

LAST OF THE INDEPENDENTS

(Formerly: "The Looters")

CHARLEY VARRICK

Second Revised Final Screenplay

by

DEAN RIESNER

Aug. 11, 1972

78

14 ✓
16 ✓
17 ✓
19 ✓
21
23
24
25
27
33
34
37
41
42
44
45

LAST OF THE INDEPENDENTS

FADE IN

BEFORE TITLES

1 EXT. A PASTURE OR GLADE - DAY 1

The focus is soft. We see various shades of green which, as the focus sharpens, become leaves and ferns. We are moving through foliage into a glade. Shafts of morning sunlight slant through trees. A couple of fat horses graze on high grass. On this peaceful, pastoral, slow-moving world we begin main titles and credits. They continue over ---

2 EXT. A PASTURE - DAY 2

We see a herd of Holsteins against a back drop of piney mountains. In the foreground a white-faced calf is nuzzling for milk. It is a hot, quiet midsummer morning. Somewhere a bird sings.

3 EXT. A LAWN AND SPRINKLER - DAY 3

A revolving sprinkler is going round and round slowly. A little naked boy, three or four, is running through the spray. A couple of dogs romp, barking at the water. We pan to a well kept and white-fenced lawn nearby where a pretty young girl in Levis is mowing the lawn.

4 EXT. A HOUSE AND A YARD - DAY 4

An elderly Mexican women is picking peaches off a tree in her front yard, or perhaps just pruning. In the background is an old pink wooden house with a white gingerbread trim. In the road beyond the white picket fence an ice cream wagon goes slowly by, ringing its bell.

5 VARIOUS SHOTS 5

thru
10

of Tres Cruces stressing the heat, the emptiness, the quiet of a small town on a hot July morning. (A handsome young Indian girl) in hot pants walks past some lean young farmer kids lounging near a parked pickup drinking cokes. A mother cat carrying her kitten across a dirt road.

5
thru
10

CONTINUED

5
thru
10

CONTINUED

5
thru
10

The town is in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo range in North Central New Mexico, not far from the Jicarilla Apache reservation. The population is almost equally divided between Chicanos, Indians and Anglos, and the people we photograph and their costumes should reflect this.

11 EXT. TRES CRUCES WESTERN FIDELITY BANK - DAY

11

In front of the bank in the shade of a big old elm tree is a swing on which a pair of kids six and eight are swinging slowly and squeakily. We hold on them fairly close, then pull back and pan slightly to include the two lane New Mexico State Highway 85. The titles end as in the distance, coming South from the direction of Raton, is a Seventy-two yellow Continental, four-door. It is coming at a reasonable rate of speed, in keeping with the tempo of the morning. There are two occupants. A woman is at the wheel.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE - POINT OF VIEW THROUGH CONTINENTAL WINDSHIELD 12

As the Continental veers off the highway and comes to a stop directly in front of the little two story red brick building which highly polished brass plates on either side of the front door proclaim to be "THE TRES CRUCES WESTERN FIDELITY BANK". The car is in the little No Parking Zone driveway between the big tree and the bank.

13 INT. FRONT SEAT - DAY

13

The passenger, Charley Varrick, who is in his sixties, wearing steel-rimmed glasses, glances at his wristwatch, then:

CHARLEY

We're a little behind schedule.

The woman, Nadine Varrick, about thirty, turns to look at him. She is even featured, not unattractive but somewhat on the chunky, square-cut side. In dress she is conservative, her blouse high necked and long sleeved. But we might have noticed that she handles the car with confidence and almost professional skill.

NADINE

Not much. How do you feel?

He nods, looks off. She follows his look.

14

CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW (THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

14

A County Sheriff's car is coming up the little Main Street toward us. At the wheel is Rudy Sanchez, an Indian-looking man, about fifty. His partner is Theron Steele, younger and full of enthusiasm for his job. The Sheriff's car veers toward us, stops and Steele gets out and comes toward us. Nadine lowers the window.

15

OMITTED

15

16

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING BOTH CARS

16

Nadine turns to the Sheriff's car. Steele is crossing up to the Continental. He's a big, rangy kid with a nice smile.

STEELE

Afraid you're in a red zone.
(points)

There's you bank parking.

NADINE

I was just letting my husband out.

CHARLEY

Won't be a second. Just long enough to cash a check.

17

CLOSER

17

As Charley indicates a cast on his left ankle.

CHARLEY

I'd appreciate it if she could wait here. I've got this busted ankle.

NADINE

Why don't you let me park the car?
Then I'll go in and cash the check.

CHARLEY

Because I want to go in and cash it myself.

NADINE

(a smile at Steele)
I think he's afraid I'm going to abscond with the money.

CONTINUED

17

CONTINUED

17

CHARLEY

I'm not some old crock who has to
be waited on hand and foot.

NADINE

Nobody said you were an old crock.

STEELE

Listen. Wait a minute. It's okay.
You can park here but please make
it as quick as you can.

NADINE

(smiles)

Much obliged, officer.

18

OMITTED

18

19

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING BACK FROM FRONT OF CONTINENTAL

19

As Steele smiles back at Nadine, Charley gets out of the
Continental, being careful of his cast-encased foot. He
limps pronouncedly although he doesn't use crutches or cane.
As Charley starts into the bank, Steele turns and crosses back
to the waiting Sheriff's car. He gets in and the car takes
a left and moves up a small side street in the background.

20

OMITTED

20

21

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR #4 - DAY

21

as it moves up side street slowly:

(X)

STEELE

(thoughtfully)

Colorado GA one seven four two.

SANCHEZ

What?

STEELE

The plates on that Connie.

SANCHEZ

What about 'em?

(X)

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

STEELE

I don't know...
(then)

I'm almost sure I've seen that
number on a hot sheet.

SANCHEZ

So run a check.

(X)

Sanchez swings the car picking up speed to the right down
another street. Steele has picked up the hand mike.

22 INT. TRES CRUCES WESTERN FIDELITY BANK - DAY

22

This is a small branch bank in a small town but it is apparent
that somebody has lavished a great deal of care in restoring
the interior; red wallpaper and hanging chandeliers.

Only one of the tellers' cages is open. (Miss Ambar, about
twenty,) is giving some money to an elderly cowboy. Behind the
cowboy stands Charley, in a lightweight business suit, waiting,
mildness and patience exuding from him like a perfume. Miss
Vesta, about fifty, is marking additions in a ledger on a high
desk behind Miss Ambar. There are two men in a small alcove
to the right as you enter. They stand with their backs toward
us filling out deposit slips. Their names are Harman Sullivan
and Al Dutcher. Near them but paying them no attention is (X)
Ed Brindl, retired cop, in bank guard uniform. As the cowboy
moves away from the teller's window counting his money, Charley
limps forward to the cage, hands Miss Ambar a cashier's check.
She looks at the check then at Charley.

MISS AMBAR

(pleasantly)

Do you have an account here, Mr. Pattis?

(X)

CHARLEY

(smiles)

No, but that's a good check.

(X)

MISS AMBAR

(smiles back)

I'm sure it is, Mister Pettis, but
I'll have to get an okay from the
bank manager. Excuse me.

(she turns to

Miss Vesta)

Miss Vesta? Can we get an okay
from Mr. Young on this?

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

Miss Vesta gets up, takes the check and exits.

CUT TO

23 EXT. HIGHWAY AND BANK - DAY

as the Sheriff's car is now back on the highway pulling to a stop inconspicuously, about a hundred feet behind the bank and the parked Continental. The kids are still playing in the swings by the old tree.

24 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR #4 - DAY

as Sanchez and Steele look off toward the Continental:

Right front door ajar...
STEELE

The windows on the right side, front and back.

SANCHEZ
What about ~~the~~ *the* windows,

STEELE
Were they up or down when I was talking to them?

SANCHEZ
I don't know, up I guess. Why?

STEELE
They're down now.

SANCHEZ
(looks off)
Left side windows up, right side down. What the hell would that mean?

25 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Sanchez picks up the mike of the radio phone, clicks it on.

SANCHEZ
Hello, Jessie. San Miguel four.
Have you got anything on those Colorado plates yet?

26 INT. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - SAN MIGUEL COUNTY (SHERIFF'S STATION) - DAY 26
We are in the semi-basement communications room. Jessie, a middle-aged woman in uniform, is at the radio.

JESSIE

Not yet. We're still checking.
I'll get right back to you.

27 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR #4 - DAY 27
as Rudy Sanchez is still on the radio phone. (X)

SANCHEZ

Thank you, Jessie. We'll stand by.

28 INT. BANK - DAY 28

Mr. Young has come from his office. The open door reveals it to be pale blue; he chose the color himself. He is a meticulous willowy man, unmarried. He scans the check, turns it briefly to look at the endorsement on the back, turns it face up again. Charley watches this, as reasonably:

CHARLEY

But, Mr. Young, that's a bank cashier's check. What could possibly be wrong with it?

YOUNG

I'm sorry, sir, but it's an out-of-state bank. I'll have my secretary check on it.

(turns)

Miss Vesta?

(X)

29 ANOTHER ANGLE 29

Miss Vesta is in Mr. Young's office. The door is still open as she comes out into the little octagonal lobby area with a polite may-I-be-of-service look on her face:

YOUNG

Would you get on the phone and verify this?

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED

29

Young holds out the check. As Miss Vesta comes up to take it, Charley reaches inside his coat and pulls out a short barreled .38 revolver. With his left hand he grabs Young by the back of the collar, with his right he puts the gun against Young's temple.

CHARLEY

This is a hold up.

YOUNG

Oh my God. Oh my God!

As Young speaks, we are whipping to the alcove where two men, Al and Harman, have been standing unobtrusively with their backs toward us. This will be the first time we have seen them as more than shadowy figures in the background. As they turn into camera, they wear identical halloween masks and hold great big Colt Forty-Fives in their hands. (X)

HARMAN

Don't a mother move.

30

FEATURING BRINDL

30

The old bank guard is turning, tugging at the flap of his pistol holster as Al steps in and slams him across the kidneys with the barrel of his gun. As Brindl gasps, faint with pain, Al disarms him. (X)

AL

Come on, Pop. You know the drill.
Against the wall. (X)

31

ANOTHER ANGLE

31

As Al pushes the guard against the teller's cage, hands against the wall, legs spraddled out, Harman is moving quickly to hoist himself through the middle teller's window. Taking a plastic bag from his pocket he immediately wipes off where he grabbed top of teller's cage. Then he starts to load it with money from the drawers. All the bank robbers' moves are quiet, precise and professional. We might also notice that they all take care not to leave fingerprints. (X)

32

FEATURING CHARLEY AND YOUNG

32

As Al and Harman are carrying out their prearranged tasks Charley indicates to the women, Miss Vesta and Miss Ambar. (X)

CHARLEY

All right, ladies. Hands on your heads.

CONTINUED

As they hesitate momentarily, exchanging a glance, Harman looks up from the drawer he's rifling:

HARMAN

If you don't want to see blood and brains all over the goddam walls, do what he says.

YOUNG

Do as you're told.

As the ladies do as they're told, Charley pushes Young toward the vault.

CHARLEY

Atta boy. Now all you've got to do is open that thing and we'll stop bothering you.

YOUNG

I can't.

CHARLEY

You want to die for somebody else's money?

YOUNG

No, but....

CHARLEY

Then MOVE!

Charlie shoves Young roughly between the shoulder blades with the snub nose of the pistol. Young throws a frightened look over his shoulder and crosses and immediately starts doing what he must to open the safe.

CUT TO

EXT. BANK - DAY

We are close on Nadine in the Continental. The motor is running at a fast idle, the right windows are open. She seems unnaturally calm considering the circumstances. She glances in the side mirror, frowns. We pull back and pan up the highway to the Sheriff's car.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR #4 - DAY

As Sanchez and Steele sit waiting, not particularly tense or alert. Then over the radio we hear:

CONTINUED

34

CONTINUED

34

JESSIE'S VOICE

San Miguel Four, this is San Miguel.
Rudy?

As Sanchez picks up the mike:

SANCHEZ

Go ahead, Jessie.

35

INT. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE (SHERIFF'S STATION) - DAY

35

A Sheriff's officer is crossing fast in the background, a sheet of paper in his hand. The lackadaisical atmosphere has altered drastically. Jessie is efficient, business-like. The radios on other frequencies are crackling with messages.

JESSIE

It looks like you've got something.
Colorado GA one seven four two is a
hot plate. Goes with a green Camaro
stolen in Denver July seven.

SANCHEZ'S VOICE

Well, it's on a Seventy-Two Continental
now.

We hear the screech of tires off scene, and through the half-basement window we see a Sheriff's car barreling up the street.

JESSIE

The Sheriff's on his way.

CUT TO

36

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR #1 - DAY

36

(X)

The County Sheriff, Bill Horton, and a young Deputy, Van Sickle, are in the front seat. Van Sickle is on the mike as Horton drives.

VAN SICKLE

San Miguel Four, this is One. Rudy?

SANCHEZ'S VOICE

Right here.

CONTINUED

36

CONTINUED

36

Horton reaches over, snaps fingers. Van Sickle hands him the mike. Horton is a big, tough, good looking man with a great deal of personal magnetism. He has a high opinion of himself, and perhaps he warrants it. Way down deep he's pretty much of a horse's ass.

HORTON

This is Bill Horton. Keep 'em pinned if you can.

SANCHEZ' VOICE

No problem.

HORTON

We're on the siren --
(then)

And Sanchez, that was a nice piece of police work.

37

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR FOUR - DAY

37

On Sanchez and Steele.

SANCHEZ

Theron's the one who made 'em.

HORTON'S VOICE

Well, don't be heroes. Out.

The radio clicks dead. Sanchez and Steele exchange a glance. The older Deputy loosens his pistol in the holster without withdrawing it. Steele does the same. Both are watching the Continental.

38

INT. CONTINENTAL - DAY

38

Nadine is watching the police car in the side mirror.

39

INT. TRES CRUCES NATIONAL BANK VAULT

39

We are close on Harman's hands as he is scooping paper banded packets of bills, ones and fives, into a plastic bag. We pull back to include Charley who is at a drawer in the vault pulling out bonds, negotiable and otherwise, and dumping them in Harman's bag.

40

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING YOUNG

40

As Charley pulls open a couple of more drawers obviously angry and disappointed, then turns to Young, who stands in a corner or recess of the vault.

CONTINUED

40

CONTINUED

40

CHARLEY

Where do you keep your....

Charley breaks off, having noticed the canvas sacks. He crosses and thrusts the bank manager to one side. We push in closer and Charley bends to inspect the brass-studded, double-stitched heavy duty sacks with the bank's name stenciled on them. They are wired shut at the top and sealed.

(X)

CHARLEY

(X)

What's in here?

YOUNG

(X)

Bonds. Nonnegotiable bonds.

CUT TO

41

EXT. HIGHWAY AND BANK - DAY

41

We are angled up at the parked Sheriff's car with the two Deputies, Sanchez and Steele in it. Now we see the car pull off the shoulder of the highway and come toward us. Before it reaches the little island in front of the bank the Sheriff's car slows and Steele gets out. The Sheriff's car continues down and swinging right, stops, half blocking the driveway between the Continental and the highway.

42

NADINE'S ANGLE

42

We are shooting past her as she watches the Sheriff's car half block her route to the highway. She lets her left front window down, but when Sanchez gets out and starts up toward her, he crosses the front of her car to come around to the right-hand door. Nadine watches, moving her head slightly, then she looks to her left. We pan a little to include the left-hand side mirror. In it we see what Nadine sees. Deputy Steele moves into the mirror's reflection and stands behind the Continental, to the side, feet apart, hand on pistol butt. His pistol is still in the holster, his expression set.

43

ANOTHER ANGLE

43

shooting past Nadine to the slightly ajar right door as Sanchez comes up, quiet, confident, tough without working at it, his expression impassive.

SANCHEZ

Good morning, ma'am. May I see your driver's license, please?

NADINE

Certainly.

Nadine picks up the oversized pouch that serves as her pocket-book, reaches into it, tilts it upward and shoots Sanchez in the face. The Deputy goes backward, pulling the door open with him as he falls.

44

ANOTHER ANGLE

44

as Nadine whirls and immediately shoots Steele who is running toward her, his gun half out of the holster.

45

ANOTHER ANGLE

45

on Steele as he is hit and fires almost simultaneously, then plunges in a running fall into the pavement, not putting his hands up to protect himself as he hits.

46

INSERT THE CONTINENTAL SIDE DOOR

46

as a bullet hole appears in the driver's side door.

47

INT. BANK - DAY

47

The last of the shots is still echoing in the bank lobby. There is a frozen moment, then Al looks over toward the front(x) door.

48

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

48

We are featuring Charley, who has been trying without success to get the seals off the canvas sacks, using his gun barrel as a tool. At the sound of the shots he has turned. Harman, standing near him, has also turned.

49

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

49

We are on Brindl. The old bank guard, seeing Al's attention (X) is still focused on the front door of the bank, suddenly grabs his own gun from the waistband of Al's trousers.

50

ANOTHER ANGLE - BANK VAULT IN BACKGROUND

50

As Al turns, surprised, the old Bank Guard thrusts the muzzle(x) of his pistol against Al's heart and pulls the trigger. As Al falls, Charley comes out of the bank vault. For a split second Charley has a clear shot at Brindl, which he doesn't take.

51

ANOTHER ANGLE

51

As Brindl swings toward Charley, raising his gun to fire, Harman comes out of the bank vault. He blasts off a shot at Brindl.

51-A ANOTHER ANGLE

51-A

as Harman's shot catches Brindl somewhere in the area of the chest. The old Guard sits heavily, almost ludicrously, a surprised look on his face. He leans slowly over on his side like an astonished old doll, his blood beginning to spread on the marble floor.

52 MISS AMBAR AND MISS VESTA

52

Miss Vesta in the f.g., puts her face in her hands and turns away. Miss Ambar in the b.g. looks at the two dead men on the floor, sick and too fascinated to turn her head.

53 FEATURING CHARLEY AND HARMAN

53

Harman turns his halloween masked face to Charley. And suddenly Charley is once more the brisk, tough, no-nonsense bank robber.

CHARLEY

Come on.

Charley turns and limps hurriedly back into the bank vault. Harman follows. We move with them. Young is pressed against the wall of the vault, his face ashen.

CHARLEY

(to Harman)

Get out of here.

Charley grabs up one of the still unopened canvas sacks and goes. Harman grabs up the second canvas sack and the plastic bag and follows.

54 THE LOBBY

54

Charley comes out of the vault first, limping, dragging the canvas bag. He stops, goes over to the fallen bodies and takes Al's pistol. Harman has hurried past Charley with the second(X) sack and the plastic bag.

55 EXT. BANK - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - NADINE

55

She looks somewhat odd, her eyes round, a slightly shocked expression on her face.

56 EXT. BANK - DAY

56

We are angled down on the body of Rudy Sanchez. He has fallen, still half-holding onto the door. We swing up and pull back to hold the bank door as Harman runs out, throws his canvas sack and plastic bag through the open back window and dives in after.

57 EXT. SWING AREA - DAY

57

in front of bank. The two kids, frozen with fear, suddenly bolt around the side of the bank.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CONTINENTAL AND BANK

58

as Charley quickly limps out of the bank dragging the sack over the sidewalk. He throws the sack into the rear window after Harman and jumps into the front seat. Nadine, who has been sitting behind the wheel with her eyes straight ahead, now rams it into drive.

59 INSERT NADINE'S FOOT

59

On the gas pedal as she pours the coal to it.

60 THE CONTINENTAL

60

As it jumps ahead, the door slams shut, out of the dead Deputy's hand.

