

marathon man
by william goldman

credits sequence

The screen is dark. A persistent music begins, not so much pretty as rhythmic, driving.

- A Now a flash of light and briefly illuminated, we see BABE.

Now again, darkness. Each time the darkness comes, there is a credit. Paramount Pictures Presents. A Robert Evans, Sidney Beckerman Film. (Or whatever) The point is, each credit is flashed on starkly, then disappears.

And between the words are pictures -- it's as if someone was taking photos of BABE'S apartment. And the feeling we get is for the person who lives here.

- B We've already seen him. Next we see a man in a framed picture on his desk: we'll come to know it's BABE'S father.

- C A running hat.

- D Flanking the hat: photos of Nurmi and Bickila.

- E BABE'S DESK. Inundated with books and typed manuscript and yellow pages filled with notes.

- F The book titles we see: they're about Fascism and they're about McCarthy, Joseph, the Senator from Wisconsin.

- G And now: a body under a sheet. And on the floor, stretched out from under the sheet, a motionless hand. And on the rug a great red stain: blood.

The music continues to drive us on.

- H Bookshelves piled to overflowing.

- I Running shoes.

- J Back to the father.

- K Back to the blood.

The credits come to an end...

CUT TO

1 TIGHT SHOT: BABE

1

Exhausted; drained. He's sitting in a chair in a corner of a room, staring straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

From other parts of the room there are mutterings which we can't make out. BABE is talking to someone we don't see. His eyes blink. Again. Then --

BABE
(Says something)

VOICE (OVER)
(Irish American
accent; gentle)
I didn't quite hear you.

BABE
(Same as before,
only now we
understand)
Water?
(Blinks again)
I'd like some water please...

The off camera mutterings go on. BABE sits immobile. We pull back just enough to note something that wasn't clear before: BABE is sopping with blood. Now --

CUT TO

2 A BANK VAULT.

2

A LARGE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX is being shoved back into place. As it is locked inside --

2A A VERY OLD MAN is watching carefully as the BANK GUARD 2A finishes locking the box away.

2B THE GUARD hands the VERY OLD MAN the safe deposit key. 2B THE VERY OLD MAN takes it, carefully puts it back in- to his right hand trouser pocket as we

CUT TO

3 A GARAGE.

3

ANOTHER VERY OLD MAN -- ROSENBAUM -- is watching as a MECHANIC fiddles with his car, the hood of which is up. THE MECHANIC is not in a happy frame of mind -- it is clearly very very hot. The kind of day where it's easy to become unhinged.

MECHANIC
What can I tell you, Rosenbaum?
(Drops the hood)
You got yourself some trouble.

(CONTINUED)

ROSENBAUM

Can you fix it right away or do
I got to wait?

MECHANIC

You don't need air conditioning --
Christ, it's October --

ROSENBAUM

And it's also 94. Now you gave
me a written guarantee --

MECHANIC

-- it was a warranty --

ROSENBAUM

-- all right, all right, a
warranty --

MECHANIC

-- and you didn't read it close.
(And wiping his hands
on a rag, he starts
to walk away.)

ROSENBAUM

(Stunned)

You mean you won't fix it?

MECHANIC

(Walking)

On the money, Rosenbaum.

ROSENBAUM

(Louder now)

I can always take my business
elsewhere, y'know.

MECHANIC

(Over his shoulder)

That sound you hear is my heart
breaking.

(He walks into his
office, slams the
door)

is driving up First Avenue, weaving his way along.
He is angry now, honking at cars that don't drive
the way he wants them to. Every so often he shakes
a fist at another driver.

4A INSIDE THE CAR.

4A

ROSENBAUM tries to get his air conditioning back going. He pats it, fiddles with the knobs, almost seems ready to start talking to it. It won't work. As his pats and knob fiddling get more irritated --

4B ROSENBAUM

4B

begins driving more and more angrily as he tools up First. He is boiling in his car, both because of temper and temperature and as he drives --

CUT TO

5 THE SHOPS on First Avenue and here is the first indication of one of the central images that will keep recurring, and it's this: cities in crisis. Stores are empty. Lots of them. And a lot of others have 'sale' signs across their fronts. Others have steel gates pulled across their doorways -- you can make out the salespeople behind the gates, but they don't look happy. From the storefronts, you can tell this was once a German neighborhood, and maybe there's a swastika amateurishly drawn across a deserted window, and from the storefronts --

CUT TO

6 AN OLD MERCEDES stalled on a narrow crosstown street. There are cars parked on both sides; no one can drive past. There comes, from behind, the sound of someone honking. The Mercedes driver -- he's the VERY OLD MAN from the bank -- is trying to make his motor catch.

There are a number of people walking by, the usual New York mix, Spanish and Blacks and Whites and, interestingly, Jews, many of them in skullcaps. It's Yom Kippur -- a synagogue is nearby. The honking sound comes more insistent, the horn held longer -- hoooonnk, then again, hooooooooonk! Then a man's voice is heard and as it is --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

7 ROSENBAUM, sweating in his Chevvy, trapped behind the Mercedes guy.

7

ROSENBAUM

-- move that heap --

(Louder)

-- I'm talkin' to you, Mister,
mooooooooove!

(CONTINUED)

The Mercedes almost catches, but then subsides.
ROSENBAUM leans out of his Chevy window, shouts.
The argument starts big, builds, finally erupts into
German.

ROSENBAUM

You're a goddam menace, you know
that, you senile cocker?

MERCEDES DRIVER

(Sticks his head out
too, says one word)
Langsamer!

ROSENBAUM

Don't you tell me 'take it easy,'
you kraut meathead.

(Yelling louder)

Don't you tell me 'langsamer,'
you kraut meathead.

MERCEDES DRIVER

(Louder still)
Langsamer!

ROSENBAUM

You limberger loving schmuck,
mach schnell.

MERCEDES DRIVER

Sie verruckt Hund.

ROSENBAUM

Gehen Sie um Teufel.

MERCEDES DRIVER

Jude!

ROSENBAUM

Dafür werden Sie Bevahlen!!

8

ROSENBAUM backs up his car, drives it sharply forward, knocking the Mercedes maybe a foot. Pleased, ROSENBAUM backs up again, ignoring the shaking fist coming from the car in front, and clobbers the Mercedes harder. The impact is severe and ROSENBAUM smiles.

8

9

THE MERCEDES DRIVER tries again and again to get his car started.

9

10

ROSENBAUM backs up a third time, but suddenly his smile is gone, replaced by surprise as we

10

CUT TO

- 11 THE MERCEDES, finally starting, taking off, leaving 11
the Chevvy behind. ROSENBAUM jams his car into forward and guns it and as he does, THE TWO OLD CARS begin their lunatic race.

The people on the sidewalk stare at the two roaring vehicles, and as they watch --

CUT TO

- 12 THE CHEVVY, catching up with the Mercedes, but as 12
ROSENBAUM tries to pass on the right he can't, because

CUT TO

- 13 THE MERCEDES DRIVER spotting what the Chevvy is up 13
to in his rear view mirror, swerving right, blocking ROSENBAUM and

CUT TO

- 14 ROSENBAUM, trying to get by on the left but again the 14
Mercedes blocks the move and

CUT TO

- 15 THE TWO OLD MADMEN in their cars, flashing past Park 15
Avenue, honking, motors roaring and now --

CUT TO

- 16 A MAN WE HAVEN'T SEEN. He's gesturing with his 16
hands for something to back up. We don't know where we are -- there's no connection yet with either of the two OLD MEN. Across the street, in the background, is a synagogue.

CUT TO

- 17 THE CHEVVY AND THE MERCEDES, gunning past Park, 17
heading along 87th, and the strain on the machines is starting to show -- the Mercedes seems about to come apart but still the DRIVER won't give ground and everytime ROSENBAUM tries passing, he's blocked, and they swerve along, dangerously close to coming out of control and now --

CUT TO

- 18 THAT MAN gesturing for something to back up again. 18
Only now we can tell what he's directing: it's an oil truck that is backing out of a driveway of a building near 5th Avenue. Still no connection with the drivers.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Not visually anyway; but now, for the first time, we can hear the roaring of the motors. In the distance, not loud, not yet; but growing louder.

CUT TO

19 ROSENBAUM, and for the first time he realizes he's 19
going beyond control but he won't stop, and as they
roar past Madison toward Fifth

CUT TO

20 THE MERCEDES DRIVER, and he won't stop either and 20

CUT TO

21 THE OIL TRUCK AND THE REST OF WHAT WE SEE, WE SEE 21
FROM THIS POINT OF VIEW. The cars are visible now,
jockeying, trying to pass or block, and as the Mer-
cedes starts to slow to miss the truck it locks with
the Chevvy behind it and here they come, seconds
from the wipe-out, six, five, four -- the cars are
spinning -- three, two, one -- and as they cream into
the oil truck, it flames, and the explosion is dread-
ful and deafening and

CUT TO

22 A NANNY AND A RICH LITTLE KID as they both start 22
screaming.

CUT TO

23 THE DISASTER, the flames shooting into the air and 23

CUT TO

24 A KNOT OF PEOPLE, most of them Jewish in caps -- 24
they're standing in front of the synagogue. They
move toward the crash, gaping. More of them pour
out of the building toward the holocaust. Now --

CUT TO

25 ROSENBAUM, crumpled and dead and 25

CUT TO

26 THE MERCEDES DRIVER, and he's trying with all the 26
desperation left in his shattered body to get some-
thing out of his pocket and finally he does and

CUT TO

27 WHAT'S IN HIS HAND and it's the safe deposit key. 27
He tries to protect it but it's too much, and as he
sprawls across the seat dead, his hand opens, the
key falls, the flames begin to destroy it.

CUT TO

28 A CAMERA BUFF IN HIS EARLY 20's; he's got a Nikon 28
and he's excited as he moves around, snapping pictures.
The crowd from the synagogue continues silently to
stare... Hold. Then --

CUT TO

29 THE RESERVOIR IN CENTRAL PARK. 29

It's later, getting on toward evening. A COUPLE OF
PUDGY GUYS IN SWEAT SUITS COME PUFFING ALONG. As
they reach a spot nearest Fifth Avenue, they stop,
look off.

They're watching the remains of the accident. A
large vehicle is disengaging the two cars from each
other and from the cinder-like remains of the oil
truck.

THE FAT MEN continue to watch fascinated. Now, be-
hind them, BABE comes running. He's in track shorts
and Addidas shoes and a track shirt and on his head
is a long billed golf cap. He pauses behind the FAT
MEN, looks out in the same direction.

The Mercedes and the Chevy are locked in some kind
of final confrontation and it's impossible to sepa-
rate them.

30 BABE presses a finger against one of his front upper 30
teeth, briefly grimaces. He starts to run again.

Up ahead now is an experienced runner, going fast.
BABE picks up his pace. The other runner is good.

31 In the semi-darkness of the running track now, A 31
RELIGIOUS NUT stands, gesturing toward anyone coming
in his direction. THE NUT looks, in this dim light,
menacing.

32 THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER approaches the nut, makes a 32
quick fake left, runs right, leaving the NUT easily
behind.

32A BABE hesitates. Then runs off the track and around 32A
the nut, avoiding any possible confrontation. When
he's past, he goes back onto the track.

