

"F / X"

An Original Screenplay by

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and

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Producers: Dodi Fayed & Jack Wiener

Registered
W.G.A. (East)

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1 The movie opens in the middle of a horror scene. A 1
standard "Splatter Movie" opening:

From the POV of the pursuer, the CAMERA IS STALKING a pretty girl through a dark house. Clad only in a towel, she runs in obvious terror. The chase ends with the girl now cornered in the shower. A large, hairy claw reaches out in front of the Subjective Camera and tears away the shower curtain, then grabs the girl's face and literally rips it off, leaving in closeup the twitching, squirting skull with eyeballs dangling.

VOICE (O.S.)

Cut!

CUT TO:

2 INT. FILM STUDIO 2

WIDE SHOT reveals a film crew and camera with assistants manipulating the stunt. Seated next to the camera is ROLLIE TESCA -- Chief Special F/X man -- working the servo-pumps.

DIRECTOR

(laughing)

Jesus Christ, that's disgusting.
Tesca, you're a sick person!

ROLLIE

I don't write 'em -- I just make
'em bleed.

Rollie is on his feet, his Polaroid SX70 in hand. With obvious high energy, he is suddenly on set, barking orders.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Okay, freeze! Nobody move.
(he starts quick
firing Polaroid
shots)

The man says to me, "Rollie," he
says, "I want them barfing their
popcorn all over America..."

(CLICK-BUZZ sounds
from the Polaroid)

... and he calls me sick!

CATCALLS and MOCK APPLAUSE come from the crew. Rollie continues firing shots, documenting; and directs his assistants in a replay of the stunt we have just seen.

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Okay, pull it back...

(CLICK-BUZZ)

Bring it out a little... too much... Okay...

(CLICK-BUZZ)

... that's it... give me some blood, Andy.

Tesca's assistant, ANDY STEWART (pretty, 20's), complies.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Great... great...

During this foreground action, the following background action and dialogue is taking place:

DIRECTOR

(to CAMERAMAN)

You happy?

CAMERAMAN

I'm happy.

DIRECTOR

(to SOUND MAN)

You happy?

SOUND MAN

I'm happy.

(to BOOM MAN)

You happy?

BOOM MAN

I'm hungry.

SOUND MAN

(to everyone)

My boom man's hungry!

The PRODUCTION MANAGER looks quizzically at the Director and displays his wristwatch.

DIRECTOR

Okay, break 'em.

P.M.

Lunch! One hour! Repeat, one hour!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

P.M. (CONT'D)
 (shouting to Rollie,
 without looking
 at him)
 Rollie, let's break 'em!

ROLLIE
 Yoh!

P.M.
 (to everyone)
 It's the Italian place two blocks
 up... Let's take it easy on the
 beers, guys; no more than two
 apiece...

The Boom Man looks at him in pitying disbelief.

P.M.
 (continuing)
 ... We got a heavy afternoon...
 Somebody wanna order me an
 Eggplant Parmigian?

CUT TO:

3 EXT. STREET - DAY

3

The crew exits in two's and three's heading for the restaurant. Rollie exits with Andy. They are both looking at handfuls of Polaroids. Rollie stops and turns back to address someone (unseen) in the doorway.

ROLLIE
 (laughing)
 C'mon, Ellen, you look great!
 Will you c'mon? I'm starving!

ELLEN KEITH, the actress from the opening sequence, emerges from the doorway, buttoning her coat. They link arms and they all march off to eat. She has now removed her blood-spattered makeup.

CUT TO SIDE ANGLE of the trio continuing along the sidewalk. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that they are being observed by two men in a parked car.

CUT TO:

4 INT. RESTAURANT - LONG SHOT - DAY

4

A crowded back room: two long tables of crew members at lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the top of one table sit Rollie and Andy, an empty chair between them. Rollie reaches to move the chair for Ellen, returning from the powder room.

CUT TO THREE SHOT. Andy, with a small mirror propped on the table in front of her, is experimenting with fake scars on her own face. Ellen drops into the vacant chairs and takes Rollie's wineglass from his hand. She drinks.

ROLLIE

(to Andy, in a pass-
able Bogart)

"Of all the gin mills in all the
tank towns in this world -- she
has to walk into mine!"

Ellen drains Rollie's glass and puts it down in front of him.

ELLEN

African Queen, right?

ROLLIE

Right.

CUT TO FURTHER DOWN the table. The Boom Man reaches up to take two full beer bottles from the waiter's tray and plonks them down beside the four empties in front of him. Pausing only to return the hostile glare from the P.M., he chugs.

CUT BACK TO THREE SHOT.

ROLLIE

So they're happy with your test?

ELLEN

Oh, yeah, they're real happy with
it... We'll probably shoot the
first six episodes at Universal.

ROLLIE

You know, nobody in L.A. will like
you with spinach in your teeth.

ELLEN

Oh, Rollie, everybody in L.A. has
spinach in their teeth... do I
really have spinach in my teeth?

Rollie calmly places a lit cigarette lengthwise between his thumb and forefinger, the cigarette forming the shaft of a "D."

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

ELLEN

(continuing)

Rollie, we've all seen the
cigarette trick; put it out.

Rollie shrugs and casually grinds the cigarette out on
the inside of his wrist.

ELLEN

(continuing)

That's truly gross!
(she touches his
"flesh" and recoils)
It feels... dead... Yecch!

ANDY

(suddenly attentive)

Hey, great! You finished it!
Lemme see!

Rollie grins as he peels a tubular piece of plastic
from his forearm and passes it to Andy. As she
examines it we see that it is flesh-colored and has
implanted body hair.

ELLEN

Jesus, Rollie; a fake wrist?

ANDY

(to Ellen)

It's for the suicide scene -- you
like it?

Ellen doesn't respond. Rollie looks up to find her
looking over his shoulder. He turns to find a man
standing behind him. (It is MARVIN LIPTON, one of the
men we have seen secretly observing them from the car.)

ROLLIE

Yes?

LIPTON

I'm terribly sorry to bother you,
I don't mean to interrupt, but...
you are Rollie Tesca, aren't you?

ROLLIE

Uh huh...

LIPTON

(continues nervously)

I thought it was you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIPTON (CONT'D)

I was sitting over there and I recognized you from that piece they did in American Cinematographer...

ROLLIE

Uh huh...

LIPTON

I'm sorry, my name's Joe Leitner. Can I talk to you for a second?

Lipton hands Rollie a business card, pulls over a chair and sits down.

ROLLIE

(mild irony)

Sure. Pull up a chair.

LIPTON

Thing is, umm... I've got a project I'd like to talk to you about. We've just finished putting a package together.

ROLLIE

Splatter movie?

LIPTON

No, it's not a horror film, it's a sci-fi thriller with a lot of special effects -- kinda like the stuff you built for "Vermin from Venus."

ELLEN

"Vermin from Venus?"

ROLLIE

(ignoring Ellen)

You actually saw that?

LIPTON

(slightly embarrassed)

Well, the movie wasn't that great, but the effects were terrific...

ROLLIE

They were also expensive.

LIPTON

We've got a decent budget.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINU. : (4)

4

LIPTON (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've intruded enough; is there any way we can get together later... a number where I can reach you?...

ROLLIE

(to P.M.)

We wrap about four, right?

P.M.

Rollie, this is our last day -- we work till we're finished.

Rollie fishes a business card from his pocket, gives it to Lipton.

ROLLIE

Can you meet me at my apartment at eleven tomorrow?

Lipton looks at the card and smiles.

LIPTON

That's fine; thanks a lot. Excuse me again for interrupting.

He leaves.

ELLEN

"Vermin... from... Venus?"

ROLLIE

(sighs patiently)

I'll have you know that film won me international acclaim.

Ellen looks over at Andy.

ANDY

In Paraguay, he's a demi-god.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. STREET - DAY

5

Lipton is in a phone booth within sight of the restaurant, his car and driver waiting at the curb. He talks briefly, then hangs up. He exits phone booth and climbs into his car which drives off down the street. CAMERA PANS to restaurant as film crew emerges. CUT TO MED. SHOT of Ellen and Rollie.

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE

(to crew member, a kind
of expressionless rigger,
about to enter cab)
Hey, Charlie, you goin' uptown?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

ROLLIE

Do me a favor, drop Ellen off,
okay?

(turns to Ellen)

Charlie here's goin' your way.

Ellen kisses Rollie, then gets into the back seat of
the cab with Charlie.

CAMERA STAYS with Ellen as the cab moves off.

6 INT. CAB - DAY

6

ELLEN

(to DRIVER)

First stop, 54th and 3rd...
(leans back and looks
languidly at Charlie)
... Charlie...

Charlie turns his head in response. Ellen continues.

ELLEN

(continuing)

... Charlie, Charlie, Charlie...

(as Charlie is get-
ting nervous)

... You shoulda looked out for me,
Charlie... that night at the
Garden... 'member?... You said to
me, "Kid, this ain't your night."
My night?...

Charlie is very confused; Ellen moves in for the kill.

ELLEN

(continuing)

You don't understand, I coulda had
class... I coulda been a
contender... I coulda been
somebody... instead of an actress,
which is what I am.

She then falls back in the seat in mock exhaustion and
catches the DRIVER'S eye in the rearview mirror.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

(a typical New York
street-wise cabby,
prompting her)

"Let's face it."

ELLEN

Oh yeah... I forgot.

(she leaps again
at Charlie)

Let's face it!

She collapses again.

CUT TO:

If Count Dracula was a picky housekeeper who liked model sailing ships, he'd live here. The place is a collection of ship models incongruously mixed with life-size movie monsters strewn amid the couches, plants and tables. A seven-foot Martian robot monster guards the refrigerator. Werewolf by the potted fern. The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms by the radiator.

And, in the area that serves as the bedroom, the Mummy stands watch over the bed. And, in that bed, just waking up, are Ellen and Rollie. She stretches luxuriously, purrs, opens her eyes, sees the alarm and screams.

Rollie hardly takes any notice. Ellen grabs her clothes, draped over Max the dummy and starts quickly dressing.

ELLEN

I've got an audition in half an hour, I've got to get new shower curtains, I've got to stop by Susan's apartment and water her cat and...

Ellen starts for the door until:

ROLLIE

Didn't you forget something?

Ellen stops, checks her purse and her pockets, full well knowing that Rollie wants some attention.

ELLEN

Nope, it's all here.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Then she smiles, hesitates, then goes over to Rollie and kisses him. On her way out of the flat she lights the stove, puts the water on to boil, and, as she exits...

ELLEN

(continuing)

And don't forget... I'm cooking dinner tonight in Susan's apartment.

She blows a goodbye kiss to Rosebud the Abominable Snowman.

8 INT. ROLLIE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

8

It's an hour later. Rollie is dressed and working on an exquisite clipper ship model in the "shop" area of his loft as Rosebud gives off a TERRIBLE MOAN. Rollie goes to the window and looks down to see...

9 EXT. LOOKING DOWN TO THE STREET BELOW - DAY

9

... Lipton, standing on the sidewalk by the front door pressing the doorbell. Rosebud's MOANS CONTINUE inside.

ROLLIE

Hey! Leitner!

For a moment Lipton doesn't recognize his "name." Then he looks about in confusion.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

No! Up here!

Lipton looks up. Rollie tosses down a set of keys. Lipton tries to catch them but he's a klutz and the keys crash onto the sidewalk. Lipton scrambles for them, picks them up, and starts opening Rollie's front door while Rollie shakes his head.

10 INT. ROLLIE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

10

Lipton knocks on Rollie's front door. The door swings open to reveal -- Rosebud. Lipton draws back in shock until he sees it's one of Rollie's brainchildren. Lipton walks in, more than a little shaken up.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ROLLIE

(laughing)

Sorry! I shoulda warned you about
Rosebud. I leave her there to
scare off burglars.

LIPTON

(walking around
Rosebud)

I'll buy that...

(looks O.S.)

... my God... so this is it...

CAMERA PANS around the loft interior at all the many
movie monsters Rollie has fashioned. Lipton walks down
a row of horrible creations and, one by one:

LIPTON

(continuing)

"Song of the Succubus"... "Pray
for the Dawn"... "Blood in the
Basement"... "Bury the Hatchet"...

ROLLIE

(nods and smiles)

If you're trying to bring my price
down, you'll have to remember...

And Rollie points at the last monster in line. Lipton
looks at it and ventures:

LIPTON

... "Rock-a-Die, Baby"....?

Rollie nods, impressed. Rollie starts for the kitchen.

ROLLIE

Not bad. You like tea, Mr.
Leitner?

And Rollie starts puttering in the kitchen.

LIPTON

I owe you an apology, Mr. Tesca.
My real name's Martin Lipton...
and tea's fine.

ROLLIE

Why give me a phony name last
night?

LIPTON

For the same reason I gave you a
phony story.

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE

Wait a minute... you mean there's
no sci-fi movie?

Lipton shakes his head.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

But why?

LIPTON

Security reason, yours as well as
mine.

ROLLIE

Security? You a cop?

LIPTON

Justice Department.

ROLLIE

Am I in trouble?

LIPTON

On the contrary. We're the ones
in trouble. That's why I'm here.
We think you may be able to help
us out.

Rollie busies himself with getting out a plate of Oreos
and one of Malomars to serve with the tea.

LIPTON

(continuing)

Ever heard of the Witness
Relocation Program?

ROLLIE

Government witnesses? People
who've testified against the Mob?
Give 'em new names and send 'em to
North Dakota?

They sit down at the kitchen table, close by a couple
of ghouls. Lipton stays cautiously clear of them as he
watches Rollie bring out the plates and spoons, etc.

LIPTON

Well, I suppose, more or less,
that's one way to put it but...

ROLLIE

So what do you want with me?

(CONTINUED)

LIPTON

Well, I guess it goes under the heading of "Special Consultant." You see, we have in custody Nicholas de Franco.

ROLLIE

De Franco... he the mob guy I read about?

LIPTON

(nodding)

De Franco's agreed to testify for us. But, as you'd expect, there's a big contract out on him. And we, of course, need to keep him alive.

ROLLIE

(serving tea)

You believe in the tooth fairy, Lipton?

LIPTON

(ignoring that)

We need your help. You see, we figure the only way we can get the heat to ease off, is if they think de Franco's dead.

Rollie stops to consider this. He munches on a cookie.

ROLLIE

Where do I come in?

LIPTON

Well, we'd like to stage a fake assassination, in public.

ROLLIE

Not with me you're not.

LIPTON

But why?

ROLLIE

Pick a dozen reasons... somebody sees what they shouldn't, somebody screws up, somebody talks... ya know, in the movies, if something doesn't work out, ya get to try again. A thing like this... Jesus! Besides, a fake hit means guns.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

LIPTON

So?

ROLLIE

I don't like guns.

LIPTON

But you use lasers, you use fire,
you use hatchets and chains and...

ROLLIE

You see that sign over there...?

And Rollie indicates a carved intricate F/X over the fireplace -- obviously some gag gift from a long-ago movie.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Well, that means special effects.
Special, as in unusual. I'm a
specialist, and guns are a damned
bore.

They sit staring at each other for a moment.

LIPTON

I'm sorry. We know how you enjoy
a challenge, and that's why we
thought this might interest you.

ROLLIE

And who's this "we?"... and don't
tell me Witness Relocation...
who's "we" exactly?

LIPTON

Well, the head of my department
and me.

Rollie stops and looks hard at Lipton, who feels
trapped between Rollie and the ghoul behind him.

11 EXT. OUTSIDE WITNESS RELOCATION OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 11

Rollie and Lipton get out of Lipton's car. Together
they approach the forbidding, impressive, ultra-modern
edifice.

12 INT. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

12

CLOSEUP on photograph of NICHOLAS DE FRANCO, a vigorous
man in his fifties.

(CONTINUED)

PULL AWAY and we see COLONEL EDWARDS MASON, sixties, distinguished and fatherly. He looks across his desk at Rollie. Lipton is standing against the wall.

MASON

Mr. Tesca, do you know what de Franco could do to organized crime in America if he lives to testify?

ROLLIE

No, but I can guess and I still think this is all wrong for me.

MASON

He'd strip its power structure, put twenty percent of its bosses behind bars.

LIPTON

At least.

MASON

You know what something like that would do?

ROLLIE

Well, yeah, I suppose so, but I still think...

MASON

Rollie, did you ever see teenagers strung out on heroin?

Mason is persuasive. Rollie stops. He shakes his head, feeling slightly guilty.

ROLLIE

Look, Mr. Mason... what can I say? I know you're right, but this is way over my head, okay?

Mason looks compassionately at Rollie as Lipton flares:

LIPTON

My God... you want me to paint you a picture?! We're talking about stopping the Mafia!