61 CLOSE - NADINE, CHARLEY AND HARMAN

61

tensing as the car shoots ahead.

62 POINT OF VIEW (THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

62

as the Continental zooms toward the Sheriff's car, which is half-blocking the access to the street.

63 ANOTHER ANGLE

63

as the Continental smashes at an angle into the Sheriff's car, smashing the vehicle's right front fender and wheel, putting it out of commission. The Continental bounces off the crash and veers into the parking lot, careening wildly.

64 INT. CONTINENTAL - DAY

64

We are close on the three occupants of the car. Nadine at the wheel, Charley beside her in the front seat and Harman in the rear, crouching low as they bounce from the parking lot toward the main highway.

65 LONG SHOT - TO INCLUDE INTERSECTION

65

We are angled toward the bank shooting past the small grocery store to our right and the graveled intersection on our left. The Continental hits the highway, swings to its right.

66 ANOTHER ANGLE - INTERSECTION

66

as the second Sheriff's car...Horton's car...siren and red lights on...comes down the side road which leads into the intersection. He makes his high speed left turn at the intersection. The Continental is moving on toward Horton's car, which is brodying sideways on the gravel. As it recovers:

67 THROUGH CONTINENTAL'S WINDSHIELD

67

Nadine deliberately spins her wheel and blasts into Horton's car broadside.

68 CLOSE AT GROCERY STORE

68

on the proprietor and the customer, an Indian lady, frozen for an instant with fear.

69 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON HORTON'S CAR

69

Sheriff Horton's car smashes into the grocery store in an explosion of squash, melons, red peppers, green peppers, apples, peaches and tomatoes, onions, flying every which way, as the customer and proprietor dive for safety. The siren of Horton's car is stuck and still wailing.

70 INT. CONTINENTAL - DAY - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD

70

past Nadine, Charley and Harman as they skid into a right turn up the same side road that Sheriff Horton's car came down. Harman turns around on his knees to look out the back window, at the wrecked grocery story and the smashed-up Sheriff's car. He tears off his mask, his eyes wild with excitement.

HARMAN

We creamed 'em. Man. Creamed pig!

CHARLEY

(to Nadine)

Take a left.

We can hear the siren's wail even over the roar of the Continental's motor and the rattle of gravel as Nadine starts to turn left.

71 ANGLE ON SHERIFF HORTON'S CAR - DAY

71

as Van Sickle climbs out of the smashed-up car with its wailing siren. Van Sickle turns back to Horton, his head draped over wheel.

CONTINUED

71

CONTINUED

71

VAN SICKLE

Are you all right?

HORTON

Get moving!

He raises up his bleeding head as Van Sickle runs off out of shot toward the bank and the downed Deputies.

72

CLOSER - HORTON

72

as he reaches for the hand mike, clicking it on. The siren continuing to wail.

HORTON

San Miguel. This is Sheriff Horton

73

INT. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE (SHERIFF'S STATION) - DAY

73

We are close on Jessie as over the wall speaker we hear:

HORTON'S VOICE

(faintly)

Do you read me, Jessie?

JESSIE

I can just barely make you out.

74

INT. HORTON'S CAR - DAY

74

As Horton holds the mike in one hand while he jiggles the siren cut-off with the other.

HORTON

The siren's stuck.

JESSIE'S VOICE

Could you say again?

HORTON

Get this on the emergency band. There's been a bank robbery over here at Tres Cruces.

JESSIE'S VOICE

Are you all right, Sheriff?

HORTON

It's a goddam shambles. Two officers down. We need help. All units. And an ambulance. You got that, Jessie?

JESSIE'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

CONTINUED

74

CONTINUED

74

HORTON

And get this on Statewide Emergency pronto. Suspects last seen heading south in Seventy-Two Continental.

JESSIE'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

HORTON

That's a yellow, four door with those Colorado plates. Three occupants, woman driving. Armed and dangerous.

75.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE (SHERIFF'S STATION) - DAY

75

We are angled past Jessie to include the communications room and through the window, the street outside. As a Deputy runs through the room with a bullet proof vest in one hand and a riot gun in the other:

JESSIE

(into mike)

Are you sure you're all right, Sheriff?

SHERIFF'S VOICE

Over and out, Jessie.

Through the window behind her we see a squad car starting off.

CUT TO

76

INT. SHERIFF HORTON'S CAR - DAY

76

As the Sheriff clicks off the mike, makes one last abortive effort to turn off the still wailing siren and then extricates himself from the wreck of the car as well as he can.

77

ANOTHER ANGLE

77

We pan and then dolly with him as the Sheriff runs slantwise across the road to where Van Sickle kneels by the fallen Deputy Steele.

HORTON

How is he?

VAN SICKLE

Still alive anyway.

HORTON

(bends to Steele)

Stick in there, kid. The ambulance'll be along in a minute.

78

ANOTHER ANGLE

78

The Sheriff leaves Steele with Van Sickle and moves up toward Sanchez. We move with him. He stops when he gets to Sanchez, looks down, then takes the dead officer's cap, which has rolled away, and covers the dead man's face with it.

79

ANOTHER ANGLE

79

As Horton turns to go into the bank, the two little kids who were swinging appear from around the corner of the bank.

EIGHT YEAR OLD

I got their license number, I got their number. GA one four seven two.

HORTON

No. GA one seven four two.

EIGHT YEAR OLD

Right. Right. GA one seven four two.

HORTON

Thank you.

EIGHT YEAR OLD KID

Okay!

The boys go off. Horton crosses to the bank doors. They are closed. Horton tries the handle. They are locked. Horton bangs on the door.

80

CLOSER - THE DOORS

80

As young opens the door for Horton. Young is pale and distraught.

YOUNG

Come in, Sheriff. Come in. Thank God you're here

81

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

81

We are angled away from the front door as Young gestures Horton in and shuts the door again. We stop and pan as they move into the bank lobby.

HORTON

How much did they get?

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

YOUNG
(a beat, then)
I don't know yet.
(indicates bodies)
I didn't touch anything...isn't
that...?

HORTON
Just right, Harold.
(looks down,
then)
Ed Brindl. Jesus.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING HORTON

82

Horton kneels by the bodies. The puddle of blood on the floor has enlarged considerably. He takes the mask off of Al Dutcher's face. He was a small, hard, brutal looking man, ugly and insensitive. Horton turns to Young, who is looking down over Horton's shoulder with repelled fascination. (X)

HORTON
Know him?

YOUNG
I should hope not.

As Horton now starts to go through Al's pockets. (X)

HORTON
Well the lab boys will probably be
able to raise a set of useable prints.

83 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING YOUNG

83

As Horton continues his fruitless search through Al's pockets, (X)
Young looks off toward the back of the room where Miss Ambar is half helping Miss Vesta from a ladies room in the rear.

84 ANGLE FAVORING HORTON SHOOTING PAST YOUNG

84

Horton, still examining the various pockets of Al Dutcher addresses Young without turning to him. (X)

HORTON
Did you call the FBI?

Young turns sharply toward Horton; for a split second we can read alarm on his face. He quickly regains his composure then:

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

84

YOUNG

We're not a Federal Reserve bank.
They don't have any jurisdiction
here.

HORTON

You'd better call the District
Attorney's office.

(X)

85 ANOTHER ANGLE

85

Horton turns back to Al's body and Young crosses over to Miss(X)
Vesta. We move with them. As he speaks to her he lowers his
voice and we sense the desperation and panic under his care-
fully controlled exterior.

YOUNG

Get me Maynard Boyle in Reno. I
don't care where he is or what he's
doing...get through to him.

MISS VESTA

Yes sir.

Miss Vesta hurries off into the blue office that she shares
with Young.

86 FEATURING HORTON

86

as he looks up from his fruitless search of Al's pockets. (X)

HORTON

I'll tell you one thing.

YOUNG

What's that?

HORTON

They're pros. No identification
at all. Nothing. Zero.

As Horton rises with a grunt, the Halloween mask in his hand.

HORTON

But we're going to get them. They'll
never get out of New Mexico. I feel
it in my gut. I'm gonna nail those
sons of bitches to the cross.

CUT TO

87 EXT. DIRT HILLSIDE ROAD - DAY 87

We are angled down the incline of a deeply rutted dirt hillside road. The yellow Continental is coming up toward us, bucking in the ruts.

88 INT. CONTINENTAL - DAY 88

As Nadine drives, Charley and Harman hanging on in the jouncing, bumping car.

89 LOW SHOT 89

We are shooting upward as the Continental labors toward us through the ruts of the road, slewing and sun-fishing.

90 POINT OF VIEW (THROUGH WINDSHIELD) 90

As we roar up the road, bouncing and lurching in and out of the ruts, a closed gate comes into view barring their way.

91 REVERSE ANGLE - ON NADINE, CHARLEY AND HARMAN 91

as they see that their way is barred.

HARMAN

How come the gate's locked?

CHARLEY

Bust into it.

Nadine, fighting the wheel, slams the gear lever into low and feeds gas to the engine.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE 92

as the big car heads for the gate and smashes it open. The gates are shattered. The big car is further smashed and damaged, but still goes as Nadine swings it onto a highway.

93 ANOTHER ANGLE 93

As the big smashed up car speeds down the highway toward a curve.

94 INT. THE CONTINENTAL - DAY 94

As Nadine drives, hanging on to consciousness:

NADINE

Hey, Charley?

95 TWO SHOT - ACROSS NADINE AND CHARLEY

95

as he looks over at her for the first time realizing that something is drastically the matter with her.

CHARLEY

Nadine? You all right?

NADINE

I'm sorry....

96 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

96

as she pulls the car to the side of the road, then slumps in the seat. She tries to smile. There is a slight convulsion like a hiccup and a trickle of bright red blood finds its way down the corner of her mouth.

CHARLEY

Why didn't you....

He reaches for her then brings back his hand, the palm wet with blood from the place just below her left breast where Steele's bullet went in. We now see that her dark blouse is wet with blood. Her head falls back. She smiles and shrugs.

NADINE

Into the pits.

Her eyes close. Her head lolls. Her blond wig slips askew revealing her dark hair underneath.

97 ANOTHER ANGLE

97

as Harman sticks his head over from the back seat:

HARMAN

What are we going to do? Just sit here?

Charley shoots Harman a glance but doesn't answer. He just reaches over and with a hand under each of her armpits, raises Nadine enough to slide under her. Charley gets behind the wheel, then with a troubled glance at Nadine, shifts into gear. Taking off his glasses, he steers the car out onto the highway. He drops the glasses on the floor.

98 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DAY

98

as Charley drives the smashed-up looking Continental past at an enormously high speed, all she's got.

99

CLOSE - CHARLEY

99

As he drives, he reaches up and grabbing the outside end of one full grey eyebrow he strips it off, revealing his own black eyebrow underneath. Now, with his eyes fixed on the road he continues to remove his makeup, ending with the grey wig which he -- now a younger and different looking man -- throws onto the car floor with the rest of the disguise. This is the Charley Varrick we'll be dealing with from now on. He is a dry, sardonic, somewhat disreputable looking guy, who like most disappointed romantics, pretends to be a lot more cynical than he is. Way down deep he really believes in happy endings in spite of all evidences to the contrary. Maybe that's why he deserves one. Basically a scrambler, his strongest point is his ability to improvise.

100

EXT. A SECOND DIRT ROAD - DAY

100

The big beat-up car swings off the highway onto a second and even more badly rutted dirt road with pine trees and manzanita on either side of the rugged mountain slope.

101

MOVING SHOT

101

We are moving alongside the car as it bounces along the road. Nadine's head is bouncing against the seat. Her blonde wig completely falls to the floor. The motor is laboring, the trail is getting rougher.

102

ANOTHER ANGLE - BOOM SHOT - THE ROAD

102

We are high as the big car comes up the road toward us. We pan with it as it turns off toward a little natural clearing in the manzanita. There, surprisingly out of place, is a big old panel truck. On the sides are the words:

CHARLEY VARRICK CROP DUSTING

"Last of the Independents"

The Continental pulls up on the other side of the truck from us, slightly beyond it. The truck is facing in the opposite direction from the Continental with its back and side doors hooked open, so that when we move in and down, we see directly through the truck to the big car beyond. Now things start to happen quickly and with rehearsed precision. Charley jumps out of the car...no limp now...and quickly jumps into the back of the truck. Harman is also out of the car. As Harman is taking the two canvas sacks and the plastic bag from the big car, Charley is working swiftly and precisely inside the truck. In the background Harman comes up and dumps sacks onto the floor of the truck.

103

INT. PANEL TRUCK - DAY

103

Inside the truck is the cluttered paraphernalia connected with crop dusting. Sacks and drums of herbicides and insecticides. Cylinders and drums, respiratory devices. So on. Charley carefully lifts a cardboard box out of the back of the truck and hands it to Harman. The caution they employ might indicate that the box contained high explosives.

CHARLEY

Careful.

HARMAN

(grins)

No sweat. You think this is the first time I ever handled black powder?

CHARLEY

I didn't ask for the story of your life, kid. I just said be careful.

104

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING CHARLEY

104

Harman now quickly exits with the explosive toward the Continental. Charley has removed the covers of two drums labelled "Methyl-perathion." He stuffs the sacks and the plastic bag into the drums and puts the lids back on them. As he is doing this:

105

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING HARMAN

105

Harman opens the cardboard box. In it we see a couple of heavy paper bags which have been opened and restapled. They once held something innocuous such as Ken-L-Ration or Kitty Litter. Now, as Harman opens the first and starts spreading the contents around the yellow sedan we see that it contains a coarse black powder.

106

INT. TRUCK - DAY

106

As Charley sits on a box and starts hacking off the plaster cast with a cold chisel we see, behind him, some suits of coveralls hanging on hooks. On the backs in black block lettering are the words: Charley Varrick Crop Dusting. In red script above is the lettering: Last of the Independents.

107

EXT. - BY CONTINENTAL - DAY

107

Harman is busy spreading black powder all around the big car. Charley comes up. He is wearing coveralls and heavy work shoes.

CONTINUED

SHERWOOD OAKS EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE

6000 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California 90028

107 CONTINUED

107

He carries the remains of his plaster cast, a right foot dress shoe and another pair of coveralls. He throws the coveralls to Harman, who looks up from his job of spreading black powder.

108 ANOTHER ANGLE

108

Harman puts down the box of powder and starts putting on the coveralls. We follow Charley over to the car. He throws the remains of the cast and the shoe into the back seat and then moves to the front seat where Nadine still sprawls.

CHARLEY

Nadine?

We move to include Nadine's face as Charley looks down at her. It is apparent that she is in a bad way. Her eyes are closed, her breathing labored and shallow.

CHARLEY

Nadine? You're going to be all right. I'll get you to a doctor.

Harman, in his coveralls, comes up. As he looks over Charley's shoulder at Nadine:

HARMAN

She's finished. Don't you know that?

CHARLEY

I know I'm not gonna leave her here.

HARMAN

You're going to screw around and get us caught!

Charley turns and looks at Harman. Their eyes lock for a moment and hold. Then suddenly we hear:

NADINE

(faintly)

Charley?

Charley turns to her.

109 FEATURING HARMAN

109

As Charley turns to Nadine, Harman looks coldly at his back for a moment then reaches into the front of his coveralls and starts to withdraw the big Forty-five out. As he is doing so:

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

CHARLEY

It's okay, Nadine. You're going to
be --

(breaks off,
then)

Nadine?

(then)

Nadine?

110 ANOTHER ANGLE

110

Harman puts the gun back in the front of his coveralls as
Charley looks at Nadine numbly for a moment. At last Charley
turns back and speaks without emotion.

CHARLEY

She's dead.

HARMAN

(shrugs)

I told you.

110-A ON CHARLEY

110-A

After a brief moment his face goes harsh:

CHARLEY

All right, let's get moving. Rig
the tank and get the igniter. I'll
finish with the powder.

HARMAN

I'll do the rest of the powder.

CHARLEY

Why don't you surprise me and do
what I said.

HARMAN

Sure. Sure.

As Harman moves off toward the back of the truck, Charley
turns back to Nadine. Her jaw gapes slightly. He pushes
the bent knuckle of his forefinger against her chin, trying
to close her jaw. It doesn't work. Now he takes her wedding
ring off her finger, slipping it onto the little finger of
his left hand. He brushes a wisp of hair back from her fore-
head and then holds the palm of his hand against her cheek.
Now, not putting on an act for Harman or anyone else, Charley
is himself and we see his despair and his vulnerability.

110-B ANOTHER ANGLE

110-B

He takes her gun from the floor, puts it in his pocket then he turns, picks up the bag of black powder and starts spreading it around the front seat, over the body of Nadine. Harman comes up, alarm in his face. In his hand he holds a device to ignite explosives. A timer, a couple of batteries, a coil and a double spark gap.

HARMAN

I can't get a spark!

CHARLEY

(holds out hand)

Let's see. Looks like your terminal's fouled.

As Harman hands him the device, Charley looks at it, makes a couple of adjustments. As he is doing so, Harman looks over at Nadine. He wants to say something.

HARMAN

She was some kind of a driver, man.

CHARLEY

Yeah. Not too bad.

He tests the device by turning timer to zero. Fat blue sparks write between the gap. He is moving fast toward the rear of the Continental.

CHARLEY

That was it. The terminal. You rig the tank?

HARMAN

Yeah.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE - REAR OF CONTINENTAL

111

We are angled low on the gas tank area of the car. The gas cap is off and a gasoline-soaked strip of cotton leads out of the tank to the ground. Charley hurries into scene, kneels and places the timer so that the spark will ignite the strip of cotton. As he is doing this:

CHARLEY

Close the doors and get the truck started.

Now he sets the timer, jumps up. We pull back and pan. The truck motor roars into life. We move with Charley to the truck. He gets into the driver's side as Harman shoves over.

112 ANGLE ON TRUCK

112

as Charley puts the truck into gear and without a backward glance continues up the rutted road, which seems to curve left and back down the mountain slope toward the highway. We pan with the truck and hold. It is bouncing directly away from us as we....

CUT TO

113 EXT. THIRD STRETCH OF RUTTED ROAD - DAY

113

The Charley Varrick panel truck is bouncing directly toward us on a third stretch of rutted road. It is coming all out, as fast as it can. We pan it to a place where the dirt road leads into paved highway. The truck swings onto the highway and as it does so it slows abruptly. Suddenly it's just an old truck pooping along the highway at about twenty-five miles per hour.

114 CLOSER - MOVING SHOT

114

as Harman sticks his foot out of the cab window and skootching down on his shoulders, starts to play an harmonica.

CUT TO

115 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

115

We are on a sign reading: TRES CRUCES 6 Mi. We pan off to pick up Charley Varrick's panel truck coming out of the hills at right angles to the Tres Cruces Road, moving east on a two-lane highway called Schoolhouse Road.

116 INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - DAY

116

We are angled on the cab of the truck. Harman is playing his harmonica, Charley is driving. They are poking along, looking innocuous. Harman stops playing, then:

CHARLEY

(looks over)

What's the matter?

HARMAN

This damn tooth of mine. It started up again.

CHARLEY

I told you yesterday to take care of it.

CONTINUED

116

CONTINUED

HARMAN

Yeah. I went to that dentist of yours. Lots of luck.

CHARLEY

Well he did a good job on me. Nadine, too. She has a...

(breaks off,
then)

Gonna take some getting used to. Seven years. That's a long time.

Charley lapses into silence, Harman looks over then:

HARMAN

She said you met in an air circus.

CHARLEY

That what she called it? Air circus?

HARMAN

What was it?

CHARLEY

Just a little County Fair outfit. Her and me and an old biplane. She did wingwalking and I had a drunk act.

As Harman looks over sharply. Drunk act?

