo.

Mitchell raises camera and snaps picture of Leo.

LEO
The fuck you doing? Hey, I
gotta ask for that picture back.

Mitchell peels photo off and hands camera to Leo.

LEO
C'mon, I'm serious. Give me
the picture!

MITCHELL
(to Doreen)
You ready?

DOREEN
In a second.
(to Leo)
I need my check.

Leo, confused, opens drawer and hands her a check.

LEO
Now I demand that pic...

MITCHELL
If you want it, you'll have
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL (Cont'd)
to take it, the question is
how bad do you want it?

DOREEN
See you tomorrow.

Mitchell and Doreen exit. Leo stands, helpless and angry.

CUT TO:

65 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Doreen and Mitchell walking down hall to her room. She unlocks door, and they go in.

CUT TO:

66 INT. DOREEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A small one-bedroom place that she shares with Bobby Shy, with surprisingly nice furniture, modern. And a couple of African masks on wall. Mitchell has a drink. Doreen is in the other room with the door open.

DOREEN (O.S.)
I never seen Leo so upset.

MITCHELL
(picks up her purse)
Yeah, he seems a little high strung.

DOREEN (O.S.)
Maybe all them kind are like that.

Mitchell quickly rifles her purse, finds the paycheck, and opens envelope -- reads it, memorizes it, replaces it. Doreen enters carrying her drink in a sheer negligee.

DOREEN
(continuing)
You all ready?

She sits on couch.

MITCHELL
You work at the Club tonight?

DOREEN
Yeah, why, you wanna catch the show?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitchell sits.

MITCHELL

Maybe.

DOREEN

You're after something, I don't know what, but it ain't my pussy, is it?

MITCHELL

Leo hangs out with a couple of guys, one white, one black?

DOREEN

Honey, I ain't gonna say nothing. *

Mitchell takes out the envelope. He puts two one hundred dollar bills on table. He puts envelope back in pocket.

DOREEN

(continuing)

That's a thick envelope you got there.

MITCHELL

The white guy, he talks real lazy, like mister casual, and he's smart about business.

DOREEN

I'll ask a question, okay?

(picks up money)

That way, nobody can say I told you anything. I'm only asking you a question.

MITCHELL

Go ahead.

DOREEN

Honey, you own an umbrella?

MITCHELL

Yeah?

DOREEN

What kind of weather you use it in?

MITCHELL

Rainy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOREEN
Close, baby, close.

CUT TO:

67 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mitchell pacing. Barbara sits on stool with cup of tea.
The Polaroid snapshot on counter between them.

MITCHELL
I didn't think it was the guy.

He picks up snapshot, looks at it, drops it back on
counter. Barbara leans over and looks at it again.

BARBARA
This guy was younger, longer hair,
not so weird looking. He kind of
looked like an accountant, in fact
-- a sort of yuppie with frayed
edges.

Mitchell nods. He takes card out of his pocket.

MITCHELL
See if Dennis or somebody can get
you any information on --
(reads card)
"Gold Coast Enterprises," San
Francisco. They own the nude
model place. See if they have
anybody on the payroll in Los
Angeles last name Rainy, or
close to that, Rainy, Raimy,
Rainier -- I don't know, something
like that. *

BARBARA
It shouldn't be hard. *

MITCHELL
Won't Dennis want to know why
you want it? *

BARBARA
Yeah, but he won't ask.
(pause)
Harry, what about the money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

(shrugs)

I pay them ten grand tomorrow,
I can afford that -- and it buys
us a few days. *

BARBARA

What if you wanted to pay -- I
mean just suppose you wanted
to -- how much could you get?

MITCHELL

The very most cash I can come
up with before next April, is
fifty-two grand.

Pause. Barbara finishes tea and stands. They look at
each other.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

Okay if I stay?

BARBARA

(pause)

In the den. *

Long silence, as they look at each other. Mitchell nods,
and Barbara turns and exits.

CUT TO:

68 INT. THE BALL - NIGHT

The rear booth. Alan and Bobby sitting.

BOBBY

What can the man do with it?
Huh?

ALAN

Nothing, I'm talking about Leo.

BOBBY

What's wrong with Leo?

Bobby takes out gram vial of cocaine -- dips into it with
his little silver spoon -- snorts some into each nostril.

ALAN

Shit, maybe I should worry about
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

You don't worry about me --
okay, I'm fine.

Pause.

ALAN

Leo is starting to whimper, he
sees the guy again, I think he's
gonna bust out crying.

BOBBY

Talk to him.

ALAN

If he doesn't pull it together,
then we got a problem.

BOBBY

Not a problem can't be fixed
though, is it?

ALAN

I'm not saying anything like that,
yet, but from now on we got to
keep a closer eye on him.

Bobby offers Alan a snort. He refuses.

CUT TO:

69 INT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitchell stuffing ten thousand dollars into envelope.
Intercom BUZZES. Mitchell answers it.

JANET (V.O.)

(on intercom)

Your wife on number two.

Mitchell punches two.

MITCHELL

(into phone)

Hi... Yeah... No, they haven't
called, but it's early... Okay...
great... where...?

(writes on pad on
his desk)

Okay... On Western, too, huh?
... That's it, Alan Raimy,
that's got to be it... Okay,
thanks.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs up. SOUND of explosion. Mitchell walks to rear window of his office and looks out.

70 EXT. RELIANCE STEEL, YARD - MITCHELL'S P.O.V.

Several men testing explosives. They use large protective housing that forces the explosion upward.

BACK TO MITCHELL

watching intently.

CUT TO:

71 INT. IMPERIAL ADULT MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Doll-looking GIRL in her early twenties sits behind desk. The counter displays are for "Marital Aids," "Chains," "Harnesses," etc. Alan enters.

ALAN

Hi, baby...

He sticks head in theatre. On screen a young buxom blonde is undoing the belt buckle of a tall thin black man in silver cowboy hat.

Alan comes back into room.

ALAN

(continuing)

Best part coming up... you shouldn't miss it.

GIRL

I've seen it -- four times. *

ALAN

That's my girl -- I'll be in back.

He exits to rear. We see Mitchell at door -- he enters, walks up to counter.

GIRL

Five dollars.

MITCHELL

This a good show?

GIRL

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

The movie, is it any good?

GIRL

Beautiful. Five bucks. *

MITCHELL

Is Mister Raimy in? *

GIRL

Alan? Yeah, who wants to see him?

MITCHELL

A home video fan, he'll know.

The Girl shrugs and sticks her head through door to rear.
A moment later Alan appears from rear, his face betrays his surprise as he sees Mitchell.

