

BLACK MOON RISING

A SCREENPLAY BY

JOHN CARPENTER

Registered: WGAW

Phil Gersh Agency, Inc.
David H. Gersh
222 N. Canon Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif.

1. EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - DUSK

OPEN ON A WIDE SHOT of a lush, tree-lined street in Beverly Hills. The spacious lawns and houses are beautifully backlit by the setting sun.

A sleek, black hearse drifts ominously down the street. It is immediately followed by a procession of twelve cars, Mercedes 600s and Rolls Royces, their headlights on, all washed and polished and glistening in the half-light of dusk.

The funeral procession passes a parked Volkswagen.

2. INT. VOLKSWAGEN - DUSK

THE DRIVER, a squint-eyed young man in his late twenties, watches the procession intently. Next to him on the seat is a large black tool box. He pulls a walkie-talkie from it.

DRIVER

(into walkie-talkie)

This is observer one. "The red, red robin is bob-bob-bobbin' along."

3. INT. DELIVERY VAN - DUSK

We are inside the rear of a delivery van, but all we can SEE is a single tensor lamp glaring and throwing harsh shadows on steel walls.

ELEVEN AGENTS, robust, athletic men in their thirties, are seated on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

3. CONTINUED: (2)

They are all looking at AGENT ONE, a strikingly beautiful blonde in her late twenties. She is holding a walkie-talkie.

AGENT ONE
(into walkie-talkie)
This is Agent One. "With a
Song in My Heart."

Agent One CLICKS off the walkie-talkie, KNOCKS on the wall and looks at the other agents.

AGENT ONE
(continuing)
Five minutes, gentlemen.

The agents stand up and put on dark suit coats and ties.

4. EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

The funeral procession pulls through huge, ornate iron gates into a plush, green cemetery.

As it snakes its way up a hill to the gravesite, the procession passes a delivery van parked by the side of the road. On the side of the van is printed: RAYBOLD'S FLORAL DELIVERY.

5. INT. CAB - DELIVERY VAN

The VAN DRIVER watches the procession pass, then CLICKS on his walkie-talkie.

VAN DRIVER
(into walkie-talkie)
Observer two. "Nearer My God
to Thee."

6. INT. DELIVERY VAN

Agent One puts down the walkie-talkie and steps to the rear doors.

The other agents step behind her. One of them tells a joke, LAUGHING. Agent One turns around, a finger to her lips.

(CONTINUED)

6. CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT ONE

(whispers)

Let's have a little respect
for the dead.

7. EXT. CEMETERY

ANGLE ON DELIVERY VAN. The rear doors open.

The agents step out of the van and start walking up the hill in single file, CAMERA TRACKING WITH THEM. They walk slowly, reverently, each one carrying a large black tool box.

At the top of the hill the MOURNERS are walking to the gravesite.

As they pass each Mercedes and Rolls parked on the side of the road, the first agent in line stops by the driver's door and waits.

This continues smoothly and naturally until the five agents are standing by five cars. Agent One walks up to the lead Rolls right behind the hearse and casually hops in just as if she were getting into her own car.

Behind her, the other agents open the doors and get in.

8. EXT. GRAVESITE

The mourners slowly reach the gravesite. None of them bother to glance back at their cars.

9. INT. ROLLS ROYCE

Agent One opens her tool box and extracts a thin, wrench-like tool. She quickly inserts it in the ignition, pushes it in, then jerks it back with all her strength. The entire ignition comes out on the end of the tool. She sticks her little finger into the hole and pushes the ignition wires together, then holds her hand out the window, signaling.

Behind her, the other agents start up their respective cars in unison.

10. ANGLE ON GRAVESITE

The mourners are in a circle around the grave, a PRIEST slowly going through the ceremony.

We hear the SOUND of CARS STARTING UP.

The mourners turn and look back toward their cars.

11. THEIR POV

From the gravesite we SEE the cars pull away from the side of the road, turn around and slowly drive out of the cemetery. The delivery van has disappeared.

12. ON MOURNERS

as they realize their cars are being stolen. One at a time, they break from the gravesite and run frantically after the vehicles.

13. EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE

It is too late. The procession of cars drives out of the iron gates.

CUT TO:

14. EXT. FREEWAY - DUSK

WIDE SHOT of the freeway coming to life. Cars are seeping in from street entrances and cloverleaves, lines of metallic ants with shining eyes moving toward the coming night.

The procession of Mercedes and Rolls moves along the freeway. Slowly the cars begin to disperse, pulling away off various freeway exits.

15. INT. ROLLS

Zippering along in the newly stolen car, Agent One pulls the walkie-talkie out of the tool box.

AGENT ONE
(into walkie-talkie)
Agent One to Mother Ship. "I'm
coming, Virginia." ETA seven
minutes.

(CONTINUED)

15. CONTINUED: (2)

TECHNICIAN ONE (V.O.)
(filtered)
What is the status?

AGENT ONE
(into walkie-talkie)
"Massah's in de cold, cold
ground."

CUT TO:

16. EXT. CUL-DE-SAC STREET - DUSK

The Rolls pulls off a main boulevard onto a small cul-de-sac street.

The street serves one function: an entrance to a mammoth, monolithic steel and glass, thirty-story skyscraper. A huge sign above the entrance to the building reads:

REICH INDUSTRIES

On one side of the building is an underground parking garage. On the other side is a slightly smaller twenty-eight story building under construction, an expansion of the Reich Industries complex. The rest of the street, except for the parking garage, is virtually sealed off.

The Rolls pulls into the garage.

17. INT. PARKING GARAGE - DUSK

The Rolls winds its way down toward the lowest level. The dim, concrete garage is almost totally empty of cars.

18. INT. LOWEST LEVEL

The lowest level is completely deserted. The Rolls stops in front of a concrete wall labeled Section R.

19. INT. ROLLS

Agent One CLICKS on the walkie-talkie.

AGENT ONE
(into walkie-talkie)
"Knock knock."

20. INT. TUNNEL

A BLACK SCREEN. Then a LOUD HYDRAULIC WHINING.

From inside an underground tunnel we SEE the huge concrete wall, actually a steel-reinforced door, slide up, revealing the Rolls on the other side. The headlights flick on and the car drives through into the tunnel. The door slides shut behind it.

21. INT. SEWER

The Rolls PURRS along through the darkness of a sewer tunnel. An opening at the other end IS VISIBLE as a small speck of light gradually getting bigger and bigger.

22. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The Rolls drives into a fluorescent-lit garage, built deep underground by expanding a section of the sewer into a huge concrete room.

The garage is a labyrinth. There are hallways and corridors leading off from the main room with sealed-off pipes still jutting through the cement. Water is dripping from cracks in the ceiling.

The Rolls pulls up to a conveyor belt that stretches the entire length of the garage. MECHANICS and INSPECTORS stand waiting by the belt.

Agent One gets out of the Rolls. A blue-covered inspector gets in and drives it forward to the conveyor belt.

WE NOW SEE THE ROLLS AS IT MOVES ALONG THE CONVEYOR BELT, TAKEN APART AND PUT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.

Agent One walks along with the Rolls as the belt carries it. The inspector checks through the car, quickly tosses out the radio, steering wheel, bucket sets, and hops out.

The mechanics step to the car and begin to dismember it. Windshields, fenders, wheels, hoods, everything is stripped off as the car continues to move on the belt. The parts are thrown into huge bins behind the belt.

A winch drops down and a mechanic attaches the clamp to the engine. Two other mechanics step in with drills and unbolt the engine.

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED: (2)

Then the winch WHINES and the engine is lifted out of the car.

Agent One strolls ahead of the car to the new engine waiting to be lowered into the hood cavity. Working on the engine is the COUNTERFEITER, a small fiftyish man with huge horn-rimmed glasses, who is burning in the new engine number with a soldering gun and scribe. He moves his fingers with the expertise of a surgeon. Agent One stands behind him, watching his handiwork.

COUNTERFEITER

Have you heard?

AGENT ONE

About what?

COUNTERFEITER

About two hundred cars, all luxury, all for Europe...

He pauses.

AGENT ONE

Yeah?

COUNTERFEITER

In five days.

Agent One's eyes widen. She is stunned.

COUNTERFEITER

(continuing)

Incredible, isn't he?

AGENT ONE

I don't know if that's the word.

The shell of the car continues to move and a new team of mechanics begin to put it back together. New fenders, hoods and sides, now a different color, are attached. New tires, new windshields.

The Counterfeiter waves his hand and the new engine is lifted up and lowered down into the hood cavity. Mechanics quickly bolt it in.

The finishing touches are then put on: new license plates, hubcaps, seats and registration papers in the glove compartment.

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED: (3)

As the Rolls reaches the end of the belt and slides off, a second Rolls from the funeral procession hits the conveyor belt and is outfitted with parts from the first, and so on. An INSPECTOR gets in and drives the first Rolls out of the garage.

It is an incredible operation: a stolen car goes in and a completely new one goes out in four minutes.

The Driver from the Volkswagen (from Scene 2) is standing by the end of the belt. He smiles at Agent One and they shake hands.

AGENT ONE

You were perfect.

DRIVER

I had the easiest part.

AGENT ONE

Got to start somewhere.

EDWARD REICH steps out of a hallway and walks into the garage toward them. Reich is an elegantly dressed businessman in his fifties. By his expression he is cruel, cold, humorless and incredibly ruthless, Machiavelli with a carefully processed Palm Springs suntan, eyes hidden by sunglasses.

The Driver steps back a few paces, but Agent One stands firm, looking right into the eyes of her boss. Reich is carrying a stack of bound, blue papers. He glances at Agent One, smiling like a man flexing his lips to dry his teeth off, and hands her the papers.

REICH

I'd like to speak to you about a new export order.

Agent One taps the papers with her knuckles.

AGENT ONE

Five days? You can't be serious.

Reich looks at her and smiles his death's-head smile.

REICH

I expect a fully choreographed plan as soon as possible.

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED: (4)

AGENT ONE
The risks go up five or six
hundred per cent.

REICH
I pay you to take them.

AGENT ONE
(shaking her head)
Not me. I was contracted for
the funeral, that's all.

REICH
We'll renegotiate.

Agent One holds up five fingers. Reich stares coldly
at her.

REICH
(continuing)
You wouldn't be trying to
take advantage of me, just
because you're a woman?

Agent One smiles, still holding up her five fingers.
Finally Reich nods his head in agreement.

REICH
(continuing)
I can afford it.

Abruptly Reich turns and walks away. Agent One glances
at the Driver.

AGENT ONE
This one will have no easy
parts.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. CITY STREET - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - DAY

WIDE SHOT of a downtown Chicago street. It is a gray,
leaden day. Rain is pouring down.

Several ambulances, police cars with their lights flash-
ing and a CROWD of people cluster around the front of a
restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED: (2)

The huge plate glass window in the restaurant has been broken out. Two MEN hang lifelessly impaled on the remaining shards of glass. Another MAN lies dead in the gutter, the rain diluting the pool of blood beside him. It looks as if someone machine-gunned the front of the restaurant.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the restaurant, BACK AWAY through the CROWD, MEDICS and POLICE OFFICERS, DOWN to an old Pontiac parked on the opposite side of the street.

Behind the rain-splattered windshield of the Pontiac sits T.C. MCQUEEN. McQueen is a strong, hard man, perverse and quiet, enormously powerful. His face is craggy and handsome, weathered by something more than age.

McQueen is dressed in an army fatigue jacket, dungarees, and carries a small overnight satchel. He listens to a news report on the car radio.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...one of the victims has been identified as Otto Gruskoff, underworld figure reportedly connected with the recent airport and school bombings...

A POLICEMAN strolls up to the Pontiac and taps on the window. McQueen rolls down the window and stares at him cautiously.

The Policeman hands him a small, gold key.

McQueen takes the key. He reaches in his fatigue jacket and takes out a "Hide-A-Key" case, a small tin box with a magnet on the bottom. He slides the case open and drops the gold key inside. Then he closes the case with a CHUNK and clamps the "Hide-A-Key" case up under the dashboard.

POLICEMAN

Good luck, McQueen.

MCQUEEN

I need more time.

POLICEMAN

Sorry.

McQueen glares at him.

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED: (3)

MCQUEEN

Yes, you are.

McQueen starts up the Pontiac and pulls away from the curb. The policeman watches the car disappear into the rain.

CUT TO:

24. EXT. AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD - BENNINGS, TEXAS - DAY

WIDE SHOT of the automobile graveyard stretching miles in every direction under the crisp, hot, Texas sunshine. Old rusted, derelict cars are plopped everywhere, bent and hacked-in from accidents, most of them too smashed to ever run again.

A banner is strung across two poles above the small, dirt road entrance. Painted on the banner in broad, dripping strokes is:

SOUTHWEST REGIONAL SEMI-FINALS

Over the shot we HEAR the THUNDEROUS ROARING OF CAR ENGINES STARTING UP.

25. ANOTHER ANGLE

inside the graveyard. There is a cleared, circular area like a track around the center. A CROWD of people, men in Stetson hats, women with beehive hairdos, and excited children are standing by the track waiting expectantly. The ROARING of the engines CONTINUES.

JIMMY, a small, gungy little man dressed like a slob in greasy overalls, is laying bets right and left, passing bills and SHOUTING excitedly. This is Texas. Some big bets are going down.

JIMMY

Five hundred on the Black
Moon! Five hundred! I give
ya a thousand on the Black
Moon...

26. ANGLE ON TRACK

Five cars are lined up on the starting line, their ENGINES GUNNING LOUDLY. The small PIT CREWS are prepping each car.

27. EXT. WOODEN SHEDS

There are several small wooden sheds on the other side of the track serving as garages for the cars. Only one shed is not opened up.

Finally the two rickety wooden doors on the shed swing open. ALFRED WYNDHAM steps out, squinting at the sunlight and wiping his forehead. Dressed in an oil-stained dirty blue jumpsuit, he is a tall, handsome man of thirty-three, strong, intelligent, direct.

EDDIE "THUNDER" THAYDEN steps out of the shed behind Wyndham, wiping his hands with a dirty rag. Thayden is a soft-spoken giant of a man in his late thirties who stands, looks and acts like a car mechanic, which is he.

They both stare at the crowd across the track.

28. ANGLE ON CROWS

Jimmy waves to them from amid the crowd.

29. RETURN TO SCENE

Thayden waves back.

THAYDEN

(shouting to Wyndham over engine sounds)

The bet's down!

Wyndham nods, a worried look on his face. Thayden slaps him on the back jovially.

THAYDEN

(continuing)

Come on, Al. We can't lose!

WYNDHAM

(grimly)

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

29. CONTINUED: (2)

Thayden steps to the front of the shed and gestures with his hands, slowly backing away from the doors.

One hell of a car slowly rolls out, its ENGINE GUNNING LOUDLY. It is a dark, brilliant black car. It has a custom body of lightweight fiberglass with flaired fender wells to cover its immense tires and a streamlined low-profile front hood line. On the side of the car in bold red letters is painted:

THE BLACK MOON :

We can't see the driver yet, only the glistening, thundering machine itself. Wyndham pats the pockets of his jumpsuit.

WYNDHAM

(continuing)

You have the stopwatch?

Thayden gives him a sidelong glance.

THAYDEN

Of course I'm going to watch.
I want to see how the traction spoiler works in the turns.

WYNDHAM

(screams in his ear)

THE STOPWATCH!

THAYDEN

Oh. Yeah. Sorry.

Thayden pulls the watch out of his pocket. Wyndham again shouts in his ear.

THAYDEN

Let's get it on the line.

CUT TO:

30. ANGLE ON TRACK

The Black Moon and the other stock cars are lined up at the starting line. An OFFICIAL in a white shirt holding an orange flag is standing off to the side.

The cars REV up their engines, creating a deafening ROAR, exhaust spraying out of the tailpipes.

(CONTINUED)

30. CONTINUED: (2)

The Official drops the flag.

The cars BLAST forward, vomiting clouds of dust, spinning, weaving down the track.

Wyndham and Thayden are SCREAMING and CHEERING their car on.

The cars whip around the first turn and ROAR by the crowd.

CUT TO:

31. ANGLE ON TRACK

It is near the end of the race. The Black Moon is way out in front of the other cars. It careens around the last turn, whizzes across the finish line and slides to a smoking stop.

32. ON PIT AREA

Wyndham and Thayden go wild.

33. MEDIUM SHOT - BLACK MOON

The door of the Black Moon swings open and BOB HAWKINS steps out. In his middle thirties, Hawkins is a zip. Strong, short but wiry, he is always moving: blinking, chewing, grinning a perpetual forced smile. Pure raw nervous energy. He is dressed in a shiny black jumpsuit with THE FABULOUS BOB HAWKINS emblazoned in bright yellow letters on the front and back.

Hawkins' GIRLFRIEND, a luscious, stacked girl, rushes up into his arms. They kiss passionately. The crowd surges around them.

GIRLFRIEND

You did it, Bob!

HAWKINS

I know it. You're gonna be proud you ever knew Bob Hawkins, baby.

GIRLFRIEND

Ever knew? What do you mean by ever knew?

(CONTINUED)

33. CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKINS

I'll talk to you later, baby.

He walks away from her, through the crowd over to Wyndham and Thayden with a jaunty, springing strut, a bit of machismo thrown to the watching spectators. Wyndham, who is holding a thick stack of fifty dollar bills in his hands, looks first at Thayden, then at Hawkins.

HAWKINS

How'd I do?

Wyndham holds up the money.

WYNDHAM

Let's go to California!

Then the three men are grinning, shaking hands and slapping each other on the back, WROOPING and YELLING like children.

HARD CUT TO:

34. EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Strapped in, tied down and covered with a tarpaulin, the Black Moon sits atop a flat-bed trailer being pulled along by a Chrysler sedan.

35. INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

The three of them, charging along the Texas highway, unable to suppress grins of excitement. Thayden is driving, Hawkins in the passenger seat, Wyndham in the back.

HAWKINS

We are off! I mean to say,
we are on our way!

Hawkins reaches down and pulls two beers out of an iced six-pack. He POPS them open, hands one to Thayden and then slugs him on the arm with a WHAP!