33 BABE has lost ground to the EXPERIENCED RUNNER but he begins to make it up. THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER glances back, sees BABE, and a kind of unspoken challenge begins. BABE clearly has speed. Endurance we don't know about yet. Or desire. But he continues to cut down the lead of the EXPERIENCED RUNNER. 33

34 They tear past an ancient stone building on the reservoir. (We'll see the place again later on.) A couple of BLACK KIDS are trying to spy through the hole in the center of the door of the old building, and a BUNCH OF OTHER RUNNERS are sprawled around, panting from their various exertions. A FEW OF THEM start shouting as BABE AND THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER pass. 34

35 BABE continues to gain. THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER keeps glancing back. His form is starting to go. BABE is tiring too. Now -- 35

CUT TO

36 BABE IN FANTASY and there's a crowd sound (not seen) cheering as he bursts past the EXPERIENCED RUNNER. BABE is wearing the American Olympic Team track uniform, but even in fantasy, he still keeps his golf cap. The unseen crowd roar is louder as up ahead now is the finishing line tape and the moment BABE triumphantly breaks it -- 36

CUT TO

37 THE TWO RUNNERS IN REALITY. BABE is busting his hump and he's damn near caught the EXPERIENCED RUNNER. They move along, stride for stride. Suddenly the EXPERIENCED RUNNER turns, glances at BABE, gives him the finger. 37

And with that, whap, he pulls away, opening up a big lead on BABE. BABE hangs in. The lead widens. BABE won't break. The lead holds, then slowly, very slowly, begins being cut down. BABE is tiring more than before, but he digs in and pumps and keeps after the EXPERIENCED GUY and just as it looks like he's going to break the EXPERIENCED GUY'S spirit --

CUT TO

38 BABE RUNNING IN FANTASY AGAIN. But this isn't made up -- this happened, and we're in another time, another place. It's a beautiful field, and THREE PEOPLE are running, the first two ahead of the third. 38

THE THIRD RUNNER IS BABE, maybe all of nine.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

Ahead are another kid, maybe 14 or 15 who doesn't turn, and the MAN whose photo we saw on BABE'S desk. His father.

BABE

(Calling out)

...Hey you guys, wait up...

FATHER

(Turning)

...You'll have to do better, Babe...

And for a moment, BABE tries. But they're just too far ahead. He hesitates, slows, stops, and as he does --

CUT TO

39

BABE AS HE IS; he hesitates, slows, stops.

39

THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER is far ahead now, running on. BABE watches in silence, wipes his forehead, takes a deep breath. Finally he turns, puts his fingers through the thick fence, stares out at the water... Now --

CUT TO

40

HALF A DOZEN PUERTO RICANS

40

They are in their middle to late teens, sit bare-chested on the steps of a brownstone, swilling beer, smoking. One of them is slightly larger and brighter-seeming than the rest. His name is MELENDEZ.

STOOP KID

(To MELENDEZ)

Hey Melendez --

(Gesturing down the street)

-- here comes the Creep.

BABE is visible now, jogging toward them and then past them to another brownstone, two houses down.

MELENDEZ

Whad'ya say, Creepy?

(BABE ignores him)

Isn't it awfully chilly, running around without a sweat suit?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MELENDEZ (CONT'D)

(BABE continues to ignore the baiting; he reaches his steps, starts up. MELENDEZ suddenly mimes having a hat on and speaks very hoity-toity)

I just adore his chapeau.

Involuntarily, BABE adjusts his cap, and as soon as he does, they start laughing. BABE heads up the stairs, away from their laughter and as he starts inside --

CUT TO

41 BABE'S ONE-ROOM APARTMENT.

41

It's strewn with books, shelves full of them, stacks of them on the floor. There's a hi-fi, a TV, desk, bed, couch, etc.

BABE emerges from the bathroom where he's just turned on the tub spigots. He's wearing a towel around his waist now and still has his golf cap on. He heads for his desk, picks up a heavy volume, flips it open. We catch a glimpse of a framed photo on the desk -- it's the man we saw briefly during BABE'S run, the man from another time and place who had his arms out to the little boy.

Book in hand, BABE turns, starts reading as he walks toward a hook on a wall. He passes the TV, flicks it on without breaking stride. The CAMERA BUFF we saw taking pictures of the crash is being interviewed -- it's six o'clock news time --

41A

41A

TV ANNOUNCER

And what happened next?

CAMERA BUFF

BOOM! -- that's what happened next.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

What were your thoughts?

CAMERA BUFF (OVER)

I thought if I took the first pictures, the Daily News might use 'em -- good chance they will.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED:

41A

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

I meant your feelings -- was it a
terrible thing to have to see?

CAMERA BUFF (OVER)

Oh yeah; it was even worse than
Towering Inferno.

42 BABE is by the hock on the wall now. On either 42.
side are formal framed pictures of runners, with
legends below. One of the men is black, one white.

PAAVO NURMI

'The Flying Finn'
Winner 7 Olympic Golds
1920-1928

ABEBE BIKILA

'The Barefoot Wonder'
Winner 2 Marathon Golds
1960-1964

43 BABE glances up from the book at the two other run- 43
ners. He studies them briefly, then puts his golf
cap on the hook between the two. Then he heads to-
ward the bathtub, reading away. As he goes, the TV
set is still on. The interview is over. The accident
is being shown. Flames still rise over the oil truck;
firemen work on the thing, trying to make it stop
burning.

HOLD ON THE FLAMES...Then --

CUT TO

44 TIGHTSHOT: BABE 44

Same set-up as before. He sits in the chair, covered
with blood. Now he is devouring a glass of water with
great gulps. Finished, he fidgets with it.

BABE

Babe.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Hmm?

BABE

Babe's what people call me.

(Puts the glass down)

Listen -- I'm just a grad student,
I don't know what's going on; I'm
an historian, I come from a family
of historians --

(Getting out his
wallet)

You call Columbia, they'll tell
you --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

BABE (CONT'D)

(He pulls out a card
like a credit card)

See? That's my picture and my
signature and it says where I
go and everything. That's all
there is about me...

He holds the card in front of him toward the camera.
It has a passport type picture, unflattering and
flat, and his name and signature and the name of the
University stamped across the front.

From the shot of the card and the quiet muttering
off camera --

CUT TO

45

A PAN AM DEPARTURE BOARD with the words LOS ANGELES
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT printed on it -- and a lot of
muttering going on off camera, only it doesn't stay
off camera for long because we quickly pull back to
reveal A CROWD staring at the board and are they
ever unhappy -- every plane has been delayed. The
airport looks like it's in a state of siege and the
passengers are refugees. Now a voice comes over the
loudspeaker, and the voice is a little frayed -- you
get the feeling he's made this kind of announcement
a lot lately.

45

LOUDSPEAKER

Pan American regrets to announce
the further delay of 747 Service
flight 909 to Hawaii. Plane 909
should be ready to depart in
three hours.

(There is a horrendous
groan from the crowd)

Folks, thanks for understanding --
the traffic controllers' slow-down
has made all our lives a little
difficult, but you've been terrific
and we at Pan Am really appreciate
it.

He clicks off. While he's been talking, we've taken
looks at the crowd -- sitting, standing around,
couples arguing with one another, finger pointing;
there is the steady accompaniment of children crying
'I'm huuuuuungry'.

46

Now a RUGGED-LOOKING MAN comes into view, quickly
studies the Departure Board.

46

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

He's well-dressed but not conservatively so; modern, a Meledandre look. Wide knit tie. Between 35 and 40, he's obviously successful at whatever he does. Now he turns, heads for the sign saying 'Bar' and as he goes --

CUT TO

47

THE BAR. Tacky and plastic, and doing a business -- a lot of angry people sitting around drinking, playing cards, backgammon. At the far end of the bar itself, a SMALL MAN is drinking alone. His wig, from even this distance, is clearly a sad, ill-fitting thing.

47

48

THE RUGGED-LOOKING GUY stands in the doorway of the bar, and for a moment, he hesitates. Then, with no warning he starts to move at a faster pace than expected.

48

THE MAN WITH THE WIG sits drinking until suddenly the RUGGED-LOOKING GUY wraps his arms around him, and from a distance it might look like a couple of Rotarians locked in secret greeting. But close up we can see that the MAN WITH THE WIG is totally pinioned and helpless.

RUGGED-LOOKING GUY

Peace, Ape.

APE

(Quickly)

I'm unarmed.

RUGGED-LOOKING GUY

(Releasing him,
sitting alongside)

Enjoy working for the Arabs?

APE

(Doesn't answer the
question)

I'm glad you sat down, Scylla.

SCYLLA

Good; considering last time out in Brussels you tried to kill me, I wasn't sure how happy you'd be.

APE

Oh work is never personal, you know that; I've always wanted to meet you Scylla, truly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

APE (CONT'D)

(To the bartender)

Another for me and --

(Looks at SCYLLA)

-- Scotch, rocks, lemon twist.

That's all you ever drink, isn't it?

(SCYLLA nods; the bartender goes)

Our file on you is really very thick. 'Glorious career you're having,' Ape said enviously. You and the glass-eyed Mr. Chen are the best now.

SCYLLA

(Shrugs)

When I started, there was you and there was Fidelio.

THE BARTENDER returns. APE drinks too much of his fresh drink. SCYLLA watches, sips his Scotch.

APE

On the grand tour, are you? London, Paris, Rome? Selling the Smart Bomb I imagine. Or buying the Automated Battlefield. Which?

SCYLLA

It doesn't matter much -- it's all madness and bullshit anyway.

(Sips)

Why did you miss me in Brussels? It wasn't that hard a shot for someone like you. Not that I'm sorry, understand.

APE

Shadows, I expect. I went for your brains and got the wall.

SCYLLA

(Toasts)

To more shadows.

APE

(Drinks again)

-- You should have known me at the beginning, Scylla. When I retired Fidelio, I was something.

(CONTINUED)

SCYLLA

You retired Fidelio? I'd love to
hear about that --

APE

-- best shot I ever made --
(Drinks again)

SCYLLA

-- where are you going from here? --

APE

-- London --

SCYLLA

-- so am I, we'll sit together,
you can tell me on the plane.

CUT TO

50 APE. CLOSE UP. He finishes his drink.

50

APE

They're sending me coach.

CUT TO

51 SCYLLA. For a moment, he says nothing. Then --

51

SCYLLA

For cover?

(APE shakes his head)

Mistake probably.

(Another head shake.

APE signals for the
bartender to refill
his glass.)

That stinks -- why hint around
that your work is slipping? Why
not just send you on a job you
can't survive, retire you that
way?

APE

(As his new drink
arrives)

You know what I was thinking
before you sat down? That there's
never been a woman I didn't pay
for, or a child who knew my name --

(He touches his
dreadful hairpiece)

-- or a wig that enhanced me.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

SCYLLA

(Without a beat)

Sentimental crap.

APE

(Stung)

You can't imagine being retired.

Well let me promise you something --

(Stares at SCYLLA)

-- they'll be sending you coach
someday.

CUT TO

52

SCYLLA. CLOSE UP. There is a pause. Then --

52

SCYLLA

Give me your ticket --

APE

-- why? --

SCYLLA

-- just give me the goddam thing --
I'll change you to first class,
and don't worry, I'll pay the
difference.

APE

(Without a beat)

Sentimental crap.

(But a moment later,
his ticket's in
his hand)

But take it, take it --

(As SCYLLA does)

-- I am glad you sat down, Scylla
-- and I will tell you every lurid
detail of the Fidelio story --

SCYLLA

-- quit bouncing around --

APE

-- I have to, you know that --

(And now he's off
his stool)-- I'm sure my kidney problems
are noted in your files.

SCYLLA

(Nods)

We Americans love detail.

(Now as APE scurries
off --)

CUT TO

53 THE MEN'S ROOM out in the main area. APE enters and 53
CUT TO

54 SCYLLA at the PAN AM window. He slides APE'S ticket 54
across and as the ticket man nods, SCYLLA looks around.

CUT TO

54A A POOL OF BLOOD. More blood continues to drip down -- 54A
CUT TO

54B A CHILD NEAR THE PAN AM window. THE CHILD holds a 54B
melting cone of strawberry ice cream. It is melting,
dripping the red ice cream that looks like blood onto
the floor. SCYLLA notes all this, kind of half-smiles.