ROLLIE

And I'm saying I can't help!

LIPTON

And I'm saying you're scared! You with your toy boats and toy monsters!

(CONTINUED)

And Rollie's about to stand and get angry when:

MASON

Hold on, Martin... Rollie's right.
It is a tremendous responsibility.

ROLLIE

I'm glad you understand...

MASON

Of course. Look, Rollie, it was
my mistake, not yours! I
understand... and, believe me...

(a look at Lipton)

I'd rather see your honesty than
an outburst of... arrogance... and
good luck with your movies!

As Rollie gets ready to leave he turns to Mason, shakes
his hand and exits Mason's office into the secretary's
office, when he hears:

MASON

(continuing)

Oh, Martin... call up Mackinnon.

LIPTON

(angrily)

Mackinnon's who we should have
gone to in the first place...!

Rollie, on hearing this, reacts and stops short, with
his back to Mason's office. Lipton and Mason notice
his hesitation.

ROLLIE

(turning back to
face Mason)

Are you guys serious?... Larry
Mackinnon?... Let me sleep on it.

He exits.

CUT TO:

13 INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

13

Ellen's whipping up a health food extravaganza in the
kitchen as the DOORBELL RINGS.

ELLEN

It's open!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN (CONT'D)
(to herself;
reading organic
cookbook)
... let's see... whip yoghurt into
yeast paste and combine with...

Rollie enters and walks into the kitchen. He starts to
give Ellen a kiss hello until...

ELLEN
(continuing)
Not now, Rollie! I'm in the
middle of my power base.
(back to cookbook)
... Combine with protein powder
and add Umeboshi plums...

Rollie grimaces and starts taking a mountain of ingredi-
ents out of the fridge -- the makings of a Dagwood.

ROLLIE
Let's see... pickles, mustard,
mayo, turkey, bologna, swiss
cheese...

ELLEN
... yeast packet, brewer's yeast,
starch supplement...

And Rollie's making a Dagwood side-by-side Ellen, who's
making something that would feed an army -- or kill
it. As they work:

ELLEN
Well, didja get the job?

ROLLIE
(making Dagwood)
Some guy wants me to make him some
prop. I don't know if I'll do
it... You think salami goes with
cole slaw?

ELLEN
Rollie, here I am making you a
dinner that is wholesome,
nutritious, low-cholesterol, high
protein and balanced for all major
food groups and you ask me about
salami?

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE

Yeah... should I add the cole slaw to the salami or keep it on the side?

ELLEN

(exasperated)

Are you gonna take the job or not?

Rollie has gestured the hell with it and, tossing the cole slaw onto the Dagwood, piles on the bread and starts stuffing it into his mouth as he talks/mumbles something.

ROLLIE

(mouth half full)

I said I don't know!

ELLEN

Here, try this...!

And Ellen takes a bit of her concoction and gives some to Rollie... who nearly barfs: horrible!

ELLEN

(continuing)

Well? Is it Oscar or just nomination?

Rollie somehow swallows her food and returns to thinking... and eating his Dagwood.

ELLEN

(continuing)

Hey... wake up!

Rollie comes out of his reverie and looks at Ellen. He finishes his sandwich. Then he meticulously cleans his hands and, picking Ellen up, he starts heading with her into the bedroom, giving a belch as he goes.

ELLEN

(continuing)

Smooth talker!

And Rollie takes Ellen into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

Ellen's asleep. But Rollie's wide awake, staring off into the night. Suddenly, he quietly rises and, picking up his clothes, heads into the other room.

CUT TO:

Rollie looks off through the apartment windows at the city beyond. It's decision time and Rollie feels the misgiving and the temptation in equal measure until, finally --

-- he dials a number and starts dressing.

ROLLIE

(into phone)

Andy? Rollie. Yes, I can tell time... and I need to borrow your walkie-talkies... no, just leave 'em with the doorman... I'll be right over.

Rollie hangs up and discovers Ellen standing by the bedroom.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

That prop the guy needs... I think I'll do it.

ELLEN

At three in the morning?

Rollie sees Ellen's mad and he gently goes to her.

ROLLIE

I'm wide awake, so I may as well get on with it... Go back to sleep. And -- I'm sorry.

And Rollie gives her a gentle kiss. Ellen's still unhappy.

ELLEN

You mean that's it... not even a see ya tomorrow?

ROLLIE

See ya tomorrow.

And with that Rollie's out the door.

CUT TO:

Rollie unlocks the back door of his truck and climbs in. He opens the small explosives safe which is bolted to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

From it he takes a .45 automatic and tucks it into his waistband. He pockets a box of shells and locks up.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ALL NIGHT DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

17

Rollie enters and walks to the counter.

ROLLIE
(to Salesclerk)
I need some Trojans.

CLERK
What color?

ROLLIE
Any color.

CLERK
Scented?

ROLLIE
Unscented.

CLERK
You want the kind with the little
pleasure studs?

ROLLIE
No. I want ordinary, regular, run
of the mill, everyday, normal
condoms. Do you have any?

CLERK
What size?

ROLLIE
Fuck the size!

CLERK
All right... all right! How many
do you want?

ROLLIE
Four dozen.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

18

A cab pulls up and Rollie jumps out; the cab waits.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

A uniformed doorman opens the glass door and the CAMERA FOLLOWS Rollie into the lobby.

CUT TO:

19 INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

19

Andy's asleep on a lobby settee. She wears a bathrobe and clutches a small steel case to her bosom. Rollie is touched.

He smiles and gently extricates the steel case. Andy slurps, but doesn't awaken. Rollie puts down the case and then -- very gently -- slides the cord from her bathrobe. She moves a little, but sleeps on. Rollie kneels down and delicately ties Andy's ankles together with the cord.

The doorman's watching, but he could care less -- this is New York. Rollie picks up the case, admires his handiwork for a second, then tiptoes out.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ROLLIE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

20

Darkness. Flourescent lights flicker on to reveal the workshop area of Rollie's loft. Rollie enters and deposits his various collected items onto his workbench. We see a brand new walkie-talkie snugly cushioned in foam templates. Rollie takes one out. The unit is sleek and pretty. Rollie unceremoniously smashes it open on the workbench. Shiny parts spill out. Rollie selects one and picks it up with a smile.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. OUTSIDE ROLLIE'S LOFT APARTMENT - MORNING

21

Rollie's stifling an up-all-night yawn as Andy pulls up in Rollie's truck. Rollie starts loading the back of the truck with equipment. Andy stays seated as Rollie slams shut the back door and jumps into the seat beside Andy.

CUT TO:

22 INT. ROLLIE'S TRUCK ON CITY STREETS - MORNING

22

Andy hands Rollie a cup of coffee and Rollie sips it in silence.

(CONTINUED)

Then Rollie notices a cigar box on the dashboard.

ROLLIE

What's this? You don't smoke cigars.

Rollie starts to grab for it until...

ANDY

Rollie, please don't... it's personal.

ROLLIE

Oh, come on, Andy, I've known you seven years!

ANDY

Just don't look in there, okay?

And they drive on. But the tension is killing Rollie and so he lurches for the cigar box and opens it. There's a soft "pop" and Rollie's hit in the face with a puff of flour.

Rollie blinks a couple of times and lays the cigar box right where he found it. They drive on for a moment in silence. Rollie calmly sips his coffee. Finally, he turns and looks at Andy, his face a sheet of white flour.

ROLLIE

Head down Broadway. I'm not gonna be in until noon.

ANDY

But we've gotta return the rental equipment today!

ROLLIE

This is your big chance, kid.

ANDY

Oh boy! My big chance! Now, about that raise...

ROLLIE

Drop me off here.

Andy pulls over and Rollie gets out. He turns to Andy, reaching for his handkerchief.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

ROLLIE
 (continuing)
 Oh, and Andy, that was a cheap
 stunt.

He turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

23 INT. WITNESS RELOCATION OUTER OFFICE - DAY

23

The place is humming with people. Rollie walks up to
 the RECEPTIONIST.

ROLLIE
 Hi. Rollie Tesca to see Mr.
 Lipton.

RECEPTIONIST
 (picks up phone;
 dials)
 There's a Mr. Tesca to see you.
 (hangs up;
 to Rollie)
 He'll be right out.

And Rollie nods thanks to the Receptionist.

Lipton comes out, all smiles and extended handshake.

LIPTON
 Well! Well! What a nice
 surprise! How are you?! Well,
 come on in!

And smiling mightily, pumping Rollie's hand for all
 it's worth, Lipton leads Rollie...

24 INT. LIPTON'S OFFICE - DAY

24

... into Lipton's office. Lipton shuts the door and
 immediately turns furious as hell.

LIPTON
 What the fuck are you doing here?

ROLLIE
 What's the matter with you?!

(CONTINUED)

LIPTON

I told you this operation was top secret! My God, for all intents and purposes we're planning a crime here!

ROLLIE

You forgot to mention that little tidbit yesterday. If ya want me to go...

Lipton pulls up short and tries to get control of himself.

LIPTON

Look, it's my fault. Maybe I didn't explain it to you properly. No one knows about this except Mason and myself. The only way we can make it work is if it's air tight: no leaks, no screw-ups... and no loose ends.

Rollie accepts what is -- for Lipton -- an apology.

ROLLIE

All right. I just came to talk about the job.

LIPTON

So... what have you decided?

CUT TO:

25 EXT. OUTSIDE ROLLIE'S LOFT APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 25

Lipton goes to the entrance door and buzzes Rollie's apartment number. He then stands back and looks up as -- a key goes sailing down from Rollie on high. This time he's ready for it and Lipton catches it. He inserts the key into the lock and lets himself in.

CUT TO:

26 INT. ROLLIE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY 26

Lipton opens Rollie's front door and sees Rosebud, the Abominable Snowman, leering at him. Lipton grins, feeling quite at home in Rollie's apartment until he looks over to see -- Rollie aiming his automatic at Lipton's heart.

(CONTINUED)

LIPTON

(stammering)

Wha... I...!!

ROLLIE

Did anyone see you come up?

(as Lipton gapes)

Come on, Lipton, did anyone see you?

LIPTON

No, you know the agreement! You come up and then half an hour later I'd follow and -- Tesca, what the hell are you doing?!

ROLLIE

So no one knows you're here?

LIPTON

No one!

(thinking fast)

I mean... I mean, my secretary!... my secretary knows...!

ROLLIE

(aiming at Lipton)

You're lying, Lipton.

LIPTON

All right! I'm lying! Look, Tesca, maybe we can work something out!

But then Rollie quickly pans the pistol and FIRES FIVE SHOTS into Rosebud. (A succession of QUICK CUTS: Rollie FIRES FIVE SHOTS, blood spurts from Rosebud, Lipton crouches and reaches for his own gun and then opens his eyes to see -- Rosebud dripping with fake movie blood from her five "wounds.")

Rollie gets up and walks over to Rosebud. He points the gun straight up at the ceiling and indicates the patch of fur over Rosebud's "heart." Rollie calmly FIRES again and with a quiet little "POP" blood spurts from Rosebud's chest.

Lipton straightens up and puts away his gun.

LIPTON

(continuing)

You've got a dangerous sense of humor.

(CONTINUED)

Lipton shakes his head, slowly calming down, and looks at Rollie's gun.

LIPTON
(continuing)
How's it work?

Rollie gestures to Rosebud's crotch. Lipton draws out a small box taped there with wires running to all of Rosebud's "wounds." Lipton examines the box.

LIPTON
(continuing)
Receiver?

ROLLIE
(nodding)
And here's the transmitter.

Rollie indicates the gun. A series of small wires -- not noticeable except under minute examination -- are attached to the trigger mechanism.

LIPTON
It shoots blanks?

ROLLIE
Yeah -- when I pull the trigger it signals here. I just have to memorize what sequence the shots are programmed for and I can hit a bull's-eye every time.

Lipton's impressed. He walks around Rosebud, dripping with "blood," and follows one wire from receiver to wound.

LIPTON
(examining it
closely)
Is this a rubber?

Rollie nods and walks over to his workbench. He pulls out a prepared squib and tosses it to Lipton, who examines it.

ROLLIE
A condom filled with stage blood,
a small charge and mounted on a
metal plate to protect the skin...

Lipton nods appreciatively and looks at Rosebud.

(CONTINUED)

LIPTON

De Franco?

ROLLIE

De Franco. When?

LIPTON

The sooner the better. I'll see
Mason and tell him the good news.

Lipton exits.

Rollie turns to Rosebud.

ROLLIE

(tenderly)

I'll make it up to you.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. ROLLIE'S LOFT - NIGHT

27

A car pulls up outside Rollie's loft apartment. Lipton gets out and checks the street. Then he hustles a figure from the car to the front door.

CUT TO:

28 INT. ROLLIE'S LOFT - NIGHT

28

Inside Rollie's loft the visitor, still unseen, becomes the CAMERA POV as Rollie circles, inspecting, scrutinizing. He shoots Polaroids. Lipton shakes his head, unimpressed. The Polaroids whiz out of the camera and are picked up by the visitor. And it's now we change POV -- and for the first time we see NICHOLAS DE FRANCO. He snorts at the pictures:

DE FRANCO

Christ, I'm ugly! You blow this
mug away and nobody's gonna weep!
By the way, Tosca --

ROLLIE

(mixing plaster)

Tesca!

DE FRANCO

You like Italian opera?

CUT TO:

A sequence showing preparations for the first stunt to include the following shots:

Rollie jams two straws up De Franco's nostrils and starts smearing his face with plaster.

Rollie starts tape measuring De Franco's chest and length of torso. Lipton nervously paces until --

Rollie removes the dried plaster mask. De Franco regards his mirror image as Rollie prepares to pour a mask mold.

And De Franco regards his "face" until Rollie takes it from him and starts pouring the positive mold. Then Rollie places the mold in his kitchen oven. At this point Lipton and De Franco are ushered out.

Rollie pours stage blood into condoms; he builds many squibs. He measures and marks the headless mannequin torso. He removes the mold and hangs squibs on a mesh undershirt on the mannequin.

Rollie runs the squib wires together and covers the mesh undershirt with a white t-shirt.

Rollie sews the shirts together and mounts the assembled t-shirt on a coat hanger.

He breaks the mold open to reveal the pristine white bust of De Franco.

Rollie starts painting the bust to exactly match De Franco's actual coloring. Rollie's a real artist and his work is impressive. Rollie grunts in approval. Then, alone in his loft, Rollie drinks a can of beer. Tired. Satisfied.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. OUTSIDE THE YALE CLUB - DAY

30

Rollie looks warily at the Waspy exterior and enters the sedate, forbidding doors.

CUT TO:

31 INT. YALE CLUB DINING ROOM - DAY

31

JAMES the waiter escorts Rollie to Mason's private table.

(CONTINUED)

MASON

Hello, Rollie. James here tells me the smoked salmon is good today.

ROLLIE

No, thanks. But you go right ahead.

MASON

(starting to eat)

Thanks, I will. No cholesterol... no artificial flavors... not much taste either, if you ask me.

Reaching into his pocket, he hands Rollie an envelope and carries on eating.

Rollie takes it, smiles his thanks and looks out over the room. Thoughtful. Troubled.

MASON

(continuing)

You're the first man I ever saw that \$5,000 couldn't cheer up. You're sure you wouldn't like a bite? You aren't getting cold feet, are you?

Rollie frowns and looks at Mason only to see a look of interest and concern. But still Rollie hesitates.

ROLLIE

No, the plan'll work.

MASON

You having trouble with Lipton?

ROLLIE

Doesn't everybody?

MASON

Look -- Lipton's not the most diplomatic...

ROLLIE

You can say that again! I'll be glad to be rid of him.

Mason looks at Rollie in a fatherly, wise way.

MASON

(laughs, then confides)

You're not alone.

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE

What's going to happen after?
Michael Corleone went to Sicily...
what about me?

MASON

You'll live in New York, you'll do
your job, you'll live your life
and no one will ever know -- ever.
And Rollie, if anything goes wrong
tonight, any problems, foul-ups...
call me, will you?

ROLLIE

(feeling reassured)

You can rely on that!

Mason smiles fondly at Rollie. He offers Rollie a bun
and, this time, Rollie accepts. Rollie grins at Mason
and, taking a bite, sits to watch the view. James
approaches for Rollie's order.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. ALLEY IN LITTLE ITALY - NIGHT

32

To ESTABLISH. Rollie's truck sits inconspicuously in
the dark alley. A car pulls up behind. Lipton and De
Franco get out.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ROLLIE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

33

Rollie slides open the side door and in step De Franco
and Lipton. Rollie slides the door shut, draws the
curtains and turns on a Tensor light. Rollie motions
De Franco to a stool. Lipton idly picks up Rollie's
pistol.