ALAN

What's the problem? You don't like *
the show, you want your money back? *

MITCHELL

You want to play let's pretend *
or you want me to give you the
money? *

Alan pauses, then turns to Girl.

ALAN

Take a break, okay.

Girl shrugs and leaves.

ALAN

(continuing)

What money is this?

MITCHELL

(takes out envelope)

You asked for ten thousand dollars,
didn't you?

ALAN

Hey, this is weird.

MITCHELL

Maybe I have the wrong guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

You want to give me ten large, it's *
okay with me.

MITCHELL

Not if I don't have the right guy.

(pause)

I was afraid you'd want to go to
another ball game or something --
and my heart just isn't in the
Angels since Carew left.

ALAN

I know what, why don't you get
the fuck out of here.

MITCHELL

You don't want it? Okay, I'll
take it home.

Mitchell puts envelope back in coat and starts to leave.

ALAN

Hey, wait up -- wait up for *
Christ sake.

MITCHELL

Are you the guy or not?

Mitchell pulls the stuffed envelope from coat pocket.

ALAN

All right, yeah! I'm the guy, *
now gimme the mother fuckin'
money.

Mitchell carefully puts envelope into lefthand and then
explodes his right fist into Alan's mouth. Alan staggers
back, but retains his balance. Mitchell grabs him by
coat front and...

ALAN

(continuing;
screams)

Don't you touch me...

Mitchell slams him into display counter. Alan sags to
his knees, blood pouring from his mouth. Mitchell stands
over him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

There's something about you,
Alan, makes a guy want to kick
your face in.

(pause)

We need to have a talk, okay?
I can talk with you, and we'll
reach an understanding -- But
just you, okay?

ALAN

You want to talk, talk. *

MITCHELL

I have to show you something.

ALAN

Okay, what? *

MITCHELL

You come to my office
tomorrow night, say eleven-thirty,
after the second shift. *

ALAN

I could be walking into something.

MITCHELL

Buddy, you could be walking into
surgery right now. Tomorrow night,
eleven-thirty.

Mitchell turns to leave...

ALAN

Hey, the ten grand.

MITCHELL

No...you're convincing, but I'm
still not sure I got the right guy.

Mitchell exits. Alan remains on hands and knees, blood
dripping to the floor.

CUT TO:

OMIT 72

73 EXT. RELIANCE STEEL - NIGHT *

Alan drives up in his blue Camero. Parks and notices the
only other car is Mitchell's sports car. He gets out,
walks past sports car on way to entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alan sees Mitchell sitting inside. He hears music. Alan tenderly rubs hand over roof of Jaguar, caressing it. Static crackles through music.

ALAN
(through window)
Nifty car. Music sounds like
shit. Need a new speaker.

MITCHELL
Yeah. Let's go inside.

PAN with Mitchell's hand as he turns off radio - stay on dashboard.

CUT TO:

OMIT 74

75 INT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alan stands, looking around. Mitchell is opening file cabinets and pulling out several ledger books bound in leather, a bank book, a savings account, miscellaneous forms, etc. He places them on the desk top and then swivels chair toward Alan, indicating he take a seat. Alan stares at him a moment, then sits. *

ALAN
This is it, huh?

MITCHELL
If you know what you're doing,
it'll take you about two hours
to go through this. If you don't
know what you're doing, you could
spend all night and still not
understand.

ALAN
I can read this quicker than your
accountant.

MITCHELL
I had a hunch you could. What,
a biz-ed major?

ALAN
Yeah, but then I learned better
ways to make money.

He winks at Mitchell. Begins to study books.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

Okay, the government takes
half of your salary.

*

MITCHELL

Yes.

ALAN

You live on the rest. And...
(finger running down
the lines of figures)
Past royalty is, what... trust
funds, the balance in
municipals... a few long
term investments... Hmnn, not
what I would do exactly, but,
hey...

*

*

(pause, reading)

Yes, sir, like a lot of people
who make a lot of money, you
don't seem to have any.

MITCHELL

That sheet there...

(points)

...that itemizes everything,
everything -- and it comes up
with a figure, you see it?

ALAN

(nods)

Fifty-two thousand.

MITCHELL

Fifty-two thousand.

ALAN

Hmnn.

MITCHELL

That's what I can put my hands on
right now, not a dime more.

ALAN

(not looking up)

Your fiscal year ends, when?

MITCHELL

April.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alan continues to study books. Silence.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

I've worked hard, I don't intend to sell my company or my house, or change my life to deal with you.

Alan stays buried in ledgers. Mitchell stands watching him, waiting. Alan stands up.

ALAN

How long will it take you to get the *
fifty-two thousand?

MITCHELL

About five days. You can come here and get it. Of course how you split it up, is up to you guys.

ALAN

Well, we'll see, I'll let you know.

MITCHELL

One more thing -- I'm dealing only with you.

Alan nods.

ALAN

Answer me something. Who told you where to find me?

MITCHELL

Your pal, Leo. Who'd you think?

CUT TO:

76 INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alan has assembled clan. Morning light scants through blinds. Leo sitting in chair. Alan standing by window and Bobby seated at table meticulously cleaning his Browning 9mm Automatic (Modified to take a silencer). *

ALAN

(to Bobby)

Are you listening to me? I don't want to interrupt you or anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bobby gives him a quick look, then returns his attention to the gun. *

BOBBY

I hear you -- I'm sittin' right here.

Alan paces back and forth, gingerly touches his bruised and swollen lip. He looks down at Leo.

ALAN

You wear the cheapest smelling fucking aftershave... Damn.

Leo looks up at him. Alan turns and continues pacing.

BOBBY

(to nobody in particular, and to everybody)

Man looked easy... But the man don't fuck around... Do he?

ALAN

Leo here says he didn't tell him.

BOBBY

Man, I heard him ten times now. I believe him just so's he quits saying it.

ALAN

The guy didn't just happen to show up ... somebody told where to find me. *

LEO

Hey, I swear to God it wasn't me. *

(Bobby murmurs "shit")

Deal looked clean and simple, all of a sudden it gets complicated.

(pause)

The guy must have some dough?

ALAN

I told you the man has money... But the Government has him by the balls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO

A guy makes that much, how come nothin' is left. You know that for sure?

ALAN

You think I'm making it up? Leo, I saw the books. I saw the correspondence from the I.R.S... On their stationery... But then, I asked the guy, "Who told you where to find me?"... He said it was you, Leo.

LEO

(jumps up)

I didn't, God damn it!

*

ALAN

Okay, okay. I don't necessarily believe him. It could have been someone else.

Bobby looks up from gun. He wonders. A thoughtful expression.

*

*

ALAN

(continuing)

Maybe he doesn't want to point the finger... But, Leo, he said it was you... You dig?