HAWKINS

(continuing, shouting)
On the road!

(CONTINUED)

35. CONTINUED: (2)

Thayden swerves the car, Hawkins lurches, spilling beer, both of them LAUGHING and YELLING and punching each other. Wyndham sits forward quickly and pushes them back in their seats.

WYNDHAM

Take it easy.

The laughing subsides. Hawkins glances back at Wyndham moodily.

HAWKINS

What's wrong with you? Can't you have a good time?

WYNDHAM

We just got on the road ten minutes ago. I don't want to end it right here.

HAWKINS

There's nothing gonna stop us.

WYNDHAM

Except an accident. Then you could just throw away the...

HAWKINS

(interrupts)

Don't start again.

Hawkins gets a sour look on his face and takes a GULP of beer.

HAWKINS

(continuing)

You got a way of bringing up your twenty-five thousand every time one of us breaks wind. When those mags hit the asphalt no amount of money's gonna win that race. It's gonna be the man behind the wheel that counts. I hope you haven't forgotten who that is.

WYNDHAM

I haven't forgotten.

(CONTINUED)

35. CONTINUED: (3)

Wyndham turns away and looks out the window. Hawkins addresses both of them.

HAWKINS

Hell, I got a reputation in L.A. and we're gonna need it. People remember me. I can get us into places you guys don't stand a chance of buying into.

(breaks into his boyish grin, losing his train of thought)

Some fast women floatin' around who'd do just about anything to go out with the friends of the Fabulous Bob Hawkins. You better remember that, Thunder. Number One's gonna have so many women around him it'll make your toes curl.

He turns to Wyndham who is still staring out the window and to Thayden who has heard nothing.

HAWKINS

(continuing, under his breath)

Like talkin' to your goddamn self.

CUT TO:

36. EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of the highway cutting through the silent, dead-white night desert. Above, the sky is splattered with stars. The Chrysler and trailer whisk along the deserted road.

37. INT. CHRYSLER - NIGHT

Thayden is driving, his face eerily lit by the dashboard lights. Wyndham and Hawkins are curled up in the back seat asleep.

It is dark. Only the constant HUMMING of the tires.

Then suddenly a car ZOOMS by, passing the Chrysler at an incredible speed.

38. CLOSE SHOT - THAYDEN

as he stares ahead at the highway.

39. HIS POV

A battered-in old Pontiac tears away down the road into the darkness.

40. BACK TO THAYDEN

watching the car disappear.

There are several moments pause. Then Thayden frowns and stares at:

41. HIS POV

The Pontiac has pulled clumsily off to the side of the highway several hundred yards ahead. A FIGURE OF A MAN is running like hell away from the car.

All of a sudden the Pontiac EXPLODES IN A BILLOWING FIRE-BALL, lighting up the desert night.

42. BACK TO THAYDEN

as he jams on the brakes.

43. EXT. DESERT

FAST TRACKING SHOT toward the figure standing across the highway from the flaming car, a man dressed in an army fatigue jacket, carrying a satchel, MOVING CLOSER INTO A TIGHT SHOT of T.C. McQueen.

He watches the Chrysler and trailer pull up to a stop.

44. INT. CHRYSLER

Thayden stares out the window at McQueen and the burning car across the highway. Wyndham and Hawkins bolt upright in the back seat, instantly awake, looking around quickly, the fire illuminating their faces.

WYNDHAM

(sees the car)

Good God!

45. EXT. HIGHWAY

Wyndham jumps out of the Chrysler carrying a CO₂ fire extinguisher from behind the back seat. He rushes to the Pontiac and covers it with HISSING white vapors.

Finally he quenches the fire. The Pontiac is a blackened, smoking, stinking mess.

Everyone stands around in an alarmed silence.

THAYDEN

What happened?

MCQUEEN

Overheated.

McQueen peruses each of the men carefully. Hawkins is glaring at the stranger in silent resentment and antagonism.

THAYDEN

Where are you going?

MCQUEEN

L.A.

Thayden thinks about it a moment.

THAYDEN

Need a lift?

WYNDHAM

Now wait a minute...

Wyndham glances at McQueen.

WYNDHAM

(continuing)

Would you excuse us a moment?

McQueen nods, turns away and slowly strolls over to the side of the road, looking back up the highway.

WYNDHAM

(continuing)

You don't even know who he is.

THAYDEN

We can't leave him out here.

(CONTINUED)

45. CONTINUED: (2)

WYNDHAM

But we're not in the position
to pick just anybody up, Thunder.

THAYDEN

The law of the road.

Hawkins looks at Thayden pitifully.

HAWKINS

Robin Hood on wheels.

THAYDEN

You don't leave somebody to
freeze.

Wyndham stares at McQueen. Then he turns to the others.

WYNDHAM

Well...It is cold and there
are three of us and only one
of him...

Hawkins looks at him in total astonishment.

HAWKINS

Hold on, here!

They begin to ARGUE LOUDLY.

CUT TO:

46. EXT. DESERT

McQueen gets in the passenger side, SLAMS the door, and
the Chrysler and trailer move off down the highway into
the darkness, leaving the burned-out, guttering Pontiac
behind.

47. INT. CHRYSLER

There is an uncomfortable silence for everyone except
McQueen, who slides down in the seat and rests comfortably,
blowing air on his hands to warm them, the satchel in his
lap.

Wyndham leans forward from the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

47. CONTINUED: (2)

WYNDHAM

I'm Al Wyndham.

MCQUEEN

T.C. McQueen.

WYNDHAM

That's Bob Hawkins and Eddie
Thayden.

THAYDEN

Call me Thunder.

Hawkins doesn't stir through all this. He sits in a hot,
silent anger.

WYNDHAM

Where are you coming from?

MCQUEEN

Chicago.

WYNDHAM

Oh. What do you do there?

MCQUEEN

Odd jobs.

Thayden is deep in thought.

THAYDEN

Never known a car to go up like
that, all of a sudden.

MCQUEEN

I get my share of bad luck.

McQueen scrunches down in the seat and closes his eyes to
sleep. The drive continues in silence.

CUT TO:

48. EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT of a gas station plopped right in the middle of
the bleak, freezing, desolate desert. It's a new station,
mostly gray concrete. Huge fluorescent arcs blast eerie
blue-green light down on the gas tanks and the station
building. Outside this pool of light is the ghostly blackness
of the desert.

(CONTINUED)

48. CONTINUED: (2)

It is a surrealistic, unearthly setting.

49. ON CHRYSLER AND TRAILER

An ATTENDANT is filling up the Chrysler, checking the oil and water.

Wyndham walks away from the car, stretching and arching his back. Hawkins stalks up to him, glaring angrily. Thayden is right behind.

HAWKINS

That was a real swift move you made.

WYNDHAM

What?

He gestures to McQueen who is standing across the station, satchel in hand, staring out at the desert landscape.

HAWKINS

He thinks he can just push his way in because you're not strong enough to throw him out.

WYNDHAM

When are you going to grow up?

HAWKINS

(sputtering with rage)

He could have a gun or something in that satchel and you wouldn't do a damn thing about it.

Thayden steps into the discussion.

THAYDEN

You gonna say something to that guy, Al?

WYNDHAM

I thought you wanted him along.

Thayden glances over his shoulder at McQueen.

THAYDEN

I've been thinking about it. Cars don't get that hot, not unless he hit something, or somebody put a bomb in it...

(CONTINUED)

49. CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKINS

(upset)

A what?

WYNDHAM

(gives in to them)

All right.

Wyndham walks away toward McQueen.

HAWKINS

(shouting after him)

Ask him what's in the satchel!

50. TWO SHOT - MCQUEEN AND WYNDHAM

McQueen is looking back down the highway from where they've just come. Wyndham strolls up and stands beside him, looking very uncomfortable.

WYNDHAM

I'd...like to talk to you
a minute...

MCQUEEN

I always make it a rule myself
never to pick up hitchhikers.

WYNDHAM

(embarrassed, trying to
cover it)

Well, you really don't know about
us either.

MCQUEEN

I'm not in the position to ask.

Wyndham gestures to the Black Moon on the trailer.

WYNDHAM

The three of us put everything
we have into the Black Moon.
Time, money, love... We're
going to try to qualify for
the California Five Hundred.

MCQUEEN

You don't look the type.

(CONTINUED)

WYNDHAM

I wasn't meant to have grease under my fingers. I'm the designer. On the other hand, I wasn't meant to spend the rest of my life in a small town. There is such a thing as burning out in a place.

MCQUEEN

I have experienced that.

Wyndham looks hard at McQueen and steels himself for a confrontation.

WYNDHAM

Let me ask you something. Do you have a gun in your satchel?

McQueen looks him dead in the eyes.

MCQUEEN

No.

WYNDHAM

(smiles apologetically)
I had to ask for the other guys. I'm responsible for them and the car. We've worked too long to make stupid mistakes.

McQueen nods understandingly. He seldom smiles, but when he does now it is private and cynical.

MCQUEEN

I have a gun in my coat.

Wyndham's face tightens. He stares at McQueen who turns his gaze back to the highway.

WYNDHAM

Well, ah...You're near a phone here. It's warm inside the station...

MCQUEEN

I'll pay you.

WYNDHAM

I really don't think...

(CONTINUED)

50. CONTINUED: (3)

MCQUEEN

(interrupts)

I'll pay you three hundred
dollars to take me to L.A.

Wyndham is startled. He exhales sharply, but by his
expression we see he is going to remain firm.

WYNDHAM

Maybe you can catch a bus or
get another ride...

MCQUEEN

Five hundred.

WYNDHAM

I'm sorry.

Wyndham quickly turns and walks away. McQueen continues
to stare out at the empty stretch of highway.

51. INT. PHONEBOOTH

Bob has sealed himself in the phonebooth. He listens to
the distant CLICKING on the other end of the receiver,
then breaks into a boyish grin.

HAWKINS

(into telephone)

Heya, baby, what's happening?
This is Bob!

(pause)

Fabulous Bob Hawkins, remember?

Hawkins begins pacing in the tiny phonebooth like a
pent-up animal.

HAWKINS

(continuing)

Late? It's never too late for
the Fabulous Bob. Look, I'm
coming into town tonight. I
want you to throw on something
hot and sit tight and wait for
Bob to come by and...Yeah,
tonight.

(pause)

You're not married or something,
are you? I didn't think so.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51. CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKINS (Cont'd)

You kept the old motor running for Bob. I got a surprise for you. Bob has hit the big time. You just get ready, I'll be there in two, three hours...

(pause)

Come on, baby, it'll be worth it to you. I'm coming all the way...

(pause. Hawkins gets suddenly serious.)

You know how I feel about you, baby.

(pause)

Please.

(pause)

Yeah! Fabulous, baby. Fabulous!

He hangs up the telephone with an exuberant grin and steps out of the phonebooth. Wyndham strides up hurriedly.

WYNDHAM

Let's get going.

HAWKINS

What about that guy?

WYNDHAM

We're leaving him here.

Hawkins grins and slaps his hands together.

HAWKINS

Well, all right! All right!

They start for the Chrysler and trailer.

52. ANGLE ON MCQUEEN

He is still staring out at the highway.

53. MCQUEEN'S POV - HIGHWAY

Two pair of headlights suddenly appear in the distance moving rapidly toward the gas station.

54. BACK TO MCQUEEN

His face tightens. He turns and looks wildly around the station. He stops on the Chrysler and trailer about to pull out on the highway.

He quickly zips open his satchel and digs around inside. He comes out with the "Hide-A-Key" case.

55. INT. CHRYSLER

Wyndham and Hawkins are waiting impatiently. Thayden is talking to the attendant outside.

WYNDHAM

(shouts out the window)

Hurry up, Eddie.

Thayden nods "just a moment."

In the background across the station, McQueen comes walking slowly toward the car.

Hawkins sees him and taps Wyndham frantically on the shoulder.

HAWKINS

Al...

Wyndham turns around. He sees McQueen, almost to the passenger window. His expression goes cold.

WYNDHAM

(an urgent whisper)

Bob...He's got a gun...

HAWKINS

Oh Jesus...

McQueen bends down to the window. His expression is cool and hard.

Wyndham and Hawkins are frozen with fear.

Then McQueen breaks into a slight, perverse smile.

MCQUEEN

Have a nice trip.

He turns and walks away from the window.

Wyndham and Hawkins simply look at each other.

56. EXT. TRAILER

McQueen stops by the side of the trailer. He leans over and reaches under the tarpaulin covering the Black Moon.

57. ANGLE UNDER BLACK MOON

McQueen's hand pushes the "Hide-A-Key" case up under the Black Moon and CLAMPS it on a rocker bar. The magnet holds the case tight. Nobody has seen him.

58. BACK TO MCQUEEN

He walks away from the trailer.

59. INT. CHRYSLER

Thayden jumps in the back seat. Wyndham quickly starts up the car.

THAYDEN

What about him?

He motions toward McQueen who is walking away from the trailer.

WYNDHAM

We've done our good deed,
now let's get out of here.

60. HIGH SHOT

looking down on the gas station. The Chrysler and trailer pull out on the highway and disappear in the distance.

The attendant walks back to the building, leaving McQueen standing alone in the concrete station.

The two pair of headlights become two cars that come in out of the darkness. They pull up and stop in front of McQueen.

The doors open and eight MEN step out. They are dressed in gray suits and long coats. They look hard and menacing.

McQueen doesn't move. The men fan out and walk slowly toward him.

CUT TO:

61. EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of the city, an infinite horizon of lights clustered in geometric shapes and patterns, the freeway cutting through it in the foreground.

HAWKINS (V.O.)

Four years, baby, but your Fabulous Bob has come back home!

62. EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Chrysler and trailer swing into a parking space in front of the white concrete annex of the Hollywood-Franklin Motor Inn, a typically squat, barren motel complex.

Wyndham and Thayden slowly get out and begin unloading suitcases from the trunk. Hawkins is springing up and down on the balls of his feet, wired by nervous energy, grinning excitedly.

HAWKINS

Come on! We gotta celebrate!

WYNDHAM

We did that last night.

HAWKINS

Hell, man we've arrived!
Don't you understand? Nobody goes to bed in L.A.!

WYNDHAM

We have a big day tomorrow.

Wyndham picks up the suitcases and trudges to the motel room.

HAWKINS

(loudly)

Come on, Thunder, what'da say?
Let's go tip a few.

THAYDEN

Too tired, Bob.

Thayden follows Wyndham, leaving Hawkins standing by the car scowling.

(CONTINUED)

62. CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKINS

(shouting)

Doesn't anybody else beside me
know how to have a good time?
Can I at least use the car?

The two men disappear inside the motel room.

HAWKINS

(continuing, under
his breath)

The hell with you!

Hawkins leans in to the trunk, pops open a suitcase, pulls out his shiny black jumpsuit, then closes the trunk. He jumps up on the trailer with an impish grin.

63. INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Wyndham is on the telephone. Behind him across the small, dull white room, Thayden puts his clothes away in a mahogany dresser.

WYNDHAM

(into telephone)

Fifteen minutes ago. No,
wasn't bad at all. Just
tiring.

(pause)

I miss you, too. How are
the kids?

64. EXT. MOTEL

Hawkins bends down behind the Chrysler and unscrews the license plate. He hops back up on the trailer, uncovers the Black Moon and throws the tarpaulin over the side.

Hawkins quickly screws the Chrysler license plate on the back of the Black Moon. He jumps up and lowers the rear end of the trailer forming a ramp which would allow the car to roll down to the street.

Shooting a furtive glance at the motel room, Hawkins unlocks the driver's door.

At the wheel, Hawkins slowly backs the Black Moon down off the trailer. Its engine off, out of gear, the car rolls silently off the ramp.

65. INT. MOTEL ROOM

WYNDHAM

Uh-huh. Any calls? Who?
Well, who was he?

(pause)

Sweetheart, who was it?

(pause)

From California? Well it's
just a long distance phone
call. Jesus!

66. EXT. MOTEL

Hawkins has a long tube from the gas tank of the Chrysler
to the gas tank of the Black Moon. He siphons off the gas
from the Chrysler.

Finished, he screws on the cap and jumps in the Black Moon.

67. INT. MOTEL

Thayden, who has finished unpacking, wanders to the window
and glances out.

WYNDHAM

No, it's nothing. Don't worry
about it.

(pause)

Yeah, sure I love you too.

Thayden stares out the window in disbelief.

THAYDEN

Al!

WYNDHAM

I gotta go, sweetheart.
Goodbye.

Wyndham hangs up the phone and turns to Thayden but, before
he can say anything, there is the sudden BLASTING of the
car's engine, like a Sherman tank starting up. The two
men race to the door.

68. EXT. MOTEL

They run out of the motel room as Hawkins slams the Black
Moon into gear and ROARS away, tires SQUEALING, laying a
long streak of rubber as it careens off down the street.

(CONTINUED)

68. CONTINUED: (2)

The two of them stand helplessly listening to the powerful ENGINE SOUND disappear in the distance.

WYNDHAM

The stupid son of a bitch!

Thayden spies something on the Chrysler. He rips a small piece of paper out from under the windshield wiper and hands it to Wyndham.

WYNDHAM

(continuing, reading)

"Number one's back in town and don't you forget it, deadheads. Go to bed, I'll see you for breakfast."

Trembling with anger, Wyndham crumples up the note and hurls it to the ground.

CUT TO:

69. INT. BLACK MOON - NIGHT

Hawkins, charging along a near-deserted city street, zipping up the top of his black jumpsuit, has a wild, adolescent grin on his face. The power of the race car has shot him up with adrenalin.

HAWKINS

Nobody screws around with the Fabulous Bob!

CUT TO:

70. EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

A Volkswagen is parked just down the street from a movie theater. A THEATER ATTENDANT is on a ladder changing the letters on the marquee.

71. INT. VOLKSWAGEN - NIGHT

Agent One scans the area -- the theater and parking garage across the street -- while the Driver watches the Attendant remove the letters. Agent One is deep in thought. She is making notes on a pad.

