

BLACK MOON RISING

Screenplay
by

John Carpenter
and
William Gray

Second Draft

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1 EXT. DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - NIGHT 1

Cascading neon, teeming sidewalks, noise. Edging out of the stalled traffic into a dark side street is a green Chevy Blazer.

2 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 2

The street services small factories and office buildings. The Blazer pulls up across the street from a three story structure, its grounds floodlit, a prominent sign proclaiming: Lucky Dollar Corporation: Accounting Division.

The Driver climbs out of the Blazer, stretches as if he'd been driving for a while. He's a lean, athletic figure in dark jacket and pants, black tennis shoes. He reaches back into his car, grabs a light shoulder pack. Call him QUINT.

* He checks his watch. He looks across to the Lucky Dollar Accounting building. Then he looks down the street to where the lights of a small 7-11 Store flare out of the darkness. *

3 INT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT 3

* QUINT moves to the long service counter, pours himself a black coffee, sips it, scalds his lip. He plunks down some change. An indifferent Clerk looks up from his comic book. QUINT carries his coffee to the candy rack in search of a chocolate bar. *

KID (O.S.)

All right, freeze!

QUINT freezes, glances slowly around. The Clerk is staring is gaping at the quivering barrel of a .38 special gripped in the clenched fist of a shakey Kid.

KID

One move and you're both dead men,
you got that?

QUINT fixes the Kid with a cool stare. The gun swings over to him.
You hear me, asshole?

As he jerks his arm around he hits a display stack of cat food boxes. It collapses in a heap. The Kid jumps back, clinging to his gun if not his poise. QUINT remains deadpan.

QUINT

This something new for you, is it?

KID

Shut up! Shut your goddamn mouth!

He wiggles the gun in QUINT'S face.

CONTINUED

QUINT nods toward the terrified Clerk.

* QUINT
Cash register's over there.

The Kid turns.

Right under that video camera.
Hope the boys in the precinct house
are enjoying your little show.

The Kid, startled, stares up at the camera.

That's it, give them a nice full face shot.

The Kid shields his face, glares at QUINT.

* Now there's a couple of ways you
can do this...

KID
I told you to shut up!

* QUINT
Hey, fine. I'm just saying you've got
to work these things out. You can't just walk
in someplace waving a gun around and expect
people are going to stand back and let you do it.

* KID
Yeah? Are you gonna stop me?

* QUINT
Me? No. Go ahead. You've probably got a minute
or two.

A distant siren is heard.

Well, maybe not.

The Kid steps backward into the mound of fallen boxes. He loses
his balance, tumbles to the floor. QUINT just watches. The Kid,
embarrassed, jumps up. The siren is louder.

KID
I oughta blow your fucking head off!

QUINT
Just trying to help.

The Kid looks threatening for a moment, then thinks better of it,
runs out. QUINT looks at the Clerk, shakes his head,

Bad attitude.

4 EXT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

4

* QUINT exits as an ambulance speeds by, siren wailing. He tosses his
empty cup in a dumpster, ambles back up the street.

5 EXT. LUCKY DOLLAR ACCOUNTING DIVISION - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 5

* QUINT crosses to the Lucky Dollar building grounds. Instantly his manner changes. He's suddenly alert, furtive. He moves quickly to the side entrance of the building, looks around, listens, then goes into action.

He slips a lock probe from his pack, manipulates it into the door's digital lock. The probe is attached to a small box with a set of L.E.D.'s. It's a random combination generator. He adjusts it until the lock pops.

He enters the building, taping the latch shut again.

6 INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR 6

A Watchman on his rounds stops at a Time Station, inserts a code card into the slot. A light shifts from red to green. QUINT appears behind the Watchman. The Watchman speaks into a walkie-talkie.

WATCHMAN

Station 12A. 12B in ten minutes.

QUINT springs, presses an aerosol hypodermic into the Man's neck. The Man struggles.

QUINT

Don't worry. You'll just sleep a while.

The Watchman collapses.

7 INT. CONNECTING CORRIDORS 7

QUINT slips through corridors, past bays of computer equipment.

8 INT. MEMORY STORAGE ROOM ENTRANCE 8

* Through a smoked glass door QUINT sees rows of storage cabinets. The door itself is secured by a more complex kind of digital lock. *

He pulls a ring of code cards from his pack, tries card after card. Nothing. There's a noise. A door opens at the far end of the corridor.

9 INT. CORRIDOR 9

Two Security Guards walk down the corridor, turn past the Memory Storage Room, vanish around a corner.

QUINT steps out of an adjacent doorway, resumes the job.

He has only one code card left. He tries it, holds his breath. It works. He breathes again.

10 INT. MEMORY STORAGE ROOM

10

- QUINT moves to a specific cabinet, scans the door with an alarm detection device. A tiny green light blinks on the scanner. No alarm. QUINT eases the cabinet door open. He hears a sudden sharp click. He turns instantly. Back through the glass door, out in the corridor, a red signal light is flashing: Security Alert.
- * QUINT looks at his scanner, still flashing green.

QUINT

Shit!

- * He slams it into his pack, peers quickly into the cabinet. There are a hundred stored memory cassettes there, code numbered. He has to match a number on a scrap of paper. He has to hurry.

11 INT. SECURITY CENTER

11

Security Violation. Memory Storage Room.

The words flash on a screen in a room lined with screens and monitors. A Security Officer wolfing down a sandwich looks up and sees it. He swallows hard, hits the com-link key.

SECURITY OFFICER

Violation. Memory storage room...

12 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

12

Rows of numbers flash across a computer screen on a unit operated by a nimble-fingered Accountant. Watching the numbers roll are three Executives with anxious eyes.

The alarm is heard. The Execs react, look toward another man, a big raw-boned character named MARV RINGER. He hurries out.

13 INT. GUN RACK/CORRIDOR

13

RINGER snaps an Uzi Automatic from the gun rack, dashes into the corridor. Two more security Officers meet him, also armed.

High on the wall the Security Alert sign flashes.

A13 INT. MEMORY STORAGE ROOM

A13

The cassette number blur together. QUINT'S nerves are at the breaking point. Then he's got it. The numbers match. He ejects the cassette, replaces it with a blank, slams the cabinet door, rushes out.

14 INT. CONNECTING CORRIDOR

14

QUINT slips into a side corridor. He hears footsteps, voices. He runs.

Scrambling to a junction of corridors, QUINT stops to get his bearings. There are footsteps, voices, in every direction. Then there's one particular voice.

RINGER (O.S.)

Hold it. Right there.

QUINT turns. RINGER'S at the end of an adjoining corridor, Uzi levelled.

ON RINGER

As he stares at QUINT, he reacts. He knows him.

RINGER

Quint.

ON QUINT

He dives for the cover of the nearest open corridor. The Uzi rattles. Bullets spray past him.

ON RINGER

As he blasts the space just vacated.

RINGER

Get him.

INT. CORRIDOR

QUINT flies down the corridor toward a window at the far end. He yanks his jacket up over his head, hunches his shoulders, launches himself through the glass.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

QUINT hits the grass, sommersaults up, heads across the floodlit grounds.

EXT. SHATTERED WINDOW - NIGHT

RINGER and his men arrive at the window. The Uzi barks once more.

EXT. BUILDING GROUNDS/STREET - NIGHT

Bullets chase QUINT to his car.

RINGER punches out the remaining glass shards, leaps through the window to the ground. He hears the Blazer's engine start up.

17 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

17

The Blazer screeches away, bullets riddling its rear body, piercing the gas tank.

18 OMIT

19 EXT. LUCKY DOLLAR ACCOUNTING DIVISION GROUNDS - NIGHT

19

RINGER'S men catch up to him as he glares after the fading Blazer.

SECURITY OFFICER

You know that guy?

RINGER doesn't answer. He doesn't have to.

20 EXT. DESERT FLATS - DAWN

20

* The rising sun casts long shadows across a parched peaceful wasteland. *

* The stillness is suddenly shattered by a loud coughing roar. It sounds like a jet engine. *

* Pan across the desert toward the source of the noise. *

* A harsh Radio Voice is heard. *

WINDOM (Radio)

* Ready? *

BILLY (Radio)

* Lets go. *

WINDOM (Radio)

Commencing countdown. Five...four...
three...two...one...

* The Pan terminates on a sleek black supercar, glistening in the bright morning sun. Emblazoned on its flank is the name: Black Moon. It sits at the head of a long flat straightaway, its Driver, BILLY LYONS, revving its engine higher and higher. *

WINDOM (Radio)

* ...zero. *

The Black Moon takes off like it's launched from a catapult.

21 OMIT

21

22 OMIT

22

23 EXT. RV - DAWN 23

* A bulky Mechanic stands outside a big white RV parked along the edge of the straightaway, shading his eyes from the sun as he watches the Black Moon streak across the flats. His name is TYKE THAYDEN. He turns, goes into in RV. *

24 INT. RV 24

It's a control room complete with computer modules, systems monitors, gauges, communications units etc. Manning the controls, watching the fluttering gauges is a 60ish man with a military crewcut, EARL WINDOM. He hunches over the microphone.

* WINDOM
Looking good. *

* BILLY (Radio)
Feelin' good. *

THAYDEN takes a chair beside WINDOM. WINDOM looks at him, gestures to him in hand sign language. THAYDEN nods, gestures back. THAYDEN is deaf.

Both men stare at the gauges. The speed readout is 80...90...100 mph and climbing.

25 OMIT 25

26 OMIT 26

27 OMIT 27

28 INT. BLACK MOON COCKPIT 28

The speed readout on the computerized dashboard is the same. 100....110...on up.

BILLY grips the wheel, stares ahead as the desert rockets past.

* BILLY
Let's do it. *

* WINDOM (Radio)
Check. Prepare secondary boost. *

BILLY reaches out, flips a switch.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

The Black Moon sweeps across the flats. *

* INT. COCKPIT

The speed readout is 160 mph.

A red light flashes: Standby.

INT. RV

The Standby light flashes here too. Then it flashes: Ready.

* WINDOM
Secondary boost...Now!

29 INT./EXT. TEST RUN - DAWN

29

In the cockpit another light flashes: Ignition. BILLY hangs on.
Fire surges from the car's exhaust pipes. The Black Moon blasts
off.

BILLY is pinned to his seat.

The car zooms past a timing post.

The Speed indicator reads 250...275...climbing.

The cockpit vibrates with stress. A dashboard light pops.

Whoosh. Another timing post.

Indicator...295.

Sweat streaks WINDOM'S face. THAYDEN'S fists clench, prayer-like.

WINDOM
Billy, how's the stress?
The cockpit is like the inside of a blender.

BILLY
Fi...i...i...ne
Then the shakes smooth out.
Indicator 300...310...rising.
The RV indicator reads 325.

WINDOM
That's it.
A parachute pops from the rear of the Black Moon, fills with air.
WINDOM looks at THAYDEN. They're both grinning from ear to ear.
BILLY lets out a rebel yell.

BILLY
Yiiihaah!
The Black Moon begins to slow.
The parachute slowly folds and flops back to earth.

30 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

30

Covered by a form-fitting tarpaulin, mounted on a flatbed trailer,
the Black Moon is being towed behind a big Chrysler sedan.

31 INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

31

BILLY drives, WINDOM beside him, THAYDEN in back.

Country music wails from the tape deck. The mood is upbeat.

BILLY

These fellas we're goin' to see, these
Italians, they gonna make you an actual offer?

WINDOM

I don't know.

BILLY

What do you think?

WINDOM

I don't know.

BILLY

If you want my advice you'll give 'em
a nice polite listen then hit 'em with the old
I'll-think-about-it routine, you know
what I mean? Hell, Earl, that car's a
gold mine. Sky's the limit, no shit.
You're gonna be a rich man.

He looks at WINDOM who doesn't seem to be listening.

And you deserve it. You're a genius, I
mean it. Genius don't come cheap.

THAYDEN leans forward, says something to WINDOM in sign language.
WINDOM smiles. BILLY feels left out.

BILLY

What'd he say?

WINDOM looks at him deadpan and repeats THAYDEN'S hand signals.
THAYDEN laughs. BILLY turns back to the road.

Funny. That's funny.

EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - DAY

A dingy desert service center. Off to the side of the pumps is
the bullet riddled Blazer of QUINT.

The driver's door is open. QUINT is fixing a brace to the steering
wheel, locking it in place. He's got a cinder brick on the floor
next to the accelerator. He hears a car approaching. Alerted,
he reaches for the pistol lying on the front seat.

When he sees the car he relaxes. It's a Chrysler hauling a sports
car on a trailer: the Black Moon.

EXT. STATION OFFICE - DAY

BILLY parks, heads into the station office. WINDOM heads for the
john. QUINT intercepts him.

QUINT
Going to L.A.?

WINDOM
That's right.

QUINT
Can you give me a lift?
WINDOM glances over at the Blazer, bullet holes prominent.

WINDOM
I don't think so.

He walks away. QUINT peers down the long straight highway. He's anxious.

BILLY emerges from the office with a young Attendant. BILLY'S got a map.

BILLY
Hollywood, you know...
The Attendant points west.

I know what direction it's in, that's
not what I'm askin'!

QUINT
What do you need?
BILLY eyes QUINT, then brings the map over to him.

BILLY
This place in Hollywood, the Betsy,
real famous spot. We're showin' off
our car there tonight. Gonna blow their goddamn minds. *

QUINT glances at the car on the trailer, then at the map.

QUINT
It's here. Off the freeway then
straight up. *

BILLY follows, nods. He can't help wonder how a guy who looks
like QUINT would know this.

BILLY
You been there?

QUINT
Me? No. Too rich for my blood.
BILLY grins.

BILLY
I'll bet.

- * BILLY saunters off. QUINT looks again at the Black Moon. THAYDEN, checking something, has pulled the tarp off the car's back end. QUINT strolls that way.
- * THAYDEN'S preoccupied. QUINT stares again at the highway, considers the Black Moon. He comes to a decision. He slips the memory cassette from his pocket, stuffs it into a notch in the parachute holder. As he steps back away from the car a Voice surprises him.

WINDOM (O.S.)

What are you doing?

- * QUINT turns, sees WINDOM approaching, smiles.

QUINT

Just looking. Helluva car.

WINDOM

Glad you like it.

THAYDEN returns repositioning the tarp, sealing the car and the memory cassette away. QUINT moves off. WINDOM watches him for a moment, then has better things to do.

33 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

33

QUINT ambles back to the Blazer. Behind him the Chrysler pulls out. He glances over at the pumps where a pretty Redhead is filling up her BMW. He smiles at her. She smiles back.

There's a squeel of brakes from the highway. Two big Lincolns have come up while QUINT was distracted. They stop short, turn quickly into the gas station. QUINT knows what it means. He runs for the Blazer. Too late.

The Lincolns cut him off. Doors swing open. Five Men scramble out. Among them is RINGER. No guns, but the threat is there.

RINGER looks smug.

RINGER

How're you doing, Quint?

QUINT

Just great. Little car trouble.

RINGER

Yeah, I see.

QUINT

I don't have what you're looking for, Ringer.

RINGER

Why do I think you do?

QUINT

Bad information. Your specialty.

RINGER laughs, addresses his men.

RINGER

Mr. Quint and I go back a ways.
We used to be, what, in competition?

QUINT

I never considered you competition.

RINGER

That's not nice, Quint. We had our moments.

QUINT

You must've had yours in private.

RINGER'S smile fades. He nods. His Men fan out. QUINT steps back, shoves a hand into his jacket as if there's a gun there.

Hold on...

There's some hesitation.

There's a couple of ways we can do this.

As he says it a big tanker truck swings into the station, passing between QUINT and RINGER'S gang.

QUINT dives for the Blazer, starts it, grabs the gun from the seat, drops the brick on the accelerator.

The car takes off, its wheel locked. It sweeps out of the station, across the highway, into the desert beyond.

From RINGER'S vantage point it looks like QUINT'S escaping. He and his Men jump into the Lincolns, head out in pursuit.

EXT. GAS PUMPS - DAY

The Redhead starts up her BMW, looks across the road at the Lincolns barreling after the runaway Blazer. Suddenly QUINT is standing by her side window.

QUINT

Listen, I could use a ride.

She glances again at the car follies.

REDHEAD

Yeah, I think you could.

QUINT hops in. The BMW moves out.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Blazer runs on, the Lincolns trailing. This could last a while.

EXT. MERCEDES DEALERSHIP - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Long shapely legs, short sexy dress, low neckline; the Camera creeps upward.

SALESMAN (O.S.)