*

*

LEO

Honest to Christ, I didn't!

BOBBY

(to Leo)

Man, stop whimperin'. Okay?

*

ALAN

(continuing)

So, gentlemen, there is a little problem. We killed somebody, he saw it in the movies, and now he knows about us. And that's why one of us is going to have to blow him away.

Alan is now looking at Bobby.

BOBBY

Hey. For what? What do I get out of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN
Peace of mind.

BOBBY
I look nervous to you?

Pause.

ALAN
Bobby, you been in the joint, if
I recall. I don't believe you want *
to get doubled billed. *

BOBBY
Listen to the man, wants me to
clean up his mess.

ALAN
Aren't you the pro? The cowboy
in this group?

BOBBY
Blowing smoke up my ass now,
too.

ALAN
Shit, you walk up, ring his bell,
he opens the door -- it's done.

BOBBY
That's how you do it, huh?

ALAN
We stick together... We start
something, okay, it didn't pay
off. Now, in a couple of weeks
we tie up loose ends, look for
something else.

They just look at each other. No one is pleased.

CUT TO:

OMIT 77

78 INT. BOBBY SHY'S APARTMENT- DAY

We see Doreen slipping out of a lovely gown and crawling
under the sheets. As she settles in we see Bobby
revealed sitting on the bed. His shirt is off.

BOBBY
Doreen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns to face him.

DOREEN
(softly)
Hey, baby.

Bobby reaches over and squeezes her shoulder, a little too hard. Doreen's eyes open wide now.

DOREEN
What is it, Bobby?

BOBBY
Why you so tired? This guy who came here - his name was Mitchell?

DOREEN
He don't tell me his name. Just a friend of Cini's.

BOBBY
(pause)
Hmnn. What'd you talk about?

DOREEN
Not much, honey. I was expecting another trick, so I say come back later... But he never did.

BOBBY
What else you say to him?

DOREEN
What can I tell him... I don't know anything.

Bobby grabs pillow, shoves it down on her face. Doreen starts to claw and thrash, trying for air. Finally, he lifts the pillow. Doreen gulps for air.

DOREEN
I didn't say nothin', nothin'!

BOBBY
You know me, you know people I know.

Doreen is rigid, afraid to move.

DOREEN
He was only here five minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

He come to buy, or to talk?

DOREEN

I don't know. I told him I was busy. He asked when I was free, and I said in about an hour.

BOBBY

You're not answering my questions, Doreen.

Bobby forces pillow down on her face again... Holding it tight with both arms. Doreen struggles, but can't free herself. Bobby raises pillow... and again, Doreen gulps for air.

BOBBY

(continuing)

One more time, you tell him where I or anybody works, or lives?

Doreen terrified, shakes head back and forth "No".

BOBBY

(continuing)

Okay... okay, baby, I believe you.

Bobby stands.

DOREEN

(gasping)

I told him I was busy, that's all I said...

Bobby bends down and kisses her on the cheek.

BOBBY

Baby, you go to sleep. You keep telling yourself, I ain't ever going to talk to that man again.

Doreen nods. Bobby puts the back of his hand on her cheek.

BOBBY

(continuing)

You do that, everything will be lovely.

CUT TO:

A78 INT. BARBARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Barbara turns off lights, checks phone answering machine, steps into corridor and locks the door of the office.

B78 INT. CORRIDOR, BARBARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Barbara's footsteps echo in the emptiness of the corridor, as she walks to elevator. She pushes the button. The elevator is on the ground floor. She pushes again. She hears footsteps. She begins to panic. She is alone. She looks at the indicator above the elevator door. One... Two... Still the footsteps come. Barbara looks for a possible escape. She tries the door to the lavatories. Locked. She looks for a place to hide. No where. Still the footsteps come. Barbara stands still - terrified. Suddenly, around the corner comes Mark Arveson. When he sees Barbara, he stops.

BARBARA

Mark. Thank God it's you. I was...

ARVESON

What is it? What's the matter?
I didn't mean to frighten you.
I was just cleaning...

BARBARA

No, Mark, it's not you. I've just been, I don't know, very jumpy lately.

The elevator arrives.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Mark, will you walk me to my car - it's in the garage.

ARVESON

(entering elevator
after Barbara)

Sure.

CUT TO:

C78 GARAGE

The elevator opens. Barbara and Arveson start to walk toward Barbara's Mustang convertible. The garage is practically empty.

BARBARA

Where's your car?

ARVESON

On the other level.

They arrive at Barbara's car. Barbara begins to fumble for the keys in her purse. She drops the purse. Her belongings scatter on the cement. She bends to pick them up. Arveson tries to help. She rises and she begins to cry. Arveson puts his arm around her and pulls her toward him. He kisses her gently and wipes away a tear. He starts to kiss her again. Barbara tries to pull away.

BARBARA

No. No. You don't understand.

ARVESON

What do you mean I don't understand. I'm crazy about you. I've always been crazy about you.

BARBARA

Mark, I think you better take me home. I don't trust myself to drive in this condition. Will you do that please?

ARVESON

Sure.

He opens passenger side door for Barbara. She gets in. He closes door and goes around to driver's side.

ARVESON

(as he gets in
car)

We could stop for a drink. *

BARBARA

I can't.

ARVESON

Why not? Do you good. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

I don't think my husband would like it.

*

ARVESON

Look, we can handle Mitch.

*

BARBARA

Can we? Let me ask you a question. Did you know he was in the Air Force during the Korean War?

*

ARVESON

No, I didn't. What was he, a mechanic?

BARBARA

See? No, he was a fighter pilot. Everybody assumes he was a grease monkey. But at twenty years old he was a first lieutenant. He flew an F.86.

ARVESON

That's interesting.

BARBARA

You know what's more interesting. He shot down seven Russian planes in less than three months.

ARVESON

No kidding. No one ever mentioned that.

BARBARA

He also shot down two Sea Furies.

ARVESON

Sea Furies. Those were British planes.

BARBARA

I know they are. Mitch was returning to his base. The two planes dove at him, firing cannons, thinking for some reason he was Russian. To protect himself, Mitch turned into them. He fired, and with two bursts - he says it was pure luck - he shot down both of the planes.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

ARVESON
My God, really?

BARBARA
There was a hearing - an official investigation. Mitchell explained the situation as he saw it, and because of his record he was exonerated, the General, or whoever it was, closed the hearing. Mitch stood up and said, "Sir, I have a question." The General said, "What is it?" And Mitch said, "Do I get credit for the Sea Furies?" He was held in contempt of court and sent home the next week, assigned to an air base in Texas.

ARVESON
Young and wild, huh?

