

FREEBIE
and
the
BEAN

Original Screen Play by:
Floyd Mutrux

3/13/72

EXTERIOR - SHAKER HEIGHTS - CLEVELAND, OHIO - MIDNIGHT

THE CAR AND ITS TWO PASSENGERS ARE UNDISTINGUISHED. THE HOUSE THEY CRUISE BY IS EXCLUSIVE. THEY STOP IN FRONT. THE DRIVER LOOKS...THEN NODS...THE PASSENGER GETS OUT AND PICKS UP THE GARBAGE CAN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE. THE DRIVER HAS THE TRUNK OPEN. PASSENGER EMPTIES THE GARBAGE INTO TRUNK...CLOSES TRUNK...CAR DRIVES AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

INSIDE A VW VAN TWO TREASURY AGENTS WATCH THE ACTION... NOD TO EACH OTHER, PUT DOWN THE BINOCULARS AND MARK THE TIME IN A BOOK...

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR - PEOPLES PARK - EAST CLEVELAND - TWO A.M. - THE CAR IS PARKED UNDER STREETLIGHT...

OUR TWO UNDISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS ARE SORTING THROUGH GARBAGE...THE DRIVER, BEAN, HOLDS THE FLASHLIGHT. FREEBIE, THE PASSENGER, DIGS THROUGH IT. IT'S NOT PARTICULARLY FUN. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN DISGUST.

FREEBIE

What's this?

HE CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT...AND WHAT'S MORE HE DOESN'T WANT TO... WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S SLIMY...AND IT'S CAUGHT IN HIS CUFFLINK.

FREEBIE

Nothing here...boy, this crap stinks...Here you do it for a while.

HE STEPS BACK, WIPS HIS ARMS WITH A TOWEL, AND HOLDS THE FLASHLIGHT BETWEEN HIS LEGS. THE BEAN, RELUCTANTLY ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES, AND GOES AFTER IT.

BEAN

You know, we've been at this for a year. I'm really ready to pack it in...

FREEBIE

That's what you always say...when it's your turn.

BEAN

What is this...Oh Lord...it's rotten tomatoes and spagatti, old spagatti.

FREEBIE

What do you expect?...All their friends are Italians...

BEAN

Come on...let's stick it in the wind.

THEY STAND AROUND AND STARE...FREEBIE SHINES THE LIGHT ON A PIECE OF PAPER.

FREEBIE

Wait a minute...what's this?

IT'S A SHEET OF PAPER FULL OF NUMBERS...THEY BOTH START TO SMILE...THEIR FACT LIGHTS UP...

BEAN

THIS IT IT!...LOOK AT THIS WILL YA!

FREEBIE

I SEE IT, I SEE IT...DON'T TEAR IT...

IN LONGSHOT, WE SEE THE TWO COPS GRAB EACH OTHER AND START DANCING...THE TWO BULLS ARE JUMPING AROUND UNDERNEATH THE STREETLIGHT THROWING GARBAGE IN THE AIR...AT PEOPLES PARK AT TWO A.M....SINGING AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS, "HIS ASS IS OURS, HIS ASS IS OURS"...BEAN STOPS...

BEAN

Wait a minute...we need Motley...Where's Motley?

BOTH STOP AND STARE AT EACH OTHER.

DISSOLVE

ECULID AND 51ST STREET-TENAMENT APARTMENT-THREE A.M.
FREEBIE AND THE BEAN ARE IN HALLWAY TALKING TO YOUNG,
OVER-THE-HILL HOOKER, HAIR IN CURLERS, AND NIGHTGOWN.

OVER-THE-HILL

He went to Bermuda this morning to laundry
some money...he'll be back Monday...

FREEBIE

He better be.

BEAN

Ya...cus' if he ain't we're gonna put his
name on the street.

D

OVER-THE-HILL

Don't worry, he will be...Whata ya two been eating...
Somethin' smells funny.

THEY BOTH STARE...

FREEBIE

SHUT UP...and go back to bed.

DISSOLVE

the old man and his dog

Grover Park is quiet, a lot like the lake surrounding it. However, the neighborhood is strong, upper class and powerful.....SHAKER HEIGHTS.

Cleveland has smog, traffic and an over-population of lower middle-class workers.....all major city problems. But they don't exist at 6:00 O'clock in the morning..... at least not in Shaker Heights. And it is this hour that Albert "Red" Meyers chooses to walk his dearest and most trusted companion, a Bull Terrier. The dog, like the man, is small and powerful.

Albert "Red" Meyers is the KING of the numbers racket on the north and southwest sides of Cleveland.....he makes his living off the over-population of lower middle-class workers.....quite a ways from Shaker Heights.

Red Meyers is long past due to collect the social security he will never need. The Treasury Department estimates his worth at \$5,000,000 annually. Of course, that doesn't solve the bleeding ulcer, fear, boredom..... and loneliness that come with the territory.....that, you get for free.

The dog jumps on the bench and plays with his owner, who at this hour has already smoked a half a pack of Pall Malls.

FADE IN: TITLE - SHAKER HEIGHTS - CLEVELAND, OHIO

VOICE OVER

Nothing ever went right until we were organized. It was that way in the old days and it's that way now.....I'm through talking. NUMBERS IS BIG BUSINESS. We got Miami paying five to one, Chicago six to one, New York four to one. Between South Cleveland and Youngstown you can go from four and a half to seven, WE GOTTA CONTROL THE ODDS. We all gain that way. We gotta be organized. He's been running the north side of Cleveland for forty years..... and he's just stubborn....I'm tired of his bullshit. I've called Detroit and taken care of the contract.

The dog sits in the lap of his owner as he puffs away on a smoke and enjoys the lake.

LONG SHOT: DETROIT DOCKS - LAKE ST. CLAIR

FADE IN: TITLE - DETROIT

the stick-up

THURSDAY MORNING - DOCK ACTION - HI-LO'S LOADING
FIVE THOUSAND CASES CUTTY SARK ON TO SEMI. CAMERA
TILTS DOWN TO REVEAL OHIO LICENSE PLATES.

BOSS OF THE HI-LO'S

Alright you JACKOFFS. Let's move it.
Man wants to get out of here before lunch.

HI-LO DRIVER

What's in if we do?

BOSS OF THE HI-LO'S

Yer ass down the road if you don't.

HI-LO'S ARE MOVING AS WE GO OUTSIDE.....

FOUR BLACK MEN ARE OUTSIDE PANEL PICKUP TRUCK UNLOADING
SIGNS WHICH READ: NO BLACK DOCK WORKERS ON PIERS 76 TO 94
THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY A CIRCLE OF WHITE DOCK WORKERS....
WHICH IS RAPIDLY CLOSING IN. THEY ARE AS BAD AS THEY LOOK.
AND THEIR LEADER, A BIG 6'3", 240 POUND EX-PUG NAMED PADDY
ADDRESSED THE BLACK MAN, SEEMINGLY GIVING THE DIRECTIONS.

PADDY

Hey...you runnin' this show?

BLACK MAN NODS AS ONE OF THE DOCK WORKERS MUMBLES

"YOU WANT TO WORK? WE'LL WORK ON YA."

PADDY

You know why there ain't no spook mobs on 76 to 94? 'Cause we're Irish gangs. Ninety-four to one-ten is Guina; one-ten to one-sixteen is Armenian; one-sixteen to one-twenty is Polack; and one-twenty to one-twenty-one is spook.....NOW YOU KNOW DAT.

NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING...OR DISPUTES WHAT WAS SAID.

PADDY (Cont'd)

Now I'm goin' across the street and have a roll with my coffee. Anybody here when we get back (indicates signs) with them things in their hands goes for a swim.

AS HE AND THE CROWD START TO LEAVE, HE TURNS AND REMINDS THEM.

PADDY (Cont'd)

Unless, of course, you're Irish.

FADE IN TITLE.

INTERIOR - OFFICE - QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE SOUND OF HI-LO'S OUTSIDE.

MAN IS SIGNING LADING FOR 5,000 CASES CUTTY SARK. AS HE FINISHES HE STANDS UP. HIS HANDS ARE HANDCUFFED BETWEEN HIS LEGS AND A SPONGE DRENCHED IN BEER IS STUCK IN HIS MOUTH AND SEALED WITH SURGICAL TAPE. HE NOW RESEMBLES TWO OTHER OFFICE WORKERS. THE THREE OF THEM ARE SHUTTLED INTO THE CLOSET. THE TWO GUYS RUNNING THE SHOW APPEAR TO BE TRUCK DRIVERS DRESSED IN WORLD WAR II FLIGHT JACKET. ONE IS WEARING A DARK NAVY WATCHCAP AND THE OTHER, WHOSE HAIR IS A LITTLE LONG, KEEPS IT BACK WITH A BRIGHT RED BANDANA.

NAVY WATCHCAP

We're ready.

NUMBER ONE BOSS IS TIPPY MAROON, THE LONG HAIR, CARRYING A .38 BERETTA WITH A SILENCER IN HIS LEATHER CARVED BELT. HE NODS AND FINISHES WHAT'S LEFT IN THE BOTTLE OF MILLERS. HIS BUDDY PROPS A CHAIR UNDER THE CLOSET DOOR SO IT CAN'T BE OPENED AND TAKES HIS SAWED-OFF 20 GAUGE REMINGTON WITH A PISTOL HANDLE AND STICKS IT INTO GROCERY SACK, PICKS UP BILL OF LADING AS THEY LEAVE OFFICE.

FADE IN TITLES CONTINUE

BOSS OF THE HI-LO'S

We're ready.

TIPPY GIVES HIM THE BILL OF LADING AND FIVE NEW TWENTY'S...
AND A SMILE.

TIPPY

Thanks.

CHAIN DROPS DOWN ON BACK OF TRUCK AS IT MOVES OUT INTO
TRAFFIC.

FADE IN TITLES CONTINUE

INTERIOR - WAREHOUSE - TRUCK IS UNLOADED AND TIPPY GIVES
NAVY WATCHCAP \$2,000, CASE OF CUTTY SARK...AND A SMILE.

TIPPY

Thanks.

TRUCK IS MOVING DOWN MICHIGAN AND ONTO DETROIT INDUSTRIAL
FREEWAY. STARTING TO CATCH 5 O'CLOCK TRAFFIC THINGS SLOW
DOWN.

INTERIOR P.O.V. - POLICE CAR - MICHIGAN HIGHWAY PATROL

HOT SHEET TAPED TO DASHBOARD DESCRIBES TRUCK AND
LICENSE NUMBER OF VEHICLE THEY NOW SEE. HE POINTS
TO OHIO PLATES AND CIRCLES SAME ON HOT SHEET.

FADE IN TITLES CONTINUE

TRUCK PULLS OFF FREEWAY AND STARTS HIGHBALLING ALONG
DETROIT RIVER AS POLICE CAR APPROACHES AND SIGNALS TO
PULL OVER. NAVY WATCHCAP PICKS UP SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN -

WHAM -- WHAM

DUMPS BOTH BARRELS INTO POLICE CAR. THE FRONT WINDOW
IS BLOWN OUT AND OFFICER DRIVING IS KILLED. POLICE CAR
SWERVES OFF HIGHWAY AND INTO DETROIT RIVERBANK.

ANOTHER MICHIGAN HIGHWAY PATROL UNIT AND TWO DETROIT
MOTORCYCLE POLICE HAVE JOINED PURSUIT. TRUCK IS HEADING
UP GRATIOT AND OUT TOWARDS GROSSE PTE. IT MISSES THE
TURN AT CHANDLER PARK, OVER TURNS AND WIPES OUT PEANUT
STAND, VENDOR, AND OF COURSE, THE DRIVER. THE CHASE
IS OVER. THREE PEOPLE ARE DEAD.

CUT

everybody plays the game

FADE IN: CLEVELAND - WEST SIDE

INTERIOR - BACK DOOR DELICATESSEN

DELI OWNER

The coffee's got two sugars. That'll
come to a dollar fifty, Mrs. Murray.

MRS. MURRAY

Here's two and you should keep the change
and put it on 418. That was my phone bill
this morning.

DELI OWNER

Alright, thank you Mrs. Murray.

HE WIPE THE MAYONNAISE OFF HIS HAND HE PICKS UP A
PENCIL AND MARKS 418 ON THE SHEET UNDER THE FIFTY-
CENT COLUMN.

CUSTOMER

Gimme' a double swiss cheese and a ham
on a roll with mustard....kinda in a hurry.

ACTION CUT - EXTERIOR HOT DOG STAND - EUCLID AND BARN STREET
HEART OF THE GARMENT DISTRICT.

MANUEL

Here's a pound, Willie. Spread it
out all week on one-eleven.

WILLIE

All week on one-eleven. You got it,
Manny. Anything else?

MANUEL

Yeah, onions.

EXTERIOR - TILLMAN AVENUE AND WEST 49TH - FINANCIAL
DISTRICT - LEMON GREEN'S "RHYTHM 'N BLUES" SHOE SHINE
STAND. AND THE NAME IMPLIES THE ACTION, LEMON NEVER
MISSES A BEAT AS HE STROKES THAT LEATHER - PITTER-PAT -
PITTER-PAT.

LEMON

What the market close, Mr. Stein?

MR. STEIN

One-eleven.

LEMON LOOKS AT HIS PAD WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT TURNS

LEMON

Nobody we know.

INTERIOR - RED ROOST POOL HALL - THE ACTION LIKE THE
NEIGHBORHOOD IS ALL BLACK. FAT LOUIS IS COLLECTING THE
ACTION FROM THE RED ROOST OWNER.

FAT LOUIS

TWENTY-THREE DOLLARS! What's wrong?
Aint' nobody got the bug around here no
more?

RED ROOST OWNER

All the action around here is on that table.

FIFTEEN-TWENTY BLACK GUYS STANDING AND SITTING AROUND
THE TABLE WITH TWO HUSTLERS, ONE YOUNG - ONE OLD, ARE
KEEPING IT ALIVE.

RED ROOST OWNER (Cont'd)

They been goin' at it since 4 O'clock
yesterday afternoon.

FAT LOUIS

Gimme' the numbers.

EXTERIOR - SUPERIOR AND EAST 86TH - FAT LOUIS APPROACHES
PIZZA STAND.

FAT LOUIS

Got anything for me?

