

JOHNNY HANDSOME

by

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Just as the twig is bent  
the tree's inclined.

-Alexander Pope

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JOHNNY HANDSOME

ROLL TITLES

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SIDE STREET - FRENCH QUARTER - SLOW MOTION - NIGHT 1

Wet pavement highlights neon reflections.

Johnny walks slowly. Collar turned up, head down.

Johnny Handsome (Nee JOHN MITCHELL SEDLEY) -- Johnny's got a cleft palate, lop ears, an enlarged chin and misshapen forehead. His hairlip's been massacred by surgical butchery.

He can't breathe without the air wheezing through all the wrong cavities.

His tongue can't form words without the right places to press. Makes him compensate by moving his hands. So he looks awkward even though he's not.

His mouth can't smile without forming something grotesque.

And cruelties Mother Nature omitted, human nature supplied: a nose broken in many fights, a knife scar across his cheek.

But his eyes! Sharp. With the ability to clarify. Super attuned, like a blind person's sense of hearing.

Bright lights ahead. He stops. Takes a drag on his cigarette.

2 EXT. RIVERWALK - FRENCH QUARTER - DAY 2

MIKEY CHALMETTE. A blotchy face, square like a worn stone block. Red from booze and stress.

MIKEY

Yeah, my bar's cookin' now. But when I first started the joint, I had to get cash. Get a loan. You know me, Johnny, just a poor boy from Shreveport. Only collateral I ever took to a bank was Dr. Smith and Wesson.

He laughs.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

MIKEY

So, who the hell's gonna give me  
any cash?

The Cajun Queen riverboat passes by.

Johnny listens to Mikey.

MIKEY

I need a job, Johnny. He gets  
every fuckin' cent I take in now.  
All the time watching him add the  
vig to the principal. He owns half  
the paper on my joint. Pretty soon,  
he's just gonna own the whole  
goddamn thing! I need back in the  
game, Johnny. Now, I know you're  
always planning ahead. I wanna buy  
it. I need it. I can't walk this  
time, Johnny. I got no place to  
go. I'm asking you for old times.

3 INT. JOHNNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

3

A storm RUMBLES outside.

Johnny is hunched over a table, drawing. A LIGHTNING FLASH  
illuminates his head.

4 INT. MIKEY'S BAR - UPPER OFFICE - NIGHT

4

RAFE GARRETT, a street cowboy -- he's all edge, all attitude,  
doesn't mind getting in your face if it strikes his fancy...one  
look at him and you know he likes to pull the trigger.

SUNNY BOYD, lithe with high cheekbones and a short leather mini.  
A real number -- and nothing sweet about her.

Sunny casts eyes on Johnny. Beauty considers the beast. Is  
amused.

SUNNY

Holy fuck. We're working with him?  
Shit, talk about hire the handicaps.

Mikey puts his arm around Johnny's shoulder.

SUNNY

Why don't you give us all a break...  
put a bag on his head.

5 INT. JOHNNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

5

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Johnny's hand continues to fashion the drawing with colored pencils.

It's a schematic of Prestige Coin and Stamp. 80' by 20' flanked by Royal Street and a back alley. Display cases on either side marked "coins" or "stamps".

Alarms drawn in red.

The safe at the rear. Highlighted in green.

Johnny picks the diagram up.

JOHNNY (VO)  
We hit them just before closing.

6 INT. MIKEY'S BAR - UPPER OFFICE - NIGHT

6

Johnny lays out the blueprint for Sunny, Rafe, and Mikey.

JOHNNY  
This way they'll be tired and flush with cash.

SUNNY  
Sounds like he's already got a bag on his head. A scum bag.

Mikey SLAMS his fist on the table.

MIKEY  
Watch your mouth. Johnny knows what he's talking about on this number. Now, you just keep your goddamn ears open.

SUNNY  
Ain't you got no sense of humor, old man? I was just having a little joke.

7 EXT. JOHNNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

7

Looking in through the rain-streaked window. Johnny works alone on his plans.

8 INT. MIKEY'S BAR - UPPER OFFICE - NIGHT

8

Rafe turns to Sunny.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

RAFE

You know, maybe he's got some other kind of way of settling up his debts, I don't know.

SUNNY

Does he?

Rafe turns to Mikey.

RAFE

Do you?

Johnny addresses Mikey.

JOHNNY

This is your deal. But I don't like it. And I don't like them.

Sunny and Rafe move towards the door.

SUNNY

See you all later, Romeo.

At the door stands BOB LEMOYNE, a big bear from the Prudhomme school of eating. He fixes Rafe with a distrustful stare as he passes.

9 EXT. ROYAL STREET - DAY

9

Rafe pulls up in a late model Mustang GT.

10 EXT. URSULINE STREET - DAY

10

The adjoining cross street. Johnny and Mikey are parked in an old junker.

11 INT. MIKEY'S BAR - NIGHT

11

Johnny and Mikey sit at a small table.

MIKEY

It can happen. Ain't no guarantees in this line of work.

JOHNNY

Two old people...got in the way.

MIKEY

Look, I can handle this cowboy. Now this number has plenty of cash to go around.

12 EXT. URSULINE STREET - DAY

12

Sunny, wearing a brunette wig and sunglasses, walks by Mikey's car.

MIKEY (VO)

Everybody's gonna be happy...and rich.

Johnny watches Sunny.

JOHNNY

(mumbling)

...end up rich.

Sunny glances inside the car and flicks her cigarette away before continuing on.

13 INT. MIKEY'S BAR - NIGHT

13

Mikey continues.

MIKEY

What are you gonna do? Good help's hard to find. Johnny...now, I know you're doing this for me. But you're already saving my ass. You ain't got to work it. I can handle it. I handled worse.

14 EXT. ROYAL STREET - DAY

14

Sunny passes by Rafe's Mustang as she heads towards Prestige Coin and Stamp.

15 INT. MIKEY'S BAR - NIGHT

15

Mikey nods at Johnny.

MIKEY

Okay, buddy?

They clink their shotglasses together and drink. Johnny raises his wrist to show Mikey his watch.

JOHNNY

Did you see my new watch?

TITLES END

16 INT. PRESTIGE - VESTIBULE - DAY

16

Sunny steps in.

- 17 SECURITY CAMERA POV - DOWNANGLE ON SUNNY 17  
 She presses the BUZZER.
- 18 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 18  
 The MANAGER moves to press the remote button which opens the bar-ridden security door with a BUZZ.
- 19 SECURITY CAMERA POV - ON SUNNY 19  
 She pushes the door open and steps inside.
- 20 SECURITY CAMERA POV - ON THE MAIN ROOM 20  
 The Manager stands behind the counter as Sunny approaches.
- 21 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 21  
 Sunny saunters past a UNIFORMED PINKERTON and moves along a row of display cases full of sparkling coins.
- SUNNY  
 Well, good afternoon, sir. I was looking to buy a present for my boyfriend. I wanted to get him something...I don't know, something real nice.
- MANAGER  
 Is he a serious collector?
- Sunny teases her finger across the manager's cheek as she scans the display cases.
- SUNNY  
 Oh, he ain't a serious anything. He just likes coins. You know what I mean?
- 22 INT. LeMOYNE'S CAR - FRENCH QUARTER STREET - DAY 22  
 LeMoyné drives skillfully, making a left onto Royal.
- 23 EXT. ROYAL STREET - AT RAFF'S MUSTANG - DAY 23  
 Rafe glances over his shoulder from the driver's seat of his car.
- 24 EXT. URSULINE STREET - AT MIKEY'S CAR - DAY 24  
 Johnny leans over to Mikey.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

JOHNNY

Remember, when we get out, sit in the back seat. Don't let Rafe get in front of us.

MIKEY

Johnny, I got something for him and the bitch, just in case they get smart.

25 INT. MIKEY'S CAR - DAY

25

Mikey opens his coat -- a pistol is visible.

26 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

26

Sunny fondles a gold coin.

MANAGER

That is a museum piece.

SUNNY

(smiling)

It don't look that old, does it? How much would a little coin like that cost?

MANAGER

Its current value is seventy-seven thousand, two hundred and eighty dollars.

SUNNY

My God!

27 EXT. ROYAL STREET - AT RAFE'S MUSTANG - DAY

27

Rafe breaks a capsule in half and snorts it. Then he gets out of the car.

28 JUST DOWN THE STREET

28

LeMoyne's car comes racing up the street. It swerves up onto the sidewalk, knocking over several posts. It then goes sideways and slams into a parked car on the opposite side of the street. CRASH!

He has blocked the roadway, backing up traffic on the one-way street.

29 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

29

The manager turns away from Sunny, reacting to the O.S. crash.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

MANAGER  
What the hell was that?

30 EXT. ROYAL STREET - DAY 30

LeMoyne gets out of the car and runs several yards away. Then he pulls out a remote control and flicks the switch.

An EXPLOSION! The car blows up in a huge cloud of smoke.

31 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 31

A SALESMAN moves to the window to see what's going on.

32 EXT. ROYAL STREET - WITH LEMOYNE - DAY 32

LeMoyne races down the street, pushing people aside.

33 WITH RAFE 33

He crosses the street toward Prestige.

34 EXT. URSULINE STREET - AT MIKEY'S CAR - DAY 34

Mikey pats Johnny on the shoulder.

MIKEY  
Ready...

Johnny gets out.

35 INT. MIKEY'S CAR - DAY 35

Mikey slams the junker into reverse, SCREAMING backward down Ursuline Street.

36 EXT. URSULINE STREET - DAY 36

Mikey's junker does a reverse 45, CRASHING into a parked mail jeep. This blocks Ursuline Street as well.

37 INT. PRESTIGE - VESTIBULE - DAY 37

Rafe steps up into the entranceway. Johnny follows. Both pull on masks. Rafe draws his gun.

38 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 38

Sunny whips a gun out of her purse.

39 EXT. URSULINE STREET - DAY 39

Now a safe distance from his junker, Mikey pushes a remote

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

control switch. The junker goes up with a WHUMP! Mikey races toward Prestige.

40 INT. PRESTIGE - THE VESTIBULE - SECURITY CAMERA POV - DAY

40

Rafe is pressed up against the door, ready to charge in. Johnny is right behind him.

41 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

41

Spotting Johnny and Rafe on the video monitors, Sunny reaches over and BUZZES the front door open.

42 INT. PRESTIGE - VESTIBULE - DAY

42

Rafe pushes the gate open and charges in with Johnny.

43 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

43

The manager moves towards Sunny.

MANAGER

What the hell do you think you're doing?

She charges forward and CRACKS him hard across the face with her pistol.

The Pinkerton moves forward, and Rafe SMASHES him with his gun. The Pinkerton falls back into a display case with a CRASH!

Johnny uses a mallet to SMASH open another display case and start removing the coins.

44 EXT. URSULINE STREET - DAY

44

Smoke and chaos in the background as Mikey runs down the sidewalk, glancing at his watch.

45 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

45

Sunny hurries to the vault.

46 INT. PRESTIGE - VAULT - DAY

46

Sunny pulls open the double doors and steps inside toward the large inner safe.