It's a high performance machine,
smooth lines, precision handling,
reliability, style...This particular
model, fully equipped goes for fifty-seven
five.

A startling face, beautiful even though obscured by over-size
sun glasses, bright makeup and a mop of thick blonde hair, turns
abruptly.

BLONDE

How much?

WIDER VIEW

The Blonde and a fidgety, slightly superior Salesman are standing
in a row of high-priced Mercedes 500SEC's on the lot of a small
posh Dealership on a quiet suburban avenue. She's the only
customer. Nonetheless the Salesman seems anxious to be rid of her.

SALESMAN

Fifty-seven thousand five hundred.
Tax included. If you'll
examine this brochure...

He hands her a glossy folder.

...all your specific questions will
be answered. Now if you'll excuse me...

He looks at his watch, turns to go.

BLONDE

Wait a minute, aren't you going to show
me a car?

SALESMAN

I'm afraid we're short staffed today and
there's...

BLONDE

I'm a customer, aren't I?

This gives him pause. His look says that he doesn't really think so.
But...

SALESMAN

Of course.

He turns, opens the door of the nearest 500SEC. The Blonde smiles,
leans in, presenting a remarkable display of leg.

BLONDE

Gorgeous.

Behind her, parked across the street from the Dealership, is a
large dark Van.

EXT. VAN - DAY

The Driver and the Man beside him are both watching the car lot.
The Driver wears a walkie-talkie speaker and ear-piece unit. There's
a burst of static, then a Voice.

VOICE

One minute. Maybe less.

DRIVER

We're in business.

He looks to the back of the Van. The rear doors open. Two Men climb
out, head casually for the lot.

EXT. DEALERSHIP - DAY

The Blonde straightens up to find the Salesman looking toward
the street as if expecting something.

BLONDE

It's a dream.

SALESMAN

Uh...pardon me?

BLONDE

A dream. The car.

SALESMAN

Oh, I see. Yes.

BLONDE

Am I creating a problem for you?
I mean aren't you supposed to be trying to
sell me something here?

SALESMAN

Yes, as I say, the brochure...perhaps
if you could show it to your husband...

A sudden rumble from the street turns him around. An enormous Auto Trailer loaded with six new Mercedes models swings around the corner, parks opposite the Van.

Ah, it's here...

EXT. VAN - DAY

The Driver agains looks to the back of the Van. The rear doors open. Six more men emerge, fan out toward the Trailer.

EXT. DEALERSHIP - DAY

The Salesman starts toward the Auto Trailer. The Blonde won't let him go.

BLONDE

What do you mean, my husband? What
do you think I am, some bimbo? I'm not
capable of making a decision? Wait a minute...

SALESMAN

I'm sorry, ma'am, as you see...

He gestures toward the Trailer. He's suddenly jostled from behind. He turns sharplt. The two Men from the Van are there. They each grab an arm.

What are you doing? What...?

BLONDE

They're going to escort you to the showroom.

He spins around to find the Blonde with a snub-nosed revolver in her hand. Her entire demeanor has changed. He's speechless. She hands him back the brochure.

Here. All your questions will be answered.

He's escorted off. The Blonde heads for the Auto Trailer.

EXT. AUTO TRAILER - DAY

The driver and Co-Driver of the Trailer are being led away as she arrives. The men from the Van - a well drilled team of Car Jockies - swarm over and around the Trailer.

the Trailer ramps are slipped into place. Car keys are distributed. The Men climb to their assigned vehicles, start them up, move them along and down the precarious ramps at speeds far in excess of normal.

The Van Driver approaches the Blonde, concerned.

VAN DRIVER

The key for that one doesn't work!

He indicates a car on the inside of the upper level.

BLONDE

The order was for six.

She yells to the others.

Keep moving! Keep to the schedule!

The lower level is cleared. As the cars move off they're driven away immediately. Across the street a small cluster of Kids looks on, fascinated.

The Blonde grabs on to the rigging of the trailer, pulls herself up to the top level. She reaches up under her skirt revealing a long thin metal tool strapped to her upper thigh.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

She slips into the car, jams the tool into the car's ignition, pushes hard, then pulls back. The ignition slides out on the end of the tool. She reaches into the hole, tangles the ignition wires. The car starts. She glances back. The ramp is clear.

EXT. AUTO TRAILER - DAY

She manouvers the car back along the narrow tracks until, at the head of the ramp, she accelerates. The Mercedes rattles down the ramp, hits the street, spins through a sharp 180 turn, roars away. The street Kids burst into spontaneous applause.

EXT. MERCEDES DEALERSHIP - DAY

The operation is complete. The trailer has been stripped, the cars are gone. The Van now takes off after them. The lot is silent, deserted. The Kids begin to close in.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The stolen Mercedes weave through a succession of city streets, none of them following the same route.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

The Blonde pulls a compact walkie-talkie from her purse.

BLONDE

ETA five minutes.

She redeposits the walkie-talkie, brings out a cassette.

She pushes the cassette into the dashboard slot. There's a fanfare of music then a Voice.

CASSETTE VOICE

Welcome to beautiful Rio de Janeiro.
Today we are learning the language of
Brazil...

The words are repeated in Portuguese. It's a Berlitz language tape. She repeats the words with the tape.

* As she speaks she reaches up to her hair and, with a quick practiced gesture, removes it. It's a wig. A pinned-up pile of natural silky brown hair tumbles loose. *

Her name is NINA. She's not what she seems.

48 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ALLEY - DAY

48

NINA guides the Mercedes around a sharp corner into an alley. Ahead are two semi-trucks, ramps down, loading the other cars inside, three each. NINA'S car, the last one, moves smoothly up the ramp of the rear truck. The back is closed behind her.

49 EXT. STREET - DAY

49

The two big semis rumble through city traffic. Ahead are the clustered buildings of downtown Los Angeles.

50 INT. SEMI-TRUCK CAB - DAY

50

NINA, natural hair, sunglasses off, sits quietly, reflectively by the passenger window. She's coming down from the adrenalin high.

51 EXT. CUL DE SAC STREET - DAY

51

The trucks turn into a short cul de sac that has one function: it's the entrance to the parking areas of a twin 14 story tower complex known as the Ryland Towers.

One tower is completed and functioning. The other stands empty, a billboard announcing: Tower Two Soon To Be Completed. Available For Occupancy September 30.

* A gate with an electronic arm blocks the entrance to the lower Employees Only parking garage. There's a camera on the gate. NINA leans out so the camera can see her, presses a beeper she's carrying. The gate opens. *

52 INT. TOWER PARKING GARAGE/ SEMI-TRUCK CAB

52

The trucks push through a long sparsely used garage to a wall labelled Section R. NINA speaks into her walkie-talkie.

NINA

* Knock knock. *

*53 INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT

53

*

A blank concrete wall. Then a loud hydraulic whining. The wall - in fact a steel reinforced door - rises. The two trucks are revealed beyond it. They move forward, through the door.

54 TRUCK POV

54

* Through the lead truck's windshield a vast concrete cavern is seen. It's an underground factory in full swing. Mechanics and Technicians are hard at work on a long rudimentary assembly line.

55 INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT

55

The trucks stop near the head of the line. NINA is first out. A Mechanic hands her a clipboard of paper forms.

MECHANIC

* Ryland wants you. Cars okay?

*

NINA

Had to tear out one ignition.

She signs the top two forms, hands back the clipboard. Something across the plant catches her eye.

NINA POV

A bright new Ferrari Dino is being wheeled into an over-large freight elevator. The crew backs out. The doors clamp down. The Ferrari rises.

ON NINA

As she turns back to the Mechanic.

NINA

He's upstairs?

The Man nods, goes.

56 INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT

56

NINA walks to a waiting Golf Cart. Another Mechanic is there.

SECOND MECHANIC

Ryland's lookin' for you.

NINA

I know, I know...

She starts the Cart, wheels it away across the floor. Behind her the assembly line grinds on.

57 ASSEMBLY LINE

57

It's a series of separate work areas each handling a different aspect of the stripping and rebuilding of luxury cars: interior options, trim, body parts, wheels, engine, the works.

Old parts are placed in storage bins. New parts are culled from old parts. It's a self-perpetuating cycle.

58 INT. UNFINISHED FLOOR - MAIN TOWER - DAY

58

The freight elevator doors open. Another crew of Mechanics moves into the elevator to wheel the Ferrari out onto the concrete floor of a broad unfinished space high up in the Main Tower.

A slender man, 48, greying, vain, meticulous of dress, agitated, watches anxiously. He's the boss here, EDWARD RYLAND.

RYLAND

Leave it by the others.

The car is pushed to where a dozen other modern "Classics" are already lined up, the floor's only furnishings. RYLAND turns back to a big well-dressed Latino man, a business colleague named REYNOSO.

It'll be my showroom, product on display. Lounge over there, offices, communications center, complete business facilities.. When the second tower is open...

He looks out through the wrap-around windows at the looming adjacent Tower.

*

...the whole complex will be unique.
Nothing like it anywhere.

REYNOSO

Most impressive.

He speaks with a patrician Spanish accent.

RYLAND

*

Thank you.

He clamps an arm around REYNOSO'S shoulder making the man evidently uncomfortable. Behind them the Mechanics leave via the freight elevator.

So what's the problem?

REYNOSO

The problem is you're not delivering what you promise to me. My clients are most particular. They are used to the best.

*

RYLAND

* That's what they're getting.

REYNOSO

Many of the cars are damaged. My inspectors have uncovered many flaws.

RYLAND

My people inspect them too.

REYNOSO

* I am telling you what is the case.

RYLAND

* Are you?

REYNOSO flares up.

REYNOSO

* Are you saying I would lie to you?

RYLAND

* I've been talking with Molina.

REYNOSO

* Molina? The man is a pig. He has not a shred of honor, that man. What does he know?

RYLAND

* He thinks you might be having some difficulties in...other areas.

REYNOSO

* He is the liar! I have no problems except you give me bad cars.

RYLAND

* I can't accept that.

REYNOSO

* You cannot! I cannot accept what you are saying to me, here, now.

RYLAND

* You have debts. I understand how that is. You have to deal with them. But not at my expense. We have agreements...

REYNOSO

* My business is of no concern to you!

RYLAND

* ...We have agreements and I expect you to live up to them. Not to come here with spurious excuses about...damaged cars.

REYNOSO

You and Molina, you deserve each other!

He turns, walks away toward the freight elevator where a tall grim Hispanic named LUIS waits silently, watching.

RYLAND

You owe me four hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

REYNOSO stops, shouts back at him.

REYNOSO

You give me cars I cannot sell. I have no responsibility.

RYLAND

I'm going to collect it. One way or the other.

REYNOSO

This is a threat to me? Don't threaten me. I don't fear you. You have many big dreams but, at heart, you are a little man.

He turns, continues on to the elevator. LUIS looks past him to RYLAND. RYLAND nods, turns himself, walks briskly to a stairway door.

REYNOSO stops by the elevator, glares at LUIS who presses the call button. REYNOSO is fuming, muttering in Spanish and English.

REYNOSO

He's crazy, loco. Why do you work for such a man?

LUIS has no reply.

59 OMIT

59

60 INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - CORRIDOR

60

RYLAND exits a stairway door into a plush penthouse corridor. A glasswalled Security center faces him, a high-tech jungle of video monitors and detection devices presided over by a young Technician. He looks up as RYLAND sweeps past.

61 INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

61

RYLAND strides through a lavish suite of rooms opening onto a spectacular panorama of the city.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

RYLAND enters his destination, his mammoth office, his personal headquarters, an elegant showplace of function and design. He crosses to his desk where a control panel operates a series of private monitors. He activates a central screen.

* MONITOR IMAGE

A high angle image from a camera in an upper corner of the freight elevator. REYNOSO and LUIS are seen and heard. REYNOSO is still carrying on in machine-gun Spanish.

* ON RYLAND

As he reaches for another switch on his control panel. He presses it.

A61 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

A61

The elevator car suddenly lurches to a halt. REYNOSO interrupts his tirade. He looks around.

REYNOSO

What is it?

LUIS looks up past REYNOSO to the corner camera. REYNOSO turns, sees it too.

He is watching?

Suddenly a thin silk cord slips around his throat. LUIS pulls it tight. REYNOSO'S eyes bulge. He claws at his throat, at the steely hands choking his life from him. He kicks at the walls, tries to struggle loose. It's hopeless.

62 INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

62

- * RYLAND sits down at his desk, watching the monitor, watching and listening to REYNOSO die.

There's a tap at the door. RYLAND cuts the sound of the monitor, looks to the door as NINA enters. He smiles, switches off the picture as well. She didn't see anything.

RYLAND

Everything all right?

NINA

Fine.

She crosses to his desk, stops short of it. She's still in her Rock Star outfit. He approves.

RYLAND

- * You look almost...authentic.

She doesn't react.

I haven't seen enough of you lately.
What have you been doing?

NINA

Check with your spies.

RYLAND
I do. They tell me you're restless.

NINA
Overworked.

RYLAND
I thought you loved your work.

Another provocative statement. Again she doesn't react. He tosses her a telex. She takes it, reads...

NINA
Twenty-five cars? Things are too hot.

RYLAND
I need them. I need you.

NINA
No you don't.

Her eyes connect with his for a long tense moment.

RYLAND
I need them soon.

NINA
You're the boss.

She goes. His eyes follow her to the door. When she's gone he activates the whole row of monitors in front of him, follows her progress from screen to screen through the penthouse.

His gaze shifts to a cluster of framed photos on his desk. Among them is an image of a much younger NINA standing with him, arm locked in his. Father and daughter perhaps. Or something else.

63 OMIT 63

64 INT. POOL HALL BAR - DAY 64

A Barney's Beanery type place: pool tables, booths, bar, video games, loud music, street kids, bikers, atmosphere seekers. QUINT sips a beer at the end of the bar, watching the door.

A small Man in a Windbreaker enters, squints through the gloom at QUINT. QUINT heads for the john.

65 INT. MEN'S ROOM 65

QUINT checks his scratched face in the mirror as the Windbreaker Man enters, stands by the door. QUINT doesn't acknowledge him.

The door opens again. A tall heavy-set Black Man saunters in. His name is JOHNSON. Now QUINT turns.

A toilet flushes. A young Prince clone pushes out of a stall, zipping up his fly. He sees JOHNSON, stops in mid-zip.

JOHNSON

Put it away and get out.

Prince gets out. JOHNSON turns to QUINT.

QUINT

Things have changed.

JOHNSON

Where's the cassette?

QUINT

On deposit. I'll have it tonight.

JOHNSON looks at the Windbreaker Man, then again at QUINT.

JOHNSON

You wouldn't be thinking about going back into business for yourself, would you Quint?

QUINT

Only if I have to.

JOHNSON glares at him.

JOHNSON

* The Attorney General's in court Friday morning, nine o'clock. Those tax records are Exhibit A.

QUINT

Remember Marv Ringer?

This is from left field. JOHNSON fields it.

JOHNSON

* Sure. We almost recruited him till you told us you were better.

QUINT

* The Lucky Dollar crowd got him. He was there last night, in Vegas. I think he took it personally.

JOHNSON

You're losing your touch.

QUINT

* The point is Ringer's a problem for me. He knows my pattern.

JOHNSON

* The point is, you were supposed to
get in and out clean.

QUINT

* I got the cassette!

JOHNSON

So what's changed?

QUINT

* The price. Stakes are doubled. Plus
the passport, plus the I.D.

* JOHNSON looks at him like he doesn't believe it. Then he spits out
a half-laugh.

JOHNSON

* Too bad this'd happen on your
last job, Quint. It's going to ruin
the going away party.

* The Windbreaker Man laughs. QUINT doesn't.

QUINT

* I want it tonight, all of it. Eight-thirty.
At the Betsy.

JOHNSON

They have a nice toilet there, do they?

QUINT

You'll feel right at home.

He pushes past the Windbreaker man to the door, exits. JOHNSON
heads for a urinal. As long as he's here...

* 66 EXT. THE BETSY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

66

An ultra-chic Hollywood bistro, its lot crammed with luxury cars.
At the far end of the lot, on its trailer, is the Black Moon.
THAYDEN and BILLY yank on the tarp which falls away to reveal
the car in all its gleaming grandeur.

EMILIO, a small sycophantic Italian applauds. DR. MELATTO, his
boss, a tall aristocrat, smiles appreciatively, wraps his arm
around a young raven-haired beauty named CARLA. EARL WINDOM just
looks proud.

WINDOM

It's quite a revolutionary design, as
you can see.

BILLY

Earl used to be number three man
at NASA. You know, outer space?
A coupla krauts then him.