PIZZA OWNER

Kinda quiet. Lotta football last weekend.

ACROSS THE STREET AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR PULLS TO THE CURB. IT, LIKE THE DRIVER, IS EASILY RECOGNIZABLE. BEFORE HE BECAME A SERGEANT IN THE INTELLIGENCE BUREAU, BENITO VASQUEZ WAS A FOOT PATROLMAN IN EAST CLEVELAND. HE'S NOT BIG BUT HE'S BAD AND YOU BETTER BE HIS FRIEND IF YOU CALL HIM BY THE NAME YOU SEE ON THE BELT BUCKLE HE WEARS....."BEAN"

HOT PIZZA IS BEING BROUGHT OUT OF THE OVEN AND BEING SLICED.

FAT LOUIS

Gimme' a couple a pieces of that.

PIZZA OWNER

Careful it's hot.

FAT LOUIS TURNS TO BLOW HIS PIZZA AND SEES OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE THE BEAN APPROACHING. TAKING THE

NUMBERS OUT OF HIS POCKET, HE STICKS THEM IN HIS MOUTH AND WASHES THEM DOWN WITH THE PIZZA. THE OWNER WAS RIGHT. IT WAS HOT. THE "BEAN" PASSES BY SMILING. PUTS A DIME ON THE COUNTER.

BEAN

You ought not eat them numbers, Louis.
You know you're gonna get indigestion.
Have a coffee on me.

FAT LOUIS, COUGHING, MUMBLING, SPUTTERING.

FAT LOUIS

C'mon, C'mon. Gimme! the coffee. Quick!

ACTION CUT - EUCLID AND BARNS - RACKS OF CLOTHES MOVING IN AND OUT AS MANUEL RIDES HIS BUDDY PIGGYBACK.

MANUEL

I hit it. I hit it.

HIS BUDDY

My babe's got five big ones. Five
hundred bucks.

SOME OLDER FOLKS LAUGHING, POINTING, SHARING MANNY'S
JOY AND, OF COURSE, IGNITING THE HOPE THAT TOMORROW THEY
MAY PICK THE LAST THREE NUMBERS OF THE DOW-JONES
CLOSING. CAMERA TILTS TO NEWSPAPER UNDER VOLUME TRADED
WITH THE NUMBERS "111" CIRCLED IN RED.

OLD LADY

A lotta money for one boy.

DISSOLVE

the old man and his dog part 2

VOICE OVER

It's a lot of money. Too much money for one man and by Monday morning we'll own the bug in Cleveland.

CAMERA PANS FROM THE DOG BY THE TREE TO THE OLD MAN ON THE BENCH.

VOICE OVER (Cont'd)

They're going to put him to sleep..... besides which he's getting too old.

THE DOG HAS JUST BROUGHT IN THE RUBBER BALL AND HE THROWS IT AGAIN.

INTERIOR - PENTHOUSE - BAY VILLAGE - OVERLOOKING LAKE ERIE.

WE RECOGNIZE THE VOICE AS THE ONE DESCRIBING THE CONTRACT TO THE OLD MAN. WE STILL DO NOT SEE THE FACE. ONLY THE GOLF CLUBS IN HIS HAND AND THE KNIGHT'S OF COLUMBUS RING ON HIS FINGER. HE SINKS A FOUR FOOT PUTT AS HE FINISHES HIS SPEECH.

VOICE

Business is business.

WE NEVER SEE THE FACE OF THE WOMAN WHO ENTERS THE
ROOM WITHOUT KNOCKING. JUST HER TITS. THEY'RE BIG.

VOICE

I told you to knock before you come in.

WOMAN

Sorry.

THE OTHER MEN IN THE ROOM PRETEND NOT TO HEAR AS WE
DISSOLVE.

the back room

SIX GUYS ARE PLAYING BLACKJACK AND THE GAME'S BEEN GOING ALL NIGHT. THE FACES ARE TIRED AND THE SMOKE IS THICK. "RING". CLEAN-UP MAN OPENS THE DOOR.

SHORTY

Phone call...Freebie Waters.

THE GUY NEXT TO FREEBIE TAKES A CARD FROM THE DEALER AND MUMBLES "I'LL STAY". FREEBIE LOOKS AT THE DEALER. THE DEALER LOOKS AT FREEBIE AND THEN....

FREEBIE

Wait a minute.

FREEBIE STANDS UP. CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH .38 SNUB-NOSE ON HIS HIP. HE WALKS TO THE PAY PHONE OUTSIDE THE DOOR. THE GAME CAN WAIT.

FREEBIE

Yeah, awright, I'll be there in ten minutes.

WALKING BACK TO HIS SEAT. YOU AIN'T SURE IF HE'S A CROOK OR A COP...BUT THEN IN SOME PLACES IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE.

HE SITS DOWN AND AGAIN, LOOKS AT THE DEALER. THE DEALER LOOKS AT HIM.

FREEBIE

Hit me.

FREEBIE LOOKS AT THE CARD THEN THE DEALER, GETS UP AND PUTS ON HIS COAT AND HAT AND AS HE LEAVES, TURNS TO THE DEALER.

FREEBIE

One of these days I'm gonna bust this place.

AS HE WALKS TO THE FRONT ROOM, THE BAR AREA IS DARK AND DIRTY, SO'S THE MUSIC.

FREEBIE

V.O. and water.

THE WOMAN IN THE TIGHT DRESS HAS HER BACK TO BOTH FREEBIE AND THE BUSINESS MAN NEXT TO HIM. FREEBIE REACHES AROUND THE BUSINESS MAN AND GIVES THE WOMAN A NICE SOFT SQUEEZE ON THE ASS. SHE TURNS AROUND EVER SO SLOWLY AND STARES AT THE INNOCENT LOOKING BUSINESS MAN.

WOMAN

That's cute....that's really cute.

AS SHE MOVES AWAY SHE MUMBLES "ASSHOLE". BUSINESS MAN
STUNNED, TURNS TO FREEBIE.

BUSINESS MAN

What's with her...what did I do?

FREEBIE

Who knows....broads. Can't figure 'em.

FREEBIE FINISHES HIS DRINK IN ONE SWALLOW. SMILES AND
AS HE LEAVES ADDRESSES THE BARTENDER.

FREEBIE

See ya.

BUSINESS MAN WATCHES HIM WALK AWAY THEN HE TOO ADDRESSES
THE BARTENDER.

BUSINESS MAN

Who is that guy....what is he the owner
or something?

BARTENDER

What do you mean?

BUSINESS MAN

Well he didn't pay for his drink.

BARTENDER

Him! He never pays...that's Freebie
Waters. HE'S A COP.

DISSOLVE

back to the action

EXTERIOR - EUCLID AND BARN - MID-MORNING

THE STREETS ARE LINED WITH CARS AND THE SIDEWALKS
WITH RACKS OF CLOTHES AND IT'S STARTING TO GET HOT.

A BLACK LIMOUSINE IS PARKED IN A RED ZONE AS A PASSENGER
STEPS OUT FROM THE BUILDING CARRYING A GREEN CLEVELAND
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BAG. HE GETS INTO THE CAR AND
THROWS THE BAG INTO THE BACK SEAT WHERE AT LEAST A
DOZEN OTHERS ARE PILED ON THE FLOOR. A CHROME-PLATED
.45 AUTOMATIC IS IN THE RIGHT HAND OF THE MAN WITH
THE MONEY. THE THREE GENTLEMEN ARE WEARING OPEN-COLLAR
GOLF SHIRTS, SPORT COATS AND SLACKS, ALL BOUGHT AND PAID
FOR IN MIAMI BEACH ALONG WITH THE SUNGLASSES. AS I SAID
IT'S HOT BUT THE LINCOLN IS AIR CONDITIONED.

TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS ACROSS THE STREET STARE AT THE CAR.
THE DRIVER STARES BACK AND WIPES HIS BROW.

INTERIOR - LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

PASSENGER

Awful quiet today.

PASSENGER MARKS ON A LEGAL PAD 7,418. AND CIRCLES
PICK-UP NUMBER 14. THE OTHER FIGURES BOUNCE BETWEEN
4,000 and 9,000. ALL IN ALL THE DAY COMES TO AROUND
A HUNDRED. THE PASSENGER IS ADDING.

PASSENGER (Cont'd)

Ninety-six, four-eighteen. Like I said
it's kind of quiet. Lotta action on
football.

DRIVER

Those two cops been around twice. I
gotta find a new place to park

LONG SHOT OF STREET, SMOG, TRAFFIC, CLOTHES AND EVERYTHING
ELSE AS THE LINCOLN PULLS AWAY.

DRIVER

You know I don't want to get a ticket.

CUT

where it all happens

INTERIOR - INTELLIGENCE BUREAU - CLEVELAND POLICE
DEPARTMENT

TWO TREASURY AGENTS LOOKING LIKE A COUPLE OF SYNDICATE
BAG MEN ARE FLANKED BY FREEBIE, THE "BEAN" AND A THIRD
COP, HARVEY ROSEN. THE CENTER OF THEIR ATTENTION IS
TIPPY MAROON, THE MAN WHO RAN THE SHOW IN THE DETROIT
DOCK HI-JACKING. THE "BEAN" IS COMING DOWN ON HIM HARD.

BEAN

You know, Tippy, for a crook as dumb
as you, you've got a pretty short
rap sheet....'course you're young.

ROSEN

'Course when they cut you loose on this
you gonna be a lot older. You'll do
eight on ten...this is Fed time. They
don't play that game.

BEAN POINTS TO TWO FEDS LOOKING LIKE OUTFIT MEN.

BEAN

You should know the only people with
\$100,000 in CASH...gotta be Feds....
..especially for some Scotch....Tippy,
you're six feet under and stinkin....
we're looking at a direct sale.

ROSEN

You'll be lucky, you do eight. Didn't you get cold feet comin' in?

BEAN

(points to Feds)
Naw, look at 'em...they look like a coupla crooks.

EVERYBODY SMILES...EXCEPT TIPPY.

FREEBIE

Well...win some you lose some. Right, Tippy?.....I'd like to help you out...

BEAN

For what....he's gonna like it up there. Look at 'im he's got a nice little ass. You gonna make somebody a good old lady, Tippy...speakin' a old ladies, yours
(indicates to Tippy)
asked me to come over and have some coffee later. Which is just what I'm gonna do right now.

TIPPY STARTING TO MOVE IN THE CHAIR.

BEAN (Cont'd)

What's her name, Betty?....Call the jailer. Let's get this man some supper... and a place to sleep.

ROSEN PICKS UP PHONE.

ROSEN

Get the jailer down there.

BEAN

Yeah...boy, Betty's got a nice set
a jugs, doesn't she?

FREEBIE SMILES AS THEY START TO LEAVE...AND NOW FOR
THE FIRST TIME TIPPY SPEAKS.

TIPPY

Wait a minute...I want to...I want to
talk to you.

BEAN

TALK! About what? Shit, we been talkin'
for two hours...you ain't said nothin'.

TIPPY

No, wait. I want to tell you something.

ROSEN

What are you gonna tell us...your social
security number?

BEAN

C'mon let's get outta here...I want to
go see Betty.

FREEBIE

What do you want to talk about, Tippy?

TIPPY

I know about a contract.

FREEBIE

On who?

TIPPY

Somebody big.

BEAN

C'mon he's bullshittin'.

TIPPY

Don't bet on it.

FREEBIE

Who is it, Tippy?

TIPPY

Red Meyers.

BEAN

That asshole? ...I hope they do
shoot 'im.

BEAN TURNS AND LOOKS AT FREEBIE...HIS HEART JUMPS UP IN HIS THROAT...THIS HAS TO BE HIS GREATEST PERFORMANCE... HE CONTINUED...

BEAN (Cont'd)

I'd like to hit 'im myself...I hope they blow his dick off...C'mon let's go.

THEY HAVE PLAYED THIS GAME BEFORE...AND THEY'LL DO IT AGAIN. IT'S FREEBIE'S TURN.

FREEBIE

Now, wait a minute...Tippy wants to tell us something.

AND NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME THE SHORTER OF THE TWO FEDERAL AGENTS SPEAKS.

FED

Go ahead Tippy.

EVERYONE STOPS...AND STARES...

FREEBIE

You know who's got the contract?

TIPPY

Yeah..."Michigan Phil"

FED

Phil Menta?

TIPPY

Yeah.

FREEBIE

You know where?

TIPPY

Yeah.

FREEBIE

You know when?

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN STARE AT EACH OTHER...

FED

Get his attorney.

CUT

the connection

The chauffeur starts the engine of the black LTD, which has been waiting patiently for the old man and the dog to complete their morning walk. The black Lincoln carrying the three bag men join the group.

WE SEE IT ALL HAPPEN IN ONE LONG SHOT.

MAN WITH THE NUMBERS SLIDES INTO THE BACK SEAT OF THE LTD AND MUMBLES.

BAG MAN

Ninety-six four-eighteen. Kinda quiet, kinda quiet. Lotta action on football.

RED MEYERS SHOWS LITTLE CONCERN AS HE OPENS A FRESH PACK OF PALL MALLS.

RED

Let's go have breakfast.

THE TWO CARS - ONE WITH MONEY AND GUNS - THE OTHER WITH BRAINS PULL AWAY IN CARAVAN. GROVER PARK IS QUIET AGAIN, A LOT LIKE THE LAKE SURROUNDING IT.

the case in point

INTERIOR - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - FREEBIE, THE
"BEAN" AND TWO FEDS -

FREEBIE

I went through that old man's garbage
can too many times at four in the morning
for this bullshit...me and "Bean" been
building this tax evasion case for fourteen
months. I'm not gonna let some 25 cent
muscle from Detroit with lead in his
pencil come in here and blow this open.
I WANT TO PICK THAT OLD MAN UP...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Well, you do and you can kiss it good-bye.
This is stinking Waters. He's too big.
You've got to have somebody in here that'll
tell the Grand Jury EXACTLY how it all
happens.

FREEBIE

What do you want...you got Jimmy Shine.
He was his bag man for two years. He
knows how it goes. He's gonna run it
ALL down.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

SHINE! ...That little CHICKEN SHIT. He's
a smiler. Last time I had him on the witness
stand I asked him about fifty questions and
all. I got was about fifty smiles. I was
about ready to jerk him out of that chair.
He made a real asshole out of me...don't
even bring him around here.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (Cont'd)

I've got to work with them people every day, you know.