47 SECURITY CAMERA POV - IN THE VAULT

47

Sunny throws open the doors of the safe.



56 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 56

The Manager crawls along. Presses a button.

ALARM BELLS DEAFEN.

Rafe spins around.

The Manager continues to press.

Rafe takes aim.

RAFE

Stupid fucker!

The Manager turns and SCREAMS:

MANAGER

Nooo!

Rafe SHOTS the Manager -- four times.

Johnny looks up.

57 INT. PRESTIGE - VAULT - DAY 57

Mikey turns at the sound of the gunfire. He pulls out his gun.

58 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 58

Mikey runs out of the vault, levels his gun at Rafe.

MIKEY

What the fuck are you doing?

RAFE

The shithead hit the alarm.

MIKEY

Cover the door, asshole!

RAFE

Get the goods!

Rafe turns back toward the door, SMASHING several display cases as he goes.

59 INT. PRESTIGE - VAULT - SECURITY CAMERA POV - DAY 59

Mikey rejoins Sunny and starts bagging again.

60 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY 60

Johnny SMASHES another display case, grabbing at the coin tray.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Rafe SMASHES two more cases before taking his position at the door.

61 SECURITY CAMERA POV - ON VAULT DOORS

61

Mikey rushes out of the vault with two sacks.

62 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

62

Mikey hurries around the display cases toward the front door.

Sunny is now at the door with Rafe and her sacks.

SUNNY

Okay, let's do it! Come on, old man. Come get your share of the goods!

Rafe raises his pistol.

RAFE

Hey, I got something for you, boy!

Mikey drops his sacks and moves sideways, grabbing for his gun.

Rafe BLASTS Mikey! Blood gurgles from his chest as he sails backwards on top of a display case.

Johnny turns in alarm. Sees Mikey fall to the floor.

SUNNY

Come on, get the geek! Get that fucking geek!

Johnny turns toward Rafe and Sunny.

Rafe brandishes a Mach 11 Automatic on one shoulder and starts BLASTING AWAY!

63 SECURITY CAMERA POV - ON JOHNNY

63

Johnny dashes out of the way of the BULLETS.

64 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

64

Johnny leaps over a display counter, SMASHING it as he falls to the floor. A volley of BULLETS SPRAYS right over his head -- SHATTERING several glass cases and wall displays.

Rafe is enthused. He stops firing.

RAFE

Yeah!

65 EXT. ROYAL STREET - DAY

65

LeMoyne looks out the driver's window of the Mustang in alarm.

Sunny comes racing out of Prestige with three sacks. Rafe is right behind her with two more.

SUNNY

Hey, fat boy! Move your ass and help with these bags!

LeMoyne gets out of the car with his gun drawn, heading toward Prestige.

LeMOYNE

What the hell happened? Where's Mikey and Johnny?

Sunny pulls out her gun as LeMoyne races by and aims.

SUNNY

They're right here, baby!

She BLASTS him in the back of the neck.

LeMoyne spins around, SCREAMING in pain.

Rafe joins Sunny in BLOWING LeMoyne away.

66 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

66

Johnny crawls to Mikey's body behind the broken display counter.

He rips off Mikey's mask. And then his own.

He props Mikey's head up. But Mikey's dead.

Johnny tears himself away from Mikey and goes to look outside.

67 EXT. ROYAL STREET - DAY

67

The Mustang PEELS away, burning rubber as it goes.

68 INT. PRESTIGE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

68

Johnny is left standing alone.

The SOUND OF PRISON BARS CLOSING ECHOES as we

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

69 INT. CELL - NEW ORLEANS HOUSE OF DETENTION - NIGHT

69

A MAN enters the holding area.

DRONES

Open it up.

GUARD

Good evening, lieutenant.

Johnny sits on a bench in his cell, his head bent down.

The man appears outside the cell, examining him like some species at the city zoo.

"LT. A.Z. DRONES, Chief of Detectives, River Precinct" on his security tag. 5th generation New Orleans. A voice full of the city's history. A face too familiar with its crimes.

Johnny looks up and then lowers his head again.

DRONES

Well, they told me an old friend of mine had made the House of D again. Hell, I could hardly believe it. Had to come see for myself.

Drones steps closer to the bars.

DRONES

You know, Johnny, you ain't never been much a shit to look at, but at least up to now, you ain't been altogether stupid.

Johnny slowly looks up across the bars at Drones.

DRONES

Now, what I mean is, you'll never even touch 'em. You know it and I know it. You just tell me who they are and where I can find them. I'll take real good care of them for both of us.

Johnny turns away and looks down.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

DRONES

That ole Mikey Chalmette...hell, he was just like a big brother to you. You and him spent a lot of time together. Including all that hard time up there at Angola Farm.

Johnny gives him nothing.

DRONES

Well, I just saw Mikey down at the morgue. Poor ole bastard. They really did a job on him.

Johnny looks up.

JOHNNY

You got nothing on me.

DRONES

Deputy...

Drones reaches into his pocket as the cell block door opens.

DRONES

Oh, Johnny, guess what the boys found down at the bus station?

He holds up a clear plastic bag full of gold coins.

Drones shakes them. The coins RING.

DRONES

You probably got a lot of people feeling sorry for you cause you're such an ugly son-of-a-bitch. But not me. Cause I know what you are on the inside. Nothing but a cheap crook.

Drones leaves. Johnny looks away slowly.

70 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

70

VIC DUMASK sits behind a partition of glass. He's 50's, with a lawyer's 3-piece suit.

VIC

Here's how it sits...now, if you go to trial, they're gonna push for the whole nine yards, that includes murder two.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

VIC (Cont'd)

Now, I ain't saying they got any kind of case without putting you at the scene, but I'm saying one thing. ..they got your face to show the jury.

Johnny sits on the other side of the partition.

VIC

Now, with a little friendly persuasion on my part, maybe I can get 'em to knock down the armed and accessory for, say, a stolen properties. I don't suppose you got anybody to vouch for your character?

Johnny says nothing.

VIC

Then it's five years. Less if you're willing to play ball with Drones.

Johnny shakes his head slightly.

JOHNNY

No...

VIC

Maybe twenty-eight months to parole...if you behave yourself. Now that's the best I can do with the system here. You know how it works.

Johnny lifts his hands up and shrugs.

Vic stands.

VIC

I'll make a deal.

71 EXT. ANGOLA PRISON - DAY

71

3,500 of God's lesser acres. A tractor pulls a cartful of prisoners.

JUDGE (VO)

Therefore Mr. John Sedley, it is the order of this court...

72 INT. NEW ORLEANS COURTROOM - DAY

72

An ELDERLY JUDGE sits in the shadows, reading the order.

JUDGE

...that you shall be remanded to  
the state penitentiary farm at  
Angola...

73 EXT. ANGOLA PRISON - DAY

73

Prisoners are led across a field by a guard on horseback.

JUDGE (VO)

...for a term of not less than five  
years, subject to the laws and  
conditions as set forth by the  
state of...

74 INT. NEW ORLEANS COURTROOM - DAY

74

The judge continues.

JUDGE

...Louisiana and the parish of  
Orleans. You will be remanded over  
by the Bailiff...

75 EXT. ANGOLA PRISON - DAY

75

Handcuffed prisoners in white uniforms march through a cotton  
field.

JUDGE (VO)

...to the proper authorities for  
transport.

76 INT. ANGOLA PRISON CELL BARN - DAY

76

A line of prisoners enters.

JUDGE (VO)

The prisoner is reminded that he is  
now a two-time felony offender.

77 INT. NEW ORLEANS COURTROOM - DAY

77

The judge continues.

JUDGE

If upon release, he is again  
convicted of a felony...

78 INT. ANGOLA PRISON CELL DORM - DAY

78

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

A prisoner dries himself off in the shower. Another reads in a nearby cell.

JUDGE (VO)

...he will be subject to a life sentence without possibility of parole.

79 INT. NEW ORLEANS COURTROOM - DAY

79

The judge's gavel comes down hard with a THUD.

80 INT. ANGOLA PRISON CELL DORM - DAY

80

Johnny walks to his cell. One of two dozen built into the barracks. He carries his new prison clothes.

The inmates check him out from inside the cells.

Johnny enters his cell.

The door slides shut, and the electric lock SNAPS closed.

Johnny sets his clothes down on the bed.

He looks out through the bars -- there's nothing to say.

81 EXT. ANGOLA PRISON - COTTON FIELD - DAY

81

The cons pick cotton. A machine can bale tons in an hour. Even hundreds of cons take days. Busy work. Tired men don't make trouble.

Johnny carries his rucksack to a large bin. He tosses it up to the bin and another sack is handed to him.

A BLACK CON steps in front of Johnny, cutting him off. A SECOND BLACK CON appears. He crooks his arm around Johnny's neck and STICKS him in the back with a shiv.

Johnny KICKS out, KNOCKING the First Con away. He punches out at the Second Con.

A MOUNTED GUARD charges towards the melee.

The Second Con stabs Johnny again, bringing him down.

Johnny is on the ground, writhing in pain.

The Second Con tries to run away into the field. The mounted guard chases him down, COLD-COCKING him with the butt of his rifle.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

82 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

82

Peep. Peep. Peep.

An E.K.G. machine blinks overhead.

Johnny lies upright in bed with an oxygen mask on his face.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

83 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

83

Drones peers down at Johnny.

DRONES

Guys that stuck you, you know what they got? Grand each...in cigarettes.

(laughs)

Johnny looks up at him -- trying to focus.

DRONES

So it was probably somebody who thinks that murder's cheap. Maybe like the guy that just took over Mikey's bar. Cowboy named Rafe. You know this badass. You know what he did.

(beat)

All right, Johnny. Maybe I'll see you around. But I kinda doubt it. I don't think Rafe'll mess up on you a second time. Then nobody'll be getting even for Mikey. Not me. Certainly not you. Nobody.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

84 INT. ST. MATTHEW'S CHARITY HOSPITAL - LOCKDOWN WARD - DAY

84

DR. RESHER, mid-30's, peers down at Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

RESHER

Can you hear me, John? Do you understand me? You are in the Lockdown Ward at St. Matthew's Charity. And you are back in the city now, John.

No response.

RESHER

I'm Dr. Steven Resher, department of corrections, and a liason to the medical community. I am not your regular doctor. I run a program that deals with reconstructive surgery.

No response.

RESHER

How would you like a new face?

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

85 INT. NURSES' STATION - ST. MATTHEW'S - DAY

85

Resher is making an entry into a micro-tape recorder. Drones approaches.

RESHER

Patient may need mandibular procedure, period. However, comma, patient may benefit...

DRONES

Dr. Resher?

RESHER

...more from maxillary intrusion period.

(to Drones)

Yes, sir...

Drones flashes his shield. Resher is instantly wary.

DRONES

A.Z. Drones, New Orleans Police.

(CONTINUED)

RESHER

Yes, I see. What can I do for you, lieutenant?

DRONES

How's your patient, doctor?

RESHER

Which patient might that be? I have many...

DRONES

(interrupts)

John Sedley. You know, the pretty boy.