Beside the CHILD are a bunch of non-smilers -- maybe
a dozen JAPANESE tourists, all with expensive camera
equipment and no place to go. A JAPANESE woman stands
in front of them, trying to get them to smile for a
picture she's trying to take. She says, in Japanese,
'Smile everybody'. The whole group ignores her.
They stay as glum as before. Now from this group --

CUT TO

55 THE AIRPORT as the loudspeaker voice comes again, 55
the groan begins even before the message is totally
audible --

LOUDSPEAKER

Pan American regrets to announce
that Flight 88 to New York --

(He knows he's drowned
out -- even over the
loudspeaker, he sounds
tired)

Folks, we're not doing this on
purpose, believe me.

CUT TO

56 SCYLLA, at the counter, receiving the new ticket 56
from the agent, starting back toward the bar and

CUT TO

57 THE BAR -- SCYLLA approaches. APE'S seat is still 57
empty. SCYLLA hesitates, then turns and

CUT TO

58 THE MEN'S ROOM AND A MAN APPROACHING THE DOOR, pushing it. It's locked. There is a sign on the door now. The man glances at it as SCYLLA comes up. The man leaves. SCYLLA looks at the sign which is typed on official airline paper and taped to the door. 58

58A INSERT: THE SIGN. 58A

'Sorry for the inconvenience.
Pipe trouble. Please use the
facilities located at the
bottom of the escalator.

Thank you.'

CUT TO

59 SCYLLA, studying the sign a moment. He half starts away, then is drawn back, looks at it again, especially the word 'facilities'. 59

Suddenly there's a tiny knife in his hand, a pocket knife and the smallest blade has been filed into a slight hook. SCYLLA slips it into the lock, rakes it up and down and

CUT TO

60 INSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM AS SCYLLA, obviously blind drunk, comes staggering in, makes it to the sink. TWO MEN look at him, surprised. ONE, AN ENGINEER WITH A WRENCH plus other tools is white. THE SECOND, A JANITOR who is pushing an enormous canvas garbage bag, is black. The bag is stuffed with linens, those long towels used to dry hands, etc. 60

SCYLLA

(Slurred)

Martinis're killers.

(He manages to get
the 'cold' spigot
turned on; the water
runs smoothly)

Martinis're killers.

ENGINEER

(Very politely)

You'll have to turn that off,
sir.

(He gestures with
his wrench, explaining)

These facilities aren't functioning
properly.

JANITOR

There was a sign on the door,
didn't you see it?

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

SCYLLA

(Perplexed)

Said 'Men's Room' course I saw it,
ya think I wanna have a buncha
women screamin' at me?!

(Blinks drunkenly)

Martinis're killers.

THE ENGINEER turns off the spigot. He couldn't be
more polite. SCYLLA is looking at the mirror over
the sink.

ENGINEER

I really can't let you use the
water sir, I'm sorry.

CUT TO

61

THE LARGE CANVAS BAG WITH THE LINEN CRAMMED AT THE
TOP. Beneath the linen, out of sight, it's not hard
to guess that APE is lying dead, there is an outline
visible of what undoubtedly is his body.

61

CUT TO

62

SCYLLA.

62

SCYLLA

(Looking at the bag
through the mirror)

I'm sorry too.

JANITOR

(Coming back from
the front door)

Sign's still there --

ENGINEER

-- you shouldn't have come in --

SCYLLA

-- I'm goin', I'm goin' --
(And as he takes a
last glance in the
mirror --)

CUT TO

63

A TOILET STALL. In one corner, APE'S ill-fitting
wig is on the floor and

63

CUT TO

64 SCYLLA, suddenly exploding wildly --

64

SCYLLA

You should have waited, Jesus Christ!

CUT TO

65 THE ENGINEER AND THE JANITOR, surprised, and before the JANITOR can even get his wrench half-raised --

65

CUT TO

66 SCYLLA, moving like fire -- his right hand comes up with the fingers stiff as nails under the chin of the ENGINEER, lifting the other man off his feet, sending him gasping to the floor and as the JANITOR tries to defend himself he's just too slow as SCYLLA clubs him with the hard edge of his left hand near the neck and there is the sound of bones snapping as the JANITOR crumbles, falling near the ENGINEER.

66

SCYLLA

You killed him with his pants down -- he was a fucking legend --

(Huge)

-- why didn't you wait? --

CUT TO

67 THE ENGINEER AND THE JANITOR, both of them in agony; the ENGINEER can only gasp and hold his ruined throat, the JANITOR just lies there, eyes glazed, as SCYLLA comes to them --

67

SCYLLA

I think I'll take your pants down, would you like that? -- and then put you on the squat, would you like that? -- and kill you, would you like that?

(THE ENGINEER continues his terrible gasping. THE JANITOR manages a word)

JANITOR

...orders...

SCYLLA

I don't know whose side you're on and I don't care, you remember what I tell you: always-leave-a-person-something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

67

SCYLLA (CONT'D)

(To the JANITOR)

Understand?

(THE JANITOR nods.)

SCYLLA looks at

THE ENGINEER)

Say it!

ENGINEER

(The rasp is barely
audible)

...al...ways...le--leave...a per...

son...suh...some...

(A breath)

...something...

(SCYLLA continues to
stare; his eyes will
not stop blazing. Hold.
Then --)

CUT TO

67A

BABE, as usual running, this time across the campus at Columbia. It's DAY, there are a lot of students walking in various directions. BABE adroitly cuts in and out, running past them all. Now --

67A

CUT TO

68

A LARGE RAKED CLASSROOM. A few straggling students are leaving as BABE pushes his way in.

68

At the front is BIESENTHAL. BIESENTHAL is smarter than anybody. Other than that, not much unusual about him.

BIESENTHAL

Levy.

(Points to the front)

Come.

(Indicates a chair)

Sit.

BABE

(As he sits)

Professor Biesenthal, listen --

BIESENTHAL

-- silence.

(BABE shuts up fast.
BIESENTHAL goes into
his briefcase, takes
out a typed bunch of
pages in a rubber band)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BIESENTHAL (CONT'D)

Your latest chapter on the McCarthy purges --

BABE

I hoped it was my best, did you think it was, I thought it was.

BIESENTHAL

Terrible. Dreadful. Hysterical. Unusable.

(Beat)

I was not, to put it bluntly, much pleased with it.

(To the remnants of the last class who are in the doorway)

Out. Away. Shoo.

(They vanish. BIESENTHAL begins to pace.)

The Rosenberg children choose to write about their parents, fine; theirs is a book meant for the general public.

(Indicates BABE'S chapter)

You choose to write about a period involving your father, not fine; this is a doctoral dissertation, and it may not become hysterical invective.

CUT TO

BABE

I'm going to get mine published, too. That's the whole point.

BIESENTHAL

Take my word, no one but a vanity press will look at this bilge.

BABE

You saying you'll fail me?

BIESENTHAL

(Nods)

Unless the tone alters completely. Facts we must have. Verifiable data.

(He glances through a few pages, then looks at BABE. The silence goes on awhile.)

(CONTINUED)

BABE
(Finally)
What is it?

BIESENTHAL
You may be very brilliant, Babe,
I'm not quite sure --

BABE
-- thank you --

CUT TO

70 BIESENTHAL, studying BABE.

70

BIESENTHAL
-- silence -- but I am quite
sure that you are, as the French
say, fucked up.

(Hands into pockets)
Mars Bar? Gum?

(He holds them out)
I'm stopping smoking again.

(BABE indicates the
Mars Bar. BIESENTHAL
splits it and they
chew away for the rest
of the scene.)

Your father was my dear friend
and teacher -- he was destroyed
by McCarthy. I find it worrisome
that you chose those purges for
your subject, don't you?

BABE
I'll change the tone, Professor
Biesenthal. From now on, nothing
but facts..

BIESENTHAL
You can't put me off that easily --
is your whole family involved in
this crusade?

BABE
There's only me and Doc.

BIESENTHAL
Where is he teaching?

(CONTINUED)

BABE

(Bursts out laughing)
Teaching? My God, he's an oil
man, a world class dilettante in
his button-down shirts and striped
ties. I think father would have
disowned him. All Doc ever dreams
about is the oil depletion allowance
and all he ever drinks is Burgundy
wine.

(Beat)

Why I think he's so terrific,
God knows.

(Now quickly)

You wouldn't really flunk me.

BIESENTHAL

Your father almost failed me.

BABE

Why?

BIESENTHAL

He felt I was a smart ass.

(Beat)

As the French say...

Now from the two of them in the empty classroom

CUT TO

71 TIGHTSHOT: BABE

71

BABE

(Confused)

Weapons? Why do you want to
know if I have any weapons?

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Well, do you?

(BABE nods)

What?

BABE

Gun.

(Points)

There.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Your desk?

BABE

(Nods)

Bottom drawer.

72 AND NOW AS THE CONVERSATION GOES ON, WE MOVE BACK IN 72
TIME. The BOY we saw running before is now swinging
in a back yard. The talk continues quietly; what we
hear is this:

72A BABE (OVER) 72A
It's legal and everything.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)
Licensed?

BABE
Yessir.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)
Kind of odd, don't you think?

BABE
Nossir; it's a kind of a family
thing; we've had it a long time.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)
I just don't see why a grad student
would have a gun.

BABE (OVER)
No reason I guess.

73 Now what we see during this is that LITTLE BOY SWING- 73
ING until from inside the house nearby, there comes
the terrible sound of a shot. THE BOY takes off for
the house, goes to it, reaches a window, stops, looks
inside. We see inside with him. There is a bed.
Pause. From the far side of the bed now, a pool of
blood starts spreading. The BOY moves a bit and a
figure is half-visible lying still -- the man we saw
who stood before on the top of the hill. The blood
puddle continues to spread.

CUT TO

73A BABE. BACK IN THE TIGHTSHOT. 73A

BABE
It was my father's...
(HOLD ON BABE. Then --

CUT TO

74 A SUPERHIGHWAY; more specifically, that part of one 74
that's a tunnel. There are a lot of PEOPLE ON BI-
CYCLES riding along, carrying thin rectangular signs,
easily recognizable. We're behind them, so we can't
read what they say but there are a lot of riders and
now suddenly --

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

We rise out of the tunnel and we've been in a cab and through the rear view mirror now is visible, in all its glory, the Arc de Triomphe. As the cab speeds along the Paris highway --

CUT TO

75

SCYLLA, coming out of the great chocolatier, Godiva's, 75 and he carries a small package, beautifully wrapped. SCYLLA crosses to his cab and as he does, we see behind him the Place Vendome and Napoleon's statue.

We also see the front of the procession of cyclists and they are chanting something, what exactly we don't get, but clearly it has to do with the fact that Paris is at the moment in the middle of a garbage strike. Papers blow along the street, plastic bags full of debris are visible. SCYLLA skirts them, opens his cab door and gets in as we

CUT TO

76

SOMETHING WHITE AND LOVELY, WITH DARK OBJECTS ON IT and as we shift focus, we realize the white is an expensive bedspread, and dark objects fancy pieces of chocolate. We're in a room in the Plaza Athenee. SCYLLA is placing a marble type drawstring bag into the lower layer of the chocolate box. He covers it, deftly begins replacing the pieces of chocolate on the upper layer when the phone rings.

76

SCYLLA

(Into phone)

Yeah?

(Beat)

Janey? Which Janey, I'm intimate with so many.

(Laughs)

Up yours too, you tawdry bitch.

77

The door to the room opens unexpectedly and BELLMAN stands there, holding up a pressed jacket. He begins talking rapidly and nervously in French: 'I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but I have your jacket.' That kind of talk.

77

SCYLLA

(Into phone)

Hold a sec'.

(To the BELLMAN)

That's not... I didn't send out any...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

SCYLLA (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

What the hell's French for 'jacket'?

(Listens)

Thanks; with your looks, it's a good thing you got brains.

(To the BELLMAN)

La veste --

(Shakes his head)

La veste -- non.

THE BELLMAN gets the point, backs out. More nervous than before. SCYLLA stares after him until the door is closed.

SCYLLA

(Into phone)

That was not your everyday mistake.

(Beat)

So I'm paranoid, who said I wasn't? Listen, sweets, when are we getting together?