FREEBIE AND THE "BEAN" LOOKING A LITTLE PISSED OFF
REMEMBERING THE DEAL THEY MADE WITH SHINE.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Now you get me Motley in here....he'll say something.

FREEBIE

We got Motley...he's comin' in.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(stares at both of them
knowing how much they want
to put it together)
You got him here?

FREEBIE

No, he's down in Bermuda.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You pick him up and I'll get you your warrant.

FREEBIE

He won't be back till Monday.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Well, then Tuesday you'll get your warrant.

FREEBIE

Well, by then he'll be dead.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

No, he won't... 'CAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP HIM ALIVE.

DISSOLVE

cops and robbers

IN A WIDE SHOT WE SEE FREEBIE AND THE BEAN FOLLOWING
RED AND HIS BAG MAN AT A REASONABLE DISTANCE. IT'S
GOING TO BE THIS WAY FOR THREE DAYS.

BEAN

If we stay with him till Tuesday,
we're gonna blow our cover.

FREEBIE

We got any choice?....

BEAN

Didn't "Michigan Phil" hit that
point-holder in Phoenix?

FREEBIE

Yeah...did you see his rap sheet?
He's got a six hundred dollar a month
apartment in Detroit, spent four months
in Miami and two in Las Vegas...and he
bought a new red Ferrari last June.

BEAN

What does he do for a living?

FREEBIE

HE DRIVES A LAUNDRY TRUCK!

FREEBIE (cont)

Look at this...they got that meathead on
the payroll in Vegas as a tax consultant.
...he didn't finish the second grade...
THEY MUST THINK WE'RE A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES!

THE TWO CARS CONTINUE TO FOLLOW.

FREEBIE

He's got a buddy here who runs that card
game in the back of the Pussycat. We'll
have to stop by and see him later.

BEAN

Yeah, they got a lot of nice broads
over there.

THE LTD TURNS LEFT AND BEAN ALMOST MISSES IT.

FREEBIE

Look out now! You're going to lose
him. He's turning. You still thinkin'
about Tippy's old lady?

BEAN

You want to drive?

FREEBIE

Go ahead...you just stay with him
and I'll buy you a taco for lunch.

IN LONG SHOT

BEAN

Kiss my ass...

DISSOLVE TO 105TH AND EUCLID - GUINA NEIGHBORHOOD

BEAN

Has he got this hit by himself?

FREEBIE

Yeah...Ol' "Michigan Phil" works
alone. Ain't nobody else in on
the contract.

DISSOLVE

hollywood, calif.. - city of dreams

INTERIOR - HOTEL - EAST HOLLYWOOD

THE RATES ARE THIRTY DOLLARS A WEEK - YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR. A MAP OF CLEVELAND IS PINNED TO THE WEST WALL WITH ALL KINDS OF RED CIRCLES. THERE'S A BLACK AND WHITE POLAROID OF THE OLD MAN'S HOUSE AND A MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPH OF RED MEYERS AND HIS DOG IN MIAMI THUMB-TACKED NEXT TO THE MAP.

GASON

He lives right here...it's called Shaker Heights...it's a lot like Beverly Hills and every morning he goes for a walk with his dog in Grover Park...that's here...and then he goes to 105th and Euclid, right up here for breakfast.

THE OLD HOOKER WITH HIM IS WEARING A SEE-THROUGH RED DRESS AND EATIN' IT UP.

HOOKER

What did you do...follow him around for a year?

GASON

Naw, when I was at Leavenworth my cellmate was his ex-bag man...a little guy named Jimmy Shine. And he used to love to talk about it.

GASON (Cont'd)

And I used to love to listen.

HE POURS ANOTHER GLASS OF WINE, WINKS, LIGHTS A
SMALL CIGAR AND CONTINUES.

HOOGER

Gason!

GASON

I know every move that old man
makes. And every Monday morning
he picks up between a hundred and
a hundred-fifty thousand dollars....
AND NEXT MONDAY MORNING IT'S ALL GONA
BE MINE!

DISSOLVE WITH THE TOASTING OF WINE GLASSES.

LONG SHOT HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - IN THE BACKGROUND WE
SEE A SIGN DESCRIBING THE PEOPLE AND THE CITY - IT'S
ON A HILLSIDE - IT READS "HOLLYWOOD".

GASON

Shall we go for a cornbeef sandwich?...
Did I ever tell you about the time I
drilled for oil in the Gulf of Mexico?
As you probably know, it rains down there
a lot.....

it's a free country

EXTERIOR - ITALIAN SHOPPING CENTER - CLEVELAND HEIGHTS
FREEBIE AND THE BEAN ARE FOLLOWING THE LTD, WHICH IS
HAVING TROUBLE FINDING A PLACE TO PARK. IT FINALLY
SETTLES ON A NICE RED ZONE IN FRONT OF "TONY'S BARBER
SHOP" - "RAZOR CUTS \$10 BY APPOINTMENT ONLY"

BEAN

Look at 'im he's parking in a red zone.
I'm goin' to call a black and white over
here and give 'im a ticket.

FREEBIE

Relax. Try and park close to 'im.

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN BOTH NOTICE THE SIGN "RAZOR CUT
\$10". AND FREEBIE MAKING NOTE OF THE BEAN'S CREW-CUT
COMMENTS -

FREEBIE

Isn't that where you get your haircut?

BEAN

(still trying to find a place
to park)
Kiss my ass.

JUST AS BEAN FINDS THE ONLY AVAILABLE PARKING PLACE
AND THEY SETTLE IN, A NEW CADILLAC CIRCLES THE BLOCK
FOR THE SECOND TIME AND IMMEDIATELY BECOMES NOTICEABLE -
IT'S WEARING MICHIGAN LICENSE PLATES.

FREEBIE

Look at that. Look at that.

BEAN

He wouldn't do it here.

FREEBIE

Shit he wouldn't!

BEAN

Think that's him?

FREEBIE

Six-two, dark hair. I sure do.
Look at the way he's watching Meyers.

HE OPENS UP COMPARTMENT AND TAKES OUT RADIO MIKE.

FREEBIE (Cont'd)

This is car thirteen. Car one-three.
Request assistance. Location -
Cleveland Heights Shopping Center -
Mayfield and Lee Road. Suspect under
surveillance. As soon as possible.
Ten-four.

FREEBIE PULLS OUT TWO GUNS - BOTH .38'S - ONE SNUB-NOSE-ONE. THREE INCH BARREL - CHECKS CYLINDERS.

FREEBIE

Did you bring a back-up?

BEAN

No, my .25's in the shop. I'll get it out tomorrow.

(checks the clip in
his .38 Beretta)

Let's go.

FREEBIE

If he makes a move, I'm gonna scream down on him. You cover me.

THREE THINGS HAPPEN AT ONCE - A WOMAN IN A CAR PULLS UP NEXT TO THE CADILLAC - RED MEYERS WALKS TO THE BARBER CHAIR - AND THE SUSPECT MAKES HIS MOVE TO GET OUT OF THE CAR.

FREEBIE

Here we go.

BEAN

Go ahead. I gotcha. Watch 'im now. He's a pro.

THEY BOTH MOVE TOWARD THE CADILLAC TRYING TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT. BUT THE WOMAN IS WALKING RIGHT TOWARD THE SUSPECT. FREEBIE'S GOT TO STOP HER.

FREEBIE

(to suspect)

FREEZE! NEXT MOVE WILL BE YOUR LAST!

BEAN GRABS THE WOMAN AND PULLS HER BACK. SUSPECT MOVES TOWARD BEAN AND SWINGS. FREEBIE HITS SUSPECT IN BACK OF NECK WITH FIST. BEAN IS TRYING TO GET TO FREEBIE TO HELP HIM AS SUSPECT PUNCHES FREEBIE IN FACE. THE WOMAN IS CLAWING AT BEAN'S FACE. HE TURNS AROUND AND KICKS HER IN THE STOMACH AS TWO BLACK AND WHITES ENTER THE SCENE. ONE BLACK AND WHITE DRAGS WOMAN BACK BY HER HAIR WHILE FREEBIE AND THE BEAN GO TO WORK ON THE SUSPECT...AND I MEAN GO TO WORK. BEAN GRABS HIM BY THE HAND AND SWINGS HIM IN A CIRCLE AS FREEBIE GIVES HIM A SUNDAY. THE BEAN KICKS HIM IN THE BALLS. FREEBIE STANDS HIM UP WITH A DROP-KICK. THE BEAN GRABS HIM BY THE HAIR AND STICKS HIS HEAD BETWEEN THE DOORPOST AND THE DOOR. FREEBIE LEANS AGAINST THE DOOR AND SAYS -

FREEBIE

.. GET HIS GUN, BEAN!

BEAN

(after quick but thorough
search)

HE AIN'T GOT ONE, FREEBIE!

FREEBIE

What do you mean?

BEAN

He ain't got one.

BY THIS TIME THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED PEOPLE WATCHING.

FREEBIE

HE'S GOTTA HAVE ONE! GET HIS
ID.

THE MAN'S HEAD IS STILL IN THE DOOR AS THE BEAN OPENS
HIS WALLET AND ANNOUNCES -

BEAN

He's a Cadillac salesman from Detroit.

FREEBIE

HE'S WHAT!
(addressing salesman)
YOU ASSHOLE!

FREEBIE (Cont'd)

(opens door releasing
salesman's head)

What are you doing here?

SALESMAN

I was meeting her.

(breathing, gasping)

That's my boss's wife. We were
going to a motel.

POLICE MAN HOLDING WOMAN BY HAIR LETS HER GO. TWO
TREASURY AGENTS WATCH RED MEYERS SETTLE BACK INTO
BARBER CHAIR SMILING AS TONY COVERS HIS FACE WITH A
HOT TOWEL.

DISSOLVE

the morning after

EXTERIOR - SHAKER HEIGHTS - RED MEYER'S HOUSE

FOUR A.M. THE BEAN IS ASLEEP. FREEBIE, STARING AT THE HOUSE STARTS TO SMILE. THE BOREDOM HAS GOTTEN TO HIM. HE MOVES INTO ACTION. HE REACHES OVER AND TAKES THE BEAN'S .38 OUT OF THE HOLSTER AND HIDES IT UNDER THE SEAT. HE THEN TAKES OUT HIS GUN - EASES UP ON THE DOOR HANDLE - BEGINS TO SLIDE OUT THE DOOR - SLAPS BEAN ON THE SHOULDER AND SHOUTS -

FREEBIE

ALRIGHT, LET'S GO! HE'S CHARGIN'
THE HOUSE.

AS HE TAKES OFF DOWN THE STREET, THE BEAN HALF AWAKE INSTINCTIVELY FOLLOWS. NOT BEING ALL TOGETHER HE TRIPS - GETS UP AND CONTINUES THE CHARGE - REACHES DOWN FOR HIS PISTOL AND FINDS IT MISSING. - STOPS TO LOOK AND SEE IF HE DROPPED IT. AS HE TURNS, HE SEES ACROSS THE STREET, TWO HOUSES DOWN, FREEBIE ROLLING IN THE GRASS LAUGHING. AND MUMBLES UNDER HIS BREATH.

BEAN

.. You kiss my ass.

HE CHARGES FREEBIE - GETS HIM IN A HEADLOCK AND THE TWO OF THEM BEGIN TO WRESTLE IN ONE OF SHAKER HEIGHTS' FINEST MANICURED FLOWER GARDENS. A COUPLE OF LIGHTS POP ON BUT THIS DOESN'T STOP THEM. WHAT DOES IS THE SOUND OF THE CARETAKER BRINGING RED MEYER'S GARBAGE OUT TO THE STREET.

FREEBIE

Look, it's garbage day.

BEAN FLIPS A COIN AND WE KNOW BY THE SMILE ON HIS FACE THAT HE WINS. FREEBIE ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES AND GOES TOWARD THE GARBAGE AS THE BEAN GOES BACK TO THE CAR.

DISSOLVE

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN WORKING WITH MATCHES AND A STACK OF PAPERS.

FREEBIE

This is nothin'...what's this?
It's a grocery list...it's a receipt
from Mr. Mike's Shirt Shop...look at
this. That asshole paid \$65 for a shirt.
What's this...

BEAN

Can't tell it's all torn up. Ouch!
How'd that tack get in here? Look
here, there's the word "death". What's
that say, four hundred?

DISSOLVE

THE TWO OF THEM HAVE THEIR SLEEVES ROLLED UP AND
ARE GOING THROUGH THE GARBAGE CAN TRYING TO FIND THE
REST OF THE NOTE.

DISSOLVE

THE NOTE NOW COMES TOGETHER. IT'S FROM RED MEYER'S
VETERINARIAN AND STATES THAT HE MUST GIVE THE DOG
FOUR HUNDRED MILLIGRAMS A DAY AND PROLONGED FAILURE
COULD RESULT IN HIS DEATH. THEY READ IT AND LOOK AT
EACH OTHER.

FREEBIE

This car's a mess. Go get some coffee.
I'll clean it up.

DISSOLVE

THE SUN IS UP WHEN BEAN RETURNS, WITH THE COFFEE.

WE NÔW SEE THAT THE FLOWER BED ACROSS THE STREET
IS A MESS AND SEE GARBAGE SCATTERED ON THE SIDEWALK
AND CURB. THEY SMILE. BEAN OPENS HIS COFFEE.

FREEBIE

What'd you bring me?

BEAN

Coupla donuts. Hey, where's my
gun?

A CAR CIRCLES THE BLOCK - THE FIRST ONE IN HOURS. IT'S
A '69 FORD TORINO - AND IT CIRCLES THE BLOCK AGAIN AND
STOPS TWO HOUSES DOWN FROM RED MEYER'S.

FREEBIE

That Ford's been around twice.

BEAN

Think that's him?

FREEBIE

What the hell else he doin' out here?

BEAN

Let's be sure this time.

RED MEYERS WALKS OUT AND GETS INTO HIS LIMOUSINE.

BEAN

His timing's perfect.

FREEBIE

He's a professional.

THE GAME BEGINS. THEY PUT A PAIR OF BABY SHOES AROUND
THE REAR VIEW MIRROR AND THE BEAN PUTS ON A HAT.