CHARLEY

I'd come out of the stands, dressed like a sailor, waving a bottle. I'd stagger over to the plane and get in. Everbody shouting 'stop him!' I'd hedgehop around the field a couple of times, then I'd flip it over in front of the grandstand.

HARMAN

On it's back?

CHARLEY

(nods)

Of course everybody'd be in on it by then. The bank would be playing 'What'll we do with a drunken sailor.' It went over real good.

Harmon plays a couple of bars on his harmonica.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED - 2

116

CHARLEY

That's it. It was a good act. We were really starting to make it, then one day I damn near killed myself. I figured there must be an easier way.

HARMAN

How come crop dusting? Why not sky jacking?

CHARLEY

Too risky...I just wanted a nice little business like crop dusting. It gives me a chance to fly -- be free, not having guys looking down on me. But when the combines started taking over, I got kinda interested in banks, small ones... a couple of extra dollars and no trouble.

HARMAN

(sarcastic)

No trouble?

CHARLEY

I never thought anybody would...

(a beat)

Nadine dead. And Al Dutcher. And those cops. I never meant....

(breaks off)

HARMAN

What's the matter?

Charley gestures ahead. Harman looks off.

117 POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

117

Small in the distance but coming toward us at high speed and with all lights flashing is a Sheriff's car.

CHARLEY

It might look good if you're playing the harmonica.

Harman starts to play his harmonica, a mediocre amateur performance, then pauses.

HARMAN

Did you know I used to play professional?

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

117

CHARLEY

No, I didn't know that, Harman.

HARMAN

Well I did...Grand Ole Opry....

CHARLEY

So play.

Harman puts the harmonica back to his mouth. Charley is watching the Sheriff's car coming closer and closer. As it passes with a whoosh of wind that rocks the truck, we pan with it to catch a glimpse of a big Deputy's pale face in dark glasses turned toward us.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE

118

as the Sheriff's car whips past the sedately moving panel truck at about a hundred miles an hour. Suddenly the Deputy in the Sheriff's car stands on the brakes and the brakes and tires shriek as the back wheels lock and the car fishtails, leaving black rubber on the highway. Now slowed, the Sheriff's car starts to make a U-turn.

119 INT. CAB OF TRUCK

119

Harman is looking back at the Sheriff's car, which is starting back toward us.

HARMON

The son of a bitch is coming back.

Herman turns and unzips the front of his coveralls. As Harmon brings out his gun:

CHARLEY

What's that for?

HARMON

What do you think?

As Harman checks his load in the handgun.

CHARLEY

(patiently)

Look, Harman. We're crop dusters, and crop dusters don't go around waving guns, so put that thing away.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE ACROSS HARMAN TO CHARLEY

120

At this point we hear the growl of a siren right behind them... Harman shoves the gun back into his coveralls.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

120

The Sheriff's car comes up alongside of them. The young, stern Deputy, Blaine, signals for them to pull over with an abrupt gesture of his thumb.

CHARLEY

Okay, Deputy. Okay.

121 ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE SHERIFF'S CAR

121

We are shooting back on Charley and Harman. Charley is slowing to a stop on the bridge. Behind them we see the Sheriff's car come to a stop on the shoulder. Blaine is speaking on the hand mike, apparently reporting that he will be leaving the vehicle for an interrogation. As Charley stops on the bridge Harman is looking over at him.

122 ANOTHER ANGLE

122

The Deputy is getting out of the car. He is unbelievable, a giant, like a pro football player. As Charley gets out of the truck:

HARMAN

There's gonna be a hell of a bang on that hill any second now. What happens then?

As Charley looks at his wristwatch:

CHARLEY

Play it loose, Harman. Just see what happens and take it from there.

HARMAN

Is that how you got to be such a big winner, Charley?

Charley glances toward the approaching Deputy:

CHARLEY

Just don't make any stupid moves. Okay?

HARMAN

Yeah. Except if he starts nosing around in the back of this truck I'll blow his goddamned head off.

123 ANOTHER ANGLE

123

As the enormous Deputy comes up, Charley turns to him.

CHARLEY

Something wrong?

BLAINE

May I see your operator's license, please?

CHARLEY

Yes, sir. Got it right here in my wallet.

(indicates sign
on truck)

That's me. Charley Varrick, Crop Dusting. I've been working out of Reese since the first of the year. I....

He breaks off as the Deputy, ignoring the wallet has turned to the truck and opened the back doors. He is one of these police officers who operate under the principle that every one is guilty of something. Now as he looks suspiciously into the truck:

BLAINE

What's in those drums?

CHARLEY

Just pesticides and herbicides. You know. Malathion. Chlordane.

124 INT. CAB OF TRUCK

124

We are close on Harman. He has his hand inside his coveralls on the handle of his gun. From the wild, goofy-looking expression in his eyes we might sense that he's about to spin around and start shooting.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING CHARLEY

125

He watches, sweating it out a little, as the big Deputy looks directly at the drums where the money is hidden. Now Charley looks back to the foothills where he's momentarily expecting the explosion.

BLAINE

(without turning)

You been on the Tres Cruces Road today?

CONTINUED

125

CONTINUED

125

CHARLEY

Why? Has there been some kind of trouble or something?

BLAINE

(turns)

We'll get along better if I ask the questions and you answer them. Now what I'm looking for is information about some people in a yellow Seventy-Two...Jesus Christ what's that?

This last as there is a flash of fire up in the foothills as the Continental goes up in a ball of flame. The big Deputy is running heavily toward his car. Charley calls after the Deputy.

CHARLEY

Good luck, Deputy!

126

ON CHARLEY

126

as he watches the officer run down toward the Sheriff's car. Then he turns and goes back to the passenger side of the truck. He is standing by the railing of the bridge. Beneath runs the little river. Harman opens the door and gets out, leaving it open.

HARMAN

Hoo-whee! I thought I was gonna have to wax that bastard sure.

127

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST CHARLEY AND HARMAN

127

As the Deputy gets into his car and starts to turn toward the mountains, we see that he is speaking over the radio, apparently excited about the fire in the hills. As the cop car now streaks down the road, getting smaller, Charley reaches into his coveralls, takes out his gun and Nadine's and drops them in the river.

128

CLOSER

128

as Charley turns to Harman:

CHARLEY

Harman?

HARMAN

What do you want?

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

128

CHARLEY

Your gun.

HARMAN

We're a long way from home free.

CHARLEY

Gimme the piece, Harman.

A beat then Harman gives Charley the gun. Charley throws it into the stream. Harman is looking at him, smiling faintly. Charley catches Harman's look, smiles back. He's ahead of Harman.

CHARLEY

We almost forgot Al's gun, didn't we?

(X)

129 ANOTHER ANGLE

129

Charley reaches into the truck, takes the fourth gun from the glove compartment and drops it into the river. As Charley crosses around and gets into the truck, we move in close on Harman. He is watching Charley with a look of speculation, tinged with contempt. As he gets into the car we pan off and zoom to the road with the Sheriff's car small in the distance, heading toward the ever increasing fire.

CUT TO

130 EXT. REESE RIVER MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

130

The big trailer park is set between the highway and a fairly good sized river. We are angled on a dirt road that leads from the highway through the area. There are some trailers and quite a few of the more permanent looking big, new mobile homes. To one side of the road is a sign which reads:

REESE RIVER MOBILE HOME PARK
"A neighborly place to live"
A few Choice Lots Still Available

Charley's truck has turned off the highway and is coming toward us on the dirt road. He turns past a bank of mail boxes, the nearest of which has the name "Varrick" on the side. Charley continues down toward his trailer.

131
thru
143
OMITTED

131
thru
143

144 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

144

As he drives toward his trailer, we see another one, nicer, set slightly farther down the river. This has a sense of permanence with a sort of canopied patio attached. There is a little garden of plants and flowers. A little old lady in tennis shoes, Mrs. Taff, lives there. She is presently watering a potted geranium on her patio. She looks over at Charley as he drives up.

145 ANOTHER ANGLE

145

as Charley returns Mrs. Taff's smile, then takes unusual care in parking. The truck's back doors are close to the trailer's side door; the truck slightly angled blocking Mrs. Taff's view. Charley and Harman get out and Charley crosses to the door of the trailer, tries to open it. It is locked.

CHARLEY

Hon?

146 ANOTHER ANGLE

146

Charley listens for an answer from within the trailer. After a moment he takes a key and opens the door. Now, as he sticks his head inside:

CHARLEY

Nadine? We're home.

Charley turns back to Harman who has come around the back of the truck and stands by the rear doors.

CHARLEY

Get that stuff inside.

Harman nods and opens the rear doors of the truck and starts muscling one of the Methyl-perathion drums...those in which the money is hidden...out of the truck...Charley is crossing over toward old Mrs. Taff.

147 BY MRS. TAFF'S TRAILER

147

as Charley comes up to the old busybody.

CHARLEY

Have you seen my wife, Mrs. Taff?

MRS. TAFF

I didn't see her all day today.

CONTINUED

147

CONTINUED

147

CHARLEY

Well, thanks anyway.

MRS. TAFF

I'll keep an eye peeled.

CHARLEY

That's very kind of you, Mrs. Taff.

MRS. TAFF

Just common decency.

(then)

You don't think she's run off do you?

CHARLEY

No, ma'am. I don't.

MRS. TAFF

You never can tell. There's mashers all over this place you know. They're after me all the time.

CHARLEY

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. TAFF

Just don't get any ideas.

CHARLEY

No, ma'am.

Charley is backing away. Mrs. Taff, warming to her subject, follows him.

MRS. TAFF

The milkman's the worst. I make him leave his yogurt on the stoop.

CHARLEY

You can't be too careful.

We hear the ringing of a phone in her trailer.

MRS. TAFF

Excuse me. That's mine. It's probably an obscene phone call.

(X)

She hurries to her trailer.

148 ON CHARLEY

148

He is looking after her, incredulity on his face, then he turns and, crossing, enters his own trailer.

149 INT. TRAILER - DAY

149

As Charley comes in, Harman is hauling the second of the canvas money bags from the drum. Charley makes sure the door is locked and that all the curtains are pulled closed. Around the trailer we see several pictures of Charley and Nadine. Harman has turned on the radio which is playing music from an Albuquerque record station. Harman looks over, indicates his jaw.

HARMAN

You got a bottle of whiskey around here?

CHARLEY

I don't want you getting loaded.

HARMAN

Just to gargle. This damn tooth ---

Charley starts toward the rear, turns.

CHARLEY

Get those heavy cutters. They're in the truck.

150 ANOTHER ANGLE

150

As Harman exits, Charley goes into the back of the trailer where the little bathroom and bedroom are. As he gets a bottle of whiskey from a drawer or window seat we notice a little gallery of framed pictures hung on one wall. A picture of Nadine in stock car racer's apparel, standing by a car with number 98 painted on it, holding a trophy in her hand. There are momentos from their Air Circus barnstorming days. There is a picture of Nadine wing walking and a picture of Charley in his drunken sailor outfit.

151 CLOSE SHOT - PAN SHOT

151

along the pictures.

152 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY

152

as he is reliving the past, looking at the pictures. We suddenly hear:

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

152

HARMAN'S VOICE

Varrick?
(then)
Hey, Varrick!
(then)
Come here!

Charley has turned and is crossing into the front of the trailer, bottle in hand.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON CHARLEY

153

as he hurries into the front of the trailer, then stops, amazement on his face. We whip pan to what Charley sees. On the trailer floor are packs of bills, twenties and fifties. Harman is just emptying the second stack and it's quite a pile.

HARMAN

Look! Look at this money!
Twenties. Fifties. We hit the
giant jackpot!

Charley sets the bottle aside and drops to his knees by the money. Now he starts testing the money for counterfeit. Rubbing his thumb over the surface for ink, holding it to the light; inspecting the serial number, the quality of engraving. As Charley does this, his expression meditative:

HARMAN

What's the matter? You're not
going to tell me it's counterfeit,
are you?

CHARLEY

(quietly)
No. It's good.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON HARMAN

154

A look of wild glee suffuses Harman's face as he kneels on the floor sifting the packets of money through his hands. He is chuckling softly to himself as:

HARMAN

Money money money money. Look at
this damn stuff. Those are fifties,
Baby!

He picks up a packet of forty fifty-dollar bills wrapped in a paper band. On the band is written: \$2,000.

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED

154

HARMAN

Two thousand dollars. Right there.

(picks up more)

Two four six eight, who do we appreciate? Ten grand! Look at that.

Ten thousand bucks right in my hand.

(looks up)

Charley, I take it all back. You're all right.

He picks up a couple of packets of money, kisses them:

HARMAN

(pushes them together)

If we could just figure a way to make 'em breed. Breed, you bastards.

(to Charley)

Charley, listen, how much you think we've got here?

CHARLEY

I don't know.

HARMAN

Half a million?

CHARLEY

Could be.

154-A ANOTHER ANGLE

154-A

as Charley rises, moves off. Harman looks after him, squinting suspiciously.

HARMAN

What the hell's the matter with you?

CHARLEY

Something smells wrong.

HARMAN

You're starting to smell wrong.

Harman rises, points his finger at Charley.

HARMAN

Don't try to run a game on me, Varrick. I'll hang you out to dry.

Harman spots the bottle where Charley has put it. He crosses, picks it up and carries it to the little kitchen area. As he does so:

CONTINUED

154-A CONTINUED

154-A

CHARLEY

What's that kind of money doing in the Tres Cruces bank?

HARMAN

(looks over)

Where should it be? In the gas station?

CHARLEY

It shouldn't be any place. A bank that size figures to have maybe twenty, thirty thousand dollars cash in it, tops. You take the whole town of Tres Cruces and gold plate it, it isn't worth this kind of money. So what's it doing there?

HARMAN

Who gives a shit? Maybe it's a payroll for a big company.

CHARLEY

In Tres Cruces?

HARMAN

So maybe somebody's buying a big piece of land.

CHARLEY

With cash? Today? Come on, Harman.

HARMAN

Let me ask you a question. The money was there. Right? We got it. Right? So what's the big ---

He breaks off as we hear:

RADIO VOICE

We interrupt this program with another late bulletin about the Tres Cruces Bank Robbery in which there are three known dead and one Sheriff's Deputy still in critical condition. Harold Young, Tres Cruces Bank Manager, has estimated that the bandits escaped with less than two thousand dollars. Sheriff Horton of San Miguel County predicts an early arrest. And now back to your program.

155

ANOTHER ANGLE

155

Charley has already risen and he and Harman are talking over the last of the announcement.

HARMAN

What the hell is that all about?

CHARLEY

(thinking)

I don't know....

HARMAN

Who are they kidding? Us? Don't they think we can count?

CHARLEY

It doesn't make sense. Unless ---

HARMAN

Unless what?

CHARLEY

Unless it's a drop.

HARMAN

What the hell's a drop?

CHARLEY

Do you know what dirty money is? That's the kind you can't declare on your income tax. When certain people get money like that what they do is send it out of the country to invest. When it comes back it's clean.

HARMAN

So what?

CHARLEY

So maybe that crummy little bank is a drop -- a collection point. Maybe all this --

(indicates)

was on its way out of the country.

HARMAN

Hey. We lucked out.

CHARLEY

More like crapped out. Aren't you listening? It's ten to one this belongs to the Mafia.

Harman just looks at him, his face set.

CHARLEY

This is gambling money, skimmed off the top. Whore money. Dope money.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED - 2

155

HARMAN

So what the hell's the difference?

CHARLEY

The difference is the Mafia kills you. No trial, no judge. They'll never stop looking for us. Not till we're dead. I'd rather have ten FBI's after me.

156 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY

156

as he crosses to the money, picks up a handful, looks at it.

CHARLEY

Mafia money.

He throws the money down, paces.

CHARLEY

All I wanted was an easy score. In and out quick, no muss, no fuss, and no big deal about it afterwards.

(then)

And I've got to hit the damned jack pot.

HARMAN

Look Charley, if you don't want your share, I'll be happy to take it over.

Charley looks over at Harman. Their eyes lock for a moment and we sense tension between them. At last:

CHARLEY

I'll bet you would at that, Harman.

HARMAN

So what do you want to do? Give it back?

CHARLEY

I thought about it.

Harman twists the top off the bottle of liquor and takes a swig, then comes up to Charley.

HARMAN

I've got news for you, Varrick. You haven't got the balls of a bull canary bird.

CONTINUED

HARMAN (Cont'd)

(then)

And here's something else. I'm not giving back penny number one.

CHARLEY.

Neither am I.

HARMAN

Then what are we arguing about?

CHARLEY

It wouldn't do any good to give it back. Nobody takes the Mafia for that kind of money and lives to tell about it. They're going to have to make an example.

HARMAN

They've got to find us first.

CHARLEY

That's not as hard as it sounds.

(then)

The word goes out and every two bit hustler in the world is looking to turn you up.

HARMAN

Yeah. Yeah. I know all about it. The Cosa Nostra is everywhere.

CHARLEY

You'd better believe it.

HARMAN

I believe it. I believe it.

He takes another drink from the bottle which he is carrying around by the neck, top off.

CHARLEY

We're going to have to keep pretty quiet for a while.

HARMAN

That so?

CHARLEY

The best way for us to get nailed is to start throwing a lot of money around.

CONTINUED

HARMAN

What's your idea of a while?

CHARLEY

Three years. Maybe four.

157 ANOTHER ANGLE

157

As Harman takes another belt from the bottle:

HARMAN

Are you telling me I can't spend any
of that for years.

CHARLEY

(nods, then)

And you'd better go easy with that juice.
That's another way to get yourself nailed
-- and me along with you.

HARMAN

Any further instructions?

CHARLEY

Nope.

HARMAN

Nothing else you want to tell me?

CHARLEY

Not right now.

HARMAN

Then I'll tell you something. I been
waiting all my life for a score like
that and I'm not waiting any longer.
I mean I'm going to wail. I'm
talking about chicks, cars, clothes,
a box at the races, and beefsteak
three times a day, and no washed-up
chickenshit son of a bitch had better
try to stop me. You got it, Charley?

(X)

There is a pause as Harman looks directly at Charley. Finally
Charley's glances waver:

CHARLEY

Okay, Kid. You're calling it.

Harman turns and crosses out of the trailer, carrying the
bottle with him.

CUT TO

158 EXT. VIRGINIA STREET - RENO - DAY

158

We are high and angled down Virginia Street toward the Riverside Hotel. A couple of attractive young girls in hot pants and cowboy hats are walking away from us toward the hotel. On its marquee we read the words:

RENO'S FINEST

We zoom back to find that we are in the fourth story corner office of Maynard Boyle, the President of Western Fidelity, a small chain of banks in the Southwest. We pull back to include Boyle, who is looking out the window toward the street. He turns. He is about fifty, vigorous, authoritative, urbane. We pan him as he walks out of his impressive office.

159 INT. BANK - DAY

159

We are on Boyle as he crosses out of his office and moves past an alcove where his secretary, Sybil Fort, sits at her desk. She is a cool, efficient number, grave, composed, and exquisitely tailored, about twenty-eight. As Boyle moves into the enormous, carpeted open working area with its hushed typewriters and whispered conferences, he smiles politely at Sybil.

BOYLE

Miss Fort.

Sybil smiles politely back and answers in well modulated tones as she nods:

SYBIL

Bastard.

This of course is not observed by the others in the room because Miss Fort is above all cool. As Boyle smiles acknowledgment to Miss Fort's salutation.

BOYLE

I want a messenger to hand deliver
an item for me immediately.

(X)

SYBIL

Yes, Mr. Boyle.

We follow him to the double doors of another office, which he enters.