(Beat)

Okay; when you get unbusy, buzz me.

He hangs up, stares at the phone. Almost absent-mindedly, he touches the receiver. Gently...

CUT TO

78 THE MONA LISA, only this isn't the Da Vinci painting, 78
it's a chalk version and as a PRAM is rolled across
it, we realize that the chalking has been done on
the sidewalk. As we do --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

79 THE MARCHE AUX PUCES. It's a tremendous street 79
market that goes on forever. There's a main street
visible. Across the street is a taxi stand, three
cabs waiting, the drivers visible talking by the
rear cab. Beyond it is a French cafe, the menu
painted on the glass wall like they do there.

80 SCYLLA, holding the chocolate box all wrapped again, 80
gets out of a cab across the street from the taxi
stand. He pays, moves into the market.

81 Now we see the PRAM again. Lovely and expensive. 81
Only we don't see who's pushing it and maybe that's
kind of odd, maybe not, we don't think about it much
because as the PRAM moves by, a BLACK MAN is seen
sitting on his haunches playing a kind of rattle.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

It makes a hollow sound. There are dozens of similar rattles spread for sale on the sidewalk in front of him.

82 SCYLLA moves deeply into the market now, passing all kinds of stores and stands selling -- you name it. African masks and U.S. Army surplus and more denims than you ever saw and all kinds of antiques. Many of these are stands, others are little stores -- inside you can occasionally see people eating. Colorful, noisy, bustling, different. Now -- 82

CUT TO

83 A LOVELY ANTIQUES SHOP. THE OWNER, pudgy, sits eating while two customers are browsing. He pays them no mind. 83

SCYLLA enters, stops. THE OWNER looks up and stops in the middle of a mouthful, clearly astonished to see him. SCYLLA picks up the reaction and moves across the shop to examine an antique. THE TWO CUSTOMERS, AMERICAN, fondle an art object, look at the price.

WIFE

(Whispered)

What do you think he'll take?

HUSBAND

Don't let him give you trouble -- these guys love to haggle.

WIFE

(Approaching owner who still eats)

This price --

(He glances up -- probably he doesn't understand)

-- too high... Do you speak English?

THE OWNER apologizes in French that he does not. THE WOMAN gestures, as she talks, trying to explain with her hands.

WIFE

I -- I give you -- half.

THE ANTIQUES GUY suddenly erupts from his little table, grabs the objet d'art, puts it back, all this accompanied by an explosion of what is obviously French on a Vulgate level.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

HUSBAND

C'mon -- let's go.

WIFE

(Sotto voce as
they exit)

How do you expect to sell anything
if they don't speak English?

HUSBAND

C'mon...

WIFE

D'you think I handled it badly?
(And they are gone)

84

THE ANTIQUES GUY goes back to his food; SCYLLA has
been idly browsing; The OWNER, recovered from seeing
SCYLLA, looks at him.

84

ANTIQUES GUY (LECLERC)

(Jokingly)

I'm far too sensitive for this
kind of work, Scylla.

SCYLLA

Why were you surprised to see me?

LECLERC

I wasn't.

SCYLLA has placed his case down on a table, as if to
open it, but stops.

SCYLLA

You were when I walked in.

LECLERC

I expected you three days ago.

SCYLLA opens his case, takes out the box of chocolates.

SCYLLA

I'm sorry. London got busy. I'm
over here on a dozen different
things. You're just one.

(As he hands the
box to LeClerc)

For your crash diet. This was
the least I could do.

LECLERC

(As he takes the box)

Merci, Scylla.

(CONTINUED)

SCYLLA

(In a bad imitation
of French)

You're welcome, LeClerc.

LECLERC

(As he opens box;
pops chocolates)

It's going badly... I'm beginning
to think I lack will power.

SCYLLA stands watching him silently. LECLERC begin-
ning to get unnerved. Beat...

LECLERC

I haven't got anything for you
here, Scylla.

SCYLLA

Why not?

LECLERC

Well, I couldn't keep it in the
shop.

(Beginning to
perspire)

Look... I'll have it for you
tonight.

(Now a new idea)

Come to the opera with me.

SCYLLA

(As he closes his
case)

Jesus, LeClerc... The Opera!

LECLERC

(Enjoying this)

-- it's worse than you think.
It's a French Opera. A very
long French Opera. And for
someone who speaks French as
poorly as you... it's even longer.

SCYLLA

Leave the ticket at the Box Office
-- I'll come -- in the second act.

LECLERC waves, and when he's gone, looks worried.

CUT TO

85

THE CAB RANK

85

The drivers are still in heated conversation. THE PRAM moves past them. Then it stops. The brake is set. Now the CAMERA begins to move in slowly on the pram. A LARGE DOLL lies inside, eyes open, staring. We've never gotten a good look at the person pushing the pram. Man, woman, old, young, we can't be sure. But now a hand reaches inside, closes the eyes of the doll as we

CUT TO

86

OMITTED

86

87

SCYLLA moves out of the market, hurrying through the crowd.

87

88

THE PRAM is as before, set near SCYLLA's waiting cab.

88

89

SCYLLA crosses the street away from the market. Beyond, the cab drivers are still in conversation. Beyond the drivers, people eat in a crowded brasserie. There is a large pile of debris behind the drivers, a vivid reminder that Paris is still in the midst of a garbage strike.

89

90

THE PRAM explodes.

90

91

Screams. Shattering sounds. A rising cloud of dust. As the explosion began, SCYLLA dived desperately for cover. The dust cloud covers him now. HOLD as it continues to rise...

91

CUT TO

92

LE DOME

92

It's a glass-enclosed sidewalk cafe. Across from it is a busy newsstand. LE DOME bustles with activity. WAITERS move constantly around, trays almost but not quite toppling.

93

AN ATTRACTIVE MAN IN HIS 30's is seated at a table in a corner. He looks, for want of a better word, like a hero. With him is a FRENCH TYPE YOUNG WOMAN, maybe in her late 20's. Chic, sexy; all those French things.

93

94

THE HERO TYPE has a briefcase open, and he is studying some pages that look like memos and probably are. He is going over something with the FRENCH TYPE YOUNG WOMAN, then stops as there's a knock on the window behind him.

94

CUT TO

94A SCYLLA is standing outside the window, waving to them. 94A
They raise their glasses to him. As SCYLLA starts in,
JANEWAY and THE WOMAN wind up their business, gathering
up papers and things, rise, and the WOMAN starts
to put on her coat.

CUT TO

94B SCYLLA crossing the Restaurant toward JANEWAY and THE 94B
WOMAN.

SCYLLA

Commander.

(Then to the Woman)

Bon Jour... we're meeting tonight?

FRENCH WOMAN

(To Scylla)

Hotel?

SCYLLA

No. No. No. Make it the...
uh... Palais Royale.

FRENCH WOMAN

Same time?

SCYLLA

No. Make it eleven... I'm going
to the Opera.

As WOMAN goes, SCYLLA sits in her chair, takes COM-
MANDER's drink and gulps it down.

COMMANDER

Would you like one of your own?

SCYLLA

Something's happened we don't
know about.

COMMANDER

Can you be a bit more specific?

SCYLLA

Somebody just tried to kill me
and I'm very interested in finding
who and why.

COMMANDER

That is understandable curiosity.

SCYLLA

Also... LeClerc wasn't expecting
me.

(CONTINUED)

94B CONTINUED:

94B

COMMANDER

Sure you're not overusing your
somewhat limited imagination?

SCYLLA

The bomb was not imaginary.

COMMANDER

Christ, since the garbage strike
there've been three bombs a day.
Every schmuck with a grievance is
busy in his basement right now.

SCYLLA

Am I crazy?

COMMANDER

Yes.

SCYLLA

But you'll check it out, won't
you?

COMMANDER

Of course, I'll check it out...
but if you play 'Tarzan the Ape
Man Goes To The Airport' --
there's bound to be consequences..

SCYLLA

(Shrugs)

I lost control.

COMMANDER

(Pressing)

It's not your job to lose control.

SCYLLA

Don't give me any of that
Commander shit -- go easy.

COMMANDER

It's not my job to go easy --

(They look at each
other a moment)

I'm your superior. I'd like a
little respect.

SCYLLA

Screw you.

(CONTINUED)

94B CONTINUED: (2)

94B

COMMANDER
(Beat. Then he
smiles)
That's better... Waiter!

As he signals for a drink. Outside, AN ORIENTAL stops by the newsstand, buys a paper. Maybe he has a glass eye; it's hard to tell... HOLD a moment, then --

CUT TO

95 THE MOST BREATHTAKING STAIRCASE IN THE WORLD. It's 95
the Paris Opera and they don't build them like that
no more. The opera is in session, SCYLLA is visible,
ticket in hand, well dressed, waiting patiently while
the MAN in front of him is searched by GUARDS. Yes,
they do that there. Now it's SCYLLA'S turn; he waits
patiently as the GUARD quickly runs detection device
across his suit. SCYLLA passes, and as he enters the
Opera House and takes the stairs two at a time --

96 Rise with him. Higher the camera goes. Higher. All 96
the way to the top. And as it begins to slow, we re-
alize that we've been watching SCYLLA from someone
else's point of view, and now, and now, at last, we
can tell who that someone is: an Oriental. With a
glass eye. He studies SCYLLA. Very closely. Now --

CUT TO

97 A SERIES OF DOORS IN THE OPERA that lead to small 97
boxes. SCYLLA glances at his ticket, finds a door,
goes in and

CUT TO

98 INSIDE THE BOX. LECLERC is sitting alone, his back 98
to us and SCYLLA. The opera is belting away now.

SCYLLA
(Soft)
It's me. I'm sorry if I'm late
but...

And now his voice drifts off because we can tell that
LECLERC is in a strange position, almost bent over in
his chair, as if he were trying to read something in
his lap.

SCYLLA
LeClerc --

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

And he reaches forward, grabs the other man who seems dead, only it isn't LeClerc and he wasn't dead -- he's another guy who's reading the opera score in his lap. Now as he turns, blasts SCYLLA with some obviously withering French --

CUT TO

99

SCYLLA, leaving the box, checking his ticket again, moving to the next door down, number 28, not number 26 which he had mistakenly entered. He's trying hard not to laugh and as he enters the right box --

99

CUT TO

100

LECLERC watching the opera as SCYLLA comes up behind --

100

SCYLLA

You want to hear something major league stupid?

He touches LECLERC on the shoulder.

LECLERC falls limp, his chin hitting his chest. There is a red line around his broken neck; the man has been garrotted. SCYLLA props him back up in his chair. LECLERC'S neck wobbles like a dead chicken.

SCYLLA is stunned, and more than that, shaken. He stands in the dark box with the corpse. The opera goes on. SCYLLA somehow tries to get himself back in control...

CUT TO

101

THE PALAIS ROYALE - NIGHT - SCYLLA is seen in the shadows, pacing nervously. The sound of footsteps. He stops. Another set of footsteps overtakes them. SCYLLA looks up.

101

CUT TO

102

THE FRENCH WOMAN who was at LeDome. She comes directly for him taking a large envelope out of her handbag. As she gets close to him:

102

SCYLLA

Keep walking... it's not safe.

Her expression changes abruptly as she walks past him quickly, putting the envelope back into her bag and disappearing into the shadows.

103 OMITTED

103

104 SCYLLA waits, staring after her. A pause. Then a hollow sound, as if someone has been clubbed hard on the head. The sound surprises him and he half takes a step forward, as if trying to see. He is more edgy now than we've seen him. The shadows are not a place he wants to visit much.

104

A long beat. Then the sound comes again, only this time we see its origin: a little kid is kicking a soccer ball and every time he does, it makes the same hollow noise.

SCYLLA half smiles at himself, watches the kid a second, then turns to go.

He is walking along a pillared walkway. You can't see what's in front or behind you, the pillars are too thick. There are a lot of closed shops, along with a few that are still lit.