(CONTINUED)

71. CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly the Black Moon ROARS by. Agent One and the Driver stare at it as it moves away down Wilshire.

DRIVER

Look at that!

Agent One's face lights up, her eyes sparkling.

AGENT ONE

Get after him! Quick!

The Driver starts up the VW and pulls out onto Wilshire.

AGENT ONE

(continuing)

He's got a floating traction spoiler.

DRIVER

I don't know if I can stay with him.

AGENT ONE

Punch it!

The Driver floors the VW. The Porsche engine WHINES loudly. Agent One takes her walkie-talkie out of the tool box.

AGENT ONE

(continuing)

I want a make. VWX 422. Texas.

CUT TO:

72. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - NIGHT

Three TECHNICIANS, blandly efficient like air traffic controllers, sit at consoles in front of T.V. screens in a small room eerily lit by banks of machinery. On the screens are varied schematic diagrams of city streets.

This is the nerve center of the underground complex where all the elements of car stealing are organized and monitored. In the background are the HUSHED VOICES of the other technicians guiding cars in and out of the complex.

Reich is standing behind the consoles looking over figures on a piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

72. CONTINUED: (2)

TECHNICIAN ONE
(into microphone)
Partial or total?

AGENT ONE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Total.

TECHNICIAN ONE
(into microphone)
We're kind of busy right now.

AGENT ONE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Just get it for me.

TECHNICIAN ONE
(turns around)
Mister Reich, can I see you
for a moment?

Reich strolls to the console.

REICH
What is it?

TECHNICIAN ONE
Agent One. She wants a total
make.

REICH
Why does she want a make?
She's not stealing.

TECHNICIAN ONE
She's also over the speed
limit.

Technician One points to a bank of remote tachometers
that monitor each spotter car for the complex. One
labeled "Surveillance One" is BLIPPING red numerals
indicating that the Volkswagen is going above seventy.

Reich picks up the microphone off the Technician's console.

REICH
(into microphone)
This is Mother Ship. You're
on surveillance. You're also
driving in red zone.

73. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

Agent One is startled to hear Reich's voice. The Driver is even more startled.

AGENT ONE

(into walkie-talkie)

Yes, that's right. Thank you, Mother Ship. But the make is necessary. Are you denying it?

74. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich puts down the microphone and looks coolly at Technician One.

REICH

Make it for her.

75. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

TECHNICIAN ONE (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'll have it for you as soon as I can.

The Agent puts away the walkie-talkie. The Driver looks at her uncertainly.

DRIVER

Necessary?

AGENT ONE

He's getting on the freeway. Move it!

76. EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Black Moon whips up a freeway entrance, followed at a distance by the Volkswagen.

CUT TO:

77. EXT. STREET - MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Wyndham and Thayden are standing in the street in front of the motel parking lot, looking up and down for some sign of the Black Moon. Wyndham is enraged.

(CONTINUED)

77. CONTINUED: (2)

WYNDHAM

We should have never brought
him in with us, Thunder.

THAYDEN

How's that?

Wyndham turns away from the street and starts across the
motel parking lot toward the motel room. Thayden follows.

WYNDHAM

(loudly so Thayden
can hear)

He's a child. Three years and
I didn't have the sense to get
rid of him.

THAYDEN

He's a genius driver. A natural.

WYNDHAM

A natural asshole.

THAYDEN

He'll bring it right back.

Wyndham opens the motel room door.

WYNDHAM

Too late. I'm going to call
the police.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)

You'd better not.

Startled by the voice, Wyndham and Thayden spin around
and stare into the room.

78. INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

McQueen stands in the middle of the room. He has been
beaten up. His face is cut and bruised, his shirt ripped.
A stain that could very well be blood is on his trousers.

Wyndham and Thayden slowly walk into the room.

MCQUEEN

Where is the other car?

(CONTINUED)

78. CONTINUED: (2)

THAYDEN
You need a doctor.

MCQUEEN
(ignores him)
Where is it?

WYNDHAM
How did you find us?
(a look of realization)
You didn't have to scare my
wife.

MCQUEEN
No games. Answers. Where
is it?

WYNDHAM
Our ex-driver is out driving
it.

MCQUEEN
What?

Wyndham turns to Thayden and shakes his head wearily.

WYNDHAM
What a night! Do you believe
that after we've come this far
all this happens in a matter
of minutes?

McQueen reaches into his fatigue jacket and pulls out a
thirty-caliber M-1 semi-automatic Enforcer, a half pistol-
half rifle that looks lethal as hell.

Wyndham and Thayden stare in terror.

MCQUEEN
A few hours ago I was in
deep trouble.

McQueen reaches out, grabs Thayden's hand, opens it and
places the barrel of the Enforcer on his palm. It is
still hot. Thayden quickly jerks his hand away.

McQueen looks at both of them.

MCQUEEN
(continuing)
Now I have company.

(CONTINUED)

78. CONTINUED: (3)

Wyndham and Thayden look at each other breathlessly.

WYNDHAM

Mister McQueen, we have to
have a talk.

CUT TO:

79. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A row of Spanish stucco apartments in the Silverlake section of L.A. The Black Moon THUNDERS up to the curb and stops.

Hawkins gets out. He opens up the hood, flips the burglar alarm switch on, and then springs up the steps to one of the many small bungalows set back from the street on a humped hill.

Just down the street the Volkswagen pulls to a stop. Its lights flick off.

80. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

Agent One and the Driver are listening to the walkie-talkie.

TECHNICIAN ONE (V.O.)

(filtered)

I have the make for you. VWX 422.
Registered owner: Alfred Wyndham,
Bennings, Texas. 1974 Chrysler
sedan.

Agent One smiles.

AGENT ONE

(into walkie-talkie)

That's all I wanted to know.

DRIVER

Chrysler?

AGENT ONE

I know. It's a racer.
Loaded and illegal.

(CONTINUED)

80. CONTINUED: (2)

Agent One takes a small red case out of her coat pocket.
The Driver looks very nervous.

DRIVER

Look...I'm not equipped for
back-up. All I've ever
done is surveillance.

AGENT ONE

When it comes to cars on the
street, the man is just as
important as the machine.

DRIVER

What's that mean?

Agent One gives him a long look, then smiles sweetly.

AGENT ONE

That you'll do fine, just
fine.

She gets out of the Volkswagen.

81. INT. BUNGALOW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hawkins stands in the middle of the small, but neatly
decorated, apartment.

DOREEN, twenty-six, sexy, is trying desperately to keep
her eyes open. She is tired beyond belief. She sits on
the edge of a couch staring at a wall.

DOREEN

You look great, Bob, just
great.

HAWKINS

It's fabulous to see you,
baby.

DOREEN

It would be better seeing you
if I could keep my eyes open.

HAWKINS

What's the difference? I'm
here, that's what counts.
Fabulous Bob is back.

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED: (2)

DOREEN

(sadly)

At two in the morning.

HAWKINS

I got something to show you.
I just couldn't wait.

DOREEN

What is it?

HAWKINS

Outside. You won't believe
it.

82. EXT. BLACK MOON

Agent One kneels by the front of the Black Moon. She opens the red case and takes out a long, thin wire. She inserts the wire under the hood and jiggles it around.

There is a soft CLACK and the hood pops up slightly.

Agent One glances up and down the street, opens the hood, reaches in and unhooks the alarm wires. She closes the hood and looks around again.

Nothing. An empty street. She moves for the door.

83. INT. BUNGALOW APARTMENT

Doreen picks up her purse and coat and fails to suppress a huge yawn.

HAWKINS

What's wrong, baby?

DOREEN

It's so late. I have to work
tomorrow. I have to be up
at six.

HAWKINS

That's no way to talk to me,
Doreen.

(CONTINUED)

83. CONTINUED: (2)

DOREEN
I'm sorry, Bob, but what
about tomorrow night?

HAWKINS
You don't get it, do you?
Bob usually finds 'em and
forgets 'em.

Doreen smiles wearily.

DOREEN
All right.

HAWKINS
I don't believe what I go
through to show some people
a good time.

84. EXT. BLACK MOON

Agent One is kneeling by the driver's door. She pulls a thin screwdriver out of her red case. It is bent in the middle and has a double-pronged, curved tip.

She carefully inserts it into the rubber between the window and the side of the door. The tip slips through. She twists it until the prongs have fit neatly over the depressed lock button.

Then she jerks the screwdriver. The prongs pull up the lock.

85. INT. BUNGALOW APARTMENT

DOREEN
(unhappily)
I'm ready, Bob. Let's go.

HAWKINS
Hey, baby, you look fabulous!

Hawkins grabs her and kisses her. She gives him a cold response. He looks at her tenderly.

HAWKINS
(continuing, softly)
Fabulous Bob has hit the big
time, and I'm gonna share it
with you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85. CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKINS (Cont'd)

No more hustling pool and
running stocks.

Doreen looks at him a moment, then smiles.

DOREEN

You do have a style.

HAWKINS

That's right, baby. It
starts slow but it catches
up with you after awhile.

They kiss again, this time Doreen joining in.

86. INT. BLACK MOON

Agent One crouches on the front seat, leaning down by
the steering column. There is an engine'lock on the
column.

She takes a long, thin, sturdy metal probe and carefully
inserts it into the ignition. She pushes it into the lock
and it CLICKS softly. Then, straining, she pulls back with
all her might. The lock moves slightly. She yanks again.
The lock and ignition come out on the end of the probe.

87. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

The Driver is nervously flicking his eyes between the Black
Moon and the bungalow. Suddenly he sees:

88. DRIVER'S POV

An OLD WOMAN in a long ragged coat ambling up the street
toward the Black Moon.

89. BACK TO DRIVER

his eyes widening, his face tightening with fear. He
grasps his walkie-talkie and depresses a red button on
the top with his thumb.

90. INT. BLACK MOON

A remote signal in the red case BEEPS softly, a tiny red light flipping on. Agent One quickly switches off the warning signal and ducks down in the seat, easing the door shut.

91. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

The old woman walks on by the Black Moon and shuffles away up the street.

92. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

The Driver breathes a sigh of relief. He presses the red button on the walkie-talkie twice.

93. INT. BLACK MOON

The remote signal in the case quietly BEEPS twice. Agent One continues her work, taking out a long, ice-thin wire from the tool box and inserting it into the empty engine lock.

Two needle points move toward two ignition wires deep inside the lock. Agent One's brow is spotted with perspiration. Her gaze is cool, her hands steady.

94. INT. BUNGALOW APARTMENT

Hawkins puts his hand on the front door knob.

HAWKINS

Baby, get ready for the biggest surprise of your life!

Grinning and watching her carefully for her reaction, he pulls open the door. Doreen looks out curiously.

The sudden sound of the Black Moon BLASTING to life makes Hawkins spin around.

95. INT. BLACK MOON

Eyes gleaming in triumph, Agent One slams the car into gear.

96. EXT. BUNGALOW APARTMENT

Hawkins stares in disbelief, then starts to move for the car.

97. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

The Driver, eyes immense, staring fearfully at Hawkins.

98. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

The Black Moon SQUEALS away from the curb just as Hawkins comes racing down the hill to the sidewalk. He instantly bolts down the street after the car.

99. INT. BLACK MOON

Agent One, feeling the power of the car as it accelerates, glances in the rear view mirror and sees Hawkins.

100. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Ahead of Hawkins, the Black Moon SCREECHES around a corner and is gone.

101. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

The Driver moving away from the curb.

102. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Hawkins is standing in the middle of the street as the VW moves toward him.

HAWKINS

(screaming)

Help me! My car was stolen!

Hawkins looks in the VW as it passes him.

103. HAWKINS'S POV

of the Driver staring back at him, his eyes glowing with hot fear, something in the expression betraying him.

104. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Hawkins watches the VW ROAR away.

HAWKINS

Hey...

An Oldsmobile comes down the street in the opposite direction. It swerves as the VW whips by it.

Hawkins races to the Oldsmobile.

Inside is a YOUNG MAN in his twenties, clean cut, coming home late from a date. He rolls down his window.

YOUNG MAN

What's wrong?

Hawkins opens the driver's door, pushes the Young Man over into the passenger seat, and gets in.

105. INT. OLDSMOBILE

YOUNG MAN

(continuing)

What the hell is this...?

Hawkins guns the Olds, spins the wheel, SCREECHES the car in a U-turn, and pulls away after the VW and the Black Moon.

106. ANGLE ON STREET

Doreen stands on the sidewalk watching the car disappear off into the night. She is totally confused.

CUT TO:

107. MONTAGE

The Black Moon BLASTS down night streets, careening dangerously around corners, straight through red lights, weaving its way deeper into the inner city. Behind it comes the VW and behind it comes the Oldsmobile.

108. INT. OLDSMOBILE

Hawkins, teeth clenched, HISSING in a rage and frightened at the same time, punches the car as fast as it will go.

(CONTINUED)

108. CONTINUED: (2)

The Young Man cowers in the seat in pure terror.

YOUNG MAN

(pleading)

Come on, slow down! Please!

109. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

The Driver, in a blind panic, staring ahead:

110. DRIVER'S POV

The mammoth Reich Industries building blocks away and the Black Moon, a dot up ahead, turning a sharp corner onto the cul-de-sac street.

111. INT. BLACK MOON

Agent One moves down the cul-de-sac street and SCREECHES a turn into the parking garage.

AGENT ONE

(into walkie-talkie)

Emergency Seven. "Knock knock."

112. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich leans over Technician One and stares at a bank of T.V. monitors.

113. CLOSE SHOT - T.V. SCREENS

A bank of screens showing several views of the parking garage, of the Black Moon blasting down the empty levels.

There are three or four angles looking at the main boulevard in front of the Reich Industries building. The cameras are somewhere on the building itself.

On the screens the Volkswagen comes hurtling toward the cul-de-sac street entrance.

DRIVER (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'm right behind her! Keep it open for me!

114. BACK TO REICH

as he pushes the Technician aside and hits a red button with the flat of his hand.

115. INT. VOLKSWAGEN

CLOSE SHOT of the Driver moving toward the cul-de-sac street entrance.

116. EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD

ANGLE ON a stop light at the junction of the boulevard and the cul-de-sac street.

The caution light begins blinking rapidly, pulsating rhythmically.

117. CLOSE SHOT - THE DRIVER

staring curiously at the throbbing caution light.

118. ANGLE ON STOP LIGHT

Suddenly the caution light FLARES BRILLIANTLY LIKE A SILENT SULPHUROUS EXPLOSION. It is a laser.

119. CLOSE SHOT - DRIVER

He is blinded by the laser beam. He grabs his eyes, his cornea burned out.

120. EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD

The VW swerves out of control. It flips, rolling end over end, and BLASTS into flames, disintegrating like a child's toy. Flaming fenders and hoods skitter across the boulevard, glass sprays everywhere.

The Oldsmobile slides to a loud SQUEALING stop right behind it.

Hawkins gets out of the Olds and stands in front of the burning remains of the VW. He looks around, confounded, searching wildly for some sign of the Black Moon.

121. INT. LOWEST LEVEL - PARKING GARAGE

The Section R concrete wall slides open revealing the blackness of the sewer tunnel on the other side.

The Black Moon ROARS into the opening.

122. ANGLE ON MAIN BOULEVARD

Hawkins listens to the last ECHOES of the Black Moon's engine reverberating up the levels of the parking garage. He can't quite distinguish it over the sound of the burning Volkswagen.

The Young Man stares in horror.

YOUNG MAN
God, he's burning up!

Hawkins still listens for the Black Moon's engine but hears nothing except the SIZZLING fire ravaging the car.

CUT TO:

123. EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Later. Four L.A.P.D. cars are parked at awkward angles in the street, their lights flashing silently. An ambulance pulls away. Several FIREMEN carrying fire extinguishers amble back to their truck. The remains of the Volkswagen is being loaded up on a tow truck.

Off to one side Wyndham, Thayden and Hawkins are clustered around DETECTIVE SERGEANT MILLER, a hulking, grimly serious plain-clothes cop who is writing hurriedly in his book. The Young Man is also there, looking dazed. McQueen is nowhere to be seen.

Behind everything looms the monolithic skyscraper.

A PATROLMAN wanders out of the parking garage, down the cul-de-sac and up to Miller.

PATROLMAN
Nothing in there.

Hawkins looks up quickly. His face is drained, pale, smooth with nervous perspiration. His lips are shaking slightly and it looks as if he is holding back tears.

(CONTINUED)

123. CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKINS

I know the sound of my own
engine, Goddamnit!

Miller glances at him a moment, then at the Young Man.

MILLER

You didn't hear anything?

YOUNG MAN

No.

Miller writes in his book.

WYNDHAM

(gestures to Hawkins)

What do you intend to do with
my client?

MILLER

I'm going to hold them both
for awhile. There are more
questions to be asked.

WYNDHAM

On what grounds?

MILLER

We got a dead man we can't
identify and a burned up
car with no engine number,
no I.S. tags and a license
plate that doesn't fit.

WYNDHAM

What about the Black Moon?

MILLER

We got the model, make and
description. We'll keep an
eye out for it.

WYNDHAM

Officer, I don't think you
understand the situation we
have here.

MILLER

We lose five hundred cars a
day in Los Angeles County, one
every three minutes.

(CONTINUED)

123. CONTINUED: (3)

WYNDHAM

This car is valued at twenty-five thousand dollars!

MILLER

Mister, you got dealt a bad poker hand. Read 'em and weep.

Miller motions to the Patrolman who leads Hawkins and the Young Man to a squad car.

HAWKINS

Al, it went in the garage! It had to!

Wyndham glares angrily at Hawkins.

HAWKINS

(continuing)

I swear I heard it over the...

The Patrolman SLAMS the door. Miller gets in another car and the L.A.P.D. pull away.

The tow truck RUMBLES off with the burned hulk of the Volkswagen.

Finally McQueen emerges from the shadows across the boulevard and strolls up to Wyndham and Thayden. He has changed clothes and made an attempt at patching up his face.

For a moment he silently contemplates the monolithic skyscraper that looms behind them.

WYNDHAM

We never even had a chance.

McQueen gestures to the parking garage entrance.