WINDOM

When the Mars Project was cancelled
I started working on my own. I've always
had an interest in alternative fuels.

DR. MELATTO

The system involves a hydrogen compound?
His English is accented but sophisticated. The man has style.

WINDOM

Not a compound, no. Hydrogen split off
from water, regular tap water. The
converter is in the engine.

EMILIO

Is like science fiction, no? Star Wars!

His accent is thicker, the gestures broader. He laughs at his joke,
looks to MELATTO for approval.

MELATTO, CARLA on his arm, tours the car with WINDOM and THAYDEN,
EMILIO hurrying after them. BILLY hangs back, calls over a chubby
Parking Attendant who has been admiring the Black Moon.

BILLY (To Attendant)

When we go inside I want you to keep an eye
on this baby and I mean both eyes, you got it?

He slips the Attendant a ten dollar bill. The Attendant looks like
he thinks the job might be worth more.

Anyone gets within breathin' distance
you head 'em off at the pass and let me
know about it, right? Good man.

He pats the Attendant on the shoulder, dismissing him. His
attention has now been captured by a striking Brunette in a
slinky dress. NINA. She gazes at the car with genuine rapture.

BILLY (To NINA)

She's a beauty, isn't she?

NINA

Fantastic. Yours?

BILLY

I drive her.

NINA

You do?

She looks at BILLY with soft admiring eyes. He grins, stands a little taller.

BILLY

Oh, yeah. Well I'm a professional, you see. And I'll tell you, and I'm not just sayin' this, this car here is the single most sensational new thing on wheels since...since at least the Turbo. I mean it.

NINA

Wow.

BILLY

Let me show you a few things...

He gestures toward the car. She smiles excitedly, moves in for a closer look.

67 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

67

A '65 Mustang parks across the street from The Betsy. QUINT climbs out. He's got a jacket and tie on. He looks a little better. He turns and almost collides with...NINA.

QUINT

Sorry.

NINA smiles quickly, heads up the street.

68 INT. VW - NIGHT

68

NINA slips into a battered VW parked a little further along. She pulls a compact walkie-talkie from the glove compartment.

NINA (To Radio)

I want an order to go.

RADIO VOICE

You're on a stake-out.

NINA

It's too ripe.

RADIO VOICE

Stand by.

Pause. Then...

You have approval. Twenty minutes.

EXT. THE BETSY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

There's a crowd around the Black Moon now. The chubby Parking Attendant stands guard at the back of the car, right beside the parachute holder. QUINT checks his watch. He's got time.

INT. THE BETSY - NIGHT

A hip-elegant room full of people trying to be noticed. WINDOM, THAYDEN, BILLY, DR. MELATTO and CARLA - EMILIO is momentarily absent - occupy a large corner table and are getting their share of stares. BILLY is lapping it up. WINDOM and DR. MELATTO are getting down to business.

WINDOM

Let me be frank, Dr. Melatto.
I appreciate the interest your
company has shown in the Black Moon
but I'm an American and I want to give
American manufacturers a chance.

DR. MELATTO

But I understand you have had not so
much response from your American companies.

WINDOM starts to protest. DR. MELATTO stops him.

No. As you say, let us be frank.
Your Black Moon is a fascinating prototype,
but it is still...a prototype. Much
more testing is necessary. My engineers
are here Friday, in three days. They
have seen preliminary reports. Here they
will look and decide. If they say yes,
I will make my offer. A substantial offer.
Then it is up to you.

EMILIO returns looking anxious, whispers something to DR. MELATTO.
He nods, looks at the others.

I apologize. It seems I must go.
You will arrange for Friday?

BILLY, excited by the talk, cuts in.

BILLY

Damn right!

DR. MELATTO smiles, rises. CARLA rises. EMILIO backs off
obsequiously. At this moment the Waiter arrives with the entrees.
DR. MELATTO gestures at the food.

DR. MELATTO

Enjoy, please. Buona notte.

They leave. The Waiter serves the food. BILLY gazes at his, a nouvelle cuisine wedge of fish with a tiny portion of sculpted vegetables.

BILLY

That's a bass? I'd toss this one back, wouldn't you, Earl? Earl?

WINDOM'S watching the Italians depart, his thoughts elsewhere.

What do you think he means by "substantial offer"?

WINDOM looks at him, then turns to his plate.

INT. THE BETSY BAR - NIGHT

QUINT enters, checks the restaurant, sees the Black Moon trio. He looks at his watch again, heads into the bar. The Bartender comes over.

QUINT

Gimme a draft.

The man gets him his beer. QUINT glances along the bar. NINA, the lady he almost bumped into, is a couple of bar stools away. Between them is a Mover in a tight European suit. He's moving in on NINA.

MOVER

So what do you like to do, tell me.

NINA looks at him coolly. In so doing she sees QUINT glancing her way.

I think you like to get into things. Action. Excitement.

NINA

Really?

MOVER

It's right there, in your eyes.

NINA

I'm wearing contacts.

The Mover smirks. QUINT smiles. The lady can handle herself

MOVER

I'll bet when you walked in here you thought to yourself, 'I wouldn't mind meeting someone new and...interesting tonight'.

NINA

I never mind meeting someone new and interesting.

Her glance shifts subtly toward QUINT.

CONTINUED:

The Mover is encouraged.

MOVER
You live around here?

NINA
Why?

MOVER
What would you say if I told you
I'd like to take you home and fuck
your brains out?

NINA
I'd say you're going to have a
long lonely night.

* She checks her watch, puts some money on the bar, gets up. *

MOVER
Hey, you can't blame me for trying.

NINA
I don't blame anyone for trying.
She slips by QUINT, their eyes connecting for a brief but strangely
intense moment. He smiles. Then she's gone.
the Mover has to save face.

MOVER
They're all fucked up. They don't
know what they want anymore.

72 EXT. CHEZ ZERO PARKING LOT - NIGHT 72
A dark van pulls into the lot. A young man climbs out, smiling.
A Parking Attendant climbs in. And is suddenly grabbed from behind.

INT. VAN

Two men drag the Attendant down, bind his arms, tape his mouth.
Five other men, Car Jockeys, look on.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A second van drives up. A second Attendant is captured.
NINA exits the Chez Zero, signals to the third Attendant, the one
guarding the Black Moon, unaware of his mates' fate.

NINA
Excuse me! I need my keys!
The Attendant scans the lot, can't see the other Attendants, stride
angrily toward NINA.

CONTINUED:

The two vans have backed up to block the restaurant doors. Ten Car Jockies leap out, scatter through the lot.

The third Attendant is nabbed, hustled into the shadows.

Two of the Car Jockies carry heavy chains and padlocks to the restaurant doors. The doors are locked tight. More chains and locks move to other exits.

73 INT. CHEZ ZERO BAR - NIGHT

73

QUINT glances down the bar to the doors, sees the vans, the men with the chains. He jumps up, dashes to the doors. Too late.

The Maitre D' is alerted by QUINT'S alarm. Then he too sees what's happening.

MAITRE D'

They're stealing the cars!

His voice sends shock waves through the restaurant. QUINT tries to force the doors, can't budge them. The Maitre D' panics.

*

Stop them, somebody! Stop them!
They're taking the cars!

*

There's a surge for the doors, patrons, staff, everyone.
A Waiter tries the phone.

WAITER

The phone is dead!

ON WINDOM, BILLY AND THAYDEN

They hear the voice, see the crowd. BILLY looks at WINDOM. They've got that sinking feeling.

All three join the charge to the doors.

ON QUINT

As he fights through the human wave. makes his way back through the bar to the Men's Room door.

74 OMIT

74

75 INT. CHEZ ZERO ENTRANCE

75

The mob tries smashing the thick door glass. It's no use. Their view of the lot blocked by the vans, the victims can only listen helplessly to the engines starting up, the lot being looted

76 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

76

NINA scans the cars, points out the ones she wants.

NINA

There, that one...the Rolls...the Jag...
that one.

The third Attendant, held by two men, removes the keys to the indicated cars from the valet box, hands them to waiting Car Jockies. One by one the cars are moving out.

NINA

Okay, that's it.

The Attendant is led away. NINA runs to the Black Moon.

77 EXT. MEN'S ROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

77

* A square of opaque glass high up on the wall is shattered. Loose glass is punched out. Then QUINT appears, pulling himself through the hole. He drops to the ground, creeps around the corner to the edge of the lot. *

ON QUINT/QUINT POV

He sees the three Attendants being carried to a dumpster, dropped inside. Behind them cars are moving out fast.

The Black Moon is backing slowly off its trailer. The brunette from the bar, NINA, is at the wheel.

QUINT slips back into the shadows.

78 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

78

NINA gets the Black Moon turned around toward the street. Then it stalls.

INT. BLACK MOON

Nina stares at the space age control panel, trying to recall her earlier conversation with BILLY.

NINA

* What did he say? Ignition, then shift
then...

She reaches for a panel button, presses it. The engine suddenly coughs, flares up, catches. She hangs on as the car plunges forward.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Black Moon streaks away into the night.

INT. THE BETSY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

BILLY hears the Black Moon engine.

BILLY

They got her! Jesus, they got her!

WINDOM knows it. THAYDEN knows it from WINDOM'S face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

QUINT runs to his Mustang, yanks open the door. He hears the roar of what sounds like a jet engine. The Black Moon speeds past. He leaps into his car.

INT. BLACK MOON

The car's got too much power. NINA fights it as she dodges through traffic. It's impossible to judge distance, speed.

In the mirror she sees a car swerving through the congestion behind her, trying to keep up. It's a Mustang.

INT. MUSTANG

QUINT can't believe the power in the car up ahead. One moment - when traffic slows - he's gaining, the next it's no contest.

He leans out his side window to hear the distinctive growl of the Black Moon's engine. He'll have to follow that.

INT. BLACK MOON

NINA breaks into a long clear stretch. She opens up.

INT. MUSTANG

QUINT sees he's in trouble. He floors the accelerator.

EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Black Moon blasts off. The Mustang does its best but it's dropping back fast.

INT. BLACK MOON

NINA starts to relax. The car is a dream. The Mustang is left behind. Then, around a corner, there are other cars slowing down, flashing lights, an accident!

She brakes abruptly. The engine coughs. She looks back. Other cars are closing in behind her. She's going to be trapped.

She cuts suddenly to the right where a grassy embankment lines the boulevard.

CONTINUED:

INT. MUSTANG/QUINT POV

QUINT, slowing, hears a chorus of horns ahead. Then he sees the Black Moon careening up and onto the embankment.

QUINT swerves his car sharply to the right.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

The Black Moon barrels up the grassy slope, bounces over a high curb, ends up the wrong way on a One Way Street. Cars screech to a halt, swing over, as the Black Moon plunges past them.

* Then there's another maniac! The Mustang sweeps up the embankment onto the One Way Street. The havoc continues.

84 INT. MUSTANG

84

* QUINT forces the Mustang through the oncoming cars, the screams of irate drivers echoing in his ears. Over the abuse he can hear the Black Moon's engine misfiring, sputtering, then surging again to life.

85 OMIT

85

86 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

* The chase resumes on broader, emptier downtown streets. Both cars streak through a long tunnel, emerging into the foothills of the tall towers of commerce.

* NINA skids the Black Moon around a narrow corner - she took it too fast - into a long clear straightaway between rows of dark warehouses. She shifts down. The gears grind. The engine flutters. The car won't move!

INT. MUSTANG

QUINT hears the struggling engine ahead, speeds up.

INT: BLACK MOON

* NINA stays calm, does things in sequence. She adjusts the gears, presses the panel button she pressed before. The car rolls forward but that's all. She presses several other buttons. She hears something.

She checks the mirror just as the Mustang wheels around the corner behind her.

Then a light is flashing on the dashboard. It reads Secondary Boost. The light changes to Standby. Then Ready. Then Ignition.

INT. MUSTANG/QUINT POV

QUINT sees fire spit from the Black Moon's tailpipes. The car leaps forward.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

INT./EXT. BLACK MOON/STREET - NIGHT

- * The car is a bucking horse. NINA clings to the wheel, taps instinctively on the brakes. *
- * The Black Moon skids into an instant 360 turn. Then into another one. *
- * She releases the brakes. The car rockets forward down the long street. *

87 INT. MUSTANG/QUINT POV

87

QUINT can't believe it! The Black Moon leaves him like he's standing still! It squeals around the distant corner and vanishes.

INT. BLACK MOON/NINA POV

NINA takes the corner, then another corner. She's regaining control. She gingerly touches the brakes, slows for a sharp turn into an industrial alley.

Ahead she sees the lights of a big semi-truck.

INT. MUSTANG/QUINT POV

QUINT reaches the first corner. He can still hear the car's engine reverberating through the concrete canyons. Then it's gone.

He turns a second corner. Up the street he sees a big semi-trailer pull out of an alley. Right behind it is another, even bigger.

He stops, watches the trucks rumble away. He edges forward to the alley, peers along it. All is darkness, emptiness.

88 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

88

The semi-trucks turn from a deserted downtown street into the Ryland Towers cul de sac.

INT. MUSTANG/QUINT POV

QUINT pulls up at the head of the cul de sac, watches the big trucks disappear into the underground garage of the Main Tower.

89 EXT. CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

89

QUINT walks cautiously down the short street, peering up at the looming Towers. He keeps to the shadows, heads for the Employees Only garage.

- * He notes the camera on the garage gate, steps behind it to the garage entrance. *

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

QUINT scans the garage. A few parked cars, no sign of the trucks. But tire tracks worn into the concrete head across the garage.

He spots two more video cameras placed strategically along the garage's center aisle. He avoids them.

INT. GARAGE - SECTION R

He moves stealthily around the periphery of the garage looking for anything. He stops by a light splash of freshly spilled motor oil. He's right beside a wall labelled Section R.

Then, high on the wall, he sees something else. A round black disk embedded there. In the middle of the disk is a camera lens.

He turns away from it instantly. He's being watched. He stays calm, strolls casually away from the wall keeping his back to the camera.

MAIN TOWER - SECURITY CENTER

QUINT'S image is tracked on a monitor to the garage entrance. The Duty Technician glances over his shoulder. RYLAND is there, watching.

EXT. THE BETSY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A half dozen Police cars block the lot, red lights swirling.

Angry victims voice multi-lingual complaints to harried Officers.

QUINT enters the lot, heads for the restaurant entrance, passing through agitated confrontations, one of which features WINDOM, BILLY, THAYDEN and a Young Officer.

WINDOM

It's called the Black Moon. It's an experimental car.

OFFICER

We lose five hundred cars a day in L.A.
One every three minutes.

BILLY

There's only one of these.

WINDOM

Everything we've got's tied up in it.

OFFICER

I'm sorry, sir. We do the best we can.

BILLY turns away, disgusted.

QUINT approaches the restaurant doors. They're smashed in. A Police barricade bars the way. QUINT stops.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
You're a little late.

QUINT turns. JOHNSON'S there, the Windbreaker Man just behind him.

QUINT
I was early.

JOHNSON
Yeah?

JOHNSON reads something in his eyes he doesn't like.

Lose something, did you?

QUINT
I can get it back.
JOHNSON turns away sharply, shaking his head.
I'll need some help.

JOHNSON glares at him.

JOHNSON
Yeah?

QUINT
Men. Good men.

JOHNSON looks at the Windbreaker Man like he can't believe what he's hearing. The Windbreaker Man shakes his head.

JOHNSON
That's not how it goes.

QUINT
It does now.

JOHNSON
You motherfucker.

He steps toward QUINT, threatening. QUINT stays cool.

Let me tell you something. You got exactly seventy-two hours to lay that cassette in my hand, hear me? If you don't...If you don't, I'm gonna take all the heat that comes down on my head and I'm gonna multiply it by five hundred, and that's what's gonna come down on you. You understand what I'm saying?

JOHNSON'S right in his face. QUINT doesn't budge.

JOHNSON (Cont.)

You think your pal Ringer and his
friends play rough? They're pussy, Quint.
Pussy.

He leans over QUINT, big body taut with anger.

Three days. Friday morning. Be in touch.

He turns to go. QUINT calls after him.

QUINT

The passport, plus the I.D., plus the money.

JOHNSON stops short, turns, suddenly lunges at QUINT, grabs him,
picks him up bodily, slams him against the restaurant wall.
He's upset.

JOHNSON

Quint...Don't fuck with the government.

He slams him again, then drops him. QUINT goes to his knees
trying to get his breath back.

JOHNSON strides away, the Windbreaker Man following in his wake.
QUINT, gasping, stares after him, then scans the chaotic lot.