Behind him, SCYLLA hears footsteps.

He stops. So do the steps.

He starts again. Again, footsteps. Or maybe not, maybe it's all in his mind and he's having a frightening game with shadows.

105 Now a sharp click and he whirls --

105

A SHOP is being closed for the night. The click was just the iron gate being closed. THE SHOP OWNER locks it, walks away in the opposite direction.

SCYLLA begins walking again. And the instant he does, there are the footsteps tracking him. You can't see, it's dark and the pillars block any view.

Without any warning, SCYLLA breaks into a wild run. He is genuinely unsettled; the unknown does that to people.

As suddenly as he started to bolt, he stops. He forces himself to a halt. Then he banishes his fears. You can see it in his face. When he gets his control back, he walks into the night...

CUT TO

106 DAYLIGHT. SCYLLA'S HOTEL ROOM. Sun streams in through the curtains from the little balcony. Winds blow the curtains gently. A beautiful breakfast table is set. There is a rhythmic exhaling sound.

106

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

SCYLLA is doing push-ups. Fast and well. He finishes. Outside now, the familiar chanting we heard on our Paris arrival.

SCYLLA listens. Curious. The wind picks up a little. A beautiful morning, cool and clear.

There is a glass door slightly open. A closet probably. Maybe it moves, maybe not. Probably the wind.

107 SCYLLA picks up his glass of fresh orange juice. He 107
moves to the balcony.

108 As he goes, the mirrored door seems to move again. 108
The wind doesn't seem that strong now. The curtains blow. A chain appears, thin and deadly, held by hands. That's all we see as the mirrored door opens wider, the hands and the chain.

109 SCYLLA on the terrace looks down. 109

110 The bicyclists are there, making a demonstration. 110
They are in front of a building down the block.

111 Directly across from SCYLLA there is a classy apart- 111
ment building with terraces. A MAID appears on one of the terraces, looks down at the ruckus. She is in uniform.

112 SCYLLA watches, interested. He sips his orange juice. 112

113 The cyclists have stopped. One of them has taken out 113
a cloth and spreads it in the middle of the street. Another has a picnic basket. They sit in the street and stop traffic. Horns begin honking louder, louder.

114 More maids appear across the street, chattering 114
about the goings-on. ONE OF THE MAIDS WHEELS AN OLD MAN IN A CHAIR.

115 SCYLLA sips his orange juice again, or starts to, 115
until the glass falls, the garroting chain is around his throat, and he is ripped back into the sun-streaked room.

116 Across, all the maids are watching the street, every- 116
one is watching the street; all but the OLD MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR -- God knows what he's seen, but he's staring straight across at where SCYLLA stood.

116A And we're into the SCYLLA-CHEN fight; it's different 116A
from what we've seen because what happens is we cut from inside the room to outside in the street to the apartment building across and there are three stories going on.

- 116B On the street, THE CYCLISTS eat and drink their wine and break loaves of bread into pieces and SEVERAL POLICEMEN come up, reasonably try to urge them to move. THE CYCLISTS wouldn't think of it. THE POLICEMEN ask a little more pointedly, their gestures getting bigger. THE CYCLISTS stay firm. It all gets very heated, and we watch it from time to time as it progresses. 116B
- 116C And we also watch the apartment across. THE MAIDS chatter on. THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR keeps watching SCYLLA'S window. All he can see are the curtains blowing. He tries to get his servant's attention. Finally, she looks away from the street. He gestures across to SCYLLA'S window. She looks, sees nothing but curtains blowing, shrugs. He gestures again. She shakes her head, and now she gestures -- back down to the street where the action is. THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR eventually gives in. He stops watching SCYLLA'S window, shrugs, looks down at the paraders. Now, the whole building is staring down. 116C
- 116D And in the room, the battle. SCYLLA has one hand across his throat, but the garroting chain has already torn into his flesh, his palm is bleeding. SCYLLA, desperate, tries to force his free hand under the chain because if he can, the pressure will be gone, and while he tries, we cut back and forth, never staying one place long. But when we're in the room, the action is quick and fast. There is blood on the curtains. The breakfast table is destroyed. More blood on the tablecloth. 116D
- 116E Now, outside, the police are starting to carry the cyclists out of the street. They don't resist, just continue to eat as they're carried away. 116E
- 116F THE MAIDS begin regretfully to file back to their jobs. 116F
- 116G And as SCYLLA slips his free hand under the chain, the tide switches, he ducks, throws, and CHEN slams into the wall. CHEN starts to move away from SCYLLA'S wounded hand but that's the last move he ever makes on his own, because SCYLLA strikes with his torn hand. He cries out with pain. CHEN slides to the floor. 116G
- 116H THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR is being wheeled inside now. He has his servant stop. One last time he stares across. Stares hard at the curtains. There seem to be spots on them now. He wipes his eyes, looks a final time. Then he shrugs, gestures and is wheeled away. 116H
- 116I IN the hotel room, SCYLLA has gotten a towel around his hand. The towel is covered with blood. SCYLLA manages awkwardly to dial. He is in pain. 116I

(CONTINUED)

116I CONTINUED:

116I

SCYLLA

(Clipped and fast)
 Division? Scylla. Alert
 removals: one dead, my hotel.
 (His hand is hurting
 more -- he glances
 at the towel)
 Alert the clinic. Now.
 (And as he clicks off --)

CUT TO

116J THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, and this is the reverse 116J
 feel of the Paris opening because now -- clonk --
 the city is gone and we're back in the underground
 tunnel.

116K SCYLLA sits in the rear of the cab. He has a rain- 116K
 coat over his hand. His pain is worse.

116L The cab SCYLLA'S riding in slows. Almost comes to 116L
 a stop. A traffic jam of sorts is starting up ahead.

116M SCYLLA waits in the cab. Nothing to do but wait it 116M
 out. He hurts...

117 A NARROW STREET on the Left Bank. The cab careens 117
 along, turns a corner, stops. SCYLLA gets out,
 throws some money, hurries toward a building.

118 A CONCIERGE waits by the building front. SCYLLA 118
 flashes a card. THE CONCIERGE nods, gestures up-
 stairs. As SCYLLA goes inside, hurries up some
 stairs --

CUT TO

119 A LARGISH ROOM. Kind of nondescript. Nothing close 119
 to an operating room, but there is a medical feel to
 the place. A DOCTOR is putting away some instruments,
 hypodermics, stitching equipment. A NURSE is begin-
 ning to roll a bandage around SCYLLA'S hand.

120 THE COMMANDER enters, goes straight to the doctor, 120
 says a quick sentence in French. THE DOCTOR replies.
 THE COMMANDER moves to SCYLLA now.

SCYLLA

What was all that about?

(CONTINUED)

COMMANDER

Your hand.

HE begins to unwrap the bandage now, gets it quickly off. He takes SCYLLA'S hand, studies it. We can see stitching across the palm.

SCYLLA

Give it to me straight, Coach.

COMMANDER

(Smiles)

You'll be able to play the violin again, Jascha.

(The smile fades -- he still studies the hand, holds it as before)

Move it.

(SCYLLA makes his fingers move slightly)

No more than that?

(More movement)

Try.

(SCYLLA makes a big effort; his fingers move more than before. THE COMMANDER lets the hand go)

Not the happiest wound for a man in your profession.

SCYLLA

I'm a quick healer.

(Looks at the other guy)

What?

COMMANDER

I called the States; you were right, something did happen. Kaspar Szell got killed. Manhattan. Accident with an oil truck.

SCYLLA just stares for a moment. Then -- almost like a kid --

SCYLLA

Wow.

(HOLD on the two men. Then --)

CUT TO

121 A LARGE ROOM IN A LIBRARY. DAY.

121

BABE is seated at a table, taking copious notes. He has a pile of books all spread around. He glances up for a moment, then stops as a really stunning-looking creature moves toward him down the center aisle. She has an arm-load of books.

BABE goes back to his work, glances right back up. THE GIRL has taken the diagonal seat at his table, across and down from him.

CUT TO

122 THE GIRL, working. BABE is staring at her. She senses something, quickly looks up. 122

BEBE is busy studying. She looks at him a moment, then goes back to her work.

CUT TO

122A BABE, trying to study. It's a little later. He takes quick look at the Lovely. Bad timing. She is watching him and he's caught. All this next is whispered. 122A

GIRL (ELSA)

Please.

BABE

Hmm?

ELSA

Stop watching me.

BABE

(Amazed at the accusation)

Whaat?

ELSA

I think you hear what I say.

BABE

You got some ego problem, you know that? This was my table, I was here first, and besides, how could you know anyone was watching anyone else unless you were the one doing the watching?

(SHE gives him a look, and as they both go back to their books --

CUT TO

123 INSIDE LIBRARY STEPS. Door beyond. Light streams 123
in. ELSA is smoking, inhaling deep. A beat, then --

BABE'S VOICE (OVER)

Match?

He is standing beside her now. As she hands him matches, he touches a few pockets. Nothing.

BABE

I'll need a cigarette too.

She hands one to him. As he starts to light it --

BABE

Now you probably think I'm going to ask you to smoke it for me.

She says nothing, but she doesn't have to say much to let him know he's going over like a turd in a punch-bowl. He lights the cigarette, inhales, immediately starts coughing. She turns, walks outside, continues her smoke alone.

BABE throws the goddam cigarette down, grinds it hard with his heel as we

CUT TO

124 ELSA'S pile of books. BABE is going through them. 124
They're medical-looking stuff. He takes the least impressive book from the bottom of her pile, keeps it as we

CUT TO

125 BABE, later in the day carrying a load of books. He 125
runs down the long flight of library steps, then across campus. Now --

CUT TO

126 BABE, running along a street toward a nondescript 126
apartment building. In front of it is the remains of a car. It has had its wheels taken off. As BABE runs past, starts inside --

CUT TO

127 ELSA. Standing in her apartment doorway, smoking. 127
BABE is hurrying along the corridor to her.

BABE

Sorry to bother you, Miss Opel --

(CONTINUED)

ELSA

-- but you need another cigarette,
is that it?

BABE

No, no, but one of your books
must have fallen or something;
I happened to spot it as I was
leaving.

(Shrugs, hands it over)
Thought it might be important.

ELSA

That was very kind.
(Starts inside)
Goodbye.

BABE

'Bye. Your name and address
are on the inside -- Elsa Opel
-- in case you were curious how
I found you.

ELSA

I wasn't. Goodbye.

BABE

'Bye.

ELSA

You keep saying that but you
keep standing there.

BABE

(Touching his jaw)
I've got this miserable toothache
and I was about to ask you for an
aspirin.

ELSA

If I give you some, will you
leave?

BABE

That depends a lot on if you'll
go out with me -- what're you
studying, medicine?

ELSA

Nursing. Why do you want to see
me?

(CONTINUED)

BABE

Pity, I guess, you being so weird and unattractive.

(Bigger)

What kind of question was that? -- obviously, I want to see you because I'm interested in maybe something going. I can't rave about how smart you are, you might be a real dummy -- my God, what kind of a nurse smokes?

ELSA

Did you take this?

(Indicates her book)

BABE

Of course I took it, you couldn't have believed that ridiculous story -- listen, I'm terrific with books -- people, not so hot -- I haven't even told you my name yet, how's that for proof? Tom Levy, call me Babe. And I really am smart -- I'll study about tourniquets and we'll have some deep philosophical discussions, okay?

ELSA

(Breaks out laughing)

Okay, okay.

(And now, strangely, she reaches out, touches his cheek)

But it won't come to anything...

CUT TO

128 BABE, running again, out of her building and down the street, and this time, he doesn't need fantasy to help him along, he's that up. Jumping, dodging in and out of parked cars, crazy and frolicking and it's almost like a musical sequence. Who knows, maybe it is. 128

CUT TO

129 ELSA, back in her apartment. It's small, furnished-looking. She is smoking, talking on the phone. 129

ELSA

He is terribly naive, terribly sweet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

ELSA (CONT'D)

(Listens)

Yes Erhard -- I'm quite sure
he finds me attractive.