BARBARA
(shaking her head)
Quiet and calculating. He hasn't changed much since. Always mild mannered, the nice guy - until someone steps over the line and challenges him.

ARVESON
Or fools around with his wife.

BARBARA
He's never had to worry about that.

ARVESON
(starting the car)
I'll take you home.

CUT TO:

OMIT 79

A79 INT. DOREEN AND BOBBY SHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

One lamp is on... illuminating a small area around bed. Doreen is nestled in Bobby's arms. Both glisten with perspiration of lovemaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

(trying to put
it together)

Man comes to see Alan. Alan
goes to see the man's books.
Books say he owes it all to
Uncle Sam... can't pay us shit.

DOREEN

You believe it?

BOBBY

That's where we're at.

DOREEN

How come, if the man's broke,
he's carrying around an envelope
full of money?

Doreen realizes she has slipped. She covers.

DOREEN

Yeah... sure... he say some was
for me. That's why I told him to
come back.

Bobby turns his head to look at her. What's this?

DOREEN

(continuing)

Angel, what you worried about
Alan for?... He tell you the
deals off. He's not worried
about you.

BOBBY

That's a point.

Pause. She lights up a joint. She tries to talk without
letting out the smoke.

DOREEN

(continuing)

Let me ask you something...
Alan saw this envelope,
would he forget about it?

*

BOBBY

That's another point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOREEN
(exhales)
...you could talk to Alan...
take your pillow with you.
Or you could go see the man.
Find out if he still has the
envelope. Maybe has it laying
around somewhere. You understand
what I'm sayin'?

Bobby nods.

CUT TO:

80 INT. MITCHELL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Mitchell is changing plugs in sports car. Work light hangs from raised hood. Barbara on other side of hood, still dressed in office clothes. Arveson has dropped her off.

MITCHELL
You know, what gets me. This guy *
read the books faster than my
accountant -- He's good, real good.

BARBARA
(on edge)
He's a murderer.

MITCHELL
(looks up)
Yes. He is.

Mitchell returns to plugs. Barbara stares at him.

BARBARA
I'm scared, Mitch. I'm scared
all the time now.

Mitchell looks up again. His impulse is to go to her, but not knowing where he stands, he goes back to the plugs. Barbara can't control her fear, her anger, her pain anymore. She explodes.

BARBARA
Mitch, what are you doing?
We're dealing with murderers,
scum! We should be at the
Police Station and your changing
your plugs! If you were doing *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

that three months ago instead
of screwing that bimbo of yours, we
wouldn't be in this Goddamn mess!!!
(as she turns to go
into the house)
I hope you know what you can do
with those plugs when you get them
out!

*

Mitchell stands there, knowing he's wrong, but
helpless.

*

*

CUT TO:

81 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barbara asleep in bed, alone. She sits up suddenly,
motionless, listening. SOUND of door creaking,
footsteps. Barbara jumps out of bed, grabs nightgown,
walks to door... Slowly opens it, steps into hallway.

CUT TO:

82 INT. HALLWAY/DEN - NIGHT

Barbara walking quickly, but quietly, down stairs towards
den. At foot of stairs a dark figure appears in front of
her. Before she can react a hand covers her mouth. It's
Mitchell.

MITCHELL

(whispering)

Shhhh! Somebody's in the house.

Mitchell carries a huge chromium flashlight. He
brandishes it in front of her to indicate he'll take care
of the intruder. He looks around, spots closet, shines
single beam on it.

MITCHELL

Here, get in here and don't come
out till I tell you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he opens door to shove her in, there stands Bobby in a hideous stocking mask. Barbara screams. Bobby bolts past Mitchell, knocking flashlight out of his hand. He's out the front door with Mitchell hot on his trail. Mitchell reaches out and clothes-lines Bobby when he attempts to cut in another direction. They both go down. Bobby is up, but Mitchell catches his ankle and he's down again. Mitchell is up and uncerimoniously kicks Bobby in the mouth with his foot. Bobby falls back in pain, only to recieve the chromium flashlight on the top of his head. Barbara has let him have it. (This fight will be extended for maximum effect, with Mitchell taking some shots too.)

MITCHELL

(whispers)

Get down!

BARBARA

What?

MITCHELL

Get down, I don't want the neighbors to see. Help me drag him into the house.

Mitchell and Barbara, staying low, begin to drag Bobby along the grass and into the house.

CUT TO:

A82 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mitchell's hands going through Bobby's wallet. Then hand pats Bobby down. Mitchell finds the small .38 S&W Special.

MITCHELL

Get the camera and flash.

Barbara looks puzzled, then leaves. Mitchell goes to bar, gets Bobby a drink. Bobby's mask is off and his mouth is bleeding. He's coming around.

MITCHELL

Here. Drink this.

BOBBY

(drinking)

Shit, man busts in your house, you always serve him drinks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barbara returns with camera, hands it to Mitchell. He checks settings, aims...

MITCHELL

Smile.

Mitchell takes flash picture.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

You got pictures of me, now
I got ones of you, you and Leo.
I don't have one of Alan yet, but
that'll come later. Now, I got
a question for you. How come you
come here when I'm going to give
you more than fifty thousand?
Hand it to you?

BOBBY

Fifty thousand?

MITCHELL

Fifty-two. That's the deal I
made with Alan. Didn't he
tell you? That's what I can
afford to pay.

BOBBY

He say about you owing the
Government.

MITCHELL

Everybody owes the Government.
The payment was for three guys.
However you split it up.

BOBBY

(still fuzzy)

Or however we don't split it
up. When you gonna make this
payment?

MITCHELL

A few days.

BOBBY

Where?

MITCHELL

Why don't you talk to Alan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Yeah, have a talk.

Bobby takes out hankercchief, wipes blood from his mouth. Touches his hand, winces and moans slightly.

MITCHELL

You need a bandaid?

Bobby looks at him coldly.

BOBBY

I'm fine.

(pauses)

I can go?

MITCHELL

Sure.

Bobby starts to exit...

MITCHELL

Hey, you forgot something.

Bobby stops.

BOBBY

What?

MITCHELL

Your gun.

Mitchell unloads gun and hands it to Bobby. He grabs it, turns and leaves out front door. Mitchell shuts door after him.

MITCHELL

(long exhalation)

Those fuckers. Take over your life, just like that. You don't ever believe anybody can do that.

BARBARA

I think we need a drink.

Mitchell goes and plops down on couch. Barbara fixes drinks - Beer for Mitchell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

(still wired)

You work your tail off to have
the kind of life you want... We
did it together, all the way. I
pull a dumb stunt, why I'll never
know, and the animals rush in to
clean up.