ROLLIE

Okay -- coat off!

DE FRANCO

What -- not even an hello!

ROLLIE

Hello -- coat off.

DE FRANCO

Get this guy, he talks like he's
planning to kill me!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

And, shaking his head good-naturedly, De Franco strips off his shirt, revealing a clean surgical scar on his chest. De Franco notices Rollie's stare and laughs. Lipton's still by the pistol.

DE FRANCO

(continuing)

Like the embroidery? Fifteen thousand for the pacemaker alone! And they call me a thief!

Rollie opens his safe door and takes out -- the De Franco bust and prepared t-shirt. De Franco looks at his life-like bust. Rollie starts putting the t-shirt on De Franco. He applies makeup and powder to the prosthetic face and mounds on De Franco's face. He notices Lipton handling the gun.

ROLLIE

Hey, Lipton, stay away from that!

Lipton grudgingly puts the pistol down. Rollie plugs wires under the t-shirt and runs them down to De Franco's belt. He clips a little black box onto the belt.

DE FRANCO

What's this black box?

ROLLIE

Receiver.

DE FRANCO

Receiver -- like some kinda radio?

ROLLIE

Exactly some kinda radio.

DE FRANCO

Well, forget it! Are you guys nuts?! You didn't tell me about this!

And De Franco starts taking off the receiver. Lipton comes over.

LIPTON

Nick -- what's the matter?

DE FRANCO

My pacemaker! I get voltage near my chest and I'm dead for real!

(CONTINUED)

LIPTON

Is he right?

ROLLIE

Not with this amperage he's not.

DE FRANCO

How the hell do you know?

(grabbing onto
Rollie)

Tesca, are you sure?

Rollie pulls away from De Franco's grasp. Rollie attaches the trailing wires to the receiver and throws the receiver switch to "on." De Franco's unhurt.

ROLLIE

Now I'm sure. Get dressed.

De Franco looks hard at Rollie, then grudgingly snaps the black box back onto his belt. Then De Franco puts back his shirt over the special t-shirt. He slips on his tie and jacket.

DE FRANCO

Well, am I beautiful?

ROLLIE

Settle for Italian.

DE FRANCO

(grinning)

Hey, Tesca; don't screw up.

De Franco and Rollie lock eyes and Rollie nods. De Franco's satisfied and turns to leave. Rollie watches Lipton escort De Franco back into the limo. Lipton returns to the open truck door and holds out his hand.

Rollie takes an envelope from his back pocket and gives it to Lipton, who quickly examines the contents: Rollie's Polaroids of De Franco.

ROLLIE

Don't worry, Lipton, they're all there.

Lipton pockets the envelope and looks into the truck at the bust of De Franco. Rollie sees and grimaces.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

I hate to do it -- all that work!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

LIPTON

No loose ends.

And Rollie takes a small hammer and, in a few quick blows, reduces the plaster bust to powder. Lipton nods approval and looks at his watch.

LIPTON

(continuing)

Ten minutes. You'd better get ready.

And with that Lipton rejoins De Franco in the limo and Rollie watches it pull away. Rollie shuts the truck door and looks into a small mirror. He begins applying a fake mustache to his face.

CUT TO:

34 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

34

The place is well-lit, crowded and noisy. And, amidst this hubbub, we see one figure sitting alone -- De Franco. His eyes dart nervously around the room. Where's Rollie?

CUT TO:

35 EXT. OUTSIDE THE ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

35

Rollie stands by the entrance, gathering his courage. He is in makeup now, mustache, wig, his pistol in his raincoat pocket. Rollie takes a deep breath to steady himself and --

CUT TO:

36 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

36

-- enters the restaurant. Rollie gestures to the Maitre d' that he is joining De Franco, and starts over toward his table. De Franco watches Rollie's disguised approach. Rollie gets to an open area in the room, pulls out his gun and aims it at De Franco.

A woman screams and everyone in the restaurant turns as De Franco rises in feigned fear. Rollie FIRES repeatedly and De Franco's body sprouts with half a dozen bloody wounds, his phony face destroyed. De Franco staggers backwards, crashes against a table and sprawls horribly on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Amidst hysterical screams of customers (most of whom have dived under tables) Rollie turns and starts out of the restaurant. He runs towards the exit in panic.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT 37

Rollie walks outside and anxiously whips off his fake mustache. No one notices Rollie in the mass bedlam and exodus, and he is invisible to the frantic eyes of those racing past him as --

-- Rollie turns a corner and jumps into the limo waiting there. They take off quickly into the night.

CUT TO:

38 INT. LIPTON'S LIMO - NIGHT 38

Rollie's in the back seat, Lipton beside the driver. An ambulance with SIRENS SCREAMING flashes past them toward the restaurant. Rollie starts taking off his makeup.

ROLLIE

They got there fast.

LIPTON

Of course they did. They're ours.
Any problems?

ROLLIE

De Franco's got more holes than
Swiss cheese.

Then, as Rollie puts some makeup on the seat, he notices a plastic tarp has been spread over it.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Say, why the plastic?

LIPTON

I don't want any blood stains.

Rollie looks in confusion at Lipton to see -- Lipton pointing a magnum at his brains.

LIPTON

(continuing)

Sorry, Rollie. No loose ends.

(CONTINUED)

With speed born of panic, Rollie, who is just about to remove his wig, whips it into Lipton's face. Lipton is momentarily surprised and Rollie dives to the other side of the rear seat. Lipton FIRES, but misses, and Rollie lunges at him and they struggle for the gun. Rollie grabs his gun hand and the second SHOT goes through the roof. The third SHOT blows off most of the driver's head. Driverless, the limo accelerates and shoots down the avenue.

CUT TO:

From Rollie's POV we see the limo heading straight for the sidewalk. A huge transporter carrying six brand new automobiles is parked while the two drivers are ten yards up the road at an all-night hot dog stand, grabbing a bite.

CUT TO:

The limo smashes into the middle of the transporter, one of the cars on the top section slowly begins to topple over the side, and the two rear cars on each level are released from their bindings and capsize backwards onto other cars parked behind the truck. One car hits a fire hydrant, which immediately erupts. In the ensuing bedlam Rollie takes off into the night.

CUT TO:

Rollie runs on in a furious, terrified charge. He crosses the street and nearly smacks into several cars and cabs. HORNS BLARE, drivers shout, but Rollie ignores them and races on. Gasping for breath, he plunges on into a side alley.

CUT TO:

Rollie runs down half way and turns into another alleyway, cursing. We see, thirty yards down the alleyway, Rollie's truck being taken away by a police tow truck. Totally frustrated, he plunges on into the night --

CUT TO:

He sees a phone booth. He runs inside, fishes in his pocket for Mason's number and dials. (And we may CROSSCUT here between Rollie's phone booth and Mason's office.)

ROLLIE

Lipton! He just tried to kill me!

MASON

(stunned)

What??! What do you mean?

ROLLIE

You heard me!

MASON

But when...?! Where...?!

ROLLIE

In the limo, after the stunt!
Lipton just pulled a gun on me
and --

MASON

Are you hurt?

ROLLIE

No! No! I just took off!
Christ, he's probably looking for
me!

MASON

Rollie, slow down! I'm trying to
think!

ROLLIE

What's there to think?! Lipton's
got his own plans! He tried to
kill me!

MASON

It must be De Franco! De Franco
must have paid Lipton off! I'll
kill them!

ROLLIE

If they don't kill you first!
Look, I've got to meet you!

MASON

All right! But stay where you
are!

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE

Are you kidding?! He's after me!

MASON

Rollie, do as I say! I'm responsible for you. I can't let you take any more risks! I'll send a patrol car to pick you up. They'll take you to Headquarters -- to the Commissioner's office. I'll meet you there. Okay?

ROLLIE

(calming down some)

Okay.

MASON

Now, where are you?

ROLLIE

A phone booth at --
(checking street
signs)
-- 51st and 11th.

MASON

All right, Rollie, I'm sorry about all this. Just wait, will you?

And Mason hangs up. Rollie hangs up and turns from the phone to find himself nose-to-nose with a man. Rollie reacts in stark, raving terror for a moment until he realizes... the man's just waiting to use the phone.

Rollie excuses himself, walks away a few yards, and ducks into a doorway to wait. The adrenaline is still pumping and Rollie feels an aftershock chill come over him. Rollie looks down the darkened street, fearing shadows and letting out deep breaths to calm himself. The man in the phone booth is laughing at some joke -- an ironic juxtaposition against Rollie's continuing terror. And Rollie is just starting to feel like he's been abandoned when --

A police car rounds a corner a few blocks up the avenue. The street is empty except for the laughing man in the phone booth. The police car cruises slowly towards the booth. Rollie smiles and starts to emerge from the doorway when suddenly the car accelerates and a BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE rips the phone booth, killing its occupant. We see the caller, still clutching the phone receiver, slide down inside the booth and collapse in a heap. Rollie forces himself back into the doorway as the CAR SCREECHES to a halt.

(CONTINUED)

The gunmen (GALLAGHER and VARRICK) jump out and run to the booth. The first man there pries the receiver out of the dead man's hand and passes it to the other gunman who replaces it. They then turn the body over and see to their amazement that they have killed the wrong man.

One of them races back to the car and grabs the radio handset. Rollie overhears:

GALLAGHER

Base One, this is Mobile One.
We've made the delivery, but it's
the wrong address.

MASON'S VOICE

Christ! Get out of there fast!

GALLAGHER

What about Tesca?

MASON'S VOICE

Forget Tesca! Get out of there!

GALLAGHER

(calls to Varrick)

Eddie! -- Let's get the hell out
of here!

And Rollie watches as Varrick races back to the police car and it ROARS off. Rollie watches the car fade into the distance. He emerges from the doorway and staggers off towards Broadway, a lone figure lost in the night.

CUT TO:

43 INT. MASON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

43

Mason turns to a dishevelled Lipton, who is just hanging up an extension phone.

MASON

You heard all that?

LIPTON

Yes, what do we do?

MASON

You! You've caused enough
trouble!... Get your ass to the
hospital; I'm bringing in a
specialist!

CUT TO:

44 EXT. LEO'S PATROL CAR ON A TOUGH CITY STREET - NIGHT 44

As the patrol car cruises the streets we hear:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

-- a three-four-seven, all cars in
area report... car four-two-niner
report to Lexington and Seventy-
eighth, a car theft in progress...

CUT TO:

45 INT. LEO'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT 45

LEO RATNER, fat and fifty, is at the wheel, his partner
MICKEY beside him. The Dispatcher's VOICE OVER conti-
nues in b.g.

LEO

Goddamn car theft...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

... reported murder attempt on
Nicholas De Franco, now en route
to All Soul's Hospital... a five-
seventeen reported break and enter
at --

But Leo ignores the rest and, wheeling the car hard
about --

CUT TO:

46 EXT. TOUGH CITY STREETS - NIGHT 46

-- executes a U-turn in heavy traffic. CARS HONK,
drivers scream. Leo takes off.

CUT TO:

47 INT. LEO'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT 47

MICKEY

Leo! We got a car theft to go to!

LEO

We're going to De Franco!

CUT TO:

48 INT. MCDONALD'S - UPPER BROADWAY - NIGHT

48

Rollie is talking into a pay phone; bathed in the putrid fluorescent light, he looks ashen.

ROLLIE

I'm not fooling around, Ellen.
Don't talk; just listen. This is serious. I want you to get dressed and go to Susan's apartment. No -- not my place, Susan's -- I'll meet you there in thirty minutes -- I'm sure my place is being watched.

CUT TO:

49 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

49

The place is crawling with police, hospital staff, TV crews, etc.

MURDOCH

... was brought in here at 12:55 a.m. with multiple gunshot wounds. He was pronounced dead on arrival...

REPORTER #1

Was a positive identification made?

And LT. MURDOCH, pompously efficient, continues:

MURDOCH

His face is blown away, but he was seen by a dozen eye witnesses. It's De Franco.

REPORTER #2

Wasn't he in protective custody?

MURDOCH

All appropriate actions were taken to ensure Mr. De Franco's safety. However, slip-ups do occur and (etc., etc.).

Just then a very angry Leo, followed by Mickey, strides into the lobby and straight up to WALLANGER. Murdoch continues to answer reporter's questions in the b.g. as:

(CONTINUED)

LEO

Hey, Wallanger, why didn't somebody tell me?

WALLANGER

It's not your case anymore, Leo.

LEO

Yeah! Well, it was for six years! Who's got it now?

WALLANGER

Murdoch. Now if you could keep your voice down --

LEO

Shit-for-brains, Murdoch! De Franco's mine! He's always been mine!

WALLANGER

Will you keep it down?! What have you got against Murdoch!

LEO

He's a douchebag.

WALLANGER

Now, Leo, Murdoch's a capable --

LEO

He's a capable douchebag! He'll screw up! De Franco's mine! Who was assigned to him?

WALLANGER

(looks around; sees Lipton entering the lobby)

Over there -- Lipton.

And, as Lipton comes over, Murdoch's bland press conference is a sideshow to Leo. But then everything is a sideshow to Leo.

LEO

Whatsamatter, Lipton -- trying for the douchebag of the month award?

WALLANGER

I thought that was Murdoch.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

Yeah, well if Lipton let De Franco die, then he's first runner up!

(to Lipton)

I hear De Franco looks like ground round.

LIPTON

Yeah, and I gotta make an I.D. Look, Ratner, it was nobody's fault!

LEO

Call me Leo. That way, when I call you incompetent, people'll think we're friends.

LIPTON

Ratner, if you'll let me explain...

LEO

No, let me: De Franco's in your custody, he gets toasted, the killer gets away, and you feel real bad about it -- that sum it up?

LIPTON

Listen, I don't need to take this!

LEO

De Franco's mine!!!

And as all this goes on, Murdoch, in the b.g., tries to continue with his bland press conference.

CUT TO:

50 INT. HOSPITAL PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT

50

Wallanger and Lipton enter. There's a body on the gurney covered with a sheet.

WALLANGER

Well, there he is -- what's left of him.

Lipton goes to the body and lifts the sheet. We see a man whose face has been blown away -- no phony plastic mask, but a real face, or what little is left of it. Unrecognizable. Lipton grimaces at the horrible sight.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

WALLANGER

(continuing)

C'mon -- make your identification
before I puke.

LIPTON

(signing an iden-
tification form)

It's De Franco.

And then, looking upset, L^{ipton} replaces the sheet.

51 EXT. SOHO STREET - SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

51

Ellen gets out of a cab at the loft building and the cab leaves. She is startled as Rollie materializes from the shadows. She tries to kiss him hello, but he hurries her inside, looking carefully up and down the street. He sees a car crossing slowly at the top of the block. He waits a few seconds, but sees nothing more and goes inside. At the top of the street, the car crosses in the opposite direction -- more slowly.

CUT TO:

52 INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

52

Ellen fixes some coffee and brings it to a very shaky Rollie.

ELLEN

But... why you?

ROLLIE

Because they knew I'd fall for it!
(imitating Mason)

"Rollie, you're the best...!"
(grimacing)

I dropped my pants and bent over.

ELLEN

But who are they?

ROLLIE

How do I know? I can tell you who
they told me they were, but...

ELLEN

Well, why not go to the police?

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE

Ellen, an hour ago two police
tried to kill me!

ELLEN

But you said yourself they're
probably not real police!

ROLLIE

They were wearing police clothes!
They were driving a police car.
They talked into a police radio!
They...

ELLEN

Okay! Okay! I didn't try to kill
you!

ROLLIE

Sorry...

Ellen nods. Then:

ELLEN

Besides, you haven't done anything.

Rollie stops and turns, a deeper fear playing over his
face.

ROLLIE

I'm not so sure. I loaded the gun
with blanks. But then, in the
truck, while I was making up De
Franco, Lipton kept messing around
with the gun.

ELLEN

So?

ROLLIE

So what if he put in real bullets?

Silence. Ellen draws away from Rollie, frightened.
But then she sees his fear is greater and she goes to
him.

ELLEN

Oh, Rollie...

ROLLIE

The only thing is, if they wanted
De Franco dead, why not just kill
him themselves?

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Well, I don't know why they'd...
Wait! -- you said they wanted to
do it in public, right?

ROLLIE

Yeah, but I don't see how --

ELLEN

To kill De Franco they had to get
him away from police protection.
Well, maybe they knew De Franco
would refuse unless Rollie Tesca,
the F/X man, was there to pull off
a "phony" murder. You were the
bait.

Rollie sinks down, exhausted and past exhaustion.
Ellen goes to him in care and concern.