FREEBIE

You're gonna mess up your razor cut.

BEAN

Watch the road. We got any beer?

FREEBIE

Yeah, but wait till we need it.

THE GAME IS CUT SHORT AS RED MEYERS PULLS INTO AN
UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT AND PARKS.

BEAN

Call a black and white over here
to shake him and get his I.D.

FREEBIE

Stay back...you're gettin' too close.

A LADY IN A RED VOLKSWAGEN CUTS THEM OFF AND THEY HAVE
TO PULL INTO THE LANE NEXT TO THE SUSPECT IN THE '69
TORINO. HE CATCHES FREEBIE CHANGING HATS. THEY STILL
FAKE IT..... THEY BUST OPEN THE BEER CANS. START AN
ARGUMENT AND THE BEAN EVEN WINKS AT THE SUSPECT.
FREEBIE MUMBLES UNDER HIS BREATH.

FREEBIE

We blew it, turn right.

THEY GO TWO BLOCKS OUT OF THEIR WAY IN THE WRONG DIRECTION
UP CEDAR ROAD AND CIRCLE BACK TO WOODLAND - FOUR CAR
LENGTHS BEHIND THE SUSPECT. THEY BOTH SMILE AS FREEBIE
PULLS DOWN THE BABY SHOES AROUND THE MIRROR AND THROWS
A BOX OF KLEENEX ON THE DASHBOARD AS HE JUMPS IN THE
BACK SEAT...BUT THEN AS WE SAID EARLIER - HE'S A
PROFESSIONAL. HE AIN'T BUYIN' IT. HE HANGS A LEFT. THERE'S

A LADY IN THE CROSS WALK THEY CAN'T GET THROUGH.

FREEBIE YELLS -

FREEBIE

MOVE IT!

THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC IS NOW WORKING AGAINST THEM. THE SUSPECT IN THE TORINO IS SPINNING SIDEWAYS DOWN EUCLID AVENUE.....THE CHASE IS BEGINNING.....FREEBIE PULLS HIS GUN TO HALT THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC. JUST AS THEY MAKE THE TURN THEY SEE THE SUSPECT HEADING FOR A SEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL RIDING A BICYCLE-

FREEBIE

STOP! STOP! WE'RE POLICE!
MOVE IT, DUMMY! BACK IT UP! DO
SOMETHIN' NOW!

THE SUSPECT HITS THE LITTLE GIRL. WHACK! EVERYTHING STOPS - INCLUDING FREEBIE AND THE BEAN. EVEN IF THEY COULD HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH THE CROWD SURROUNDING THE LITTLE GIRL THE SUSPECT WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY..... HE HAD A FOUR BLOCK HEAD START.

twenty-one or bust

EXTERIOR - DAY - EUCLID AND BROADWAY - PUSSYCAT A-GO-GO
FOUR BLACK AND WHITES PULLING UP - FRONT DOOR - BACK
DOOR - SIDE DOOR...IT'S A RAID. FREEBIE AND THE BEAN
LEAD THE PARADE THROUGH THIS "DUKE'S MIXTURE" OF TITS
AND ASS. THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE BACK ROOM.

DAY MANAGER

Freebie, what's goin' on?

FREEBIE

Hit 'em, this is business.

THE LITTLE GUY AT THE BACK DOOR MOVES OUT OF THE WAY
AS THE BAND COMES MARCHING THROUGH.

FREEBIE

Everybody up. This is a raid!

THE MUMBLINGS OF DISCONTENT ARE HEARD LOUDEST FROM THE
DEALER.

BEAN

Hey, you! Shut up and grab the wall!

BEAN

Hey, buddy, you dropped your
Derringer...you, meathead, I'm
talkin' to you. Let's move it,
pick your gun up.

CARD PLAYER

Ain't mine, boss.

BEAN

Come on, don't jack me off, pick
it up...PICK IT UP OR YOU'RE GONNA
EAT IT.

CARD PLAYER

Okay, okay...but it ain't mine.

GUY STARTS TO PICK IT UP WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

BEAN

Put that back in your pocket. I
don't want to see it again unless
you're gonna BLOW YOUR NOSE.

FREEBIE STARES AT THE DEALER AND TURNS OVER THE DECK...
FIVE ACES ARE ON THE BOTTOM.

FREEBIE

That's cute...that's really cute.

FREEBIE (CONT'D).

Get 'em out of here. Everybody's
goin' down town...no, you're stayin'.

AS THEY LEAVE THE DOOR IS CLOSED. THREE PEOPLE ARE LEFT,
FREEBIE, THE BEAN AND "MICHIGAN PHIL'S" BUDDY. HE'S
STRETCHED AGAINST THE WALL AS THEY KICK HIS LEGS BACK.

FREEBIE

Where's Phil Menta?

DEALER

I don't have to talk to you. You
been readin' too many funny books.

FREEBIE

You don't have to WHAT? LISTEN
ASSHOLE, YOU'RE BOUGHT AND PAID
FOR. YOU'RE GOIN' TO JAIL.

THE BEAN KICKS BOTH HIS FEET OUT FROM UNDER HIM AND
AS HE COMES CRASHING TO THE FLOOR, FREEBIE REPEATS.

FREEBIE

NOW, WHERE'S YOUR BUDDY?

DEALER

I don't know any Phil Menta.

WHACK! BEAN PUTS HIS FOOT IN THE DEALER'S CROTCH.

FREEBIE

He knows you.

SILENCE. THE BEAN PLANTS HIS RIGHT FOOT ON THE DEALER'S HEAD, GRABS HIS TIE WITH BOTH HANDS AND PULLS THE TWO AGAINST EACH OTHER.

FREEBIE

Having trouble remembering?

DEALER

I don't know.

(in pain)

He's a bowler...he bowls a lot.

THE BEAN LETS GO AND AS THE TWO WALK OVER TO THE TABLE - STEPS ON BOTH HIS HANDS. FREEBIE TAKES THE MONEY THAT'S ON THE TABLE - MAYBE A THOUSAND DOLLARS - AND STICKS IT IN HIS POCKET.

INT. - POLICE CAR - LATE AFTERNOON - SUPERIOR AND EUCLID,
EAST CLEVELAND

TWO BLACK GUYS ARE BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE TO A WHITE
OWNER'S DEPARTMENT STORE. THE MANAGER, A LITTLE HEBE,
IS ASKING THEM TO MOVE. THEY ARE REFUSING.

FIRST BLACK GUY

We ain't movin', Jack. This a free
country...now what you gonna do?

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN STOP THEIR CAR, WALK OVER TO THE
SCENE AND CHECK OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING.

BEAN

Why don't ya do what he says,
spook.

SECOND BLACK GUY

Who are you?

BEAN

I'm the big bad wolf and I'm gonna
eat you, that's who...NOW MOVE IT!

FREEBIE

You're bogeying with the heat,
jackoff. Get 'em clickin'....
NOW.

THEY GET BACK INTO THE CAR AND CRUISE UP SUPERIOR.
FREEBIE'S THINKING. THE CAR RADIO COMES ON.

RADIO (V.O.)

Car 13...Car One-Three. Information
regarding little girl in hit-run
accident this morning...dead on
arrival...multiple concussions.
Sorry. Ten-Four.

FREEBIE TAKES THE THOUSAND OR SO DOLLARS OUT OF HIS
POCKET...THE MONEY FROM THE CARD GAME...STICKS IT INTO
AN ENVELOPE AND SEALS IT.

FREEBIE

Give it to the little girl's mother.
Tell her the people in the
neighborhood took up a collection.

BEAN NODS...

DISSOLVE

NEWBURG HEIGHTS - BAR INT. - FREEBIE AND BEAN FINISH
DRINK AND WALK OUTSIDE.

BEAN

Wanna go home?

FREEBIE NODS -- THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER.

FREEBIE

Ever do any bowlin'?

DISSOLVE

SEVEN HILLS BOWL....NEWBURG LANES....CLEVELAND
TWNETY-FOUR HOUR BOWL....IT'S GETTING LATE. THEY
PULL UP TO THE PHONE BOOTH ON EUCLID AND 105TH.

BEAN

(into radio mike)
Give us a call at station five.

GETS OUT OF THE CAR - TEN SECONDS LATER THE PHONE BOOTH
RINGS.

BEAN

We're dry here. We're packin' it in.
Okay, see ya in the morning.

DISSOLVE

FREEBIE'S DRIVING HOME AND STOPS FOR COFFEE AT WOODMERE
LANES. HE'S ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN HE SEES "MICHIGAN PHIL"
ENTER THE FRONT DOOR. HE IMMEDIATELY TURNS AND ORDERS
ANOTHER COFFEE.

OLD WAITER

You're never gonna sleep.

FREEBIE

Just fill it up.

"MICHIGAN PHIL" PASSES THE COFFEE COUNTER AND WALKS
UP TO THE SHOE COUNTER.

"MICHIGAN PHIL"

Got a size ten?

COUNTER MAN

Yes sir.

"MICHIGAN PHIL" TAKES THEM AND HEADS TO THE MEN'S
ROOM. INSIDE HE CHANGES SHOES. OUTSIDE - FREEBIE
WAITS. "MICHIGAN PHIL" WASHES HIS HANDS AND COMBS
HIS HAIR. OUTSIDE - FREEBIE WAITS. ALL THE JOHNS ARE
PAY TOILETS AND MICHIGAN PHIL REACHES IN HIS POCKET FOR
CHANGE AND DOESN'T HAVE ANY...BUT THEN IT DOESN'T
MATTER. HE'S IN THERE ALONE. HE LOOKS AROUND - SMILES
AND CRAWLS UNDER. FREEBIE'S TIRED OF WAITING. HE WALKS
INSIDE AND LOOKS BOTH WAYS. THE JOINT IS EMPTY. EXCEPT
FOR TWO SIZE TEN BOWLING SHOES HALF WAY DOWN, STICKING

OUT FROM UNDER A PAY TOILET WHICH READS "VACANT"
FREEBIE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET FOR A NICKEL AND
SMILES. SOMETIMES REVENGE IS CHEAP. AS HE INSERTS
THE NICKEL WITH HIS LEFT HAND - HIS RIGHT IS HOLDING
HIS .38 SNUB-NOSE. "MICHIGAN PHIL" REACHES FOR HIS GUN
WHICH HE MOVED TO HIS JACKET POCKET EARLIER....BOWLING,
YOU KNOW. THE JACKET IS HANGING ON THE DOOR. HE DROPS
THE GUN TO THE FLOOR IN HIS HURRY. HE REACHES DOWN
FOR IT...TOO LATE. LOOKING UP FROM HIS TOILET SEAT,
THE SNUB-NOSE .38 SAYS "HELLO". WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!
THE NOISE OUTSIDE IN THE BOWLING ALLEY REMAINS CONSTANT.
THE DOOR OF THE PAY TOILET CLOSES. IT READS "OCCUPIED".

DISSOLVE

heading east

GASON IS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE HOOKER AS WE PAN
THROUGH THE GREYHOUND BUS STATION AT NINE P.M. WITH
A BAG OF SANDWICHES AS A FAREWELL PRESENT, THE
SHORT-LIVED ROMANCE IS OVER. HE HEADS TOWARD AN
EMPTY SEAT NEXT TO A FASHIONABLE, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.
THE OLD HOOKER EYES TWO SAILORS. HER WORK IS OVER.
HIS IS JUST BEGINNING. THE BUS IS HEADED FOR CLEVELAND,
OHIO.

DISSOLVE

sorry I missed dinner

INTERIOR - FREEBIE'S GIRLFRIEND'S APARTMENT -
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS -

LOUISE, A SCHOOL TEACHER, IS ASLEEP ON THE COUCH
WATCHING TEST PATTERNS. DINNER WAS THREE HOURS
EARLIER. FREEBIE SLIPS IN AND TURNS OFF THE TV.
LOUISE WAKES UP.

FREEBIE

Hi, Sweetheart. I'm sorry I missed
dinner.

LOUISE

You want a drink?

FREEBIE

Yeah, that'd be great.

LOUISE WALKS TOWARD THE BEDROOM AND JUST BEFORE SHE SLAMS
THE DOOR...

LOUISE

Fix it yourself.

DISSOLVE - FREEBIE AND LOUISE IN BED. - PHONE RINGS

INTERIOR - MORNING

FREEBIE

Hello...hello...yeah.

ROSEN

Hey, you know that guy, "Michigan Phil"...WELL, SOMEBODY BLEW HIM UP IN THE SHITTER AT THE BOWLING ALLEY...

FREEBIE

What?

ROSEN

That's right! SOMEBODY DUSTED HIM IN THE CRAPPER.

FREEBIE PAUSES AND SMILES BEFORE HE ANSWERS.

FREEBIE

NO SHIT!

DISSOLVE

playing the game

PEPPER PIKE COUNTRY CLUB IS WEST OF THE LAKE. THE
MAN TEEING OFF ON THE SEVENTH HOLE IS WEARING THE SAME
KNIGHT'S OF COLUMBUS RING WE SAW EARLIER AND HE HAS THE
SAME RASPY VOICE. THE PERSON HE'S TALKING TO IS
RECOGNIZABLE ALSO - IT'S DETECTIVE HARVEY ROSEN...GUESS
WHO'S A BAD COP...

ROSEN

Tippy Maroon told 'em about the
contract and somebody dumped Phil
last night in the bowling alley.

VOICE

That's alright we've got a back-up.
But Tippy Maroon, huh? Funny,
he called me about some scotch last
week...think I should try a seven iron?

DISSOLVE WITH LONG SHOT

EXTERIOR - INTERIOR - BURKE LAKE FRONT AIRPORT

FOLLOW BROWN ALLIGATOR SHOES TO OVER NIGHT LOCKER
WHERE HE REMOVES SUITCASE. PICKS UP ENVELOPE AT FRONT
DESK - TAKES OUT CASH - CAR KEYS - AND NOTE DESCRIBING
WHERE CAR IS PARKED.- RED AND WHITE FORD STATION WAGON.

THE KEYS UNLOCK THE CAR AND WE SEE THE BROWN ALLIGATOR
SHOES GET INSIDE. HE OPENS THE SUITCASE AND INSIDE WE
FIND A WINCHESTER 30/30 WITH TELESCOPIC SIGHT AND A
.32 REVOLVER AND SILENCER. GUESS WHO THE BROWN ALLIGATOR
SHOES IS?