Barbara, watching him, seeing his frustration, puts
the drinks down on the coffeetable. She's sympathetic
but uncertain, making up her mind about something.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

I don't know, Jesus, I want to do
something. I have to.

(looks up at her)

But I can't make it alone.

Their eyes hold.

BARBARA

You need to go to bed.

(offers her hands)

Upstairs.

He takes her hands. She pulls him up and they go into
each other's arms.

CUT TO:

83 INT. ALAN RAIMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan, with only slacks on, no shoes or socks, no shirt,
is video taping two teen-age girls rolling around on
the bed. He is giving them verbal directions. One of
them is counter girl from "Imperial Theatre." Rock and Roll
STEREO in b.g. KNOCK at door. Alan reluctantly gets up and
answers it. Bobby Shy enters.

ALAN

Hey, Bobby.

BOBBY

Get rid of the fuzzies.

Alan nods, and turns to girls.

ALAN

That's all, kids.

(cups his hands)

Party's over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girls pout, but start getting dressed.

ALAN
(continuing;
to Bobby)
You know it's after midnight?

The girls finish dressing.

ALAN
(continuing)
See ya later, girls, come on,
come on. Go out the back.

One girl gives him kiss on the chest, licking upward to his neck.

ALAN
(continuing)
Okay, okay, come on. I'll
see you tomorrow maybe.

The girls look disappointed, but finally are ushered out by Alan. This whole time Bobby stands, leather coat still buttoned, hands in coat pocket.

ALAN
(continuing)
So?

Bobby takes gun out of pocket. He takes silencer from other pocket and begins to screw it onto gun's barrel.

ALAN
(continuing)
Come on, what is this? Don't
fool with guns in here.

Bobby points gun at Alan.

BOBBY
You ready for the big question?

ALAN
Man, what are you on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

The question is, how much did
the man say he gonna give you?

ALAN

Give me?

BOBBY

Give you, give us, just say it.

Alan pauses, nodding to himself...

ALAN

Yeah, you went out to see him,
didn't you?

BOBBY

What's the answer?

ALAN

Before I can talk to you, you
go out on your own and see the
guy. Is that it?

Bobby sits, places revolver barrel on knee, and stares at
Alan. Silence. Bobby pulls the trigger. The bullet
shatters a ceramic pig on the coffee table. Alan jumps
back.

ALAN

(continuing)

Bobby, listen to me a minute...

BOBBY

Man pull shit on me, he got to
be very brave or very stoned...
Which are you?

He pulls trigger again, and breaks apart glass ashtray.

ALAN

Hey -- my mind is clear, you
hip? Fucking think about it
a minute.

Bobby aims at stereo against wall and fires, the bullet
smashing the tuner. The music stops.

ALAN

(continuing)

Goddamn, man, now just wait,
now how was I going to tell
you anything with Leo sitting

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (Cont'd)
right there? I called you later,
you were gone.

Bobby sits forward now and aims at glass figurine on
table against wall. He fires, misses, hitting the
wall...

BOBBY
Damn.

He fires again, shattering the figurine.

ALAN
Jesus! Bobby! I called, man,
nobody was fuckin' home! *

Alan turns and looks at wall -- two holes in it.

BOBBY
What did the man say, last call?

ALAN
Fifty-two thousand.

BOBBY
Don't you feel better now?

ALAN
The guy made an offer -- fifty-
two grand, that's all he can
afford.

BOBBY
You believe it?

ALAN
Yeah. Let's take it while this
guy still believes it'll save
his ass. But, here's what we're
talking about -- what do we need
Leo for?

BOBBY
I don't see we ever need him.
So, me and you -- fifty/fifty?

ALAN
Twenty-six thousand dollars for
each of us.

BOBBY
What's about Leo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN
He'll be gone.

BOBBY
Hmnn... he could find out,
couldn't he? Don't see no
other way.

ALAN
Do it soon.

BOBBY
Uh huh. I guess, seeing that
he's a friend of yours, you want
me to do it.

ALAN
...and don't tell me how you're
gonna do it -- let me read it in
the papers, be surprised.

CUT TO:

84 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

A few rays of sunlight filter through drapes. Barbara
and Mitchell in bed. Pillows pushed to one corner.
Barbara is kneading Mitchell's back. He's in bottoms,
she's in a top.

BARBARA
Feel better?

MITCHELL
(rolls over, looks
up at her)
I love you, Barbara.

BARBARA
It's good to hear.

MITCHELL
Even after...

BARBARA
Don't.

MITCHELL
I was going to say, even after
all these years.

BARBARA
Oh, yes - even after all these years. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They go into each other's arms.

*

CUT TO:

85 EXT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - DAY

Still early morning. The Camaro is parked across the street from Mitchell's house. Inside sits Alan Raimy.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. NUDE MODEL SALON - DAY

Leo walking toward entrance. A "CLOSED" sign hangs on window. Leo knocks loudly. A moment later, the face of Grady peeks out from behind the sign. The door opens and Leo hurries in.

CUT TO:

87 INT. NUDE MODEL SALON - DAY

Grady stands, in pajamas, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, as Leo enters.

*

GRADY

Hey, Daddy -- why you here
so early?

*

*

Leo ignores question and walks to his office. Grady stumbles after him, still half asleep.

CUT TO:

88 INT. LEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Leo dialing phone. It RINGS, and RINGS, no answer. He slams down reciever.

LEO

Shit.

(pause)

Alan or Bobby call?

GRADY

Nobody's called.

Grady stands behind Leo, slipping his arms around him and hugging him from behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO

Leave me alone, for Christ sake.

Leo pulls away. He opens desk drawer and takes out pint of Jim Beam. He takes a healthy swig.

LEO

(continuing)

That fuckin' Alan, that cock sucker... and that trigger-happy nigger, I never, never wanted a nigger in this deal.

*

Grady stands pouting. Leo takes another swallow of the bourbon. Picks up the phone and dials "411".

LEO

(into the phone)

Yeah, ah, the number for Reliance Steel.

*

*

*

*

CUT TO:

OMIT 89

CUT TO:

90 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Alan sits behind wheel of Camaro, parked at curb. He looks a little jumpy. We suddenly see him smile.

ALAN P.O.V.

Barbara walking out of building with James Boyer.

CUT TO:

91 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Barbara, Boyer, Lowenthal and Mark Arveson seated around table finishing their lunch.

LOWENTHAL

You've got to let us know for God sake - There are posters to be printed.

BOYER

Barbara, you do understand the time problem? We're not just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOYER (Cont'd)
picking a date out of the air.

BARBARA
I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOYER

With you as Mark's running mate,
we can beat Glessing.

Arveson leans a little toward Barbara, on his left.

ARVESON

Campaigns are tough, it's going
to be hard on you.