(Pause)

How long do I have?

(Long pause)

I would think it possible, yes.
With any luck at all, in a week
he'll love me.

She hangs up. Silence. There is something about her
now that is terribly sad.

CUT TO

130 SOMEPLACE VERY DIFFERENT FROM ANYWHERE WE'VE BEEN. 130

AN ARMED GUARD stands sweating by a river. There is
the sound, constant and irritating, of insects.
Terrible heat -- THE GUARD perspires heavily. The
skies clearly reflect that a tropical storm is soon
about to break. We're in Paraguay, which we'll find
out later.

131 And behind the GUARD is quite a remarkable house. It 131
seems to sit on an island, and it's imposing. All
around it, jungle.132 THE GUARD watches as a boat approaches a landing. 132
ANOTHER GUARD drives the boat. His passenger is a
BULL SHOULDERED WOMAN with a black shawl across her
head and shoulders. We can't see her clearly. She
carries a large basket.133 THE GUARD ON LAND signals for the boat to land. It 133
does. As the WOMAN gets out with her basket, she
walks along a veranda toward the house. She passes
close to a THIRD GUARD who kind of gives her a
friendly goose as she passes by. As the WOMAN passes
on toward a door of the house --

CUT TO

134 INSIDE THE HOUSE. THE WOMAN IS IRONING, something 134
she does beautifully. There is an enormous pile of
beautiful shirts. Her shawl is now over a chair.
Behind her, a few ironed shirts are immaculately
hung on hangers. From what little we can see of the
house, whoever lives here has a more than passing
acquaintance with civilization.

Now, from somewhere in another part of the house, a
MALE VOICE calls out 'Can you come here please' in
Spanish.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

THE LAUNDRESS stops her work, leaves her ironing spot, and we travel with her, inspecting the house as she goes.

135 MUSIC is playing -- Britten's serenade for tenor, horn and strings. The living room is filled with the sound. And lovely furniture; not primitive like the jungle outside. This looks almost elegant, perhaps French, probably antique. The music continues to play, the camera to move. 135

There are books, many books, in many languages. Paintings on the walls, all obviously by the same artist and these are kind of child-like: lovely, little people, animals, children.

Outside the windows, insects are trapped in netting. Those still alive struggle to escape.

The room, incredibly, is airconditioned. As we pass the machines, their hum momentarily intrudes on the music.

Where are we? -- that's what we've got to be thinking; who lives here?

136 THE LAUNDRESS enters another room, complete with another air conditioner. In this primitive area, everything is working wonderfully well, no matter what chaos may be taking place in more civilized cities. 136

Now the promised tropical storm hits -- no preamble just wham, it starts pouring down. Thunder, terrible lightning. Still, inside, it's lovely and cool.

137 We see now a glass case filled with animal heads -- skulls if you will, all of them dead in frozen smiles. What is most prominent about them is this: teeth. We pass on. 137

138 Now a bunch of photographs on a shelf. Old maybe. Certainly from someplace other than here. A woman smiling. A man standing beside her. The man might be memorable if we had more time to study him but we don't. As it is, he might bear a resemblance to the OLD MAN IN THE MERCEDES car crash -- but taken years and years before. We pass on. 138

139 A pile of newspapers, many of them with articles cut out. It's all sprawled across a huge desk. There are Paris papers and New York papers (again, a picture of a car crash is visible briefly in one of these) and South American papers. Articles are circled, photo's are circled. Someone is keeping tabs on something; we can't imagine what. 139

140 A large pair of scissors is on the table. And now we 140
see a hand reach into frame, pick them up.

141 The LAUNDRESS stops. She is visibly frightened now. 141
In Spanish she says, 'You wanted to see me?' The
answering reply, also in Spanish, is 'Please. We
must talk. Sit down.' The LAUNDRESS sits. Fidgets.
Then the voice comes again in Spanish. 'You must
relax.' The LAUNDRESS nods. But she can't stifle
her fear. She clasps her hands together tightly.
Outside, the storm increases in tempo. Hold on her
a moment. Then

CUT TO

142 SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL, ALL SNOWY AND WHITE. There is 142
a sharp metallic click click going on and the thunder
from outside still explodes. The beautiful stuff is
hair, white hair, floating down into a sink. The
metallic sound is scissors. This all comes clear as we

TILT UP TO

143 A MAN'S FACE REFLECTED IN A MIRROR. It's an extra- 143
ordinary face; you know that someone very bright and
special resides inside that skin. The incredible
bright eyes concentrate now on the mirror as, care-
fully, he is beginning to scissor his hair, cutting
it off. The hair falls on. The scissors sound
continues as we

CUT TO

144 THE THIRD GUARD. We're outside again and this is 144
the guy who goosed the LAUNDRESS when she came in.
She's coming out now. THE GUARD WHO DROVE THE BOAT
precedes her by a good distance, and he is putting a
suitcase into the boat.

The rain is still strong.

145 THE BULL SHOULDERED LAUNDRESS walks along toward the 145
THIRD GUARD, her head and shoulders covered, as be-
fore, by her black shawl. As the THIRD GUARD ap-
proaches, starts into the same kind of goosing gesture
as before, he suddenly stops and a look of wild panic
hits his face as we

CUT TO

146 THE LAUNDRESS CLOSE UP, only it isn't, it's the GUY 146
we saw that was cutting his hair off. Now --

CUT TO

147 THE BOAT. THE GUARD is starting the motor. The
'LAUNDRESS' sits beside, staring constantly at the
deep surrounding jungle.

147

The following dialog in Spanish goes quickly.

BOAT DRIVER

What if the laundress wants to
return to her village?

BALD MAN

I spoke with her. I told her
she would be my guest for three
day 'til my return. She agreed.

BOAT DRIVER

If she changes her mind?

BALD MAN

Handle her very gently, or you
will have me to deal with.

(His eyes never stop
flicking around)

I have not had shirts as crisp
since '45.

CUT TO

148 THE THIRD GUARD WATCHING IN THE RAIN as the BOAT
pulls away from the island. It's clear from watching
this guy's face that he is still, even now, very much
afraid...

148

Now, from the jungle and the frightened face --

CUT TO

149 BABE AND ELSA IN NEW YORK - MONTAGE

149

CENTRAL PARK. THE ZOO: to be exact. (We'll be see-
ing it again.) A CLOSE SHOT of water and two SEA
LIONS. PULL BACK to see BABE and ELSA watching them
being fed by A TRAINER. At the same time, ELSA is
teaching BABE the names of the animals in FRENCH and
correcting his pronunciation.

From the Sea Lions to AN IMMENSE GORILLA in his cage
... then to PIGEONS flying above them in the trees...

149A A Clock Strikes... followed by a tune from a Carillon: 149A

BABE and ELSA stand watching, among CHILDREN and THEIR
PARENTS, THE DELACORTE CLOCK in the zoo. She identi-
fies each CLOCK ANIMAL in FRENCH, as the metal robots
move jerkily around the base of the clock.

(CONTINUED)

149A CONTINUED:

149A

BABE tries to imitate what he hears and sees. THE PIGEONS fly overhead again -- one of them depositing droppings on Babe's shoulder. This, too, is translated into French.

CUT TO

150 INT. BABE'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

150

ELSA is reclining happily in a tub of luxuriant bath water. BABE is sitting atop The John, and we hear that the FRENCH LESSONS have given way to the first principals of profanity:

BABE

Comment diton, "Go fuck yourself"?

ELSA responds with the appropriate French translation, and they continue in this vein...

150A INT. BABE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

150A

A Schubert quartet is playing. BABE and ELSA are in bed.

BABE

How do you say, "That part is very sensitive"?

As they continue...

CUT TO

151 CENTRAL PARK - THE WATERWORKS - Another time.

151

BABE is running along the RESERVOIR TRACK past the waterworks. THE WATERWORKS ATTENDANT, whom we shall see again later, is standing outside the entrance, smoking. ELSA sits on the wall with A PICNIC LUNCH and holding a stop watch. As BABE passes he asks her how he's doing, and when she suggests he stop for lunch, he insists on running around the track once again. His mood is terrific.

152 BABE is flying now - going faster - running for her. HOLD ON HIS FACE as we start to hear a letter he is composing:

152

BABE (VOICE OVER)

Dear Doc: I don't much feel like writing; too torn apart. But you ought to know about Elsa Opel. She's a nurse, Swiss, and probably not much prettier than Grace Kelly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

BABE (VOICE OVER) (CONT'D)

We've had what Louella Parsons
used to call a whirlwind courtship,
and yes, we are both of us smitten.

153 CENTRAL PARK LAKE - THE BENCHES - DUSK

153

BABE and ELSA sitting quietly by the lake at dusk. A postcard shot, with the buildings of the city in the background. It's too dark to be there, but they don't move, just sit close. THE LETTER CONTINUES... AND THE MUSIC...

Now we notice, in the far corner of the wide shot, TWO FIGURES walking slowly towards them.

A CLOSER CROSS-ANGLE on BABE and ELSA as the TWO FIGURES continue toward them. ELSA notices them and pulls BABE up and out of frame. THE TWO FIGURES - THE LIMPY and THE MAMMOTH - come closer...

153A THE BRAMBLES IN THE PARK

153A

BABE and ELSA walking up a path away from us. Suddenly THE LIMPY jumps in, grabs ELSA and backhands her across the mouth savagely.

As she falls she sees THE MAMMOTH on top of BABE pounding blow after blow into the middle of BABE'S back. ELSA screams for him to leave him alone.

153B THE MAMMOTH IS STILL POUNDING AT BABE. In the background, THE LIMPY has ELSA down, is grabbing for her purse. The motion is slower now, the impact dreadful.

153B

153C THE MUGGING will not stop. THE MAMMOTH is tearing at BABE'S wallet now, takes the money, throws the rest down. Then he and THE LIMPY are gone.

153C

153D BABE tries crawling to ELSA. He's in pain. But he forces himself, and as he does --

153D

153E BETHESDA FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK - ELSA is crying, and BABE can't get her to stop. She's trembling, too, and he can't stop that either. He can't do anything, and that terrible frustration shows on his face. As they try helping each other, beautiful music starts, the same Schubert quartet we heard earlier... and will hear again.

153E

153F Now we have a shot of BABE coming home later, alone. He holds a kerchief to his face. Across the street, MELENDEZ and the other Puerto Ricans make their usual cat-calls.

153F

(CONTINUED)

153F CONTINUED:

153F

We don't hear them, only see their actions as they mock BABE who slowly walks up the flight of steps to his building.

Okay: here is the rest of the letter.

BABE'S VOICE- (OVER)

So why am I torn? Because we stayed too late in Central Park and got mugged. These two guys took us apart and Doc, there was my one true woman getting creamed right in front of me and I was helpless. Believe this next: if I could find those two guys, right now, I could kill them. I never knew I had that breeding inside me before. What else is in there, do you suppose? Scary ... Other than love and bloodshed, nothing new in Magic town.

Babe.

153G Now we come out of the letter as BABE finishes writing in his apartment. The music still plays on his hi-fi.

153G

(CONTINUED)

153G CONTINUED:

153G

He gets an envelope, seals the letter, walks across the room, bent over, clearly in pain. His face is still swollen; it comes as a shock. Hold on the letter...

CUT TO

154 TIGHTSHOT: BABE

154

The same set up as the other tightshots, only now, from off to one side, a series of bright light explosions start, pop, pop, pop. BABE turns toward the brightness, then quickly away.

BABE

Can't they please stop that?

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

They have their job to do; it won't take long.

The flashes continue. BABE looks about to come apart.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Go on about the mugging, why don't you.

BABE

(Blinks)

Why was I telling about it at all?

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Don't you remember me asking if there had been other crimes recently?

BABE

(Looks front)

You think there's some connection?