MCQUEEN

Let's take a look.

CUT TO:

124. INT. LOWEST LEVEL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

McQueen, Wyndham and Thayden stand in the empty level.

(CONTINUED)

124. CONTINUED: (2)

McQueen walks by the Section R wall. He stares at it as if its features will give some clue. His eyes stop on a small, circular black speck at the top of the wall.

125. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of a T.V. screen, a WIDE-ANGLE IMAGE looking down on McQueen in front of the wall, the other two men in the background. The speck is a remote T.V. camera lens.

126. REVERSE ANGLE

Reich and Agent One are staring at the screen. On either side of them, technicians are watching intently.

Agent One's face is tight as a drum. She stares vacantly at the screen.

TECHNICIAN ONE

Lay you odds that big guy owns it.

Reich breaks into a sardonic smile.

REICH

Not any more.

CUT TO:

127. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Reich and Agent One walk past the conveyor belt. The garage is completely silent. It is a night off. Idle MECHANICS sit around chatting, reading, napping.

The Black Moon is angled off to the side of the belt. A blue-coveredalled INSPECTOR looks under the hood as Reich and Agent One approach.

INSPECTOR

Whoever designed this and put it together ought to work for us, Mister Reich.

REICH

Exactly how good is it?

(CONTINUED)

127. CONTINUED: (2)

INSPECTOR

The best. It has a low center of gravity. She'll cut right through the air like a bullet. If we leave the frame intact...

AGENT ONE

(interrupting)

Make it a light cosmetic, new engine number and plates, please.

Startled, Reich turns and stares at Agent One.

REICH

I beg your pardon.

AGENT ONE

(coldly)

I want the car.

After a beat, Reich turns to the Inspector and gestures to the side of the garage.

REICH

Just put it over there.

He turns back to Agent One and smiles his death's-head smile.

REICH

(continuing)

Would you like to come up for a drink?

128. ANGLE UNDER BLACK MOON

Up under the Black Moon, the "Hide-A-Key" case is still clamped to the rocker bar.

We SEE Reich and Agent One's feet. They walk away to a fluorescent-lit hallway.

129. INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

It is wood paneled and luxurious in the small private elevator. Reich and Agent One step in.

(CONTINUED)

129. CONTINUED: (2)

Reich depresses the only button on the control panel, and the elevator starts up.

AGENT ONE

Even I didn't know about that laser.

REICH

Fascinating, isn't it?

130. INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The elevator opens directly into the penthouse. They stroll into the incredibly lavish suite. Thick carpeting, expensive paintings and sculptures, soft stylish furniture, the entire penthouse's walls and ceiling are one-way glass looking out over L.A. It is a live-in planetarium.

Agent One is stunned at the view all around and above her. She walks over to one wall and stares out at the building under construction only a few hundred yards away.

REICH

For anyone looking at the top of the building this floor doesn't exist. From the outside it looks like steel plating. Camouflage.

Reich steps to the glass wall next to Agent One and looks out at the city, a glowing constellation of lights.

There is a pause.

REICH

(continuing)

Let me tell you why I need this car. You do remember the Grodin situation, don't you?

AGENT ONE

That has nothing to do with me.

REICH

It has to do with all of us. It was our car that proved defective, it was our car that almost got them arrested, it was our fault.

(CONTINUED)

130. CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT ONE

Maybe if you hadn't killed
my driver.

REICH

I didn't kill your driver.
You did.

AGENT ONE

No one was ever told he'd be
cut off at the front door if
he made a mistake.

REICH

He was trained, painstakingly,
to divert any pursuit away
from this complex.

Pause. Reich shakes his head.

REICH

(continuing)

It's ironic that my best
employee is also my worst
enemy.

Reich goes to the bar and pours two drinks. He hands
one to Agent One.

REICH

(continuing)

I want to extend our relationship
indefinitely, but that means
both of us must be willing to
compromise for our mutual benefit.
You're the finest car thief in
the world, and no one appreciates
the finest more than me.

AGENT ONE

You can't have that car.

Reich turns to her, for the first time with a shade of
anger on his otherwise cold face.

REICH

Yes I can. Don't push me.

Agent One hands her drink to Reich and walks to the elevator.
She punches the button.

(CONTINUED)

130. CONTINUED: (3)

AGENT ONE

By the way, I've found a way
to get your seven hundred cars
in one night's work.

Reich suddenly brightens.

REICH

Oh? How?

Agent One turns back to Reich.

AGENT ONE

Don't you push me.

The doors open and Agent One steps into the elevator. The doors close.

Reich stares at the glass walls and the vast view of the city. His hand trembles slightly.

CUT TO:

131. EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Hawkins, accompanied by Thayden, slowly walks out of an old, dirty brown police station to the street where Wyndham is waiting.

The group begins slowly walking down the street to the Chrysler. Wyndham is speechless with anger. Hawkins is in black depression, his breathing slight RASPS. Thayden tries to be cheerful.

THAYDEN

Well, what happened, Bob?

HAWKINS

Nothing.

THAYDEN

Really?

HAWKINS

The guy who owns the Olds backed me up. I just gotta stay in town for a few days.

(CONTINUED)

131. CONTINUED: (2)

They reach the Chrysler and McQueen, who is leaning against the hood.

Thayden glances around at all their faces.

THAYDEN
(cheerfully)
Kinda funny how we all got
in this together.

No one thinks it's funny. There is a long, uncomfortable pause. Thayden looks at McQueen. He thumps the edge of McQueen's fatigue jacket.

THAYDEN
(continuing)
Marines?

McQueen nods.

THAYDEN
(continuing)
I was in the Air Force in
sixty-four. Flew over Quaidon
with the Ninety-Eighth.

Hawkins suddenly loses all control.

HAWKINS
(shrieking)
You crazy son of a bitch!
Who the hell cares what you
used to do? We just lost
the goddamn car and you
wanna talk about the goddamn
war!

Wyndham turns on him furiously.

WYNDHAM
Shut up! We should have had
the sense to throw you out on
the street three years ago.

HAWKINS
I didn't need you guys, you
guys needed me!

(CONTINUED)

131. CONTINUED: (3)

WYNDHAM

No one needs you, Bob.

THAYDEN

(comes in protectively)

Okay, okay...

WYNDHAM

Look at that. He cares about you, even though you insult him a hundred times a day because he can't hear. But you don't understand that, do you? You don't know what I'm talking about.

Wyndham turns away from Hawkins who is deeply hurt. McQueen has been waiting silently and patiently through all this.

MCQUEEN

(to Hawkins)

You say you heard the engine gunning in the parking garage?

Hawkins glares at him.

HAWKINS

What are you doing here?

McQueen ignores him.

MCQUEEN

How far ahead of you was it? A hundred yards? Two hundred?

HAWKINS

(screams to the others)

WHAT IS THIS MAN DOING HERE?

MCQUEEN

I'm going to get the car back.

HAWKINS

What do you mean get the car back? IT'S OUR CAR!

MCQUEEN

Excuse me. We're going to get the car back.

(CONTINUED)

131. CONTINUED: (4)

A silence. McQueen turns to the other men.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

The police won't find your car. They won't look in the right place. If you want it back you're going to have to help me take it back.

Now even Hawkins is interested.

WYNDHAM

Hold on a second...

MCQUEEN

Not now. We don't have the time.

WYNDHAM

What do you mean?

MCQUEEN

Excuse me. I don't have the time.

CUT TO:

132. EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

MOVING SHOT with McQueen and a FOREMAN, a huge sunburned man with a tough face, as they walk through a construction site.

A massive building is going up. WORKMEN with hard hats and jackhammers, steam shovels, stacks of girders, and a lot of NOISE surround the site.

McQueen and the Foreman reach a long, silver mobile trailer set up on blocks. The windows are completely sealed up. The Foreman unlocks a series of bolts and padlocks, and they step in the front door.

133. INT. MOBILE TRAILER - DAY

The trailer is dark. There are no windows open to the outside. It is like a tomb. There is a table with a T.V. set on it, a couple of chairs, and one wall covered with the plans of the building going up outside.

(CONTINUED)

133. CONTINUED: (2)

In the corner of the room is a bed surrounded by an oxygen tent and an iron lung. From the bed comes the LOW HISSING OF OXYGEN and a horrible RASPING BREATHING.

The Foreman locks the door behind them. He and McQueen walk to the bed.

Propped up inside the oxygen tent is IRON JOHN, a construction engineer. He is a huge, burly man with a country-boy face. Iron John is dying. His face is pallid and he breathes with a HOLLOW RATTLE in his lungs. His face lights up when he sees McQueen.

IRON JOHN
(wheezing)
T.C. McQueen...

MCQUEEN
Hello, John.

FOREMAN
(to McQueen)
Make this short.

Iron John glares at the Foreman.

IRON JOHN
Why don't you shove off?

FOREMAN
You gotta okay those new charts in a half hour.

IRON JOHN
I said move your ass!

The Foreman turns, walks to the door, unlocks it, and steps out into the sunlight.

IRON JOHN
(continuing)
My own construction company's got me locked up in here. It's the only way they'll let me do the job. So, what have you been doing?

MCQUEEN
Sneaking by.

(CONTINUED)

(3)

IRON JOHN
Heard you left New York and
went off to Chicago.

MCQUEEN
That was two years ago.

IRON JOHN
Well, you know, I've kinda
lost touch...

He breaks into a fit of COUGHING.

IRON JOHN
(continuing)
What can I do for you?

MCQUEEN
What do you know about Seventh
and Hill?

John breaks into a big smile.

IRON JOHN
Somebody lose something
recently?

MCQUEEN
Yeah.

IRON JOHN
Leave 'em alone.

shakes his head.

IRON JOHN
(continuing)
Then go in with an army.

shakes his head and COUGHS deeply.

MCQUEEN
What's the story?

IRON JOHN
The Pharaohs built their
cities, I built half above
ground and somebody else built
the other half below. I can
tell you about my half.
(MORE)

133. CONTINUED: (4)

IRON JOHN (Cont'd)

They got more secrecy than the Pentagon and more protection than Fort Knox. I build fortresses. I built a big hunk of that one and even I don't know everything they put into it.

MCQUEEN

I need a couple favors, John.

IRON JOHN

Name 'em.

MCQUEEN

First, blueprints, floorplans, alarm systems...

Iron John gets a big, excited smile.

IRON JOHN

You're goin' in, aren't you?

McQueen nods.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

I'll get what I can. They won't be complete and it'll take time.

MCQUEEN

I have two days.

IRON JOHN

Then it'll take money.

MCQUEEN

Always does.

McQueen pulls a thick wad of fifty-dollar bills out of his pocket and begins peeling off one after another.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

Call it.

Iron John watches the bills being pulled off.

(CONTINUED)

133. CONTINUED: (5)

IRON JOHN

The City of Chicago must have been really happy to get rid of Gruskoff.

McQueen looks at him, continuing to slip out the bills.

MCQUEEN

I thought you'd lost touch, John.

IRON JOHN

I lose touch but I'm never out of touch.

MCQUEEN

They were so gratified they also gave me a new life. I've got to get it back. It's at Seventh and Hill.

IRON JOHN

Stop! That should do it.

McQueen stops peeling the bills and hands the stack to Iron John.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

I'll have what I can get here tonight.

MCQUEEN

I understand.

IRON JOHN

What else can I do for you?

MCQUEEN

I'd like to do some sightseeing.

HARD CUT TO:

134. EXT. SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

LONG SHOT of the Reich Industries building and the slightly smaller building under construction next to it.

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN TO THE TOP OF THE SECOND BUILDING.

At the very top, out from the half-completed roof, are TWO FIGURES standing at a girder junction.

135. EXT. GIRDER

One of them is McQueen. He wears a hard hat and clings to the solid wire mesh of the huge equipment elevator behind him.

The other man is a RIGGER. He is an American Indian, a huge hulk of a man. He also wears a hard hat. His face is placid, expressionless.

Both men are standing in an incredible wind that is actually swaying the girder. Their clothing is flopping madly.

RIGGER :

Come on.

The Rigger quickly and gracefully walks out on the girder to the very end like a tight-rope walker. He steps onto an adjacent girder, sits down on it and motions to McQueen.

Slowly McQueen inches out on the girder. He reaches the end and plops down. Both men then pretend to be working on the girders.

They are sitting hundreds of feet above the ground. Directly in front of them looms the top of the Reich Industries building.

McQueen stares at the Reich building. He surveys the distance between it and the partially completed roof of the building he is on.

CUT TO:

136. INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is small and bleak. The walls are chipped plasterboard. There is a rickety wire bed against one wall on which McQueen is seated, staring at the blueprints and the floorplans of the skyscraper.

Thayden is sitting by the window, a pair of binoculars in hand, staring through them at the Reich Industries skyscraper and parking garage directly across the street.

Suddenly Thayden sees something.

THAYDEN

He's right on time.

137. POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

A LONG LENS VIEW of the boulevard in front of the skyscraper. A dark green Buick slowly cruises by.

THAYDEN
(continuing)
Nine thirty-five.

138. BACK TO SCENE

Thayden writes down the time on a pad in front of him. Preceding this is a long list of time entries.

THAYDEN
(continuing)
I've noticed something.

MCQUEEN
What's that?

THAYDEN
Come here a second.

McQueen gets up off the bed and stands behind Thayden. Thayden gives him the binoculars.

THAYDEN
(continuing)
Take a look at the south side
of the building.

McQueen looks through the binoculars.

139. POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

A view of one side of the skyscraper.

THAYDEN
There are cameras all over it.
Seventeenth floor, nineteenth
floor, twenty-fifth floor...

The longer we LOOK at the side of the building, the more the cameras become visible as small rectangular shapes mounted at regular intervals.

THAYDEN
(continuing)
Now look at the north side.

(CONTINUED)

139. CONTINUED: (2)

The binocular POV swings across to the other side of the building and scans it up and down. There are no rectangular shapes.

THAYDEN

(continuing)

See, no cameras, just the mountings.

MCQUEEN

They could be repairing them...

THAYDEN

Keep looking.

Suddenly a brilliant white light sweeps across the north side of the skyscraper.

THAYDEN

(continuing)

It's a klieg light from a supermarket opening down the street.

McQueen moves the POV off the building to the supermarket several blocks away. A huge klieg light is rotating slowly.

140. BACK TO SCENE

McQueen hands the binoculars back to Thayden.

THAYDEN

They actually have a searchlight that sweeps the north side...

(he points to his pad)

...Once every forty-nine seconds.

MCQUEEN

That's not all they have. Look closely at those thin white lines up the side in between the spring steel plating.

Thayden looks.

THAYDEN

Yeah...

McQueen returns to the bed and the blueprints.

(CONTINUED)

MCQUEEN

"Sundowners." They're alarms that come on automatically when the sun goes down. You can see where they stop, up at the twelfth floor.

THAYDEN

Why is that?

MCQUEEN

About twelve they figure you can't walk in.

Wyndham opens the door and walks in carrying an arm full of papers. He plops them down on the bed. We've never seen him this excited.

WYNDHAM

First time there was an advantage to being a hick lawyer. They let me see everything.

THAYDEN

Where have you been?

Wyndham pulls out a thick, bound volume and lays it down in front of McQueen. McQueen begins to check through the material carefully.

WYNDHAM

The Building and Safety Department. These are the building code specs. I told them I had a client interested in a similar project in Texas.

He flips another stack of papers on top of it.

WYNDHAM

(continuing)

Topographical map of the city. The building was constructed over a branch of the old sewer system. I went to the Structural Planning Division and looked it up. The area is not zoned for a building that size. On top of a sewer the core wouldn't be deep enough. And yet, that's where they built it.

(CONTINUED)

140. CONTINUED: (3)

Wyndham fumbles with more papers.

WYNDEHAM

(continuing)

Then I went to Water and Power.
Got a map of the Greater L.A.
Sewer System.

He unfolds the map.

WYNDEHAM

(continuing)

The section of sewer directly
under the building was declared
unsafe and sealed off the same
year construction was begun.

Wyndham throws the rest of the papers on the bed.

WYNDEHAM

(continuing)

I went through records in
every department and I got it
all. They used more foundation
materials than required by the
height of the building. They
ordered too much electrical
equipment by fifty per cent.
Only three elevators but the
specs show they ordered four.

(he grins triumphantly)

This thing reaches right up to
the city government. We'll
subpoena their records and go
to the state board of inquiry.

MCQUEEN

You don't have anything.

McQueen hands Wyndham the papers he has been figuring on.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

Schedule for tomorrow's
activities.

Wyndham studies the paper with a frown.

(CONTINUED)

140. CONTINUED: (4)

WYNDHAM

I don't understand this...

MCQUEEN

We go in tomorrow night.

WYNDHAM

But I have enough conflicting statistics and violations on record to do it legally.

MCQUEEN

Not in twenty-four hours.

WYNDHAM

Wait a minute. Things are going too fast here.

MCQUEEN

I'm in a hurry.

Wyndham gestures at his papers on the bed.

WYNDHAM

What about these?

MCQUEEN

They're no good to us. Misinformation. These are not stupid people.

Wyndham pauses a moment and stares intently at McQueen.

WYNDHAM

What did you leave in that car?

MCQUEEN

The key to my future.

Thayden turns around to watch the confrontation.

WYNDHAM

That's just not good enough.

MCQUEEN

It's going to have to be.

WYNDHAM

No. We have to know who you are.

(CONTINUED)

140. CONTINUED: (5)

McQueen stares at him a moment.

MCQUEEN

Let's say I'm an independent contractor. I freelance...

WYNDHAM

What?

MCQUEEN

I take care of certain situations for certain people.

WYNDHAM

So you killed someone in Chicago.

MCQUEEN

If you say so.

WYNDHAM

Just like that? It doesn't mean anything more than a job?

MCQUEEN

It meant a lot to the police. They hired me.

Wyndham says nothing.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

They gave me a key and seventy-two hours. The key opens a safe deposit box. Inside...an airplane ticket and enough money to get me out of this country and keep me alive for five years. I'm not the most popular independent contractor these days.

TEAYDEN

Who did you kill?