RESHER

That is not a very nice thing to say.

DRONES

Well, he's not a very nice man, Doctor. Now, how is he?

No response.

DRONES

Look, Doc, let's not let you and me get off on the wrong foot here. I'm the Case Officer assigned to this boy. Any information pertaining to him is my business. Now, let me ask you again. How is he? Is he going to be all right?

RESHER

I see. His chances of a full recovery are excellent. If you like, you may get a full report on his progress daily from the staff nurse. She gets off duty at seven. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have work to do.

Resher walks away as Drones smiles.

DRONES

Goddamn...thanks, Doc.

SMASH TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

"Four Weeks Later..."

WIPE TO:

87 INT. RESHER'S OFFICE - DAY

87

X-Rays in light boxes line the walls.

RESHER

There's a theory, John...that  
surgical rehabilitation can be a  
deterrent to criminal recidivism.

Resher holds several sets of X-Rays in his hands.

Johnny sits across from him.

RESHER

Like any theory, it needs to be  
validated with facts, statistical  
evidence. You won't be the first,  
John. But if you say yes, you will  
not be the last.

88 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

88

Johnny's being pushed along in a wheelchair by Resher.

RESHER

Granted, it'll take me awhile, but  
you could end up looking almost  
normal. Maybe even better than  
that. Point is, I need your  
consent. You know the prison rules  
just as well as I know the prison  
rules. But let me assure you. I'm  
not talking about experimenting on  
you, these operations are not  
experiments. Do you know that they  
started doing these procedures on  
children with massive cranial  
disfigurements some fifteen years  
ago? These operations work, John.

Johnny is silent.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

RESHER

Now I know that your childhood operations ended in failure, but this is something entirely different. This will be fine surgeons doing state of the art procedures that haven't been available for adults for the last several years.

89 INT. RESHER'S OFFICE - DAY

89

Resher leans against his desk.

RESHER

Anyway, this is not an abstraction for you. You can come out of this with a normal life.

JOHNNY

This experiment is all bullshit. I'm still gonna be Johnny Handsome.

RESHER

I will give you a new name. I will give you a new face. I will give you new identification and a chance at a new life. They do that for witnesses. I can do that for you.

Johnny nods.

JOHNNY

If you do that, you got my face.

90 EXT. HARP - NIGHT

90

A horse-drawn carriage crosses in front of the busy bar that used to be Mikey's.

91 INT. HARP - NIGHT

91

A topless dancer performs on a platform in the center of the oval bar.

Sunny watches through the office blinds above.

92 INT. RAFE'S OFFICE - HARP - NIGHT

92

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER ARTICLE. It reads:

"ANGOLA INVESTIGATION"  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Cont'd)

ST. FRANCISVILLE - A spokesman for the Louisiana Correction System confirmed a convict identified as John Sedley died last night from multiple stab wounds. His assailants, both convicted murderers serving life sentences, have been secluded pending trial. Oppu-"

Rafe drops the paper to the table.

RAFE

This guy's deader than a week of Sundays. I told you I nailed the geek.

Sunny slams the blinds closed and turns towards Rafe.

SUNNY

Yeah, ain't that just like you, baby. When you want something done right, you just pay someone else to do it for you.

RAFE

Keep up the shit, I'll ship you back to that oil riggers bar in East Texas where I found you.

SUNNY

I think you mean where I found you. Knocking off gas stations for beer money.

RAFE

Come on, honey. We're doing good here. We're gonna do real good at Mikey's.

SUNNY

Sure thing, sugar. Whatever you say. We'll just wait and see what happens, huh?

Rafe studies Sunny silently.

93 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

93

A photographer takes pictures of Johnny's head.

Wires connect Johnny's skull to several computerized machines, collecting and analyzing information.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

Resher looks on as more photos are taken.

Computer screens analyze Johnny's lower jaw.

SURGEON (VO)

Wanna pass that over?

(beat)

Okay, the anterior portion is five centimeters to the left...

NURSE (VO)

Got it...

94 INT. OPERATING ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

94

A team of surgeons has Johnny's face on the operating table. Several nurses assist.

SURGEON

Okay, is he fully incubated nurse?

NURSE

Yes, doctor.

SURGEON

That's good...then why don't you just remove a little track weight pressure.

NURSE

Removing.

SURGEON

Okay...why don't you clear the breathing circuit?

NURSE

Respiration is fifty-five. Pulse is seventy.

SURGEON

Good.

Behind a glass wall, in an adjacent room, Resher watches the operation progress on a series of computer monitors.

NURSE

BP reads 120 over 80.

SURGEON

Okay, let's hold back the sensinal pulley...

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

The surgeon makes some stitches.

A computer monitor analyzes Johnny's upper jaw and teeth.

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

95 INT. HOSPITAL CLASSROOM - DAY

95

A ring of doctors and nurses sit in the room. Resher steps forward to address Johnny.

RESHER

How you feeling this morning, John?  
Good?

Johnny's face below the bridge of his nose is covered with bandages. A hole is cut out for him to breathe and speak through.

JOHNNY

Okay...

RESHER

I know the last three weeks have been very painful for you. And you probably think that you're gonna look completely different. But that's not gonna happen right away. Not for a long time. All right? Let's do it.

Resher steps forward and cuts off the bandages.

There is some swelling, but Johnny's cleft palate, jutting jaw line and harelip have been repaired.

RESHER

Can you open, John? Can you open?

Johnny struggles to open his mouth. Resher shines a light into the cavity to get a better look.

RESHER

Ah...that's beautiful in there.  
Take a breath. That feel different inside there?

Johnny takes a deep breath. A clean rush of air. No whistling.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

JOHNNY

Yes, it does.

SISTER LUKE

Much better resonance.

Among those who have stepped forward is SISTER LUKE, a white-robed Catholic sister, maybe 50. A determined but kindly-looking woman.

SISTER LUKE

Thanks to the operation, you've got the equipment now. We'll have to see if you can learn to use it.

RESHER

John Sedley...Sister Luke. Our speech pathologist.

JOHNNY

Hi.

96 INT. JOHNNY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

96

Johnny stands in front of a mirror.

JOHNNY

Mama made some lemon jam.

He takes a deep breath.

JOHNNY

Mama made some lemon jam.

Sister Luke enters.

SISTER LUKE

All right, let's concentrate on controlling your air flow. Remember, the words are carried on air going out of the mouth. Now, take a breath in...

Johnny does so.

SISTER LUKE

Hold it...Let it out!

JOHNNY

Mama made some lemon jam...aw, shit!

Johnny turns away, clasping the mesh that lines his window.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER LUKE

We know it's not easy to change the habits of a lifetime. I know how hard it is for you. But it can be done. It takes work. And it takes will. But if you work hard, someday you will speak just about as well as anyone.

Johnny turns back to the mirror.

JOHNNY

(stronger)

Mama made some lemon jam.

SISTER LUKE

Good.

JOHNNY

Mama made some lemon jam.

SISTER LUKE

Very good.

Johnny turns to Sister Luke and smiles.

JOHNNY

Real piece uh work, ain't I?

SISTER LUKE

Piece of work, Mr. Sedley. Piece of work.

97 INT. RESHER'S OFFICE - DAY

97

Resher consults a clipboard.

RESHER

All right, what about your mother?

Johnny sits in a plain metal chair. He lights a cigarette, but he doesn't respond.

RESHER

Please, Sedley. You're making this difficult for both of us. I'm trying to fill in some background for your character profile. Our records are very sketchy on you. Now, other than a few biographical facts, we don't know much about your mother. We know that she died when you were thirteen.

(CONTINUED)

Johnny takes a drag on his cigarette.

RESHER

Do you remember liking her?

JOHNNY

I didn't know her real good. She came some weekends to the state home where they kept me at St. Brendan's.

RESHER

Your father? Did you know who he was?

JOHNNY

No...

RESHER

Your mother never discussed him to you?

JOHNNY

She didn't talk about it. Hey, I just think she was embarrassed.

RESHER

About your father.

JOHNNY

About him. About me. You know, I wasn't exactly her dream come true, you know.

Johnny watches him jot that down.

RESHER

(clears throat)

Do you remember anything special about school, John?

JOHNNY

Yeah. Carlisle.

RESHER

Who's Carlisle?

JOHNNY

Carlisle was this fat kid at St. Brendan's. And we all used to make fun of him, you know, cause of his name. Hey, you want to hear about this?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

Resher turns over a page on his clipboard.

RESHER

Yeah, go ahead.

JOHNNY

At Halloween, we all dressed up in costumes. And Carlisle, he comes over to me, and he -- I had this jack-o-lantern mask on -- and he rips it off, and he starts screaming: "Johnny don't need no mask." "Johnny don't need no mask." And all the other kids start laughing. They were all laughing.

RESHER

And then?

JOHNNY

I...I beat the shit outta him.

Resher looks at Johnny.

JOHNNY

You can write it down.

RESHER

No, I think that will be all for today, John. Thank you.

Johnny takes a deep breath. And then a drag on his cigarette.

98 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

98

Computer monitors analyze Johnny's skull.

99 JOHNNY'S POV - THE SURGICAL TEAM

99

Resher and three other doctors in surgical garb look down into the CAMERA.

RESHER

All right, John, here we go. You just relax. Think about pleasant thoughts. It'll be over before you know it. Everything's gonna be all right.

An oxygen mask is lowered forward, blocking the doctors out.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

RESHER

Let's start counting backwards from  
one hundred...ninety-nine...ninety-  
eight...ninety-seven.

FADE TO BLACK.

100 NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE

100

In the dark, we hear LOUD, INDISTINCT WHISPERS. Then:

MIKEY (VO)

Now, I know you're doing this for  
me...

DRONES (VO)

You ain't never been much a shit to  
look at...

Then: FLASH FRAMES, in high contrast, of bandages being taken  
off Johnny's head.

SUNNY (VO)

Put a bag on his head...

MIKEY (VO)

Now, I know you're doing this for  
me...

FLASH FRAMES of Johnny walking, smoking a cigarette.

SUNNY (VO)

He's already got a bag on his head!

FLASH FRAMES of the masks and GUNFIRE from the robbery.

SMASH TO BLACK.

Over the BLACK we hear:

WHISPERS (VO)

Johnny...  
Johnny...  
Johnny...

SUNNY (VO)

A scum bag. (LAUGHTER)

CUT TO:

101 INT. HOSPITAL CLASSROOM - DAY

101

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Resher carefully removes the bandages from Johnny's face.

Sister Luke smiles.

RESHER

Go look for yourself.

Johnny gets up. Walks to the mirror.

Sure, his face is still red and puffy...but this time he looks different. He looks good, strong...

And his eyes burn with the same clarity they always have.

The doctors, nurses, and technicians move closer.

Johnny touches his face and looks at Resher.

RESHER

Well...what do you think, John?

Johnny's eyes well up, but he's smiling.

JOHNNY

You people did a terrific job.  
I still feel like I'm wearing a  
mask.

He touches his face again, caught between laughing and crying.

SMASH TO BLACK.