EXT. LOT - NIGHT

BILLY kicks a tire on their Chrysler, one of the few cars left
behind in the lot. WINDOM, disconsolate, lets him. THAYDEN has a
fifth of bourbon and he's using it.

QUINT, still hurting, comes over. WINDOM sees him, extends no
greeting.

QUINT

How'd you like to get your car back?

INT. UNDERGROUND ASSEMBLY PLANT

The Black Moon sits apart from the other newly arrived cars. It's
attracted a lot of attention. The hood is up, the engine revealed.

NINA is at the center of those checking it out.

TECHNICIAN
Never seen anything like it.

NINA
That must be the catalytic converter,
breaks down the water.
She indicates an apparatus on the engine wall.

TECHNICIAN
Runs on hydrogen?

NINA
Runs on something.
Another Technician runs his hand along the car body.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
It's so light.

NINA
It's a composite of some kind, probably
carbon fiber.
She moves to the rear of the car, checks the parachute holder.

It's got a parachute. It needs it.
She looks down into a notch in the rig - where QUINT stuffed the
memory disk. Does she see something there?

RYLAND (O.S.)
Interesting machine. What is it?
NINA'S exploration is cut short. She looks up as RYLAND strolls over,
LUIS right behind him. The Technicians and Mechanics show deference.
NINA doesn't bother.

NINA
It's an interesting machine.
RYLAND takes it in.

RYLAND
And what am I supposed to do with it?

NINA
Nothing. It's mine.

RYLAND
I see. You're making these decisions now.

NINA
Just this once.

RYLAND

Oh. Good. For a moment there I
thought you were after my job.

He smiles. LUIS laughs. Others laugh. RYLAND'S eyes never leave
NINA. She matches him stare for stare.

I understand there was a problem.

NINA

What do you mean?

RYLAND doesn't reply. The silence is his reply. All eyes are on
NINA now.

A guy tried to follow me. I lost him.

RYLAND

Did you?

NINA

Yes.

RYLAND

There was a man in the outer garage
right after you got in. Coincidence?

NINA

I lost him

RYLAND

So it was a coincidence.

NINA says nothing.

A car like this attracts attention.
Did you think about that?

NINA

I brought in half your goddamn order
tonight!

RYLAND

I'm talking about this one!

He slams the hood of the Black Moon.

This is a business, Nina. We don't
take "trophies".

NINA

Fine, then do what you want with it.

She's as angry as he is. She turns and stomps away across the
plant floor. RYLAND calls after her.

RYLAND

I have your permission, do I?

NINA stops, turns. If looks could kill.

RYLAND meets her look. The plant has gone silent, everyone watching, anticipating an explosion.

NINA turns away. This isn't the time or the place. She heads across the floor. Crisis averted.

RYLAND, the winner of the round, gives the Black Moon a gentle pat.

RYLAND

Quite a car.

EXT. SKID ROW BROWNSTONE - DAY

QUINT'S Mustang and WINDOM'S Chrysler are parked on a skid row side street a couple of blocks from the Ryland Towers, across the street from a seedy Brownstone Hotel.

TYKE THAYDEN slouches against the Chrysler sipping from his borbon bottle.

INT. BROWNSTONE ROOM - DAY

Peeling wallpaper, rusted pipes, stained rugs, torn curtains. QUINT, WINDOM and BILLY stand at the window staring at the twin towers.

WINDOM

You saw them go in.

QUINT

The trucks, yes.

BILLY

But you didn't see the Black Moon
in one of the trucks.

QUINT

It was there.

BILLY

We take your word for it, do we?

WINDOM

If what you say is true we've got to
go to the police.

QUINT

What the hell are they going to do?

WINDOM looks at him.

WINDOM

I'll tell you, buddy, I don't know
what kind of problems you may have but...

QUINT

There's nothing they can do.
There's no proof, just my word.
Look at those towers. This is a huge
operation. They must've got ten cars
tonight, that's probably an average haul!
From the look of the garage the whole
complex is a fortress.

WINDOM

Which you can crack.

QUINT

Damn right.

WINDOM

Good luck.

He heads for the door. BILLY, considering QUINT'S remarks, hesitates,
then follows.

QUINT

You'll never see that car again.

They go out the door.

INT. BROWNSTONE CORRIDOR

BILLY catches up with WINDOM.

BILLY

Dammit, Earl, what're we gonna say to
the police? We didn't see anything, he did.

WINDOM ignores him.

Earl, what if he's right?

INT. BROWNSTONE ROOM - DAY

QUINT, alone, stares at the looming Towers.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A massive office building is going up. QUINT, a file folder under
one arm, is lead around a deep excavation by a scowling Foreman.
They arrive at a silver trailer set on blocks. The Foreman opens
the door.

INT. TRAILER

The trailer is a sickroom, dark, hot, littered with skimpy
furniture. A plan of the building is tacked to a wall. Next to it
is a bed.

CONTINUED:

* On the bed, connected to a Bear Ventilator - a respiration unit
attached to the throat by a plastic tube and tracheostomic implant -
is IRON JOHN, a big country boy dying a slow death. His breathing,
through the throat, is a dry rasp.

Seeing QUINT, his eyes flash to life.

IRON JOHN

Quint.

QUINT

Iron John.

FOREMAN (To QUINT)

Make it short.

IRON JOHN (To Foreman)

Get the hell outa here!

The Foreman leaves. QUINT approaches the bed. IRON JOHN tries
smiling, not too successfully. His voice is painful to hear.

This is the only way they'll let
me see this job through. How long've
you been back?

QUINT

Not long. I don't freelance any more.

IRON JOHN

I heard. Joined up with the Feds.

QUINT

Can't beat the pension plan.

IRON JOHN can't quite laugh. QUINT pulls some papers, xeroxed
plans and diagrams, from his folder. He shows them to IRON JOHN.

IRON JOHN

Ryland Towers. I built part of the first one.

QUINT

I know. I got these from the Hall of Records.

He points out some specifics.

According to this the complex was built
over a branch of the old sewer system
that was sealed off as unsafe.

IRON JOHN

They had permits for everything.
Ed Ryland's a well connected guy.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

QUINT

* They used a lot more foundation materials than required. They had too much electrical equipment by fifty percent. Their first submitted plan calls for three elevators plus one express to the penthouse yet here... *

* He indicates a columns of specs. *

* ...they have an extra freight elevator, expanded capacity. *

IRON JOHN

Like I say, I built part of it.
What're you looking for?

QUINT

** The real blueprints, floorplans, especially for the lower levels and parking garage. Plus anything on the alarms. I had some problems my last time out. **

IRON JOHN

** Yeah, they got something new every week, don't they? Emil French consulted on security. **

QUINT

Yeah.

IRON JOHN

Sounds like you're going in.

QUINT

I've got three days.

IRON JOHN

All the time in the world.

101 EXT. RYLAND TOWERS - BINOCULARS POV - DAY

101

Powerful lenses focus on the main entrance to the Main Tower. People move in and out watched over by Security Guards in the glass-walled lobby. Not too many people. Only some of the floors are occupied.

The glasses travel up the Tower's flanks, stop a couple of floors above the ground, re-focus on a small object planted on the side wall. It's a video camera.

C.U. HAND/NOTEBOOK

A pen marks an X on a scale diagram of the Tower. There are other X's already marked. The word "cameras" is written. Lines connect the word to the X's.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

* BINOCULARS POV *

The lenses swing back to the Main Tower, sweep upward to the roof, pause, then swing across the gap to the roof of the unfinished Tower Two. There are hard-hatted Construction Workers up there applying finishing touches to this soon-to-be-completed building.

102

102 INT. BROWNSTONE ROOM - DAY

QUINT lowers the glasses, thinks about what he's seen.

103 INT. UNDERGROUND ASSEMBLY PLANT

103

* NINA steers a sleek E-Type Jaguar across the busy plant floor toward the garage wall exit gate. She stops by a control box with a speaker and video camera attached. She looks into the camera.

NINA

Open the door, Richard.

No response. Then...

VOICE

* One moment. *

104 INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

104

RYLAND is transferring numbers from his clicking Telex Machine into his computer. There's a buzz. He responds.

RYLAND

What?

NINA

Nina's leaving.

RYLAND instantly activates one of his monitors. The image of NINA in the Jag materializes.

RYLAND

Where are you going?

She shows her frustration.

NINA

Jesus Christ, out!

RYLAND

I want to see you.

NINA

Later.

RYLAND

Now!

105 INT. PLANT 105

* NINA speaks straight to the video camera, her voice quiet but intense. *

NINA

No.

* She suddenly jams the car into reverse. The tires squeel. The Jag screeches backwards across the plant floor. *

Startled Mechanics and Technicians turn to see what's up.

106 INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY 106

* He punches up a row of monitors trying to keep NINA in view. He picks her up as the car brakes sharply near the head of the assembly area. *

RYLAND

What the hell are you doing?

107 INT. JAG. 107

* NINA throws the car into forward gear, steps on the accelerator. The car shoots ahead. *

* The audience reacts. She's heading all out for the wall. *

108 INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY 108

RYLAND reacts.

RYLAND

Nina!

109 INT. JAG 109

NINA'S unwavering. He hands are clamped on the wheel, her face is calm. The car rushes toward the wall.

RYLAND'S VOICE

NINA!!

110 INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE/PLANT/JAG 110

RYLAND reaches for the wall door switch, hesitates.

The gap narrows.

* The crew looks on, breathless.

NINA'S not going to stop.

* RYLAND stares at his monitors.

The Jag nears the wall.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

RYLAND throws the switch.

The wall door starts to rise.

NINA doesn't let up.

RYLAND watches, stunned by what's happening.

The Jag scrapes just under the rising door, clearing by inches.

NINA lets out a long held breath.

* The Mechanics and Technicians burst out of their tense silence.
Some applaud, some cheer, everyone's buzzing.

RYLAND is trembling. Beads of sweat rim his forehead.

The wall door starts down again.

111 EXT. RYLAND TOWERS - DAY 111

The Jag roars out of the parking garage into the cul de sac.

112 INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY 112

* LUIS comes in with a handful of business papers. RYLAND'S still shaking.

* RYLAND
Get out!

Luis goes.

113 EXT. CUL DE SAC - DAY 113

NINA brakes abruptly at the Stop sign at the head of the cul de sac.

INT. QUINT'S MUSTANG/ POV

QUINT is just approaching the cul de sac when he sees the Jag. The agitated Girl behind the wheel looks familiar. Not the hair, but the face.

The Jag sweeps around the corner and speeds away. QUINT goes after it.

114 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY 114

QUINT follows the Jag to an area of warehouses and factories recently infiltrated by the leading edge of the artistic community. Little cafes and art galleries punctuate the drabness.

115 EXT. LOFT BUILDING - DAY 115

The Jag turns into the courtyard of a big warehouse converted into lofts. NINA walks back to the street and up a flight of stairs to a top floor door.

QUINT parks just down the street, watches, as blinds are drawn, lights turned on.

CONTINUED:

He looks around. Behind the loft building is a vacant lot used as a kind of automobile graveyard. Abandoned wrecks sit huddled together in communal desolation.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

QUINT waits. Then he suddenly comes alert.

QUINT POV

NINA comes downstairs again. She's wearing a bright stylish outfit. Her hair is loose, flowing. She looks younger. She walks with a lighter step into the courtyard.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

QUINT starts his car, rolls forward. He hears another engine roar to life. But when NINA drives out it's not in the Jag but in an immaculate Studebaker Hawk. QUINT follows.

* INT. STUDEBAKER - DAY

As NINA moves through traffic she adjusts her rear-view mirror. She sees something that attracts her interest.

- NINA POV - MIRROR

QUINT'S Mustang is seen laying back about half a block. But definitely following her.

INT. CLUB

Pulsing lights, pulsing music, smoke, darkness, people. Lots of people. QUINT inches his way to the bar. He doesn't quite fit in here among the high style set. He pushes his hair back, flips up his jacket collar. Slightly better.

INT. CLUB - BAR

NINA'S at one end of the bar lost in her own thoughts, Next to her a flamboyant New Wave Girl is having trouble with an aggressive Man. The Man is practically leaning over her, despite her efforts to ignore him. Finally he goes too far. Something he says enrages her. She glares at him.

NEW WAVE GIRL

Get away from me, you pig. You asshole!

She pushes past him. He shrugs, turns to see who else is around. He's a familiar face: the Mover from The Betsy.

He looks directly at NINA. She doesn't acknowledge him.

MOVER

Haven't we met in a bedroom somewhere?
You'd remember that.

He's suddenly jostled from behind. He turns to find QUINT there, sliding onto the barstool abandoned by the New Wave Girl.

I'm sitting there, friend.

QUINT stands up to confront him.

QUINT
Tell you what, friend, we'll toss for it.
You try and take it and I'll toss you
over the bar.

The Mover glowers but steps back. QUINT smiles.

MOVER
You supposed to be a tough guy?

QUINT
Supposed to be.

QUINT keeps smiling. The Mover gives him a tough guy sneer but his eyes are looking for help. He spots a Girl passing by.

MOVER
Hey, baby...

He's off. QUINT gets the barstool, looks over at NINA, a spectator to the foregoing. She meets his look, holds it for a moment, then gets up to leave.

QUINT watches her slide through the crowd to the door. She's a thought provoking woman,

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

NINA gets into her Studebaker, parked just down from the Club. She glances back at the Club door. No one else exits.

INT. STUDEBAKER/NINA POV

NINA starts the car, moves out. She checks her mirror. No Mustang trailing. She puts on a tape, a slow sensual samba, Brazilian music. Then, just ahead, QUINT steps out into the street, thumb raised.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

NINA stops the car beside QUINT, rolls down the side window.

NINA
Where are you going?

QUINT
Downtown.

NINA
At this time of night?

QUINT
Why not?

She looks at him like she can't make up her mind about him. He waits.
She unlocks the door. He climbs in.

INT. STUDEBAKER - NIGHT

Just music for a few seconds. No talk.

QUINT

Nice car.

NINA

Thank you.

QUINT

My father had a Studebaker.

NINA

How about that.

QUINT

You like cars?

NINA

Nice ones.

QUINT

Some friends of mine had a great car.
Special. It got stolen.

NINA

That's too bad.

QUINT

They're hoping to get it back.

NINA

There's always hope.

QUINT

Ever lose a car?

NINA

I'm careful.

QUINT

You've got to be.

CONTINUED:

NINA

What are they going to do,
your friends?

QUINT

They're trying to decide.
There's not much time.

NINA

I know how that is.

QUINT

Any ideas?

NINA

Me? Why?

QUINT

Just making conversation.

They lapse into momentary silence, music filling the gap.

Must be a way.

NINA

Must be a couple of ways.

He looks at her, smiles.

123 INT. NINA'S LOFT - NIGHT

123

An open space dominated by a bed on a platform in the center of the floor. Moonlight slants down through a skylight. NINA and QUINT make love intensely.

124 INT. NINA'S LOFT - LATER

124

QUINT opens his eyes, looks across the tangle of sheets. NINA'S not there. He sits up. There's a light on in the kitchen. He can hear her moving around.

* He grabs his shorts, pulls them on, goes exploring.

The interior of the loft belies its rough exterior. Though big and a little stark there's a sense of care and compatability, as if everything in it had been specifically chosen for a precise effect. It's the apartment of a girl who always dreamed of having her own apartment. There's a lot of pride in it.

The most arresting single item is a restored Vincent Black Shadow motorcycle propped on its kick stand in a corner. A work of art. QUINT checks it out, moves on to a desk where a pile of language tapes rest beside a cassette player. The tapes are all labelled "Teach Yourself Portuguese".

Spread open on a coffee table is a photo book of Brazil. There's a spectacular view of Rio harbor facing up.

QUINT moves on to an area separated from the rest of the room, dressing area with racks of clothes, cabinets of accessories, a theatrical make-up table. He opens a cabinet door. Inside are perhaps a dozen wigs neatly arrayed like so many severed heads.

NINA (O.S.)

Just how many names have you got?

QUINT turns. NINA'S across the room, in a silk kimono, watching him. She tosses his trousers onto a chair. She holds on to his wallet. QUINT looks back at the wigs.

QUINT

About this many.

She looks at him for a moment. Then the wallet follows the trousers.

NINA

Tea?

QUINT

Good.

She turns, disappears into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

A small neat room full of cooking appurtenances, as if NINA had gone through a catalogue and chosen everything. She pours QUINT a cup of tea, then one for herself.

NINA

What do you expect me to do for you?

QUINT

What kind of a question is that?