MCQUEEN

Let's put it this way: no one else would touch the job.

(CONTINUED)

140. CONTINUED: (6)

WYNDHAM

Where's the key?

MCQUEEN

Just so we don't get into
any uncomfortable situations
I'll keep that to myself.

Wyndham turns to Thayden.

WYNDHAM

You know who he is and you
still want it his way?

Thayden nods his head.

WYNDHAM

(continuing)

Even when we've got them on
paper?

THAYDEN

Al, by the time we get into
court, the Black Moon will be
gone. I don't want to roll over
with all fours in the air.

Wyndham turns back to McQueen. Thayden slowly gets up,
drifts across the room and slips out the door.

WYNDHAM

Bob has a say in this. Where
is he?

CUT TO:

141. INT. PARKING GARAGE - LOWEST LEVEL - NIGHT

At the entrance to the lowest level of the parking garage,
Hawkins has set up a small camera. He is busy stringing a
wire from the shutter button of the camera across the entrance
to the opposite wall. From this vantage point if any car
drove onto the level, it would break the string and take
a picture.

142. CLOSE SHOT - T.V. SCREEN - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

On a T.V. monitor we SEE Hawkins setting up his camera.

(CONTINUED)

142. CONTINUED: (2)

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL Reich and several technicians watching him.

TECHNICIAN ONE

I think he's one of those four who were down here last night.

REICH

Whoever he is, he's brainless.

TECHNICIAN TWO

Mister Reich, we have a car coming in. ETA ten minutes.

TECHNICIAN ONE

He's leaving.

On the screen Hawkins has finished setting his trap and starts walking up the levels of the garage.

Reich turns to Technician One.

REICH

Waste him.

TECHNICIAN ONE

He's harmless, sir. We can take down his camera in thirty seconds...

REICH

I don't like repeating myself.

CUT TO:

143. INT. REICH PATROL CAR - NIGHT

The ASSASSIN is a cold, gray-looking man dressed casually in a turtleneck sweater. He is driving the dark green Buick that patrols the boulevard.

The Assassin is listening to instructions on a silent ear plug receiver from his walkie-talkie.

ASSASSIN

(into walkie-talkie)

I understand, Mother Ship.
Message received.

(CONTINUED)

143. CONTINUED: (2)

The Assassin flips a button on his walkie-talkie.

ASSASSIN

(continuing, into
walking-talkie)

This is patrol to disposal
unit one.

CUT TO:

144. EXT. CUL-DE-SAC STREET - NIGHT

Hawkins strolls out of the parking garage and starts down the cul-de-sac street away from the skyscraper behind him.

145. HAWKINS'S POV

Across the street, Thayden is standing out in front of the brownstone waiting for the light to change.

146. BACK TO HAWKINS

He starts walking faster to intercept Thayden.

147. EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Thayden starts across the street. He stops halfway as Hawkins reaches the opposite curb.

THAYDEN

Come on, Bob. Al wants to
see you.

The dark green Buick pulls around the corner.

At the same time, a huge garbage truck swings around a corner in the opposite direction.

HAWKINS

(whispering severely)
Get out of the street!

Thayden doesn't hear him. He cups his ear.

(CONTINUED)

147. CONTINUED: (2)

THAYDEN

What?

Suddenly the dark green Buick accelerates, its engine GUNNING, and bears down on Thayden. Thayden turns to run, but it is too late. The Buick hits him with a SLAM.

The impact sends Thayden skittering down the street.

The garbage truck suddenly REVS up and ROARS toward Thayden, moving incredibly fast. Its front scoop picks him up off the street. Hawkins starts to run toward the truck.

The garbage truck whizzes by Hawkins, doing sixty. The Buick has already disappeared.

As it moves rapidly away down the street, the scoop drops Thayden's body in the rear of the truck. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE DISPOSAL UNIT GRINDING LOUDLY.

Hawkins stares after the distant SOUND in horror.

At that moment, a snappy Jaguar ROARS down the street and passes Hawkins. Hawkins stares at the car: inside is Agent One. The Jaguar turns into the cul-de-sac and disappears into the parking garage.

148. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich and the Technicians stare at several views of Hawkins standing on the side of the empty street.

TECHNICIAN ONE

Wrong one.

Technician One looks at Reich questioningly.

REICH

It's the thought that counts.

CUT TO:

149. INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hawkins sits on the bed crying, Wyndham next to him. McQueen stands at the window, staring at the skyscraper across the street.

(CONTINUED)

149. CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKINS

...there was a girl in the Jaguar.

MCQUEEN

What did she look like?

HAWKINS

Blonde, pretty...

WYNDHAM

Probably wasn't with them.

MCQUEEN

Don't be too sure.

McQueen picks up a clipboard and begins making notes and revisions on a piece of paper.

Wyndham shoots an angry glance at him.

WYNDHAM

(sarcastically)

Unfortunate, now all your plans have to be revised by minus one.

McQueen says nothing. He continues to write.

WYNDHAM

(continuing)

Nothing affects you, does it?

MCQUEEN

You misunderstand. After enough repetition a person can get used to almost anything. But that doesn't mean the feeling isn't still there.

HAWKINS

I...want 'em to taste hell for this...

WYNDHAM

(coldly)

So do I.

Wyndham looks at McQueen.

(CONTINUED)

149. CONTINUED: (3)

WYNDHAM
(continuing)
Your way.

CUT TO:

150. EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

McQueen walks out of the brownstone and starts down the street. He carries his clipboard and a notebook under his arm.

Behind him there is a ROARING. He turns around to see a Jaguar pull out of the cul-de-sac and stop at the red light. Inside is Agent One.

McQueen stares at the car a moment, then crosses to the other side of the street. He stands by the curb, his arm extended, thumb out for hitchhiking.

The light changes. The Jaguar springs forward and whizzes past McQueen.

A few yards down the street, the Jaguar SCREECHES to a stop. McQueen stares at it a moment, then slowly walks up to the car. He bends down to the window and looks in at Agent One.

AGENT ONE
Where are you going?

MCQUEEN
North.

AGENT ONE
(smiles)
That covers a lot of ground.

MCQUEEN
Hollywood.

AGENT ONE
Hop in.

McQueen gets in and the Jaguar ROARS off.

151. INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

For a moment McQueen and Agent One sit in silence. McQueen looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

151. CONTINUED: (2)

MCQUEEN

Nice car.

AGENT ONE

Thanks.

MCQUEEN

You like cars?

AGENT ONE

Nice ones.

MCQUEEN

So do I.

They look at each other. Agent One smiles.

AGENT ONE

You don't look like a hitchhiker.

MCQUEEN

I do other things.

AGENT ONE

Like what?

MCQUEEN

Whatever comes along.

AGENT ONE

You feel that way about women, whatever comes along?

MCQUEEN

If they're...nice ones.

AGENT ONE

This is an interesting conversation.

MCQUEEN

Very. A nice girl who likes nice cars. You work with cars?

AGENT ONE

I have.

MCQUEEN

I have some friends who own a car. A nice one. They just had it stolen.

(CONTINUED)

151. CONTINUED: (3)

Agent One doesn't blink an eye.

AGENT ONE
That's too bad.

MCQUEEN
They're hoping they can get
it back.

AGENT ONE
There's always hope.

MCQUEEN
Ever had a car stolen?

AGENT ONE
Never. I'm always careful.
I lock it.

MCQUEEN
That's a good idea. You
wouldn't want to lose a
car like this.

AGENT ONE
I won't.

MCQUEEN
I admire someone with
confidence.

AGENT ONE
This is still an interesting
conversation, but I don't think
it has much further to go.

MCQUEEN
Neither do I. Pull over here.

Agent One pulls over to the side of the road.

MCQUEEN
(continuing)
Thanks for the ride.

AGENT ONE
Anytime.

(CONTINUED)

151. CONTINUED: (4)

MCQUEEN

Really?

AGENT ONE

I usually don't give free rides, but in your case I'll make an exception.

MCQUEEN

That's good to know.

McQueen gets out of the car and leans down to the passenger window.

AGENT ONE

How will I know if you need another ride?

MCQUEEN

You'll know. I'll be in touch.

McQueen walks away from the car. Agent One watches him for a moment, scrutinizing him carefully, then shoves the Jaguar in gear and drives away.

CUT TO:

152. EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Wyndham, dressed in a business suit, carrying a briefcase, walks briskly up to the huge glass doors below the Reich Industries sign.

153. INT. LOBBY - DAY

Wyndham strolls into the lobby, an imposing marbled foyer. There are three elevators in the rear, two marked 2-20, one marked 21-29.

Two SECURITY GUARDS, middle-aged men in uniforms and caps with guns strapped to their waists, are seated behind a security desk filled with banks of T.V. screens showing closed circuit views of every hallway, corridor and sub-basement in the building.

(CONTINUED)

153. CONTINUED: (2)

Wyndham steps up to the desk.

WYNDHAM

I have an appointment with
Earle Sowders, Sun State
Insurance.

FIRST GUARD

Name, please.

WYNDHAM

Howard Bensinger...

FIRST GUARD

How do you spell that?

WYNDHAM

(hesitates a moment)

B-e-n-s-i-n-g-e-r.

The First Guard punches a computer typewriter on the desk.
Wyndham casually steps back from the desk and glances around
the lobby.

154. WYNDHAM'S POV

Across the lobby, a T.V. camera up near the ceiling.

155. CLOSE SHOT - WYNDHAM

His eyes move across the top of the wall.

156. WYNDHAM'S POV

moving across the wall to another T.V. camera above the
security desk, then down to a third camera above the front
door. Below that is an alarm box with SIGNAL DEVICE S17-Y
stenciled on the side.

157. BACK TO SCENE

The First Guard looks up from the desk.

FIRST GUARD

Mister Sowders is expecting you.
Fourteenth floor, Room 225. Take
either elevator on your right.

CUT TO:

158. INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - FOURTEENTH FLOOR - DAY

MOVING SHOT WITH Wyndham as he casually strolls down the corridor.

159. WYNDHAM'S POV - MOVING SHOT

At the end of the corridor, high on the wall, a T.V. camera is pointed down covering any movement in the hall.

160. BACK TO WYNDHAM

He stops by 225 and goes in.

CUT TO:

161. INT. OFFICE - FOURTEENTH FLOOR - DAY

Wyndham is sitting across a desk from EARLE SOWDERS, a plump, nervous, middle-aged businessman whose neck is trussed up in a thick wire and plaster brace. Sowers is chain smoking cigarettes. His legs and feet are hidden behind the desk. There is a constant BRUSHING SOUND like sandpaper.

SOWDERS

No fault car insurance is the only way to go. With the way people drive, the sheer number of cars on the freeway, the pressure of rush hour...

Wyndham, nodding in agreement, looks past Sowers to the window behind him. It is a picture window that fills the entire wall.

WYNDHAM

It's a real jungle out there.

Suddenly Hawkins's head pops up from behind the desk.

HAWKINS

You want paste or hard gloss?

162. ANOTHER ANGLE

We SEE Hawkins on his knees behind the desk, dressed in white coveralls, shining Sowers's shoes. Sowers struggles to move in the brace and look down.

(CONTINUED)

162. CONTINUED: (2)

SOWDERS

Just hurry it up.

Hawkins nods and goes back to work.

Sowers starts to light another cigarette. Wyndham jumps up and pulls out a lighter.

WYNDEAM

Here, let me.

As Wyndham lights Sowers's cigarette, Hawkins quickly reaches to the window behind Sowers and pulls the strip of metal casing off the bottom of the sill. He returns to his shoe shining.

Wyndham glances up at the window.

WYNDEAM

(continuing)

You have a nice view from your window. Can I take a closer look?

SOWDERS

Oh, sure, help yourself.

Wyndham walks around the desk, behind Sowers and Hawkins to the window. He gazes out at the city.

WYNDEAM

Magnificent.

Sowers tries to turn around, but his neck brace prevents him. He glances down, annoyed at Hawkins.

SOWDERS

How long does it take you to shine a pair of shoes? Can't you see I've got a customer?

163. CLOSE SHOT - WYNDEAM

at the window. He looks down at the bottom of the window sill.

164. WYNDHAM'S POV

At the bottom of the sill underneath the casing Hawkins pulled away are two thin sensor alarm wires, "sundowners", embedded across the window from wall to wall.

165. CLOSE SHOT - WYNDHAM'S COAT POCKET

Wyndham's hand reaches in his pocket. He grasps the end of a string and pulls on it.

166. CLOSE SHOT - WYNDHAM'S SHOE

The string trails down his pant leg into his shoe. He lifts his shoe slightly and a razor blade attached to the inset flips down.

His shoe moves to the bottom of the sill and quickly SNIPS the two alarm wires with the blade. The string pulls the razor back up into the inset.

167. WIDE SHOT

Wyndham turns away from the window.

WYNDHAM

Well, I think you've sold me on the policy, Mister Sowders.

As Wyndham walks back to his seat, Hawkins quickly replaces the metal casing on the bottom of the window.

HAWKINS

All done.

Hawkins stands up, stuffing his brush and rag into his shoe shine box. Sowders flips him a dollar bill. Hawkins strolls out of the office.

Sowders leans forward and hands Wyndham a copy of the policy.

SOWDERS

I know you won't be sorry.

WYNDHAM

Yes, I'm sure of that.

CUT TO:

168. INT. MOBILE TRAILER - DAY

McQueen and Wyndham are seated at a table staring intently at a small metallic box with S17-Y stenciled on it. From his bed, Iron John is giving them instructions.

IRON JOHN

You're going to have to disarm the entire device. First, the exterior screw.

Wyndham takes a small, tiny screwdriver. He carefully unscrews the top of the box. He lifts off the casing. Underneath is a thick mass of multi-colored wires.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

Those wires are a trap. Cut any one of them and the alarm goes off. Find the white wire.

Wyndham separates the mass of colored wires. In the middle is a thin white wire.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

Clip it.

Wyndham picks up a pair of nail clippers and cuts the wire.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

The alarm is off. Simple, huh?

WYNDHAM

If you know what you're doing.

169. ANOTHER ANGLE

The door of the trailer opens and a CONSTRUCTION WORKER steps in carrying two large aluminum strips in his hands. McQueen gets up from the table and inspects the strips. They interlock together with a SNAP.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

This what you wanted?

McQueen nods.

(CONTINUED)

169. CONTINUED: (2)

MCQUEEN

Where are the rest of them?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Outside.

MCQUEEN

Fine, thanks.

As the Construction Worker steps out, Hawkins comes in carrying a small machine that looks like a rug cleaner. It is an airless paint sprayer. On one end is a spray gun and on the other a long hose. There are straps on it like a back pack.

HAWKINS

What color should I paint the kitchen?

MCQUEEN

Black. Set it over there.

McQueen returns to the table where Wyndham has placed a four-foot section of electrical cable ten feet in diameter. Wyndham is carefully peeling back the steel wire armor casing with a pair of pliers under Iron John's guidance.

IRON JOHN

Slowly. Very slowly.

Wyndham nods understandingly. Finally he pulls the armor away, revealing a vinyl jacket underneath. He puts down the pliers and holds up a glass cutter.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

Use it like a surgeon.
Sixteen thousand volts
under here.

Wyndham gently slits the vinyl with the glass cutter, then pulls it apart with his fingers, revealing the huge, glistening inside wires.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

The heart of the matter.

Wyndham peers in at the wires. He takes a pair of rubber wire cutters and places them on one of the wires.

(CONTINUED)

169. CONTINUED: (3)

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

Quickly, surely, steadily.

Wyndham brings the wire cutter together. The wire SNAPS in two.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

You're turning into a real pro.
When you finish with T.C., I
may hire you.

McQueen has picked up a box marked plastic explosives and is staring at the contents.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

You need any help there, T.C.?

McQueen looks at Iron John and smiles.

IRON JOHN

(continuing)

I didn't think so. By the
way, did you enjoy seeing
the sights from my building?

MCQUEEN

Very much.

IRON JOHN

Find out anything?

MCQUEEN

There's no roof on the Reich
building. Only steel plating.

Iron John smiles.

IRON JOHN

No plating either.

McQueen just looks at Iron John.

MCQUEEN

That changes things slightly.

(CONTINUED)

169. CONTINUED: (4)

Hawkins finally joins the conversation.

HAWKINS

How?

MCQUEEN

Nothing for you to worry about.

McQueen glances at Wyndham, then Hawkins.

MCQUEEN

(continuing) -

We're ready.

CUT TO:

170. EXT. CITY - DUSK

LONG PANNING SHOT of L.A. at dusk. The sun is a milky glow in the distance. The city moves toward night.

CAMERA STOPS ON the Reich Industries skyscraper and the building under construction next to it, two huge glass and steel fingers reaching up into the sky.

171. INT. BROWNSTONE - DUSK

McQueen, Wyndham and Hawkins, dressed in black jumpsuits, prepare for the assault.

There are tools, stopwatches, ropes, flashlights and other odd paraphernalia scattered around. Wyndham is sitting at the table looking over the floorplans.

Hawkins pours the contents of a can of gasoline into the airless paint sprayer.

McQueen carefully adjusts a device in the window facing the skyscraper across the street. It is a pole stretched from the floor to the ceiling. Attached to the pole are small but powerful quartz lights with focusing lenses attached. McQueen adjusts each light to a particular angle drawn on a complex diagram.

The three men are a close, tight unit.

(CONTINUED)

171. CONTINUED: (2)

McQueen CLICKS open an attache case and removes two .45 semi-automatic pistols. He inserts the clips and screws on long, lethal-looking silencers.

He hands the guns to Wyndham and Hawkins.

Hawkins stares at the gun in his hand.

HAWKINS
Just like Bennings, Texas.

McQueen loads a huge coil of rope into a breeches buoy gun. Protruding from the barrel is a five-pronged grapple.

Wyndham contemplates his .45.

WYNDHAM
I just don't know if I can
kill someone over a car.

MCQUEEN
They did.

McQueen finishes with the breeches buoy gun. He stands up.

MCQUEEN
(continuing)
Let's sync up.

They check their watches.