102 A TITLE APPEARS:

102

"Six Weeks Later..."

CUT TO:

103 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

103

Drones is leaning against a car. Resher approaches slowly.

RESHER

If you need to see me about  
something, I have an office. You  
can make an appointment.

DRONES

Relax, Doc. I'm here to see your  
patient.

(CONTINUED)

RESHER

But you're leaning on my car,  
lieutenant. My car.

Drones moves off the car. Wipes the spot where he was leaning.

DRONES

How is our star?

RESHER

His prognosis is good. Very good.  
You know, I think that you are  
going to be very surprised at who  
John Sedley is right now.

DRONES

Yeah, well...maybe. But I tell you  
what I won't be surprised about.  
He seem to be putting one over on  
you.

Drones laughs.

RESHER

Are you trying to destroy my  
program? Are you trying to make  
him fail? Look, why don't you just  
get off his ass and give him a  
break! Think, lieutenant...point  
number one: his mother was a  
prostitute and a drug addict, died  
when he was thirteen years of age.  
Point number two: thanks to a  
genetic abnormality probably  
attributable to his mother's  
addiction, he was born with  
physical defects that ninety-nine  
percent of all humanity consider  
totally disgusting. Now, he is  
finally gettin' himself a chance at  
a new life. And what does he get  
for that? You. Just crawling all  
over him.

DRONES

Well, goddamn, Doc, now that's...  
that's a real sad story.

RESHER

Yes. It is.

Resher moves off.

(CONTINUED)

104 INT. JOHNNY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

104

Johnny is sitting on the bed looking at black and white photos of his old self.

Johnny touches his new face.

105 INT. HOSPITAL - LOCKDOWN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

105

Drones flashes his shield. A guard lets him through two sets of bars.

Drones heads down the hallway, stopping a passing nurse.

DRONES

Ah, Sedley?

NURSE

310.

106 INT. JOHNNY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

106

Drones enters. Can't believe what he's seeing.

DRONES

Well, bless my ass. Look at you.  
Look at you!

(laughs)

If that don't beat all. That's  
amazing. That's fucking amazing.

Drones shakes his head. He can't stop staring.

DRONES

Hmm-hmm. Ya got all that lanky  
ass hair now. Guess next you'll be  
wearing a pony tail and a fucking  
earring, huh?

(laughs again)

I wouldn't have made you on the  
street. Can you beat that?

JOHNNY

It's pretty hard to believe, ain't  
it?

DRONES

I wouldn't have made your voice,  
either. I'm real impressed. I  
just wonder if Rafe is gonna be.

Johnny keeps his mouth shut.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

DRONES

You remember Rafe, don't you?  
Street cowboy? He and his bitch  
shot Mikey. Now, you didn't forget  
your old friend so soon, did you,  
Johnny boy?

Johnny just stares at Drones.

DRONES

See you around, pretty boy.

He leaves.

107 INT. RESHER'S OFFICE - DAY

107

Resher gets up from his desk. Johnny stands by the door.

RESHER

How'd you like to get out of here,  
John? I got them to approve a work  
release. We can find you a job.  
Here's the deal. You are here and  
locked up every night by ten  
o'clock or it's back to Angola for  
you. You're gonna have to go  
through constant psychological  
evaluation...that I'm personally  
gonna handle. You'll have to  
answer all kinds of questions, with  
total and complete honesty, John.  
But, if you do that for me, I can  
recommend you for parole. How do  
you feel about that...

Resher hands Johnny a new passport and social security card.

RESHER

Mr. Mitchell?

Johnny looks them over. It's good work. All legal.

JOHNNY

Well, who am I supposed to be?

RESHER

A Navy vet with commendations.  
Just back from overseas.

JOHNNY

You think you could put on here  
that I worked for awhile here at  
the hospital?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

RESHER  
Sure. We have a deal.

Resher smiles.

108 EXT. COMMODORE SHIPYARD - MONTAGE - DAY

108

200' giant cranes roll on tracks wide enough to have 18 wheel trucks barrel underneath them.

Ships a thousand feet long are hauled up out of water in drydocks five football fields long.

An entire hydroelectric plant is being built to be floated up the Mississippi to Missouri.

Worker John Mitchell wears a hardhat and wields a gas powered grinder. Spends all day polishing the raw aluminum sides of a tanker beam, until all the fittings are smooth.

Loud, boring work. A WHISTLE blows.

109 INT. COMMODORE ACCOUNTING/BANKING OFFICE - OUTER HALLWAY- DAY

109

Johnny enters, hot, dirty and sweaty. He carries his paycheck and a lunch box.

Behind him, workers line up in front of A.T.M. machines.

Johnny looks through the glass at...

110 THE INNER OFFICE

110

A large space. Secretaries and accountants behind rows of desks. Management in plexi-glass partitioned air conditioned offices.

Johnny enters and approaches an ACCOUNTANT.

JOHNNY  
Hi. Can I talk to somebody about my check?

ACCOUNTANT  
What's wrong with it?

JOHNNY  
Well, I think they took out too much.

ACCOUNTANT  
That's what everyone says. Anyway, you got the wrong desk.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

He turns back to his work.

DONNA

Hey, mister. Give it to me. Maybe  
I can help.

Johnny turns towards the bookkeeper at the next desk.

DONNA McCARTY, cute enough. In her late 20's, with a look of  
perpetual empathy.

Johnny walks over. Hands Donna his check. She looks at it.

DONNA

It's crime, isn't it? I mean how  
much they take out. Makes you  
wonder what you're working for.  
You should take a look at my check,  
that'll make you feel better.

MR. BONET appears, snatches the check out of Donna's hand.  
Scans it.

MR. BONET

I don't see any problem here, Mr...  
Mitchell.

JOHNNY

I know what the government takes  
out. What about this here?

Johnny indicates one part of the check.

MR. BONET

You were issued work clothes,  
weren't you? Well, that's a  
service stat deduction. You don't  
expect us to pay for your work  
clothes, do you?

He hands the check back to Johnny.

MR. BONET

So, we don't have a problem.

Johnny starts to walk away...

MR. BONET

Right, Mitchell?

Johnny turns.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

JOHNNY

No problem.

Donna turns from her terminal.

DONNA

He's new, he's just making sure  
he's got his pay. He's got the  
right to do that, you know.

Bonet looks at Donna and then heads back to his office.

111 EXT. COMMODORE SHIPYARD - GATE #3 - DAY

111

A line of workers files out into the endless employee parking  
lot. Donna among them.

Johnny steps forward.

JOHNNY

Excuse me...

Donna stops and smiles.

JOHNNY

I just wanted to thank you for  
standing up to your boss. You  
didn't have to do that.

DONNA

Hey, I enjoyed it. He's kinda lame  
sometimes.

A moment.

JOHNNY

Well, thanks.

Johnny moves off. Joins a string of workers heading for the  
buses.

DONNA

Where you going?

JOHNNY

Going to get the bus

DONNA

I got a car. I'll give you a lift.

Johnny hesitates. Then he joins Donna.

112 INT. DONNA'S CAR - CITY STREETS - DAY

112

Johnny shares the front seat.

DONNA

Save me from a better grade of people. That guy's so horny, he can't keep his hands off the secretaries. Anyone's been there more than a week won't work for him. I don't know. I'll get outta here someday. I take Thursday afternoons off. I study accounting. The yard helps me pay. Course, it'll take me twenty years to work it off. I'll probably end up an old maid.

JOHNNY

No, I wouldn't think that.

Donna looks away.

DONNA

I don't know...

JOHNNY

Are you okay?

DONNA

Yeah. I'm okay. You know how it is. You work at a machine, get paid by a machine, makes you wonder who's working for who. Right?

113 INT. HOSPITAL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

113

Resher sits in one of the class seats. Johnny paces the floor.

JOHNNY

Her name's Donna. She's an accountant.

RESHER

A secretary in accounting? A receptionist? A...?

JOHNNY

She wants to do better, you know. She takes...every Thursday afternoon off. You know, she's studying...for her C.P.A. She got a loan from the yard, you know. She says by the time...she pays it off, she'll probably be retired.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

RESHER

I see...John, are you...are you gonna pursue this?

Johnny looks at the floor and then at Resher.

JOHNNY

How can I?

RESHER

You tell me.

114 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

114

Johnny at a wall pay phone. Drops a quarter.

JOHNNY

Hello, operator...yeah, you got a listing for a Donna McCarty? Over in Gretna?

Waits. Hears the response.

JOHNNY

Okay, thank you.

Hangs up. Drops down another quarter. Dials.

115 EXT. FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

115

Bright lights. Cascading water.

Johnny and Donna walk.

DONNA

I've been thinking about what you told me you went through, being in prison and all. A lot of guys, they would have tried to get back at the world. Or they would've given up. But you came back to work. You tried to be a part of life again. I admire what you're doing, Johnny. So, what about this. I'm helping steal stuff from the shipyard.

They stop. Johnny listens. Without judgment.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

DONNA

This guy, Earl. He works in the tool shed. I've been seeing him. He's takin' stuff, machinery, equipment. So, you know how it is. Your guy's in trouble, you try to help him out. I'm changing the inventory records in the computer for him.

JOHNNY

So, why don't you stop doing it?

DONNA

He'd turn me in if I stop. Course, he'd get busted, too. What's he care? He's just a bum, he doesn't care nothing about nobody.

JOHNNY

Sometimes there's ways of...working these things out.

She smiles.

DONNA

The way you say it...I almost believe you.

WIPE TO:

116 INT. HOSPITAL - LOCKDOWN WARD - NIGHT

116

Johnny and Resher talk through the prison grating.

JOHNNY

Well, let's just say she's done some things that...she'd like to take back.

RESHER

Sure. We all have. No matter who we are.

(pause)

And we all need help sometimes. That's what makes us a society. People helping each other. What's the matter? Afraid of being normal? Is it so bad?

JOHNNY

Is it normal...to forget where you come from?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

RESHER

Of course not. Can't do that.

117 EXT. COMMODORE SHIPYARD - MAINTENANCE AREA - DAY

117

A WHISTLE blows.

Johnny stands by the bay doors as dozens of workers in orange hardhats start filing out.

EARL is one of the last to leave. He's joking with his buddies.

JOHNNY

Hey, Earl...

Earl and his buddies come to a stop in front of Johnny.

EARL

Who're you man?

JOHNNY

I'm a friend of Donna's. I just wanted to talk to you about a few things. But it's...it's personal.

EARL

(to pals)

He's probably gonna ask my permission to check under her skirt.

Earl's pals move on, laughing.

EARL

(To Johnny)

Is that it, man? You sweet on my Donna? Looking to get a little? Hmm?

JOHNNY

Look, Earl, we got a problem. You gotta stop making Donna cook the books. It's getting outta hand, you know. She's taking too big a chance. And you're just gettin' small time stuff here.

Earl can't believe this.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

EARL

Hey...hey, buddy. I don't like the way this conversation is going, all right? Now maybe you oughta butt out of Donna's business...and mine.

JOHNNY

Look, Earl. Donna's a real good kid. I don't know why you want to fuck her life up for.