Arveson leans back, smiles.

LOWENTHAL

Barb, take the next two days --
We'll stretch it another forty-
eight hours -- take two days off,
and think about it. How's that?

BARBARA

Fine, thanks.

Boyer and Lowenthal stand, followed by Arveson.

BOYER

We've got to go.
(to Barbara)
I'll call you tomorrow.

Barbara nods. Arveson walks past, stops, squeezes
Barbara's shoulder lightly.

ARVESON

We'll be in touch. You feel
better? You want a ride back?

BARBARA

I'm fine. I'll stay, have
another expresso, go over some
papers. Thanks, Mark.

Arveson nods.

ARVESON

Sure.

As he walks off a man bumps into him.

ARVESON

(continuing)
Excuse me.

Arveson continues on. Alan steps up to table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

Hi. Remember me?

*

Barbara looks up, shocked. She stares, rigid with fear.

*

*

ALAN

(cont'd)

*

*

I hope you're not looking for
action slim, cause you're not
gonna score shit less you relax.
"Hey, here I am fellas." You know?
But you're a good-looking broad
for your age. I'll see that.

*

*

*

*

*

*

He smiles, and walks away. Barbara sits rigidly,
watching him go, scared to death.

*

CUT TO:

92 INT. PINE TOP TAVERN - DAY

Leo sits at table in near empty blue collar bar. He's
finishing one drink, has another standing. Mitchell
enters, sees him, walks over stands at table.

LEO

Hi. I'm really glad you came.
(looking around)
Place probably has big five
o'clock crowd, huh?

Mitchell just waits.

LEO

Strictly a shot and beer joint,
huh? Sit down, sit down, c'mon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitchell sits.

LEO

(exhales)

Ah, lookit, what I understand is that Alan got in touch with you - he, ah, came and you guys talked.

MITCHELL

I saw him, then he came and saw me.

LEO

Yeah, but what I wondered was, why you told him it was me who said where to find him.

MITCHELL

I didn't tell him that. *

Mitchell stares right at him, Leo looks down, plays with his swizzle stick. Takes a big drink.

MITCHELL

Leo, you called me. What's on your mind?

LEO

It's not my fault the deal fell through.

MITCHELL

Leo, I know you, I know Alan and I know the black guy... what's his name?

LEO

Bobby, yeah.

MITCHELL

I know the three of you killed Cini. *

LEO

It was Alan's idea.

MITCHELL

I believe it.

LEO

Honest to God, I told them I wouldn't have any part of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

You were there though, weren't you?

LEO

You can't prove it.

MITCHELL

I'm not trying to prove anything. I'm trying to get this settled, over with. Even if I have to pay fifty-two thousand. I thought I made that clear. *

LEO

You pay and it's over with, all right. He's already set it up. Once you pay him he puts Bobby on you. Or he does it himself. Jesus, for all I know, they're both in it. They were together yesterday. Bobby knows Alan was pulling something, but they're still hanging around together. *

Mitchell is just looking at him. Leo realizes what is happening to him.

LEO

What if you went to the cops on your own? Told them the whole story.

MITCHELL

I think the odds are I'd go to jail.

LEO

I'd back you up. We make a deal with the cops. I testify against Alan and Bobby. I go on the stand, say they killed the girl - if the cops will let me plead, I don't know, say just to the blackmail part. And that's the truth, I was never for killing the girl. *

MITCHELL

I don't know. It would only be your word. They'd still have a case against me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO
What case?

MITCHELL
The girl's body. My gun, the
film...

LEO
You want to know something?
There is no girl's body.

Mitchell looks at him.

LEO
It's at the bottom of the
river. In all the pollution
and shit.

Mitchell continues to look at him.

LEO
Since they did it. You believe
she's on ice somewhere because
you can't take a chance she isn't.
Right? Alan figured that. You
see her killed and that's what
you remembered. It sticks in your
mind. It scares the shit out of
you and you agree to pay. Only
you know Alan and Bobby did it.

MITCHELL
What about the tape?

LEO
In the river with the girl.

MITCHELL
And my gun?

LEO
It's somewhere else 'case they
need it again.

Leo finishes his drink. Mitchell picks up his glass,
untouched, and puts it in front of Leo.

MITCHELL
For the road.

LEO
You going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

Why, we have anything else to talk about?

LEO

I'm telling you they could kill you, you fuckhead. You haven't said anything about what you're going to do.

MITCHELL

I don't know yet... wait and see what happens to you, then I'll know if they are serious or not.

He turns and exits.

CUT TO:

93 INT. IMPERIAL ADULT THEATRE - DAY

Alan enters lobby from his office. Girl from his apartment sits behind counter.

ALAN

Hi, baby cakes.

GIRL

Hi, Alan.

Alan steps behind counter and kneels down. He lifts a patch of rug, revealing floor safe. He dials combination and opens safe -- pulls out the cash and closes it. The girl watches but says nothing.

ALAN

Baby, I'm going to be gone for a few days, so I want you to keep this place together, okay?

She nods. Alan hands her a fifty and slips his hand under her blouse.

ALAN

(continuing)

Hmn... nice, very, very nice. Now, if anybody calls, you tell them you haven't seen me -- not today, not yesterday, and I haven't told you anything about where I am. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL

Uh huh.

Alan leans close and sticks his tongue in her ear.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - DAY

Barbara takes off robe. She is in her bathing suit. It's chilly, so she shivers and hugs herself. She tests the water with her feet and then dives in. She swims the length of the pool underwater. As she comes up near end, she sees a pair of Italian-tassled loafers. Attached to them is Alan Raimy -- he's holding a gun.

ALAN

You swim good.

Silence. Barbara looking up from water, scared.

ALAN

(continuing)

You're a good-looking broad,
nice deep navel, nice rack,
nice legs, terrific ass. Hey,
ain't it a little chilly for
taking a swim?

Barbara says nothing. Alan smiles, waves gun.

ALAN

(continuing)

You see this?

(puts gun in
coat pocket)

Now you don't, but you know
it's there. Now, outta the
pool, Mama.

CUT TO:

95 INT. ALAN'S CAMARO - DAY

Parked on side street downtown. Alan behind wheel. Barbara sits shivering on passenger side, a coat thrown over her shoulders. She is still wearing her wet swim suit.

BARBARA

I'm cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

We'll take care of that. What we're doin' -- getting something to warm you up inside.

A MAN in a silver Lincoln Mark IV turns the corner and drives down street. It pulls along side Alan's Camaro.

ALAN

(continuing;
to man)

How ya doin'?

MAN

Everything's everything. You did say you wanted to walk with the "boy"?

ALAN

Present for a friend.