All the cords from the quartz lights on the pole are plugged into a single industrial junction box. On the junction box is a small timer. McQueen CLICKS the timer to fifteen.

MCQUEEN
(continuing)
Now.

The men set their watches. McQueen starts the timer. They pick up back-packs, strap them on and walk out the door.

CUT TO:

172. INT. CHRYSLER - NIGHT - POV

From inside the Chrysler we SEE the Reich Industries skyscraper blocks away, rotating slowly as the car circles it from adjacent streets. It is a tall, cold Tower of Babel.

173. REVERSE ANGLE

The three men stare up at the building in silence.

174. CLOSER ON SKYSCRAPER

from only a block away, still moving around the immense, impenetrable steel giant.

175. REVERSE ANGLE

on the men in the Chrysler. They check their watches.

MCQUEEN

Let's go.

CUT TO:

176. INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The timer on the junction box BLIPS to zero.

Suddenly all the quartz lights on the pole at the window CLICK ON. The focusing lenses on the quartz lights are aimed at various cameras on the skyscraper.

177. EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Thin beams of light, clustered together at odd angles, shoot out from the third-floor window of the brownstone and strike precisely into the lenses of the cameras on the skyscraper across the street.

178. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Technician One is staring at his bank of T.V. screens.

All the screens showing the view of the street in front of the building are white, washed out with the quartz light.

TECHNICIAN ONE

I've got camera trouble here.

He begins punching buttons on his console. Technician Two looks over his shoulder.

179. EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Chrysler cruises slowly by the side of the parking garage. McQueen and Wyndham quickly get out. They press themselves into the shadows of the garage wall.

180. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich walks into the surveillance room. Technician One is still pushing buttons.

REICH

What is it?

TECHNICIAN ONE

I don't know, sir.

REICH

We roll in an hour.

TECHNICIAN ONE

I'm checking my circuits, sir.

181. EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD

The dark green Buick moves past on patrol.

An instant later, McQueen and Wyndham quickly scale the wall of the parking garage and leap onto the top.

182. INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT

The junction box CLICKS again.

All the quartz lights go off. The apartment is dark.

183. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The T.V. screens suddenly all fade on again.

TECHNICIAN ONE

There! All of them functioning
one hundred per cent.

REICH

Run a systems check anyway.

Reich turns and leaves the room.

(CONTINUED)

183. CONTINUED: (2)

The two technicians look at each other. They are relieved Reich is gone.

TECHNICIAN ONE

Whew!

TECHNICIAN TWO

Any idea what that could have been?

Technician One shakes his head.

TECHNICIAN ONE

Don't tell me it's going to be one of those nights.

CUT TO:

184. EXT. THEATER - WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The marquee of the theater on Wilshire Boulevard reads:

TONIGHT!

GALA WORLD PREMIERE!

"ARLINGTON: A LOVE STORY"

CROWDS are already in bleachers waiting for the celebrities to arrive.

Across the street is a huge moving van parked just a few yards from the entrance to a large parking garage. On the side of the van is printed:

CITY CAR MOVERS

185. ANOTHER ANGLE

Agent One comes out of a delicatessen carrying an armful of sacks. She walks down to the van and gets in the cab.

186. INT. MOVING VAN CAB

The MOVING VAN DRIVER flips a switch on the dash.

A small door behind Agent One's seat opens. She ducks into the back of the van.

187. INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

Inside the van are TWENTY AGENTS sitting along the sides.

Agent One closes the cab door behind her, kneels and opens the sacks. They are filled with cups of coffee and donuts. Agent One begins passing out the coffee.

AGENT ONE
I got fourteen blacks...
twenty blacks with sugar...
ten creams...

CUT TO:

188. EXT. SKYSCRAPER

WIDE SHOT of the skyscraper jutting upward into the dark, leaden night sky.

Next to it, two small figures move across the top of the parking garage.

189. ANGLE ON TOP OF PARKING GARAGE

McQueen and Wyndham, crouched low, move across the roof of the garage. McQueen carries the breeches buoy gun.

They stop at the edge. Above them, shooting straight up, is the north side of the skyscraper.

They look up for several seconds, counting floors and windows.

WYNDHAM
There...Fourteen up, tenth
from the right.

MCQUEEN
I see it.

Suddenly the entire north side of the building is bathed in bright light.

McQueen and Wyndham duck down in the shadows.

190. EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The huge klieg light is slowly rotating across the north side of the skyscraper.

(CONTINUED)

190. CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERA PANS FROM THE LIGHT, ALONG the huge cables to a power truck parked at the edge of the supermarket lot.

Hawkins steps to the back of the truck. He is unnoticed by the customers entering the supermarket.

Quickly he throws a switch and pulls out several wires.

The klieg light slowly fades off.

CUT TO:

191. EXT. TOP OF PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The north side is in darkness. McQueen takes careful aim with the breeches buoy gun. His eyes squinted, he stares up at the window in the fourteenth floor.

A LOUD CRUMP! The gun jerks as the line shoots up, WHINING out of the barrel.

192. EXT. FOURTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

The grapple SMASHES through the window.

193. INT. OFFICE - FOURTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

The grapple sails across Earle Sowders's office and SLAMS into the floor, the prongs digging into the tile. It anchors firmly.

194. CLOSE SHOT - WINDOW

The line dangles out of the broken window. Below the sill are the two alarm wires that Wyndham severed. Silence, no alarm.

195. EXT. TOP OF PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

McQueen tugs on the line. It is secure. He straps on a winch belt around his waist and CLICKS the other end on the line. Then he hands the breeches buoy gun to Wyndham and steps to the edge of the roof.

(CONTINUED)

195. CONTINUED: (2)

MCQUEEN

See you at the front door.

He leaps off the roof.

196. EXT. SIDE OF SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

He sails in an arc from the garage to the side of the building, the winch WHINING softly.

He hits just below a row of windows on the balls of his feet and bounces several times, stopping his swing. Hanging there, he turns and nods to Wyndham.

197. ANGLE ON WYNDHAM

Wyndham waves back and sets the breeches buoy gun on the roof. He turns and hurries away.

CUT TO:

198. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

TECHNICIAN ONE

(into microphone)

All right, check it out.

Technician Two wanders up.

TECHNICIAN TWO

Now what?

TECHNICIAN ONE

We lost the searchlight.

Patrol is checking it.

Technician One opens a drawer in his console and pulls out a .38.

TECHNICIAN ONE

(continuing)

Something's going on.

CUT TO:

199. EXT. SKYSCRAPER - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

McQueen is an ant slowly scaling the side, silhouetted in darkness. Traffic continues on the streets. Everything is normal except for the tiny man moving up the thin rope.

200. EXT. SIDE OF SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

McQueen, working like hell, scales the side. He pulls himself painfully upward, hopping carefully over the windows, placing none of his weight on the glass.

201. CLOSE SHOT - MCQUEEN

His face is a mass of sweat. He breathes in EXPLOSIVE GASPS.

202. LOW ANGLE

Above him the line disappears in a row of windows barely visible from his position. He continues the ascent.

CUT TO:

203. INT. CHRYSLER - NIGHT

Wyndham and Hawkins are in the parked Chrysler. Both of them stare at McQueen up on the building.

Wyndham checks his wristwatch.

WYNDHAM

Five minutes.

204. EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

TWO MEN, the Assassin and a PLAIN CLOTHES TECHNICIAN from the complex, approach the klieg light's power truck. The Technician begins working on the wiring while the Assassin looks around the parking lot suspiciously.

205. EXT. SIDE OF SKYSCRAPER - HIGH SHOT - NIGHT

CAMERA IS LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN the side. Below, McQueen is slowly moving up. Way below him is the top of the parking garage.

206. CLOSER ANGLE - MCQUEEN

His breathing is LOUD, HISSING BLASTS. His arms are shaking wildly. His face is wet, eyes burning hot in the darkness.

207. WIDE SHOT

McQueen finally reaches the fourteenth floor. He leans out, the line extended forty-five degrees from the inside. Carefully he kicks out the broken glass and slides inside.

208. INT. OFFICE - FOURTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Stepping in the window, McQueen suddenly crumples on shaking legs and collapses on the floor. He lies amid broken glass and the tangled line, his body heaving. He looks back at the window and touches the severed alarm wires with his fingers.

209. EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Plain Clothes Technician hooks up the wires and throws the switch on the power truck.

The klieg light comes back to life with a burst of light. It begins slowly rotating, the beam moving toward the north side of the skyscraper.

The Technician and the Assassin stare up at the building.

210. INT. OFFICE - FOURTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

McQueen pulls in the breeches buoy rope.

Then he takes a roll of thin, translucent plastic from his back-pack and tapes it to the open, broken window, stretching the plastic taut.

211. EXT. SIDE OF SKYSCRAPER - FOURTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

The plastic is flush with the side of the building. It looks like a pane of glass.

The beam from the klieg light sweeps slowly across the side.

The windows look as they did before. Nothing broken, nothing out of place.

212. EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Technician and the Assassin watch the klieg light sweep off the building. Satisfied, they walk back to the dark green Buick.

CUT TO:

213. INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - FOURTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of the dark corridor.

There is the barely audible HUM of the air conditioning system. At the end of the hall is the closed circuit T.V. camera perched high near the ceiling.

214. CLOSE SHOT - BOTTOM OF DOOR

Slowly the door of room 225 swings open a few inches. Then a small compact mirror slides out at an angle, resting on the corridor floor.

215. INT. OFFICE - FOURTEENTH FLOOR

McQueen is bending down by the door carefully positioning the small mirror. He reaches into his jumpsuit and takes out a small penlight. He lowers his body on the floor and aims the penlight at the mirror.

216. CLOSE SHOT - MIRROR

On one half of the mirror is reflected the corridor and the T.V. camera. On the other half is McQueen aiming the penlight. He CLICKS it on.

The thin, powerful beam of light hits the mirror and reflects down the hallway to the T.V. camera.

217. INT. CORRIDOR - CLOSE SHOT - T.V. CAMERA

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

218. WIDE SHOT - CORRIDOR

McQueen steps through an adjoining office door into the corridor. He quickly slips past the beam of light and moves to the elevator.

219. INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The two night SECURITY GUARDS are behind the security desk playing cards. The lobby is dark except for illumination at the desk.

THIRD GUARD

Gin!

The Fourth Guard throws down his cards. As he does, he glances at the banks of T.V. screens.

220. CLOSE SHOT - T.V. SCREEN

One of the screens is flared white.

221. TWO SHOT - SECURITY GUARDS

THIRD GUARD

(continuing)

Count 'em up.

FOURTH GUARD

Look.

They both stare at the screen.

FOURTH GUARD

(continuing)

They had a short circuit on the front cameras a few minutes ago.

THIRD GUARD

Short circuit doesn't look like that.

Behind them one of the elevators opens up. The Third Guard turns around and stares at it. It's empty. Frowning, he gets up and walks toward it.

The Fourth Guard doesn't look up from the screen.

222. ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

The Third Guard stops in front of the open doors, places a hand on his pistol and cautiously peers inside.

223. THIRD GUARD'S POV

McQueen, crouched against the wall, throws a fast punch.

224. INT. ELEVATOR

The Third Guard is hit in the jaw with a meaty CRACK. He closes his eyes and slumps forward into the elevator. McQueen silently catches him.

225. ANGLE ON SECURITY DESK

The Fourth Guard, his back to the elevators, is still staring at the screen.

He picks up the telephone on the desk and starts to dial.

McQueen stands up right behind him and delivers a vicious PUNCH to the side of his head. The Fourth Guard flies out of his chair and sprawls unconscious on the lobby floor, the telephone SLAMMING against the desk.

CUT TO:

226. INT. LOBBY - ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

McQueen is standing on a chair disarming the signal device. He pulls off the casing, pulls apart the mass of wires and clips the small white wire.

Then he hops down and opens the front doors.

Wyndham and Hawkins quickly duck inside with their equipment. They press themselves against the wall.

A pair of headlights moves by outside on the main boulevard.

WYNDHAM

There he goes. Perfect.

Hawkins looks at McQueen.

HAWKINS

Enjoyed your show. You mind going up the other side so we can see it again?

CUT TO:

227. EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The celebrities begin to arrive at the theater for the premiere. There is a line of limousines, Rolls Royces, Bentleys, and Mercedes 600s backed up down Wilshire from the front of the theater.

Each time a celebrity gets out of his limousine, the crowd OOHS and CHEERS. Then the limousine drives directly across the street into the parking garage.

228. ANGLE ON ENTRANCE OF WILSHIRE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The LIMO DRIVERS get out and PARKING ATTENDANTS drive the limousines into the Wilshire parking garage.

229. INT. MOVING VAN CAB

MOVING VAN DRIVER
(into walkie-talkie)
This is observer one. "They Drive by Night."

230. INT. MOVING VAN

AGENT ONE
(into walkie-talkie)
This is Agent One. "To Have and Have Not."

231. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

TECHNICIAN ONE
This is Mother Ship. We read twenty minutes to "The Big Sleep."

CUT TO:

232. INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Wyndham steps out of the elevator into the sub-basement. Huge air-conditioning units, a maze of heating and ventilating ducts, and a series of cold-gray electrical substations softly WHIRRING with power are all lit by a bank of fluorescent lights in the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

232. CONTINUED: (2)

He walks up to a substation marked:

DANGER!
HIGH VOLTAGE!

Coming out of the substation is a ten-foot steel cable that disappears down into the floor through a bolted steel plate. Wyndham bends down to the plate.

CUT TO:

233. INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Complete black.

Then slowly light pours into the elevator shaft as the two doors are pried open. McQueen and Hawkins are silhouetted as they look down into the shaft.

McQueen's flashlight pops on. Shakily the beam begins to explore the sides of the shaft.

234. ANOTHER ANGLE

The elevator shaft is immense and dark with thick cables and counterweights hanging everywhere. There is a low RUSHING of air currents.

The circle of light from McQueen's flashlight moves across three elevator cable wheels at the very top of the shaft.

The wheels are mounted on a cylindrical pipe which is bolted to the wall on one side of the shaft but disappears into the concrete on the other side.

235. TWO SHOT - MCQUEEN AND HAWKINS

MCQUEEN

A second elevator shaft has been sealed off from the main shaft. It's somewhere on the other side of that wall.

CUT TO:

236. INT. SUB-BASEMENT

CLOSE SHOT of the steel plate in the floor.

There are small, barely visible alarm wires attached to each of the four bolts.

The wires run from the steel plate across the floor, up the wall and into an alarm box near the ceiling. On the alarm box is stenciled: SIGNAL DEVICE S-17Y.

Wyndham is carefully disarming the box. He has the casing off. He pulls the mass of wires apart and clips the white wire.

CUT TO:

237. INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

McQueen steps out on the ledge and grabs a cable hanging near him. He swings out on it and lowers himself down into the darkness.

Hawkins watches him from above.

238. INT. BOTTOM OF FIRST ELEVATOR SHAFT

McQueen slides down the cable and steps on the concrete bottom of the elevator shaft.

He touches the wall with his hand and slowly feels his way to the edge of the shaft.

There is a huge steel door in the wall. It has a tumbler combination lock on it.

A sign on the door reads:

DANGER! DO NOT ENTER!
AUTHORIZED MAINTENANCE
PERSONNEL ONLY!

CUT TO:

239. INT. SUB-BASEMENT

Wyndham unscrews the last bolt and lifts the steel plate off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

239. CONTINUED: (2)

Under the plate is a splicing chamber, a small, rectangular shaft that descends into the floor for forty feet straight down. It carries the ten-foot cable from the electrical substation to other levels below the sub-basement. There is barely enough room for a man to maneuver between the ten-foot cable and the aluminum-plated walls of the splicing chamber.

Wyndham sits on the floor straddling the cable, his feet dangling into the shaft. He quickly glances at his watch.

CUT TO:

240. INT. BOTTOM OF FIRST ELEVATOR SHAFT

McQueen and Hawkins stand in front of the steel door. McQueen outlines the perimeter of the door with his flashlight and contemplates it.

HAWKINS

Looks like we'll have to pick this baby.

McQueen says nothing. He is perplexed by the door.

Cautiously Hawkins touches the door. He pulls his finger away in surprise.

HAWKINS

It's cold.

Then McQueen realizes. He looks at Hawkins.

MCQUEEN

The inside of the door is filled with chlorine gas.

McQueen quickly takes off his back-pack and removes a large box. The box is clear plastic and opened at one end. There are holes cut in the sides and gloves attached with airtight seals. On the bottom attached to a nozzle is what seems to be layers of plastic folded up.

McQueen holds the box open-end over the tumbler. With his other hand, he opens a small tube and spreads a thick jelly sealer around the edge of the box.

Then he stands holding the box tightly against the door. He checks his watch.

CUT TO:

241. EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The last of the celebrities arrive at the theater. Their limousine is driven across to the garage.

242. ANGLE ON WILSHIRE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

It is taken into the garage by a parking attendant. We SEE that the garage is filled to capacity with limousines.

243. INT. MOVING VAN CAB

MOVING VAN DRIVER

(into walkie-talkie)

Observer one. "The Long Goodbye."

244. INT. MOVING VAN

The twenty agents are now dressed as parking attendants in spiffy, blue uniforms. Agent One signals them and they all stand up.

AGENT ONE

(into walkie-talkie)

Agent One. Beginning "The Big Sleep."

245. INT. WILSHIRE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The five PARKING ATTENDANTS are just sitting around. Their work is over until the theater lets out.

The private phone on the wall RINGS. An attendant picks it up.

FIRST PARKING ATTENDANT

Hello. Yeah. Sure, sure, right away.

He hangs up and turns to the others.

FIRST PARKING ATTENDANT

(continuing)

Stalled limo in front of the theater. Let's go.

The other four attendants let out a GROAN and all of them walk grousing toward the entrance.

246. ANGLE ON ENTRANCE

The moving van has pulled right in and blocked the entrance. The attendants walk curiously up to it.

Suddenly the back of the van swings open.

Several agents leap out. The five parking attendants are quickly overcome. They are knocked unconscious and thrown into the back of the van.

The twenty agents hurriedly jump out of the van. The doors are closed and the van pulls away from the garage entrance.