EARL

Hey, you stupid shit. What, you didn't hear me? Huh? Maybe I should fuck you up or...

Johnny grabs Earl and shoves him up against a stack of crates. He points a knife at Earl's throat.

EARL

Hey, hey, hey...

JOHNNY

Be smart, Earl.

EARL

Okay. All right, all right! Come on, man.

JOHNNY

You don't know what you're fucking with here.

EARL

Okay, man.

JOHNNY

You could get killed. Now, you asked Donna her last favor, all right?

EARL

Right.

JOHNNY

Huh?

EARL

Okay.

Johnny relaxes his arm.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

JOHNNY

Don't let me down, Earl. Don't let me down.

Johnny moves off.

A relieved Earl puts a hand to his throat.

118 INT. NURSE'S LOUNGE - DAY

118

Johnny and Sister Luke with coffee.

SISTER LUKE

This girl, does she know about your previous condition?

JOHNNY

Nah, I didn't tell her.

SISTER LUKE

Oh, it's only natural. It'd test her. If she were the right girl for you, she'd pass the test.

JOHNNY

You know, whatever happens to me... I just want you and Doctor Resher to know, I think this program that you have here is really good. And I think it would be really good for a lot of other people.

SISTER LUKE

You're a big part of it.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

SISTER LUKE

And I wish you the best, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Thanks.

119 INT. COMMODORE ACCOUNTING/BANKING OFFICE - OUTER HALLWAY - DAY

119

Payday. Johnny moves along the corridor crowded with workers lining up to use the A.T.M. machines. He moves into a line, stares down at his check.

A door marked "Authorized Personnel Only" opens up. As a man exits, Johnny can see inside the back room. Large stacks of money are being counted out. The payroll office. The door closes.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

At the A.T.M. Johnny puts in his card and enters his code number. The machine spits out a stack of crisp twenties.

Johnny looks across the way into the accounting office. Donna notices him. They smile at each other, and she waves.

120 EXT. PARK - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

120

Johnny and Donna walking just inside the enclosure.

DONNA

You know, you don't got anything to worry about. You done great at work. You look like a great guy, at least I think so. You got a terrific girl that believes in you. How could they not give you parole? I got a good feeling. I think it's gonna be okay.

She stops. He turns to face her.

JOHNNY

You know, all them cons I was on the inside with, they believed that, too. All them cons with their big plans...nine out of ten times, they'd be back on the inside. Hey, I'm not so sure that you can count on me. All right? I'm not so sure that I'm what you want.

DONNA

I'm a big girl. I don't need you to tell me what I want. I know what I want.

She steps forward and kisses him.

121 INT. DONNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

121

Johnny and Donna in bed, making love, kissing.

122 EXT. PARK - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

122

Their kiss stops. They look into each other's eyes.

123 INT. DONNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

123

The lovemaking continues.

124 EXT. PARK - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

124

They smile at one another.

125 INT. DONNA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

125

They lie in bed, holding hands.

DONNA

You know what I like best about  
your face? I like your eyes.

They share another long, passionate kiss.

126 INT. PAROLE ROOM OFFICE - DAY

126

A "Parole Approved" stamp slams down on a Certificate of Parole.

A clerk passes the document across the counter to Drones.  
Drones picks it up and heads out.

127 INT. PAROLE COMMISSION HALLWAY - DAY

127

Drones steps out and crosses to Johnny, who sits on a bench  
with Sister Luke. Resher stands nearby.

DRONES

Well, Johnny. They bought your  
whole load...hook, line and sinker.

He tosses the parole certificate to Johnny.

DRONES

You all think it's gonna be a whole  
new world out there with his new  
name and his new face. Like he was  
born all over again.

RESHER

Well, one thing's for sure,  
Lieutenant. From now on, at least  
Johnny's world is gonna be what he  
makes of it.

DRONES

You know, Johnny...

Drones leans in close to Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

DRONES

...you might fool this fucking  
quack and the little sister over  
there, but I know you. I know who  
you are, and I know what you are.  
And we both know right where you're  
going, don't we, Johnny?

Johnny says nothing.

Drones turns and walks away.

128 INT. JOHNNY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

128

Johnny slips the black and whites of his old face into an  
envelope and stashes them in his duffel bag.

He packs the rest of his belongings. Something about one of the  
paperbacks catches his eye. Something stuck between the pages.

He pulls it out. An old photograph.

Mikey. With his arm around Johnny Handsome.

Johnny holds it. Looks at Mikey.

PUSH IN ON Mikey in the photo.

INTERCUT WITH:

129 FLASH FRAMES OF A BLONDE TOPLESS DANCER BUMPING AND GRINDING AT  
THE HARP.

129

CUT TO:

130 INT. THE HARP - NIGHT

130

The dancer continues.

At the rail, Johnny drinks his Jim Beam. Looks around.

Sunny walks by.

JOHNNY

Hey, Sunny...how you doing?

She turns. Takes her time. Focuses on Johnny.

SUNNY

Do I know you?

A big smile from Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

JOHNNY

Yeah, sure. A long time ago. You probably forgot about it.

SUNNY

Try me, baby.

JOHNNY

Is Rafe around?

SUNNY

No, you know Rafe...same old shit.

JOHNNY

Yeah? Yeah, the two of you make a hell of a pair.

Sunny looks at him. Can't place him.

SUNNY

Why don't you give me a little hint, baby. Help me remember who you are?

JOHNNY

Well...it'll come to you.

SUNNY

Buy me a drink?

JOHNNY

Sure...you and Rafe both.

SUNNY

I don't make his dates, and he don't make mine.

Johnny lights her cigarette.

She takes Johnny's hand, as if feeling him could tell her something.

SUNNY

You got some nice hands, sweetheart. I'd remember those.

JOHNNY

Well...I'll see you around, huh? You and your boyfriend.

Johnny starts to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

SUNNY

Now, wait just one second, sugar.  
I'm kinda getting a feeling about  
you.

JOHNNY

It only gets better...  
(softer)  
...and richer. A lot richer.

SUNNY

Why don't you...hold on one minute.  
I'll go see if I can locate him for  
you.

She moves off.

131 INT. RAFE'S OFFICE - THE HARP - NIGHT

131

The office blinds snap open. Rafe and Sunny look down.

SUNNY

There...that's him.

RAFE

I don't know this guy.

At the bar, Johnny's being set up with a bourbon.

SUNNY

I don't know. Something about him.  
Feels like money.

RAFE

Yeah, yeah. You're an expert on  
that.

SUNNY

At least I'm an expert on  
something...fucking loser!

RAFE

If you don't like it, honey, why  
don't you go down there and wait  
cocktails and get your ass goosed  
by the tourists. Or go back to  
selling it for a hundred bucks a  
pop.

SUNNY

The price was a thousand...either  
that or I gave it away.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

The blinds snap closed.

132 INT. THE HARP - NIGHT

132

A big bald guy with a gold watch and a chintzy gold chain with the letters L A R R Y moves next to Johnny.

LARRY

Somebody wants to meet you.

Johnny shoots the rest of his bourbon.

JOHNNY

I'll be out front.

He leaves.

133 EXT. THE HARP - NIGHT

133

Johnny stands by his car. Rafe comes out first, with Sunny and Larry following.

Rafe walks right up to Johnny. Looks at him.

RAFE

Who are you, buster?

JOHNNY

John Mitchell.

RAFE

What's that supposed to mean something to me? You looking for a handout or are you gonna hit me up for something special?

JOHNNY

I just wanted to give you some money.

RAFE

For what?

JOHNNY

Your help.

RAFE

What kind of help?

JOHNNY

A job. A five million dollar job.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

RAFE

Let's have a talk about it.

Rafe moves off towards his car. Johnny follows.

134 EXT. STREET - SUNNY &amp; LARRY'S POV - THRU WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

134

Rafe's Caddie tools along up ahead.

135 INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - NIGHT

135

Larry drives Johnny's Ford. Sunny next to him.

LARRY

He can't get five million nothing!

SUNNY

Shut the fuck up and drive, Larry!

136 INT. RAFE'S CADDIE - NIGHT

136

A convertible. Rafe behind the wheel.

JOHNNY

It's a payroll heist. The  
Commodore Shipyard.

RAFE

That's your hit? Where you been?  
They make boats, not money.

JOHNNY

Hey, man...they got ten thousand  
workers. They pay bi-monthly...in  
millions. They got auto-tellers  
all over the shipyard, dozens of  
them. These fuckers spit out  
twenties, fifties, hundreds.

RAFE

If any of this is bullshit, it's  
nothing to me, I'll kill you.

137 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

137

The Caddie makes a turn.

138 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

138

Johnny has a hand-drawn diagram of the shipyard office spread  
out over the hood of the Caddie. Rafe and Sunny look on.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

There's two armed guards inside... here, and here. And a couple of clerks. We hit 'em right after lunch.

SUNNY

Sounds okay to me, baby.

RAFE

If this deal is so damn hot, why come to us?

Johnny folds up his diagram.

JOHNNY

Well, I'm new around here. I don't know anybody else.

RAFE

You don't know me, buddy.

JOHNNY

Sure I do. You and Sunny both. From the Prestige job.

RAFE

Bullshit! What do you know about that?

SUNNY

Shut up, you stupid fuck!

JOHNNY

I know about the Prestige job... from Johniny Handsome.

RAFE

I don't think you know what you're messin' with.

Rafe pulls out a PISTOL and points it at Johnny's face. Larry follows suit.

JOHNNY

Look, I was working at the prison hospital...when Johnny Handsome checked out. You can call personnel.

Sunny steps right up to Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

Yeah, is that so? Well, if you know so goddamn much about it, what are you gonna trust Rafe and me for, huh, baby?

JOHNNY

I can't do the Commodore alone. I need somebody to work the stash, and I need a skirt inside. Hey, that five million goes pretty good three ways.

RAFE

Yeah, that's a big job, but how do I know you know what you're doing?

JOHNNY

Hey, pal, I handled a few jobs before I was in the Navy. You can check that out, too. This is a one-time offer. You all think about it.

Johnny heads off towards his car.

RAFE

I'll tell you when I tell you.

Rafe lowers his gun and walks towards his car. Sunny turns to him.

SUNNY

What are you, some big shot?

RAFE

Go check him out.

Sunny turns to follow Johnny, while Rafe and Larry get in the Caddie.

139 INT. OYSTER BAR - NIGHT

139

Sunny and Johnny and a dozen slippery crustaceans.

SUNNY

I always figure that everybody's looking for some kind of angle. I knew it right from the first second you and I started talking. Can't really put much over on me, so...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

SUNNY (Cont'd)  
it didn't really surprise me much  
when it turned out you had yourself  
a little number in mind.

He lights her cigarette.

SUNNY  
I'll tell you something,  
sweetheart...looking at you gives  
me some bad thoughts.

JOHNNY  
I'll keep that in mind.

SUNNY  
It ain't just you I'm talking about.  
I think we both know who I'm  
discussing. And he just better  
watch out or something might come  
around and bite his old ass.

Her smile fades.