DISSOLVE

HEADING EAST ON SUPERIOR...FREEBIE AND THE BEAN CONTINUE
SURVEILLANCE...THE PRESSURE IS STARTING TO GET TO THEM...
THE OLD MAN COULD GET HIT ANYTIME...A YEAR'S WORK OUT THE
WINDOW...THEY ALMOST LOSE HIM IN THE TRAFFIC...HOWEVER HE
STOPS FOR A DOG IN THE STREET AND THEY CATCH UP...BEAN SMILES
AND LOOKS AT FREEBIE...

BEAN

Relax...remember, we're the good guys.

FREEBIE

Yeah....

DISSOLVE

the daily routine

EXTERIOR - ITALIAN NEIGHBORHOOD - VINCE'S TAILOR SHOP

FREEBIE IS READING THE SPORTS SECTION - BEAN IS DRIVING
THEY ARE AT EUCLID AND 104TH.

BEAN

Think there's a back-up man.

FREEBIE

Probably. But I don't think he'll
get with it till tomorrow. Go up
to the phone booth at 105th and Euclid...
(he picks up radio mike)
Give me a call at station five. Let's
get Rosen and Smith out to the airport.

AS THEY PULL UP TO THE PHONE BOOTH AT 105TH AND EUCLID,
FOUR OR FIVE YOUNG BLACK KIDS ARE STANDING AROUND THE PHONE
BOOTH. FREEBIE WINKS TO BEAN..... HE GETS OUT. HE PULLS
HIS WRISTWATCH TO HIS MOUTH. HE STANDS IN THE CENTER
OF THE FIVE KIDS NEAR THE PHONE BOOTH.

FREEBIE

(into wristwatch)

Give me a call, Chief, at 105th and Euclid.

HE WAITS FIVE SECONDS AND THE PHONE RINGS. HE PICKS UP THE RECEIVER AND SPEAKS AS THE FIVE BLACK KIDS WALK AWAY MUMBLING.

BLACK KIDS

D'you see dat...I seen it. You better b'lieve it. That White Dick's got a radio on his hand. Y'know what nobody gonna b'lieve it.

FREEBIE

You want to get Rosen and Smith out at the airport and see if they got anybody else in on this.

CAPTAIN

Rosen's been out there all day. He's got it covered. Smith's off today.

FREEBIE

Okay.

JUST AS HE HANGS UP THE PHONE THE BEAN SMILING, TAKES A CHERRY BOMB OUT OF HIS POCKET - LIGHTS IT AND TOSSES IT NEXT TO THE PHONE BOOTH. FREEBIE COMES OUT CHARGING WITH HIS GUN IN HIS HAND. THE BEAN IS LAUGHING.

FREEBIE

That's cute... really cute.

AND INDICATES WITH HIS HAND THAT THE BEAN CAN STICK
IT IN HIS EAR ANY TIME.

CUT TO ONE STORY DENTAL BUILDING - UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS

PARKING LOT SEPARATES THE DENTAL BUILDING FROM THE REST
OF THE SHOPPING MALL - RED MEYERS CAR PULLS UP IN FRONT.
PICKING UP THE REAR ARE FREEBIE AND THE BEAN. THE
PARKING LOT BEHIND THE BUILDING IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR TWO
CADILLACS WITH MD LICENSE PLATES AND A RED AND WHITE
FORD STATION WAGON.

INTERIOR - DR. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE

RECEPTIONIST

You can come right in Mr. Meyers.

HE IS FOLLOWED BY HIS BODYGUARD, WHO SMILES AT THE
RECEPTIONIST. IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM DOWN THE HALL
A MAN IS SLIPPING INTO A WHITE ATTENDENT'S UNIFORM.
HE IS WEARING BROWN ALLIGATOR SHOES.

HE STARTS TO WALK TOWARD THE OFFICE.

EXTERIOR - DENTAL OFFICE - POLICE CAR

FREEBIE

What time is it?

BEAN

(looks at wrist)
I don't know, I think one of the
tubes is burned out.

FREEBIE

C'mon, what time is it?

BEAN

Almost lunch.

FREEBIE

Almost lunch! What's that s'pposed
to mean.

INTERIOR - DR. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE

A MAN STARTS TO ENTER THE OFFICE CARRYING A BUNDLE OF
HAND TOWELS.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, you can't go in there.

HE CONTINUES WALKING - OPENS DOOR- DROPS TOWELS
TO REVEAL .32 REVOLVER WITH SILENCER. HE TAKES
AIM. RECEPTIONIST SCREAMS. DOCTOR LOOKS UP.
NURSE TURNS. GUN FIRES.

WHAM!

NURSE FALLS. BODYGUARD PULLS OUT .45.

WHAM! WHAM!

BODYGUARD IS HIT TWICE IN UPPER CHEST BUT FIRES .45
ONCE AS HE KICKS DOOR CLOSED.

WHAM!

ASSASIN IS HIT IN UPPER LEG. RECEPTIONIST ON PHONE
DIALING POLICE. ASSASIN FIRES AGAIN.

WHAM! WHAM!

SHE DROPS PHONE AS SHE FALLS INTO WALL. ASSAILANT CLIMBS
OUT BACK WINDOW AND HEADS ACROSS THE PARKING LOT - LEAVING
A TRAIL OF RED. FREEBIE AND THE BEAN CHARGE THE FRONT
DOOR. BURST IN. AND ENTERING WAITING ROOM - FIND THAT
THE RECEPTIONIST IS DEAD. THE BODYGUARD IS ON THE FLOOR
THE DOCTOR HAS PROPPED A PILLOW UNDER HIS HEAD AND THE
NURSE IS SITTING IN THE CHAIR IN HYSTERICS. HER WHITE
UNIFORM IS SPRINKLED IN RED. SHE WAS HIT IN THE RIGHT ARM.

BUT RED MEYERS IS ALIVE AND WELL...THANK GOD! EVEN
IF HE IS PANIC STRICKEN.

FREEBIE

She's dead.

BEAN NODS. ALREADY ON A PHONE CALLING THE STATION.

FREEBIE

How did he get in here?

DENTIST

Walked in carrying those towels.

FREEBIE

How did he get here so fast?

BEAN

He's a professional.....Does this
look like amateurs?

TWO BLACK AND WHITES ROLL IN AND FREEBIE AND THE BEAN
HELP THE NURSE,- THE DENTIST AND THE BODYGUARD INTO
THEIR POLICE CAR. THE BEAN IS DRIVING....THEY ALL
HEAD FOR UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL.

BEAN

We'll be there in two minutes.
Just hold on.

FREEBIE

What did he look like?

BODYGUARD

He was wearing white. All white.
Looked like a doctor.

DENTIST

He was carrying towels.

NURSE

Yes, he was carrying towels.

FREEBIE

What'd he look like?

BODYGUARD

They brought him in from out of town.

BEAN

We had the airport covered.

BODYGUARD

Not good enough.

FREEBIE

What kinda gun was it?

BODYGUARD

.32, I think. Smith and Wesson revolver,
silencer.

FREEBIE

You want a smoke?

DENTIST

He shouldn't smoke.

FREEBIE

What 're you a doctor...or dentist.

RADIO COMES ON IN CAR "SUSPECT INVOLVED IN SHOOTING AT
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS SHOPPING MALL IS NOW BLOCKED OFF IN
SOUTH SIDE OF SHOPPING CENTER. SECURITY GUARD SHOT FOUR
TIMES. SUSPECT EXTREMELY DANGEROUS."

FREEBIE

Stop the car.

FREEBIE STOPS A CAB AND PULLS THE PASSENGER OUT.

FREEBIE

C'mon this is the police. Get out!
Take these people to the hospital.

CAB DRIVER

I got a fare. He's gonna get blood
all over my seat!

FREEBIE

Do what I tell ya...AND SHUT UP.

HELPING THE NURSE AND BODYGUARD INTO THE CAB, THE
DENTIST STARTS TO BITCH.

DENTIST

You really shouldn't do this.

FREEBIE

What 're you a doctor?...or a dentist?
Get in the cab.
(to the cab driver)
Get outta here.

CUT - UNIVERSITY SHOPPING CENTER - SOUTHSIDE

THIRTY POLICE HAVE BLOCKED OFF AREA. WALKIE-TALKIES
AND THE CROWDS ARE NOW JOINED BY FREEBIE AND THE BEAN.

AN AMBULANCE IS TAKING AWAY THE DEAD SECURITY OFFICER.
FREEBIE APPROACHES A BLACK AND WHITE.

BLACK AND WHITE

He's in that area somewhere, Sergeant.
I don't think he slipped through.

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN START WALKING AROUND. THE BEAN
GOES INSIDE A BIG DEPARTMENT STORE. FREEBIE GOES TO
THE SOUTHWEST END - A SAVE-ON FOOD COMPANY. IN LONG
SHOT WE SEE HIM ASK THE STORE MANAGER SOMETHING AND
THEN HE SHAKES HIS HEAD. THEN A STOCK BOY - HE TOO
SHAKES HIS HEAD. AS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE ELECTRIC
EYE OPENS THE "OUT" DOOR. HE LOOKS DOWN AND SEES
FRESH BLOOD...ON THE "IN" DOOR. HE TURNS AROUND -
REACHES IN AND UNSNAPS THE HOLSTER ON HIS GUN.
THE GAME STARTS. HE'S WALKING DOWN AISLES...LOOKING.

CUT - WE SEE BLOOD COMING FROM A WHITE PANT LEG, WHICH
IS BEING SUPPORTED BY BROWN ALLIGATOR SHOES.

WE PAN UP AND SEE A WHITE MEATCUTTERS JACKET AND A
FRESH CUT SIDE OF BEEF HIDING THE OPEN WOUND.

WE ARE IN THE BIG MEAT FREEZER AND THE CAMERA IS MOVING ALONG SIDES OF BEEF HANGING ON HOOKS. IT STOPS AND GOES BACK IN BETWEEN TWO SIDES OF BEEF. THERE IS A HUMAN BODY HANGING ON A HOOK. THE DOOR TO THE FREEZER OPENS AND THE BROWN ALLIGATOR SHOES EXIT CARRYING THE BEEF AND A MEAT CLEAVER. STANDING ON A PLATFORM ABOUT SIX FEET ABOVE THE EXIT DOOR HE IS CONTENT TO WAIT IT OUT. BUT THEN...FREEBIE WALKS IN. STANDS DIRECTLY UNDER HIM. HE LETS GO OF THE SIDE OF BEEF AND HITS FREEBIE DIRECTLY ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD. HE BEGINS TO KICK THE SHIT OUT OF FREEBIE WHEN HE HEARS THE MEAT TRUCK START ITS ENGINE. HE RUNS - OPENS THE BACK DOOR - GETS INSIDE AND CLOSES IT JUST AS IT DRIVES AWAY.

CUT

FREEBIE IS LEAVING THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE WITH BEAN. EVEN THOUGH IT WAS QUICK HE GOT KICKED AROUND PRETTY GOOD.

BEAN

Got a call from a doctor in Newburg Heights. Says he pulled a .45 slug out of a guy's leg, while the guy held a meat cleaver on him.

FREEBIE

Let's go.

INTERIOR - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NEWBURG HEIGHTS

FREEBIE

How would you describe him, Doctor?

DOCTOR

I told the other officers everything.
I don't see why I have to repeat it.

BEAN

Just want to go over it. Maybe
you'll remember something different.

DOCTOR

No. That's everything.

FREEBIE

Next time a guy like this comes in,
why don't you give him a sleepin'
pill or somethin'? Knock him out and
call us to come over.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AMAZED. CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE'S
JUST HEARD.

DOCTOR

Are you kidding? Have him
come back here and shoot me?
Get out of here, will you.
I'm busy.

FREEBIE

Look, Birdbrain. This Schmuck
killed three people today.

DOCTOR

My brother-in-law is in the city
council...don't lay a hand on me.

BEAN

C'mon, Freebie. Let's go.

INTERIOR - INTELLIGENCE BUREAU - FREEBIE AND BEAN
ARE BOTH TYPING REPORTS. ROSEN BRINGS BY COFFEE.

ROSEN

Sorry, about what happened.

FREEBIE

So are we.

DETECTIVE OPENS DOOR AND ADDRESSES FREEBIE AND THE
BEAN.

DETECTIVE

Cap'n wants to see both of you right
now.

INTERIOR - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN

Look, you know I've got enough problems
with Red Meyers attorney. His next door
neighbor has said that you destroyed
\$800 worth of flowers during a wrestling
match you guys had the other night --
or to be exact four in the morning...
and you spread his garbage all over his
sidewalk. I know it gets lonesome out
there, but do me a favor, will ya?....
Don't go jackin' up some doctor in
Newburg Heights. Especially one who's
brother is on the city council. Okay?
Both of you take twenty-four hours off.
Don't answer! Just take twenty-four
hours off.

EXTERIOR - FIFTH PRECINCT - FREEBIE AND BEAN ARE LEAVING
AS TWO YOUNG FAGGOTS ARE BEING ESCORTED UP THE STEPS.
ONE OF THEM ADDRESSES BEAN.

FAGGOT

What sign are you?

BEAN

What the fuck's the difference,
you asshole?

CUT

you're all wet

ON THE WAY HOME CRUISING SHAKER HEIGHTS

THEY COULDN'T RESIST ONE MORE LOOK.

FREEBIE

Any word on Motley?

BEAN

No..... He'll be here Monday.

FREEBIE

He better be.

AS THEY CRUISE BY THE HOUSE, THEY DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE
WHAT THEY SEE. THE BODYGUARD IS PUTTING LUGGAGE IN
THE TRUNK OF THE LTD.

FREEBIE

WHAT'S HE DOING!

BEAN

Looks like he's going somewhere.

FREEBIE

OH SHIT! Go to a phone booth. Let's give
him a stiff call.

INTERIOR - PHONE BOOTH - DRUG STORE - SHAKER HEIGHTS

FREEBIE HAS THREE FINGERS OVER THE PHONE - BEAN IS
STANDING NEXT TO HIM EATING AN ICECREAM CONE.

BEAN

Want some?