MAN

Uh huh, whatever's right, 'Homes.

Alan hands two hundred dollar bills out the window. Man in Lincoln takes them and hands a wrapped package of heroin out his window. Alan takes them. The Lincoln pulls away. A man steps out of the building on Barbara's right. She screams... Before her first breath is finished, Alan back-hands her hard across the face -- blood flows instantly from her nose. The man on sidewalk hurries away.

ALAN

Come here -- dumb bitch, shit!

Alan drags her out of car -- out his door and around to the trunk. He opens trunk and roughly shoves her in.

BARBARA

God... Please!

Alan shuts trunk lid and gets back in car. The Camaro pulls away.

96 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Mitchell and Jim O'Boyle are seated. O'Boyle takes folder out of his briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BOYLE

(reads:)

"Alan Sheldon Raimy, born nineteen sixty-one in Waynesburg, moved to San Francisco when he was six. Graduated Temple University with a masters..." A master in biz-ed, top third of his class.

(reads:)

"First arrest was Steubenville, Ohio, assault no conviction. A year later he was arrested in Cleveland for book making, suspended sentence. Six months later, again in Cleveland he was sentenced to six months for embezzlement at a furniture..."

MITCHELL

That's enough.

O'Boyle goes on.

O'BOYLE

...factory he was doing the books for. Eight months after his release he was arrested in Trenton, New Jersey for prostitution, of himself, did ten months -- a whole three weeks after his release he was arrested in San Francisco for a live sex act he did with two underage girls, both were fourteen. He did ninety days at Western State."

(pause)

That's your Alan Raimy.

MITCHELL

You want a drink?

O'BOYLE

Harry, what's going on?

Mitchell pours himself a drink, his hands shake badly.

MITCHELL

He's got Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BOYLE

Jesus -- we go to the cops, now,
that's it.

MITCHELL

I can't.

O'Boyle quickly pulls out second folder.

O'BOYLE

You want Robert Lee Shy, here...
I don't have it all, but when he
was thirteen, in Los Angeles, he
did three years in a juvenile
facility for bludgeoning his step
uncle to death -- the man is
permanently blind in one eye.

MITCHELL

I don't want to hear it.

O'BOYLE

He's been arrested twice for rape,
and convictions. He beat up the
fifty-year old wife of his parole
officer -- did a duece in Western
State, where, we assume, he met
Alan.

(pause)

They're violent, ruthless people.

MITCHELL

The first and only thing that
matters now is that I get Barbara
back.

Silence.

O'BOYLE

On the phone you said you'd talked
to Leo Franks -- you said he was
willing to testify.

MITCHELL

Yeah.

O'BOYLE

Christ. I don't know. What do
you want to do? You come home,
there's a note telling you they
have Barbara -- now what?

(louder)

Now what?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL
I don't know.

Mitchell's hand is shaking so badly that he can't lift drink to his lips.

MITCHELL
(continuing)
Maybe we start with Leo, call him up -- see if he'll come talk to you.

O'BOYLE
We can try. What's the number of that place?

CUT TO:

97 INT. NUDE MODEL SALON - NIGHT

Leo in his office. Grady stands next to him, eating ice cream bar. Leo is emptying money from metal box onto his desk. Leo is sweating, nearly frantic.

LEO
This is all there is?

GRADY
It's been slow.

LEO
(counting money)
Thirty-six bucks? That's it, thirty-six bucks?

SOUND of phone ringing. Grady moves to answer it.

LEO
(continuing)
Let it ring.

Grady looks at him, confused.

LEO
(continuing)
Don't touch it -- let it ring.
(pause)
Come over here.

Grady steps over to Leo. Leo, seated in chair, puts his arm around Grady's waist and pulls him over so that Grady is standing next to him. Leo squeezes the boy's rump.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO
(continuing)
We're gonna get out of here,
Grady, tonight.

The door opens. Bobby stands there.

LEO
(continuing)
Christ...how'd you get in?

BOBBY
I walked in the back.

LEO
I ain't seen you or Alan -- I
was starting to wonder.

BOBBY
Oh, yeah?

LEO
Yeah. I was a little nervous,
but I'm okay now.

Leo stands, moves past Bobby into hall. Bobby follows
out to lobby, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Leo puts metal box back
behind counter.

BOBBY
How come you're closed, Leo?

LEO
Huh? Oh, just countin' the money.
We're opening right back up.
(pause)
I was startin' to think all kinds
of weird shit, that you guys were
leaving me out.

BOBBY
We wouldn't leave you out.
You're part of the group.

Bobby puts his hands on Leo's shoulders, steering him
over to stool by counter.

LEO
What... what are ya doin',
Bobby?

Bobby now takes Grady the same way and positions him,
standing, next to Leo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO
(continuing)
Bobby?

BOBBY
Now, don't move, let your body
relax, feel at peace.

LEO
(laughs weakly)
You're a trip, man, really.

Leo hugs Grady.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. NUDE MODEL SALON - NIGHT

Bobby walks out front door... turns to the right, three steps and stops. He turns to face the plate glass windows of the nude model salon and aims his revolver just above the "D" in nude and fires one, two, three, four, five shots. The plate glass breaks apart, the entire window collapsing to the ground. On the street a car rear ends another, the drivers are more shocked * by the shooting they have just seen. Inside, we see * Leo and Grady on the floor, blood sprayed everywhere. Bobby stands, looking at the two bodies for a moment, then puts gun in coat and casually walks over to his * car where Doreen is waiting. They drive off. *

CUT TO:

99 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A cheap motel, bare light bulb hangs from ceiling, paint peeling from walls. Barbara sitting up on bed, coat wrapped around her. Alan sits at desk "cooking" up the heroin. He finishes, puts down the spoon and draws up the liquid into syringe.

BARBARA
I don't want it.

Alan moves over to bed.

ALAN
Now I give a fuck what you want.

He grabs her arm, she starts to resist, but Alan yanks hard on her arm. He probes for her vein -- finds it -- and pushes down on plunger, forcing the narcotic into her blood stream. He pulls out needle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN
(continuing)
There, make you feel warm and
quiet.

Barbara seems to nod for a moment, then turns and throws
up over side of bed.

ALAN
(continuing)
Hmnn...that happens. Don't let
it spoil your high, though, okay?

CUT TO:

100 EXT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - DAY

Very early morning. Mitchell in patio chair, smoking,
watching the first light of morning push away the
darkness. SOUND of phone ringing. He jumps up and
hurries inside, picks up phone. In b.g., we see Jim
O'Boyle on couch.

CUT TO:

101 INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE

Mitchell is on phone...