SUNNY  
You see, the bastard stiffed me on  
my cut from Prestige. Stuck it all  
into that shithole bar of his.  
He'll do this all right.

JOHNNY  
Well, it sounds like you know what  
you're talking about.

Johnny shoots a vodka.

SUNNY  
Oh, I know a thing or two about old  
Rafe. And I know something about  
you, too, buddy. I know where  
you're gonna be in about ten  
minutes.

She leans in close and smiles at Johnny.

140 INT. SUNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

140

A Vieux Carre salon gone to seed. Ladies entertained gents  
here before Sunny.

The clothes she wore at the oyster bar are scattered on the  
floor -- intertwined with Johnny's clothes in a direct line to  
her bed.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

Where Johnny lies alone. Partially under a mess of sheets. Head up on the pillows. Looking to the bathroom.

Sunny steps out of the bathroom while putting on her robe.

SUNNY

You know, honey, I hate to argue with a man after he's been so nice to me, but...you were wrong about one thing. When it comes to money, there ain't never enough to go around.

She crosses to a chair and sits.

SUNNY

Like that old Prestige job. Should've set me up for a long time. But Rafe held out on me. Fuck. I guess he just don't know how to take care of a good thing once he's got it. I bet that you would take care of things a whole lot better.

She moves to the foot of the bed.

SUNNY

Well, what do you say, sugar? Or do I have to ask you twice?

No response.

SUNNY

You know, usually when I treat a man that good, he seems a whole lot happier about it. Now see, you and me, we cut Rafe out. Oh, I bet that the two of us could go a long, long way together.

She crawls up the bed, on top of Johnny.

SUNNY

I bet you've already got a plan. Cause you know something, sweetheart? Two goes into five million a whole lot sweeter than three.

She kisses him.

141 INT. COMMODORE SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

141

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

Donna works at her terminal.

Drones enters and approaches her desk. Looks at her face.

DRONES

Pretty.

Donna looks up.

DRONES

And you certainly look like a nice girl.

Drones flashes his I.D. and leans on the desk.

DRONES

Now...let's talk about your boyfriend. You probably know him as John Mitchell, hmm?

DONNA

Yeah, I see him sometimes.

DRONES

Probably not lately, though. Am I right?

DONNA

Well, I don't think my private life is any of your business.

DRONES

Well, thanks for your time.

Drones starts to leave.

DONNA

Sir, did something happen? Why are you here?

DRONES

Oh, no. Just routine.

DONNA

You know he's trying real hard. It...it isn't easy for him.

DRONES

(laughs)

Bless my soul. You really are a nice girl.

142 EXT. SHIPYARD - BRIDGE - DAY

142

A WHISTLE blows.

Johnny comes off his shift with the other workers. They cross a footbridge near the drydock.

Donna stands waiting on the other side.

Johnny looks at her and starts walking past until:

DONNA

Johnny, can I talk to you?

He turns back and joins her at the railing.

JOHNNY

Yeah, sure. What do you need?

DONNA

I don't see you. I don't hear from you for days. Now a cop comes around right at work, in front of everyone...asking questions about you.

JOHNNY

What'd he want?

DONNA

He wanted to know what our relationship is.

JOHNNY

Was that it?

DONNA

Yeah, that's it. What's going on?

JOHNNY

Look, I've been meaning to tell you...you're a nice girl and all, but just...it ain't gonna work out with me and you. I got too many problems.

DONNA

Save the bullshit. You know I ran you in the computer. It never shows you in jail, just an honorable discharge from the Navy. What the hell's going on with you?

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

JOHNNY

Hey, look, don't you get it? I  
just don't want to go out with you  
no more.

He walks off.

DONNA

(softly)

To hell with you.

143 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

143

Johnny approaches from the outer office. He peers in through  
the window blinds and then knocks on the glass.

Vic Dumask steps up to the door and shakes his head. He  
addresses Johnny through the glass.

VIC

I don't know you, Mr. Mitchell.

JOHNNY

Yeah, I know.

VIC

Well, what can I do for you?

JOHNNY

Well, I'm new here...and everybody  
in town says you're the man to see.

VIC

Yeah? About what?

Johnny leans closer to the glass.

JOHNNY

A laundry service. Could be five  
million worth.

VIC

That sounds illegal.

JOHNNY

(a near whisper)

It is.

Vic considers this a moment. Then he opens the door.

Johnny steps inside.

144 EXT. FISHING SHACKS - LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN- DAY 144

Simple lakeside dwellings on stilts.

CAJUN (VO)

You looking for hardware? You come  
to the right place.

145 EXT. FISHING SHACK - PORCH - DAY 145

A CAJUN GUN MERCHANT looks on as Johnny examines a black  
Walther PPK.

CAJUN

Three hundred. And it's clean.

The Cajun takes the cover off a gun case to display another  
weapon. It's a Glock 17. Two magazines with staggered rounds.  
Packaged light as a camcorder.

CAJUN

We got the new number one baby  
right here. Nine millimeter, semi-  
automatic. Austria.

Johnny takes the Glock out of the case and checks its action.

CAJUN

Make it plastic so it don't freeze  
up in them mountains they got.  
You going someplace cold?  
(laughs)

146 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 146

Donna pulls up and gets out.

147 INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 147

Johnny sits on his bed, checking the sights and action of his  
new PPK.

148 INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 148

Donna walks along toward the back of the building.

149 INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 149

Donna peers in through the glass door. Then she KNOCKS.

Johnny gets to his feet quickly, hiding the pistol.

JOHNNY

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

DONNA

Johnny, it's me. Donna.

Johnny goes to the door and opens it slowly.

DONNA

I'm sorry to barge in on you like this but I just had to talk to you. I didn't want to leave it the way we did.

JOHNNY

Come on...I told you it ain't happening with me and you.

DONNA

I don't believe that, Johnny. Earl told me what you did. You had to feel something for me or you wouldn't have done it. Now can I come in and can I talk to you for a minute?

Johnny turns and walks back into his room.

Donna comes through the door.

DONNA

None of this makes any sense, Johnny. You hold a knife to Earl's throat, then the next minute, you're trying to get rid of me. I got the cops coming to work asking me questions. You're a good person, Johnny. I just wanna know what the hell's going on.

Johnny's at his dresser. He takes out the envelope with his old pictures in it. He hands it to Donna.

JOHNNY

This is me. Johnny Handsome.

Donna opens the envelope, looks at the pictures.

DONNA

What are you talking about? Who is this guy?

Johnny stands by the bed.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

JOHNNY

They killed my friend. They sent me to jail, and they put a knife in me. That's my debt.

Donna flips through the pictures.

DONNA

Johnny, if this is really you, I... I can't begin to understand everything that you've gone through.

She looks up at him.

DONNA

But, now you got a...a chance at something here. You got a shot at a better life. You can't just throw that away.

JOHNNY

You don't understand. You know, you just...you don't understand anything. So, why don't you get outta here!

DONNA

Johnny...

JOHNNY

Go on, get out of here!

He moves towards her. Shoves her towards the door.

JOHNNY

I said, get out of here!

DONNA

Please, let me help you!

JOHNNY

Go on! Get outta here! Get the fuck outta my life!

He pushes her out and SLAMS the door.

Donna yells from outside:

DONNA

Goddamn it, Johnny. Don't do this to yourself!

150 INT. RAFE'S PLACE - NIGHT

150

Rafe spins the top off a liquor bottle and pours himself a shot.

RAFE

Here's to us, babe. Back at it tomorrow.

He shoots his drink as Sunny looks on.

SUNNY

Yeah, right. I put on the wig, take all the chances. You put on a mask, take all the money.

RAFE

You'll get your cut.

SUNNY

Just like last time, huh, sugar?

RAFE

Let me tell you something, Sunny. Don't bet on this new guy. I know you got eyes for him. But he's a loser. I can smell it. I'm gonna take him out big when the time gets right. I know we don't get along much anymore, baby. But we're still connected. We got time in together. That's like an investment. You don't walk out on it.

SUNNY

Don't think about things, cowboy. You ain't a thinker.

Sunny pours herself a shot.

151 EXT. COMMODORE SHIPYARD - DAY

151

An armored truck turns into the shipyard.

Johnny looks up from his steel sanding. He's wearing safety goggles and chewing on a lollypop.

The armored car pulls up at the loading zone in front of the accounting office.

The lunch WHISTLE blows.

152 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

152

Donna stops work and takes her glasses off.

- 153 EXT. SHIPYARD ENTRANCE GATE - DAY 153  
Larry's car HONKS its horn as it approaches.  
The guard raises the gate bar.
- 154 INT. LARRY'S CAR - DAY 154  
Sunny's in the back seat wearing a reddish wig.  
Larry's behind the wheel. He and Rafe are dressed in blue workclothes and hardhats.  
Larry gives a "thumbs up" and Rafe waves to the guard as they pass.
- RAFE  
How you doin' there...  
(then sotto)  
...dumb fuck.
- Larry laughs.  
The dashboard clock shows 12:57.
- 155 EXT. SHIPYARD PARKING LOT - DAY 155  
Larry's car drives further into the yard.
- 156 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 156  
Donna picks up her school books and starts heading out.  
In the outer hallway, from the other side of the glass partition, Johnny watches her go.
- 157 EXT. SHIPYARD PARKING LOT - DAY 157  
Larry's car is parked.  
Rafe gets out and heads for the accounting office.  
Larry remains behind the wheel, watching Rafe go inside.
- 158 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - OUTER HALLWAY- DAY 158  
The two armored car guards exit the payroll office.  
A SECURITY GUARD remains outside the door as Sunny comes strolling down the corridor, an employee's badge dangling from her waist. She heads towards the inner office.
- 159 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 159  
Sunny walks up to Mr. Bonet, who's examing a file.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

SUNNY

Mr. Bonet, may I speak to you for a minute?

MR. BONET

Yeah.

SUNNY

Well, um...in private, if it's okay.

MR. BONET

Where?

SUNNY

I don't know...your office, I suppose.

MR. BONET

Now?

SUNNY

Yeah...  
(smiles)  
...won't hurt a bit.

She walks off, and Bonet follows eagerly.

160 INT. RESTROOM - ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

160

Rafe strides in and checks his gun. A bandana around his neck.

Johnny emerges from a stall with two brown leather suitcases.

Rafe's Rolex says it's 1:05.

RAFE

Let's do it. No fucking off. No Backing up.

He lowers his safety goggles over his face.

JOHNNY

Just stick to the plan. Okay?

Johnny lowers his goggles, too.

161 INT. BONET'S OFFICE - DAY

161

Bonet walks in, with Sunny right behind him, closing the door.

MR. BONET

Now, what was it you wanted?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

Sunny turns from the door and whips a pistol out of her purse, aiming it straight at Bonet's head.

SUNNY

Turn off the alarm.

MR. BONET

You gotta be kidding.

She slams him on the side of her head with her pistol. A vicious hit.

He falls back toward the wall. She closes in on him.

SUNNY

Stupid fuck! You think I won't shoot you? Now turn off that fucking alarm!

A scared Bonet scrambles for the alarm panel, turning its red lights green.