NINA

A direct one.

QUINT

I don't expect a thing.

NINA

Let's pretend we're intelligent people.

QUINT

Sounds like fun.

126 INT. LOFT - MAIN ROOM

NINA carries her tea back to the bed, sits cross-legged. QUINT PROWLs THE ROOM. Her eyes never leave him.

NINA

Tell me about your friends.

QUINT

Not much to tell. What about yours?

NINA

Who do you mean?

QUINT slumps into a chair facing her. He's smiling.

QUINT

The thing is we've got to establish some trust here. We've got a lot in common, you and I.

NINA

Maybe too much.

QUINT

Never too much.

A beat.

I know how it goes. I've been on the street. I've been a thief.

NINA

Are you establishing trust now?

QUINT

I understand that kind of...need.

NINA

But you got over it.

QUINT

Not quite. I'm in what you'd call a related field.

NINA

Retrieving cars?

QUINT

That's part of it. Actually as soon as my current obligations are fulfilled I'll be retiring.

NINA

Will they give you a gold watch?

Continued:

126 Cont.

QUINT
They'll show me where to steal one.

126
Cont

NINA smiles.

NINA
What will you do?

QUINT
Leave. Get away somewhere.

NINA
Where?

QUINT
I don't know. What about...

He reaches out for the coffee table book, turns it around so the double spread picture faces him.

...Rio?

NINA
Nice idea.

QUINT
We could meet there.

NINA
We've got so much in common.

Her smile fades.

Don't ask me to help you.
I can't and I won't. I won't be
used.

QUINT
I wouldn't think of it.

She looks at him, her eyes strong, searching. She puts down her cup.

NINA
It's late.

He sets down his cup, moves to the bed, to her. She lies back. They embrace.

TIGHT ON NINA AND QUINT

They stretch out in each others arms. NINA'S eyes are open. She keeps staring at QUINT as if there's an answer somewhere on his face.

NINA
I won't.

They move together.

Continued:

A Voice is heard, NINA'S Voice, but younger, girlish...

YOUNG NINA (O.S.)
What do you want me to say?

RYLAND (O.S.)
Tell me about yourself.

INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The lights are out. RYLAND sits watching a video screen.

YOUNG NINA (O.S.)
Like what? My family and stuff?

ON VIDEO SCREEN

A video tape is playing. NINA, perhaps seventeen, long hair, jeans, street kid look, stands awkwardly on a hilltop lawn, a large estate house visible behind her. She looks off-camera, to RYLAND.

RYLAND (O.S.)
Where is your family?

YOUNG NINA
Up north. My mom is and my sister.
Here...

She pulls a tattered plastic folder from a pocket. There are some crushed black and white snapshots in it. She slips one out, holds it up shakily. It's hardly visible.

That's the three of us, with Bobby,
my dog. He's dead now. He died after I left.

RYLAND (O.S.)
Why did you leave?

YOUNG NINA
We didn't get along too well. My mom
got real religious. I don't know...

RYLAND (O.S.)
So you came to Los Angeles.

YOUNG NINA
Yeah. With a friend. He didn't stay.
He didn't like doing, you know, the
things you have to do.

RYLAND (O.S.)
You did stay. Why?

YOUNG NINA

I like it here. There's a chance here.

RYLAND (O.S.)

Chance for what?

YOUNG NINA

For anything. I think I...I don't know,
I think I can do okay. I don't like...
give up, like a lot of people. People
I know, on the street, they're always...
they stand around the boulevard starin'
up at the big houses in the hills, like
this one, and they hate everybody up here.
They hate everyone who's got somethin' they
don't have. I'm not like that. I just think,
some day I'll have it. And I will. I will...

ON RYLAND

As he watches, rapt. there's a loud buzz. He ignores it. There's
another buzz.

YOUNG NINA (O.S.)

Don't you believe me?

RYLAND switches off the tape. The lights come up. He presses a
button releasing the office door lock.

INT. OFFICE

The door opens. LUIS enters.

RYLAND

What?

INT. SECURITY CENTER

RYLAND and LUIS peer at a row of monitors covering the approach
to and interior of the Parking Garage.

Three figures can be seen crouching in the shadows by the wall
just inside the entrance.

LUIS

First that guy last night, now this.

RYLAND

Deal with them.

He turns, walks out. LUIS stares at the figures.

ON MONITORS

The three figures are WINDOM, BILLY and THAYDEN.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

WINDOM, BILLY and THAYDEN stand behind a supporting pillar just inside the entrance surveying the vast emptiness of the garage. WINDOM and BILLY have cameras.

BILLY

Jesus, Earl, what're we doin'?
Let's just go talk to the fella.
He was on the money about the cops,
wasn't he?

WINDOM

The security cameras seem like they're
concentrated in the center aisle. If we
keep to the sides...

BILLY

Earl...

WINDOM

Stop your goddamn whining!
The cops want evidence, we'll
supply it, you got that?
Now get to your position. We've
got to cover this whole place.

BILLY

Long as the Black Moon's back by Friday.

He starts away. WINDOM grabs him, hauls him back, checks his camera.

WINDOM

I told you to use the other lens!
The details have got to be sharp,
right down to the licence numbers.
Tyke...

He gets THAYDEN'S attention, indicates the lens on BILLY'S camera. THAYDEN nods, slips quietly out through the entrance. BILLY looks like he'd like to be going with him.

WINDOM (TO BILLY)

Stay here till he gets back. I'll move down.

WINDOM creeps forward along the wall. BILLY sits tight, anxious.

EXT. CUL DE SAC INTERSECTION - NIGHT

THAYDEN moves quickly down the cul de sac to the intersection. Parked just along the connecting street is the Chrysler.

EXT. CHRYSLER - NIGHT

THAYDEN opens the car, looks around, reaches into the back seat for the camera bag. He closes the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two blocks away a big lumbering garbage truck turns the corner, grinds slowly toward the intersection.

Two blocks in the other direction a dark Buick pulls up.

INT. BUICK

Behind the wheel is LUIS. Straight ahead through the windshield he can see THAYDEN crossing the street.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

WINDOM finds a spot, looks back at BILLY, waves, slips out of sight behind a column.

ON BILLY

He looks behind him. Where's THAYDEN? He turns, exits the garage.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

THAYDEN heads back to the cul de sac. The garbage truck has stopped near the intersection. Its grinder is operating. It's flexing the scoop device for hoisting up dumpsters. THAYDEN watches it.

INT. BUICK

LUIS starts the car forward.

ON THAYDEN

As he nears the intersection. He's still watching the garbage truck. He's unaware of the Buick bearing down behind him.

INT./EXT. STREET/BUICK - NIGHT

LUIS guns the Buick.

THAYDEN is oblivious.

BILLY reaches the intersection. Sees the garbage truck. Sees THAYDEN. Sees the Buick.

BILLY

Tyke!

THAYDEN waves to him, smiles. BILLY is frantic.

BILLY

Behind you!

THAYDEN is puzzled. He sees where BILLY is looking, gesturing. He turns.

The Buick slams into him, sending him careening across the intersection.

BILLY is in shock.

The Buick roars away.

BILLY starts toward THAYDEN'S sprawled body. His mouth is moving but nothing's coming out.

There's a sudden roar. The garbage truck accelerates forward.

BILLY jumps aside.

The truck closes in on THAYDEN'S body, scoops it up, rumbles away down the street. As it goes the body is hoisted up and into the interior of the truck. The noise of the grinder is heard.

BILLY, stunned, finally gets his voice.

BILLY

Earl...Earl!

His scream resonates through the concrete canyons.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

WINDOM hears BILLY, turns, horrified.

BILLY (O.S.)

Earl!!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

WINDOM runs out of the cul de sac, sees BILLY slumped on the curb across from the intersection.

WINDOM

What happened? Where's Tyke?

He hurries up to BILLY. BILLY'S head is bowed. He's unresponsive. WINDOM shakes him.

Did you hear me? I said what happened?

Now BILLY looks up. Tears streak his face. His eyes are glazed. He's trembling. He stammers out his words.

BILLY

They killed him...They killed him then this truck...it just...they picked him up and...They killed him.

136 ON WINDOM
Cont.

136
Cont

As he looks up from BILLY, gazes down the street, now empty, silent.
He turns, stares at the Towers.

137 INT. NINA'S LOFT - MORNING

137

Soft sunlight filters through the skylight as NINA opens her eyes.
She seems dazed, as if still caught in the remnants of a dream.
Or a nightmare. She looks across the bed. It's empty.
She sits up, looks, listens. Nothing. QUINT has gone.

138 EXT. LOFT COURTYARD - MORNING

138

NINA comes down the outside stairs, truns into the courtyard
parking lot. There are other tenants in the building. Half a
dozen cars are parked there. There's a note on the Studebaker
windshield.

She lifts it off, reads it.

INSERT NOTE

In flamboyant script: "Rio?"

ON NINA

She smiles, pockets the note, checks the Studebaker. No sign
of tampering.

She crosses to the Jag.

139 EXT. CUL DE SAC - DAY

139

NINA whips the Jag around the corner, into the cul de sac, speeds
toward the Tower garage.

INT. UNDERGROUND PLANT

NINA parks in a side chamber where other "company" cars are kept. She walks away from it.

INT. JAG TRUNK

Darkness. A shuffling sound. A pen light clicks on, picks out the latch. A wire works into the latch.

EXT. JAG

The trunk pops slightly open. QUINT peers out.

INT. UNDERGROUND PLANT

NINA stops by the Black Moon, sitting off by itself. She runs her hand along its sleek flank.

INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

The image of NINA by the Black Moon is registered on one of RYLAND'S monitors. He's watching her. He looks across the room, nods. LUIS goes. He has his orders.

INT. SIDE CHAMBER

A Mechanic in greasy overalls strolls down the row of parked cars. As he passes the Jag hands reach up, grab him, pull him down.

INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

RYLAND looks up from a collection of telexes as NINA enters. His eyes are cold.

RYLAND

I expected to see you last night.

NINA

I went to bed.

The phone rings. RYLAND grabs it.

RYLAND (To Phone)

Who? Yes...

NINA glances at the active video monitors. On one of them she's startled to see QUINT walk by the assembly area dressed in greasy overalls.

ON NINA

As she stifles a reaction.

RYLAND (O.S.)

You can tell Mr. Molina we're right on
schedule...

NINA hurries out.

ON RYLAND

Watching her leave.

INT. UNDERGROUND PLANT

QUINT pushes a bin full of spare Mercedes parts across the floor,
his eyes scanning the plant for the Black Moon. Then he sees it.
LUIS and two Mechanics are pushing it into a Security Compound,
a narrow area enclosed by a ceiling-high chain link fence.

He directs his bin toward the compound.

INT. PLANT/COMPOUND

QUINT gets there as the Compound door is locked, the Black Moon
safely inside. LUIS glances at QUINT as he goes by him. QUINT
busies himself with his bin full of parts. Then he looks up, moves
to the fence. So near yet so far!

NINA (O.S.)

What's that car doing in there?

QUINT knows the Voice. He stays put by the fence, back to the action.
Behind him NINA confronts LUIS. She too is staring at the car in
the compound. And she's angry.

NINA

I asked you a question.

LUIS

Ask Mr. Ryland.

She pushes past him, furious. LUIS smirks, walks away.

INT. COMPOUND FENCE

NINA moves to the compound fence a few feet along from where QUINT stands. Her eyes are still on the car. She hisses in QUINT'S direction.

NINA

What do you think you're doing?

QUINT too avoids a direct look.

QUINT

Not a helluva lot.

NINA

They'll kill you if they catch you.

QUINT

They've gotta catch me.

He looks at her. She won't meet his look.

NINA

You're crazy.

She turns, strides away.

ON NINA

As she crosses the floor. Her face and eyes reveal the conflict surging within her.

She stops, turns back to the compound.

NINA POV

QUINT is no longer at the fence. She looks across the plant, spots him moving toward the two dark Vans used as operations transports.

ON NINA

As she turns away from QUINT, trying not to focus attention on him. She looks the other way. LUIS is there, talking to a Security Guard, watching her.

ON QUINT/VANS

As he slips between the two big Vans. There's a Driver behind the wheel of one of them. The engine is idling. Several Car Jockies are moving toward it. He thinks fast. He ducks down out of sight.

The Car Jockies close in. The Camera dips down to find QUINT clinging to the undercarriage of the first Van.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - DAY

The Van slows and stops at the cul de sac intersection. After a moment it turns the corner and moves on.

Lying flat on his back in the street, on the spot where the Van stopped, is QUINT. He scrambles up, brushes himself off.

INT. BROWNSTONE CORRIDOR - DAY

QUINT approaches the door to his room, stops short. Someone moves inside. A shadow slips through the crack of daylight under the door. He presses against the wall, sets himself, reaches for the knob.

The door swings open. Two men fill the door frame, WINDOM and BILLY. They look grim.

WINDOM

We've changed our minds.

EXT. FRENCH'S SECURITY SYSTEMS SHOP - DAY

A store in a drab commercial row. A blind is pulled down inside the front door. A sign is posted: Back Soon.

INT. SHOP

EMIL FRENCH or FRENCHIE moves through his electronic menagerie to a back room where QUINT, WINDOM and BILLY await him.

QUINT has the papers and charts he showed IRON JOHN spread across a table.

QUINT

Some of this stuff is reliable,
some isn't. I'll have to accurate
floor plans from iron John tonight.
He told me you worked on the alarms.

FRENCHIE

I consulted. A German outfit put them in.
Plus what's his name, Ryland, had a few
wrinkles of his own. It's tight.

CONTINUED:

QUINT
That's why we're here.

FRENCHIE looks at the charts.

FRENCHIE
One of the towers isn't open yet.

QUINT
I've been looking at that. We might
be able to use it.

FRENCHIE
They don't connect. There's no
direct link.

QUINT
We could make one.

FRENCHIE looks at him.

FRENCHIE
I know you're a hot shot and all
that, Quint, but...this place,
I don't know.

QUINT
There's no building can't be neutered,
Frenchie.

FRENCHIE
Yeah, so they tell me.

He looks at the charts again.

Just what is it you want to take out of there?

BILLY
A car.

FRENCHIE looks at him, at the others. They mean it.

154 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

154

QUINT'S Mustang drives into the site, parks in the mud by the
excavation. QUINT walks to the trailer. The lights are on. Soft
music is audible inside. The door is slightly ajar. QUINT
hesitates, knocks lightly, goes in.

155 INT. TRAILER

155

IRON JOHN is in bed, slumped over. The place is deathly still.

QUINT
Hey John...John?

CONTINUED:

QUINT realizes what's wrong. No hiss of the respiration unit. no dry labored breathing. The Ventilator plug has been pulled from the wall. He crosses quickly to the bed.'

QUINT

John...

JOHN'S eyes are open, staring, lifeless.

There's a noise. QUINT spins around. He's looking at a .38 Automatic in the grasp of...MARV RINGER. In his other hand is a set of blueprints.

RINGER

These what you wanted? Time to make a deal, Quint.

QUINT

You make a deal with John, did you?

RINGER

He didn't want to. But you're smarter than that.

QUINT is grabbed from behind, his arms pinned back. Two of RINGER'S Thugs are there. RINGER'S in control. And enjoying it.

RINGER

I want that cassette. You know you're going to give it to me. Eventually.

He lashes out and pistol whips QUINT across the face, cutting him.

Why make it painful?

QUINT, dazed, bloody, held up, glares at RINGER.

QUINT

That's just the way I am.

He kicks out, hits RINGER in the groin. RINGER gasps, folds up. The two Thugs spin QUINT around and heave him out the trailer door.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

QUINT flops into the mud. The Thugs are on him instantly. He's hauled up, held, slugged, knocked down again.

Then RINGER'S there, still gasping, pained. He's in a bad mood. QUINT is dragged up and RINGER goes to work, professionally.

QUINT slides back into the mud.

156 RINGER steps on the back of his head, pressing his face down into 156
Cont. the ooze until he's choking for breath. He drags QUINT up, kicks him
in the jaw.

The Thugs close in again. RINGER'S just warming up.

RINGER

Hey, Quint, hold out for a while.
This is fun.

He unloads on QUINT, the blow sending him spinning back into the side of his parked Mustang. He hits the ground, rolls over, tries to crawl under the car. RINGER finds it funny.

RINGER

Quint, that's pathetic. You got a reputation to uphold.

One of the Thugs quickly grabs QUINT'S legs, tries to haul him out from under the car. RINGER flicks open a knife.

QUINT'S hanging on to something under the car.