CUT TO:

The loft is bathed in subdued dawn light. Rollie is
sprawled asleep in the bed. He opens his eyes slowly
to discover that he is alone in the bed. He looks
around to see Ellen walking softly about the loft,
preparing coffee. Yawning, he admires the view for a
few seconds. She turns around and catches him peeping.
She saunters over to the bed, then playfully leaps upon
him, kissing him.

ROLLIE

What time is it?

ELLEN

(kissing him)

Forget it.

ROLLIE

(trying to push
her off)

C'mon, cut it out.

ELLEN

I'm not kidding. I figured it
out.

She gets up.

ROLLIE

Whaddya mean?

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

It's simple; you go directly to the media.

ROLLIE

Oh, come on...

ELLEN

Really. Blow the whistle on these fuckers. Do a Woodward and Bernstein.

ROLLIE

What makes you think they'll believe me?

ELLEN

Stop being so paranoid! It's such a gorgeous day.

(moves towards
the window)

On the way here last night I had the cabbie drive by your apartment, and I didn't see anybody watching it...

She starts to raise the blind.

ROLLIE

(sits bolt upright
in bed)

You did what?

Startled by his outburst, she turns to him and lets go the blind which flaps quickly to the top. A half second later, the window EXPLODES inwards -- Ellen gives a little cry, looks down at the hole between her breasts, looks up at Rollie, and falls forward. Before Rollie can blink, the window shatters further and the pillow by his head EXPLODES. Rollie hurls himself to the floor as a salvo of BULLETS tears chunks from the mattress. Cowering paralyzed under the bed, he looks with total disbelief into the dead eyes of Ellen. Blinded by tears of fury, he crawls to her and drags her out of the firing line to the window wall. Clutching her to him, he listens -- the shooting has stopped. With his foot, he drags a chair towards him: on it is Ellen's purse. Searching inside it, he finds what he is looking for -- her compact. Using the mirror to look out of the window, he examines the roof across the street -- nothing.

(CONTINUED)

Rollie is half crazy as he looks over at the front door to hear the SOUND of ascending FOOTSTEPS. He looks at the police lock and sees it's being picked from the outside. Rollie tries to steady himself, to think. He looks about in helpless terror as the door lock continues to be picked.

Then Rollie sees a heavy metal umbrella stand by the door in which there is a baseball bat. He gets up, tiptoes to the door, picks up the bat.

A second later the lock gives way, the door is flung wide and the GUNMAN is three steps into the loft, crouched in combat position, a high-powered rifle with silencer and telescopic sight cradled in his gloved hands. Frantically scanning the room, he looks up too late as -- Rollie brings the baseball bat down on his neck, knocking him out.

Rollie stands over the unconscious Gunman and raises the hat for the coup de grace. But then he hesitates, tosses the bat aside and closes the door. Using the Gunman's belt, he secures him to the wall heater.

Then Rollie goes to Ellen and -- gently, as if she were a child -- picks her up and carries her --

-- into the bedroom. He lays her gently onto the bed and strokes her cheek in sorrow. But his soft moment is broken as he hears MOANS coming from the other room. Rollie hurries out.

CUT TO:

As the Gunman slowly comes to, Rollie searches through his pockets. He finds only a wallet with a little money in it -- places for I.D. are conspicuously empty. No credit cards. Nothing. Rollie tosses the wallet aside and sees the Gunman looking at him.

ROLLIE

Who are you?

(no answer)

Who the hell sent you?

Still no answer. Angry, Rollie kicks the Gunman in his already injured knee. The Gunman screams in pain.

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE
(continuing)

Talk!

And as the Gunman starts to talk he also -- unseen by Rollie -- begins twisting his wrists free of his belt handcuffs.

GUNMAN
I don't know! I swear I don't know! I got my orders over the phone!

ROLLIE
What do you know? I won't ask you twice!

GUNMAN
Mason called me last night... he told me to... he gave me this address...

ROLLIE
That sonofabitch tell you to kill her?

GUNMAN
Hey, I'm sorry! Believe me, that was an accident.

By now the Gunman has one hand free and is working secretly on the other.

ROLLIE
More... I want to know everything.

GUNMAN
There isn't any more! My knee's killing me! Look, turn me loose and I'll kill Mason for you! I swear I'll kill him!

The Gunman is free, his hands still behind his back. Rollie stops, grabs the Gunman's shirt front and pulls him up so that they are nose to nose.

ROLLIE
Look, you bastard, I want Mason... and you're going to lead me to him.

The Gunman slams his fists against Rollie and sends him sprawling -- then dragging his bad leg behind him he lurches over towards Rollie to finish him off.

(CONTINUED)

The Gunman's rifle is against a far wall. Rollie sees it and starts for it but the Gunman picks up the umbrella stand and throws it at Rollie, who has to duck. The Gunman has time to limp between the gun and Rollie, moving in for the kill.

Rollie stumbles to his feet and starts backing up. He's faster than the Gunman, but his fear paralyzes him. The Gunman -- enjoying the certain kill -- uses a karate chop which deadens Rollie's left side. Rollie stumbles back while the Gunman limps toward him.

As Rollie lurches back, he places whatever he can find in the Gunman's path -- a chair, a table, whatever -- but the Gunman only smiles at these petty obstacles, and pushes them easily aside. He smiles at Rollie, pleased his certain kill is becoming more interesting.

Finally, Rollie is up to the kitchen counter, his back literally up against the wall. Rollie watches the Gunman approach, that sickening smile still on his lips, his hands preparing for the death blow. Rollie desperately grabs blindly behind him -- overturning food cannisters -- until his hand settles on something hard and heavy: an iron. And Rollie doesn't even have time to see what he's got as he grabs up the iron and swing/jabs it at the Gunman's head. The iron crashes against something and tumbles from Rollie's grasp. Rollie feels uselessly about in helpless terror for some other weapon as he waits for his own death.

But then there is silence. Rollie looks to see the Gunman lying on the floor, the iron beside him. Rollie goes to the Gunman and sees a red gouge running across his forehead where the iron crashed into his skull. The Gunman stares up at the ceiling with dead eyes. Rollie has killed -- by accident, and in desperation -- but he has killed.

CUT TO:

56 INT. LEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

56

A figure is asleep on the pile of rumpled sheets he calls a bed. The PHONE RINGS and a hand emerges from the sheets to turn the bedside clock into view.

LEO (O.S.)

Fuck!

The PHONE CONTINUES TO RING. The hand grabs for the receiver -- misses it a few times, finally gets it -- and hauls it toward that part of the sheet that hides his head.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MICKEY (V.O.)
One-three-eight Greene Street.

LEO
Can't you even say good morning?

CUT TO:

57 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

57

MICKEY
One-three-eight Greene Street --
like the color. One male, one
female. Both unidentified.
Hello. And goodbye.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

58 INT. LEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

58

Leo's hand -- all we've seen of him so far -- tries to
place the phone back in its cradle. But he can't find
it and so --

LEO
Fuck!

Leo at last whips the sheet off his head and places the
phone back onto its cradle. He looks about at the
pigsty he calls an apartment, stumbles out of bed in
his underwear, and reaches for his least filthy shirt.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. 16TH ST. AND 7TH AVENUE - DAY

59

Rollie passes a coffee shop. He sees it's almost empty
and heads for the door. He stops, pats his pockets,
and sees he has no money. He finds his bank credit
card and heads for the nearest cash machine.

Rollie slips the card into the slot, and as he waits
for the automatic teller to operate he stares into a
garbage container, where he notices a discarded news-
paper. He casually picks up the paper, unfolds it, and
freezes when he sees his face on the front page, along
with the caption that he is De Franco's suspected
killer. Rollie stares at his picture in horror. And
he's still staring as --

(CONTINUED)

-- the machine gives the money asked for, but the card isn't returned. Ten seconds -- still no card. Instead a voice says:

MECHANICAL TELLER VOICE

Please wait, your card will soon be returned to you. Please wait...

But as Rollie continues to stare at his picture in the newspaper he suddenly hears in his own mind:

MASON (V.O.)

"... Just wait, will you...?"

Rollie bolts for the nearest subway entrance as -- unseen by Rollie -- his card pops out.

CUT TO:

The apartment is filled with crime scene chaos -- technicians, photographers, cops, etc. But this is all busy background to SUSAN as, in tears, she is questioned by Leo.

SUSAN

... Ellen was just... taking care
... of my plants...!

LEO

I'm sorry, Miss Melnick.

And Leo turns to a nearby officer.

LEO

(continuing)

Take Miss Melnick downtown for a statement. Use my office. Make her comfortable.

(to Susan with
concern)

I'll join you as soon as I can.

Susan nods and gets up, escorted out by the officer. Leo watches her go, angry and sad at the world. Then Leo indicates two chalk outlines where Ellen and the Gunman had been. He turns to Mickey.

LEO

(continuing)

Where are the bodies?

(CONTINUED)

MICKEY

M.E. took 'em downtown.

LEO

Downtown?! Well, how am I gonna investigate if --

MICKEY

Leo, I couldn't hold them forever!
I didn't know when you were going to show up!

Leo scowls. A TECHNICIAN approaches Leo with a plastic bag containing four spent slugs.

TECHNICIAN

Found them in an empty apartment across the street.

LEO

Thirty-two?

TECHNICIAN

(nodding)
Winchester. With silencer.

The Technician indicates a chalk area where the gun had been.

LEO

Don't tell me: downtown.

Mickey nods. Leo walks over to the bed and looks at the chalk outline of Ellen's body. He looks at the patch of blood on the sheet.

LEO

(continuing)
Through the heart?

Mickey nods. Leo goes over to the window, where technicians are tracing bullet trajectories with string.

MICKEY

We figure she was standing up when she got it.

LEO

Then how'd she get into the bedroom?

Mickey shrugs; Leo looks at the Gunman's outline.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

60

LEO

(continuing)

What about him?

MICKEY

He had marks on his hands -- from
this...

(holding up a belt)

He was tied up against the heater.

LEO

(lost in thought)

You start on the neighbors. I'll
see you downtown.

And Leo heads for the door.

CUT TO:

61 INT. MOVING SUBWAY CAR - DAY

61

Rollie sits. The car is crowded, and he notices half a dozen people reading the paper. He crouches down, trying to become invisible. But then he notices a LITTLE GIRL, about ten, sitting by her mommy. The Girl is bright as a button (just the sort you'd like to strangle), and she looks idly about the car and lets her eye settle on Rollie across from her. Rollie is surrounded by newspaper pictures of himself held by all the subway riders. Rollie feels the Girl's cute eyes on him, and scrunches down all the more. But the Girl's eyes dart from the newspaper pictures to Rollie and back to the pictures again. Rollie gulps and tries everything -- scratching, turning up his collar -- but nothing distracts the Girl. And then:

LITTLE GIRL

(softly to her mother)

Mommy! Mommy! That's the man!
That's the man! Mommy!

Rollie tries to hide his panic and heads for the door. He huddles against the door. Rollie waits for the next stop, his breathing fast, as he sees the Little Girl pointing at him.

LITTLE GIRL

(continuing; louder now)

It's him! The man! Mommy! Mommy!

And people are just starting to take notice, just starting to stare at him.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

61

And one burly public citizen is standing and approaching Rollie when -- the subway train reaches a station. The doors open and Rollie runs for it --

CUT TO:

62 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION SUBWAY STOP - DAY

62

-- through the bustling subway stop, knocking down several people in his mad dash.

CUT TO:

63 INT. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

63

Lipton enters.

LIPTON

We just got a call... he left the subway at Grand Central Station.

MASON

Send Varrick.

LIPTON

What about Gallagher?

MASON

We need him where he is.

LIPTON

What about Murdoch and his people? They're waiting outside.

MASON

Give me five minutes.
(as Lipton hesitates)

Well go on!

And Lipton goes out to make the call to Varrick. Mason's mad.

CUT TO:

64 INT. COFFEE SHOP WASHROOM - DAY

64

Rollie enters and heads for a pay phone.

ROLLIE

Andy? Rollie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROLLIE (CONT'D)

Yes, I know what time it is...
listen, I need my green makeup
kit... yeah, in my place... and
bring it to Grand Central
Station... no, not doing a train
movie! Now, just meet me at the
information booth and... No! We
can't meet!... Lemme see... put
the kit in the lockers in the
lower level... yeah, that's right
... and put the key...

Rollie's nervous as hell.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Tape the key under the shelf of
the last phone booth on the north
side on the main floor, got it?

CUT TO:

65 INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

65

Andy shakes her head.

ANDY

Okay, Rollie, okay! I got it!
(hangs up, amused)
You schmuck!

She gets up, grabs her keys and heads out. As she
walks out of the door she steps over the morning paper
without giving it a look.

CUT TO:

66 INT. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

66

Mason, Murdoch, and Mason's efficient (and honest)
assistant, WHITEMORE, all stare at Lipton, who is "on
the carpet."

LIPTON

... it's the same thing I told
Murdoch last night -- De Franco
just slipped out!

MASON

And how'd he get to that restaurant?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

LIPTON

How do I know -- a cab I suppose
... Look, all right, I admit it;
it was my fault...!

(then guiltily)

Do you want my resignation?

MASON

I want your report! My desk --
one hour!

Mason's a good actor, and Murdoch shifts uncomfortably
as he sees Lipton withering under his boss's grilling.

MURDOCH

Look... uh... I'll get out of your
hair...

MASON

Thanks, Murdoch. Agent Whitemore
here will be liaison with your
office.

WHITEMORE

Anything I can do...

Murdoch nods his thanks to Mason. Then Murdoch and
Whitemore start out as Mason looks at Lipton. And
loud:

MASON

(for public
consumption)

My desk! One hour!

Mason and Lipton watch to be sure Murdoch is gone.
Then:

LIPTON

(sotto voce)

They bought it.

MASON

(the same)

Maybe.

CUT TO:

67 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

67

Leo walks through the police station like a bull on the
rampage. He makes a beeline for the office at the
rear. And Leo is just about to open the door when --
it opens. And out steps Murdoch.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

Hi, Murdoch -- talkin' with Wallanger about the De Franco case?

MURDOCH

As a matter of fact. Hell of a case.

LEO

Say, if there's anything I can do to help, don't hesitate to --

MURDOCH

Sure, Leo. Sure.

Leo's all polite smiles until Murdoch leaves. Then Leo rolls his eyes to heaven (Jesus! He hates that guy!) and --

CUT TO:

-- charges right in.

LEO

Jake, I'm telling you, Murdoch --

WALLANGER

Now don't start --

LEO

Murdoch couldn't find his ass with both hands!

WALLANGER

Not again, Leo! I don't want to hear it!

LEO

Well, you're gonna! I work six years on De Franco and when he finally comes in, first he gets shipped to Lipton, and now, when De Franco's dead, Murdoch's the fair-haired boy!

WALLANGER

Look, it's not my decision! Now Murdoch's on the case and that's that, so if you'll --

(CONTINUED)

LEO

He's on the case because he's got
a rabbi downtown!

WALLANGER

All right, so the kid's ambitious...

LEO

Ambitious? Is that what they call
it nowadays?

WALLANGER

Come on, Leo...

LEO

In my day they called it ass-
kissing!

(softer)

Why, Jake?

WALLANGER

You wanna know why -- I'll tell
you why -- because I don't have
time to play wet-nurse to some
pathetic, angry old man who thinks
he got the shaft!

LEO

I did get the shaft!

WALLANGER

Yeah, and you know why Murdoch
gets the glory? -- because
Murdoch's not gonna piss people
off, and Leo, you piss people off!

Wallanger sighs, hating being hard on an old friend.

WALLANGER

(continuing)

You think I'm enjoying this?

Leo stops, his anger abating at seeing Wallanger's
frustration.

LEO

Well, just three months to go...

WALLANGER

(concerned)

You want to retire today? I can
fix it. You can phone in for the
last three months. Is that what
you want?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

The PHONE RINGS. Wallanger picks it up.

WALLANGER

(continuing)

He wants what?! He authorized what?!

Wallanger swivels his chair to the wall and drops his voice.

WALLANGER

(continuing)

All right! Give Murdoch one detective and one uniform and that's it!

Wallanger slams down the phone and turns to look at Leo -- but Leo isn't there, and Wallanger is alone.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. OUTSIDE ROLLIE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

69

Andy exits the subway stairs and heads toward Rollie's apartment. As she goes around the corner and, lifting up a rock, takes out Rollie's extra key --

-- she doesn't notice Gallagher across the street, secretly watching her from his car. Andy takes the key, unlocks Rollie's front door and enters.