(Headshake)

There's none. Nothing involves me.

(Louder)

Understand something will you --

(Big)

I -- don't -- know -- what's -- happening.

(Now suddenly --)

CUT TO

155 AN AERIAL SHOT OF MANHATTAN. DAY.

155

a 747 is coming in over the city.

CUT TO

156 A BATHROOM INSIDE THE 747.

156

THE BALD MAN stands, adjusting his tie. He is wearing a neat suit that is probably not your latest fashion. Now he studies his face in the mirror, examining the bald streak up the middle of his head, checking to see that it looks all right.

Satisfied, he takes a bracelet, puts it on his right wrist, clicks it into place. The sound is surprisingly noticeable. While he has been doing this, the VOICE OF THE CAPTAIN has been heard over.

CAPTAIN (OVER)

Folks, we've been cleared for landing at JFK so if you'd all please take your seats now, we'd appreciate it.

(Brief pause)

And I'm sorry to tell you that the baggage handler's strike hasn't quite been cleared up all the way, so there may be just the least little bit of inconvenience...

(Now from his words --)

CUT TO

156A AN ABSOLUTE SEA OF LUGGAGE. Passengers mill around, desperately trying to figure out who the hell belongs to what. Everyone is angry except for a bunch of half bombed tourists in from Hawaii wearing lei's, who are autographing the cast of one of their members who has a broken leg, and is standing in short pants.

156A

THE BALD MAN moves quietly through the morass, looking for his case. When a sudden burst of laughter explodes nearby from the Hawaiian bunch, he half twists toward them and we can tell that he too seems, for the first time, more than a little nervous. As he finds his case --

CUT TO

156B THE BALD MAN, done with customs, moving into the greeting area. His eyes are flicking again, looking around. Now --

156B

CUT TO

156C THE TWO GUYS WHO MUGGED BABE AND ELSA, hurrying to the BALD MAN. The BIG ONE takes the suitcase; the LIMPER almost looks as if he wants to bow.

156C

(CONTINUED)

156C CONTINUED:

156C

BALD MAN
(To LIMPER)
Good day, Erhard.

ERHARD
Your flight was satisfactory?

BALD MAN
It landed on the runway right side up: I never ask more of an airplane.

Now he stops, looks around. The place is chaotic, people doing their best to carry and drag and push their heavy bags. There's a lot of noise, a lot of anger and frustration and a general sense of breakdown. THE BALD MAN studies it briefly. Then --

BALD MAN
(Shakes his head)
The Land of Plenty.
(Almost a smile)
They were always so confident
God was on their side. Now I
think they are not so sure...

They continue again to move through the crowd. HOLD ON THE THREE STRANGE MEN. We don't know what's going on yet, but clearly, the clans are gathering...

CUT TO

157 BABE, in his room, alone, asleep. From somewhere, 157
a sound. His eyes flutter. Again, a sound. BABE'S
eyes are open now and he's taut, lying still.

THE ROOM is in deep shadow. Hard to make out anything.
But maybe there is something moving.

BABE reaches out, silently takes the flashlight from
his bed table and as he flicks it on --

BABE
(Very Cagney)
I got a gun, you make a move,
I'll blow your ass to Shanghai.

He flashes the light around the walls, and we get quick glimpses of runners and fathers and suddenly, and it comes as a clockstopper, a human face is caught in the light: SCYLLA.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

SCYLLA

Don't kill me, Babe.

(He flicks on the light
switch)

BABE tumbles out of bed, really excited --

BABE

Aw, hey, Doc, shit, great.

DOC

(For he is SCYLLA,
smiling now)

Articulate as always, I see.

(And he shuts the door,
picks up an overnight
Gucci bag, a bag with
wine bottles)

CUT TO

158 DOC. And if he seems a little different than when
he was SCYLLA, he should, because his movements are
different, more fastidious. He's also dressed dif-
ferently, super Ivy League. He could very well be
the world class dilettante BABE described him as
being. He takes out a wine bottle, glances around
BABE's messy, book strewn room.

158

DOC

You've done wonders with the
place.

BABE

It's not finished yet -- my
decorator's so goddam unreliable.

DOC

(Examining the wine)

Listen, the Taj Mahal took time.

(Now he whirls on his
kid brother)Jesus, how can you breathe in an
armpit like this?

(Goes to the kitchen)

They have a higher standard of
living in Dogpatch.

BABE

Quit fence straddling -- do you
like the place or not?

(Notices DOC's hand)

What happened?

CUT TO

159 DOC, going on without a pause.

159

DOC

I was opening an old Romanee-
Conti and the cork got stuck;
I yanked and the bottle shattered
on me --

(holds out the cut)

-- kind of thing can give you
nightmares.

(Opens bottle)

Now this is just a '71 Moulin-
a-Vent but even a drooler like
you should find it's complexity
fascinating.

(BABE stifles a yawn)

Ordinarily one doesn't associate
beaujolaais with power but --

(BABE is snoring now.

DOC laughs)

You're a boor and a turd but
I'll shut up.

(Pours wine)

Here.

(Gives BABE a glass)

And I apologize for making any
remarks about your hovel; it's
a crazy world, any way you can
skin it, it's your business.

(Swirls his wine, sips)

I was just reading today about
three young Californians -- you
won't believe this, but these
guys have sunk their life
savings into an invention --

(Thinks a minute)

-- Oh yeah, I remember the
name, they call it a br-oooo-mmm.

(And now BABE breaks
out laughing)

It's like a long stick with hay
tied to one end; these guys
actually claim you can clean
things with their br-oooo-mmm,
floors and stuff, just by
sweeping.

BABE

(Drinks)

Never catch on.

CUT TO

160 DOC AND BABE AND FOR A MOMENT, they're quiet and if
it isn't clear by now, it should be -- they may
harass each other constantly, but they care. A lot.

160

(CONTINUED)

DOC goes to his Gucci bag, zips it open, starts to unpack.

DOC

Listen, I got your latest epistle and among other tidbits, you described a creature named Irmgard who, if you are to be believed, may be the first female in the history of the world to be even more desirable than Annette Funicello.

BABE

(Breaking up)

Just screw, huh?

DOC

Love to buy you lunch -- if you'll promise not to eat with your fingers.

BABE

Deal.

DOC

Tomorrow?

(BABE nods)

Hey?

(Very casual)

I wasn't so crazy about that mugging part. Come on down to D.C. with me, why don't you? Georgetown's a terrific school, I'll set you up in a decent place -- you know I've got the bread.

BABE

Thanks.

He means 'no thanks,' and DOC understands. He stops unpacking for a moment, glances at BABE'S desk; books and typed pages.

DOC

This more bullshit for your thesis?

BABE.

Elegantly phrased.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (2)

160

DOC

(And now it's not
so jokey anymore)
Babe -- you didn't even know
Dad -- the fact is, he fucked
up --

(Quietly)

-- do you think Dad would have
wanted you to throw your life
away like this --

BABE

-- I'm not throwing it away --

DOC

-- you are -- nothing you write
can change what happened --

BABE

-- so I should turn into a
businessman hustler like you
and find happiness -- that
your message? --

CUT TO

161 DOC. CLOSE UP. BIG.

161

DOC

My life's already thrown away
-- don't you understand that? --

CUT TO

162 BABE, surprised, looking at his brother.

162

BABE

Boy, something's sure got to
you.

DOC

You have -- all the brains in
the world and how do you use
them? -- trying to clear a
drunk who killed himself

BABE

He wasn't a drunk till after
McCarthy --

(Pointint at his desk)

-- I've got proof on that.
Quotes from a dozen people
who knew him.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

DOC

You're impossible -- You probably
still have the goddam gun too.

163 BABE opens his bottom desk drawer, holds it out.
DOC keeps his distance from it --

163

DOC.

For a liberal pacifist, you've
got some sense of vengeance,
I'm here to tell you.

(Points to the drawer)

Put it back, huh?

(BABE does -- and
now the tone is
lightening)

Is Helga sadistic too? -- what
do you do with her for
entertainment if there isn't a
vampire movie in town?

BABE

You're trying to bait me, you
bastard, because before you
called her Irmgard and just
now Helga. You know goddam
well what her name is.

DOC

Sorry, I'm punchy with
travelling; I promise not to
get Ursala's name wrong again.

BABE

Ursala is close but Ursala is
wrong and I know how hard this
is for a guy like you who couldn't
master toilet training til he was
in his teens, and I know you'd
love to get a rise out of me but
you won't --

(Huge)

-- it's ELSA.

DOC

Elsa, Elsa, okay, her I got --
(Looks at BABE)
-- who the hell are you?

As he begins to pour more wine --

CUT TO

164 A TAXI pulling up to a fancy French restaurant. 164
Lunchtime. ELSA gets out; she looks glorious, but
nervous if you study her. BABE, in a suit but no
tie, pays the driver as we

CUT TO

165 INSIDE THE RESTAURANT. DOC sits at a center table, 165
perfectly attired in a Brooks Brothers type suit.
BABE AND ELSA are seated too, introductions clearly
finished.

166 The restaurant is dark and obviously expensive. 166
Business is good and at a nearby table are TWO JAP-
ANESE with an AMERICAN in between. They are going
over what look like menus but are auction programs.
They form a counterpoint to the central action, a
kind of occasional chatter. Like this: The American
says, 'It's a very good Napoleon letter' and one Jap-
anese guy says, 'I have four Napoleons, not suitable
for me' and the other Jap echoes, 'not suitable, not
suitable.' and later we hear the AMERICAN say, 'The
Keats will go for a great deal' and the JAP says,
'I buy; very suitable.' Don't make too much of this
-- it's just a texture, nothing more.

167 BABE by the way, is kind of embarrassed -- he's now 167
wearing a clip-on waiter's bow tie that clearly be-
longs to the restaurant.

DOC

(Soft)

Klutz -- how could you forget
a necktie?

BABE

I didn't forget -- who wears
a necktie for lunch?

DOC

(To ELSA)

I'm not upset with him -- his
fly was buttoned and his hair
was combed -- we can't expect
perfection.

(She smiles -- he
continues talking
to her)

The truffle en croute here makes
a marvelous appetizer --

(To BABE)

-- and whenever you get hungry,
just tell me, I'll send a waiter
to the nearest McDonald's.

168 BABE laughs, ELSA too, and suddenly the lights begin 168
to go totally out in the restaurant. The Japanese
take out pencil lights, continue without a pause.
Other guests take out cigarette lighters, flick them
on.

A WAITER, almost on cue, leaps forward. There are
candles on all the tables.

WAITER

It is nothing, another brown
out, we are prepared --

As he lights the candle --

WAITER

-- much more romantic this way.

And now all over the restaurant, waiters can be seen
lighting candles, and it is more romantic. ELSA looks
just stunning. DOC leans to BABE, whispering inten-
tionally loud.

DOC

She's not half as homely as you
wrote she was.

It's a compliment; ELSA acknowledges it as such. DOC
nods for the wine waiter, talks to ELSA.

DOC

I think we should start with
Chablis. You know, the great
Chablis are almost green eyes.
Of all the wines in all the
world, they're the ones that
most resemble diamonds --

They look at each other closely for a long moment.

BABE watches them. Nods. They're hitting it off...
Now --

CUT TO

169 A GLORIOUS CROWN RACK OF LAMB. A HEADWAITER type is 169
finishing up carving it. Another WAITER stands by
holding a flashlight on the meat so the HEADWAITER
can see what he's doing.

ELSA has served, DOC too. BABE'S plate is put down
and ELSA takes a bite. DOC still looks like he's
having a helluva time and ELSA isn't miserable either,
but BABE is all different. He reaches for some red
wine, pours himself a glass full.

(CONTINUED)

DOC
(To ELSA)

Good?

ELSA
(Nods)

Delicious; but never show me
the bill.

DOC
(Smiles, shrugs)
Forget about it -- I'm coming
more and more to believe that
the only money I have is the
money I've spent.