UNDER THE MUSTANG

QUINT strains to reach something under the front axle, a grease covered plastic bag.

EXT. MUSTANG

RINGER and his men are laughing at QUINT'S comically squirming legs as he resists being hauled out into the open.

RINGER

I told these guys all about you.
You're letting me down.

QUINT is dragged out. As he comes sliding through the mud he flips over. There's a gun in his hands. RINGER stops laughing.

QUINT

You were saying?

One of the Thugs goes for his gun. QUINT drills him in the chest. The man screams, dies. QUINT'S eyes, nearly swollen shut, are on RINGER.

RINGER hurls the knife at him. QUINT fires, off-balance, misses him. RINGER turns and runs. The other Thug has a gun. QUINT has to deal with him first. He plugs him in the head.

RINGER'S running along the edge of the excavation crater. QUINT rises to his knees, aims, shoots. RINGER yells, falls into the hole.

QUINT staggers up, stumbles back to the trailer, claws open the door.

157 INT. TRAILER 157

* The Ryland Towers blueprints are on the floor where RINGER
dropped them. QUINT scoops them up. *

158 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 158

QUINT makes it to his car, climbs in. Sirens are wailing from
nearby. They're getting louder.

INT. MUSTANG

QUINT can hardly see, hardly think. He's operating by rote.
He starts the car, points it at the street.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The Mustang slews wildly through the mud, nearly plunging into
the excavation crater. QUINT hauls on the wheel just in time,
gets to the street.

159 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 159

As the Mustang bounces out into the street it almost hits a tall
man hurrying toward the site. The man dives out of the way,
watches the car climb the opposite sidewalk, swerve back into the
road, and roar away.

The man is the Windbreaker Man, JOHNSON'S crony. He stares after
the diminishing tail lights of the Mustang, then runs to his
own car, parked next to the site.

160 INT. MUSTANG 160

QUINT fights to stay conscious, in control. He can't keep the car
in a straight line.

Sirens scream all around him, reverberating in his brain. He can
hear a chopper somewhere overhead.

161 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 161

The Mustang skids around a corner, heads down a street of
warehouses.

162 INT. MUSTANG/QUINT POV 162

Through the blurred vision of his damaged eyes QUINT sees a
familiar structure go by...NINA'S loft building.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Mustang skids to a sudden stop. It turns off the road, up
over the sidewalk into the vacant lot behind the building.

CONTINUED:

QUINT guides the car in amongst the derelict hulks of the auto graveyard, shuts off the lights, the engine.

INT. MUSTANG

QUINT collapses on the wheel. A Police Car, siren blaring, streaks past down the street. A chopper's searchlight sweeps over the neighborhood.

INT. NINA'S LOFT - NIGHT

NINA'S looking out the window to see what the commotion is about. There's a soft tap at her door. She hesitates, then goes to answer it.

She opens the door a crack. QUINT is propped up against the wall. She opens the door all the way. He looks at her through puffy blackened eyes.

QUINT

I was passing, saw your lights, thought I'd say...
hello...

He falls unconscious at her feet.

INT. LOFT BATHROOM

QUINT is propped up on the toilet next to the sink holding an ice-pack to the side of his face. NINA is working around it, cleaning the cuts with disinfectant. It stings.

QUINT

Ow!

NINA

Sorry. It's going to hurt a bit.

QUINT

It hurts enough already!

She dabs the disinfectant in again.

Ow!! You're enjoying this.

She smiles.

INT. LOFT BATHROOM - LATER

QUINT lies inert in the hot water and steam. NINA comes in, sits on the edge of the tub, looks at him. He opens his eyes. Her image swims then settles down.

NINA

I haven't asked you what happened
because I don't want to know.

QUINT
I only used you a little.

NINA
I'm serious.

QUINT
I know you are.

NINA
I've got problems of my own.

QUINT
With your boss? Ryland?

She reacts to the name.

The name has come up.
You should have turned me in.
That would have put you in solid
with him.

NINA
I was tempted.

She stands, moves to the door, then stops, looks back.

Just how badly do you want that car?

QUINT
Look at me.

INT. LOFT - LATER

QUINT, in one of NINA'S robes, limps to the bed. NINA is already there, turned away from him. QUINT slumps down beside her, reaches out for her, embraces her. She shifts her body, bumps against a bruised rib cage.

QUINT
Owww! How are we going to do this?

NINA
Do what?

QUINT
Well...

She turns to face him.

NINA
Do you really think you're...up to it?

QUINT
They hurt me. They didn't kill me.

He grins. She looks dubious. He slides an arm around her.

QUINT

Here, let me...ahh!

He winces, pulls his arm back, shifts again.

No, let's...

More pain. He grits his teeth, takes a sharp breath.

Maybe if you came over to me.

She turns, obligingly rolls over onto him. Her weight on him is excruciating.

No, no, no...off, off!

She rolls off, he collapses on his back, gulping air.

Give me a minute.

She looks at him. Then she leans carefully down, barely touching him, kisses him lightly.

NINA

Good night.

QUINT

Thirty seconds.

NINA

Good night.

She turns to face away from him. He looks at her, starts to move, grimaces, falls back.

QUINT

In the morning then. It's always great
in the morning.

He closes his eyes, starts to relax into sleep. Her eyes are still open, staring at nothing, troubled.

INT. LOFT - ON QUINT - MORNING

Tight on the sleeping QUINT'S face. In the background NINA can be heard moving around the room, her heels clicking on the wooden floor. She reaches down, places something on the pillow beside him. Then she moves away again. The door is heard opening, closing.

QUINT'S eyes flicker, then open. He's momentarily dazed. He shakes it off, looks at the door, then at the pillow. There's a note there. He grabs it eagerly.

INSERT NOTE

In large clear printing: "Lock the door"

ON QUINT

As he lies back, wincing at a hundred aches and pains.

168 INT. FRENCHIE'S SHOP - DAY

168

WINDOM'S at the back room table staring at a small metallic box with S17-Y stencilled on it. BILLY'S at a bench behind him working on the wiring of a small portable VCR recorder hooked up to an even smaller video monitor. He keeps looking over at WINDOM. So does FRENCHIE, supervising here.

FRENCHIE

First the exterior screw.

WINDOM picks up a tiny screwdriver, unscrews the top of the box. He lifts off the casing to reveal a mass of multi-colored wires.

All right, what about those wires?

WINDOM

They're a trap. Every one of them trips the alarm.

FRENCHIE

So what now?

WINDOM hesitates.

BILLY

Come on, Earl. You worked for NASA for Christ's sake.

WINDOM starts to separate the wires. In their center is a white wire. He snips it with a pair of nail clippers.

FRENCHIE

Right. The alarm is now off.

BILLY

Nice goin'.

There's a noise in the front of the store. Everyone snaps alert. QUINT walks in, his battered face momentarily startling.

WINDOM

What the hell happened to you?

QUINT looks at him, tosses the blueprints on the table.

169 INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

169

RYLAND'S watching something on one of his monitors. NINA enters. He looks up. She stays on the far side of the room.

RYLAND

Over here. I want to show you something

She looks dubious but goes. She moves around behind RYLAND'S desk.

Continued:

CONTINUED:

He offers her his desk chair.

RYLAND
Sit down. You can see better.

He activates a VCR. An image appears on the first monitor.

MONITOR IMAGE

* It's a tape lifted from an Assembly Plant video camera. It shows
the Black Moon in the Security Compound, NINA and QUINT by the
fence. NINA turns, walks angrily away. Then QUINT turns. *

WIDER VIEW

RYLAND freezes the image centers and amplifies on QUINT.

RYLAND
You know this man?

NINA
Not really. He's one of the guys
on the line.

* RYLAND
You were talking to him. *

* NINA
About the car. *

* RYLAND
What about it? *

She looks at RYLAND. cool, unruffled.

* NINA
How stupid it was to lock it in that
compound. *

RYLAND starts a second VCR on a second monitor.

SECOND MONITOR IMAGE

* It's a tape from the video camera on the Section R wall of the
underground garage. QUINT is seen full face staring up into it.
He then turns abruptly away. *

WIDER VIEW

RYLAND runs the tape back to the face shot, freezes it. QUINT is
now captured on both monitors. NINA looks from one to the other.
RYLAND watches her reaction.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

RYLAND

* This is the man who got into the outer garage the night you brought the car in. The night you were followed. So he's not one of the "guys on the line" is he? You just assumed that. *

NINA

* I guess I did. *

RYLAND

* How could he have penetrated our security? *

NINA

* Are you asking me? *

RYLAND

* Any ideas? *

NINA

* No. *

The heat is rising. RYLAND starts a third VCR on a third monitor.

RYLAND

This next tape is from one of our remote surveillance units. It was just brought in.

ON NINA

As her face registers shock, outrage.

ON RYLAND

As he watches NINA. Sounds of passionate lovemaking are heard on the tape.

THIRD MONITOR IMAGE

Infra red, poor resolution tape of two tangled bodies in the throes of wild sex. QUINT and NINA in her bed.

WIDER VIEW

* NINA surges up, grabs at RYLAND, trying to push him out of the way so she can get to the VCR controls. He throws her back but she's in a frenzy of rage. She flails at him, hitting him again and again as he covers up. The tape plays on. *

Then LUIS grabs NINA, hurls her against the wall. She hits it hard, crumbles. LUIS goes after her. RYLAND stops him.

RYLAND

No! Leave her...Leave her...

CONTINUED:

RYLAND'S face is cut. His eyes glisten with hatred. She gives it right back to him.

NINA

Bastard!

RYLAND

You betrayed me. You betrayed
what we've built here...

NINA

I only wish I had!

RYLAND punches more buttons on his VCR control box. Images of NINA and QUINT appear on television sets and monitors all around the room, everywhere she turns.

RYLAND

The real Nina...Let's see the
real Nina!

NINA

Stop it! Stop it!!

She rushes at him but he forces her back roughly. She turns to the wall, covers her ears to shut out the sounds of the tape.

RYLAND

Don't turn away, Nina. We'll all watch
together. Let's see how you repay me for
everything I've done for you...

NINA

There's nothing you've "done"
for me that hasn't been paid back
a thousand times.

RYLAND

I gave you a life!

NINA

Your life.

RYLAND

And you grabbed at it.

NINA

I'd have grabbed at anything. I was
on the street. But that's what you were looking
for wasn't it, a scared little girl, too
scared to complain.

RYLAND

No!

He lunges at her, grabs her hair, twists her head back.

No...That wasn't it at all.

He glances at the stone-faced LUIS.

Look at her, Luis. You know how I found her? She was a ragged little leftover sleeping in a burned out hotel. She tried to steal my car. My car. She almost got away with it. She was a natural.

He wrenches NINA'S face around to within inches of his own.

Remember that? Remember?

She glares at him with cold contemptuous eyes.

NINA

Whatever you say. Boss.

He releases her, hurls her across the room toward LUIS.

RYLAND

Get her out of here.

LUIS pulls NINA to the door. RYLAND, drained, turns away.

RYLAND

She's a whore. Treat her like one.

NINA reacts. LUIS yanks her out the door. RYLAND moves to his desk, slams his fist onto the VCR controls. All the screens go blank.

INT. STRONG ROOM

LUIS hurls NINA into a twelve foot square concrete cubicle. She turns, snarls at him.

NINA

Try it.

LUIS advances. She spits at him, hits him in the face. He smiles, wipes it away, moves closer. He's waited a long time for this.

INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE

RYLAND slumps into his desk chair, sits silent for a moment, then reaches across to his second monitor, flicks it on again. The full face image of QUINT appears. RYLAND stares at it.

INT. BROWNSTONE ROOM - NIGHT

QUINT, in a tight black outfit, grabs a breeches buoy gun from which a five pronged grapple protrudes, straps it to his shoulder pack. Behind him, BILLY, in similar dress loads up the portable VCR unit and monitor. Behind him WINDOM, also in black, carefully tapes packets of plastic explosive to his pack.

QUINT moves to the window where a ceiling-high metal pole is planted. Attached to it are small powerful quartz lights with focussing lenses. A schematic diagram - the one QUINT was charting earlier marking Ryland Tower camera positions - is spread on the floor next to the pole.

QUINT kneels, checks the diagram, checks the angles of the lights.

BILLY

I hope to hell those things work.

QUINT

We'll soon find out.

QUINT stands, winces in pain. His face still reflects the beating.

BILLY

It's crazy you goin' in there alone in your condition. One of us should be goin' with you.

QUINT

I'll need both of you to get me out

WINDOM looks at him. He notes the look.

With the car.

BILLY

Dammit, I'm the driver here. I'm the
one should be handlin' the Black Moon.

QUINT crosses to the bed, opens an attache case, removes two
Semi-Automatic .45 pistols. Both BILLY and WINDOM stop what
they're doing, stare at the guns as each is handed one.

QUINT

Take good care of these.

BILLY

Jesus, I don't know if I can kill
a man over a gun.

WINDOM stuffs his gun into his belt., looks at BILLY.

WINDOM

They did.

QUINT goes back to the light pole, plugs the quartz lamps into
an industrial junction box with a timer.

QUINT

Sync up. Fifteen minutes from...
now.

WINDOM and BILLY set their watches. QUINT sets the timer, its
loud rhythmic blip filling the room.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - ON WATCH - NIGHT

A second hand sweeps around a watch dial, heading for the top.

WIDER VIEW

It's QUINT'S watch.

QUINT

Get ready.

He WINDOM AND BILLY are flattened against a wall at the head of the
cul de sac. WINDOM, ice-cold, gazes at the looming Towers. BILLY
is showing his anxiety.

QUINT

Go.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

QUINT, WINDOM and BILLY race into the cul de sac.

175 INT. BROWNSTONE ROOM - NIGHT

175

The timer on the junction box blips to zero.

The quartz lights on the pole flash on. The focussing lenses are aimed at the various exterior video cameras on the Main Tower.

176 EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

176

Thin beams of light strike precisely into the lenses of the cameras.

177 INT. TOWER SECURITY CENTER

177

The monitors showing views of the cul de sac and the immediate exterior of the complex suddenly flare white, washed out by the quartz lamps.

The young Technician on duty bolts forward in his chair, starts throwing switches, testing circuits.

178 EXT. CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

178

QUINT, WINDOM and BILLY run full tilt down the cul de sac. WINDOM, the oldest, starts to lag behind.

QUINT

Keep up! Come on!

WINDOM renews his effort.

Halfway down the block QUINT veers off from the other two. BILLY calls after him.

BILLY

Good luck!

QUINT waves acknowledgement, heads for the second Tower, the empty one. WINDOM and BILLY continue on toward the Main Tower.

179 INT. SECURITY CENTER

179

The Technician is still trying to fix his blank monitors. He activates his microphone.

TECHNICIAN

Maintenance...Come to Security center at once...Maintenance...

RYLAND is suddenly behind him.

RYLAND

What is it?

TECHNICIAN

The perimeter cameras, they're...

Continued:

He looks at the monitors. All pictures are restored. RYLAND looks.

RYLAND
What's wrong with them?

The Technician is at a loss.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The quartz lights sit idle once more. The room is dark. The pulsing blip continues.

EXT. MAIN TOWER - GARAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

BILLY and WINDOM, breathless, shelter against a stone wall, out of range of the now reactivated cameras. BILLY looks at WINDOM, grins. WINDOM checks his watch.

EXT. EMPTY TOWER - NIGHT

QUINT crouches in the darkness beside the empty Tower. He checks his watch, moves out, dodging through the shadows.

INT. SECURITY CENTER

Two Maintenance Men come in, stop short when they see RYLAND.

RYLAND
Run a complete systems check.

He goes out. The Technician looks at the two Maintenance Men.

TECHNICIAN
It's going to be one of those nights.

EXT. EMPTY TOWER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Only one door is not blocked off by construction barriers. It has a digital lock, like the building in Las Vegas. QUINT manipulates a lock probe attached to a random combination generator, adjusts it.

The lock pops. QUINT withdraws the probe, tugs the big door gently open.

A bright light suddenly flashes into his eyes. There's a Voice...

GUARD
Hold it right there.

QUINT acts instinctively. He swipes at the light, swats it out of the Guard's hand. He leaps at the man. The two figures collide, fall to the floor in a flurry of punches and grunts. In the darkness they're little more than struggling shadows.

Then there's a loud thud. And it's over.

The flashlight is picked up, lighted. It's QUINT holding it.

He shines the light down on the unconscious Guard, then across the plywood partitions that block off most of the unfinished lobby.

INT. EMPTY TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

QUINT hurries to the elevators, starts to press the call button. Then stops, thinks better of it. He moves to the staircase door.