MR. BONET

There! I did it! It's done...now, please, don't shoot me.

She smashes him again.

SUNNY

Shut the fuck up!

She pistol whips him...blow after blow.

162 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - OUTER HALLWAY - DAY

162

Johnny moves forward with the two suitcases, his goggles down and a bandana over his mouth. The Security Guard steps forward.

SECURITY GUARD

What are you doing?

Rafe, goggles down and bandana up, appears behind the guard, grabbing him by the back of the neck and hurling him through the glass partition with a CRASH!

The guard tumbles into the inner office area.

Johnny kicks open the payroll room door.

163 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

163

The guard on the other side of the door gets SMASHED in the face and falls backwards.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

Johnny throws the suitcases to the floor and draws his gun.

JOHNNY

Drop the gun!

164 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

164

Rafe points his gun at a SCREAMING WOMAN.

RAFE

I'll blow your fucking head off!

He pushes her aside and starts waving his gun at the other employees.

RAFE

Get down! Get down, goddamn it!

Sunny comes out of Bonet's office and joins him.

SUNNY

Get down! Get down, you stupid fucks!

RAFE

All of you, goddamn it!

SCREAMING employees get down behind desks.

165 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

165

Johnny points his gun at the payroll workers.

JOHNNY

Get down!

They all duck down behind the table piled with money.

Sunny enters, closing the door behind her.

166 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

166

Rafe waves his gun towards some employees near the back.

RAFE

Put down that fucking phone!

Employees try to scramble out of his line of fire.

167 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

167

Sunny pushes the money off the table with one of the suitcases.

- 168 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 168  
Rafe continues to wave his gun, terrifying everyone.
- RAFE  
What the fuck are you looking at?
- 169 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 169  
A gleeful Sunny starts filling the suitcase with stacks of money.
- 170 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 170  
Workers scramble behind desks and bookshelves.
- RAFE  
Get down, you useless piece of shit!
- 171 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 171  
Sunny continues filling the suitcase frantically.
- 172 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 172  
Rafe rushes forward toward one frozen WORKER.
- RAFE  
Get down! Move it! Move it!
- Rafe SLAMS the man in the stomach and then across the face with his gun.
- 173 EXT. SHIPYARD PARKING LOT - DAY 173  
Larry speeds the car out of its parking spot and then SCREECHES forward.
- 174 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 174  
Rafe throws the man across a desktop and then waves his gun at the other nearby employees.
- RAFE  
Get down!
- 175 EXT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 175  
Larry's car pulls to a stop in front of the office.
- 176 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 176  
The suitcase is almost full.

- 177 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 177  
Rafe charges forward, gesturing with his gun.
- RAFE  
Down!
- 178 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 178  
Sunny smiles as she continues loading the money.
- 179 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 179  
Rafe kicks another EMPLOYEE between the legs and then hits him across the jaw with his gun.  
The man falls up against a doorjamb. Rafe smashes him in the neck and he falls to the floor.
- 180 EXT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 180  
Larry hurries to the back of the car and opens the trunk.
- 181 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 181  
Sunny adds the last bit of money and then slams the suitcase closed.
- 182 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY 182  
Rafe calls out to the back room.
- RAFE  
Let's go!
- 183 INT. PAYROLL ROOM - SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 183  
Sunny lifts the suitcase off the desk.
- 184 EXT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 184  
The trio breaks out of the building. Sunny gets in the back seat as quickly as she can.  
Rafe and Johnny dump the suitcases into the trunk. Rafe slams the trunk shut.
- 185 EXT. SHIPYARD PARKING LOT - DAY 185  
The car speeds away.
- 186 INT. LARRY'S CAR - DAY 186  
Behind the wheel, Larry lets out a YELP of excitement.

- 187 EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY 187  
 The car speeds through a pool of water with a SPLASH as it approaches the gate.
- 188 INT. LARRY'S CAR - DAY 188  
 Looking out the windshield, the gate is coming up fast.  
 In the back seat, Johnny lowers the bandana from his face.
- 189 EXT. SHIPYARD ENTRANCE GATE - DAY 189  
 A guard waves at the car in a gesture to stop.  
 No way.
- 190 INT. LARRY'S CAR - DAY 190  
 Looking out the windshield, the bar BREAKS away and workers scatter.  
 Rafe turns away from looking back at the gate and puts a boot up on the dash.
- RAFE  
 Yeah!
- 191 EXT. LARRY'S CAR - LOW ANGLE ON TIRE - DAY 191  
 The left front tire kicks up dust as the car speeds along a railroad track leading out of the shipyard. A forklift looms ahead.
- 192 EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY 192  
 The forklift moves out of the way as the car speeds forward.
- 193 INT. LARRY'S CAR - DAY 193  
 Larry turns the wheel.  
 Looking out the windshield, a chain-link gate fence gets closer.
- 194 EXT. SHIPYARD PERIMETER/LEVEE ROAD - DAY 194  
 The car SMASHES through the fence, bouncing forward and kicking up a huge cloud of dust.  
 The car speeds off down the industrial road. Several millions of bucks heavier than when it arrived.
- 195 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 195

(CONTINUED)

The car zooms in and takes several turns before pulling to a stop next to several other cars, including an Oldsmobile.

All four doors open at once.

Larry strips off his gloves and overalls.

Already down to his t-shirt, Rafe jams a clip in his gun and sticks it in his leather pants before starting to change the front license plate on Larry's car.

Sunny comes around the car quickly, picking up the overalls and hardhats.

SUNNY

What the fuck is this shit? What am I, your fucking maid?

She shoves everything into Larry's hands.

SUNNY

Larry, move your fucking ass and stash these now! Move it, before somebody gets here.

Rafe continues working on the plates.

Sunny keys the trunk to the Olds. Opens it. Revealing two more leather suitcases already inside. Exactly like the ones just used for the robbery.

She looks over at Johnny, who's pulling the two money-laden suitcases out of Larry's trunk.

Rafe looks over from the front of the car as he works. Always wary. But he can't see what happens next.

Instead of putting the cases in the Olds trunk, Johnny slides them underneath the chassis.

Larry tosses the workclothes and hard hats into a trash dumpster.

Rafe finishes with the plates.

Johnny pounds on the duplicate cases in the trunk -- as if they were just dropped in.

Rafe appears at the back of the Olds.

RAFE

Everything cool?

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

Yeah, perfect.

RAFE

Real pretty.

He pats one of the suitcases in the trunk. Then he helps Johnny slam the trunk closed.

RAFE

Your plan worked real good, buddy.

Sunny nudges Johnny's arm.

SUNNY

You know, I think you and I should drive around for a couple of hours.

(to Rafe)

We'll...hook up with you guys later. Well, shit, they'll be looking for four and not two.

She tosses Rafe the keys to the Olds. He catches them.

RAFE

Yeah. I'll stay with the money. Then we'll meet up later.

Larry crosses to the passenger side of the Olds.

RAFE

How sweet it is.

Rafe gets behind the wheel, revs the engine, and speeds straight out...leaving behind the two cases with the money.

SUNNY

Fuck. We played him great.

She crosses to a third car and keys the trunk.

Johnny follows with the suitcases. Puts them in the trunk.

JOHNNY

I'm taking off...

He slams the trunk closed and crosses to the driver's door.

JOHNNY

...alone.

SUNNY

What?

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

JOHNNY

You heard me.

SUNNY

What the fuck is this shit about?  
 Hey, baby, you and me, we had  
 ourselves a little plan, remember?

She's pissed, not surprised. It does fit her world view.

JOHNNY

Well, I'm going to the laundry to  
 take care of the money. To clean  
 it. Otherwise, it doesn't do  
 anybody any good.

Sunny's face gets hard. Real hard.

Johnny gets behind the wheel and closes the door.

SUNNY

Sure thing, sweetie.

JOHNNY

I'll see you at the cemetery.  
 Across from the Orleans at nine.

Johnny turns the engine over and takes off.

Sunny watches him go. Takes off her wig.

WIPE TO:

196 INT. SUNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

196

CLOSE ON Rafe's alligator boots. PAN UP. Rafe leans against a  
 doorjamb. A gun in his right hand, a liquor bottle in his left.  
 A murderous daze on his face.

197 EXT. STREET - DAY

197

A cab pulls up. Sunny gets out, hands the driver some money,  
 and crosses the street to her apartment.

198 INT. SUNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

198

Sunny pushes aside the door. Rafe raises his gun.

RAFE

Fucking whore! You helped him make  
 the switch!

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

SUNNY

You see me with any money, genius?  
He had a gun on me. What was I  
supposed to do?

Sunny crosses to the dresser for a cigarette. Unconcerned that Rafe's gun is still pointed at her.

She goes to sit on a stool at the kitchen table. Rafe KICKS the stool away.

SUNNY

Oh, come off it, okay? You think  
I'd come back to this shithole if I  
had any part of those millions?

She takes another seat and lights her cigarette. Rafe has his gun at her head...and finally lowers it, furious.

RAFE

Son of a bitch!

He sits behind her.

RAFE

We really ate it, didn't we, baby?

She elbows him in the side and stands up.

SUNNY

Quit feeling sorry for yourself.

199 INT. SHIPYARD ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

199

Uniformed Sheriff's Deputies from the Shipyard Parish pour over the office. Take pictures. Take interviews. Dust for fingerprints.

The screaming woman is being interviewed.

WOMAN

I don't know how it all started.  
All of a sudden there was a man  
with a mask and a gun...

One of the men Rafe beat up is being interviewed.

MAN

I didn't have a chance. I mighta  
coulda handled the situation, but...

Nearby, Lt. Drones leans on a desk, looking over a file.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

SHERIFF

You're all a little far from home,  
ain't you, A.Z?

DRONES

Really interesting case you got  
here, Monty. Just thought I'd take  
a peek.

He gestures towards the file.

DRONES

Just looking at the serial numbers  
on them stolen bills. Shit, they  
all consecutive.

SHERIFF

You can look as much as you want to,  
but this is our business. And we  
don't want no help from out of  
Parish.

Drones stands and closes the file.

DRONES

Well, shit, Monty, I know you all  
good ol' boys don't need no help  
from the likes of me.

He leaves, slipping on his sunglasses as he goes.

200 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

200

Johnny and the suitcases ride a rickety freight elevator up  
through an empty building.

201 INT. LARGE OPEN ROOM - DAY

201

The room is empty save for a table and Vic Dumask.

Johnny steps out of the elevator. Vic moves towards the table.

VIC

My compliments.

(laughs)

A very professional piece of work.

Johnny puts the suitcases on the table.

Vic leans forward on the table.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

VIC

As you might know, I've been involved in a lot of jobs. Usually, it's after the fact, however. And this...this reminds me of another job while back. Three men made the hit, plus a driver. Three men in masks, as a matter of fact, plus a girl for distraction. Oh, I ran a check on you.

(nodding)

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Clean...whew! So clean. But a friend of mine down at the precinct tells me that Lieutenant Drones is interested in you. Lieutenant Drones is the man who investigated the Prestige. And Rafe is pulled in on the job. Now, that...that's an interesting coincidence, huh?