160 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

160

We are angled on the doors of the Conference Room.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

160

Boyle enters, closes and locks the doors, then automatically rubs an Oriental carving, the God of Money, on the belly, passes down a long conference table and takes a chair at the very end. He pulls a rolling table toward him. This table has a cassette on it which he loads with a blue, translucent plastic tape. He clicks it on, then speaks into a hand mike.

This morning a Western Fidelity
Branch Bank in Tres Cruces, New
Mexico, was robbed of roughly
three quarters of a million dollars.
The size of the take....

(X)

CUT TO

161 INT. MOLLY'S CAR - BLUE CHEVROLET - DAY

161

We are close on an identical cassette, playing the same tape as:

BOYLE'S VOICE

...Plus the urgency of the situation
makes it inevitable that I should
call on you personally to become
involved.

We are pulling back to include the driver of the car, Molly, maybe fifty. He is a powerful man, smooth-faced and piggy-eyed. He is heavy bodied but moves easily and is enormously light on his feet. He has a faint southern accent, a little pussy cat smile and an IQ of 154. He wears a beautifully cut pale gabardine suit, slightly western in tailoring and an off-white Stetson, not too wide in the brim. He smokes a heavy, leather-covered pipe.

BOYLE'S VOICE

All the arrangements will be the
same as last time. I hope and
fully expect the same kind of out-
come. I know you realize that there
is extraordinary concern from this
end, so please expedite. Good luck.

162 EXT. VIRGINIA STREET - RENO - DAY

162

We are shooting southward on Virginia Street to include the Ponderosa Hotel with its excessive green neon sign. We see Molly's car coming up the street. It stops in front of a Chinese restaurant on the east side of the street.

163 CLOSER SHOT - THE CAR

163

We are shooting into the front seat as Molly takes the blue plastic tape from the instrument, puts it in his pocket. Then locking the car carefully, he gets out, and leaving his pipe in the car, enters the restaurant. There is a sign in the window reading: NOT OPEN UNTIL 4:30.

164 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

164

We are shooting from the restaurant proper through the little foyer, the door of which has been wedged open. As Molly enters and looks around, a young Chinese lady appears.

CHINESE GIRL

So sorry, not open please....

165
thru
167

ANOTHER ANGLE

165
thru
167

including restaurant and bar as Molly cases the attractive but empty room.

MOLLY

I'm supposed to meet Honest John here.

CHINESE GIRL

Not here, please. Try some ozzah time.

Molly moves into the room ignoring what she's just said.

MOLLY

Please tell him it's Molly.

CHINESE GIRL

(no accent)

Oh. Mister Molly, sorry. Right this way.

As the girl leads Molly past a long bar, through the kitchen down the stairs into the utilitarian basement. They go past shelves of canned food with exotic Chinese labels, to a door which is shut. There is the word "PRIVATE" on the door. The girl knocks.

HONEST JOHN'S VOICE

Yes?

GIRL

Mister Molly to see you, Sir.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED
thru
167

165
thru
167

HONEST JOHN

Door's open.

The Girl opens the door and we see a middle-aged Chinese American playing ping pong with a man who obviously thinks he's pretty hot.

HONEST JOHN

(playing)

Come in.

168 INT. PRIVATE GAME ROOM - DAY

168

The Chinese Girl steps aside and then exits as Molly enters the private basement game room. In dramatic contrast to the basement that we have just passed through the room is attractive and inviting. Although we see slot machines and a card table, the room is dominated by a ping pong table. A couple of men are playing cards, another tries his luck on the slot machines. Some of the men are Caucasian, others Chinese.

169 ANOTHER ANGLE

169

Molly comes in, looks around the room. Honest John continues to play. He smashes a shot past the hot shot player and that's the game.

MURPH

(a sore loser)

Lucky shot.

Honest John holds out his hand. Murph puts a five dollar bill into it. Honest John continues to hold out hand until Murph reluctantly adds another five.

HONEST JOHN

Pleasure to do business with you,
Murph.

(indicating Murph
to Molly)

Sucker.

Honest John is ushering Molly into a glassed off inner sanctum where one can see the action in the game room but can speak without being overheard.

170 INT. INNER SANCTUM - DAY

170

As Molly enters, Honest John follows, closes the door. All sounds from the other room are immediately shut out. He opens a drawer, takes out an envelope and hands it to Molly. As Molly opens and counts it:

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

170

MOLLY

What have you got for me?

HONEST JOHN

It was apparently a professional job. Our sources haven't had time to come up with anything yet, but the word's out. Something'll break. It always does.

(X)

MOLLY

That's it?

HONEST JOHN

What else can I tell you?

MOLLY

Thanks anyway, Honest John.

Molly drops the money back on Honest John's desk.

HONEST JOHN

What's that for?

MOLLY

Tell our friend I don't work with my head in a bag.

171 ANOTHER ANGLE

171

As Molly turns to go, Honest John is on his feet:

HONEST JOHN

Wait a minute. I don't get it.

MOLLY

How long was that... 'roughly three quarters of a million dollars' going to be in that bank?

(X)

HONEST JOHN

A couple of days.

MOLLY

And who knew it was there?

HONEST JOHN

Harold Young...he's the branch manager out there...he knew of course.

MOLLY

Anyone else?

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED

171

HONEST JOHN

Undoubtedly Maynard Boyle. If you should find that there's some sort of leak inside the organization that information would be very valuable.

(X)

MOLLY

(X)

(a beat)

I see. Carte blanche?

HONEST JOHN

No restrictions. The lid's off.

As Molly reaches out and takes the envelope back.

HONEST JOHN

Do you have any connections in New Mexico?

Honest John is scribbling an address as Molly shakes his head.

HONEST JOHN

You'll be all right here. They'll also take and deliver messages.

MOLLY

What about transportation?

172 ANOTHER ANGLE

172

As Honest John mulls for a moment, then:

HONEST JOHN

Right now there's nothing you'd be happy with...wait a minute...there's one. A maroon Chrysler Imperial. Clean. Milled head, twin pots, overhead cam. A hundred and forty on the straight. Guaranteed.

MOLLY

Sounds reasonable.

Honest John reaches into the desk. He pulls out a set of car keys and holds them dangling.

HONEST JOHN

It's all yours but there's a problem. It's a repossession. Do you mind?

MOLLY

Let's go.

CONTINUED

172 CONTINUED

172

Molly takes the keys. They start out of the inner sanctum and into the ping-pong room.

CUT TO:

173 EXT. PERCY'S HOUSE - DAY

173

We are angled on a little wooden cross, such as a child might make for a pet, by the side of the road. It is unpainted wood; maybe we see a few freshly picked wildflowers at the foot of it. We pan up as the wheels of a car pass.

174 ANOTHER ANGLE

174

Molly's car, with Honest John at the wheel and Molly beside him, smoking a pipe, pulls to a stop on the shoulder beside an old barn which is on the other side of a fence. Honest John points off.

HONEST JOHN

There it is.

Molly looks over. Beside the old ramshackle barn is a tractor, a couple of derelict cars and a Chrysler Imperial that looks as if it has just come off the showroom floor. Somebody has lavished a lot of tender loving care on it.

175 CLOSE SHOT - MOLLY

175

He gets out of the car, pipe in mouth, and goes through the gate to the Chrysler. As he goes we hear a heartbroken child crying someplace. Molly crosses up to the Chrysler, puts the key in the lock as we hear:

PERCY'S VOICE

Hey there!

176 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING HOUSE

176

As Molly turns, for the first time we see the house that goes with the barn. It is an old grey wooden house with white rick-rack. In the front yard is a white wooden wheelbarrow with pink flowers growing in it. An enormous and sad looking black man, Percy, stands in the open front door. The wailing of the child can be heard much louder. Percy turns and speaks.

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED

176

PERCY

Hush, Sonny. You gonna get a bran
new puppy. Didn't I promise?

Percy closes the door and moves toward Molly:

PERCY

Mister, I don't want no trouble
with you, so I'm asking you nice
to get your hands off that auto.

MOLLY

(taking pipe
from mouth)
Randolph Percy?

PERCY

You caught me on a bad day, Mister,
so stay out of my face.

MOLLY

You owe six months payment on this
car.

177 ANOTHER ANGLE

177

including Honest John, who stands outside his car by the side
of the road looking happy. Percy is outraged.

PERCY

I owe? I owe?
(points to
Honest John)

That Chink son-of-a-bitch burned
me for twenty-five hundred dollars.
I told him before, when I get my
money back he gets his car.

MOLLY

I'm repossessing this vehicle, Mr.
Percy.

As Molly turns and opens the Chrysler's door:

PERCY

All right. I warned you, Fatso.

(X)

As the gigantic black man moves toward Molly, ready for mayhem,
Molly folds his right hand around the pipe so that the leather
covered bowl makes a weapon.

CONTINUED

177 CONTINUED

177

MOLLY

I allow very few men to speak to me
in that tone.

He feints and sidesteps Percy's first charge.

MOLLY

Few Caucasians and no nigras at
all.

(X)

Molly moves in and hits Percy a savage right hook with the
bowl of the pipe. He turns immediately, not waiting to see
the effect of the punch. There is only one possible effect.
A broken jaw. Molly gets into the car and starts it, his pipe
back in his mouth.

178 ON HONEST JOHN

178

smiling.

179 ANOTHER ANGLE

179

Molly backs the Chrysler past the black man, who is sprawled
out on the lawn. We move in on one of the windows of the
house. There behind the glass we see a tiny, brown, tear-
stained face. The little boy is looking down at his father
unbelievably as we....

CUT TO

180 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

180

It is about ten o'clock. Harman is seated by the river look-
ing off, his back against a tree. He holds the bottle by the
neck. It is almost empty. In the b.g. we see the door to the
trailer open and Charley comes out. Harman looks over.

CHARLEY

You wanted to see the ten o'clock
news?

(X)

Harman gets up. He finishes off the bottle and throws it into
the river. It is apparent he is pretty drunk.

181

CLOSER SHOT - THE TRAILER

181

Charley stands by the door watching Harman, his expression unreadable. Harman comes up.

HARMAN

You get it counted?

CHARLEY

Seven hundred and sixty-three thousand, four hundred and fifty dollars even.

HARMAN

I never thought I'd see that much money, never mind have it for my own.

CHARLEY

One third.

HARMAN

What say?

CHARLEY

I say one third's yours, two third's mine.

HARMAN

Sure, good buddy, sure. That's what I meant.

Charley looks at his wristwatch.

CHARLEY

We're missing the news.

182

ANOTHER ANGLE

182

Charley turns and goes into the trailer. Harman looks after him for a moment then crosses to the back of the panel truck, opens the doors and reaching into the back comes out with a big monkey wrench. He hefts it as you might a weapon or war club, then drops it into the pocket of his overalls. He goes into the trailer.

183

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

183

As Harman enters, closing the door carefully behind him, Charley is turning on the small TV set. Black and white pictures of a small forest fire are coming on as Charley turns from the set. We hear:

TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

...A definite link between the bank robbery in Tres Cruces and the

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

183

TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (Cont'd)
forest fire six miles south in the
foothills of the Sangre de Cristos.

184 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING THE TV SET

184
thru
194

thru
194 as we see various shots of the forest fire around the
Continental.

TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Here we see members of the special
forest service fire-fighting teams
as they quickly bring the blaze
under control. And this is the car
the bandits used in their getaway.
The remains of one of the gang,
believed to be the woman who was
driving the getaway car, were found
in the front seat. And now, a word
from Sheriff Horton ---

195 EXT. BANK - HORTON AND CHICANO

195

The scene on the TV switches to a close shot of Horton who
stands in front of the bank with a small bandage across his
forehead, looking tough. A young Chicano TV reporter holds
a mike in front of his face.

HORTON
This body we found is too badly
burned for any kind of identification
excepting the teeth. Every dentist
in the State's being circularized
with description of the dental work.
(then)

We've got every bus station, train
depot and airport covered, every
road and highway blocked off.
These people are not going to get
out of New Mexico. Not alive.
That I promise you.

196 INT. TV STUDIO (PONDEROSA)

196

ANNOUNCER
In Albuquerque today a threatened
strike of city bus drivers was
temporarily averted, permitting
busses to roll on schedule. As
negotiations are continuing on a
twenty-four hour basis, Union
spokesmen say ---

197

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

197

As the TV announcer is giving the local news, Harman crosses and switches off the set. He is frowning, deep in thought.

HARMAN

You know, Charley, you're a lucky man.

CHARLEY

How do you figure?

HARMAN

Because you're valuable. You can fly an airplane. We're gonna get in that airplane of yours and fly right over their goddam road blocks. What do you think of that?

CHARLEY

Where do we land? They'll be watching all the airports.

HARMAN

In Mexico?

CHARLEY

Especially in Mexico. They'll be watching every landing field.

HARMAN

Yeah, but we're not going to land at a landing field. You're gonna land us in some little place where they'd never even think of looking for an airplane.

CHARLEY

I don't know.

HARMAN

What do you mean you don't know? Ain't you supposed to be a red hot stunt pilot?

CHARLEY

It's been a long time since I've done any really fancy flying. You kind of lose your knack.

(X)

HARMAN

Well, you better get it back in a hurry because if you can't do that, Charley, what use are you?

198 ANOTHER ANGLE

198

The threat from Harman is implicit in his whole attitude. Charley is watching Harman carefully, finally:

CHARLEY

It might work at that. We could find a little field and drop her in.

(then)

We'd have to rig some auxiliary fuel tanks though, for cruising range.

HARMAN

Now you're talking, Charley.

199 ANOTHER ANGLE

199

as Charley gets up:

CHARLEY

I'm afraid it's all talk unless we get those charts.

HARMAN

What charts?

CHARLEY

Nadine's dental charts, x-rays. It's the one way they could identify her. I've got to get 'em out of that dentist's office.

HARMAN

Is there another jug around here?

CHARLEY

(points)

Nadine usually had a bottle stashed in the back of the cupboard there.

As Harman crosses to the cupboard, Charley goes to the door:

CHARLEY

Don't leave the trailer.

HARMAN

Charley, you worry too much.

CHARLEY

There's no such thing as worrying too much.

CONTINUED

199 CONTINUED

199

CHARLEY (Cont'd)

Not when you've got the cops and the Mafia after you at the same time.

HARMAN

When do you figure they'll stop looking for us?

CHARLEY

The cops might stop in a couple of years. The others never stop.

200 CHARLEY

(X)
200

as he opens the door and turns, a thoughtful expression crossing his face.

CHARLEY

Not unless they think you're dead.

CUT TO

201 EXT. ALLEY (REESE) - NIGHT

201

Charley comes up a dark alley on foot. He vaults a fence and crosses to the back window of a medical building. He takes a tool out of his pocket and jimmies a window.

202 INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

202

as Charley comes carefully through the window and crosses to a bank of files. He opens a drawer marked "U-V-W-X-Y-Z" and taking a small pencil flashlight from his pocket, starts to search the files.

203 CLOSER SHOT - CHARLEY

203

as he searches through the files with the beam of the pencil searchlight. Suddenly the beam falls on the file marked with the letter "V". He takes an envelope from the file. Looks at it.

204 INSERT - THE ENVELOPE

204

It has the name "Varrick, Nadine" written in heavy black on the upper left hand side of the envelope. Charley opens the envelope. It has a dental chart and a placard of fourteen x-rays in it.

205 BACK TO SCENE

205

as Charley puts the envelope in his pocket, then stops and thinks for a long moment.

CHARLEY'S VOICE

Not unless they think you're dead ---

(X)

Now he takes out another envelope. This one marked "Varrick, Charley". He puts it on top of the filing cabinet.

206 ANOTHER ANGLE

206

as Charley goes to the drawer filing cabinet marked "R-S-T". He opens the file and takes out another envelope which he puts alongside his own envelope on top of the cabinet.

207 INSERT

207

As Charley puts the envelope down, we see that it is labeled "Sullivan, Harman". Now Charley takes the x-rays from Harman's envelope and places them in his own. He puts his x-rays in Harman's envelope.

208 BACK TO SCENE

208

Having switched the x-rays, he replaces the envelopes in their proper files, wipes off everything with a handkerchief, closes the drawers.

209 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY

209

crosses and exits as silently as he came.

CUT TO

210 EXT. U.S. HIGHWAY NINETY-FIVE - NIGHT

210
(X)

We are angled on a stretch of US 95, crossing the desert south of Tonopah. We pick up the Chrysler Imperial, a speck in the distance, approaching like a bat out of hell. It passes us at about a hundred twenty-five miles per hour.

211 INT. CHRYSLER - NIGHT

211
(X)

As Molly drives, he sings:

CONTINUED

211 CONTINUED

211

MOLLY

I painted her, I painted her,
Up her belly and down her back
Eve-u-ry crevice and eve-u-ry crack
I painted her, I painted her,
I painted her through and through
And I painted her old tomato
Red, white and bluuuuuue....

(X)

CUT TO

212 EXT. DESERT ROAD AND BRIDGE - DAY (SUNRISE)

212

The sky is pink in the East. We hold for a moment on a dawn sky and western hills, then pan down to a bridge over a dry wash as Molly's Imperial comes fast across the bridge, Molly at the wheel.

213 INT. IMPERIAL - DAY

213

as Molly drives, he sings "I Painted Her".

214 MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW (THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

214

as we pass big boulders with crude red arrows painted on them, all pointing to the way we're going. Now, after a final curve, we come to the clearing and the compound of "Bronco Pasture #1".

215 ANOTHER ANGLE

215

as Molly drives the car up to the open parking area, there is one car, an empty taxi cab. The ranch itself is a complex of joined mobile homes all surrounded by a nine-foot high hurricane wire fence. We move with Molly as he comes up to the gate. There is a sign which says:

BRONCO PASTURE #1

Open 24 Hours

And, by a press type doorbell set into the wire fence, we see a smaller sign inviting us to ring and wait. Molly does so. Then, a beat and the door to the building opens, and a girl in a baby blue mini-bikini and high heels comes out of the front door and down to the gate. Her name is Jana.

MOLLY

I'm Molly.

JANA

I'm Jana.

Jana presses a buzzer and the door opens. Jana turns and starts up the walkway toward the front door. Molly follows her, watching with cold eyes and insolent rotation of her hard little behind. She opens the door and gestures Molly in before her.

216 INT. LOUNGE (BRONCO PASTURE) - DAY

216

This is the main waiting room where the girls on duty at that particular shift sit. They wear little bikinis or shortie nightgowns. The lighting is low key. There are passages leading right and left and one leading straight back. Also present is a man in a taxi driver's hat, who is throwing darts (X) at a dart board.

As Molly enters, followed by Jana who closes the door behind her, the girls rise, some bouncing up, some lethargically without enthusiasm.

JANA

(to Molly)

These are the goodies.

As Molly just looks at them:

JANA

(to girls)

He says his name is Sally.

MOLLY

Molly.

JANA

Sally. Molly. If you got a bell we'll find a way to ring it.

Several of the girls laugh. Molly turns, just looking flatly at the girls.

MOLLY

I didn't drive six hundred miles for the amusement of morons. Is that clear, ladies?

217 ANOTHER ANGLE

217

The taxi driver turns doubtfully, feeling called on to play the part of a man. (X)

TAXI DRIVER

Now, just a darn minute there.

MOLLY

(pleasantly)

Keep throwing, friend, before I put you in the hospital. (X)

TAXI DRIVER

Yes, sir.

218

ANOTHER ANGLE

218

As the Taxi-driver continues to throw darts, a woman named Beverly, maybe thirty-five, comes up one of the hallways. Her dark hair is bobbed short but there is nothing mannish about her. She comes up to Molly.

(X)

BEVERLY

Are you the gentleman we're expecting?