Then the agents disperse to various limousines.

247. INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The theater is filled to capacity. The lights dim, the curtains open, the movie begins.

248. EXT. REAR ENTRANCE OF WILSHIRE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

One by one, the limousines are driven out by the agents.

249. INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Agent One is driving the lead limo.

AGENT ONE
(into walkie-talkie)
Agent One to Mother Ship.
"Gone With the Wind."

CUT TO:

250. INT. BOTTOM OF FIRST ELEVATOR SHAFT

McQueen releases his hold on the clear plastic box. It hangs on the door, sealed tight.

Quickly McQueen slips his hands into the gloves. He begins to fiddle with the tumbler inside the box. His fingers never touch the tumbler, only the gloves.

(CONTINUED)

250. CONTINUED: (2)

MCQUEEN

You get just one whiff of chlorine gas in your lungs and it starts to burn them out. A couple of deep breaths of it...

Finally McQueen pulls the tumbler. It plops out of the door into the plastic box.

Then suddenly a jet of chlorine gas pours from the tumbler hole into the box. Since the box is sealed to the door, the gas fills up the inside.

Hawkins looks at him fearfully.

MCQUEEN

It won't leak.

What seemed to be layers of folded plastic on the bottom of the box now appears as a large plastic sack that slowly unfolds as the chlorine gas expands and fills it.

CUT TO:

251. INT. SUB-BASEMENT

Wyndham starts down into the splicing chamber. He moves like a mountain climber, his back pressed against the wall, his feet and arms bracing him. In front of him is the huge cable THROBBING with life.

CUT TO:

252. EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

The first of the limousines pulls onto the cul-de-sac street and into the parking garage. Right behind it come the others.

253. INT. LOWEST LEVEL - PARKING GARAGE

The Section R wall slides open and the limousines begin to drive into the sewer tunnel.

254. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The limos pour in. They move directly from the garage entrance to the conveyor belt. Mechanics and inspectors begin working furiously, taking them apart and rebuilding them.

As each agent drops off the limo at the conveyor belt, a Volkswagen pulls up to pick him up and drive back out of the garage.

Reich stands in a hallway looking in at the operation. An INSPECTOR walks up to him.

INSPECTOR
They're ready at the docks,
Mister Reich.

REICH
Very good.

The Inspector motions to the Black Moon sitting off to the side of the activity.

INSPECTOR
What about that?

Reich looks at him, puzzled.

INSPECTOR
(continuing)
We need the space, sir.

Reich thinks a moment.

REICH
Put it through.

INSPECTOR
Sir?

REICH
A light cosmetic.

Reich turns and walks away.

The Inspector turns and motions to a SECOND INSPECTOR, who gets in the Black Moon, starts it up, and drives it to the end of the long line of limos waiting for the conveyor belt.

CUT TO:

255. INT. BOTTOM OF FIRST ELEVATOR SHAFT

The large plastic sack on the bottom of the "glove box" is huge now and filled with chlorine gas. It has expanded thirty or forty times its original size.

McQueen checks the box. Satisfied, he once again slips his hands in the gloves and pulls open the door.

There are steps leading down into blackness.

McQueen gathers up his back-pack and steps through the door. Hawkins attaches a scoop of plastic explosive to the door, inserts a timer, sets it, then follows.

256. INT. FIRST SUBLEVEL - NIGHT

McQueen's flashlight defines the first sublevel, a small, featureless room.

Then McQueen CLICKS on a Jerry light. The room is fully illuminated. They are not in the fourth elevator shaft but an intermediate room. The walls are gray concrete, the floor a circular tile.

Across the room is another doorway with steps leading down to yet another level.

But covering the doorway are barbed-wire electrified fences. The outer fence stretches from floor to ceiling and slopes outward at so sharp an angle that the top is four feet out of line with the bottom. Then an inner fence covers the doorway proper, and another similar fence sloping the other direction on the other side of the door. The fences HUM with electricity.

McQueen walks to the outer fence. He stares closely at it. Hawkins reaches into his back-pack and pulls out a pair of rubber wire cutters.

MCQUEEN

They're no good unless you
feel like going to a barbecue.

Hawkins looks at him quizzically.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

No ordinary electrified fence.
Every single wire in it is
live and interconnected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

256. CONTINUED: (2)

MCQUEEN (Cont'd)

Cut into any anywhere and every alarm in this building goes off and so do you.

HAWKINS

What do we do now?

McQueen takes off his back-pack.

MCQUEEN

Improvise.

257. INT. THEATER

The film is well underway. The audience stares attentively at the screen: an intimate close shot of a MAN and a WOMAN who look tenderly at each other.

WOMAN

(on screen)

So it wasn't until that very night I found out he was... a rabbi.

A few TITTERS from the audience.

MAN

(on screen)

You're kidding?

WOMAN

(on screen)

He told me I would have to have the operation.

At this, the audience in the theater bursts into LAUGHTER.

CUT TO:

258. EXT. REAR OF WILSHIRE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The limousines still pour out of the garage.

259. ANGLE ON STREET

The line of limos moving off down the street.

260. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The limos are moving in and out rapidly, interspersed with agents leaving in Volkswagens.

We SEE the Black Moon slowly progressing toward the conveyor belt.

261. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich stares at a bank of T.V. screens. Every aspect of the operation is being monitored: the limos arriving at the building, entering through the Section R wall, being rebuilt on the belt, leaving the complex, and on one screen arriving at Long Beach on a dock by a huge freighter. The limos drive right up a ramp onto the ship.

Reich turns to Technician One.

REICH

Have you ever seen anything so beautiful in your life? It's like the fine inner workings of a Swiss watch.

Technician One glances at a wall clock.

TECHNICIAN ONE

The movie has another forty minutes to go.

REICH

I'm going up top. Keep me informed.

CUT TO:

262. INT. SPLICING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Wyndham is about halfway down the splicing chamber. It is incredible work. His muscles are taut at all times. Below him is a drop of twenty feet.

CUT TO:

263. INT. FIRST SUBLEVEL

McQueen and Hawkins are through the first fence and up to the second.

(CONTINUED)

263. CONTINUED: (2)

McQueen places one end of a wire into each insulator, trails the wire around behind Hawkins and himself and attaches the other end to the insulator on the other side. He provides an alternate pathway for the current of each wire.

Finally McQueen finishes rerouting the current for the second fence. He quickly cuts through the now-dead wires and steps through to the third fence, Hawkins bustling right behind him.

CUT TO:

264. INT. SPLICING CHAMBER

Wyndham stops just short of the bottom of the splicing chamber. He places a blob of plastic explosive on the wall of the chamber and then begins work on the ten-foot cable.

He peels away the steel-wire armor casing. Then he carefully slits the vinyl underjacket with glass cutters. Slowly he pulls back the vinyl.

CUT TO:

265. INT. SECOND SUBLEVEL - NIGHT

McQueen cuts through the third fence and walks down some steps into a second sublevel. It is a featureless room exactly like the one above it: gray walls and circular tile on the floor.

There is a black hole in the opposite wall where the floor drops off.

McQueen starts for the hole, Hawkins right behind him.

Then McQueen stops dead in the middle of the room.

MCQUEEN

Freeze!

Hawkins bumps into him and stops behind him.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

The floor.

(CONTINUING)

265. CONTINUED: (2)

Hawkins looks at the circular tile designs.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

Some of those tiles aren't
tiles.

266. CLOSE SHOT - FLOOR

Instead of a tile design, we SEE a small circular beam
inset in the floor.

267. BACK TO SCENE

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

They're gas dynamic laser
beams. The floor's a mine
field.

Hawkins looks down around him. One of his feet has just
missed a beam.

MCQUEEN

Step on one you split in
two.

HAWKINS

I'll follow you.

McQueen takes a hesitant step forward. Hawkins follows
with a step.

CUT TO:

268. INT. SPLICING CHAMBER

Wyndham has the cable stripped open to the inside wire.
He holds a pair of rubber wire cutters. Once again he
checks his watch.

CUT TO:

269. INT. SECOND SUBLEVEL

HIGH SHOT of the room. McQueen and Hawkins are almost to
the hole in the wall. They move slowly, one careful step
at a time.

254. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The limos pour in. They move directly from the garage entrance to the conveyor belt. Mechanics and inspectors begin working furiously, taking them apart and rebuilding them.

As each agent drops off the limo at the conveyor belt, a Volkswagen pulls up to pick him up and drive back out of the garage.

Reich stands in a hallway looking in at the operation. An INSPECTOR walks up to him.

INSPECTOR

They're ready at the docks,
Mister Reich.

REICH

Very good.

The Inspector motions to the Black Moon sitting off to the side of the activity.

INSPECTOR

What about that?

Reich looks at him, puzzled.

INSPECTOR

(continuing)

We need the space, sir.

Reich thinks a moment.

REICH

Put it through.

INSPECTOR

Sir?

REICH

A light cosmetic.

Reich turns and walks away.

The Inspector turns and motions to a SECOND INSPECTOR, who gets in the Black Moon, starts it up, and drives it to the end of the long line of limos waiting for the conveyor belt.

CUT TO:

255. INT. BOTTOM OF FIRST ELEVATOR SHAFT

The large plastic sack on the bottom of the "glove box" is huge now and filled with chlorine gas. It has expanded thirty or forty times its original size.

McQueen checks the box. Satisfied, he once again slips his hands in the gloves and pulls open the door.

There are steps leading down into blackness.

McQueen gathers up his back-pack and steps through the door. Hawkins attaches a scoop of plastic explosive to the door, inserts a timer, sets it, then follows.

256. INT. FIRST SUBLEVEL - NIGHT

McQueen's flashlight defines the first sublevel, a small, featureless room.

Then McQueen CLICKS on a Jerry light. The room is fully illuminated. They are not in the fourth elevator shaft but an intermediate room. The walls are gray concrete, the floor a circular tile.

Across the room is another doorway with steps leading down to yet another level.

But covering the doorway are barbed-wire electrified fences. The outer fence stretches from floor to ceiling and slopes outward at so sharp an angle that the top is four feet out of line with the bottom. Then an inner fence covers the doorway proper, and another similar fence sloping the other direction on the other side of the door. The fences HUM with electricity.

McQueen walks to the outer fence. He stares closely at it. Hawkins reaches into his back-pack and pulls out a pair of rubber wire cutters.

MCQUEEN

They're no good unless you
feel like going to a barbecue.

Hawkins looks at him quizzically.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

No ordinary electrified fence.
Every single wire in it is
live and interconnected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

256. CONTINUED: (2)

MCQUEEN (Cont'd)
Cut into any anywhere and
every alarm in this building
goes off and so do you.

HAWKINS
What do we do now?

McQueen takes off his back-pack.

MCQUEEN
Improvise.

257. INT. THEATER

The film is well underway. The audience stares attentively
at the screen: an intimate close shot of a MAN and a
WOMAN who look tenderly at each other.

WOMAN
(on screen)
So it wasn't until that very
night I found out he was...
a rabbi.

A few TITTERS from the audience.

MAN
(on screen)
You're kidding?

WOMAN
(on screen)
He told me I would have to
have the operation.

At this, the audience in the theater bursts into LAUGHTER.

CUT TO:

258. EXT. REAR OF WILSHIRE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The limousines still pour out of the garage.

259. ANGLE ON STREET

The line of limos moving off down the street.

260. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The limos are moving in and out rapidly, interspersed with agents leaving in Volkswagens.

We SEE the Black Moon slowly progressing toward the conveyor belt.

261. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich stares at a bank of T.V. screens. Every aspect of the operation is being monitored: the limos arriving at the building, entering through the Section R wall, being rebuilt on the belt, leaving the complex, and on one screen arriving at Long Beach on a dock by a huge freighter. The limos drive right up a ramp onto the ship.

Reich turns to Technician One.

REICH

Have you ever seen anything
so beautiful in your life?
It's like the fine inner
workings of a Swiss watch.

Technician One glances at a wall clock.

TECHNICIAN ONE

The movie has another forty
minutes to go.

REICH

I'm going up top. Keep me
informed.

CUT TO:

262. INT. SPLICING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Wyndham is about halfway down the splicing chamber. It is incredible work. His muscles are taut at all times. Below him is a drop of twenty feet.

CUT TO:

263. INT. FIRST SUBLEVEL

McQueen and Hawkins are through the first fence and up to the second.

(CONTINUED)

263. CONTINUED: (2)

McQueen places one end of a wire into each insulator, trails the wire around behind Hawkins and himself and attaches the other end to the insulator on the other side. He provides an alternate pathway for the current of each wire.

Finally McQueen finishes rerouting the current for the second fence. He quickly cuts through the now-dead wires and steps through to the third fence, Hawkins bustling right behind him.

CUT TO:

264. INT. SPLICING CHAMBER

Wyndham stops just short of the bottom of the splicing chamber. He places a blob of plastic explosive on the wall of the chamber and then begins work on the ten-foot cable.

He peels away the steel-wire armor casing. Then he carefully slits the vinyl underjacket with glass cutters. Slowly he pulls back the vinyl.

CUT TO:

265. INT. SECOND SUBLEVEL - NIGHT

McQueen cuts through the third fence and walks down some steps into a second sublevel. It is a featureless room exactly like the one above it: gray walls and circular tile on the floor.

There is a black hole in the opposite wall where the floor drops off.

McQueen starts for the hole, Hawkins right behind him.

Then McQueen stops dead in the middle of the room.

MCQUEEN

Freeze!

Hawkins bumps into him and stops behind him.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

The floor.

(CONTINUING)

265. CONTINUED: (2)

Hawkins looks at the circular tile designs.

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

Some of those tiles aren't
tiles.

266. CLOSE SHOT - FLOOR

Instead of a tile design, we SEE a small circular beam
inset in the floor.

267. BACK TO SCENE

MCQUEEN

(continuing)

They're gas dynamic laser
beams. The floor's a mine
field.

Hawkins looks down around him. One of his feet has just
missed a beam.

MCQUEEN

Step on one you split in
two.

HAWKINS

I'll follow you.

McQueen takes a hesitant step forward. Hawkins follows
with a step.

CUT TO:

268. INT. SPLICING CHAMBER

Wyndham has the cable stripped open to the inside wire.
He holds a pair of rubber wire cutters. Once again he
checks his watch.

CUT TO:

269. INT. SECOND SUBLEVEL

HIGH SHOT of the room. McQueen and Hawkins are almost to
the hole in the wall. They move slowly, one careful step
at a time.

270. ANOTHER ANGLE

McQueen checks his watch.

MCQUEEN

We're not going to make it.

Hawkins shifts his weight slightly. His .45 automatic falls out of his jumpsuit pocket.

It lands on a laser and instantly disintegrates with a LOUD WRENCHING OF STEEL. Part of the barrel hits Hawkins in the shoulder, knocking him off-balance on one foot. He starts to teeter backward.

McQueen grabs for him but can't reach.

Hawkins frantically waves his arms for balance.

271. INT. SPLICING CHAMBER

CLOSE SHOT - inside wire. It glistens dangerously.

Slowly Wyncham's rubber wire cutters move into frame around the wire. Suddenly they scissor together, cutting the wire neatly in two.

272. INT. SECOND SUBLEVEL

Hawkins tumbles down on the floor. As he hits, he SCREAMS, shutting his eyes waiting for the laser beams to wrench him apart.

But nothing happens. The laser beams are off.

Hawkins looks up slowly at McQueen, who looks at his watch.

MCQUEEN

(smiling)

Good thing Wyncham's a
punctual person.

CUT TO:

273. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The conveyor belt, the drills and winches, the lights, everything in the jammed garage has ground to a halt. The mechanics and inspectors pick up a CRY OF DISGUST in unison.

274. INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

All the lights are off. Outside the windows of the penthouse, the city lights sparkle distantly.

Reich is on the phone trying unsuccessfully to call down to the complex below.

REICH

Hello, hello...Come in,
goddamnit!

275. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The technicians stare at dead panels. Technician One winds up a portable, dry-cell, two-way radio.

TECHNICIAN ONE

(into two-way)

Check all the circuits. If
necessary kick in the emergency
power. Make it fast!

Technician Two turns to him shaking his head.

TECHNICIAN TWO

Do you realize what's going
on outside?

CUT TO:

276. MONTAGE:

The power failure has caught the Section R wall closed. We SEE limos coming to a stop, backed up from the Reich Industries building, waiting on street corners, agents trying to call in on their walkie-talkies, everything stopped all the way back to the Wilshire parking garage.

Downtown L.A. has become one massive traffic jam with nervous agents waiting for the flow of limos to start moving again.

CUT TO:

277. INT. SECOND ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

McQueen and Hawkins squeeze through the hole from sublevel two and drop to the bottom of the second elevator shaft.

(CONTINUED)

277. CONTINUED: (2)

In front of them are the elevator doors leading to the underground complex.

They begin rapidly unloading equipment from their back-packs.

CUT TO:

278. INT. ELECTRICAL POWER ROOM - NIGHT

A MAINTENANCE MAN steps into the dark electrical power room with a flashlight. He checks the dials and gauges of the huge transformers. Then he walks to a red switch on one of the transformers and throws it.

Slowly, with a LOW WHIRRING, the emergency power comes on.

279. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The power on, the garage comes back to life. The conveyor belt, machinery and the mechanics begin working again.

280. MONTAGE:

We SEE the limos moving again through the city streets, the traffic jams breaking up.

CUT TO:

281. INT. ELEVATOR

Reich steps into the elevator from his penthouse and punches the button.

282. INT. SECOND ELEVATOR SHAFT

McQueen is busy placing plastic explosives on one side of the elevator shaft wall. Hawkins has pulled a large grappling hook from his back-pack.

There is a distant CLUNK from above. Then the BUZZING SOUND of the elevator descending.

McQueen glances at the bottom of the elevator doors. There is a thin sliver of light from the complex.

(CONTINUED)

282. CONTINUED: (2)

MCQUEEN

They kicked in the emergency
power!

Quickly McQueen and Hawkins grab the inner edges of the elevator doors in front of them. They pull with all their might but can't pry them open.