MITCHELL
(into phone)
Yes... Yeah... I know how it
is... I want to talk to her...
Barbara? Are you...? Goddamnit,
Raimy, I... wait... Alan, let me
talk to... Listen, listen to...
Alan, listen to me, you'll get the
money... Yeah, what? No, no police
... Let's quit the dancing, I got
the money... Yeah...Well, if you're
nervous, see a doctor... But, if...
I know, yeah, I know where it is...
Alan, Alan, let's make a deal. You
got my wife -- okay -- I want her
back, so I tell you what, Alan, you
like my car? Huh?... Alan, I'll
throw in the car, but Barbara
better not get hurt... sound fair?
Yeah... good... good... yeah...

The line goes dead. Mitchell slams down reciever.
O'Boyle enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BOYLE
What?
MITCHELL
Tonight.
O'BOYLE
You talk to Barbara?

MITCHELL
For a second.

O'BOYLE
Harry...

MITCHELL
No, no police.
(pause, turns to
O'Boyle)
I'm doing this.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Alan buying paper from machine out front of motel. He walks to phone booth. As he opens it... he smiles. He puts coins in phone and dials.

ALAN
(into phone)
Bobby... Yeah, yeah, I saw.
Very nice, very, very nice. A
real gunslinger, aren't you?
(laughs)
Okay. Now, I'm out of the city.
I got Mrs. Mitchell... Uh huh...
Lookit. I'll meet you at the
warehouse around seven o'clock...
okay? Great, oaky, see you there,
Slick.

Alan hangs up. He drops paper on the ground and walks across driveway to motel room. He opens door and goes in.

CUT TO:

103 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Barbara slowly waking up, naked, shivering. She pulls blanket over her. Alan sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA
(slurring)
Wha...

She looks stunned, groggy.

ALAN
Feel a little funny, huh? That's
okay, we been groovin' around some.

BARBARA
What did you do?

ALAN
Give you a hint... you don't get
knocked up doing it.
(continuing)
Make you another shot, get all
mellow -- I got my camera in the
car. Maybe we'll make a video,
a kind of "How To" show for your
old man -- How do you like it so
far?

Alan smiles, laughs.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. RELIANCE STEEL - DAY

Overcast, drizzle. Mitchell driving up in sports car. The lot is empty. He pulls around back. He parks, walks to gate and turns off alarm. He unlocks gate and walks inside. Mitchell walks further, to cement hut. He unlocks door and goes inside. Mitchell begins to pull things off the shelves, and carry them outside.

CUT TO:

OMIT 105, 106, 107

108 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Deserted street outside warehouse. Alan and Barbara, in Camaro, pull up and park. Alan gets out, then leans back, speaking through window...

ALAN
(to Barbara)
You know enough not to be stupid,
right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods feebly, exhausted. Alan smiles, walks slowly away from car, looking around. He checks watch. A Datsun drives down street, pulls into lot. Doreen behind wheel, Bobby inside. The Datsun pulls up next to Camaro. Doreen turns and looks out window at Barbara. Their eyes meet. Doreen gives her slight smile. Alan walks around to Bobby, on the passenger side.

ALAN

Right on time.

BOBBY

Where we go from here?

ALAN

No place, Bobby.

Alan pull out the Ruger. 44 from belt and aims quickly, firing through the windshield. Bobby is dead. Doreen screams and belts out of the car. From a very high camera position Doreen runs, Alan fires twice. Doreen falls violently to the ground. Barbara screams. Pidgeons fly through the shot.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. RELIANCE STEEL - NIGHT

Mitchell puts last of cable into hut and locks it up. He walks to water faucet at side of hut and tries to quickly wash off some of the grease -- it doesn't help much. He get into sports car and pulls out of yard.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Mitchell pulls up in Jaguar -- he gets out of car. It's deserted - nobody but him. He checks his watch, then stands impatiently looking around some more. He suddenly sees the blue Camaro moving very slowly. It's Alan. The Camaro stops about thirty yards from Mitchell.

ALAN

(from inside car)

Come here.

Mitchell walks forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN
(continuing)
That's fine.

*

ALAN
(continuing)
You got it?

MITCHELL
Yes.

ALAN
Terrific!

Alan opens passenger door of Camaro.

ALAN
(continuing:
to Barbara)
Okay, baby, come on...

Barbara slowly gets out. She looks awful, exhausted,
bruised and very weak. Alan gets out of the same
side holding a gun on Barbara. *

*

ALAN
(continuing)
Let's see the money.

Mitchell lifts briefcase, opens it enough for Alan to see
that money is inside.

MITCHELL
You want to count it?

Alan smiles...

ALAN
No, I trust you. Put it back
in the car.

Mitchell takes briefcase back to Jaguar and puts it on
seat. Alan follows, shoving Barbara on in front of him.
They're at the Jaguar.

ALAN
(continuing)
You fix that fuckin' radio speaker?

MITCHELL
Yeah, it's fixed. And if you're
fixing to put a few holes in us,
think twice. My lawyer is sitting *

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

in my office with your fingerprints *
all over my ledgers and a sworn *
statement by me. If he doesn't *
hear from me within one hour, guess *
where he goes with the stuff. *
(long pause) *

Alan holds the gun pointed toward Mitchell. He makes *
a decision. He lowers the gun and shoves Barbara *
toward Mitchell. She stumbles, falling hard. Mitchell *
tries to grab her, but isn't quick enough. He kneels,
putting his arm around her.

ALAN
Well, this is it then. Adios,
amigos, it's been fun. You
got a fine bitch there, a lot
of mileage on her, but she still
cooks.

He throws the keys of the Camaro to Mitchell. *

ALAN
(continuing)
Beat it. Just be sure you don't *
do something stupid. *

Alan walks to sports car, gets in and closes door. *

ALL0 INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Likes the feel of it. Turns engine on. Sounds good.
(Insert hand turning on radio.) The doors suddenly lock
automatically - and we HEAR Mitchell's voice coming from
a cassette.

MITCHELL (V.O.)
Hi, Alan. This is the first and
last ten seconds of the rest of
your life.

Alan realizes what is happening. He tries frantically to
open door. He grabs gun and starts to beat on windows.
The glass shatters in places but won't break completely.
He bangs harder.

Mitchell grabs Barbara, pulls her behind Camaro.

Eight... Nine... Alan has broken out enough glass that he
has top part of his body out the door window. The jagged
shards have cut his hands and face, blood is smeared over
much of window. TEN!
The car EXPLODES -- a huge fireball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitchell lifts Barbara up... They look at each other. No dialogue. Finally -

MITCHELL

Let's go home.

He puts his arm around her and they start to walk.
Sirens are heard in b.g.

FADE OUT.

OMIT 111, 112, A112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117

THE END