MOLLY

My name is Molly.

BEVERLY

Anything you want...name it.

MOLLY

A good bed.

BEVERLY

Right this way. I've reserved Sin Bin for you.

219

MOVING SHOT

219

As Beverly leads Molly toward the corridor to the rear, we move with them. We follow the House Mother and Molly through the laundry room and kitchen. As they pass through, a couple of girls...apparently just going off shift, look over.

BEVERLY

Here's our kitchen. The refrigerator is always open. Here's where the girls relax on their time off or do their laundry, write letters.

220

INT. HALLWAY AND ROOM - DAY

220

We are angled on an oblong rug designed in the form of a ten dollar bill. We pull back and up to discover that the rug is at the entrance to one of the rooms. On the door is painted the name "Sin Bin". As Beverly steps aside and gestures Molly in, the big man stops at the doorway, looking down at the rug.

BEVERLY

There's no charge for anything, of course.

Molly nods and moves into the room. The curtains are open, letting in daylight. He draws them, then tests the bed. He starts to undo his shirt.

(X)

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED

220

BEVERLY
We've changed the linen.

At this point Jana comes down the corridor.

(X)

MOLLY
I wish to be awakened in
(looks at watch)
exactly two hours. I'd appreciate
two three and a half minute eggs,
one piece of dry wheat toast and
a pot of hot herb tea.

(X)

(X)

221 ON MOLLY

221

as he starts to close the door:

BEVERLY
If there's anything else we can do
for your comfort...Jana's a nice
girl....

MOLLY
I don't sleep with whores...Not know-
ingly.

BEVERLY
(shrugs)
Like they say, different strokes
for different folks.

MOLLY
(to Jana)
I'll tell you what you can do for
me.

On Molly from hallway. He throws her a shirt.

MOLLY
My laundry. No starch in the
collar....

As Molly closes the door shut we....

CUT TO

222 EXT. TRAILER - MRS. TAFF

222

is walking from her trailer past Charlie's trailer, on her way
to the mailboxes. She is singing..

MRS. TAFF
Roll me over, in the clo-oh-ver....

223

INT. CHARLEY'S TRAILER - DAY

223

We are close on Harman as he wakes slowly, badly hung over. What has awakend him is the voice of Mrs. Taff.

MRS. TAFF'S VOICE

Roll me over, throw me down....

He is finally awake although not wanting to be. He is dressed. His mouth tastes awful. He sees a bottle of whiskey. A pint, half full. As he uncorks the top and pads into the galley area:

HARMAN

(a croak)

Var-Varrick.

He looks around the front room, becoming awake.

HARMAN

Varrick!

224

HARMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

224

The camera becomes Harman's eyes as he looks around the trailer. We sweep to the table. No money. We sweep around the room. The telephone: it's off the hook. The various pictures of Varrick and Nadine, which we saw earlier, are missing from the wall. (X)

225

ANOTHER ANGLE

225

As Harman puts the phone on the hook then starts to look around the trailer, under pillows, in storage compartments. As he looks he takes snorts from the pint bottle from time to time. He is looking in a window seat. Now he stops and turns, the horrible, tuneless singing of Mrs. Taff impinging itself on his consciousness for the first time. He hurries out of the trailer.

226

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

226

As Harman comes out of the trailer and looks around. In the background we see Mrs. Taff up at the mailbox reading a newspaper. Harman runs over toward her.

227

ON MRS. TAFF

227

She gives Harman a look as he comes up, another masher no doubt. She hands him the newspaper.

CONTINUED

227 CONTINUED

227

MRS. TAFF

I was just reading your paper about
this awful robbery.

Harman takes the paper abruptly from her hands and glances at
it.

228 INSERT PAPER - ALBUQUERQUE NEWS

228

The heading reads: "Tres Cruces Bank Robbery. Four Killed
One Critical." There are police sketches of Charley and
Nadine in costume and a news photo of the dead Al Dutcher. (X)

229 TWO SHOT - HARMAN AND MRS. TAFF

229

HARMAN

You haven't seen Charley Varrick?

MRS. TAFF

He went away early. In the truck.
Lookin' for that wife of his if
you ask me. She's....

She breaks off. The phone has rung in the trailer. Harman
turns and sprints back, newspaper in his hand.

230 INTERIOR TRAILER

230

The phone is ringing as Harman sprints in and grabs it up.

HARMAN

Varrick?

(X)

231 EXT. STREET - (ALBUQUERQUE) - DAY

231

Charley is in a phone booth on the street. He has the same
paper that Harman has.

CHARLEY

I'm over here in Reese. Trying to
run down a fitting.

HARMAN'S VOICE

Fitting?

CONTINUED

231

CONTINUED

231

CHARLEY

For the auxiliary gas tank. We talked about it last night. Don't you remember? There's a guy over in Shoemaker might have one. Gonna be an all night job installing it.
(then)
How's your tooth?

232

INT. TRAILER - CLOSE SHOT HARMAN

232

HARMAN

To hell with my tooth. What did you do with the money?

CHARLEY'S VOICE

Don't worry. It's in a safe place. I couldn't leave it there with you, corked out, dead to the world.
(then)
Have you seen the papers?

HARMAN

I got a copy right here.

233

INT. PHONE BOOTH

233

CHARLEY

That picture of Al bothers me. It's not that good, but somebody might just pick up on it. You'd better stay right there in case I need you fast.

(X)

HARMAN'S VOICE

Okay. But where's the goddam money?

CHARLEY

Not over the phone. Listen. I've got a million things to do. There's another pint in the ice box. Stay put and I'll see you tonight.

(X)

HARMAN'S VOICE

You better.

Charley hangs up.

234

CLOSE SHOT - HARMAN

234

as he hangs up, confused and surly. He looks off toward the wall where we see a picture hanger but no picture. This is where one of the missing pictures of Charley and Nadine was hung. Harman's brow furrows. What the hell?

235 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE - STREET - DAY

235

Charley comes out of the phone booth and crosses to a big litter basket which says on it:

I EAT LITTER

KEEP ALBUQUERQUE CLEAN

He drops his newspaper into it. A couple of old ladies who are passing by approve of Charley's good citizenship. He approves of them right back and walks next door to a gun shop. He enters. We move to the window, on which we see the words "TOM'S GUN SHOP."

236 INT. TOM'S GUN SHOP - DAY

236

There are saddles, ropes, levis, guns, etc. At the back of the store a large window has been cut out of the wall which separates the store from the office behind it. Built along the bottom edge of this opening is a counter. Behind the counter, in his office, is Tom. A very rugged, big, white-haired guy; probably 60. He is behind his counter and watches everything. Charley goes to the counter. Tom looks at him, flat.

CHARLEY

Are you Tom?

TOM

Yup.

CHARLEY

I mentioned to Al Dutcher I might need some special kind of help some day. He said you had...connections.

TOM

Al Dutcher? Big, tall, kind of nice-looking bird?

CHARLEY

Little, small, kind of ugly-looking bird.

TOM

What do you want?

CHARLEY

I need some paper in a hurry.

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED

236

TOM

I don't sell paper. I make my
living selling guns.

CHARLEY

(X)

I need two passports. Al said if
you didn't handle something, you
would know who did.

TOM

Dutcher? Dutcher? Where am I sup-
posed to know this guy from?

CHARLEY

From Joliet. He was doing a ten
year jolt for armed robbery.

237 ANOTHER ANGLE

237

as Tom nods and suddenly turns to his right and glides along
behind the opening in the counter, down a ramp. We realize
he is in a wheelchair before he comes down into the main room.
He wheels himself behind the counter, rummages in a drawer.
Tom finds a card in the drawer.

TOM

Five bills.

CHARLEY

Little high, isn't it?

TOM

It just went to six. You want to
bargain, go buy a rug.

(X)

CHARLEY

All right. All right.

Charley half turns and is counting out fifties from a roll.

238 ANOTHER ANGLE

238

Charley hands him the money. Tom takes it, counts it.

TOM

Even change.

Tom now hands the card to Charley, who carefully reads it.

239 INSERT CARD

239

It says:

JEWELL EVERETTE
FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER
190 Arapahoe St., Albuquerque, N.M.

240 BACK TO SCENE

240

as Charley puts the card in his pocket and starts to go:

TOM

Anything else?

CHARLEY

(turns back)

There is one thing...I might want
to fence off some money.

TOM

How hot?

CHARLEY

Burning up.

TOM

Consecutive serial numbers?

CHARLEY

No. Nothing like that. But I
wouldn't be surprised if there was
some sort of record.

TOM

How much money are we talking about?

CHARLEY

A lot.

TOM

A whole lot?

CHARLEY

A whole hell of a lot.

TOM

Where can I get in touch with you?

CHARLEY

I'll be here and there. Maybe I'd
better get in touch with you.

Charley exits as we stay on Tom, who is looking after him
without expression.

(X)

CUT TO

241 INT. SIN BIN (BRONCO PASTURE) - DAY

241

Molly sits directly up into camera from bed, wide-awake as we hear a knock on the door. The knock is repeated, then:

BEVERLY'S VOICE

There's a phone call for you.

Molly gets out of bed, crosses and unlocks the door and opens it to reveal Beverly with a plug-in phone in her hand. She enters and plugs the phone in. He turns her around, gently shoves her out of the door and picks up the phone.

MOLLY

Yeah?

242 INT. HONEST JOHN'S INNER SANCTUM - DAY

242

We are close on Honest John who speaks on the phone.

HONEST JOHN

Hello, Molly? Honest John. We've got a lead for you. In Albuquerque. Have you got a pencil? Tom's Gun Shop. He's expecting you.

243 ON MOLLY

243

as he picks up a little pencil and scratch pad.

MOLLY

Tom's Gun Shop. Right.

HONEST JOHN'S VOICE

Incidentally, Maynard Boyle flew over to New Mexico this morning. He's at the Travel-On-Inn Motel in Kendrick. You might make a note of that.

MOLLY

Why?

HONEST JOHN'S VOICE

Never mind 'why.'

The phone clicks in his ear. As Molly hangs up thoughtfully, we ---

CUT TO

244 TRES CRUCES BANK - DAY

244

as Maynard Boyle, in a rental car, drives up to the bank parking lot, parks and gets out. There are quite a few other cars in the parking lot. Boyle comes up to the front doors of the bank.

245 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING MR. SCOTT

245

Mr. Scott is posted at the front door of the bank. He is a man in his forties, trim, alert.

He has been watching Boyle's arrival. As Boyle comes up on course to enter the bank, Mr. Scott moves to intercept, politely. Boyle hands him his business card.

BOYLE

My name is Maynard Boyle. I'm President of Western Fidelity. This is our bank. I'm here to see Harold Young, our branch manager.

Mr. Scott looks at the card then looks at Boyle patiently during this, and now:

MR. SCOTT

I'll tell Mr. Garfinkle you're here, Mr. Boyle. Excuse me.

BOYLE

Just a minute. It's Young. Harold Young. He's the one I've come to see. Not Garfinkle.

MR. SCOTT

Mr. Garfinkle is in charge of this investigation. You'll need his permission to see Mr. Young. Excuse me.

Mr. Scott enters the bank. The door is shut in Boyle's face. He waits a moment in exasperation. Suddenly the door opens again and Boyle expects to go in. Instead Scott comes back out with a little red-headed, freckle faced man named Damon Garfinkle, who has Boyle's card in his hand.

MR. SCOTT

Mr. Boyle, this is Mr. Garfinkle from the District Attorney's office.

GARFINKLE

What is your business inside, Mr. Boyle?

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED

245

BOYLE

My business is that I want to see
Harold Young.

GARFINKLE

I'm afraid that's impossible right
now.

BOYLE

Why is it impossible? Is he under
arrest?

GARFINKLE

No, he's not under arrest.

BOYLE

In that case I'd like to see him.
I've flown from Reno for that ex-
press purpose.

GARFINKLE

Mr. Young is making an audit. I'm
sure you understand.

BOYLE

I assure you I do not understand.
Why am I being denied access to my
own premises?

GARFINKLE

It's a matter of priority. First
and foremost this is a murder in-
vestigation.

BOYLE

My business is purely financial.

GARFINKLE

You've been lucky so far, Mr. Boyle.
All we've found missing is about
thirteen hundred dollars.

BOYLE

If you're a nice fellow nice things
happen to you.

246 ANOTHER ANGLE

246

as Garfinkle nods dryly.

GARFINKLE

So I hear. Now where can you be
reached?

CONTINUED

BOYLE

I couldn't get rooms in Tres Cruces.
I'm at the motel in Kendrick. The
Travel-On-Inn.

GARFINKLE

I'll have Mr. Young get in touch
with you as soon as he's free.

As Garfinkle turns to go back into the bank:

BOYLE

Mr. Gar -- finkle?

GARFINKLE

(turns back)

Sir?

BOYLE

Is Harold Young under suspicion?

GARFINKLE

Suspicion of what?

BOYLE

Please don't talk down to me, I'm
not an idiot, Mr. Garfinkle. Sus-
picion of collusion in robbery.

GARFINKLE

Anyone could be under suspicion,
Mr. Boyle. We're still at the stage
where questions are being raised.

Garfinkle turns and enters the bank. Boyle looks after him
controlling his anger. Scott moves back into position. Boyle
turns on his heel and goes as we....

CUT TO

We are angled up on a brick wall on which there is a sign
pointing down alley. Sign reads:

JEWELL EVERETTE
FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER
IN THE REAR

CONTINUED

247 CONTINUED

247

We pull back and pan to include Charley's truck as it turns from the street into the alley. At the end of the building is another sign, this one hanging on a bracket. This has an arrow pointing upward. Inside the arrow is the sign: JEWELL EVERETTE - PHOTOGRAPHER.

248 EXT. REAR OF BUILDING

248

Charley stops the truck, gets out and going to the rear of the building, checks the second sign, looks at the rickety open air stairway and climbs up.

249 CLOSER - THE DOORWAY

249

as Charley comes across the little causeway that leads to the second story back door. There on the door we see still a third sign.

JEWELL EVERETTE
RING BELL

Charley reads the sign and pulls the little bell cord. After a moment the door opens and Jewell Everette appears. She wears a mini-smock and spectacles.

JEWELL

Yes?

250 REVERSE ANGLE - PAST JEWELL TO CHARLEY

250

as he hands her the card:

CHARLEY

A man in a wheel chair gave me this.

She looks at it, then:

JEWELL

Come in.

251 INT. JEWELL'S - DAY

251

We move with them as Charley follows Jewell in through the little waiting room into the gallery itself. This room has a studio camera, a backing or two, some lights and a table with a phone on it. As they walk:

CONTINUED

251 CONTINUED

251

JEWELL

What is it?

CHARLEY

I need a couple of passports quick.

JEWELL

Everybody's in a hurry. You got pictures? No?

(indicates)

Sit right there please.

252 ANOTHER ANGLE

252

during this next she sets up a couple of lights, and focusing the camera:

JEWELL

What it'll cost you is two hundred and fifty a piece. Five hundred all told, and that's in advance, honey. No offense, but people who need passports in a hurry are generally in trouble, and if you get shot between then and now, I get stuck. You understand?

CHARLEY

It's okay. I wouldn't want you to take a loss.

Charley is half turned, peeling bills off his roll. Jewell, as she works, is peeking over at the rest of the roll. Now as he turns back and gives her the money:

CHARLEY

Now, how soon can I have 'em?

JEWELL

You say you want two of 'em?

CHARLEY

One for me and one for a friend.

JEWELL

I can let you have 'em in two days on a rush order, which would be a little extra.

CHARLEY

Two days! You've got to do better than that.

CONTINUED

252 CONTINUED

252

JEWELL

Have you any idea what's involved,
honey? It's not digging potatoes,
you know.

(then)

When can your friend be in?

CHARLEY

He can't.

253 ANOTHER ANGLE

253

As Charley digs into his pocket and pulls out a driver's
license.

CHARLEY

I was hoping you could use this.
It's his driver's license.

JEWELL

(reads)

Harman Sullivan. This the name
you want?

CHARLEY

Yeah. You can use that picture
can't you?

JEWELL

I can dupe it all right, but have
you any idea the extra work en-
tailed? I'll be working day and
night. I've got to charge you an
extra five hundred, honey.

CHARLEY

An extra five hundred if I can have
them by six o'clock this afternoon.

JEWELL

Tomorrow. Absolute outside.

CHARLEY

Split the difference. Twelve mid-
night.

JEWELL

(nods, sighs)

The things I'll do for a nice
lookin' man.

She has taken the pictures of Charley. He has risen and is
counting out the extra five hundred dollars. She takes it.
Now he takes a piece of paper from his pocket, folded in four.

CONTINUED

253 CONTINUED

253

CHARLEY

Here's all the information you'll
need for the passports...names,
occupations. All that.

(he hands her a
card)

That's my address where I live...
Reese River Mobile Homes, and that's...
(points)
...my phone number.

254 ANOTHER ANGLE

254

as Charley turns to go:

CHARLEY

I'll see you at midnight.

Jewell looks at the thousand dollars in her hand:

JEWELL

You're sure this is good money,
Mister Varrick?

CHARLEY

People kill each other for that
kind of money. Is that good enough?

Charley goes as we....

CUT TO

255 INT. TOM'S GUN SHOP - DAY

255

We are close on the door of the Gun Shop as it opens reveal-
ing Molly. He stops. Looks around.

256 MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW - THE GUN SHOP

256

Tom sits behind the counter. There are no customers. We move
with Molly over to Tom.

MOLLY

I'm Molly.

TOM

What I have for you is special
information. It cost me a lot of
money. I'm going to have to get
something for it.

MOLLY

You're going to earn a great deal
of good will.

CONTINUED

256 CONTINUED

256

TOM

I've got all the good will I need.
If you want to know what I know
get some cash on the counter.

257 TOM AND MOLLY

257

as Molly puts his hand on Tom's chest and pushes as hard as he can. The chair wheels back across the room and slams against the wall. On either side of Tom are mounted heads of wild animals, plastic fangs and glass eyes.

258 TOM'S POINT OF VIEW - MOLLY

258

There is no expression on the big, piggy man's face, no warning in his eyes. Nothing. After a moment:

MOLLY

(mildly)

Now sit there and start talking...
with good will.

CUT TO

259 EXT. JEWELL EVERETTE'S BACK STAIRS - DAY

259

We see Molly coming up the back stairs to Jewell's place.

260 CLOSER SHOT - DOOR TO JEWELL'S

260

as Molly tries the door. It's locked. Now he looks at the sign which reads: RING BELL. He glances at the hanging bell pull, smiles, then takes a small pipe tamper and reamer from his pocket, opens it and with the steel reamer blade, picks the lock.

261 INT. JEWELL'S DARKROOM - DAY

261

We are close on Jewell, at her retoucher's table in the back room as she works painstakingly on Charley Varrick's false passport. She is working under artificial light. The door behind her opens and Molly appears. She doesn't turn, keeping at her delicate work throughout.

JEWELL

That's what I call a hell of a lock.

MOLLY

I'm Molly.

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED

261
(X)

JEWELL

I didn't figure you for Santa Claus.

Molly comes up, looks over her shoulder, then reaches over and taking the strip of pictures that she took of Charley:

(X)

MOLLY

Which one is this?

JEWELL

Charley Varrick.

262 ANOTHER ANGLE

262

Jewell continues to work as Molly takes his pipe tamper from his pocket, opens a blade, and cuts off the bottom photo neatly. Jewell passes the driver's license over to Molly.

JEWELL

This is the other one. Harman Sullivan. Don't keep that. It's the only picture Varrick gave me of him.

Molly studies the picture for a moment.

MOLLY

When'll he be coming by to pick these up?

JEWELL

Midnight.