FREEBIE

Shhh.....it's ringing....Hi, is Red there?
RED, how goes it? ... This is Jimmy Shine,
I just got in from the coast....oh yeah, the
weather is great, it's a lot like Miami. I
get to Vegas a lot...No, I got a cold. Listen,
I was thinking we could get together tomorrow,
if you weren't doing anything.

RED

Gee, I'd like to see you Jimmy, but there's
a lot of heat on right now. I'm going down to
Miami for a couple of days...

FREEBIE HAS THE FEAR OF GOD ON HIS FACE. HE PANTOMINES
TO BEAN "He's going to Miami"...

FREEBIE

Miami, huh...what you going to do down there?

RED

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO DOWN THERE...WHO THE

RED (continued)

HELL IS THIS!

FREEBIE GRITS HIS TEETH AS HE SPEAKS AND THEN HANGS UP PHONE.

FREEBIE

KISS MY ASS!

EXTERIOR - RED MEYERS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

BEAN IS SITTING IN CAR AND SIGNALS WITH HAND ... "GO" ...

FREEBIE RUNS FROM BEHIND BUSH TO REAR OF LTD. TAKES OUT AN ICEPICK AND STICKS IT INTO REAR TIRE, MAKING THREE SMALL HOLES. HE THEN RUNS BACK TO BUSH. IT IS QUITE A DISTANCE FROM THE BUSH TO THE STREET AND HE HAS TO WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL TO GET BACK TO THE CAR.

RED MEYERS, ...CHAUFFER, AND BODYGUARD OPEN FRONT DOOR AND WALK TOWARDS CAR. RED MEYERS LOOKS AROUND, THEN SPEAKS.

RED

Things are getting a little dry. (to chauffer)
Turn the sprinklers on...leave 'em run til you
get back from the airport.

CHAUFFER TURNS ON WATER - EVERYTHING GETS WET...EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY.

RED

Come on, let's go.

AS CAR PULLS OUT OF SIGHT, BEAN SIGNALS TO FREEBIE, THE COAST IS CLEAR. FREEBIE, DRENCHED AS HE ENTERS CAR, IS VERY RISSED OFF AS HE SPEAKS.

FREEBIE

THAT ASSHOLE!

DISSOLVE

INNERBELT FREEWAY - EARLY EVENING, RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC. THE LTD IS PULLED OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE FREEWAY... WITH FLAT TIRE. THE BODYGUARD IS CHANGING IT AS FREEBIE AND THE BEAN PASS BY...WET BUT SMILING.

DISSOLVE

BURKE LAKE FRONT AIRPORT - FREEBIE, BEAN, RED MEYERS, BODYGUARD AND CHAUFFER ALL SCATTERED ABOUT.

RED

Let's just check and see. Sometimes there's a delay.

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN AT TWA INFORMATION DESK.

BEAN

WHAT DO YA MEAN THERE'S A DELAY!

TWA INFORMATION PHONE.

BODYGUARD

There's been a delay

RED MEYERS SMILES.

TWA INFORMATION DESK....FREEBIE FROWNS. THEY BOTH HEAD
FOR PAY PHONE.

FREEBIE

Operator...airport security please...
This is an emergency.

FREEBIE SMILES...AND WINKS AT THE BEAN.

FREEBIE

Airport security? I want to report an attempted
highjacking. It's on flight 213...to Miami.
That's right, the one that's delayed. The high-
jacker's name is Red Meyers....Red Meyers...

FREEBIE (continued)

He's old and he's traveling with an accomplice.
GET EM BOTH.

AIRPORT SECURITY

Who am I speaking to?

CLICK...

AS RED MEYERS AND THE BODYGUARD ARE TAKEN OUT OF LINE
AND SEARCHED...AND QUESTIONED...THE FLIGHT FOR MIAMI
TAKES OFF....WITHOUT THEM.

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

Flight 213 for Miami has departed.

RED MEYERS AND BODYGUARD ARE RELEASED LOOKING VERY PISSED
OFF AS THEY HEAD TOWARD PARKING LOT. CAMERA PANS TO
FREEBIE AND BEAN IN AIRPORT BAR.

BEAN

You gonna pay for these?

FREEBIE

Yeah, I think I better.

THEY BOTH SMILE.....

DISSOLVE

still headin' east

EXT. GALESBURG, ILLINOIS - GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - DUSK
WE WATCH BUS PULL AWAY AND ONTO HIGHWAY.

CUT

INT. GREYHOUND BUS

BUS DRIVER

We'll be arriving in Chicago
in two hours and fifty-one
minutes...so relax and enjoy
the ride.

PAN BACK TO GASON AND HIS NEW-FOUND MATE, A FIFTY-YEAR
OLD, ONE-TIME SPANISH HOT-ROD...HOWEVER, THE FLAME
HASN'T QUITE DIED...AT LEAST NOT FOR GASON.

GASON

When we get to Chicago, why don't
we stop and have a cornbeef
sandwich....did I ever tell you
about the time I was the private
secretary for the Governor of
Arizona? As you know, the state
is famous for the Legend of the
Lost Dutchman Mine...I'm sure
you'll recall its location is
in the Superstition Mountains.

DISSOLVE

you speak my language

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CENTRAL CLEVELAND - CHESTER & EAST 9TH

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN HAVE JUST FINISHED SUPPER. BEAN OFFERS FREEBIE A PIECE OF JUICY FRUIT GUM. HOWEVER, FREEBIE'S ATTENTION IS ON THE WAITRESS.

BEAN

Wanna stick of this?

FREEBIE

Nope...but I'd like to stick it in that.

BEAN

(smiling)

With that little worm you got?

FREEBIE

What the hell you mean "little"...
I ain't heard no complaints.

BEAN

You may not've.....but I have.

FREEBIE

You kiss my ass...Here, you can pay this.

BEAN

Well, if it gets paid, I'll be the only one to do it.

FREEBIE SMILES AS THEY WALK TO THE COUNTER. THEY PAY THE CHECK AND STROLL OUTSIDE TO THE STOOP. IT'S ALMOST DARK AND THE TRAFFIC IN THE BIG CITY IS BACKING UP, ESPECIALLY ACROSS THE STREET. IT'S THE TERMINAL FOR THE RED AND WHITE CAB COMPANY, AND THEY'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A SHIFT CHANGE. THE WINDOWED OFFICE IS FACING THEM. THE BLINDS GO DOWN...FUNNY, THERE'S NO SUNLIGHT. BUT BEFORE THE SHADES CAN CLOSE, FREEBIE TAPS BEAN AND POINTS.

FREEBIE

Look what's goin' on across the street.

BEAN

Looks like we got a stick-up.

BEFORE THE BLINDS ARE CLOSED, THEIR SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED. TWO OLD MEN IN WHITE SHIRTS HAVE THEIR HANDS

RAISED ABOVE THEIR HEADS. BEAN REACHES INTO THE CAR RADIO.

BEAN

Car 13...Car One-Three. Got a robbery in progress. Red and White Cab Company. Chester and East 9th. Give us some help. Ten-Four.

THEY BEND DOWN AND CHECK THEIR GUNS. FREEBIE'S TWO 38'S ARE FULL AND READY TO GO. BEAN'S 38 BERETTA HAS NOW BEEN JOINED BY HIS REPAIRED 25 BERETTA.

FREEBIE

Let's go.

THEY APPROACH THE CAB COMPANY. THE OFFICE DOOR IS PART FROSTED GLASS, BUT THE CORNERS ARE CLEAR. YOU CAN SEE THROUGH TO THE OTHER DOOR AND BACK.

FREEBIE

I'm gonna go around to the door in back. When I get there, I'll stick a book of matches underneath the door. You can see it from here. You bang on the door and make a lot of noise. Get 'em lookin' this way. I'll come in from the back and get the drop on 'em, okay?

BEAN

Yeah, go ahead....Hey, Freebie...

FREEBIE

Yeah?

BEAN

Watch yourself.

FREEBIE NODS AND TAKES OFF FOR THE BACK. BEAN STOPS
A CAB DRIVER.

BEAN

Gimme your hat and jacket.

CAB DRIVER

What for?

BEAN

Do what I say. I'm a cop. And
keep everybody away from the
door. There's a robbery goin'
on in there.

THE BEAN WATCHES AS FREEBIE GETS BACK THERE AND SLIPS
THE MATCHES UNDERNEATH THE DOOR...HE WAITS A SECOND,
THEN BEGINS BANGING ON DOOR AND YELLING.

BEAN

HARRY...LEMME IN HERE! THAT
METER'S JAMMED UP AGAIN, I'M
GETTIN' TIRED OF THIS CRAP.
COME ON, HARRY, LEMME IN, I'M
GONNA BREAK DOWN THIS DOOR!

THEY OPEN THE DOOR AND BEAN SEES TWO PUERTO RICANS WITH
HANDGUNS. THEY MOTION FOR HIM TO GET AGAINST THE WALL
AND PUT HIS HANDS UP. JUST AS HE DOES, THE OTHER DOOR
SWINGS OPEN AND WE HEAR FREEBIE YELL WITH A GUN IN EACH
HAND.

FREEBIE

All right, drop 'em, assholes.

ONE OF THE PUERTO RICANS DOES...AND ONE OF THEM DOESN'T.
THE ONE WHO DOESN'T GRABS THE OLD MAN AND STICKS THE GUN
IN HIS EAR. NO ONE MOVES. THE PUERTO RICAN STARES.
BEAN IS STANDING DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM, WITH BOTH PUERTO
RICANS FACING FREEBIE. HE PULLS OUT HIS 38 AND STICKS
THE BARREL INTO THE EAR OF THE PUERTO RICAN, HOLDING
THE GUN IN THE EAR OF THE OLD MAN...

BEAN

APRIL FOOL, MOTHER-FUCKER!

THE PUERTO RICAN PUTS HIS GUN DOWN AND TURNS, WONDERING
WHAT CAB COMPANY THIS GUY WORKS FOR.

OUTSIDE THE CAB COMPANY, A THIRD PUERTO RICAN LOOKS THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE WINDOW, SEES WHAT'S HAPPENING AND TAKES OFF RUNNING.

FREEBIE

Lay down on the floor, both of you...no, face down, meathead.

BEAN

That's the look-out. I'm goin' after him...

FREEBIE

Go ahead...hey...watch yourself.

THE FOOT CHASE STARTS. IT'S SIX O'CLOCK, THERE'S A LOT OF TRAFFIC. A GUY CUTS ACROSS THE STREET, ALMOST GETTING HIT. BEAN DOES THE SAME. BEAN LOSES HIM IN THE CROWD. HE WATCHES AND WAITS; HE'S BREATHING HARD. THE GUY HAS IT MADE AND BLOWS IT. HE STARTS RUNNING AGAIN. THE CHASE IS BACK ON. HE ZIPS UP AN ALLEY, KNOCKING OVER GARBAGE CANS AS HE GOES. IT'S DARK. THE BEAN TRIPS AND FALLS. HE GETS UP, HIS JACKET IS TORN. HE LOOKS PISSED. HE HEARS THE GUY MOVE, AND RUNS INTO THE ALLEY. HE SEES THE GUY'S SHADOW BEHIND HIM AND STOPS...BUT IT'S TOO LATE. THE GUY SPEAKS FIRST.

PUERTO RICAN

Pinche tecolete, hijo de una puta,
CABRON!

THE PUERTO RICAN INDICATES FOR BEAN TO DROP HIS GUN AND
GET ON HIS KNEES. AS HE DOES, HE KICKS HIM IN THE FACE.
BEAN SEES THE PUERTO RICAN IS CARRYING A 20-GUAGE
SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN...PISTOL GRIP.

PUERTO RICAN

Mamador de una verga, CABRON!

HE KICKS BEAN AGAIN IN THE RIBS AND INDICATES FOR HIM
TO LIE ON HIS STOMACH, BY PUTTING THE BARREL OF THE GUN
IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

PUERTO RICAN

Hijo de tu torre puta madre porque
no le tega a tu puta madre.

THE PUERTO RICAN TAKES BEAN'S 38 AND STICKS IT TO HIS
HEAD. THE SIREN SOUND IN THE STREET STANDS THE PUERTO
RICAN UP. HE LOOKS BOTH WAYS, KICKS BEAN IN THE EAR,
AND, AS THE BLOOD STARTS TO FLOW,...

PUERTO RICAN

CABRON!

HE RUNS TOWARD THE LIGHT IN THE ALLEYWAY. A BLACK AND WHITE FOOT PATROLMAN CROSSES IN FRONT OF IT. THE PUERTO RICAN RACKS HIS SHOTGUN AND FIRES.

WHOOM!

THE POLICEMAN IS CUT IN HALF. THE BEAN OPENS ONE EYE, BLOOD RUNNING DOWN THE SIDE OF HIS FACE, HIS VISION IS BLURRED. HE SHUTS HIS EYES AND OPENS THEM AGAIN. IT'S CLEAR. HE REACHES IN THE BACK AND GETS HIS SPARE GUN, THE LITTLE FIVE-SHOT 25-CALIBER BERETTA, AND WHISPERS UNDER HIS BREATH BEFORE HE FIRES.

BEAN

Adios, mother-fucker!....

POP...POP...POP...POP...POP...

BEAN RIDES IN THE SAME AMBULANCE WITH THE DEAD POLICEMAN. FREEBIE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND HANDS IT TO HIM. NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING. NO ONE HAS TO. IT'S ALL OVER. THE CROWDS ARE BEING DISPERSED. IT'S NIGHTTIME NOW...

DISSOLVE

try for the green

EXT. PEPPER PIKE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

MAN TEEING OFF ON HOLE 9 HAS THE SAME KNIGHTS OF
COLUMBUS RING WE SAW EARLIER AND HE HAS THE SAME
RASPY VOICE, AND HE'S TALKING TO THE SAME BAD COP.

ROSEN

He missed the hit yesterday.
Killed a nurse. Lot of heat
on.

VOICE

I guess he's trying to earn
his money...think I should use
the four iron?

DISSOLVE

chicken every sunday

INTERIOR - EARLY AFTERNOON - THE BEAN'S HOUSE.

ENJOYING THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON DINNER AND SEATED AT THE TABLE ARE THE BEAN'S WIFE AND TWO SCHOOL-AGED DAUGHTERS, AND HIS WIFE'S MOTHER AND FATHER. HIS FATHER-IN-LAW DRIVES A CAB AND IS SPEAKING.