INT. EMPTY TOWER STAIRCASE

QUINT peers up at 14 floors worth of stairs. He clears his head, feels his sore ribs, starts up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A silver Lincoln slows to a halt behind the parked Chrysler. A man gets out, walks to the Chrysler, looks inside. He goes back to the Lincoln. The rear side window slides down, the man looks in.

MAN

What do we do?

A figure in the back seat leans forward so that his face catches the light over an overhead street lamp. It's RINGER. He looks from the parked Chrysler to the looming towers.

EXT. EMPTY TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

QUINT pushes open a door, steps out onto the broad flat roof of the empty tower. He crosses to the edge adjacent to the Main Tower, stares across the gap, for a moment transfixed.

He detaches the breeches buoy gun from his pack, pulls out a coil of thick rope, loads the rope into the gun.

EXT. MAIN TOWER - GARAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

WINDOM leans around a corner, gazes up at the roof of the empty Tower. He can't see anything. BILLY'S behind him.

BILLY

How much time?

WINDOM

You've got a watch.

BILLY

Oh. Yeah.

He looks at his watch. He has to steady his wrist to see it.

190 EXT. EMPTY TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT 190

QUINT aims the breeches buoy gun, fires. There's a loud "crump" as the line shoots out of the barrel, whines through space.

191 EXT. MAIN TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT 191

The grapple crashes to the rooftop, its sharp prongs digging in. It's pulled tight. The prongs start to give, then catch firmly onto a protrusion.

192 EXT. EMPTY TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT 192

QUINT yanks on the line. It's holding. He ties his end of the line around a rooftop ventilation pipe, secures it.

He harnesses himself to the rope with a carriage device that has little roller wheels running along the top of the rope. He moves to the edge of the rooftop.

193 INT. BROWNSTONE ROOM - NIGHT 193

The timer on the junction box again blips to zero. The quartz lights again flash on.

194 EXT. MAIN TOWER - NIGHT 194

Beams of light again flood the exterior video cameras.

195 EXT. MAIN TOWER - GARAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 195

WINDOM looks from his watch to BILLY.

WINDOM

That's it.

They sprint out into the broad driveway that is the main approach to the Employee Parking level.

196 EXT. EMPTY TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT 196

QUINT pushes off from the roof edge. He rolls out over the yawning chasm, starts hand over hand along the rope.

197 INT. SECURITY CENTER 197

The two Maintenance Men are under the monitor banks checking the circuits. The Technician, watching them, watching the monitors, sees the same monitors go blank again.

TECHNICIAN

There it is! It's happened again!

The Maintenance Men slide out quickly, gaze at the empty screens.

Continued:

CONTINUED:

MAINTENANCE MAN
Something's wrong somewhere.

198 EXT. ROPE - NIGHT

198

* QUINT strains on the rope. The pressure on his damaged body is
terrific. Suddenly there's a vibration on the rope. Something's
slipping. QUINT freezes, glances down. Everything starts to swim
on him. *

EXT. MAIN TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

* The pressure on the grapple is too much for the metal protrusion
holding it. The metal is bending. The rope is slackening. *

EXT. ROPE - NIGHT

* QUINT can feel things giving. He presses on hard, trying to make
it before things get worse. *

EXT. MAIN TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

* The grapple suddenly gives, skids across the rooftop surface. *

EXT. ROPE - NIGHT

* The rope drops sharply down. QUINT hangs on. *

EXT. MAIN TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

* The grapple careens toward the edge of the rooftop. Then it stops
short, caught on a section of thick pipes. *

EXT. ROPE - NIGHT

* QUINT'S fall terminates abruptly, the whip effect almost making
him lose his grip. But he hangs on, dangling now over the chasm.
With sheer force of will he hauls his legs up, adjusts his hold
on the rope, pulls for all he's worth. It's now an uphill climb. *

* He rolls his wrist around to look at his watch. Time is short. *

199 EXT. MAIN TOWER DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

199

WINDOM and BILLY reach a manhole planted in the driveway surface.
They start prying off the cover. Time is short for them too.

BILLY
Come on, come on...

The cover comes up. BILLY dives down under it, then WINDOM. He
pulls the cover back into place.

200 EXT. ROPE - NIGHT 200

* QUINT struggles up the slack rope toward the edge of the rooftop. *

201 INT. BROWNSTONE ROOM - NIGHT 201

The timer blips off. The lights die out. The pulse ceases.

202 INT. SECURITY CENTER 202

The Technician and the two Maintenance Men are staring at the monitors when they suddenly resume life.

MAINTENANCE MAN

Must be a short.

He looks at his dubious partner.

Right?

*A202 EXT. ROPE/ROOFTOP EDGE - NIGHT *A202

QUINT stretches out desperately, just manages to grab onto the edge of the Main Tower rooftop. He hauls himself in, collapses spreadeagled, breathless, exhausted.

203 INT. MANHOLE SHAFT 203

WINDOM and BILLY are in a short dark shaft terminating in a steel grate. BILLY aims his flashlight through the grate revealing a tunnel beyond.

WINDOM'S looking elsewhere. His light plays across a metallic box attached to the grate. On the box is stencilled S17-Y.

CONTINUED:

203 WINDOM pulls out his toolkit, points BILLY'S light at the box.
Cont.

203
Cont

BILLY
Go to it, Earl.

WINDOM starts to unscrew the top of the alarm box casing.

204 EXT. MAIN TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

204

QUINT detaches the grapple from the rope, gives the rope a sudden
whiplash twist.

205 EXT. EMPTY TOWER ROOFTOP - ON ROPE END - NIGHT

205

The end of the rope tied to the ventilation pipe breaks free of
its knot.

206 EXT. MAIN TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

206

QUINT hauls in the long rope.

207 INT. MANHOLE SHAFT

207

WINDOM carefully separates the cluster of colored wires, exposes
the white wire.

BILLY
There she is.

WINDOM
Thanks.

He clips the white wire. BILLY breathes a sigh of relief.

BILLY
So far so good, huh? Earl?

WINDOM has already started unfastening the now de-alarmed grate.

208 EXT. MAIN TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

208

QUINT strains to lift a heavy grate planted in the rooftop.
He edges it up enough so he can slip under it.

209 INT. VENT CHAMBER - NIGHT

209

QUINT drops down into a narrow chamber to find himself facing a
big air vent frame with long metal slats opening and closing
rhythmically like automated venetian blinds.

He has to time this right. He waits for the slats to open then
pushes himself through, just making it before they snap shut
behind him.

210 INT. AIR CONDITIONING CENTER

210

He's in a dim room lined with control panels and machine consoles, reverberating with the pulse of power. It's the air conditioning and ventilation center for the building.

QUINT moves through it to a huge padded tube coiling coiling down through the floor. He slips through an opening under under a maintenance frame, enters the tube.

211 INT. VENTILATION TUBE

211

QUINT ties his rope to the frame, drops it down the tube, starts his descent. Below him the tube runs straight down for as far as he can see.

212 INT. MAIN TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

212

The two Maintenance Men emerge from an elevator, cross the broad lobby to the Security Desk where two Guards relax on duty.

MAINTENANCE MAN

Any trouble with the monitors?

Both Guards check. The monitors here cover interior corridors, staircases, elevators etc. All seems normal.

GUARD

Nope. What's up?

MAINTENANCE MAN

Christ, you tell me.

213 INT. SPLICING TUNNEL

213

WINDOM and BILLY slip into a long square tunnel lined with thick clusters of cables and wires. They reach a junction. They both pull off their packs. WINDOM gets out his toolkit, wires, probes. BILLY hauls out the VCR unit and mini-monitor.

WINDOM has a schematic chart. He checks through the cables running into the junction, finds the one he wants.

WINDOM

This one.

214 INT. VENTILATION TUBE

214

Edging his way down the long tube QUINT hears a loud thumping sound emanating from one of the horizontal branch tubes just below him. He stops, hears it again. He also hears a voice, a woman's voice.

VOICE

Bastard!

The voice is familiar. He moves into the branch tube.

215 INT. BRANCH TUBE

215

QUINT finds a short vertical shaft terminating in a vent. Beyond the vent is light. Something moves through the light. He can see a body, a head, thick brown hair. He can hear a Woman crying. He takes a chance.

QUINT

Hey...

The figure freezes.

It's me. Rio.

NINA looks up through the grate, in the ceiling of her cell. He can see her tear-stained, bruised face.

216 INT. STRONG ROOM

216

NINA stares up through the ceiling vent, not quite believing what she sees: QUINT'S face staring down.

NINA

What...?

QUINT

What's happened?

She gazes up blankly. Then something clicks in.

NINA

Get me out! Kick the grate in, hurry!
I'll cover the noise.

QUINT

Wait, I haven't...

But she's already in action. She starts kicking the door - the thumping sound he'd heard - and yelling. She glances up at him, hisses.

NINA

Come on!

217 INT. BRANCH TUBE.

217

QUINT checks his watch, then manouvers his legs down into the vertical shaft. He kicks out the grate.

218 INT. STRONG ROOM

218

The grate clatters to the floor. NINA moves under the hole. QUINT stretches an arm as far down as he can. NINA grabs it.

QUINT

Bring the grate.

Continued:

218 She picks up the grate, reaches again for his arm. He starts
Cont. hauling her up.

218
Cont

219 INT. BRANCH TUBE

219

THE strain on QUINT is terrific but up NINA comes. Grabbing on to the edge of the shaft she pulls herself up the rest of the way. QUINT, above her, hands her down a roll of tape.

QUINT

Tape it shut.

She pulls the grate back over the hole, tapes it to the sides of the shaft. QUINT'S still trying to get his breath back when she looks up at him.

QUINT

I was in the neighborhood.

220 INT. SPLICING TUNNEL

220

As BILLY looks on nervously WINDOM cuts away layers of insulation from a black co-axial cable. He bares the cable core. He looks at BILLY.

WINDOM

All right. Do it.

BILLY has a probe in his trembling hand. The other end of the probe is hooked up to the VCR unit.

Do it!

BILLY jabs the probe into the cable core, reaches back and presses the RECORD button on the VCR.

They both look at the mini-monitor. An image appears, the image from the video camera in the parking garage over the false wall door.

BILLY

There it is! We got it...We got it!

He's excited.

221 INT. TOWER GARAGE - FALSE WALL

221

All is silent, calm. The video camera above the false wall rotates on its turret.

ON CAMERA

As it moves through its cycle.

222 INT. SPLICING TUNNEL - ON MONITOR

222

As it records what the camera reveals.

Continued:

222 WIDER VIEW

Cont.

222

Cont.

Enough of the image has been recorded.

WINDOM

That's enough for a loop.
Shut it off.

BILLY shuts off the Recorder. Now comes the moment of truth.

All right. Playback.

BILLY presses the PLAYBACK button. The VCR unit feeds its loop of the empty garage into the co-ax and up the line.

223 INT. SECURITY CENTER

223

The harried Technician, concentrating on the outside monitors, sees a blip on the screen covering the garage. He checks it. No further interference. All seems normal in the garage.

224 INT. VENTILATION TUBE

224

QUINT edges down the rope, nears the bottom of the long tube. NINA is just above him, struggling.

QUINT

Nearly there.

NINA

I'm okay.

She doesn't look okay.

QUINT lets go of the rope, drops the last few feet. A low vertical shaft runs off from the tube. QUINT gets down on his knees, sees light at the end of the shaft.

He stands, looks up at NINA. She's had it. He reaches up to her.

NINA

I can make it.

He takes hold of her anyway. She releases the rope, slides into his arms. He looks down into her eyes. Her face has been cut and scratched, her hair is tangled, her clothes are torn.

He kisses her, very tenderly. She doesn't respond, tries to turn away.

NINA

Don't...

He lets her down. She stands beside him, facing away.
He watches her. She turns back to him. There are tears in her eyes. She puts her arms around him, reaches up, kisses him. He enfolds her, comforts her.

225 INT. MAIN TOWER CORRIDOR

225

The corridor is empty. A video camera covers it, perched high on the wall near the elevators.

226 ON MEN'S ROOM DOOR

226

The Men's Room door, just down the corridor, inches open. A small hand mirror slides out under it.

227 INT. MEN'S ROOM

227

QUINT is on the floor by the door, adjusting the angle of the mirror. NINA is behind him, watching. Behind her is the vent shaft opening through which they emerged.

QUINT clicks on a small penlight, aims it at the mirror.

ON MIRROR

A thin powerful beam hits the mirror, reflects down the corridor.

228 ON CAMERA

228

The reflected beam hits the camera lens, filling it with light.

229 INT. MEN'S ROOM

229

QUINT leaves the mirror propped at the proper angle, looks at NINA.

QUINT

Let's go.

230 INT. CORRIDOR

230

QUINT and NINA slip around the light beam, move quickly to the elevators. QUINT punches the call button.

231 INT. MAIN TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

231

The Guards are on their own again. One of them sees the monitor flare out.

GUARD

Look.

SECOND GUARD

It's like he said. It's a short circuit.

GUARD

A short circuit doesn't look like that.

He jumps to his feet, unholsters his gun, heads for the elevators. His partner stays put.

232 INT. LOBBY - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

232

Before the Guard can push the call button the elevator doors slide open. NINA'S in the car, looking not at all like the Guard's used to seeing her. She smiles. He lowers his gun.

The QUINT steps out from the corner of the car, slugs the Guard swiftly, silently, catches him, drags him into the car.

233 INT. LOBBY - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

233

The Second Guard is watching the monitors. He hears footsteps. He half-turns.

SECOND GUARD

Well?

He's cracked across the side of the head. He slumps to the floor.

234 INT. TOWER GARAGE

234

A sewer grate in the pavement near the false wall door suddenly moves, pushed up from below. A head appears, WINDOM. He looks at the revolving video camera. Here's where they'll know if their loop is working or not.

He pulls himself up, reaches back to help BILLY. BILLY too stares at the ominous camera.

BILLY

It sure as hell looks like it's workin'.

WINDOM

It is working. We cut off the feed, not the camera itself. Don't you ever listen when these things are explained to you?

BILLY

I'm a driver, remember?

They move to the false wall, crouch down, look around the cavernous garage. All is quiet. WINDOM starts digging into his pack.

235 INT. UNDERGROUND ASSEMBLY PLANT

235

* A narrow steel door marked Emergency Only swings cautiously open. NINA, face cleaned, hair combed, steps through into the plant. Behind her is a man in a Security Guard's cap and jacket: QUINT. They stride across the floor, NINA leading. Two cars are being processed, the assembly areas are in full swing. Everything normal. QUINT glances up at an overhead video camera that seems to be concentrating on him.

CONTINUED:

INT. RYLAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

RYLAND broods at his desk. A bottle of pills lies tumbled over in front of him. He stares at it, reaches for it, suddenly hurls it at the wall.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

RYLAND moves through the penthouse to the Security center corridor. There's a thick door with a digital lock there. He opens it.

INT. STRONG ROOM

RYLAND shoves the door open. The room is empty. He turns, calls...

RYLAND

Luis!

He pulls the door shut. After a moment the taped up grate falls to the concrete floor with a clank.

The door reopens. RYLAND looks at the grate, at the ceiling vent.

INT. TOWER GARAGE - NIGHT

WINDOM tapes a row of plastic explosive packets to the R Section wall. BILLY'S doing the same. WINDOM breaks off to check his watch, then he looks back at the job so far.

WINDOM

That's enough.

BILLY

I still got some left.

He proceeds to add them to the wall.

Can't have too much of this stuff.

INT. SECURITY CENTER

RYLAND storms in, LUIS and two security Guards with him. The hapless Technician looks up.

TECHNICIAN

Still got problems, Mr. Ryland.

RYLAND brushes him aside, scans the monitors trained on the underground plant. He finds NINA, standing with A security Guard by the Compound gate.

RYLAND

There she is. Who's that with her?

QUINT turns. RYLAND knows his face only too well.

LUIS sees something else. The Section R parking garage camera is losing its image. The picture is flipping, repeating.

LUIS

The garage...

RYLAND

Sound the alert.

INT. UNDERGROUND PLANT - SECURITY COMPOUND

QUINT is trying to pick the lock on the compound gate. This big old-fashioned steel fixture is giving him a ton of trouble. NINA is stewing.

NINA

Come on! What's wrong?

QUINT

It's a long time since I've worked on one of these.

NINA

Let me.

She slips in front of QUINT, pulls out a hairpin, goes to work. QUINT looks shamed.

QUINT

The damn thing's obsolete.

Suddenly a loud claxon alarm sounds, its wail filling the plant. NINA reacts.