CUT TO:

70 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

70

Rollie finishes his hot dog and looks across the great expanse of the station to see -- nothing! No Varrick in sight. And no Andy, either. But Rollie nervously checks his watch; he's been waiting long enough. So he gets up and moves across the great hall --

-- toward the phone booths. Someone's on the phone at the far end, and Rollie anxiously waits (trying to appear inconspicuous) until --

-- the person leaves the phone. Rollie skitters in front of the person about to take the phone and -- pretending to be on the phone, chatting with a friend -- feels under the phone ledge to find... a key, taped to the bottom.

Rollie takes the key and, hanging up, heads away... across the great station again, this time toward --

CUT TO:

71 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

71

-- the wall of lockers along the lower level ramps. But he's about to walk up to them when he sees --

-- Varrick in civilian clothes standing nearby. Rollie ducks into the Oyster Bar across the way and watches as Gallagher, also in civilian clothes approaches Varrick. The two shake hands. Gallagher indicates a particular locker and Varrick nods. They begin staking out the lower level ramp.

Rollie ducks down, and orders an oyster tray as camouflage (oysters over hot dogs! -- Rollie grimaces as he eats). But Rollie's attention is on those lockers right behind Varrick and Gallagher -- so near and yet so far...

Rollie looks about to see an OLD CODGER COP nearby. Rollie holds up the locker key in frustration -- damn! He's got to get to that locker! But is the OLD CODGER COP working for Mason? Rollie leaves the Oyster Bar and --

-- walks up to the Old Codger Cop, and rather prissily:

ROLLIE

Excuse me, Officer, but I'm trying to make a telephone call and those two men over there keep making improper advances.

OLD CODGER COP

Go ahead and make your call. I'll take care of them.

Rollie nods his fey thanks. The Old Codger Cop goes to Varrick and Gallagher... and Rollie watches as --

VARRICK

Jesus Christ, get lost! We're on a stakeout... Look!

And Varrick and Gallagher show the Cop their Justice I.D.'s.

GALLAGHER

Who set you up?

OLD CODGER COP

Why, this guy, he said you were pestering him!

VARRICK

What guy!? Where!?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

OLD CODGER COP

Why, right over...

And the Old Codger gestures toward the Oyster Bar where there is -- no Rollie. Varrick and Gallagher look at the lockers to see --

-- the locker door open, the locker empty. Varrick and Gallagher take off running -- where's Tesca?

CUT TO:

72 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - LOWER LEVEL MEN'S ROOM - DAY 72

Rollie pays a quarter to one of the attendants and slips into a private wash-up cubicle. After catching his breath, he tucks his collar in and washes his face. A moment of calm after the last tension. Then, relieved, Rollie opens the makeup kit --

-- and sees Andy's head! It's a rubber mask, realistic as hell and twice as gruesome. Rollie picks up the head in disbelief.

ROLLIE

Goddam you, Andy -- you brought the wrong box!

Rollie angrily tosses Andy's "head" over the cubicle wall --

-- right into the lap of a precise banker reading the Wall Street Journal in the next stall. And the precise banker screams like crazy!!!

And people in the men's room look around -- what's all that screaming? Is that guy okay! Say, what's the matter? And the precise banker charges out of the cubicle. Pandemonium.

CUT TO:

73 INT. OUTSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM - DAY

73

Varrick and Gallagher hear the shouting and hurry towards the men's room. Andy's standing nearby, and she watches their frantic race and observes through the men's room doors as --

CUT TO:

74 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

74

-- Rollie, seeing the chaos, starts beating a hasty retreat for the door. Rollie shoves past the bedlam and finally pushes open the "out" door just as --

-- Varrick and Gallagher enter through the "in" door. They spot Rollie just leaving and are about to tear after him when the hysterical precise banker lunges against them, slowing them up. They push and shove past the frantic hysteria.

CUT TO:

75 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - OUTSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM - DAY 75

Rollie races out of the men's room and smacks into -- Andy.

ANDY

Rollie! What's the hell's --

Rollie grabs onto Andy (who's lugging a makeup kit) and races with her down the tunnel towards the trains as --

-- Varrick and Gallagher charge out of the men's room and take off after them.

CUT TO:

76 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - LOWER LEVEL RAMPS - DAY 76

Rollie and Andy tear down the ramps towards the subway stop.

CUT TO:

77 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - SUBWAY STOP - DAY 77

They run onto the crowded station stop to find -- no train. They look about to see --

-- Varrick and Gallagher racing down toward them, impeded by the crush of commuters. They take off again and the gunmen chase after. And it's a mad, terrifying chase, bumping and crashing against crowded innocent bystanders. Sometimes Varrick and Gallagher are obscured from view, while a moment later the two killers respot their prey and once again shove towards them. It looks like it's just a matter of time until Andy and Rollie are trapped and caught. But then, in a moment when the two killers are obscured from sight --

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

-- Rollie jumps onto the tracks and across to the other side. There's a staircase leading down, and Rollie blindly takes it. He signals Andy to hurry after him. Andy sees Varrick and Gallagher shoving blindly through the crowded station toward her, and she's got no choice but to follow Rollie.

CUT TO:

78 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - TUNNELS - DAY

78

Rollie and Andy enter a dank, labyrinthine series of tunnels under the subway tracks. Their race is furtive, and Rollie constantly has one eye behind him as Varrick and Gallagher charge after them.

Several times Rollie pauses to see if he has eluded the two killers. Each time Andy starts to ask --

ANDY

Rollie, what the hell's going on!?

-- only to have Rollie whisk her away as he hears the two thugs approach. On they run, and it looks like Varrick and Gallagher are about to catch up with them when --

-- Rollie spies a small opening off one tunnel. He grabs onto Andy and pulls her through it --

-- just as Varrick and Gallagher charge by, missing them.

CUT TO:

79 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - GENERATOR ROOM - DAY

79

Rollie and Andy find themselves in a smallish room containing defunct generators and masses of rotting electrical equipment. They huddle against a wall, scarcely breathing as, outside they hear, passing by --

VARRICK (O.S.)

But I'da sworn I saw 'em go this way...

GALLAGHER (O.S.)

You call Mason for a back-up. I'll stick around...

Rollie and Andy let out a silent sigh of relief as they hear Varrick and Gallagher HEADING AWAY. And they're just starting to feel safe when --

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

-- two bums, safe and friendly, look up at them in drunken bonhomie.

Rollie lets out a sigh of relief -- no danger there -- and turns to Andy.

ROLLIE

What the fuck made you bring the wrong makeup kit? I distinctly told you to bring my green makeup kit! Instead you bring my head kit when I want my green kit and...

ANDY

Rollie, would you tell me just what the hell's going on here!? Who are those guys!? What do they want!? Why are they after you and for Chrissake...

ANDY

(rising over
Rollie's voice)

You have two green makeup kits!

(shoving the kit
in his face)

Now will you tell me what the hell's going on!?

Rollie stops. He takes the makeup kit shyly, and turns to Andy.

ROLLIE

Well, you remember that guy Leitner in the restaurant? It turns out his real name is...

And Rollie continues with his story as the two bums listen and Andy stares intently at Rollie.

CUT TO:

80 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

80

Murdoch's being interviewed by a gaggle of insistent REPORTERS.

MURDOCH

... and we have used and shall continue to pursue all avenues in the De Franco matter.

REPORTER

Yes -- but have you found De Franco's killer?

And there's a clamorous chorus of agreement on that.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

MURDOCH

Not yet! But I'm using every resource available to me and I'm certain in a short time this case will reach a speedy resolution!

And Murdoch, plainly very rattled, walks away from the frantic Reporters. He begs off further questions and rounds a corner to bump right into --

-- Leo, unimpressed Leo.

LEO

You haven't found shit, have you?

MURDOCH

Ratner, if you'll excuse me...

LEO

(grabbing onto Murdoch)

Listen, Murdoch -- give me De Franco. I'll take the press, I'll take the responsibility, hell, I'll give you the collar -- just give me De Franco.

MURDOCH

You'd like that, wouldn't you? "Leo Ratner -- first he brought in De Franco and then he brought in De Franco's killer!" Well, if you can't find who killed two people in Soho, then you'll pardon me if I find who killed De Franco!

And Murdoch goes off in a cloud of officious certitude. Leo shakes his head at Murdoch, and walks away.

CUT TO:

81 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

81

We're looking at the back of a chair, the impressive computer room in the background. Leo enters amidst some "Hi, Leo's!" As the unseen figure on the chair types away at a computer console. We hear Leo working the coffee machine. Finally, the chair swivels about and we see MARISA VELEZ, an attractive thirty-year-old Hispanic. She sights Leo and gestures for him. Leo rumbles over.

LEO

Well, Velez, whatchagot?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

VELEZ

That man killed in the apartment.

And as Velez taps in some computer orders, Leo bends down and looks at Velez's display screen. Velez eyes Leo's coffee.

LEO

(amazed)

Already?

VELEZ

Time was D.A. stood for District Attorney -- now it means Digital Analysis.

And Velez punches in some more instructions and we read along with her from the display screen.

VELEZ

(continuing; taking
Leo's coffee)

He was a cop.

LEO

(mad at losing
his coffee)

A cop...?!

VELEZ

Ex-cop: William J. Adams... born 10.5.46... two years military... honorable discharge... six years N.Y.P.D... discharged 4.6.81... the rest is N/A.

LEO

Not Available... Does that mean it doesn't exist, or that you can't get to it?

VELEZ

Both. Or either. Can't say. All I know is the front door's closed.

Leo fumes and finally turns back to Velez.

LEO

What about fingerprints?

Velez expertly punches in some more computer commands. And some more information springs to life on the display screen.

(CONTINUED)

VELEZ

Here it is -- they lifted four sets of prints from the apartment: two male, two female. The females match the dead girl --

LEO

Ellen Keith.

VELEZ

-- and the owner of the apartment, Susan --

LEO

Melnick.

VELEZ

Leo, are you reading this, or am I?

LEO

You stole my coffee, didn't ya?

VELEZ

One of the male's prints belong to your ex-cop, Adams. We're still trying to make the other.

Leo lets out a sigh while Velez shrugs. And just then Mickey comes up to Leo.

LEO

Anything from the neighbors?

MICKEY

Nobody heard nothing. But I did ask about Ellen Keith, you know, her boyfriends...

LEO

And?

MICKEY

She had three.

(reading from notes)

One's a film producer, lives in Beverly Hills, another's an actor working on a film in Mexico -- both have solid alibis.

LEO

What about the third?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

81

VELEZ

Leo, do you need me anymore or can I get back to work?

LEO

Just hold on, willya!?

(to Mickey)

What about the third guy?

MICKEY

He's a special effects expert working on the same film with her -- name of Roland Tesca. Word is they're a hot item.

LEO

So, where is this Tesca?

MICKEY

Nobody knows -- he disappeared two days ago.

LEO

Well where does he live?

MICKEY

(checking his notes)

I got it right here... somewhere...

And Leo starts hustling Mickey out. But as he goes Leo turns back to Velez.

LEO

Marisa, dig up what you can on Adams!

VELEZ

Who the hell do you think you are, Leo? The file's closed!

LEO

(as he walks away)

Then re-open it! If the front door's locked, go through the back! If the back's shut, go through the sides! If they're boarded up, go through the top! If the top's sealed, go through the...

And Leo is lost to sight and sound (but still talking) as he hustles Mickey out. Velez sighs and begins punching in more computer commands. It's gonna be a long day...

CUT TO:

82 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - GENERATOR ROOM - DAY 82

ROLLIE

... then I realized I'd killed
this guy! I ran for it... and
then I called you.

And Rollie looks fondly at Andy, hoping for the support
he has always gotten from her.

ANDY

Rollie, you know I'm your friend --

ROLLIE

Well, sure! That's why --

ANDY

-- but how could you do this to
me? Didn't you know they'd follow
you? Am I the next body?

ROLLIE

Oh, Andy, come on --

ANDY

No! Ellen's dead! If you hadn't
called her, she'd be alive now!

Rollie stops, completely stunned. He sinks down, at
last having to digest the results of his actions -- and
of his loss. Andy sees the pain playing across
Rollie's face and goes over to her old friend.

ANDY

(continuing)

Rollie -- let's stop feeling sorry
for ourselves.

Rollie nods.

ROLLIE

You're right -- let's get started.

Andy turns to the makeup kit and opens it up.

CUT TO:

83 INT. ROLLIE'S APARTMENT STAIRS OUTSIDE HIS APARTMENT 83
DOOR - DAY

Mickey trots up the stairs while Leo lurches slowly
behind. Mickey gets up to Rollie's landing and pushes
the doorbell, only to hear a terrible MOAN. Leo gets
to the landing and, out of breath, gives Mickey an are-
you-ready? look. Mickey nods, and guns drawn, they
heave and push against the door until --

CUT TO:

-- it opens with a jimmied MOAN and in burst Leo and Mickey. Mickey reacts in shock to Rosebud. But Leo takes a closer look at Rosebud and sees it's not real.

LEO

Put it down.

And Mickey holsters his gun. They start looking about Rollie's strange apartment.

LEO

(continuing;
appalled)

Christ...

MICKEY

I told you -- he does special effects.

(seeing one
monster)

Wow! "Rock-a-Die, Baby"!

LEO

You mean you pay to watch this crap?

Mickey nods meekly, and they go in opposite directions around the loft. Leo looks at Rollie's many fake monsters.

LEO

(continuing)

What sort of guy makes junk like this?

And Leo comes upon an old scrapbook of Rollie's. He thumbs through the pages to see a ten-year-old Rollie proudly drawing a rabbit out of a hat... a fifteen-year-old Rollie in his full magician's costume... a seventeen-year-old Rollie (in a trick picture) holding up a house... The roots of a special sort of genius, beginning as a childhood dream... Leo shakes his head, amused and slightly put off.

LEO

(continuing)

This scrapbook ends when he's a teenager. You see any adult pictures of Tesca?

MICKEY

I'll look around.

(CONTINUED)

And Leo looks further to see a mannequin of a woman with a hatchet sticking out of her face. Leo stares at it. A bit irritated.

LEO

Ya know, maybe this Tesca went nuts. I mean -- look how he lives!

MICKEY

Leo, I've seen your apartment, remember?

But then Mickey starts over towards Leo.

MICKEY

(continuing)

Got your picture!

And Mickey shows Leo an American Cinematographer with Rollie on the cover. Leo stares at Rollie's face, fascinated.

LEO

Roland Tesca...

MICKEY

They say he's the best there is...

LEO

(remembering something)

Wait a minute...!

And Leo draws out a newspaper and side-by-side compares the two pictures of Rollie -- obviously the same guy.

MICKEY

Jesus!

LEO

Maybe this Tesca got tired of make-believe. Maybe he decided it was time he tried out the real thing!

MICKEY

On who? On De Franco or Ellen Keith and Adams?

LEO

Maybe all three -- maybe he had a busy night!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEO (CONT'D)

(making a decision)

Mickey, call Wallanger -- tell him we've got a positive I.D. on De Franco's killer. Tell him I want an APB. I want the networks contacted. I want the papers. I want a public announcement. I want...

Mickey is taking quick notes and he looks up to see Leo staring at Rosebud, still encrusted with the fake movie blood from Rollie's demonstration "hit" for Lipton. Leo's thinking hard.

LEO

(continuing; looking at Rosebud)

Mickey, remember how De Franco was killed?

MICKEY

(hesitates)

Uh... six shots from a pistol, five to the body and the sixth to the...

(looking at Rosebud)

... head...

And Mickey sees that Rosebud was "killed" in exactly the same fashion as De Franco.

MICKEY

(continuing)

Just what the hell is this?

LEO

A rehearsal.

Mickey circles Rosebud, trying to understand.

MICKEY

But why rehearse a phony killing when De Franco was killed for real? I mean, if Tesca was going to practice, why not practice with real bullets?

LEO

He didn't use real bullets because he didn't think the shooting of De Franco was for real.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (3)

84

MICKEY

You mean Tesca was set up? By who?

LEO

I don't have a clue.

MICKEY

But why set up a real killing to look like it's a phony? And what about Keith and Adams? Did he kill them?

LEO

I bet not.

MICKEY

But, what if Tesca's innocent?

Leo shrugs.

MICKEY

(continuing)

Whoever hired Tesca must be looking to kill him. Leo, we gotta protect Tesca!

LEO

Forget Tesca. Forget Keith and Adams. I'm gonna find De Franco's killers -- and I'm gonna use Rollie Tesca to lead me to 'em.

CUT TO:

85 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - GENERATOR ROOM - DAY

85

The two bums watch as, side by side, Andy and Rollie apply makeup to themselves. Andy peers into a too-small compact mirror while Rollie uses the mirror inside the top of his makeup kit. There's a tense truce dividing them and Rollie makes a tentative peace gesture.

ROLLIE

That's too much number ten.