The elevator continues to descend.

Seeing its uselessness, McQueen turns to climb through the hole back into the second sublevel.

Too late. The elevator moves down past the hole.

McQueen pushes Hawkins down on the floor of the shaft. They stare up in absolute horror.

The elevator bottom comes right down on top of them.

283. INT. ELECTRICAL POWER ROOM - NIGHT

The Maintenance Man glances up at the ceiling. The plate to the splicing chamber is dangling from two bolts. He stares at it curiously.

Suddenly Wyndham steps out from behind the transformer and WHAPS the Maintenance Man on the back of the head with his .45. He plops to the floor.

Then Wyndham quickly CLICKS off the red switch.

284. INT. SECOND ELEVATOR SHAFT

The power in the complex dies again.

The bottom of the elevator stops just short of crushing McQueen and Hawkins.

285. INT. ELEVATOR

Reich is trapped in the dark, powerless elevator.

286. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

Once again the garage is in darkness. The mechanics and inspectors SHOUT ANGRILY.

287. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The nerve center of the complex is in a panic.

TECHNICIAN ONE

(into two-way)

Hello, maintenance? Hello?
Where are you?

CUT TO:

288. MONTAGE:

Again the limos have come to a standstill. Traffic jams, nervous agents, suspicious POLICE OFFICERS cruising by in squad cars.

CUT TO:

289. INT. HALLWAY

Wyndham, the gasoline-filled airless strapped on his back, walks down the dark hallway to the elevator doors. He inserts a crowbar into the middle and starts to pry the doors apart.

An INSPECTOR comes hurrying down the hallway. He stops and stares at Wyndham curiously.

WYNDHAM

(smiling sheepishly)

Hiya.

INSPECTOR

(suspiciously)

Where's your card?

WYNDHAM

I'm new. From painting.

The Inspector slowly removes his gun from its holster.

INSPECTOR

Using a crowbar instead of
a brush?

Wyndham taps the airless on his back. He ignores the gun.

(CONTINUED)

289. CONTINUED: (2)

WYNDHAM

New paint sprayer. I'm just checking to see if the doors need a fresh coat.

INSPECTOR

Come with me.

WYNDHAM

It has a special device on the nozzle.

Wyndham holds out the nozzle. The Inspector hesitantly leans forward to inspect the apparatus. Wyndham WHAPS him across the face with it. The Inspector stumbles backward and collapses unconscious on the floor.

Wyndham returns to the elevator doors. Finally he pries them open.

Slowly McQueen and Hawkins crawl out from underneath the elevator. Hawkins hands McQueen the grappling hook.

HAWKINS

Maybe you better hang on to this.

290. INT. ELECTRICAL POWER ROOM

A SECOND MAINTENANCE MAN steps into the electrical power room. He throws the red switch. The emergency power cuts back in.

291. INT. HALLWAY

The fluorescent lights slowly blink on.

McQueen silently motions to the elevator. The men press themselves on either side of the doors.

The doors open. Reich steps out. He only takes a step before McQueen knocks him down with a blow to the back of his head.

292. INT. ELECTRICAL POWER ROOM

The Second Maintenance Man finally discovers the first Maintenance Man lying unconscious on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

292. CONTINUED: (2)

Instantly he hits a big red button on the wall.

A WAILING ALARM HORN goes off in the complex.

293. INT. HALLWAY

McQueen, Wyndham and Hawkins listen to the ALARM HORN DRONING LOUDLY.

CUT TO:

294. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

Mechanics rush away from the cars on the conveyor belt to locked cases on the wall, open them up and begin taking M-1 automatic rifles from racks. It is like a close order drill: the mechanics and inspectors have been trained to respond like a combat squad.

295. ANOTHER ANGLE

McQueen and Hawkins run into the garage and hurry down a row of cars toward the Black Moon, which is one car away from the belt. McQueen points to a flood of armed mechanics pouring into the room and they duck down behind a car.

Half of the mechanics and inspectors move out of the garage, down hallways to other parts of the complex. The others, about fifteen of them, start fanning out through the rows of limos.

McQueen and Hawkins look at each other for a beat.

MCQUEEN

You're on.

He hands Hawkins the Enforcer. As McQueen moves off to the Black Moon, Hawkins opens FIRE.

296. WIDE SHOT

Mechanics take cover behind cars, returning the FIRE.

A vicious gunfight rages. SHOTS REVERBERATE LOUDLY. Other mechanics and inspectors race back in the garage.

(CONTINUED)

296. CONTINUED: (2)

Hawkins is behind a row of limos that are being rapidly disintegrated by GUNFIRE. He opens up with the Enforcer. Bullets RIP through cars. Glass is flying.

297. ANGLE ON BLACK MOON

McQueen has reached the Black Moon. He feels under the car and comes out with the "Hide-A-Key" case. He tucks it in his pocket.

298. INT. HALLWAY

Reich is still unconscious on the floor. Wyndham flicks on the airless. Gasoline sprays out of the air gun with a sudden gush.

Wyndham carefully touches a match to it. The stream of gas turns into a HISSING flame.

Above him, the ceiling is filled with row after row of sprinklers, tiny fire extinguishers set to spray water when the temperature goes above a certain degree.

Wyndham opens the valve on the nozzle, and a huge spraying wave of fire ROARS across the hall. He raises it up, moves the fire up and across the ceiling, sweeping and engulfing the sprinklers.

The next moment the entire hallway is filled with WATER HISSING down, pouring, raining from the sprinklers.

299. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The whole garage is drenched with water POURING down from the rows of sprinklers.

The gunfight continues, except that no one can see anything in the deluge. Mechanics FIRE blindly at sheets of water.

300. ANGLE ON BLACK MOON

Hawkins runs along a wall of water to the Black Moon. McQueen is ahead pushing the limo in front of the Black Moon up onto the conveyor belt. The belt catches and the limo moves down the garage through the water.

301. MOVING SHOT - LIMOUSINE

as it moves along the conveyor belt, being BLOWN APART by gunfire from the mechanics.

302. ANGLE ON BLACK MOON

McQueen and Hawkins at the wheel jump in the Black Moon, REV it up, and turn around in the space left by the limo and BLAST away down the garage in the other direction.

Running, sliding, slipping and falling mechanics race after the car in blind pursuit.

303. INT. GARAGE ENTRANCE

The Black Moon slides to a stop and picks up Wyndham who has ditched the airless.

Hawkins drives the car into the tunnel.

304. INT. HALLWAY

Technician One runs up to Reich, who is slowly crawling to his feet.

TECHNICIAN ONE
Mister Reich...?

305. INT. SEWER

The Black Moon whizzes toward the Section R wall entrance.

306. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich, dripping wet, holding his head painfully, strides into the surveillance room up to one of the consoles.

307. CLOSE SHOT - CONSOLE

On the T.V. screen, the Section R wall is open.

Reich's hand pushes the red button.

308. INT. SEWER

The Section R wall slides closed. The Black Moon SCREECHES to a stop.

McQueen leans out the passenger window and tosses two clocks with plastic explosives into the sewer.

Then Hawkins puts the Black Moon into reverse and ROARS back down the sewer toward the garage.

309. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich, staring at the T.V. screen, smiles triumphantly.

REICH
We've got them!

310. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The Black Moon backs out of the sewer, turns around, and barrels toward a hallway.

311. INT. HALLWAY

The Black Moon turns down the hallway and drives up to within ten feet of the elevator doors.

McQueen jumps out. He races to the doors and again pries them open with the crowbar. He reaches in and takes wires from the plastic explosives on the left side of the shaft and trails them out into the hall.

Back at the Black Moon, he connects the wires to a detonator. Then he throws a plunger.

The elevator doors and the left wall BLAST OPEN in a THUNDERING EXPLOSION.

312. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich and the technicians are shaken by the blast.

REICH
What in hell was that?

313. INT. HALLWAY

There is a gaping hole in the wall. The elevator itself lies in pieces on the bottom of the shaft.

McQueen leans in the shaft, grabs the dangling elevator cable and quickly attaches the grappling hook to it.

Hawkins drives the Black Moon right up to the hole in the wall.

McQueen pulls down the cable and attaches the grappling hook onto the front underside of the Black Moon, lashing it securely around the front axle.

Then McQueen leans in the passenger window and looks in at Wyndham and Hawkins.

MCQUEEN

Going up?

McQueen walks to the intact right wall and punches the elevator button.

The cable pulls upward and drags the Black Moon into the shaft. McQueen quickly grabs the rear fender and the car is lifted straight up like the elevator.

314. INT. SECOND ELEVATOR SHAFT

The cable pulls the Black Moon up the small, dark elevator shaft.

It is an incredible sight: a car dangling and swaying on the end of the elevator cable.

315. INT. BLACK MOON

Hawkins and Wyndham sitting in the car looking fearfully out the front windshield straight up at:

316. THEIR POV

The cable stretching up to the huge cable wheel at the top, drawing the car slowly upward.

317. ANGLE ON MCQUEEN

He hangs from the rear fender. He glances down at the dark, receding bottom below him.

318. ANGLE ON CABLE WHEEL

Finally the car reaches the very top of the shaft. The front bumper hits the cable wheel. It grinds and locks into the wheel mechanism.

As the cable wheel continues to turn, it rotates the car, moving the rear slowly upward.

319. ANGLE ON PENTHOUSE DOORS

The opened elevator doors to the Penthouse are just below McQueen. As the Black Moon slowly rotates, the rear end moves to the top of the doors.

320. INT. PENTHOUSE

McQueen swings from the fender into the penthouse.

321. INT. SECOND ELEVATOR SHAFT

The cable wheel stops turning, and the Black Moon stops, suspended outward at a sharp angle, the rear fender lodged just at the top of the penthouse doors.

CUT TO:

322. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

A frenzied INSPECTOR comes running up to Reich.

INSPECTOR

They blew up the elevator!

REICH

What?

INSPECTOR

There's a big hole in the wall.

CUT TO:

323. INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

McQueen has set a small charge on the wall next to the elevator doors. Holding the wires and detonator, he backs away and throws the plunger.

The wall BLASTS open, spewing fragments of plaster into the penthouse.

McQueen returns to the elevator and punches the button.

324. INT. SECOND ELEVATOR SHAFT

The cable wheel starts turning in the opposite direction.

The Black Moon is lowered down slightly. Its rear wheels land on the penthouse level.

325. INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

As the cable unwinds, the Black Moon continues to rotate and slides into the penthouse rear end first. Finally the front wheels hit the landing and the car backs right in.

McQueen quickly unhooks the grappling hook, and the cable continues on down the elevator shaft.

Wyndham and Hawkins slowly get out of the car. They stare at McQueen in disbelief.

McQueen begins unloading the final contents of his back-pack: large aluminum strips. Wyndham and Hawkins follow with similar strips from their back-packs.

CUT TO:

326. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Reich, a towel wrapped around his neck, gives orders to several inspectors.

REICH

Get to the main power unit.
Shut off the sprinkler system.
I want everything back to normal in one hour.

(CONTINUED)

326. CONTINUED: (2)

The inspectors nod and rush out. Technician One looks at Reich for several beats.

TECHNICIAN ONE

What about the operation?

REICH

We've run out of time. Abort.

TECHNICIAN ONE

But they're cut off out there.

REICH

It's truly amazing the number of people who try to tell me how to run my business.

Technician One gestures to the microphone on the console.

TECHNICIAN ONE

What'll I say to them?

REICH

Tell them they've been laid off.

CUT TO:

327. MONTAGE:

We SEE the stolen limos coming to a halt on city streets, agents getting out and walking quickly away from them, leaving them parked, in alleys, in loading zones. The whole operation outside is suddenly and simultaneously suspended.

CUT TO:

328. INT. PENTHOUSE - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

All the furniture has been pushed out of the way. The Black Moon is on one side of the penthouse. On the other, next to the one-way window that flanks the building under construction, is an aluminum ramp constructed out of the pieces and strips from their back-packs.

329. INT. BLACK MOON

Behind the wheel, Hawkins looks as if he wants to die. His face is smooth with perspiration. McQueen is next to him in the passenger seat. Wyndham is in the back.

HAWKINS

I can't do it.

WYNDHAM

Thunder said you were a "genius driver," Bob.

Hawkins looks back at Wyndham.

HAWKINS

I'd have to be more than a genius.

McQueen reaches over and moves the shift out of gear. With his foot he presses down on the gas pedal. The Black Moon begins to REV UP with a LOUD THUNDERING.

McQueen leaves his hand on the gear shift. He stares right at Hawkins.

MCQUEEN

Drive.

Hawkins sees what's about to happen. Fearfully, he grasps the wheel.

HAWKINS

Wait a minute.

MCQUEEN

Just watch your braking distance. You have a good four or five hundred yards.

HAWKINS

Mister McQueen...

McQueen jams the Black Moon into gear.

CUT TO:

330. EXT. TOP OF SKYSCRAPERS - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of the very top of the two buildings.

(CONTINUED)

330. CONTINUED: (2)

We HOLD ON this a moment and over the shot we hear the INCREDIBLE WRENCHING OF GEARS and WILD SCREAMING OF THE ENGINE.

Then suddenly the Black Moon comes SMASHING, careening through the one-way windows of the Reich Industries skyscraper, sails through the air in a beautiful arc, its wheels, spinning, gliding like some huge, black metallic bird, and lands on the top of the building under construction with a LOUD SPLANG.

331. EXT. TOP OF BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

The Black Moon SLAMS up and down several times, barreling across toward the other side. Hawkins jams on the brakes, and the car SCREECHES to a long, smoking stop, laying a long strip of rubber behind it.

332. INT. BLACK MOON - NIGHT

The three men just sit in absolute silence.

Finally McQueen turns to Hawkins.

MCQUEEN

You drive this thing pretty well. In fact, I think you're ready for the big time.

McQueen looks at his watch a final time.

CUT TO:

333. INT. SEWER

The clocks with plastic explosives sit on the moist floor of the sewer entrance.

Then suddenly they EXPLODE. The sewer erupts and caves in.

334. INT. SPLICING CHAMBER

The blob of plastic explosive on the wall goes off with a SLAMMING ROAR.

335. INT. BOTTOM OF FIRST ELEVATOR SHAFT

The plastic explosive on the chlorine gas door ignites with a ROLLING, DEAFENING BLAST.

336. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The roof caves in on Reich and the technicians. The consoles, T.V. cameras and other machinery short out and EXPLODE.

337. INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The ceiling falls in on the garage. Falling chunks of debris. CRACKING, THUNDERING. Cars SMASHING. Machinery EXPLODING. Men SCREAMING.

The entire complex is buried.

CUT TO:

338. EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

The Reich Industries skyscraper is silent from the outside.

339. EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Several limousines are parked on the main boulevard. L.A.P.D. squad cars and tow trucks are finishing up their work towing the cars away.

Agent One, standing in the shadows across the street with two other agents, looks up at the Reich Industries building, shakes her head slowly, and smiles.

AGENT ONE

Somebody put the giant to sleep.

Slowly Agent One and the two agents walk away.

CUT TO:

340. EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD - DAWN

The morning sun is a pale glow behind the Reich Industries building. The sky is getting light.

(CONTINUED)

340. CONTINUED: (2)

All the activity on the street has stopped. It is quiet, still.

341. ANGLE ON BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The freight elevator comes down the side of the building and CLUNKS to a stop. Huge wooden doors slide open.

The Black Moon rolls off the elevator. It moves up a gravel road to the main boulevard.

342. INT. BLACK MOON - DAWN

McQueen, Wyndham and Hawkins stare at the Reich Industries building as they drive past it.

WYNDHAM

In a few thousand years from now some archeologist will excavate that thing. I wonder if he'll ever figure out what went on under there?

HAWKINS

We did it. We really did it.

The building drifts behind them. Hawkins turns in onto another boulevard.

They pass a Jaguar parked by the side of the street. McQueen taps Hawkins on the shoulder and points to the side of the road.

MCQUEEN

Pull over.

Hawkins applies the brakes and stops.

HAWKINS

What are we stopping for now?

MCQUEEN

This is where I get off.

Wyndham and Hawkins watch astoundedly as McQueen gets out of the Black Moon. He leans down to the window.

(CONTINUING)

342. CONTINUED: (2)

MCQUEEN
(continuing)
Thanks for the lift.

He turns and walks away down the street.

The men are stunned. Hawkins puts the car in gear and pulls off from the curb. They drive for a few blocks in silence.

343. EXT. STREET - DAWN

McQueen walks down the street up to the Jaguar. Agent One is behind the wheel. Stuffed behind the front seats are two suitcases. Agent One glances through the contents of her purse as McQueen bends down to the passenger window.

MCQUEEN
Can I take you up on that
ride?

Agent One turns quickly and stares at him.

AGENT ONE
I'm sorry but I'm on my way
out of town.

MCQUEEN
So am I.

Slowly Agent One smiles as McQueen walks around and gets in.

344. INT. JAGUAR

AGENT ONE
Did your friends ever get
their car back?

MCQUEEN
As a matter of fact they did.

AGENT ONE
Where was it?

MCQUEEN
It doesn't matter now.

(CONTINUED)

344. CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT ONE

I suppose not.
(she starts the car)
Where to?

MCQUEEN

North.

AGENT ONE

That still covers a lot of
ground.

MCQUEEN

I have one stop to make, and
then we can discuss it.

AGENT ONE

Another interesting conversation?

MCQUEEN

I hope so.

Agent One starts the car and they pull away from the
curb.

345. INT. BLACK MOON - DAWN

Wyndham and Hawkins drive on down the street in silence.
The cold, blue light washes over their faces.

HAWKINS

Al, we can't just let him walk
out on us like that.

WYNDHAM

Yes we can.

346. POV THRU WINDSHIELD

On the side of the road, a HITCHHIKER, a youth with
shaggy hair and clothes, is thumbing a ride.

347. INT. BLACK MOON

They look at each other. Wyndham shakes his head.

WYNDHAM

Once is enough.

348. EXT. STREET - DAWN

HIGH SHOT of the deserted street. The Black Moon whisks away past the Hitchhiker into the morning.

THE END