NINA

They've seen us.

The Technicians and Mechanics freeze as they hear the alarm, then start scattering. Armed Guards are fanning out through the plant. QUINT tosses away the Guard's jacket and cap, looks at NINA.

QUINT

How's it coming?

NINA

Wait.

QUINT

Wait?

Several Guards are now heading for the compound. The siren blares.

NINA

Got it.

The door swings open. NINA and QUINT dash for the Black Moon. QUINT pauses by the back end of the car. NINA sees him.

What're you doing?

CONTINUED:

QUINT looks at the parachute holder, looks back at NINA.

QUINT
You're right. First things first.

NINA
What?

* She doesn't get it. It doesn't matter. He jumps into the car, behind the wheel. NINA scrambles into the passenger seat. The Black Moon roars to life. *

242 INT. TOWER GARAGE 242

WINDOM runs a wire from the plastic explosive to the detonater behind a thick stone column whwre BILLY waits. A siren is heard.

BILLY
What's that?

243 INT. UNDERGROUND PLANT 243

The Black Moon zooms across the floor as men dive out of its supercharged erratic way. Bullets rain around it.

INT. BLACK MOON

* QUINT clings to the wheel. He wasn't quite ready for the power in this car. He taps the brakes. The Black Moon skids sideways through the assembly area just missing a mound of spare parts. *

NINA
Careful with the brakes.

QUINT glares at her.

I drove it, remember?

INT. UNDERGROUND PLANT

* The Black Moon swings around a row of pillars, streaks toward the false wall door. *

INT. BLACK MOON

NINA'S concerned.

NINA
What about the door?

QUINT glances quickly at his watch.

QUINT
You'll see.

INT. SECURITY CENTER

RYLAND shouts into the P.A.

RYLAND

Force them back! Keep them away from
the door!

INT. UNDERGROUND PLANT

The Black Moon surges past the last obstruction.

INT. BLACK MOON

Straight ahead looms the false wall door.

NINA

I hope you know what you're doing
cause I've been here before!

INT. TOWER GARAGE - NIGHT

WINDOM joins BILLY behind the column, grabs the detonator.

GUARD (O.S.)

Hold it!

WINDOM and BILLY turn to see three Security Guards running toward them. WINDOM freezes. BILLY suddenly reaches back, presses the detonator.

The garage explodes. The impact is tremendous, resounding through the vast cavernous space. The Security Guards are obliterated. WINDOM and BILLY have vanished.

The Section R wall is in ruins. But, the walls around it have caved in too. The exit is completely blocked off!

INT. BLACK MOON

QUINT jumps on the brakes. The car screeches to a halt as the force of the explosion - much less on this side - sweeps over them.

As the smoke and dust clears they see what's happened. The door is gone but caved in walls hopelessly block the exit.

NINA

You tried to blow it?

QUINT

We did blow it! We just got too much
of it!

NINA

Now what?

QUINT jams the car into reverse.

INT. UNDERGROUND PLANT

The Black Moon rockets backwards into the heart of the plant, stops short, spins into a 180 turn, roars away across the floor.

INT. BLACK MOON

NINA is impressed.

NINA

Not bad.

QUINT

Thank you.

INT. SECURITY CENTER

RYLAND sees what's happened, sees the car weaving back through the plant.

RYLAND

They're trapped!

INT. PLANT/SECURITY CENTER/BLACK MOON

The Black Moon careens around the huge concrete cavern, running the obstacle course of bullets, cars, columns, machinery etc.

But there's no place to go. It's just around and around, moving further and further into the heart of the plant.

The Security Guards seem to be deliberately pushing the car back, forcing it into a narrower and narrower space. RYLAND is directing them to do it.

RYLAND

Force them in! Push them back!

Inside the Black Moon QUINT's trying keep his nerves intact. It's a difficult job. He looks at NINA.

QUINT

Any suggestions? I'm wide open.

Finally, trying to make a wide looping turn, the car is cut off. QUINT tries to break out a volley of gunfire changes his mind. He steers for what looks to be an opening in the far wall.

NINA sees too late where he's headed.

NINA

No, not this way!

QUINT

What?

NINA

Stop!

QUINT brakes. The Black Moon skids, swings sideways toward the wall. There's a hollow recess there. The car skids right into it, backwards. And stops.

A steel gate drops sealing the car and its passengers into the recess.

What they've skidded into is the freight elevator.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

It takes a moment to get oriented.

QUINT

What is this?

There's the sudden whine of an engine. Everything shudders. Then everything starts to move. Up. Now QUINT knows.

QUINT

Don't tell me.

NINA

The freight elevator.

QUINT

I told you not to tell me.

He scrambles out of the car, scans the elevator walls.

Where's the controls?

He looks at NINA. She points straight up.

INT. SECURITY CENTER

RYLAND'S exuberant. He looks at the Technician.

RYLAND

Take them to the unfinished floor.

He goes out, LUIS and the other Guards following.

INT. TOWER GARAGE

Amid the smoke and dust and debris there's a moan. Some rubble falls away from a pile. BILLY pokes his head out, looks around. Someone else is trying to dig out next to him, WINDOM. BILLY helps him.

WINDOM emerges. He too looks around. They're both semi-stunned.

BILLY

Earl, we did it! We did it!

Then he and WINDOM both see the mound of wreckage.

BILLY
Maybe we overdid it.

WINDOM
Where the hell's the car?

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

The elevator rises inexorably. QUINT turns to climb back into the Black Moon. But NINA has usurped the driver's seat.

QUINT
What are you doing?

NINA
My turn.

She restarts the engine with a roar.

INT. UNFINISHED FLOOR - DAWN

Daylight sifts through the open spaces of the unfinished floor with its huddle of classic cars and leftover construction gear. RYLAND waits beside the freight elevator watching the floor indicator rise level by level. LUIS and five Security Guards are spread out around the door, ready.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

QUINT'S ready too. His gun is clutched in his fist. NINA revs up the engine, her face a grim mask. The Black Moon is facing out, toward the door.

INT. UNFINISHED FLOOR - DAWN

The elevator approaches the floor. RYLAND steps back behind his armed Guards.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

The moment nears. The tension is stifling.

INT. UNFINISHED FLOOR - DAWN

The elevator grinds to a halt. LUIS looks at RYLAND. RYLAND nods.

258 The freight door begins to rise. The car becomes partially visible. 25
 Cont. Guns are aimed. Everyone stands poised. Con

There's a deafening roar. As the gate clears the top of the car, the car rockets forward, its speed from a standing start phenomenal. Before anyone can move to stop it, the Black Moon has swept out of the elevator and is racing across the broad floor. Shots are fired after it. A bullet smashes the rear glass of the car. Another thumps into the body. RYLAND ends the gunplay.

RYLAND

No!

The Black Moon streaks to the end of the floor, turns back, stops, its engine idling, facing RYLAND and his mob.

RYLAND is confident. He calls across the open space.

RYLAND

Very impressive, very nice.
 What now?

INT. BLACK MOON

QUINT looks at NINA.

QUINT

That's a good question.

NINA'S not listening. She's glaring at RYLAND, her eyes burning.

INT. UNFINISHED FLOOR - DAWN

RYLAND glances at LUIS. He's off to the side behind one of the classic cars. He ducks down. RYLAND turns again to the Black Moon.

RYLAND

What are we going to do, sit here
 and stare at each other? It's over.
 Even you can see that, Nina.

He focusses on QUINT.

You, sir, I don't know since Nina
 never bothered to introduce us.
 I've enjoyed your performances on
 my video system however. You've become
 quite a star around here. We'll miss you.

He smiles.

INT. BLACK MOON

QUINT looks at NINA. She's still staring at RYLAND, transfixed.

Continued:

258 ON RYLAND

Cont.

He's still going.

RYLAND

Actually you've done quite well
getting this far. A moral victory at least.

He glances quickly to the side to see where LUIS is.

Of course it helps to have someone
on the inside. I wonder how far you'd
have gotten without Nina's betrayal?

259 INT. BLACK MOON

259

NINA suddenly reacts. She grabs QUINT'S gun, pushes herself up
through the roof door.

QUINT

What are you...?

She fires three shots. The noise is startling.

WIDER VIEW

LUIS, just emerging from behind the classic cars, his gun in his
hand, falls dead, three bullets nicely grouped in his forehead.
Now all hell breaks loose. The Guards duck for cover. RYLAND too.
He has a gun as well.

INT. BLACK MOON

QUINT hauls NINA back down, snatches back his gun. She throws the
car into cra and takes off.

INT. UNFINISHED FLOOR - DAWN

Guns blast as the car careens across the floor weaving and
dodging, QUINT trying to return the fire.

The car zigs and zags. Bullets chase after it, many of them finding
the mark. This can't go on.

Finally NINA guides the Black Moon down to the far end of the
floor once again. There's no cover. They're a target. She stops
the car.

RYLAND peers out from behind his shelter.

INT. BLACK MOON

Both NINA and QUINT have ducked down as far as they can, minimizing
exposure.

Continued:

QUINT

I guess there's a couple of ways we
can do this.

NINA

I'd say there's just one.

She punches a dashboard switch. A red light appears: Secondary Boost.
QUINT is puzzled.

QUINT

What're you doing?

The light changes to Standby. Then Ready.

NINA revs the engine. QUINT can feel the vibrations as the
supercharger kicks in. He peers out at where the Black Moon is
pointed, the glass wall facing the adjacent Tower.

QUINT

You're kidding.

The car is suddenly rocked by something on its back end. One of
the Guards has crept around behind them. He's on the car,
his gun aimed straight down at NINA.

The dashboard light changes to Ignition.

EXT. BLACK MOON

The car leaps forward. The Gunman is tossed into the air like
a dead leaf in a hurricane.

ON RYLAND

As he sees the Black Moon catapult forward.

RYLAND

No! Stop them!

INT. BLACK MOON

The Black Moon roars across the floor. NINA clutches the wheel.
QUINT looks at her.

QUINT

You're not kidding.

INT. UNFINISHED FLOOR - DAWN

The car rockets toward the glass wall. RYLAND runs out into its
path.

RYLAND

Stop!!!

261 He aims his gun at the windshield, at NINA. 261
 Cont. Cont.

INT. BLACK MOON - POV

RYLAND stands dead center, the barrel of his gun pointed right between NINA'S eyes. She doesn't blink.

ON RYLAND - GUNSIGHT POV

The car rushes toward him. NINA'S centered on the gunsight, looming larger and larger.

He begins to squeeze the trigger.

ON RYLAND/ON NINA

For a moment time is suspended. They face each other in death. RYLAND hesitates. Then it's too late.

262 INT. UNFINISHED FLOOR - DAWN 262

The Black Moon slams into RYLAND, catapults him across the floor. The car keeps going, its speed and propulsion fantastic. It hits the glass wall, smashes through it. It flies.

263 INT. BLACK MOON 263

An existential moment. The faces of QUINT and NINA catch the bright dawn light. Their eyes are wide open, facing the moment head on.

264 EXT. MATRIX TOWERS - DAWN 264

The Black Moon soars across the gap.

265 EXT. STREET - DAWN 265

WINDOM and BILLY, emerging from the blasted garage, look up. They blink in unison. What are they seeing?

BILLY
 Earl...It flies!

BILLY drops to his knees. He has seen the Second Coming.

266 INT. BLACK MOON - POV 266

The car hits its apogee, starts to fall. The glass walls of the empty Tower, transformed into sheets of shimmering light by the morning sun, loom ahead.

267 EXT. EMPTY TOWER - DAWN 267

The Black Moon crashes through the flaring glass wall.

INT. EMPTY FLOOR - DAWN

QUINT stands, confused. After all he's been through! NINA's out of the cockpit, she sees QUINT'S reaction.

NINA

What's wrong?

QUINT looks at her, can't answer. He's thinking fast.

Then he sees the cassette, lying by the edge of the spread parachute. It must have come out when the chute was released.

QUINT'S face is transformed. He starts toward it.

The elevator doors, just behind QUINT and NINA, slide suddenly open, startling them both. RINGER and two Henchmen step out.

RINGER

Congratulations, Quint. You've given a whole new meaning to the term "breaking and entering".

NINA looks at QUINT. QUINT freezes right in front of the cassette. He tries to shield it. RINGER and his men advance.

Now where is it we left off?

QUINT

I still don't have what you're looking for.

RINGER

You don't know how tired I am of hearing that.

At a signal the two Henchmen grab NINA. She struggles but she's held.

In fact I really don't want to hear it any more.

He points his gun at NINA'S head.

Do we understand each other?

QUINT tries to edge the cassette under the parachute with his foot.

QUINT

She's got nothing to do with this.

RINGER sees the movement of his foot.

RINGER

Wait a minute...wait, wait.
Just stand very still there, Quint.

He leaves NINA, starts for QUINT. He's smiling.

QUINT moves slightly. RINGER'S smile vanishes.

RINGER
I said stand still!

He's confronting QUINT now. QUINT glares at him.
His gun aimed steadily at QUINT, RINGER kneels, reaches under
the parachute edge, finds something.

What's this?

He starts to raise the cassette, triumphant.

QUINT kicks at the gun. It fires but is knocked away. RINGER grabs
QUINT, hauls him down.

RINGER'S Henchmen start to intervene.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
Hold it!

They turn. JOHNSON and the Windbreaker Man are emerging from the
stairway door, breathless, guns drawn.

You must be the guys who took the
elevator.

One of the Henchmen tries to shoot. The Windbreaker Man's gun
barks. The Man falls. The other Man gives up quickly.

NINA'S been watching this, watching the fight between QUINT and
RINGER which is turning into a Main Event.

NINA (To JOHNSON)
Do something!

JOHNSON, sauntering over, leaving the Windbreaker Man to take care
of the Henchman, looks down at the two Men rolling around on
the floor, clawing, kicking, going at each other like two
animals. He takes NINA'S arm, pulls her out of the way
of the action.

JOHNSON
Let's give 'em some room.

QUINT and RINGER battle like two Titans, an even match with
neither one getting in a killer blow. Then RINGER breaks
momentarily free, reaches into his jacket, pulls out a stiletto.
NINA reacts.

NINA
He's got a knife. Stop him!

She tries to fight past the gigantic JOHNSON. He holds her back
almost casually.

JOHNSON

Wait.

RINGER slashes at QUINT who backs off, avoiding him. For a moment it's a tense standoff. Then RINGER lunges. QUINT catches his arm. They struggle, move together, fall in a heap. There's a cry.

NINA gasps. The way the two Men have fallen she can't see what's happened.

Then RINGER starts to stand, rising up over the sprawled QUINT.

NINA

No...

She's right. RINGER stands, turns, takes a step. And collapses, dead, the stiletto buried in his chest.

NINA runs to QUINT, a battered, exhausted Man. She throws herself on him, almost knocking him down again.

JOHNSON moves in too, scoops up the cassette, lying at QUINT'S feet.

JOHNSON

Thank you, Quint. An hour and a half to spare.

He glances down at the lifeless RINGER.

I guess that's why we hired you over him.

He looks at the Windbreaker Man who pulls out a manilla envelope, tosses it at QUINT. QUINT catches it, opens it.

Inside the envelope are papers, a passport, money, lots of it.

JOHNSON and the Windbreaker Man are already en route to the elevator with their prisoner.

JOHNSON

Let's do it again some time.

WINDOM and BILLY emerge breathless from the stairway door. WINDOM takes a look at the ravaged Black Moon and looks ready to cry. BILLY is still dazzled by what's happened.

WINDOM

Look at it. What are we going to tell the Italians?

BILLY

Fuck the Italians. Let's get a call in to Boeing!

EXT. CUL DE SAC - DAY

There's chaos around the Towers: police, fire trucks, ambulances. The explosion and car jump have attracted a lot of attention.

270
Cont.

QUINT and NINA walk away from it together.

270
Cont.

NINA

I've got to go home.

QUINT looks at her.

To pack.

QUINT

Going somewhere?

NINA

I thought we settled that.

QUINT

Not officially.

She hands him a folded slip of paper.

NINA

As far as I'm concerned, that's official.

He looks at it. It's the paper he left on her windshield: "Rio?"

QUINT

Good enough.

They reach the corner. She looks along the busy street.

NINA

It's a long walk.

QUINT

Walking's good for you.

NINA

Nice to save some time though.

She's looking at a shiney new Porsche parked at the curb. She smiles, slips a lock pick from her pocket, starts toward the car.

He stops her, takes the pick from her ahnd, tosses it away.

QUINT

We've got time.

He takes her hand. They walk.

FADE OUT

THE END