Andy says nothing and goes on applying makeup to herself. But the light is bad, the mirror small, and so, in another peace gesture:

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Here. Let me.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

But Andy doesn't want help and tries to apply the makeup herself. But this has all been too much and too sudden, and her hands begin to tremble. Rollie feels for her and the mess he's gotten her into, and reaches a steadying hand over hers. He helps her apply makeup for a silent moment.

The moment holds between them both, each lending support to the other. And then they suddenly embrace as only old friends can. The two bums smile at each other -- they love it in the "movies" when people kiss and make up. But as they embrace, Andy knows she's been tough on Rollie. And so:

ANDY

(mumbled)

I'm sorry...

ROLLIE

Watch out -- you're getting makeup on me.

They break apart. Andy smiles fondly at Rollie, lightly fixes him and gives him a professional up-and-down.

ANDY

There! Nobody would know you if you ran down Fifth Avenue.

ROLLIE

Yeah, well, I'm tired of running. They got to me because they told me I was the best. Well, now we're going to show them the best.

(looking about)

How the hell do we get out of here?

And the first bum obligingly smiles and opens a manhole cover at the far end of the room -- light from outdoors floods the room. Rollie and Andy get up and head for the opening. Before they get to it they nod a thank you to the two bums, who tip their imaginary hats in a you're welcome. They head out into the great outdoors of Manhattan.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

86

And Rollie and Andy and makeup disguise go out into the glare and glare of New York, two figures rapidly growing lost in the crowds.

CUT TO:

87 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

87

Leo enters and sits next to Velez at her console.

VELEZ

About time.

LEO

Whatcha got?

Velez taps in some codes and the computer screen starts to read out some information.

VELEZ

Called a guy at F.B.I. Central.

He got me this:

(a nod at
the screen)

Your friend Adams -- after he left
N.Y.P.D. he joined the Justice
Department.

LEO

Justice -- so that's what was
N/A...

VELEZ

And Classified and Top Secret and
Christ knows what else.

LEO

How'd you get this guy at F.B.I.
to help you out?

VELEZ

I told him I was going to Jamaica
for my vacation and I needed
company.

Leo gives Velez a respectful look and Velez shrugs
back. Then Leo turns back to the terminal.

LEO

Justice Department -- that it? No
phone number, office, address...?

VELEZ

That's all he wrote.

Leo frowns. He taps his fingers impatiently and rubs
his belly in irritation. Finally:

LEO

Give me a breakdown of the Justice
agencies.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Velez shrugs and starts typing. After a moment the screen fills with a list of Justice Department agencies. Leo runs his finger down the long list.

LEO
Antitrust... Attorney General...

VELEZ
Leo, what are you looking for?

LEO
How the hell do I know?
(down the
list)
Immigration... Naturalization...
District Attorney... Theft...
Interstate Traffic... W.P.R.
Agency... W.P.R.... what's that?

Velez plays with the computer keyboard. Leo stares closely at the screen.

LEO
(continuing)
Eu-fucking-reka!

And Leo turns to go, calling after as he leaves:

LEO
(continuing)
Enjoy Jamaica! And thanks!

Leo's gone. Velez looks once more at her computer screen... Sees WITNESS PROTECTION AND RELOCATION. She shrugs, cancels the program and returns to her work.

88 INT. DOWNTOWN BUS - DAY

88

We PICK UP Rollie and Andy entering downtown bus. In their sleek makeup they feel as free as birds... no one recognizes them. They are standing, hanging onto the straps. Someone gets up and Rollie motions to Andy to sit down. Sitting next to Andy is an old man, reading the paper... and there, on the page, is Rollie's picture. Andy stares at the picture, then, with a cute smile, she looks up at Rollie's face and gives him a wink as if to say "not bad, my handiwork." Rollie grins.

CUT TO:

89 INT. MASON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON) 89

Leo and Mickey enter and see an empty secretary's office -- she has gone for the day. Leo knocks on the door of the inner office.

MASON (V.O.)

Come on in.

CUT TO:

90 INT. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY 90

Leo enters, followed by Mickey.

LEO

(showing his badge)

Lieutenant Ratner. This is my assistant, Detective Scott.

MASON

Gentlemen -- what can I do for you?

LEO

I'd like to speak to whoever's in charge.

MASON

You're looking at him. Mason -- Edward Mason -- sit down, gentlemen.

LEO

Do you know William J. Adams?

MASON

(thinking)

Should I?

LEO

He works for you.

MASON

Two hundred and fifty-three people work for me... hold on a second.

He buzzes intercom.

WHITEMORE (V.O.)

Yes, sir?

MASON

Check the files for a William J. Adams. If you find it -- bring it in.

(CONTINUED)

Mason turns to Ratner.

MASON

(continuing)

Just what's your interest in this Adams?

LEO

He was found murdered this morning.

MASON

Murdered? Oh my God, that's terrible. Have you any idea who did it?

MICKEY

Well, yes --

LEO

-- and no.

Whitemore walks in with a file. Mason thumbs through it.

MASON

Ah... heré it is... no wonder I didn't recognize his name... Adams was what we call a floater.

LEO

How's that?

MASON

Well, he had no direct duties. -- I guess he was what you might call a freelancer. We used him for Witness Relocation from time to time... last time was...

(checking file)

Way back in June '83.

(looking up)

After that there's no mention of him. Except this --

(showing Leo a slip from Adams' file)

-- an unsatisfactory evaluation on his last assignment. My bet is he didn't work out and we discontinued using him.

Leo studies the note and hands it back to Mason.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

Anything else?

MASON

(looking through
the file)Just a notation here that recent
correspondence sent to him was
returned with no forwarding
address.

(looking up)

I'm sorry I can't be of more
help...

LEO

You've done the best you could.

MASON

My pleasure. I just hope you find
whoever killed him.

They shake hands. Mason starts to move from his desk.

LEO

We'll let ourselves out.

Leo and Mickey leave. Mason waits until they have
closed the door behind them, and then buzzes Lipton,
who comes in.

LIPTON

What do we do?

MASON

So far they don't know a damned
thing.

LIPTON

Yeah -- but for how long? That
goddamn Tesca's going to sink us.Mason taps nervously at his desk. Then, making a
decision:

MASON

We're leaving tonight -- get it
organized.

CUT TO:

Leo and Mickey exit and walk towards Leo's car.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

MICKEY

(turns to Leo)

Well, that got us nowhere.

LEO

I'm not so sure. I think our nice
Mr. Mason is bent as hell.

CUT TO:

92 INT./EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

92

Leo and Mickey enter the police car and the following
takes place while the car is stationary.

LEO

You think I'm full of shit,
Mickey? Well think on the
following... 1) When I told him
Adams was murdered he didn't ask
how. Everybody, Mickey, has a
morbid curiosity -- but not him.
2) True, he seemed helpful -- but
did he offer us a copy of Adams'
sheet? -- the xerox was sitting
right there. I'll tell you why he
didn't -- he knew that we knew
that it's on the fucking F.B.I.
computer. Mason's bent all right.
How bent is something I have to
find out.

CUT TO:

93 INT. LIPTON'S OFFICE - DAY

93

Lipton is at his desk, putting papers in a briefcase.
The INTERCOM BUZZES.

WHITEMORE (V.O.)

(through intercom)

There's a Mr. Tesca calling for
Mason.

LIPTON

(blanches)

Put him on hold for a second.

He buzzes his intercom.

CUT TO:

94 INT. MASON'S OFFICE

94

Mason picks up the intercom phone. He listens.

MASON

Are you sure?... Don't panic.
Listen, talk to him, reason with
him, just keep him long enough for
me to trace, understand? Which
line is he on?

CUT TO:

95 INT. LIPTON'S OFFICE

95

LIPTON

Line two.

He switches off the intercom, then speaks into the phone.

LIPTON

(continuing)

Tesca... are you there? This is
Lipton... Mason's not here...
uh... I... uh... didn't really...
uh... expect to... uh... uh-huh...
you're right... you're right... it
is time... very good... I'm
listening... a meeting? That
could uh... what could be
arranged... I don't really
understand, though... well, it
does appear that way... sure...
listen, I'm sure we can reach some
kind of... uh... agreement...
there's a lot you don't know about
this operation...

The light on the intercom blinks. Lipton grabs the intercom receiver.

CUT TO:

95A CLOSEUP - MASON'S FACE

95A

hissing into the phone.

MASON

He's in the building for
Chrissake! He's calling from a
pay phone in the lobby of this
goddamn building!

CUT TO:

95B INT. LIPTON'S OFFICE

95B

Lipton drops both phones at once and runs out of his office, forsaking the elevator.

CUT TO:

96 INT. STAIRS/LOBBY

96

He hurtles down two flights of stairs. In the deserted lobby he runs to the bank of pay phones. With a hand on his concealed pistol, he peers around the corner into the alcove. It is deserted. What he does see sends him into a rage; the handsets of two adjacent phones are taped together, mouthpiece to receiver. Lipton runs over and tears them apart savagely.

LIPTON

(into both phones
at once)

Where the hell are you, Tesca?!!

CUT TO:

97 EXT. STREET - DAY

97

Rollie is in a phone booth in another part of town.

ROLLIE

Tsk... tsk... Lipton -- Remember,
you hired me as the best...

(then, turning
serious)

I'll meet you in twenty minutes
exactly at the corner of Houston
and Bowery.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

97A INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY (CONTINUED)

97A

LEO

(into receiver)

You heard? Now what?

MASON (V.O.)

(on phone)

Get him, goddammit! I'll call
Varrick and Gallagher -- he won't be
looking for a lead car. Now go!

And Mason hangs up. Lipton leaves the two phones
dangling and takes off.

98 EXT. BUILDING GARAGE - LATE DAY

98

Varrick and Gallagher are sitting in their civilian car doing crossword puzzles and reading magazines as the CAR PHONE SIGNALS. Varrick talks briefly into the hand receiver and, starting up the car, takes off with a SQUEAL of RUBBER -- a few seconds later we see Lipton's car drive out from the garage and take off in the same direction.

99 INT. LIPTON'S CAR ON NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

99

Lipton's driving. Rollie rises from the back seat and whips a wire around Lipton's throat.

ROLLIE

Keep driving, Lipton, or I'll kill you. Nod if you understand.

Lipton nods.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Good, now make the next left and head east.

CUT TO:

100 INT. POLICE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

100

Leo enters and goes over to Velez and hands her some coffee.

LEO

This better be good.

VELEZ

I don't know how good it is, but it sure is funny. Take a look.

And Velez taps in some computer orders and onto her display screen comes brief biographical rundowns on C.A. VARRICK and R.P. GALLAGHER. Leo looks impatiently at the screen.

LEO

So?

VELEZ

Police found the prints of these two on a phone booth at 51st and Lex.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

LEO

51st and Lex... that where that
guy was killed gangland style?

Velez nods.

LEO

(continuing)

Well, I still don't see the
connection with --

VELEZ

Take a look at their Social
Security numbers.

Leo does. He, and we, see the Social Security numbers.

LEO

Consecutive numbers!

VELEZ

Yeah, but look -- Varrick was born
in Maryland, Gallagher in Idaho,
and three years apart. Now, how
can their Social Security numbers
be consecutive unless --

LEO

Unless they're phony!

VELEZ

And I thought, who makes up Social
Security numbers? -- and I
remembered you were looking into
Witness Relocation and I figured
maybe this is worth an extra week
in Jamaica.

Leo smiles.

LEO

You could never be away from me
that long.

Leo prowls about triumphantly until...

LEO

(continuing)

Can you give me that other guy,
Adams?

And Velez nods and is about to erase Varrick and
Gallagher.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

LEO

(continuing)

No, wait! Don't erase! Can ya
put 'em up there at the same time,
like on a split screen?

Velez shakes her head and Leo's crestfallen. Velez
sips her coffee, calmly watching Leo self-destruct --

-- then, taking pity on Leo, Velez gets up and pulls
her V.D.T. over to the right a few feet and moves
another V.D.T. a few feet to the left. They are side
by side.

LEO

(continuing)

Shit! I never woulda thought of
that in a million years.

And with that, like a piano virtuoso playing two key-
boards at once, Velez taps into both terminals simul-
taneously and up pops Adams' profile to compare with
Varrick and Gallagher. Leo bends down to stare at the
readout and sees --

LEO

(continuing)

Okay, there's Varrick and
Gallagher and now Adams...

VELEZ

Leo, look -- Adams' Social
Security number is consecutive
after Gallagher's.

LEO

Even though it says here Adams was
born in New Jersey! So they're all
phony and work for the same guy.
And that guy has got to be --

(turning to give
her a kiss)

Take all of Jamaica!

And Leo barges out, happy as hell. Velez watches Leo
go and smiles to herself -- not bad for a day's work!

CUT TO:

101 EXT. DESERTED STREET BY THE BROOKLYN PIERS - DAY

101

Lipton's car drives up and pulls to a stop.

CUT TO:

102 INT. LIPTON'S CAR - BY THE BROOKLYN PIERS - DAY 102

Rollie's still in the back with that wire noose still around Lipton's neck.

ROLLIE

Keys.

Lipton hesitates and Rollie yanks on the noose.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

I said keys!

Lipton hands Rollie the car keys. And, with the same motion, begins reaching for his gun. Rollie yanks hard on the noose.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Both hands on the wheel!

And Lipton obeys as Rollie reaches over and grabs at Lipton's gun. Rollie takes the clip from the pistol and throws it out of the window.

Then Rollie climbs into the front seat and drags Lipton out the passenger door and --

CUT TO:

103 EXT. LIPTON'S CAR BY THE BROOKLYN PIERS - DAY 103

-- around to the back. Rollie opens the trunk and to Lipton's amazement there is Andy curled up in the trunk.

ROLLIE

(to Andy)

Out! Your turn to ride up front.

LIPTON

Tesca, what the hell are...

Rollie forces Lipton backwards towards the trunk as Andy gets out and moves around the car.

LIPTON

(continuing)

... you doing? -- I thought you...

Rollie shoves Lipton into the trunk and slams it.

LIPTON (O.S.)

(faint)

... wanted to talk!

104 INT. LIPTON'S CAR AT THE BROOKLYN PIERS - DAY

104

Rollie climbs behind the wheel and closes the door.
Andy is sitting beside him in the front seat.

ROLLIE

(to Andy)

I'm asking you for once in your
life to keep your mouth shut and
listen.

Andy nods, wide-eyed.

ROLLIE

(continuing;
to Lipton)

Lipton, I want to know where Mason
is.

LIPTON (O.S.)

(voice from the
trunk)

How the hell should I know!

ROLLIE

Have it your way.

Rollie clips on his seat belt -- indicates to Andy to
do the same. Laying rubber, he throws the car into a
fishtail skid and slams the rear end into a pylon.
Lipton screams from the trunk.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Just give me the address, Lipton!

LIPTON (O.S.)

(voice from trunk)

For Chrissake, Tesca -- I don't
know!

ROLLIE

Maybe this will jog your memory.

Rollie again slams the car into a pylon. Again Lipton
screams in pain. It's a one-man demolition derby.
SMASH! BAM! CRASH!

Rollie careens around the area continually smashing the
rear end into various objects.

Rollie steals a glance at Andy who is looking slightly
shell-shocked.

Lipton's screams continue. And it looks as if Rollie's
never going to stop and this terrible destruction is
going to go on forever when --

CUT TO:

105 INT. LIPTON'S CAR - DAY

105

Rollie stops. Lipton's groans are heard from the trunk.

ROLLIE

Okay, Lipton -- wanna talk?

LIPTON (O.S.)

(voice in
the trunk)

All right... all right...

ROLLIE

Where's Mason live?

CUT TO:

106 INT. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

106

Leo barges in. He goes straight past Miss Lehman and -- right into Mason's office. But the place is in disarray, file drawers out, papers scattered -- obviously Mason has beaten a hasty retreat. Miss Lehman follows Leo in.

LEO

I want Mason's address.

MISS LEHMAN

I'm afraid that information is classified.

LEO

I don't give a flying fuck if it's tattooed on your ass! Where's Mason live?

MISS LEHMAN

Why, of all the insulting --

LEO

Listen, I'm not playing around --

WHITEMORE (O.S.)

She doesn't know. Lay off.

Leo turns to see Whitemore by the door.

WHITEMORE

Mason's at his home -- it's unlisted.

LEO

Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

WHITEMORE

Whitemore. I work for Mason.

LEO

But ya don't know where he lives?!
Don't fuck with me!

WHITEMORE

I told you -- unlisted! I don't
have to take abuse like this!

LEO

And I don't have to take your
shit! Now someone knows where
Mason lives! He had to tell
someone!

WHITEMORE

Why should he? -- and why should I
help you?