(beat)

Beautiful. Truly beautiful, Johnny.

(beat)

Johnny Handsome. Hmm-hmm. My compliments to the surgeons.

(laughs)

I guess you could've shot Rafe already, huh? But that wouldn't be enough.

JOHNNY

Too easy.

VIC

Yeah. You want to put him through the whole dance. Mikey'd'a liked that.

JOHNNY

Look, I'll be at the Orleans Hotel downtown. Get it done by nine.

202 EXT. STREET - DAY

202

A car pulls up to the curb. Drones gets out and heads across the sidewalk.

203 INT. VIC'S OFFICE - DAY

203

Shades drawn. Dark. Vic's on the phone. One suitcase full of money lies open on his desk. The other sits nearby.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

VIC  
(into phone)  
Yeah, Lewis. I got it...Yeah, all  
of it.

204 INT. HALLWAY - JUST OUTSIDE VIC'S OFFICE - DAY

204

Drones moves slowly down the hall with his gun drawn.

VIC (VO)  
Right, yeah. Lewis, I told you...I  
told you I gotta get outta there by  
eight PM on the dot. Now...

205 INT. VIC'S OFFICE - DAY

205

Vic continues on the phone.

VIC  
...is everything okay on your end?

Drones kicks the door open and steps in with his gun pointed.

DRONES  
Well, bless my ass! Well, you got  
it pulled tight in here. Goes  
double for your face, counselor. I  
can't imagine why you're looking  
like that.

Vic is frozen with the phone in his hand.

206 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

206

Donna's car pulls up. She shuts off the engine and gets out.

207 INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

207

Donna comes down the hall.

208 INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

208

Donna peers in. She hears a THUD from inside and KNOCKS on the  
glass.

DONNA  
Johnny, are you there?

She goes to the door and pushes it open, stepping inside.

DONNA  
Oh, Johnny, tell me you didn't have  
anything to do with...

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

208

She SCREAMS as Rafe appears, grabbing her from behind and putting a gun to her head.

RAFE

Sure, baby, and I'm queen of the  
Mardi Gras!

Larry steps out and points his gun, too. Donna struggles.

Sunny rifles through the clothes rack and the dresser drawers. She finds the black and white pictures of old Johnny Handsome. And the photo of Mikey and Johnny.

SUNNY

(exploding)

Goddamn...Son of a bitch!

She swipes the junk off the top of the dresser in anger. Then she pushes Larry aside and holds the photos up.

SUNNY

Rafe! Now, that look like anybody  
you know?

RAFE

God!

SUNNY

Hell, we thought our little pal  
wasn't going to show up tonight,  
huh?

Rafe looks at Donna, his gun still at her head.

209 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

209

White marble edifices bathed in eerie blue light.

210 INT. ORLEANS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

210

Through the window, the cemetery is across the street.

Johnny looks out.

The door flies open. Johnny spins around.

It's Drones. Behind the end of his .357 Magnum. The suitcase in his other hand.

DRONES

Hold it right there, Johnny! Turn  
around, face the wall! Face the  
wall!

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

Johnny does so slowly. Drones steps forward, sets the suitcase down and frisks him.

DRONES

I imagine you were expecting someone else. Yeah, when I saw the money was serialized, I knew a good pro like you wasn't gonna leave an untidy trail. Got me to thinking...

He turns Johnny around.

DRONES

...now who would ol' Johnny Handsome trust to launder all that money? Especially with Mikey gone?

Drones backs up to the dresser.

DRONES

You should've seen Vic's face when I walked in.

He laughs and picks up Johnny's PPK, making sure it's empty.

DRONES

That boy is no hero, I can tell you that. You know, in a way, it's too bad I didn't show up just a little bit later...

He shuts the hotel room door.

DRONES

...after you'd settled up with them. So...why don't I give you ten minutes?

Johnny walks to the dresser.

JOHNNY

So, I can get them? And you can take me in? Or they get me and... you take them in, huh?

DRONES

And the money. But I figure, at least you'll be happy in your cell, knowing you pulled the trigger on them scumbags.

A beat. Then, while holding his stare at Drones, Johnny picks up the PPK and jams a clip in.

- 211 INT. ORLEANS HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 211  
 Johnny comes out of his room. Goes off down the hallway carrying the leather suitcase
- 212 INT. ORLEANS HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT 212  
 Johnny comes down the stairs and tosses the suitcase up on a credenza on the landing. He snaps the suitcase open.  
 Produces the Glock. Puts it in with the money. He closes the suitcase.
- 213 EXT. ORLEANS HOTEL - NIGHT 213  
 Johnny comes out and crosses the street to the graveyard.
- 214 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT 214  
 Johnny pulls open the squeaky gate and walks in.  
 He walks along a corridor of mausoleums and tombs.  
 He turns down a second corridor.
- 215 EXT. OPEN AREA - CEMETERY - NIGHT 215  
 Johnny comes around the corner.  
 Rafe leans against a tomb. Staring right at Johnny.
- RAFE  
 Is that the money? All pretty and clean?
- JOHNNY  
 Yeah. It's payoff time.
- RAFE  
 I guess that laundry shrunk it down into one bag, huh?
- JOHNNY  
 There's plenty to go around.
- He tosses the case to the ground in front of Rafe.
- JOHNNY  
 Where's Sunny? Hate for her to miss out on all the fun.
- Johnny pulls his PPK and cocks it. Aims at Rafe.  
 Rafe is surprisingly calm. He WHISTLES.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

Sunny appears from behind a tall gravestone.

SUNNY

What kind of fun you have in mind,  
geek? Huh? Geek? Once a geek,  
always a geek.

Johnny freezes.

RAFE

Hey, freak. Did you really think  
you were going to get even with me?  
(shouts)

Larry!

And Larry shoves Donna out from behind a marble tomb. He holds his sawed-off 12-gauge against her head.

Sunny LAUGHS and then stops abruptly. She pulls out a gun and advances.

SUNNY

Now, you put down that gun and  
maybe we'll let your little honey  
keep breathing.

Johnny tosses his pistol away.

Sunny sidles up behind Donna and grabs her hair. Sticks her own gun under Donna's chin.

SUNNY

Get the geek's gun, Larry.

Larry trains his shotgun on Johnny as he retrieves the PPK.

Rafe moves forward and takes off his jacket.

RAFE

You got a real nice face now, don't  
you, Johnny? But I think I liked  
it better the old way. Yeah...and  
I think I can help you get it back.

WHAM! He punches Johnny in the face. Johnny reels back against a monument. Doesn't fall. Rafe stays right on top of him.

DONNA

(screams)

Oh, no! Nooo! No! Stop it!

Sunny holds Donna back.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

SUNNY

Go ahead, Rafe. Show her what he's made of.

Rafe CRACKS Johnny twice more. Johnny falls to the ground.

SUNNY

Go ahead, baby.

Rafe picks Johnny up and RAMS him headfirst into a monument.

DONNA

No! No!

Donna looks away. Sunny turns her to face the fight.

SUNNY

Your boyfriend doesn't look so good now, does he, sugar? Go on, take a look at him! Go on!

Rafe KICKS Johnny in the face and then PUNCHES him in the face.

Sunny is loving it.

SUNNY

Go on! Get on his face! Get on his fucking face!

DONNA

Oh, no! No!

Rafe ELBOWS Johnny in the back and then PUNCHES him in the gut.

Sunny taunts Johnny.

SUNNY

You ain't the boss now, are you, baby? Huh?

Rafe shoves Johnny up against a monument.

DONNA

Stop it, please!

Rafe CLICKS open his stiletto.

Donna freaks out.

DONNA

Oh, no! No, no, no, not, no... please!

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

Slice his fucking face, yes! Yes,  
do it!

RAFE

Fucking geek. You thought you were  
gonna kill me? I'm gonna fix you  
up real good, Johnny Handsome.

Rafe SLASHES Johnny twice across the face.

Donna's in tears.

DONNA

In Jesus' name, don't, please!

SUNNY

Don't fucking kill him yet! I get  
to do that. Now go look and see,  
is that money all there?

Rafe leaves Johnny up against a wall. He takes the suitcase  
and sets it up on a sarcophagus.

He tries to open it. It's locked.

RAFE

What's the combination?

Bruised and bloody, Johnny now speaks much like the old Johnny  
Handsome.

JOHNNY

Just don't hurt her.

RAFE

You are not calling the shots here.  
What's the goddamn combination?

Johnny's breathing is labored...as it always used to be.

JOHNNY

Two...six...one.

RAFE

(to himself)

Two...six...one.

He starts clicking the numbers on the lock with his knife.  
Then he slows. Stops.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

RAFE

Shit! You must think I'm some kind of dumb shit. You got this thing rigged to blow up in my face, don't you? Is that how you expect to get me?

He throws his knife to the ground.

RAFE

I ain't falling for this shit.

Rafe grabs the PPK from Larry's belt and aims at Johnny.

RAFE

You open it. Come on! You open it!

He pulls Johnny over to the suitcase, throwing him against the sarcophagus.

Sunny moves closer with Donna. Rafe stands back, still aiming.

RAFE

Open it, goddamn it, or I'll kill you and the bitch.

Johnny looks up. Broken nose. Slashed face. He looks at Donna.

Sunny turns her gun on Johnny.

RAFE

Open it, goddamn it, now!

He opens the suitcase slowly. The Glock still in place.

SUNNY

Quit stalling, geek. Your ass is mine now, sweetheart. Now, why don't you just start handing over that money.

Donna pushes Sunny's gun arm.

Johnny whips the Glock out and starts FIRING!

Rafe takes the first hit. He falls back.

Larry swings the shotgun. Too late. The Glock keeps firing. Larry takes six bullets without ever knowing what hit him. The shotgun BLASTS into the night air as Larry goes over backwards.

More SHOTS. Rafe staggers back against a brick wall. Riddled with bullets.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

Sunny punches Donna to the ground and then swings her gun toward Johnny.

SUNNY

Come on, you fuck! Let's see what you got!

They FIRE simultaneously.

Sunny gets hit twice, her chest exploding. She falls dead.

Johnny gets hit. He falls to the ground, his Glock firing into the air.

All's quiet.

Rafe's bloody body slumps to a sitting position against the wall. He's dead.

So's Larry, face down in the dirt.

So's Sunny, staring into the sky.

Donna goes to Johnny, kneeling beside him.

Drones appears with the second suitcase. Surveys the scene.

Donna is crying as she looks up at him.

DRONES

(to Johnny)

Nice work. Nice work.

Blood is coming out of Johnny's mouth. He's in pain. But he smiles.

JOHNNY

How do I look? Huh? How's my...

How's my face?

Donna's eyes are full of tears.

Johnny dies.

DRONES

Well, Johnny...that damn doctor didn't understand this part. Did he?

Donna cries.

Johnny lies dead on the ground as we

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

DISSOLVE TO:

216 THE PHOTO OF MIKEY AND JOHNNY HANDSOME.

216

CAST TITLES roll over it.

FADE TO BLACK.

END TITLES.

THE END