

"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)

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.

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. Fluorescent 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)