LEO

You better, or I'll make you an
accessory to four murders!

It's eyeball-to-eyeball, Whitemore hates Leo but he
can't stand up to that bull on a rampage. It's
Whitemore who blinks.

WHITEMORE

Murdoch. He told Murdoch.
(Leo lets go)
But it won't do you any good.

LEO

(stopping)
Why the fuck not?

WHITEMORE

He's leaving the country tonight.

Leo reacts in shock and hurries out.

CUT TO:

107 INT. LIPTON'S CAR BY THE BROOKLYN PIERS - DAY

107

Lipton's just finished telling all.

LIPTON (O.S.)

(voice in
the trunk)

That's it -- I swear!

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

ROLLIE

Thanks, Lipton. I appreciate
it. I'll give Mason your best.

Rollie turns to Andy, who is having a difficult time
getting her senses back.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Okay -- up to now you've scored
ten out of ten. Just unfasten
your seatbelt, open the door and
start walking.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. AROUND THE BROOKLYN PIERS - DAY

108

Rollie gets out of the car and is walking away to catch
up with Andy.

LIPTON (O.S.)

Tesca!... Tesca!... Wait,
dammit...! For chrissake, lemme
putta here!... Hey, I gave you
Mason's address, now lemme out of
here...! Tesca!! You can't leave
me like this!...

(shouts)

You can't leave me like this!!!

But that's exactly what Rollie can do -- with a smile.
Lipton is still screaming. Rollie keeps on going.

CUT TO:

109 INT. POLICE OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

109

Mickey exits the computer room, shouting:

MICKEY

Thanks, Marisa!

He sees Leo striding down the hallway and runs to catch
up.

MICKEY

(continuing)

Leo! Wait a minute -- guess what
I just found!

LEO

No guesses, Mickey -- just talk.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

MICKEY

Tesca's truck. I found it. It's
in the pound.

Leo stops and squints at Mickey.

LEO

Has Tesca tried to pick it up?

MICKEY

Not yet. I told the attendant to
give me a call if he shows up.

LEO

No, that's too slow. Go down,
stake it out.

MICKEY

But Leo, I could be there all
night!

LEO

Take a blanket.

And with that Leo turns and is heading down the hallway
again. Mickey grimaces at the thought of an all-night
stake-out and, shaking his head, starts walking.

110 EXT. OUTSIDE THE NEW YORK TOW YARD - DAY

110

The lot of the towed cars extends over several unused
docks at the base of Manhattan, as well as sections of
unused highway, all fenced in and guarded. Only one
entrance. And across the street from all this,
sheltered in a doorway, taking it all in, are Rollie
and Andy. Rollie points to across the street where --

-- the guard leaves his post by the front gate and
chats with the ticket attendant inside the Administra-
tion Building.

How the hell does he get in? And it's just then that
drops of rain start falling. The drops grow harder and
in a moment it's a real downpour. Rollie pulls Andy
into a covered doorway and continues his stake-out.

CUT TO:

111 INT. MICKEY'S CAR ON GRIDLOCK STREETS - DAY

111

Mickey beats his impatient hands against the steering
wheel. How the hell's he gonna get downtown in traffic
like this -- and willya look at this rain!

CUT TO:

112 INT. MURDOCH'S OFFICE - DAY

112

Murdoch's busy with his lackey assistants as Leo barges in.

LEO

Murdoch, I want all of them out.
I want to talk to you alone!

MURDOCH

But this is my task force! I
can't just --

LEO

Screw your task force.

And Leo stares hard until Murdoch takes the path of least resistance.

MURDOCH

Okay, gentlemen. Give me a few
minutes with Lieutenant Ratner.

And the lackey assistants filter out while Leo continues to stare at Murdoch. Finally, the room is empty of everyone except Leo, Murdoch, and a hell of a lot of tension.

MURDOCH

(continuing)

All right, Leo -- what the hell do
you want?

LEO

I need Mason's home address and
phone number.

Murdoch sizes Leo up and down -- so that's it!

MURDOCH

So you're still the self-appointed
avenger of De Franco's killer,
huh?

LEO

I'll bet you Mason's in on it.

MURDOCH

Mason...?! You think Mason killed
De Franco? Edward Mason's one of
the finest public servants in this
city!

But Murdoch suddenly stops. He's noticed that Leo has drawn out his gun and is pointing it at him.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

LEO

If he's such a sweetheart he won't mind if I have his address.

MURDOCH

Are you going to throw your career away for that?

LEO

A career? -- I got three months.
And you? -- you got three seconds.

Murdoch is the last man to try and bluff Leo, and he reaches into his pocket and draws out a scrap of paper, writes the address on it and hands it to Leo.

MURDOCH

You'll regret this.

LEO

Promises, promises...

Leo holsters his gun and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

113 INT. POLICE HALLWAY - PHONE BOOTHS - EVENING

113

Leo starts down the hallway, Mason's address in hand, and passes by a bank of phone booths. Leo gets an idea and, stopping, he goes into a booth. He starts to dial.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - EVENING

114

A large country house set well back from the road, surrounded by wooded grounds and a large, formidable fence. An upstairs room is lit.

CUT TO:

115 INT. MASON'S HOUSE - GAMES ROOM - EVENING

115

Varrick, Gallagher, and another gunman -- MITCHELL -- watch as Mason nods to Gallagher to pick up the phone.

GALLAGHER

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

LEO
May I speak to Mr. Mason?

MASON
(whispers to
Gallagher)
Is it Lipton?

GALLAGHER
(shakes his head)
Who's calling, please?

LEO
Lemme speak to Lipton.

GALLAGHER
Lipton isn't here. Who is this?

MASON
It's Tesca! It's got to be Tesca!

And a hand reaches INTO FRAME and grabs the receiver.
The receiver is carried to the mouth of -- NICHOLAS DE
FRANCO.

DE FRANCO
Tesca! You fucking Guinea!

Mason grabs the phone and slams down the receiver.

MASON
Are you insane??!!

CUT TO:

116 INT. POLICE HALLWAY - PHONE BOOTHS - EVENING

116

Leo hears the PHONE CLICK dead and looks about in
amazement.

LEO
De Franco...? Well fuck a duck!

CUT TO:

117 INT. MASON'S HOUSE - GAMES ROOM - EVENING

117

MASON
In three hours you'll be out of
the country!
(indicates phone)
But if even one person suspects --
it's over!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

DE FRANCO

Tesca knows! Why else would he call?!

MASON

He doesn't know! He hasn't gone to the police, has he? Why? -- because he thinks he killed you!

But De Franco only snarls at Mason.

CUT TO:

118 INT. POLICE HALLWAY - PHONE BOOTHS - EVENING

118

And Leo's still reeling in shock as... Murdoch and Wallanger come up to Leo and stare balefully at him.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. OUTSIDE THE NEW YORK TOW YARD - EVENING

119

Evening. And the rain still falling like all hell. Lights go on in the Administration Building as the lone TICKET ATTENDANT settles down to the tube. The guard is in his outdoors booth.

Rollie sees the time is ripe. He signals Andy, who grabs some things from the makeup kit and, after giving Rollie a who-needs-this shrug, scurries off into the night. Rollie checks to see Andy's well on her way and skelters back out of the rain into the doorway. The guard, bored and huddling against the weather, doesn't notice a thing.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. BEHIND THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - EVENING

120

Andy meanwhile has made her way around the building. There, unseen, she peers through a window to see --

-- the Ticket Attendant watching the tube. Mets versus Cubs.

Andy stays low to avoid the guard and looks around the building to see... the various electrical cables running into it. Andy carefully scans the crazy quilt of the wires and settles her expert eyes on the TV cable. She hunkers down next to the TV cable and draws out a VCR with a portable battery pack.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: 120

She starts attaching clips to the TV cable. Laborious, special work. And a hell of a drag in the rain.

CUT TO:

121 INT./EXT. MICKEY'S CAR IN TRAFFIC - EVENING 121

Mickey is driving in heavy traffic.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. BEHIND THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - EVENING 122

Andy has all the various wires attached. She looks again through the window to see the Mets have just scored two runs. She turns the VCR to "on" and then, using wire cutters, severs the TV cable and looks up to see through the window --

-- the baseball game has been suddenly replaced by a porno movie. The drowsing Ticket Attendant suddenly perks up.

TICKET ATTENDANT

What the...?

And the Ticket Attendant shakes his head -- yes, he's suddenly watching some prime hardcore! He gets up, goes to the door, opens it, and calls the guard, who's outside.

TICKET ATTENDANT

(continuing)

Hey! Charlie! Take a look at this!

And the guard leaves his post by the gate and goes over to the Administration Building. Andy watches as he steps inside and, seen through the window --

-- grins at the porno show. The Ticket Attendant hands the guard a beer and they settle down to enjoy the show.

This now gives Andy the opportunity to move away.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. AROUND THE TOW YARD FRONT GATE - EVENING 123

Rollie calmly enters the pound and heads for his truck.

CUT TO:

124 INT. MICKEY'S CAR IN TRAFFIC - EVENING 124

Mickey still drives along in this bumper to bumper traffic, his windshield wipers going like crazy.

CUT TO:

125 INT./EXT. ROLLIE'S TRUCK IN THE TOW YARD - EVENING 125

Rollie slams the door and sticks the key in the ignition. He turns on the windshield wipers to see -- Andy scurrying towards the truck. She gets in beside him, completely soaked.

ANDY

(with an angelic
smile)

God knows what you'd do without
me.

Rollie starts up his truck and drives out through the gate.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. TOW YARD GATE - EVENING 126

Rollie's truck turns into the avenue and moves away -- just as Mickey's car finally arrives.

CUT TO:

127 INT./EXT. MICKEY'S CAR OUTSIDE TOW YARD - EVENING 127

Mickey double-takes on Rollie's truck with its F/X sign -- and rear-ends the car in front of him. Immediately, Mickey is rear-ended by the car behind. Mickey leaps from his car and looks impotently at Rollie's escape. And, even as Mickey watches Rollie drive away --

-- Another car rear-ends the car behind Mickey's, driving Mickey's car down the street. And then the same action is repeated and again Mickey's car is shoved down the street. In no time Mickey is standing in the rain, a five-car pile-up before him, his car a wreck shoved thirty yards down the street. Mickey jumps up and down in rage.

MASON

Oh, shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

CUT TO:

128 INT. ROLLIE'S TRUCK ON NEW YORK STREETS - EVENING 128

Rollie drives off in the rain. He gives Andy a big grin and, wet as a fish, she returns the grin. They did it!

ANDY

We did it!

ROLLIE

We sure did!

ANDY

Good enough for a raise?

ROLLIE

Don't push it.

But then Rollie frowns and, looking over his shoulder, seems to be listening to something. He rolls down the window and looks out behind him.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Damn!

And Rollie slows to a stop. He jumps out and walks around the side of the van while the CAMERA STAYS on Andy.

ROLLIE (O.S.)

Goddamit to hell!!

ANDY

Rollie? What is it, a flat?

Andy gets out and walks to the back only to find --

CUT TO:

129 EXT. ON DESERTED NEW YORK STREETS - EVENING 129

Rollie isn't there. Suddenly the van takes off, leaving Andy standing there in the lurch. Her dry clothes getting wet.

ANDY

Rollie Tesca! You sonofabitch!

(pause)

They'll kill you!

Rollie just keeps driving on.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. ROLLIE'S TRUCK ON AN ONRAMP - NIGHT 130

We see Rollie enter a freeway onramp and head off into the night. A sign indicates he's on his way to Long Island.

CUT TO:

131 INT. WALLANGER'S OFFICE - EVENING 131

Leo stares at Wallanger and Murdoch and then reacts as Captain Tolosa and Police Commissioner Watts enter the room.

WALLANGER

Captain Tolosa, Commissioner Watts, I believe you know Lieutenant Ratner.

LEO

What is this -- party night?

WALLANGER

Cut the shit, Leo! And sit down -- now! I've had it up to here with...

The PHONE RINGS. Wallanger picks up.

WALLANGER

(continuing)

Wallanger... all right, but make it fast.

And Wallanger hands the phone to Leo.

CUT TO:

132 INT. PHONE BOOTH NEAR TOW YARD - EVENING 132

Mickey's dripping wet, his wrecked car in the b.g.

MICKEY

Leo, Tesca stole his truck! My car's wrecked -- I couldn't stop him!

CUT TO:

133 INT. WALLANGER'S OFFICE - EVENING 133

LEO

Congratulations, Mickey.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEO (CONT'D)

(hanging up,
excited)

Tesca, you moron -- they're gonna
take you apart...!

(turning to
Wallanger)

Listen, Jake, De Franco's alive!

WALLANGER

(amused)

If De Franco's alive, then who's
sitting in the morgue?

LEO

I don't know -- some bum Lipton
picked up, I bet -- a phony!
Jake, we can stop them! But we
don't have much time and --

WALLANGER

You've got nothing but time, Leo!

LEO

Jake, you don't understand!

WALLANGER

Oh, I understand all right -- you
couldn't stay away from De Franco!

LEO

All right -- so there was an
overlap!

WALLANGER

Rule Number One: You get an
overlap, you come to me! Who the
hell do you think you are, strong-
arming Murdoch?!

LEO

Okay! I fucked up! I apologize!
(to Murdoch)

I apologize!

(to Watts)

I apologize!

(to Tolosa)

I apologize!

(to Wallanger)

Now can I get the hell out and --

WALLANGER

Sit the fuck down!

And Wallanger looks sadly at his old friend.

(CONTINUED)

WALLANGER

(continuing)

Haven't you figured it out?

(re Tolosa and

Watts)

Why do you think they're here?

LEO

(starting to

understand)

You gonna take away my pension?

WALLANGER

Pension?! You'll be lucky to stay
out of jail!

(ticking off the
charges)

Coercion of a fellow officer...
breaking and entering... dereliction
of duty... disobedience...

(turning to Leo)

And this time, Leo, I'm not covering
your ass -- this time you pissed off
the wrong people!

LEO

(quietly)

Jake, this is Leo...

WALLANGER

Don't even start that shit! Now I
want a status report, four copies,
after which --

LEO

Jake, Mason's getting away!

WALLANGER

-- after which you'll sit down
with Murdoch to fill him in.

After that --

LEO

Jake, fer Chrissake --

WALLANGER

-- after that, you'll go home! As
of --

(checking watch)

-- eight-seventeen tonight you're
suspended! Is that clear?

LEO

(shocked, hurt)

Jake... please...

(CONTINUED)

WALLANGER

And in case you get any funny ideas, I'll take your badge and gun.

Leo stares at Wallanger. Wallanger nods his head and points to his desk. Leo walks slowly to Wallanger's desk and -- as if he is being stripped naked and humiliated -- takes out his badge and gun. He holds them in his hand.

LEO

(softly)

Don't do this to me...

Wallanger reaches across the desk and takes Leo's badge and gun. He throws them into a desk drawer.

WALLANGER

You brought this on yourself.

Leo doesn't move. Wallanger walks from behind his desk and, ignoring Leo, walks over to Watts, Tolosa and Murdoch. But as Wallanger privately confers with them, he notices their eyes are on Leo. And Wallanger turns to see --

-- Leo trembling, sinking slowly into his chair, head in hands. Wallanger has covered up as much pain as he can, and now he goes over to Leo and crouches down in front of him. He touches his old friend's arm. Leo's eyes are rimmed with tears.

WALLANGER

(continuing)

Look, it's gonna be okay.

(tenderly)

Trust me. Go upstairs. Don't make it any tougher than it has to be...

Wallanger gently pulls Leo to his feet and throws one arm protectively around his old friend's shoulder. The others are embarrassed as Wallanger starts walking Leo out.

Wallanger stops at his door and gives Leo an are-you-all-right? look. Leo nods his thanks for Wallanger's concern and then, looking pathetic and defeated, shambles out. Wallanger watches Leo go and then, deeply affected, turns back to the room.

MURDOCH

(mockingly)

Took it like a man, didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (4)

133

WALLANGER

Murdoch, you are an oily pimp!

But then Tolosa starts laughing.

WALLANGER

(continuing)

So what's so goddamned funny?

TOLOSA

Your badge!

Wallanger looks at his shirt. The badge has been ripped off.

WALLANGER

That son of a bitch stole my badge!

CUT TO:

134 INT. LEO'S CAR - NIGHT

134

Leo's driving fast as hell with one hand, while he reaches under the seat and pulls out a revolver. He sticks it into his shoulder holster.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. LEO'S CAR ENTERING THE LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

135

Leo enters the Long Island Expressway.

CUT TO:

136 INT. MASON'S HOUSE, GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

136

Mason sits with a nervous, out-of-sorts De Franco. The three gunmen (Varrick, Gallagher, Mitchell) are playing cards.