FATHER-IN-LAW

Everybody was talking about what happened. For once I could make some sense out of what you're doing...You know, Benito, I've got to tell you honestly when you try to catch somebody who runs something like the numbers, I can't agree with you. I bet on them every day myself...it's something I look forward to.

THE TENSION IS FELT AT THE TABLE, BUT THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH IT BEFORE AND NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING.

FATHER-IN-LAW

but when you stop a robbery...now that I understand. OR IF YOU WERE TO CATCH A DOPE PEDDLER...that I could understand too, or all the pornography up on Euclid Avenue... that would make some sense. But the numbers?...

BEAN

Where do you think all the front money for the dope and pornography comes from...HUH!

FATHER-IN-LAW

Benito, you've always got an answer for everything. I don't want to hear it.

BEAN

You don't want to hear it because you don't want to believe it.

FATHER-IN-LAW STARES...

BEAN (continued)

YOU DON'T WANT TO FEEL GUILTY WHEN YOU BET THAT QUARTER TOMORROW MORNING.

MOTHER-IN-LAW

He's right.

THE FATHER-IN-LAW NODS

FATHER-IN-LAW

Would you pass the gravy?

DISSOLVE

dog is man's best friend

INT. CITY DOGPOUND - CLEVELAND - LATE AFTERNOON

GASON HAS ARRIVED IN STYLE -- DRESSED AS THE SUCCESSFUL BIT PLAYER HE IS. THE PEOPLE AT THE CLEVELAND CITY POUND ARE STILL IMPRESSED. HE IS SELECTING A DOG, AND TELLING A FEW TALES. THE DOG HE SELECTED IS A BULL TERRIER.

GASON

And I just feed him anything?

POUND KEEPER

Try and keep the diet balanced...
now will you be taking him back
to Hollywood with you right away?

GASON

Yes, the series starts its 11th
year with me. I've been the private
secretary to the producer since I
returned from South America.
Occasionally I do small parts.
Maybe you've seen me on some of 'em.

POUND KEEPER

I don't think so. I never look at
that thing. But, look, if you're
gonna be traveling with the dog
tomorrow, give him an aspirin right
before you board the plane. It'll
relax him during the flight.

GASON

Yes, I will...thank you very much.
I'll be going out to Shaker Heights
in the morning...could you give me
directions?

POUND KEEPER

Take 87 east all the way...you
can't miss it.

GASON

Thank you very much.
(to the dog)
Come on, boy.

DISSOLVE

call me by my rightful name

INTERIOR - POLICE CAR, FREEBIE AND THE BEAN -
97TH AND EUCLID - CLEVELAND HIGHWAY PATROL PULLS BESIDE
THEM AT RED LIGHT.

FREEBIE

Hey Chippie, what's up?

CHP

Not much...kind of quiet.

FREEBIE

You got a red and white wagon on your hot sheet?

CHP

Yeh...it's from that shootout over at University
Heights.

FREEBIE

He might be around here...

CHP

Think he's still driving it?

FREEBIE

Yeh...he doesn't know its burned. He went back
to the parking lot where he left it...the cleanup
man saw him and broke it for us...

CHP

Could you I.D. it?

FREEBIE

No...it's registered to John Smith...it's a
work car. The outfit got it for him...(smiles)
HE'S IN TOWN ON BUSINESS.

LIGHT CHANGES

CHP

Later.

FREEBIE

Behave yourself.

CUT

IT'S EARLY EVENING WHEN LOUISE, FREEBIE'S GIRLFRIEND,
PULLS INTO HER GARAGE TO PARK HER CAR. IT WORKS WITH
AN ELECTRIC EYE. AS THE GARAGE OPENS, SHE PULLS INSIDE.
HALFWAY IN, SHE STOPS AND LOOKS UP...TIPPY MAROON HAS
BEEN ICEPICKED TO THE FRONT OF THE WALL.

LOUISE

Oh Lord!

DISSOLVE

IT'S AN HOUR LATER AND FREEBIE AND THE BEAN ARE OUTSIDE
THE HOUSE WITH LOUISE.

FREEBIE

Somebody musta burned him...
you want some sleeping pills?

LOUISE

No...I just want to go to sleep.

FREEBIE

Okay, I'll call you later, honey.
This'll all be over tomorrow.

SHE STARES AT HIM, KNOWING THAT IT'S NEVER OVER.

INTERIOR - POLICE CAR - EVENING, WEST ON SUPERIOR
A YOUNG TEENAGER HOT-RODDER AND HIS GIRL FRIEND ARE
RED-LIGHTING FREEBIE AND THE BEAN. HE GOES ON FOR
A COUPLE OF BLOCKS. BOTH OF THEM ARE NOT PAYING ANY
ATTENTION AND THINKING ABOUT WHAT JUST HAPPENED.
FREEBIE LIGHTS A CIGARET AND BEAN DRIVES. THE KID
CONTINUES TO HOT DOG.

BEAN

WHAT'S WITH THAT JACK-OFF?

FREEBIE REACHES INTO GLOVE COMPARTMENT, TAKES OUT RED
LIGHT AND SHINES IT IN THE KIDS FACE. BOTH WINDOWS
ARE DOWN.

FREEBIE

Hey, birdbrain...that's right, I'm talking to
you...WHY DON'T YOU QUIT DRIVING LIKE A MORON?

KID NODS. FREEBIE PUTS AWAY LIGHT.

HOT RODDER

Sorry.

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN CONTINUE TO CRUISE. FREEBIE IS
TENSE. HE FINALLY SPEAKS.

FREEBIE

Any word on Motley?

BEAN

No...but he's coming...don't worry.

FREEBIE

We're going to blow it...I got that feeling.
I want to pick him up...LISTEN, MAYBE WE
OUGHT TO KIDNAP HIM. WE COULD HIDE HIM OUT

BEAN INTERRUPTS

BEAN

Hey, old buddy,...you're getting stir-crazy.
Hang loose...

BEAN SMILES AND WINKS

BEAN

We'll keep him alive

DISSOLVE

everybody needs milk

INT. CHEZ PAREE NIGHT CLUB - 105TH STREET & EUCLID -
THE HEART OF THE JAZZ DISTRICT

THE ROOM IS CROWDED, FULL OF SMOKE AND MUSIC. THE
ROOM HAS AN INTERESTING MIX OF PEOPLE, A LOT OF OUTFIT
HOODS AND VEGAS-TYPE CHICKS SPRINKLED WITH A BUNCH OF
DYKES AND FAGGOTS. THE REASON IS THE SINGER, A SPADE
DYKE NAMED BABE THORNTON, SINGING A HOT LITTLE NUMBER
CALLED "MONA LISA WAS A MAN." ANYWAY, THE ROOM IS
COOKING. RED MEYERS, HIS CHAUFFEUR AND TWO BAG MEN
ARE AT A BIG TABLE NEAR THE STAGE WITH THREE YOUNG
CHICKS. THEY'RE HAVING A LOT OF LAUGHS AND SPENDING
A LOT OF BREAD...SO ARE FREEBIE AND THE BEAN. THEY'RE
AT A CORNER TABLE FULL OF STEAKS AND CHAMPAGNE.

FREEBIE

It's a little rare, huh?

BEAN

No, mine's okay.

BABE THORNTON CONTINUES TO SING.

BEAN

She's good, huh?

FREEBIE

Yeah, but I never did like anybody singing when I was tryin' to eat. Always made me feel self-conscious.

BEAN

Yeah, I know....can you imagine how the singer feels?...want some more champagne?

FREEBIE

Nah, that stuff gives me a buzz. Waiter...give me a beer.

BEAN

Look over there in the corner.

OUR OLD FRIEND ROSEN, THE BAD COP, IS SITTING AT A TABLE WITH SOME PEOPLE HE SHOULDN'T BE WITH.

FREEBIE

Wonder what he's doin' over there.

BEAN

Maybe it's business.

FREEBIE

It better be.

RED MEYERS SPEAKS TO ONE OF THE BAG MEN.

RED

By the way, tell Louis not to meet
us tomorrow...they'll probably still
be following us.

BAG MAN

We could meet somewhere else.

RED

Just go to the station.

CLUB IS FULL OF ACTION...

BABE THORNTON CONTINUES TO SING...ONE OF THE BAG MEN AT RED MEYERS' TABLE SAYS SOMETHING TO THE WAITER AND POINTS TO FREEBIE AND THE BEAN. HE THEN WRITES SOMETHING ON THE BACK OF A CARD AND GIVES IT TO THE WAITER...THE WAITER HEADS FOR THEIR TABLE WITH TWO SCOTCHES ON THE ROCKS, SETS THEM DOWN AND HANDS FREEBIE THE CARD. IT READS "FROM THE BAD GUYS." EVERYONE AT RED MEYERS' TABLE STARTS TO LAUGH. FREEBIE TAKES OUT A CARD, WRITES SOMETHING ON THE BACK OF IT, AND HANDS IT TO THE WAITER....BABE THORNTON CONTINUES TO SING. "MONA LISA WAS A MAN.".....THE WAITER ARRIVES AT RED MEYERS' TABLE, HANDS THE BODYGUARD THE CARD. IT READS "FROM THE GOOD GUYS." HE BEGINS TO PLACE SEVEN GLASSES OF MILK ON THE TABLE. THE BODYGUARD LOOKS A LITTLE PISSED OFF, BUT EVERYBODY ELSE BEGINS TO LAUGH, INCLUDING RED MEYERS...BABE THORNTON FINISHES SINGING, AND MEYERS' TABLE GETS UP TO LEAVE...SO DO FREEBIE AND THE BEAN... THE WAITER COMES OVER WITH THE CHECK.

FREEBIE

What's the matter with you?...
Don't you know who I am?

THE WAITER STARES, FROWNS, SHAKES HIS HEAD NO.

FREEBIE

Send that thing to City Hall...
I'M FREEBIE WATERS...I'M A COP.

OUTSIDE THE TWO LIMOSINES ARE PULLING UP IN FRONT. RED MEYERS AND HIS PARTY START TO ENTER BOTH CARS...

PHEW...PHEW...PHEW...

THE CHAUFFEUR, THE WOMAN WITH RED MEYERS BOTH FALL. ALSO THE FRONT WINDSHIELD IS KNOCKED OUT. PEOPLE SCREAM. FREEBIE JERKS RED MEYERS IN FRONT OF THE OPEN DOOR.

FREEBIE

Don't move...EVERYBODY GET DOWN!

BEAN

I THINK IT CAME FROM OVER THERE...

FREEBIE GOES TO THE TRUNK OF THEIR CAR AND TAKES OUT THE SHOTGUN...

CUT

A RED AND WHITE FORD STATION WAGON IN THE PARKING LOT ACROSS THE STREET STARTS ITS ENGINE. A KID ON A MOTOR CYCLE YELLS TO THE POLICE.

KID

The guy in that station wagon's got a rifle.

BEAN

Come on...

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN START THE CAR...

BEAN

We're almost out of gas.

FREEBIE

Somebody else probably had the car today.

IT DOESN'T MATTER. THE RED AND WHITE STATION WAGON ACROSS THE STREET MOVES OUT AND THROUGH THE RED LIGHT. THEY DO THE SAME...THE CHASE IS BEGINNING. 105TH AND EUCLID ARE FULL OF JAZZ CLUBS AND PEOPLE WALKING IN THE STREET. THE FORD MOVES AHEAD WITHOUT ANY CAUTION. SO DO FREEBIE AND THE BEAN. THEY'RE NOT GONNA LOSE HIM THIS TIME...FREEBIE GRABS THE RADIO MIKE.

FREEBIE

Car 13...Car One-Three. In pursuit westbound on Euclid. Red and white Ford station wagon, '69 or '70. Shots fired.

RADIO

Beep, beep....all units stand by.
13 in pursuit westbound on Euclid.
Red and white Ford station wagon,
'69 or '70. Unit 13, what is your
location now?

FREEBIE

103rd...102nd, westbound.
(to Bean)
Stay with him, Bean.

THE STREET IS LINED WITH BEER JOINTS: LOUIE'S TAVERN,
PETE'S PLACE, MARTHA AND JIMMIE'S BAR. THE CARS KEEP
RIGHT ON MOVING, AND

SPLAT!

THE FIRST DROP HITS THE WINDSHIELD...THAT'S RIGHT. IT
STARTS TO RAIN...AT FIRST, A LITTLE...AND THEN MORE...
AND MORE. WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A DOWNPOUR.

FREEBIE

COME ON, BEAN...TURN ON THE
WINDSHIELD WIPERS!

BEAN

THEY'RE ON!...SHIT!

FREEBIE

That's bitchin'.

RADIO

Car One-Three, Car One-Three,
advise us of your position.
All units stand by.

FREEBIE

Westbound on Euclid and 83rd Street,
I think. It's raining and the
windshield wipers don't work.

BOTH CARS CONTINUE DOWN EUCLID THROUGH CLEVELAND STATE
UNIVERSITY. A SCHOOL RALLY HAS BEEN DROWNED OUT BY
THE RAIN AND IS DISPERSING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
CHASE. THE SIREN IS WAILING AND THE PEOPLE RESPOND.

BEAN

I can't see a thing.

FREEBIE
(into radio mike)

We're heading south on Broadway,
toward the center of the city.

THEY GET ON STATE HIGHWAY 21 AND PASS THROUGH THE
FINANCIAL SECTION. IT'S SILENT EXCEPT FOR THE TWO CARS
AND A CITY PATROL CAR WHICH HAS JOINED THE PURSUIT.
THEY'RE STILL HEADING SOUTH TOWARD THE FREIGHTYARDS.
THE CAR TURNS WEST GOING THROUGH THE TRACKS AND OVER-PASSES

AND PAST THE RIVER. THE PATROL CAR MISSES THE TURN AND IS WIPED OUT BY A FREIGHT TRAIN.

RADIO

Unit 13, advise us of your location.

FREEBIE

SHIT, I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE.
WE'RE OVER BY THE PARK. WHERE
ARE WE, BEAN?

BEAN

I don't know, tell her it's rainin'!
...And don't ask me.