MOLLY

I'm much obliged to you.

(then)

There's one more thing. Did the gentleman say where he might be reached in case anything came up?

JEWELL

He left a card.

Jewell reaches over, hands Molly the card that Charley gave her. Molly reads it:

MOLLY

Reese River Mobile Homes.

(then)

Charley Varrick. Last of the Independents. I like that. It has a ring of finality.

CONTINUED

262 CONTINUED

262

As Molly puts the card in his pocket and exits, Jewell continues working. We....

CUT TO

263 INT. OFFICE TRAVEL-ON-INN MOTEL (KENDRICK) - DAY

263

We are in the office of the Travel-On-Inn Motel. Young, very nervous, is in the foreground on the house telephone. There is a window behind him and through it we see the motel court and across it, the room where Boyle is staying. The phone in Young's hand is ringing. Now, a click:

BOYLE'S VOICE

(filter)

Yes?

YOUNG

Maynard?

BOYLE'S VOICE

(filter)

Where are you?

YOUNG

In the office. I'm calling on the house phone.

We rack focus as the door to the motel room on the far end of the line opens and Maynard Boyle appears, a phone in his hand. Now, as we see him speak into the phone:

BOYLE'S VOICE

(filter)

Harold?

YOUNG

Thank God you're here.

BOYLE'S VOICE

(filter)

I'll be right out.

The phone clicks dead in Young's ear. He hangs up. He crosses out gets into his car. He drives and stops to pick up Boyle.

264 CLOSER ANGLE - CAR

264

As Boyle gets into car.

YOUNG

I've got to talk to you.

BOYLE

(raises hand)

Not now, Harold.

265 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE MOTEL 265

As Young drives out of the motel and swings down the highway we pull back to include the whole complex, then....

CUT TO

266 INT. YOUNG'S CAR - DAY 266

We are angled through the windshield. The countryside is beautiful and the late afternoon sky is beginning to color.

267 BOYLE AND YOUNG 267

Young driving. Total silence between them. At one moment Young turns toward Boyle as if he were going to say something to him. Again Boyle's hand insists on silence before the word is uttered.

268 EXT. PASTURE AND ROAD - DUSK 268
(X)

As the car comes up past the farm with silos and barns, its white-fenced pasture, Young veers off the blacktop onto the shoulder. He stops the car, gets out. Boyle also gets out of the car. It is lonely out here and silent. The slamming of the two car doors has a sense of openness and echo. The two men walk away from the car, side by side. This time Young waits for Boyle to speak first. They come to the fence and walk along beside it, listening to their feet crunch small stones and twigs. We are moving with them:

BOYLE

I don't suppose they could get a bug into my motel room or your car this fast but it never hurts to be careful.

YOUNG

They'd have to get a court order first.

BOYLE

Court order?

YOUNG

To install a listening device.

BOYLE

I'm not talking about that bright little bagel snapper from the District Attorney's office. Mister ...what does he call himself?

(X)

YOUNG

Garfinkle.

(X)

BOYLE

Garfinkle.

(X)

(shakes head)

Where do they get those names?

They have come to the end of the fence and now move down a little dirt road that leads at right angles to the blacktop. Boyle veers over to the white pasture gate and leans his folded arms on it as he looks out at the emerald expanse of pasture with the herd of Holsteins grazing nearby. After a moment as Young comes up:

BOYLE

I never thought I'd be willing to trade places with a cow.

YOUNG

A cow?

BOYLE

Those things out there. They are cows aren't they?

YOUNG

I just don't understand the thrust of your comment.

BOYLE

Look at them out there. They've got it knocked. What's the worst thing that can happen to them? A short circuit in the electric milker? Compared to what I'm facing, that's child's play.

YOUNG

Are you talking about the Las Vegas people?

BOYLE

(nods)

I'm in trouble, Harold. My own damned fault. They're going to ask me why did I pick this particular bank...and believe me from where they sit it looks damned peculiar.

YOUNG

Surely they don't suspect you?

BOYLE

I'm on the list, Harold. And it's a very short list. You and I are the only ones who knew all the money was going to be in the bank.

YOUNG

Then they suspect me too....

Boyle nods his head.

YOUNG

Good God, Maynard, you don't think I had anything to do with it?

BOYLE

Of course not.

YOUNG

I'm not an ambitious man. I don't need a lot. I'm happy here in Tres Cruces. I've become a part of the community. People appreciate...not just the day to day business of banking but how I've restored the bank...made it part of the living historical heritage of the community. For the first time in my life I've found a place I love. Why would I jeopardize that?

BOYLE

I believe you, Harold. I just hope they do when the time comes.

(turns to Young)

We might as well face it. They're going to ask questions. For instance, we've been keeping varying sums of money in this bank from time to time, but the one time we really load up... bang, this little horseshit bank a million miles from nowhere gets hit by four professionals. Now they're going to think that's peculiar....

YOUNG

It's a coincidence, that's all. Just a coincidence. They do happen, you know!

(X)

BOYLE

But they're going to think it's odd that you didn't make any effort to get the police...that you just trotted right over and opened the vault.

(X)

YOUNG

What could I have done?

BOYLE

I don't know...

(then)

You could have fainted....

YOUNG

I had a gun at my head. Don't you understand?

BOYLE

I understand perfectly. It's our Mafia friends....

CONTINUED

269 CONTINUED - 2

269

YOUNG

I'm not a physically courageous man.

BOYLE

They'll want to know why you took them directly to the vault with the money in it, rather than the empty vault in the rear. And frankly... why did you do that?

YOUNG

Do you know what would have happened if I had taken those people to an empty vault?

BOYLE

Well, one...the money would have been saved and two...there'd be no question of an inside job.

YOUNG

Inside job?

BOYLE

That's the way their diseased minds work. A bank gets it...they look for a double cross.

YOUNG

(aghast)

Why couldn't it just be a coincidence?

BOYLE

(flatly)

They don't believe in coincidence.

270 ANOTHER ANGLE

270

As Young turns away, close to breaking:

YOUNG

I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do.

BOYLE

You need a rest, Harold. A long trip to someplace quiet. Another country. Another name.

Young turns back to Boyle.

CONTINUED

270 CONTINUED

270

YOUNG

I'm not twelve years old. I can't start my life again.

BOYLE

I'm afraid there's not much choice. They'll try to make you tell where the money is. I can't tell you what kind of people they are. They'll strip you naked and go to work with a pair of pliers and a blow torch.

YOUNG

Oh, my God.

BOYLE

If it's a matter of money, Harold, I can help.

Young puts his face in his hands. Boyle puts his arm around him and leads him back towards his car.

CUT TO

271 EXT. DIRT ROAD LEADING FROM HIGHWAY (REESE) NIGHT

271

We are on a sign reading: "REESE RIVER MOBILE HOMES." We pull back slightly and pan to pick up Molly in his maroon Chrysler, his headlights on full, as he comes from the highway down the dirt road. He turns left past the rural mail box: "Charley Varrick" and stops his car beside Varrick's trailer.

271-A ANGLE

271-A

shooting past Molly toward Varrick trailer

MOLLY

(loudly)

Mister Varrick? Charles Varrick!

There is no answer from the dimly lighted trailer with all the curtains drawn.

272 ANGLE ON MRS. TAFF'S TRAILER

272

which is bathed in Molly's headlights. The door is unbolted and opens slightly on a chain revealing Mrs. Taff, her hair in curlers.

CONTINUED

272 CONTINUED

272

MRS. TAFF
He's not in there. Are you
looking for his wife?

MOLLY'S VOICE
No -- I'm here on business.

MRS. TAFF
Maybe Mister Sullivan can help you.
He's in there.

273 CLOSE SHOT - MOLLY

273

MOLLY
Thank you, Ma'am.

274 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. TAFT

274

as she closes her door and locks it.

275 FULLER SHOT

275

Molly turns off his engine and lights. He gets out of his car,
crosses to door of trailer and knocks loudly. After a long
beat a voice from within answers.

HARMAN'S VOICE
What do you want?

MOLLY
I need some crops dusted.
I'm looking for Charles Varrick.

HARMAN'S VOICE
He's not here.

MOLLY
Gosh -- I won't be able to get back
tomorrow. I'd sure appreciate it
if I could leave my card with you.

276 CLOSER ANGLE ON DOOR OF TRAILER.

276

The door opens and Harman stands in the doorway. Molly looks
through his wallet.

MOLLY
Damn -- I can't seem to find one.
It's so dark out here. Mind if I

CONTINUED

276 CONTINUED

276

MOLLY (Cont'd)
Step inside a moment. I'll just
scribble where he can reach me.

277 WIDER ANGLE

277

Harman hesitates for a moment. Then stepping aside lets Molly enter. Harman follows. The door, on a spring, closes behind him.

278 DOWN ANGLE ALONG BANK OF RIVER

278

Hidden, on the ground behind vegetation, is Charley. He stares off at the trailer.

279 INT. TRAILER NIGHT

Molly is bent over scribbling on a piece of paper.

MOLLY
I take it you're Mister Sullivan.
Mister Harman Sullivan.

HARMAN
That's....

Harman's mouth pops open as Molly wheels around and buries his fist in Harman's solar plexus. As Harman bends over, Molly hits him a judo chop with the blade of his hand, this across the back of Harman's neck.

280
and
281

OMITTED

280
and
281

282 ANOTHER ANGLE

282

As Harman's knees start to buckle, Molly has caught him under the arms. He carries Harman to a rocker and dumps him in it. Harman looks up at Molly dazed, unbelieving, too hurt to speak.

283 MOLLY AND HARMAN

283

as Molly looks down at the dazed young man, then reasonably:

CONTINUED

MOLLY

Sooner or later you're going to tell me everything you know, so why not save yourself a great deal of pain and tell me now.

(then)

Harman, where's the money?

HARMAN

I don't know.

Molly takes out his pipe and starts to fill it from a tobacco pouch.

MOLLY

Let's try it this way, Harman. Where's Charley Varrick?

HARMAN

I don't know that either.

MOLLY

You're going to have to help me more than this, Harman.

HARMAN

I told you I don't know. The gutless son of a bitch took the money and split.

Molly looks at Harman, thinking about it, then:

MOLLY

And he left you to take the heat. Is that it?

HARMAN

Yeah. Yeah. That's what he did. The dirty bastard.

MOLLY

One thing puzzles me. If he was going to leave you behind, why have a passport made for you.

HARMAN

Huh?

Molly puts his tobacco pouch away.

CONTINUED

284 CONTINUED

284

MOLLY

You didn't give Varrick your driver's license?

HARMAN

(points)

It's right there in my jacket.

MOLLY

Mind if I see it, Harman?

285 PAN SHOT

285

as Harman gets up, crosses to a hook where the jacket is hanging and finds his wallet in a pocket. He goes through it, then after a moment looks up, stupidity and astonishment on his face.

HARMAN

It's gone.

MOLLY

(dryly)

Surprise, surprise.

Suddenly in one motion he delivers a savage backhand to Harman that sends him down against the wall of the trailer.

286 ANOTHER ANGLE

286

Molly grabs Harman by the shirtfront, lifts him from the floor and slams him back into the chair.

MOLLY

Don't insult my intelligence, boy.
That could be a grave error.

HARMAN

I swear to God...I don't know what you're talking about.

Molly takes his little pipe stamper out of his pocket after using it, lights his pipe.

MOLLY

I'm asking you nicely. Where's the money?

CONTINUED

HARMAN

Charley Varrick's got it. He was afraid because I wanted to give the money back.

MOLLY

You wanted to give the money back?

HARMAN

Yeah. Yeah. Right.

MOLLY

Why?

HARMAN

Huh?

MOLLY

Why did you want to give the money back, Harman?

HARMAN

(a beat)

Because it's Mafia money.

MOLLY

Oh. How did you know that?

HARMAN

Charley said so....

MOLLY

And who told Charley?

HARMAN

Huh?

MOLLY

Who fingered the job, Harman? Was it Young?

HARMAN

I don't know.

MOLLY

Young didn't have the balls for a deal like this. It was Boyle, wasn't it. He was behind it, wasn't he, Harman?

HARMAN

I don't know.

CONTINUED

286 CONTINUED - 2

286

MOLLY

My patience is wearing thin. If I don't start getting some satisfaction from you soon, I'm going to start hurting you badly. Where's Varrick?

HARMAN

I don't know.

MOLLY

Where's the money?

HARMAN

I don't know. I swear I don't know!

Molly stands, looking at Harman impersonally, then opening up the pipe stamper he uses the thin steel pipe reamer to clean his fingernails.

MOLLY

(at last)

You and I are just not communicating.

CUT TO

287 CLOSE ANGLE - CHARLEY

287

still waiting, hiding in the same position.

288 EXT. TRAVEL-ON-INN MOTEL (KENDRICK) - NIGHT

288

We are angled toward the street as Young's car swings into its assigned stall. Young is at the wheel. Boyle gets out, comes around the front of the car and up to Young, in appearance benumbed.

BOYLE

Think about my suggestion, Harold. A nice long trip.

YOUNG

To where? Do you really think there's a place in the world where they won't find me?

BOYLE

Well, it's worth a try.

CONTINUED

288 CONTINUED

288

Young nods and starts to drive off. We stay on Boyle, who crosses to his motel room door, fishes for the key. Off scene we hear Young's car drive off. Boyle, meanwhile has found his key. He starts to open his door, thinks better of it, finds a second key and coming down to the room next to his own, opens that door with the second key.

289 INT. SYBIL'S MOTEL ROOM.- NIGHT

289

We are angled on the door as Boyle enters and closes door. We pan with him as he turns off the television and crosses toward a bed where Sybil sits in her negligee, doing her nails. She has been watching television, which we see in a mirror next to her.

SYBIL

I seem to spend a lot of time sitting
in strange rooms waiting for you.

As Boyle builds a drink from a tray on the bed table set up.

BOYLE

(smiles)

They also serve....

SYBIL

How's Mr. Young?

BOYLE

I tried my best to reassure him but
I don't know....

SYBIL

I like him.

BOYLE

So do I but let's face it, the
man's a weakling.

SYBIL

We can't all be movers and shakers.

BOYLE

I've got to send you back to Reno,
Sybil.

SYBIL

When?

BOYLE

Right now.

SYBIL

I'm gonna miss this place.

290

ANOTHER ANGLE

290

as Sybil swings up off the bed and starts to dress. No big sexpot deal but no false modesty either.

BOYLE

If Harold cracks, there'll be reporters coming out of the walls.

SYBIL

And you think he'll crack?

BOYLE

Let's hope not, but if it happens, this is no time to be caught with our pants down.

SYBIL

(slipping into
a pair of panties)

You should excuse the expression.

BOYLE

Amend that to read...we must be prepared for all eventualities.

SYBIL

It would be kind of lucky for you if he did crack, wouldn't it?

BOYLE

What do you mean?

SYBIL

You and Young were the only two who knew the money was in Tres Cruces. If he should take to the tall timber that would pretty much put you in the clear with the organization.

BOYLE

I suppose it might at that. I hadn't thought about it.

Sybil looks at him cynically, not believing him. Then:

SYBIL

You really are sort of a bastard, aren't you.

BOYLE

It might be well to remember that if they were ever to decide I was expendable, you would go on the same contract.

SYBIL

Charming people.

CONTINUED

290 CONTINUED

290

BOYLE

The pay's okay. It's the way you
get laid off.

Sybil is dressed, packed and ready to go as Boyle opens the
door....

CUT TO

291 EXT. REESE RIVER MOBILE HOME PARK - NIGHT

291

We are angled on Charley's trailer as Molly comes out, gets in
his car and drives off up the road. We pan over to the place
where we last saw Charley Varrick. Charley comes out of
the underbrush, looks after Molly's car.

292 CLOSER - CHARLEY

292

as he scuttles quickly and silently toward his trailer. He
slips inside, the door closing behind him.

293 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

293

as Charley turns from this door and looks off, his face suddenly
freezes.

CHARLEY

Well, you called it, kid.

294 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

294

We see Harman...or what Molly has left of him...in the chair.
He is dead, stabbed a hundred times, his mouth gagged.

295 ON CHARLEY

295

as he locks the door behind him. Now he looks at the body
again; then kicking his shoes off he quickly starts to undress.

296 INT. TRES CRUCES NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

296

as Horton enters through the open door. We pull back slightly
to include Scott who has apparently opened the door for
him. Scott is closing the door as Horton looks around.

297 HORTON'S ANGLE - THE BANK - NIGHT

297
(X)

We pan with Horton's look past the team of auditors, under Garfinkle's supervision, as they audit the bank's accounts. Machines click-clack. The carriages jump and slide along their way and slam back to the left hand margins. Printing calculators ribbon out paper tape. Movement back and forth, bringing and carrying. Stacks of electronic data processing unburst sheets, etc. As Horton passes the open door of Young's office, he glances in and stops a moment, then enters.

(X)

298 INT. YOUNG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

298

Young is sitting at his desk. Upright, hands clasped formally on top of the desk. Like a schoolboy. He looks up toward Horton.

HORTON

You all right.

YOUNG

First rate, Bob. First rate.

(then)

It's just that I don't like strangers in my bank without my being here.

HORTON

Night, Harold.

YOUNG

Good night.

As Horton nods and turns to go:

YOUNG

Mind closing it?

299 ON HORTON

299

as he steps out of the office, closing the door behind him. Garfinkle comes up:

(X)

GARFINKLE

How are things progressing?

(X)

HORTON

I've been thinking. Two drive up in the Connie...two are already in the bank. Waiting. How did they get here?

CONTINUED

299 CONTINUED

299

GARFINKLE

(X)

You think there might be an abandoned
vehicle someplace in the immediate....

He breaks off as we hear a single gunshot from inside Young's
office.

300 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Horton and Garfinkle exchange a split-second look and hurry(x)
to Young's office door. Horton gets there first, throws it
open. We zoom in to the desk. Young has fallen -- forward
onto the desk. His face is toward us. He is holding a pistol.
The barrel is in his mouth.

CUT TO

301 EXT. TRAVEL-ON-INN MOTEL - NIGHT

301

We are angled toward the driveway and parking area as an
anonymous locking sedan drives in off the street. Mr. Scott
is at the wheel. He stops in front of Boyle's room and Mr.
Garfinkle gets out of the car. He crosses up to Boyle's door (X)
and knocks. We move in as the door opens and Boyle appears.
There is a beat as Boyle looks at Garfinkle coldly.

GARFINKLE

(X)

Mr. Boyle, I'm sorry to have to tell
you that your bank manager Mr.
Young, committed suicide. We would
appreciate it if you'd remain in
town for a day or two.

BOYLE

Thank you for taking the trouble to
bring me this news personally. I
appreciate it, Mr. Garfinkle.

Boyle closes the door in Garfinkle's face.

(X)

CUT TO

302 EXT. JEWELL EVERETTE'S - REAR STAIRWAY - NIGHT

302

We pick up Molly's Chrysler coming up the alley toward the
rear entrance of Jewell Everette's photography shop. He
stops near the rear stairs, gets out and starts up the stairs.

303 ANOTHER ANGLE

303

As Molly moves up the stairs to the entrance door.

(X)

304 CLOSE SHOT - MOLLY

304

pauses before ringing bell, smiles, then rings it. The door (X)
opens and Jewell stands there.

JEWELL

I told you I wouldn't finish
before midnight.

MOLLY

So we'll kill an hour or two.

As Jewell leads Molly into the studio, the door closes.

305 INT. JEWELL'S STUDIO - NIGHT

(X)

305

as they enter the main photographic room.

MOLLY

You haven't heard from Mr. Varrick?

JEWELL

Not yet.

MOLLY

(picking up
phone, starts
to dial)

Do you mind if I use the phone?