DE FRANCO

What the hell time is it?

MASON

Nine. Calm down -- the chopper will be here in a few minutes.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

137

Rollie cruises by the high wall and the closed iron gate. He notes the electric meters on the wall by the gate. He glides silently to a stop about a hundred feet beyond the gate. He switches off his lights, rolls down his window and listens.

CUT TO LONG SHOT of the gate from inside the grounds. A silhouette of a man with a machine gun crosses the gate.

CUT TO van interior. Rollie is loading various things from his shelves into a backpack and two ski belt-packs, one on each side.

CUT TO the Guard pacing back and forth inside the gate. He hears a FAINT METALLIC SCRAPE. He unslings his Uzi machine gun and creeps towards the gate, staying in the shadows. He stops a foot away from the gate and glances down: the moonlight is glinting off something attached to the gate. He advances cautiously and slowly sticks the barrel of the Uzi through it and, pressing his face to the cold metal, looks outside.

CUT TO REVERSE ANGLE. Rollie steps forward and fastens second alligator clip to the gate. (He is wearing heavy black rubber gloves and we can see the auto jumper cables stretching back to the electric mains on the wall. Suddenly, we see Rollie join the two cables and there is a sudden SCREAM from the Guard who has received a severe electric shock. He is jolted back from the gate.

CUT TO:

138 INT. MASON'S HOUSE, GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

138

The lights in the games room flicker. Everyone (Mason, De Franco, Varrick and Gallagher) freezes as they hear a SCREAM. The lights suddenly brighten and they look at each other.

MASON

What the hell was that?

Gallagher moves immediately to the window, followed by Varrick.

GALLAGHER

(whisper/shouts)

Mitchell...! Mitchell...!

There is no reponse.

(CONTINUED)

DE FRANCO

Christ -- I knew it! He's here!

MASON

Goddamn, it's got to be Tesca!

(pause)

Close the window, quick!

Varrick and Gallagher close the window and drapes.

DE FRANCO

That's it. I'm getting the fuck out of here.

He starts to move.

MASON

(hissing loudly)

Shut up and sit down!

DE FRANCO

I'm not sticking around here!
You're the one he's after, not me. He thinks I'm already dead!

MASON

You stupid bastard. What difference does that make? It's obvious that he's already taken out Mitchell -- do you want to be number two?

DE FRANCO

So what are we supposed to do, sit here and wait for him?

MASON

Exactly! That's exactly what we do!

DE FRANCO

What?

MASON

He'd love us to go out there where he can pick us off one by one. In here we've got the numbers!

VARRICK

How do we know he's alone?

MASON

He's alone all right.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

139

CLOSEUP of a pair of hands attaching small alligator clips to a window burglar alarm. The wire is stretched and clipped to bypass the circuit. A strip of thin plastic is inserted to open the lock and the window is slipped upward.

CUT TO:

140 INT. MASON'S GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

140

As if on cue, the lights go out. Everyone leaps up, ready to attack.

MASON

(nervously)

Relax, he's playing games! He's cut the electricity from outside; he's trying to knock out the alarm system. He doesn't know it has its own genera...

DE FRANCO

You asshole! The lights are still on in the hallway! Every light in the house is on except in this room! He's playing games all right! He's in the goddamn basement playing with your fuse box! He's inside the fucking house!!

The room is suddenly bright again. All four men jump.

DE FRANCO

(continuing)

Look at us, for Chrissakes! We're acting like a bunch of kids.

(to Varrick and
Gallagher)

You two. Go take the fucker! --
Move!

Varrick and Gallagher do not move.

DE FRANCO

(continuing)

You take him, you get a million dollars, no shit! On my mother's grave! A million dollars each!!!

Varrick and Gallagher look at each other and move carefully out of the door. They creep down the stairs and arrive at the door to the basement.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

VARRICK

(whispers)

On three. One... two... thr...

The entire house goes dark. Varrick already through the door lets out a yell. His voice is cut off by a SERIES OF THUMPS. In the darkness Gallagher freezes. He hears MOVEMENTS, and MOANS coming from Varrick in the basement. Suddenly, a light comes on and Gallagher sees --

CUT TO:

141 POV SHOT

141

Varrick lying sprawled and dazed at the foot of the stairs, still clutching his Uzi.

GALLAGHER

Eddie -- you okay?

A dazed Varrick turns around slowly to look for the voice...

CUT TO:

142 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

142

It is at that moment that Rollie, also in the basement, pulls a string he is holding which releases a portable roll-up mirror concealed on a tread halfway up the stairs. The mirror reflects Rollie's image. Varrick, trained in self-preservation, EMPTIES the whole magazine of his UZI at the view of Rollie. We hear a GASP from Gallagher. The portable mirror collapses as Gallagher's body slowly tumbles through it, and down the stairs to lie at Varrick's feet.

VARRICK

Tesca -- you bastard!

ROLLIE

Right here, Eddie baby.

Rollie moves up to Varrick, kicking away his machine pistol.

CUT TO:

143 INT. MASON'S GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

143

De Franco and Mason react to the GUNSHOTS.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

DE FRANCO

Shit! -- You said this guy didn't
like guns.

MASON

Shut up and sit down. In here
we're safe.

De Franco stares hatefully at Mason. He gets up, picks
up an Uzi, jams in a magazine --

DE FRANCO

Now I feel safe!

CUT TO:

144 EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

144

Leo's car pulls up outside the gate. Leo gets out and
peers through the gate. He sees the body on the
ground. He jumps back in his car and drives on down
the road, slowing at Rollie's truck, then racing on.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

145

Leo's car pulls in and Leo jumps out.

LEO

(to attendant)

Where's the phone?

CUT TO:

146 INT. MASON'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

146

Rollie is putting the last touches to securing Varrick
to a hot water pipe.

ROLLIE

Where's Mason?

VARRICK

Upstairs.

ROLLIE

I know that, you asshole -- we're
in the basement.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

Rollie turns and picks up the Uzi, reaches into Varrick's coat pocket and pulls out a fresh magazine and loads the gun.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

Eddie, I got no time to waste, and unless you want to join Gallagher...

VARRICK

(giving up)

Shit -- I could care less anymore...

CUT TO:

147 EXT. MASON'S GATE - NIGHT

147

Leo, pacing up and down, stops suddenly as he sees a police car in the distance, lights flashing -- but no siren. CAR SCREECHES to a halt in front of Leo and a State Trooper (LITTAUER) gets out.

LEO

Jesus -- is this all the backup I'm going to get?

LITTAUER

The others are behind me -- I was only half a mile down the road. Are you Captain Wallanger?

Leo shows him his badge.

LEO

Let's go over the gate.

Leo goes over, followed reluctantly by Littauer.

LITTAUER

I don't know about this...

LEO

Just follow me, son, and bring your flashlight over here.

Littauer moves towards Leo.

LITTAUER

You find something?

CUT TO:

148 MED. SHOT

148

Leo standing over the unconscious body of Mitchell.
Littauer walks INTO FRAME.

LITTAUER

I guess you did.

CUT TO:

149 INT. MASON'S GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

149

De Franco and Mason are standing quietly listening.
(De Franco is holding an Uzi.) A FLOORBOARD CREAKS
outside; Mason throws a panicky look at De Franco. De
Franco gestures to Mason to stand still, and the two
men hold their breath as the CREAKS CONTINUE.

CUT TO:

150 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

150

CLOSEUP Rollie creeping slowly along the corridor.

151 POV - DE FRANCO AND MASON

151

CAMERA PANS along the wall of the Games Room following
CREAKING FOOTSTEPS. CREAKING STOPS at the door. De
Franco slowly brings up his gun, hears one more CREAK,
and cuts loose with the UZI, STITCHING holes back and
forth across the door about chest height.

CUT TO:

152 EXT. MASON'S LAWN - NIGHT

152

Leo and Littauer react to the SHOTS.

CUT TO:

153 INT. MASON'S GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

153

De Franco has STOPPED FIRING. After a couple of sec-
onds the shattered door swings slowly open, revealing
the body of Rollie sliding down to a sitting position
against the opposite wall; blood oozes from several
chest wounds, his face a mask of horrified disbelief.
Mason and De Franco look at each other and De Franco
whoops it up like a college kid. They are about to
move forward towards Rollie when all of a sudden they
hear the ROTORS OF A HELICOPTER as it swoops overhead.
De Franco stops, turns around and heads for the window.

(CONTINUED)

DE FRANCO

Let's get the fuck out of here.

He opens the window and, leaning out to look up for the helicopter, places his hands for support on the electrical filaments of the burglar alarm. Although the voltage is not excessive it is too much for De Franco's pacemaker, which literally blows a fuse. He staggers back from the window.

DE FRANCO

(continuing; gasping
as he collapses and
pointing to his heart)

My... My pa... my pace...

He is dead.

Mason moves in, kneels down next to the inert De Franco, rips open his shirt -- and we think he is about to massage his heart -- but his objective is something else: lying on De Franco's chest on a thin gold chain is a small silver key. Mason rips it off De Franco's neck.

MASON

(to himself)

Oh you're beautiful! -- The only
fifteen million dollar key in the
world!

Suddenly, Mason freezes and his mouth drops open. Rollie is standing in the doorway, the Uzi in his hand. Mason is frozen in terror.

ROLLIE

You goddam idiot. You forgot why
you hired me.

MASON

But... but...

We hear POLICE SIRENS on the outside as the other troopers arrive.

Rollie and Mason are momentarily stunned.

ROLLIE

Looks like we've got company.

CUT TO:

154 EXT. MASON'S LAWN - NIGHT

154

The helicopter hovers over the lawn. Leo, approaching the house with Littauer, indicates the chopper.

LEO

I'm impressed.

LITTAUER

It's not one of ours.

As Leo speaks through a bullhorn, State Troopers run to ring the house, and the chopper sweeps away into the night.

LEO

This is the police. Lay down your arms and come out with your hands up.

CUT TO:

155 INT. MASON'S GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

155

MASON

Listen, you can't kill me. This little key is worth fifteen million dollars. It's all yours, if you let me live. Only De Franco and I are known at the bank in Geneva. It's all the money De Franco stole from the Mob over the years -- but you need me to get it.

He thrusts it at Rollie, who takes it, aghast.

ROLLIE

So that's what this scam was all about. Boy, was I a sucker!

CUT TO:

156 EXT. MASON'S LAWN - NIGHT

156

The ring tightens in front of the house.

LEO

(in bullhorn)

You have one minute left to come out of the house.

CUT TO:

157 INT. MASON'S GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

Rollie sighs wearily, walks past Mason and stands there with his back to him, still holding the Uzi.

MASON

Look -- we can still get out. I know a way, but we've got to move quickly.

ROLLIE

It'll never work.

Dejectedly, he lets the gun drop behind him. In a flash Mason has grabbed it and aimed it at Rollie's back.

MASON

I'll take that key, if you please.

Rollie slowly turns to face Mason.

ROLLIE

There are a couple of things you should know. This in my right hand is the ammo for the gun...

Mason squeezes the trigger in panic -- nothing.

ROLLIE

(continuing)

... This in my left hand is a tube of Krazy glue. "A thousand and one uses..."

Mason realizes that the gun is stuck to his hands -- he can't drop it. Rollie drags him to the front door.

ROLLIE

(continuing; smiling)

A thousand and two, now!

He pushes Mason out onto the lawn and slams the door behind him.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. MASON'S FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

LEO

(into bullhorn)

Drop the gun!

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

MASON
 (staggering towards
 them)
 No, no -- don't shoot!
 (raising the gun)
 It's a mistake...

His words, and his life, are cut off by a SINGLE SHOT.

CUT TO:

159 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

159

Rollie listens as Mason is shot down. Satisfied, he runs back to where he was "shot."

CUT TO:

160 EXT. ENTRANCE, MASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

160

Several armed Troopers rush the house, Leo in attendance.

CUT TO:

161 INT. OUTSIDE GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

161

Rollie is now face down in the corridor, arranging his jacket until he is satisfied it doesn't move when he breathes.

CUT TO:

162 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

162

Leo follows two Troopers to the top of the basement stairs. They look down into the basement where they see two bodies: Varrick alive and Gallagher dead.

CUT TO:

163 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

163

Leo and a TROOPER descend the stairs, guns drawn.

TROOPER
 (going to Varrick)
 What's going on here?!

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

VOICE (O.S.)

Two more up here!

Leo takes off up the stairs.

CUT TO:

164 INT. OUTSIDE GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

164

A TROOPER is fingering Rollie's wrist, searching for a pulse, when Leo runs up. The Trooper drops his wrist and shouts over his shoulder into the Games Room.

TROOPER

He's gone. How about him?

Leo walks on.

CUT TO:

165 INT. GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

165

Another TROOPER is crouched over the form of De Franco. Leo comes up.

LEO

Tell me he's not dead... Please...
Please tell me he's not dead!

TROOPER

He's dead.

Leo turns slowly and walks into the corridor.

CUT TO:

166 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

166

Leo stands over Rollie's body.

LEO

Too bad, Rollie. It ain't like
the movies.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

167

A police AMBULANCE SCREECHES into the driveway and pulls onto the front lawn.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

The body of Mitchell has been brought over and placed next to Mason. Two AMBULANCE DRIVERS get out. Littauer shouts at them from the Games Room window.

LITTAUER

Got a nice load for you.

DRIVER

How many?

LITTAUER

Four dead, two wounded.

DRIVER

Jesus...

(turns to his
assistant)

We got enough bags?

CUT TO:

168 INT. HALL - NIGHT

168

Littauer is walking from the window into the hall, when his Chief approaches him, walkie-talkie in hand.

CHIEF

The shit's about to hit the fan.
Bag 'em and get 'em out of here.

LITTAUER

Fine...

Littauer turns to a TROOPER.

LITTAUER

(continuing)

Where's the cop from New York?

TROOPER

Huh?

LITTAUER

That guy from New York! What's
his name... Wallanger!

CUT TO:

169 EXT. GATE - NIGHT

169

Leo is sidling out the gate. Unnoticed, he gets in his car. As the car drives off, he tosses the police badge out the window.

CUT TO:

170 INT. LOCAL HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

170

The CAMERA PANS TO a door; the local POLICE CHIEF is in conversation with the M.D. on duty.

CHIEF

... Nobody! They don't want anybody to touch 'em until the M.E. gets here. Nobody!

The M.D. shrugs and walks away.

CHIEF

(continuing; to
uniformed cop)
Nobody goes in. Got it?

CUT TO:

171 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

171

The CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY across four body bags laid out in a row, stopping at the last.

CUT TO CLOSEUP of the bag. It moves slightly.

CUT TO EXTREME CLOSEUP of the bag. The zipper opens a couple of inches and a dental mirror emerges. It is slowly rotated through 360 degrees, then withdrawn into the bag.

CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT. The bag unzips, and Rollie emerges, soaked with perspiration. He peels the fake wrist-pieces from both his forearms, then quickly pulls a jumpsuit from his belt pack, and pulls it on over his "blood"-stained clothes. He rolls up the body bag, pushes it out the window, then climbs out after it.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. REAR OF HOSPITAL - NIGHT

172

Landing quietly outside, Rollie picks up the bag and begins to edge along the wall. Reaching a corner, he carefully sticks his head around.

CUT TO CLOSEUP. A gun is slowly placed against his neck; he freezes. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the gun is held by...

LEO

My name's Leo Ratner. Let's talk.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

173 GENEVA - LONG SHOT - DAY

173

ESTABLISHING SHOT. THE BANK OF GENEVA. We see a figure exiting the bank, carrying two suitcases. It is De Franco. He crosses the street to a parking lot, walks to the rear of a parked car, opens the trunk, throws the cases in, slams the trunk shut and walks around to the front passenger seat. He turns to face the driver and rips off his own face. It is a mask -- Leo Ratner underneath.

VOICE (O.S.)

Any problems?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Rollie sitting in the driver's seat.

LEO

Naw -- I just pretended I had laryngitis.

He begins to pick glue off his face.

LEO

(continuing)

Christ -- I hate this shit. How can you work with all this crap?

Rollie smiles.

ROLLIE

You know, Leo -- this could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

LEO

Huh...?

ROLLIE

Never mind. Time to leave.

He HONKS the HORN.

174 POV FROM CAR

174

We see a figure who has been feeding the ducks on the lake turn and walk back towards the car. It is Andy.

CUT TO:

175 ANOTHER ANGLE

175

Andy gets into the car and it drives off.

CUT TO:

176 HELICOPTER SHOT - END TITLES OVER

176

which will show Rollie's car wending its way across Geneva's main bridge, taking the south shore drive of Lake Geneva which heads towards the French border.

----- The End -----