THE CAR HEADS NORTH ON INNERBELT FREEWAY AND PAST BURKE LAKEFRONT AIRPORT. THE TRAFFIC AND CONGESTION ARE KILLERS. FREIGHT TRUCKS ARE MOVING OUT AND TAXIS ARE HONKING. AND THE RAIN'S COMING DOWN. THE RED AND WHITE FORD SIDESWIPES A TRUCK...NOBODY'S HURT. THE CAR TURNS WEST ON SOUTH MARGINAL ROAD. NOW THEY'RE ON FLAT LANDS, RAILROAD TRACKS ON ONE SIDE, RIVER ON THE OTHER. THEY'RE HITTING SPEEDS OF 110, PAST CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM. THE BASEBALL GAME IS JUST OVER AND THE CROWDS ARE COMING OUT.

BEAN

We're on empty.

WE'RE GOING PAST THE DOCK AREA TOWARD RIVER ROAD, ONTO
CLEVELAND MEMORIAL SHOREWAY AND INTO EDGEWATER PARK.

FREEBIE

(to radio)

Car 13, we're entering Edgewater
Park, and we're running out of
gas.

BEAN

We're out of gas.

CAR PULLS OVER TO THE SIDE AND ROLLS TO A STOP. FREEBIE
AND THE BEAN GET OUT AND FLAG DOWN THE BLACK AND WHITE
BEHIND THEM.

PATROLMAN IN CAR

What'd ya stop for, he's still goin'?

FREEBIE

Shut up, move over, we're outta gas!

THE CHASE IS ON AGAIN.

PATROLMAN IN CAR

Why didn't you guys get it filled up before you left?

BEAN

Hey, you kiss my ass.

THE RED AND WHITE MISSES A TURN, SIDESWIPE TWO KIDS IN A PARKED CAR, AND GOES OVER THE CURB HEADING TOWARD THE CROWD COMING OUT OF EDGEWATER PARK. HE STARTS TO BACK UP BUT GETS STUCK IN THE WET GRASS WHICH HAS NOW TURNED TO MUD. HE GETS OUT ON FOOT AND RUNS INTO THE AMUSEMENT PARK, CARRYING HIS RIFLE. FREEBIE, THE BEAN AND TWO BLACK AND WHITES START CHASING. TWO MORE BLACK AND WHITES ENTER THE SCENE. IT'S NOW BECOME A FOOT RACE. THE RADIO IS ON IN EMPTY SQUAD CAR.

RADIO

Unit 13, unit 13, advise your position.

FREEBIE IS CARRYING A SHOTGUN, AND THEY ALL SPREAD OUT.

BEAN

Watch him, Freebie, he's already killed two people.

AS THEY STEP INSIDE THE AMUSEMENT PARK, RUNNING DOWN THE FIRST AISLE TO THE RIGHT, THE ASSASIN FIRES FROM BEHIND THE POPCORN STAND AT FOOT PATROLMAN...AND MISSES. A WOMAN SCREAMS AND POINTS.

WOMAN

He's got a gun.

FREEBIE TURNS AND CATCHES HIM BLIND-SIGHTED. HE NEVER SAW FREEBIE OR THE TWO 12-GUAGE SHOTGUN ROUNDS THAT CUT HIM IN HALF.

WHOOM...WHOOM

THE CHASE IS OVER.

the beginning of the end

IT'S FOUR A.M. WHEN THE ALARM RINGS. BEAN GETS UP. HIS WIFE IS ASLEEP. SHE STARTS TO WAKE.

BEAN

Sleep, honey. This'll all be over this evening. I'll take ya out for dinner.

SHE SMILES AND GOES BACK TO SLEEP. HE WALKS INTO THE BATHROOM AND LOOKS AT HIS FACE IN THE MIRROR, AND TURNS ON THE ELECTRIC RAZOR.

DISSOLVE

FREEBIE SHAVES WITH A SAFETY RAZOR. HE KEEPS ONE IN LOUISE'S MEDICINE CHEST, AND HE'S USING IT NOW. HE RINSES HIS FACE, STICKS A PIECE OF TOILET PAPER ON A CUT AND STARTS TO COMB HIS HAIR.

LOUISE

You want coffee?

FREEBIE

Honey, I'm gonna have it with Bean. Go back to sleep.

IT'S 4:15 a.m. FREEBIE IS FINISHED COMBING HIS HAIR.

DISSOLVE

THE BATHROOM MIRROR AT THE HOLIDAY INN IN SHAKER HEIGHTS LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH. THE SHOES ARE RED HIGH-HEELS; THE STOCKINGS ARE MUNSINGWEAR WITH SEAMS; THE SKIRT IS ONE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORN IN A 50'S HOLLYWOOD MOVIE; THE BLOUSE MATCHES THE COLOR OF THE SKIRT BUT HAS A WHITE PRINT FLOWER IN THE CENTER, LONG SLEEVES AND HIGH COLLAR; THE PANCAKE-BASE MAKE-UP COVERS ANY TRACE OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW; THE BRIGHT RED LIPSTICK IS ALL IN PLACE; THE FULL WIG IS HONEY BLONDE...A LOT LIKE THE KIND THEY WEAR IN CALIFORNIA. THE CHAIN AROUND THE NECK IS GOLD, AND THE COLLAR AROUND THE DOG IS BROWN...HE'S A BULL TERRIER. AND GASON'S IN DRAG.

T.V.

The six o'clock news this morning... It was an old-fashioned Hollywood-style cops and robbers chase...it went from Euclid and 105th through the city at speeds of over 110 miles per hour, finally ending at Edgewater Amusement Park, where the would-be assassin was shotgunned by plainclothes police officer in the sight of hundreds ...

CLICK!

GASON

Come along, boy...Let's go to
the park.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR - GROVER PARK, SHAKER HEIGHTS

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN ARE ON HILLTOP AVENUE OVERLOOKING THE PARK - ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY - IT'S STILL DARK OUT AND THE BEAN IS ASLEEP AND SNORING. FREEBIE IS BORED...HE TAKES THE PORTABLE CASSETTE TAPE RECORDER STARES AT THE BEAN AND FLIPS ON THE RECORD SWITCH AND LETS IT RUN FOR THIRTY SECONDS-HE THEN PUSHES THE PLAYBACK BUTTON AND TURNS THE VOLUME UP FULL. THE BEAN WAKES WITH A STARTLED LOOK - FREEBIE SMILES.

FREEBIE

Just thought you'd like to hear
what you sound like when you're
workin'.

THE BEAN CLOSES HIS EYES AND MUMBLES AS HE GOES BACK TO SLEEP.

BEAN

Kiss my ass.

DISSOLVE

THE SUN IS COMING UP. IT'S PAST SIX O'CLOCK. THE BEAN WAKES UP.

BEAN

I gotta take a leak.

FREEBIE

What d'ya want from me?

BEAN STARES...FREEBIE SMILES...THE OLD MAN WALKS
HIS DOG...THE LIMOUSINE WAITS...AND THE WOMAN IN THE
RED DRESS APPROACHES. GROVER PARK NOW HAS TWO
BULL TERRIERS. GASON, THE OLD MAN AND THE DOGS
WALK PEACEFULLY IN THE PARK...IT'S A NICE, QUIET MONDAY
MORNING.

FREEBIE

Who's that broad down there?

BEAN TAKES THE FIELD GLASSES AND LOOKS...

BEAN

I don't know. She's got a dog.
Like the old man. Maybe they're
gonna get it on.

FREEBIE SMILES.

BEAN

I sure gotta take a leak.

GASON IS GETTING NERVOUS...THE CONNECTION HASN'T SHOWN UP...AND THE OLD MAN IS GETTING READY TO LEAVE. AS HE WALKS TOWARD THE CAR, GASON APPROACHES HIM.

RED

How do you like your dog?

GASON PULLS OUT A .45 AUTOMATIC...

GASON

Don't open your mouth. Just walk to the car. If anything happens to me, I'll kill you first.

THE OLD MAN IS AFRAID. HE DOES EXACTLY AS HE IS TOLD. THEY BOTH GET IN THE CAR...THE BACK SEAT. THEY DRIVE AWAY.

FREEBIE

The old man picked up the broad.

BEAN

He likes 'em tall.

THEY START TO DRIVE THROUGH SHAKER HEIGHTS, PAST NEWBURG HEIGHTS AND INTO DOWN TOWN CLEVELAND. IT'S EARLY MORNING - THE TRAFFIC IS HEAVY.

FREEBIE

Maybe he's takin' her shopping.

THE OLD MAN TURNS AND STARES AT GASON.

GASON

How come your connection didn't come.

RED

We changed the meeting time.

GASON

I don't have time for any games. I want you to take me to wherever the money is and get me two hundred-thousand dollars cash. Do it and you'll never hear from me again. If you don't I'll kill you first.

RED

We have to go to the bank. It's in a safety deposit box

GASON

Do it!

THEY ALL STOP FOR A RED LIGHT.

BEAN

I wish they'd stop somewhere
I gotta take a leak.

RADIO IN THEIR CAR COMES ON.

RADIO

Car thirteen. Car one-three.
Witness, Motley has just been
picked up at the airport. We
have him in custody...GO GET
YOUR BOY!

FREEBIE

ALRIGHT! ...LET'S DO IT!

WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF DOWN TOWN CLEVELAND. BUT AT THE
NEXT CORNER, FREEBIE AND THE BEAN PULL UP NEXT TO THE
CHAUFFEUR AND MOTION HIM OVER.

GASON

What's happening?

RED

We had to call off the connection...
the police have been following us.

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN BOTH APPROACH THE CAR, BUT WITHOUT
GUNS DRAWN - AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY TWO OLD MEN AND A BROAD.
GASON PANICS! THE BEAN APPROACHES THE DRIVER'S SIDE.
GASON FIRES TWICE.

POW! POW!

THE BEAN FALLS. FREEBIE DROPS DOWN IN FRONT OF THE CAR
AND ROLLS OVER TO BEAN'S SIDE.

FREEBIE

What happened?

THE BEAN GOT HIT TWICE ABOVE THE SHOULDER AND IS IN PAIN.

BEAN

The broad's got a forty-five.

FREEBIE

How bad you hit?

BEAN

I donno...

GASON JUMPS OUT OF THE CAR AND HEADS INTO THE MID-MORNING TRAFFIC. HE ENTERS LEVER BROS. DEPARTMENT STORE. RUNS UP THE ESCALATOR TO THE SECOND FLOOR.

GASON

GET OUTTA MY WAY! MOVE!

THE BULL TERRIER IS CHASING HIM. HE TURNS AND SHOOTS IT. .

POW!

HE RUNS INTO THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT. GRABS TWO HOSTAGES BY THE HAIR AND WAITS.

THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED BY POLICE. SIX BLACK AND WHITE SQUAD CARS, TWO DETECTIVE CARS AND FOUR MOTORCYCLE POLICE. WALKIE-TALKIES CAN BE HEARD EVERYWHERE. THE AREA IS BEING ROPED OFF.

POLICEMAN

Let's back up. Let's back up.

DETECTIVE

He's on the second floor with two hostages.

FREEBIE

How many exits are there?

DETECTIVE

Four. We're covered. They've
locked all the doors.

FREEBIE

Let's take 'im!

FREEBIE, TWO DETECTIVES AND FOUR BLACK AND WHITES HEAD
UP THE ESCALATOR. FREEBIE'S CARRYING HIS THIRTY-EIGHT.
ONE OF THE DETECTIVES HAS A THREE FIFTY-SEVEN MAGNUM.
ONE OF THE BLACK AND WHITE'S HAS A PUMP STYLE SHOTGUN.
ALL THE REST HAVE HAND GUNS DRAWN. AS THEY GET UP TO
THE SECOND FLOOR, IT'S QUIET. THEY LOOK.

FREEBIE

Awright, lady. Why don't you come
on out! You haven't killed anybody
yet.

GASON

Look, Bull. For openers, I
ain't a lady. And don't gimme
any shit. That cop I shot's dead.

FREEBIE JUST STARES.

FREEBIE

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO KILL FIFTY MORE TO
GET OUTTA HERE...QUIT JACKIN' YOURSELF
OFF AND COME ON OUT.

GASON

I got two hostages.

FREEBIE

Lemme' see 'em.

GASON

FUCK YOU! ...YOU WANT TO SEE 'EM...
COME TAKE A LOOK...

GASON IS STANDING IN FRONT OF A CURTAIN, WHICH READS
"WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM". FREEBIE STARES AND SEES
TWO RED-HIGH HEELED SHOES UNDERNEATH THE CURTAIN. HE
SIGNALS TO THE OTHER DETECTIVE TO GET READY. COMES
AROUND NEXT TO THE WALL - JERKS THE CURTAIN DOWN. AS
HE DOES, HE HITS THE DECK. HE WAS RIGHT. GASON IS
STANDING ALONE NEXT TO THE CURTAIN. THE TWO WOMEN
ARE TIED UP IN A CORNER IN THE BACK. AS HE GOES DOWN
HE FIRES TWICE HITTING GASON IN THE NECK. IT PROBABLY

KILLED HIM. WE'LL NEVER KNOW...IT HAPPENED TOO FAST.

WHOOM!...POW!...POW!...BAM!...BAM!...WHOOM!...

THREE BLACK AND WHITE OFFICER'S HAND GUNS WENT OFF...
THE DETECTIVE'S THREE FIFTY-SEVEN MAGNUM AND THE PUMP
SHOTGUN BLEW HIM INTO THE MIRRORED PILLAR...WHICH
CRASHES AS HE HITS IT...ONE MAN'S DEAD. THE RIGHT ONE!

CUT

EXTERIOR - FOUR AMBULANCES - POLICE - CROWD -

A COVERED BODY IS BEING CARRIED INTO AN AMBULANCE.

FREEBIE

Who's that?

DETECTIVE

Red Meyers...He's dead.

FREEBIE

DEAD'....WHAT HAPPENED?

DETECTIVE

He died of a coronary about ten minutes
ago.

FREEBIE JUST STARES. THEN LOOKS AT DETECTIVE.

FREEBIE

Where's Bean?

DETECTIVE

He's over there.

COVERED BODY IS ON A STRETCHER...FREEBIE WALKS OVER
AND STARES...WAITS...THE BEAN PULLS THE COVER DOWN
OFF HIS FACE AND SMILES.

BEAN

Where's the head...I gotta take
a leak.

FREEBIE

Kiss my ass.

ROLL THE CREDITS