306 ANOTHER ANGLE

306

as Jewell continues on to workshop in rear.

JEWELL

Make yourself at home.

MOLLY

Hey. You wouldn't have a beer
for a thirsty man, would you?

JEWELL

I'll see.

She turns back and moves through a door leading into a little
dining area and a small kitchen.

MOLLY

Oh, Beverly -- I'm at --
(squints at
number on phone)
-- (505) 242-5325.

He hangs up.

307 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

307

The kitchen is small, more like a hallway with a sink area on one side and a refrigerator on the other. Through the open door at the far end we see a bedroom. Jewell crosses to the refrigerator and opens it. She bends over looking for a beer on one of the bottom shelves. Molly appears, leans in the doorway between the kitchen and dining area.

308 MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW

308

Jewell's behind as she looks for the beer.

309 MOLLY'S FACE

309

watching, no expression.

310 ANOTHER ANGLE

310

Jewell finds the beer, straightens and turns with it. Molly spins her by the shoulders, not roughly, and putting a splayed hand in her back shoves her into the bedroom. She stumbles forward, sprawling onto the bed. Molly follows her, slamming the door shut. After a moment, as we hold on the closed door, from within the bedroom, we hear Jewell's scream.

311 EXT. VACANT LOT (TRES CRUCES) - NIGHT

311

There is a vacant lot set between two old-fashioned wooden houses. We pick up the Sheriff's Deputy named Van Sickle as he crosses from one of the houses with a lighted flashlight. We pan him to a deserted old automobile around which we see Horton, several other deputies and District Attorney men, Garfinkle and Scott with flashlights. Scott is working at the front seat. A deputy works on his hands and knees in the(X) back seat.

Van Sickle comes up to where Horton and Garfinkle are talking:(X)

HORTON

Any luck?

VAN SICKLE

The car's been parked here ever since the morning of the robbery.

312

ANOTHER ANGLE

312

as Scott straightens, something in his hand. He crosses up holding it gingerly.

GARFINKLE

What is it?

SCOTT

For what it's worth.

Scott comes up, Horton takes the object from his hands. It is a matchbook cover. He flashes his light on it.

313

INSERT - MATCHBOOK

313

On it are the words "Reese Lanes...Bowling. Automatic Pin Setters. Beer And Wine."

314

BACK TO SCENE

314

as Horton looks at the matchbook cover, Garfinkle is leaning over looking at the same time.

315

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING HORTON

315

HORTON

That's it. It's breaking. I'll get a line on that bastard if I have to ring every doorbell in Reese.

As Horton strides off to the street where a couple of Sheriff's cars with their lights on are parked, we....

CUT TO

316

EXT. MRS. TAFF'S TRAILER - DAY

316

It is early morning, beautiful, not long after dawn. Birds are singing. Mrs. Taff comes out of her trailer in an old wool bathrobe and a night cap, yawning and stretching and scratching. She suddenly stops in mid-yawn, looking off in surprise.

317

MRS. TAFF'S POINT OF VIEW

317

A Deputy Sheriff is kneeling behind the cover of the river bank aiming a riot gun off in the direction of Charley's trailer. We pan to another Deputy and a third.

CONTINUED

317 CONTINUED

317

All are heavily armed, poised for the attack. The general feeling is like Iwo Jima before the final assault on Mount Surabachi. We continue to pan past deputies, past Horton, who is crouched behind a tree trunk with a bull horn in his hand, past Charley's trailer. Behind the trailer we see Garfinkle and Scott of the District Attorney's Office and more deputies and plain-clothes men.

318 CLOSE SHOT - HORTON

318

as he checks his men's positions, then switches on the bull horn.

HORTON

(over bull horn)

Varrick! We have a warrant for your arrest. Either you come out or we're coming in.

319 ON GARFINKLE

319

as he moves closer to Horton, scuttling for cover as he does so.

320 ON HORTON

320

as he gets to his feet, moving forward from cover to cover. He signals. Other deputies move forward with him.

HORTON

(quietly)

Let's not get careless, boys.
Stand fast and cover us!

321 ON MRS. TAFF

321

now sitting in her rocking chair, watching.

322 ANOTHER ANGLE

322

Garfinkle is moving with Chief Horton as they approach the door to the trailer. The reach the trailer and each flattens on either side of the door.

There is a beat. Garfinkle and Horton exchange a look. Garfinkle nods and they hit the door with their shoulders, bursting it inwards.

323 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM TRAILER

323

as Garfinkle and Horton tumble onto the floor of the trailer. (X)
In the b.g. we can see other deputies and the District Attorney's
men converging; Scott in the forefront.

324 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THE TRAILERS

324

The trailer is empty, neat as a pin. The rocking chair which
held Harman's remains, is empty. There is absolutely no sign
of anything amiss.

325 ON HORTON AND GARFINKLE

325
(X)

They rise, look at each other. Scott, Blaine and Van Sickle
enter and at a gesture from Horton begin searching the little
commode, the bedroom area. Horton is looking more and more
like a deflating balloon when Mrs. Taff appears in the door-
way. As they look at her:

MRS. TAFF

I could have told you nobody was
home.

CUT TO

326 EXT. DYNAMITE STORE - ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

326

We are angled on the outside of a small store, "The A-To-Z
Mining Supply, Albuquerque." On the sign it lists the various
items they have for sale. These include "High Explosives,
Dynamite Caps, Jack Hammers." Through the window we see
Charley, at a counter. He gives money to a salesman, who
pushes a pale green form toward him. As Charley signs the
form:

327 INT. DYNAMITE STORE - ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

327

As Charley finishes signing the green form, the salesman puts
the money in a cash drawer and turning:

SALESMAN

This way.

The salesman goes through a door into an open, garage-like
store room next door. Charley goes around the counter and
follows him.

328 INT. STORE ROOM - DAY

328

There are various items of mining supply in the room, which is dominated by a large safe, the door of which is ajar. The salesman enters the room, followed by Charley. The salesman swings the door of the safe wider, revealing that they keep sticks of dynamite in there. He picks up a card board box which he hands to Charley.

329 ANOTHER ANGLE - OPEN DOOR IN BACKGROUND

329

as he adds some caps:

SALESMAN

Here's your powder, and time delay cap. You did say a four second delay on the cap, didn't you?

(X)

CHARLEY

Yeah. This is fine.

Charley takes his time delay cap and the box of dynamite and (X) exits out of the store room. He gets into his truck and drives off.

CUT TO

330 OMITTED

330

331 INT. HARDWARE STORE - ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

331

to include Charley and a cheerful clerk. The Clerk is showing Charley a car trunk light.

CLERK

Here's your car trunk light. She's on a Mercury switch. Open her up and there she goes.

CHARLEY

And if I want another light to go on four seconds later?

CLERK

Now let me get this straight. The first light goes on...then tick, tick, tick, tick and the second light goes on. Right?

CHARLEY

Right.

CLERK

What you need is a four second delay timer.

CONTINUED

331 CONTINUED

331

CHARLEY

That I've got.

CLERK

Well then, you just connect your negative wire to the Mercury switch here -- open her up and tick, tick, tick, tick -- there she goes.

CHARLEY

Thanks a lot.

CLERK

May I ask what this is for?

CHARLEY

Yes. You may.

Charley abruptly exits.

332 CLOSEUP - CLERK

332

his face reflecting his bafflement.

CUT TO

333 EXT. CROP DUSTER'S AIRSTRIP - DAY

333

We are angled on the airstrip and the little ramshackle hangar with its painted sign reading; "CHARLEY VARRICK CROP DUSTING -- Last of the Independents." The doors to the hangar are closed. A steerman two-seater biplane sits in front of the hangar, pointing down the runway, its wheels in chocks. Charley's truck sits to one side.

334 INT. HANGAR - DAY

334

Charley is in a little office area in one corner of the hangar. He is speaking over the phone.

On the hanger wall, by the desk we see some framed pictures of Charley and Nadine in their stunt-flying, barn-storming days. In one, they are standing in front of the plane. In another she is wing-walking. There are also some three-sheets advertising: "Charley and Nadine Varrick-- Daredevils of the Air! Stunt Flying! Wing-walking!" Etcetera. There is another poster advertising "The Flip of Death." This depicts in strip sequence, a plane being deliberately flipped over on its back.

CONTINUED

334 CONTINUED

334

CHARLEY

No, no. I want to talk to Mr. Boyle.

SYBIL'S VOICE

What is it about, please?

CHARLEY

This is the main office of Western Fidelity Banks, isn't it?

SYBIL'S VOICE

Yes, it is.

CHARLEY

And Mr. Boyle is the president of the whole chain?

335 INT. OFFICES (WESTERN FIDELITY BANKS) - DAY

335

Sybil is sitting where we first saw her, at the desk outside Maynard Boyle's corner office.

SYBIL

And I'm his executive secretary. Now how can I help you, sir?

CHARLEY'S VOICE

You can't. I have to see or talk with Mr. Boyle himself.

SYBIL

Mister Boyle is out of town. If you'd leave your name and number where you can be reached, I'm sure he....

336 INT. HANGAR - DAY

336

We are close on Charley as he interrupts:

CHARLEY

What's your name?

SYBIL'S VOICE

Miss Fort.

Charley hangs up and rises. We see that he is wearing different clothing than when we saw him last.

CONTINUED

336 CONTINUED

336

A business suit, shirt, tie, shined shoes. He crosses to a pair of coveralls and puts them on. Unconsciously he looks at his wrist but the wrist watch is missing. We might also notice that his wedding ring is missing too, but he is still wearing Nadine's ring on his left pinkie finger. Charley quickly exits from the hangar.

337 EXT. HANGAR - DAY

337

as Charley fastens the hangar doors, crosses to his plane, removes the chocks and gets in.

338 ANOTHER ANGLE

338

Charley puts on his goggles and crash helmet and starts the motor. He guns the motor, which is apparently already warm, releases the brakes and taxis into position for takeoff.

339 ANOTHER ANGLE

339

as the plane takes off and banks, we pan with it, for the first time seeing it fly over the seemingly endless auto junk yard which marks one boundary to his little air field.

CUT TO

340 EXT. RENO AIRPORT - DAY

340

We are angled up into the sky as Charley's little biplane comes side-slipping down for a landing. We pan with him as he touches down for a perfect three-pointer. We let him leave the shot and zoom in on a sign on top of a hangar or building on the other side of the strip. The sign reads: RENO. We hold, then....

CUT TO

341 EXT. RENO STREET (BY TRUCKEE RIVER) - DAY

341

as Charley, in a rental car, comes up the riverside street, slowing for a stop sign. He pulls to a stop beside the curb, signalling for the traffic to come past.

342 CHARLEY'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

342

We are shooting through the windshield at Charley who is staring up at a highrise.

343 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 343
the high rise.

344 ON CHARLEY 344
as he looks up at the building, then, in thought, lets his eyes drop. He sees something ahead of him that apparently triggers him into an idea.

345 CHARLEY'S ANGLE 345
Ahead of Charley, at the corner where the bridge crosses the river, we see a kid selling flowers. He has a little stand set up and various kinds of flowers are offered.

346 ANOTHER ANGLE 346
as Charley leans out of the car window and calls out:
CHARLEY
Hey!
As the kid looks over:
CHARLEY
How much for all the roses? (X)
KID
All of 'em? Twenty dollars. (X)
Okay?
CHARLEY
You've got a deal. (X)

347 ANGLE ON THE KID 347
as he gathers up all the roses and streaks for Charley's car. (X)

348 AT CAR 348
The kid hands Charley all the flowers and Charley gives the kid a twenty-dollar bill. Charley drives off.

349 PAN SHOT - CHARLEY'S CAR 349
as it takes a left and pulls to a stop in front of the high rise that Charley has been looking at.

350 EXT. FRONT DOOR OF HIGH RISE - DAY 350

We are shooting past the doorman as Charley pulls to a stop in the unloading zone in front of the building. Charley slides across the seat, his engine still running, the flowers in his hand. The doorman has gone down the steps to the side of Charley's car.

351 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 351

as the doorman comes up:

CHARLEY

Do you know a Mr. Boyle?

DOORMAN

Sure. Western Fidelity Banks.

CHARLEY

Is he in?

DOORMAN

I didn't see him in the last few days.

CHARLEY

You know his secretary?

DOORMAN

Miss Fort? Oh, yes.

352 ANOTHER ANGLE 352

as Charley hands the doorman a ten-dollar bill.

CHARLEY

Well, when Miss Fort walks out of that door, not before, give her these flowers.

Charley hands the whole bunch of roses through the window to the doorman. The doorman plays it for all it's worth.

DOORMAN

Sometimes she works mighty late. I get off at six....

As Charley hands him another ten:

CHARLEY

I sure appreciate your trouble.

The doorman grins at Charley.

(X)
(X)

CONTINUED

352 CONTINUED

352

Charley grins back, slides back behind the wheel and drives off.

CUT TO

353 EXT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

353

We are angled on the front doors of the high rise. Through the glass we see Sybil appear in the lobby. As she starts through the glass doors, we see the doorman call to her, she turns, he gives her the flowers from on top of his stand, which is just inside the doors. She is apparently puzzled and pleased. She comes out of the building.

354 REVERSE ANGLE

354

As Sybil goes down the steps to her little car which is parked just up the street, we zoom in to a parking lot across the street. Charley is seated in his car, watching.

355 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE STREET

355

Sybil gets into a little open car parked not far up the street and drives off.

356 ON CHARLEY

356

He turns his lights on as he swings out of the parking lot and follows her.

357 EXT. RENO STREETS - NIGHT - VARIOUS CUTS

357

thru
365

as Charley follows Sybil through the streets of Reno with its garish neon.

thru
365

366 EXT. SYBIL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

366

We are high on Sybil's apartment building, panning down to the street to pick up Sybil's little car coming around the corner of the building and pulling to a stop in front.

367 FRONT OF SYBIL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - CLOSER

367

We are angling back on Sybil's car as a doorman runs out of the building and around to the driver's side. He opens the door for Sybil who gets out, flowers in her arm. The doorman salutes Sybil, jumps in behind the wheel. As Sybil starts into her apartment, we see Charley's car come around the corner.

368 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

368

through the windshield we see Sybil going into the apartment as her car is being driven down a ramp into the basement garage.

369 CHARLEY'S CAR

369

as Charley steers his car into a parking lot beside the building, noses into a stall, jumps out of his car and we pan with (X) him as he hurries into Sybil's apartment building.

CUT TO

370 INT. SYBIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

370

We are close on roses, a screenful of them. They disappear as Sybil whisks the vase they are in from the bar and carries it across the attractive room with its round bed and picture window view of Reno at night.

371 ANOTHER ANGLE

371

Sybil puts the flowers down on a table between a pair of plastic tub chairs, then we pan with her as she crosses into an alcove which surprisingly holds a large Roman sunken bath ...another inch around and you'd have to call it a small swimming pool.

372 CLOSER - SYBIL

372

as she turns on the water in the sunken bath, then comes out of the alcove unbuttoning her blouse. At this point we hear the door buzzer. We move with her as she goes to the door, then:

SYBIL

Who is it?

CHARLEY'S VOICE

Flowers.

Sybil, intrigued, opens the door. Before she can stop him, Charley bursts through the door. He immediately kicks the door shut behind him. He has his right hand in his coat pocket as if he's thrusting a gun at her.

373

ANOTHER ANGLE

373

as, at a gesture from Charley she moves back into the living room area.

SYBIL

Whatever you want, help yourself.

Charley is looking around the apartment, his eyes keep straying back to her unbuttoned blouse.

CHARLEY

You're alone?

SYBIL

There's nothing I've got that's worth getting shot for.

Charley looks at her, sees that she is frightened.

CHARLEY

Shot? Oh hell, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you....

He takes his hand from his pocket, showing that he's just been using his finger, pointed like a gun.

CHARLEY

I haven't got a gun.

She moves slightly toward the phone beside the round bed.

CHARLEY

Which doesn't mean I wouldn't throw you right out that window if I had to.

SYBIL

(she stands
still)

What do you want?

CHARLEY

I've got to see Maynard Boyle.

SYBIL

I'm afraid I can't help you.

CONTINUED

373 CONTINUED

373

CHARLEY

You're his private secretary,
aren't you, Miss Fort?

(X)

SYBIL

That's right.

CHARLEY

I'm the guy that sent you those.

He indicates roses, then rummaging for card.

CHARLEY

My name's Varrick. I've got a
card here some....

374 ANOTHER ANGLE

374

as Charley finds a card. It's a little crumpled; he straightens
it out and hands it to her.

CHARLEY

Here we are.

Sybil takes the card and crosses to the light of a reading
lamp. She bends over to study the card in the light. This
does interesting things to her cleavage in view of the fact
that she hasn't rebuttoned her blouse.

SYBIL

(reading)

The last of the independent whats?

CHARLEY

Crop dusters.

Charley can't help looking at the opening in Sybil's blouse.
She looks over, catches him admiring her knockers.

SYBIL

Well, these aren't crops and they
don't need dusting.

(straightens)

However if I do happen to...

(breaks off)

Varrick!

CHARLEY

What's the matter?

SYBIL

You're in the afternoon paper.

375

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Sybil crosses to the couch where a Reno afternoon paper has been thrown. She picks it up and reads as Charley comes up behind her:

SYBIL

Right here. A spokesman for the San Miguel County Sheriff's Office announced that a break in the Tres Cruces, New Mexico, Bank robbery was expected almost any time... Let's see... FBI expected to join in the investigation...blah, blah, blah....

Charley, his face set, bends so he can read article too.

SYBIL

Here we are. Charles Varrick, a crop duster from the agricultural community of Reese, is being sought for questioning.

CHARLEY

Don't be scared.

SYBIL

I'm not scared. I think it's marvelous.

CHARLEY

What?

SYBIL

I work in a bank. I've never known the kind of man who could take a gun and steal three quarters of a million.

CHARLEY

Don't get me wrong. I'm no heavy-weight. I never set out to take that kind of money.

SYBIL

I still think it's marvelous.

CHARLEY

Yeah, well, the police are after me and the Mafia and now maybe the FBI, so excuse me if we kind of cut through the rest of the preliminaries. I've got to...

CONTINUED

375 CONTINUED

375

CHARLEY (Cont'd)

(breaks off,
then)

You know your tub's running.

SYBIL

It's okay. You want a drink?

CHARLEY

Yeah. I guess so. Why not?

376 ANOTHER ANGLE

376

as Charley wanders over to the bathing area. He looks,
then:

CHARLEY

For God's sakes. What's that for?
Swimming meets?

(then)

Where was I?

SYBIL

Cutting through the preliminaries.

CHARLEY

You've got to get me through to
Maynard Boyle.

SYBIL

He won't talk to anybody.

CHARLEY

You a betting lady?

SYBIL

I've been known to take a flyer....

CHARLEY

You just tell him there's a man here
wants to give him seven hundred and
sixty thousand dollars and see what
he says.

SYBIL

You're going to give it back?

CHARLEY

I'm going to try, if he's not afraid
to take it.

377 ANOTHER ANGLE

377

Sybil crosses and hands him drink, then goes to the phone which is next to the round bed. She sits, picking up the phone.

(X)

SYBIL

(into phone)

I'd like to place a person-to-person call to Mister Maynard Boyle, at the Travel-On-Inn, that's Kendrick, New Mexico. Yes, I'll wait.

Charley comes up, drink in hand, picks up a picture of Maynard Boyle which is set on the top of the semi-circular headboard at the rear of the bed. As Charley looks at the picture in its heavy silver frame:

378 INSERT - THE PICTURE

378

a studio portrait of Boyle inscribed: "All my love always, M"

379 BACK TO SCENE

379

as Charley looks up from the picture:

CHARLEY

Is this Boyle?

SYBIL

(nods, then)

You know something? I've been going with him for seven years and I'm still waiting for rose number one. Much less two dozen.

CHARLEY

If I'd of known what you looked like it would of been two truck-loads.

SYBIL

Two dozen was just right. I....

She breaks off as we hear from the earpiece of the receiver:

CONTINUED

379 CONTINUED

379

BOYLE'S VOICE

Hello? Hello?

SYBIL

This is Sybil.

380 INT. BOYLE'S MOTEL ROOM (KENDRICK) - NIGHT

380

Boyle is in shirt sleeves, seated on his bed in the room.

BOYLE

How pleasant to hear from you, Miss Fort. I assume this is important.

SYBIL'S VOICE

Three quarters of a million dollars. Is that important?

BOYLE

What about it?

SYBIL'S VOICE

There's a man here who says he'd like to give it back to you.

BOYLE

Is he alone?

SYBIL'S VOICE

Yes.

BOYLE

Put him on.

381 INT. SYBIL'S APARTMENT (RENO) - NIGHT

381

as Sybil turns on the big round bed, offering the phone to Charley. He sits alongside her on the bed:

CHARLEY

Hello?

BOYLE'S VOICE

Who is this?

CONTINUED

381

CONTINUED

381

CHARLEY

Charley Varrick.

BOYLE'S VOICE

Charley Varrick?

CHARLEY

Yes. I want to give something back to you.

BOYLE'S VOICE

How's it packaged?

CHARLEY

In two canvas and leather bags with a name stenciled on front.

BOYLE'S VOICE

So give them back. What's the problem?

CHARLEY

The problem is not getting killed by that fat son of a bitch in the maroon car.

BOYLE'S VOICE

I'm listening.

CHARLEY

I want your word that once I've delivered these two bags into your hand that's the end of it. No reprisals.

BOYLE'S VOICE

You want to meet with me?

CHARLEY

Alone. No hit man.

BOYLE'S VOICE

Where?

CHARLEY

Ten miles north of Reese on State Highway Twenty-three. There's a big automobile junkyard and an airstrip that crop dusters use.

382

INT. BOYLE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

382

as Boyle repeats over the phone, scribbling on pad.

CONTINUED

382

CONTINUED

382

BOYLE

Ten miles north of Reese on State
Highway Twenty-three.

CHARLEY'S VOICE

I'll see you there in the morning?

(X)

BOYLE

What time in the morning?

CHARLEY'S VOICE

Early. Just be there. And if there's
anybody within five hundred yards of
you, forget it. Just kiss the money
good-bye. Got it?

(X)

BOYLE

I'll see you tomorrow.

The line clicks dead in Boyle's ear. Boyle hangs up. We
move with Boyle as he hangs up the phone. Now out of the
kitchen area comes Molly with two drinks in his hand. He
gives one to Boyle.

MOLLY

Charles Varrick?

BOYLE

(nods)

You'd better not be there.

MOLLY

Why not? You and this fellow
wouldn't have secrets, would you?

(X)

BOYLE

Don't even joke that way.

(then)

He said that if there's anyone within
five hundred yards the deal's blown.

MOLLY

So I'll be five hundred and one
yards.

BOYLE

(deadly)

Don't be there!

CUT TO

383 INT. SYBIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

383

Sybil has taken the phone from Charley. They are still on the big round bed.

SYBIL

I'm going to tell you something I shouldn't. I wouldn't trust him if I were you.

CHARLEY

(ignoring her warning)
This is really some kind of a bed.
(then)
You're going to find this hard to believe but I never slept on a round bed.

SYBIL

Is that so?

CHARLEY

What's the best way? North, South, East or West?

SYBIL

That depends upon what you had in mind.

CHARLEY

What I really had in mind was boxing the compass.

SYBIL

I suppose that would be possible, depending on which way your magnetic pole was...

(then)

Jesus Christ! The bathtub!

384 ANOTHER ANGLE

384

As they run for the bathing area, we pan them. The big tub is just starting to overflow. Sybil is in the lead.

385 REVERSE ANGLE - BY TUB

385

as Sybil reaches the tub, skids and goes in, kersplash! Charley stops in time, looks down at her, grinning. Then reaches his hand down to help her out of the tub.

CHARLEY

I'm sorry but you do look kind of funny.

CONTINUED

385 CONTINUED

385

She takes his hand and pulls him into the tub with her. (X)
He looks at her philosophically, then grabs her into his arms
and gives her a long kiss. When they separate, he grins at her.

CHARLEY

So it shouldn't be a total loss....

Charley starts to undress in the tub as she follows suit. (X)

CUT TO

386 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

386

Charley's clothes and Sybil's are hanging on the rack in front
of an electric wall heater.

387 INT. SYBIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

387

We are close on the headboard of the circular bed. The picture
of Maynard Boyle has been turned face down. As we pull back
from it we see Charley and Sybil, apparently naked under silk-
en sheets. She holds his left hand in her right. She admires
Nadine's wedding ring which is on his little finger left hand.
His own wedding ring is not to be seen.

SYBIL

(sleepy and
contented)

That's nice.

CHARLEY

It was my wife's. A wedding ring.

SYBIL

You're some kind of a man Charley
Varrick.

CHARLEY

Go to sleep, Sybil.

(X)

SYBIL

The last of the Independents.

CONTINUED

387

CONTINUED

387

CHARLEY

Go to sleep.

SYBIL

Don't get killed.

CHARLEY

Sybil, go to sleep.

(X)

SYBIL

You still owe me North by Northwest.

CHARLEY

Then will you go to sleep?

SYBIL

We'll see.

As they move together, we ---

CUT TO

388

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT - DAY

388

We are close on an airplane compass such as one might find in a Steerman biplane. It is not reading North by Northwest.

389

CLOSE - CHARLEY (IN COCKPIT) - DAY

389

wearing his coveralls, in goggles and helmet, as he flies the Steerman through the morning sky.

390

EXT. CROP DUSTERS' STRIP - DAY

390

A car drives up to the strip. It stops by the hangar. Silence. The door opens. Boyle gets out. Faint wind. Boyle looks around.

391

BOYLE'S POINT OF VIEW (PANNING)

391

as we pan around the area, past the hangar, past the junk yard. There is no sign of life. Boyle starts walking toward the middle of the strip.

392

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

392

on Charley as he flies.

- 393 EXT. THE LANDING STRIP - DAY 393
- Boyle now stands about halfway down the strip, about a quarter of a mile from the hangar. As he is looking around, he hears the sound of an biplane motor. He wheels and squints off toward the sound. We pan with his look and at last find a speck in the sky. As it approaches, we zoom in. The speck becomes Charley's airplane.
- 394 INT. COCKPIT - DAY 394
- We are on Charley as he approaches the landing strip, losing altitude.
- 395 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 395
- as we straighten out of a gentle bank and with the strip dead ahead start settling in for a landing. The hangar is up ahead of us and beyond it, the auto junkyard.. Boyle is hurrying off the center of the strip as we settle.
- 396 ON CHARLEY 396
- as he lets down, looking left and right over the sides of the cockpit. Now he looks ahead, apparently having seen something that alerts him.
- 397 EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY 397
- Charley's front wheels touch the strip, but he doesn't let his tail down, just continuing down the strip, neither landing nor flying.
- 398 ON BOYLE 398
- watching Charley go past.
- 399 BOYLE'S POINT OF VIEW 399
- as Charley apparently is heading directly for the auto junkyard at the end of the strip. The plane pulls up at the last moment.
- 400 ON CHARLEY 400
- as he just skims over the first auto in the yard, he is looking over the side of his cockpit to the right. His expression is that of a man who is beginning to suspect he's been double-crossed somehow.

401 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

401

As we are passing over the junkyard, we see the maroon Chrysler Imperial that Molly drives, somewhat hidden by the debris. We zoom in as we are passing. Molly is hunched down, barely visible in the car.

402 INT. COCKPIT - DAY

402

We are close on Charley. He is deep in thought for a moment, troubled, then his expression begins to clear as he gets an idea. There is a trace of a smile.

403 THE PLANE

403

as it goes into a vertical bank.

404 EXT. JUNKYARD - ON MOLLY - DAY

404

We are close on the Imperial. Molly sits inside, his cheek pressed against the window, as he looks toward the plane.

405 THE PLANE - ON CHARLEY

405

as Charley comes back for a second shot at landing. He is now grinning broadly as he looks over the side of the cockpit toward Boyle.

406 ON BOYLE

406

watching the little biplane as it makes its circuit and comes down to land after all.

407 ON CHARLEY

407

The plane touches down. This time he drops the tail, applies the brakes. He taxis, blowing dust and gunning his motor.

408 CLOSE - MOLLY

408

He sits in the front seat of the Imperial, waiting, watching off.

409 MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW

409

Molly's car is pointed down an alleyway in the piles of junked cars toward where, in the distance, Charley's plane has come to a stop, the propeller idling. Charley gets out of the plane. He jumps off the wing and hurries toward Boyle, his attitude seems jubilant. He has taken off his flying helmet and goggles.

410 CLOSE - CHARLEY AND BOYLE

410

Charley has run up to Boyle and is hugging him, slapping him on the back, dancing with joy as:

CHARLEY

We did it! We did it! We pulled it off! Here! Put on my helmet and goggles.

At the same time Boyle is trying unsuccessfully to avoid Charley's ebullience as:

BOYLE

What are you talking about, you crazy bastard! Get your hands off me!

411 CLOSE - MOLLY

411

As he watches, we can see in his face the confirmation of his worst suspicions about Boyle. He always knew the son of a bitch fingered the Tres Cruces robbery.

412 ANOTHER ANGLE ON MOLLY

412

as he releases the brake on the Imperial, rams into drive and guns out. The expression on his face is that of a man who knows exactly what he must do.

413 MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW (THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

413

as the car leaps forward and moves through the alley of cars in the junkyard and out into the airstrip. Charley and Boyle in the middle distance, are still wrestling around. Boyle trying to escape Charley's bear hugs and back slaps. Now as we approach, the engine whining, Charley and Boyle look over toward us, there is a frozen moment.

- 414 CLOSER - CHARLEY AND BOYLE 414
as Charley bolts for the biplane, Boyle hesitates for a paralyzed half second longer. Now he turns and runs away from the plane and the fast approaching Molly.
- 415 INT. THE IMPERIAL 415
as Molly swings the wheel, veering off toward the running Boyle.
- 416 ON BOYLE 416
Running, he looks over his shoulder, sees Molly coming after him. Boyle stops, turns, facing the approaching car like a good shortstop poised to field a hot grounder.
- 417 ANOTHER ANGLE 417
shooting past Boyle toward the approaching car. Boyle feints to his left.
- 418 MOLLY'S ANGLE (THROUGH WINDSHIELD) 418
as Molly apparently goes for the feint, swinging the wheel, Boyle dives in the opposite direction. As the Chrysler's nose goes past Boyle:
- 419 ON MOLLY 419
He grins and swings the wheel into a deliberate skid.
- 420 ANOTHER ANGLE 420
as the rear end of the Imperial whips around.
- 421 FEATURING BOYLE 421
He has just turned, with a smile of triumph on his face to watch the Imperial go past.
- 422 ANOTHER ANGLE 422
as crack! The rear end of the Imperial hits Boyle sending his body cartwheeling a hundred feet. Molly tromps the brakes, fishtailing. He stops, looking off toward Boyle.

- 423 ON BOYLE - MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW 423
- Boyle is well and truly dead in the foreground. Now we pan to Charley, who is putting on his goggles and helmet as he clambers into the cockpit.
- 424 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY 424
- as he reacts to Boyle's death with a certain amount of satisfaction.
- 425 ON MOLLY 425
- as he starts the car in the direction of the plane.
- 426 ANOTHER ANGLE - PLANE AND CHRYSLER 426
- Molly is heading on Kamikaze course for the biplane which is trundling forward, apparently trying to pick up speed for the take off.
- 427 ON CHARLEY 427
- As Charley looks over his shoulder toward the approaching car, apparently not at all disturbed by the fact that the airplane isn't leaving the ground. On the contrary, he still acts like a man whose plan is working. Now he reaches forward to the control panel.
- 428 INSET - CONTROL PANEL 428
- as Charley does whatever he would do to induce an artificial backfire or a miss in the motor; probably pulling the choke out.
- 429 BACK TO SCENE 429
- as the motor misses, Charley looks back again, carefully estimating the speed of the plane in relation to that of the approaching car. He is singing "What Shall We Do With A Drunken(X) Sailor."
- 430 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 430
- as the Chrysler bears down on him, gaining every second. Collision seems moments away on this course and speed.

431 ANOTHER ANGLE

431

as the Chrysler is just about to ram the apparently laboring biplane on an angle from behind. It looks like good-bye Charley when suddenly the airplane gives a little spavined jump into the sky.

432 CLOSE SHOT CHARLEY

432

It is apparent from Charley's expression that the exstunt flyer is enjoying the chase.

433 ANOTHER ANGLE

433

as the Chrysler shoots right under the biplane, which settling down, bounces along the runway again.

434 ON MOLLY

434

as he spins his wheel to smash into the plane from the other side.

435 ANOTHER ANGLE

435

as the biplane staggers up in the air again at just the precise moment of projected impact, miraculously saving itself again. The Chrysler shoots under the plane. The plane settles back to the ground, the Chrysler swings back to ram again, the plane rises weakly in the air again at the very last moment. The wings are tilting, almost dragging, the motor missing badly.

436 ON CHARLEY

436

as he confidentially maneuvers the crazily bouncing plane.

437 ON MOLLY

437

as he swerves back for another crack at the erratic biplane, then thinks better of it. Instead of trying to smash it from an angle on the rear, he drives up ahead of the plane.

438 ANOTHER ANGLE

438

as Molly is trying to ride the plane off the airstrip from the front, Charley bounces the plane over into the adjacent field.

439 THE CHASE IN THE FIELD

439

as Molly in the much faster Imperial tries to run down the apparently crippled and erratically bouncing biplane in the rough field. Each time it seems that Molly is in position to crash into the fragile aircraft, it manages miraculously to rise into the air.

440 INTERCUTS - MOLLY AND CHARLEY

440

thru

445

The pursuer and the pursued. Molly progressively more coldly 445
furious and determined. Charley avoiding collision again
and again.

446 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE AIRFIELD

446

As the motor of the biplane seems to be faltering more and more, Molly apparently is driving it toward the junk yard, working like a good sheep dog. Unless the aircraft can get off the ground, it seems inevitable that Charley will be forced to crash it into the junk yard. Charley seems to be allowing this to happen.

447 CLOSER ANGLE

447

As the Chrysler is heading for Charley's plane, it looks as if Charley is going to crash into the junkyard. We pan him to the moment of impact. The plane goes right into the yard.

448 ANOTHER ANGLE

448

We see that the plane is going down a cleared path in the yard.

449 ON CHARLEY

449

as he steers, the motor catches. The plane starts to rise slightly. For a moment it looks as if we're going to get 449
safely into the air, then Charley pushes the stick forward. (X)

450 EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

450

Just as it seems Charley's plane is about to make it, the 450
nose goes down slightly, the wheel catches on an obstruction
and the motor cuts off, then over on its back it goes. (X)

- 451 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY 451
Charley is hanging upside down in the cockpit, limp, apparently unconscious, caught up in his harness.
- 452 ANGLE ON THE CHRYSLER IMPERIAL 452
as it skids to a bruising stop near the overturned aircraft.
- 453 CLOSE SHOT - MOLLY 453
We move with him as he gets out of the Chrysler and comes up to the crashed plane and its apparently imprisoned occupant. He's won. His expression suddenly goes benign.
- 454 ON CHARLEY - MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW 454
Charley, hanging upside down, his eyes open. (X)
- 455 CHARLEY'S POINT OF VIEW 455
Molly is upside down, looking at Charley.
- 456 CHARLEY AND MOLLY 456
as Molly bends down and takes off Charley's helmet and goggles. (X)

CHARLEY

(weakly)

I'll make a deal with you.

MOLLY

You're hardly in a position to make deals.

(sniffs)

Smell that gasoline. I'll bet this thing would burn in a hurry.

CHARLEY

I know where the money is. You'll never find it without my help.

MOLLY

And your end is what?

CONTINUED

456 CONTINUED

456

CHARLEY

Just help me out of here and let me go.

MOLLY

Where's the money?

CHARLEY

We've got a deal?

MOLLY

Money first.

There is a beat, then Charley apparently comes to a decision:

CHARLEY

All right. In my right coat pocket there's car keys.

Molly puts his hand into the pocket and retrieves the car keys.

CHARLEY

That green Essex over there. In the trunk.

457 ANOTHER ANGLE

457

as Molly looks off in the direction that Charley indicates. There is an old green wreck pointed this way.

CHARLEY

(weakly)

Remember. I'm trusting you.

Molly smiles and pats his upside down cheek.

MOLLY

I'll be back.

Molly turns and moves off toward the green wreck.

458 REVERSE ANGLE - FEATURING THE GREEN CAR

458

The car is in the foreground, the upside down aircraft in the background. Charley, upside down, watches as Molly comes toward us. He stops at the trunk of the car, looks off at Charley, then puts the key into the trunk lid.

- 459 CLOSER SHOT - THE BACK OF THE CAR 459
as Molly lifts the lid of the trunk. The little closet light we saw Charley buy in the hardware store goes on, illuminating the trunk of the car. Sitting there in the trunk is the body of Harman. He is dressed in Charley's clothes. The two canvas and leather money bags with the Tres Cruces stencil are in his folded arms. All this we take in in a flash, then zoom in to Harman's left hand and wrist. We see he is wearing Charley's wristwatch and wedding ring. Faintly we hear a tick, tick.
- 460 CLOSE SHOT MOLLY 460
in shock. He's been had! He snaps his head over to look at Charley.
- 461 MOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW 461
Charley hopelessly ensnared in his safety straps.
- 462 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING THE CAR TRUNK 462
as it blows. Molly and the car are blown to hell. The burst of flame and smoke obscures the screen.
- 463 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY 463
as with surprising ease he frees himself. The Essex is burning intensely in the background. Charley quickly drops out of the upside down airplane.
- 464 ANOTHER ANGLE 464
as he gains his feet, then reaching back up into the cockpit comes out with two dark green plastic garbage bags full of money.
- 465 MOVING SHOT - WITH CHARLEY 465
as he passes the blazing car, carrying his plastic bags, we follow him to a black 1960 Chevrolet. He opens the trunk of this car and tosses the money bags in.
- 466 ANOTHER ANGLE 466
Charley looks back at the flaming Essex, then reaching into one of the bags of money he comes out with a healthy double handful. He crosses back to the blazing car,

CONTINUED

466

CONTINUED

466

flutters the money around the fire. Now quickly he strips off his coveralls and throws them into the fire. He hurries back to the 1960 Chevrolet, slams the lid down on the trunk, and moves quickly around to the driver's side and gets in behind the wheel.

467

CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY

467

as he puts the key into the ignition and turns it. The car won't start!

468

ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLEY

468

We are angling in through the side window as he tries to start the car again. Again it won't start. Now desperately Charley tries the engine for the third time. It finally catches. Relief floods his face. We start pulling back and up as he drives off, past the junkyard, past the airstrip and onto the highway, heading East. We hold as he disappears down the highway, then start to move slowly back and down toward the burning car. We move to where Charley threw his coveralls. They are almost burned away except some of the writing on the back. We move in close until we can make it out. All that's left are the red hemstitched words:

LAST OF THE INDEPENDENTS

We hold on these words until they crumble into ashes, then we ---

FADE OUT

THE END