170 And now he is running his fingers across the skin of her arm, just barely grazing it, and he's looking at her eyes in candlelight and she doesn't pull her arm away, looks right back at him. 170

DOC
'Course the secret is you've
got to spend it on special items,
quality merchandise.

His hand never stops touching her skin. They keep watching each other and BABE is watching them, drinking his wine and there's no way he can hide that he's hurting inside. Now, the lights in the place begin to flicker back on.

DOC
(Smiling at BABE now)
Some lady.

171 BABE manages a nod, that's about all. DOC turns to ELSA again. Throughout this, they are constantly touching, and the throb of sexuality is never spoken, always evident. 171

DOC
Miss home? Bet you do.
(ELSA nods)
What d'ya miss exactly? The
people, the country, skiing?

ELSA
I suppose all.

DOC
I don't know Switzerland,
whereabouts you from?

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

ELSA

A tiny place, Lake Constance --

DOC

I never heard of --

(Stops, surprised)

-- hey, wait one sec' --

(Shakes his head)

-- this is incredible. See, there's this ski freak works in the office and he bores the ass off -- little slip there, excuse me -- I meant he's often dull on the subject of skiing -- But the point is that his favorite ski spot in all the world is Lake Constance, 'cause it's at the foot of Mount Rosa. Am I right?

ELSA

(Nods)

Of course.

DOC

A hundred percent?

ELSA

At the very least.

DOC

I'm making all this up.

(Beat)

There isn't any ski freak. Or any Mount Rosa next to Lake Constance.

(Beat)

How's my percentage now?

172

BABE stares at DOC, then ELSA. They aren't touching anymore, but whatever was going on between them before, this now is worse.

172

DOC

I've done too much business in Switzerland, I know the way they talk, you're not Swiss, what are you?

ELSA

Can't you guess?

DOC

Sure, German.

(CONTINUED)

ELSA
(Fighting for control)
Anything else?

DOC
Yeah. How much longer are your
work papers good for?

ELSA
Why do you do this?

DOC
No reason, except that a lot
of foreigners marry a lot of
Americans and then, when it's
all nice and legal here, a lot
of marriages don't work out.

ELSA
Ask me if I'm trapping Babe --

DOC
Why bother? You haven't told
the truth yet.

(As ELSA shoves her
chair back, runs
from the room --)

CUT TO

173 BABE, starting up, heading after her, only DOC reaches 173
over with one of his big hands, holds BABE back, and
it's all been quiet and civilized up til now, but no
more -- now voices start to raise and the other diners
start to watch.

DOC
-- let her go --

BABE
(Whirling)
-- why, because you say so?

DOC
-- you're goddam right -- you'll
thank me some day -- this was
for your own good --

BABE
-- bullshit it was --

DOC
-- I could tell from your letter
she was phony -- Jesus, Babe, people
just don't fall all over each other
like that -- not unless somebody
wants something --

174 BABE rips loose, tears through the restaurant and is gone. 174

DOC sits alone. He's still elegant and handsome in his Brooks Brothers suit, just like he was at the start of the scene: Only now there is murder in his eyes. The JAPANESE are busy as before, discussing autographs...

CUT TO

175 BABE, running out of the restaurant, stopping on the sidewalk, looking one way, then the other. No ELSA. He sees a cab, races for it as we 175

CUT TO

176 BABE, running down the corridor to ELSA'S door, wildly upset, pounding on it, pauses, pounds again. Nothing inside. 176

BABE

It's me --

(No reply)

-- it's okay, everything's okay --

(Silence)

He takes a piece of paper from his wallet, scrawls the words 'Call me,' shoves it into the crack of the door. Then --

CUT TO

177 OUTSIDE ELSA'S BUILDING as BABE exits. He hesitates, touches the tooth in the front of his mouth, winces. It hurts like hell. 177

The car that was parked there before with the wheels off is still there, only now it has been systematically stripped. The hood is up, the windows shattered, the aerial gone. Nothing remains but the corpse of the thing.

BABE

(Bellowing out)

Goddamit.

And with that he breaks into a wild run, arms pumping, going like crazy...

CUT TO

178 AN EMPTY PLAZA BY A SKYSCRAPER. Evening. There is a large and striking red statue that looks like a double staircase set in the center. The statue is set in a reflecting pool of water. 178

- 179 Now a cleaning woman carrying a bucket and mop walks away down some stairs, her work done for the night. The red statue is reflected in the glass as she disappears. 179
- 179A Now we see the first floor of an office building. All the machines inside are covered for the night; work is done. Again, the red statue reflects in the window. 179A
- 179B Now we see another skyscraper. Dark. Empty. Again, the reflection of the blood red statue. 179B
- 179C Now, looking through the statue, we see THE BALD MAN pacing. There are stone tables and benches. ERHARD sits at one of the tables. 179C

BALD MAN

You ordered Scylla to be prompt?

It was not said as a question, but ERHARD nods 'yes.' THE BALD MAN grunts, continues to pace edgily around the deserted plaza. His footsteps echo. He looks at his watch, paces angrily, again, then stops.

- 180 SCYLLA is moving out of the darkness of one of the buildings, crossing toward the benches and the BALD MAN and the blood lit statue. ERHARD rises, afraid, retreats to a more distant table as the BALD MAN goes straight to SCYLLA and without salutations of any kind, they start right in. Fast. 180

BALD MAN

You kept me waiting -- why?
To upset me? I am not one to be
mocked and your behavior --

SCYLLA

(Interrupting)

-- don't give me any shit about
my behavior after what you've
been pulling --

BALD MAN

-- I have done nothing --

SCYLLA

-- you hired Chen to kill me --

BALD MAN

-- never --

SCYLLA

-- don't lie, I don't blame you
for it --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCYLLA (CONT'D)

(Big)

-- but I goddam well blame you
for involving my brother --

BALD MAN

-- it was nothing --

SCYLLA

-- it was a violation --

(Anger building)

-- we do not involve family --

we never involve family --

BALD MAN

-- think of it as a warning,
nothing more --

(And on those words --

CUT TO

181 SCYLLA, as he suddenly backhands the BALD MAN across 181
the face, hard, and the BALD MAN half cries out in
shock and surprise, grabbing a bench for balance;
then rising, moving away from SCYLLA.

SCYLLA

(Quietly)

-- think of that as a warning,
nothing more --

182 THE BALD MAN is almost panting as he touches his 182
face where SCYLLA hit him, trying to regain control.
SCYLLA closes in. ERHARD, eyes wide, watches.

BALD MAN

... you would... you would like
to fight, wouldn't you?

(SCYLLA nods)

It -- will -- not -- happen --

(Quieter)

-- I am much too old and far too
smart for that -- but we must
talk. Truthfully. Are you to
be trusted?

SCYLLA

(Simply)

No.

BALD MAN

Was that the truth? Or were
you trying again to upset me?

(CONTINUED)

SCYLLA

I know why you're here -- that
sooner or later you're going to
the bank --

BALD MAN

-- perhaps I have already been --

SCYLLA

-- if you had, you wouldn't be
meeting with me now.

BALD MAN

What else do you know?

SCYLLA

That you're panicked about
being robbed once you leave the
bank --

BALD MAN

-- Who would do such a thing?

SCYLLA

Obviously you think I would.

BALD MAN

Well?

(No reply)

I must know? Can I trust you? --

SCYLLA

-- You never could, you only
had to --

BALD MAN

-- I told you I am not one to be
mocked -- everything depends on
honesty -- between us -- here,
now -- we-are-talking-of-my-
safety!

SCYLLA

-- may I be candid? --

BALD MAN

-- Yes --

SCYLLA

-- Your safety doesn't mean
shit to me --

- 183 And probably he means to go on; his tone certainly indicates as much. But he stops talking, and a terrible look floods across his face as suddenly we realize that the BALD MAN has a weapon which we don't see -- but whatever it is, it has a hilt, and both his hands are on it, and the weapon is deep into SCYLLA'S insides. 183
- 184 SCYLLA gasps. His arm drops limply to his sides. 184
- 185 THE BALD MAN spreads his legs for better leverage, starting to bring the hilt up through SCYLLA'S body. 185
- 186 SCYLLA starts to spurt; his eyes begin to roll up into his head. 186
- 187 ERHARD, watching in silence, is biting down hard on the edge of his hand, his eyes wide. 187
- 188 As SCYLLA starts to fall, the BALD MAN pulls his weapon out and turns, hurries away. ERHARD follows. THE BALD MAN stops once, looks back. 188
- 189 SCYLLA slowly falls across one of the stone tables. 189
- 190 THE BALD MAN continues to stare. 190
- 191 SCYLLA feebly tries to rise, succeeds only in rolling off the table toward the mirroring pool, lies still. 191
- A beat. The plaza is empty. Total quiet. Not a remnant of violence. THE BALD MAN and ERHARD are gone now.
- 192 Slowly, the camera begins to move toward the mirroring pool; closer but taking its time, until suddenly -- 192
- CUT TO
- 193 SCYLLA. Motionless. Face down. His blood spreads. Now -- 193
- CUT TO
- 194 SCYLLA'S GREAT HANDS. Hold on them. Keep holding. Finally, one of the fingers, slowly, feebly, begins to move... 194
- CUT TO
- 195 BABE ALONE IN HIS ROOM, pacing like a madman. He circles and circles the phone, and we can occasionally hear the old building giving a creak, but our attention, as his, is mainly on the phone and when it rings, he's on it, before the first ring has ended. 195

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

BABE

(A Burst)

Elsa, listen, it didn't happen,
nothing happened, it did not
take place.

CUT TO

196 ELSA, on the phone, alone in her room, sitting on her 196
bed, smoking, drained.

ELSA

(Softly)

It did, and if we ignored it,
it would only fester.

(A rush)

I lied about the Swiss because
you are a Jew and even though
I was a child when Hitler died,
there are Jews who still think
all Germans planned the
blitzkrieg.

(Inhales deep)

And I think we should not see
each other for awhile.

CUT TO

197 BABE on the phone in his room. 197

BABE

-- I think that's terrific
thinking, Elsa and I agree
completely because 'awhile'
officially ends tomorrow
morning, I'll be over for
breakfast at eight.

(Beat)

Okay, nine, but that's final.
Now make sure you don't burn
the bratwurst. I'll come
goose stepping in my lederhosen,
you'll be sure to recognize me.

(Beat; soften)

Yeah. Me too.

(Hangs up quietly,
stands triumphantly
by the phone)

Hot son of a bitch god damn.

Now he starts to walk again, throwing an occasional
punch of victory at the ceiling, stopping only when
DOC'S voice is heard --

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

197

DOC (OVER)

(Soft)

... Babe...

CUT TO

198 BABE. EXTREME CLOSE UP and all the triumph is gone
from his face as we

198

CUT TO

199 DOC IN THE DOORWAY, arms across himself, and

199

DOC

(One final scream)

BABE!!!

(And he tries taking a
step or two forward,
reaches out for his
kid brother, and as
his stomach starts to
slip away --)

CUT TO

200 BABE streaking across the room and as DOC begins his
fall, BABE'S there, grabbing him, holding him, taking
him down gently. DOC'S blood continues to flow.
BABE rocks him. Back and forth, back and forth.
Hold...

200

CUT TO

201 TIGHTSHOT: BABE

201

He is sitting as before, only now there is a commotion
over where the flashbulbs had been and as BABE turns
to see --

CAMERA SLOWLY FOR THE FIRST TIME SHIFTS TO TAKE IN
EVERYTHING.

202 We're in BABE'S room. The MAN he's been talking to is
a uniformed POLICEMAN with a small pad and pencil.
DOC's body is covered with a sheet --

202

203 -- AND THE COMMANDER, the man we met in Europe, is
coming quickly through the door. As he enters, he
looks serious, efficient and very much the kind of
guy you want on your side when trouble erupts.

203

THE COMMANDER moves to DOC'S body, kneels, pulls the
sheet back, stares quietly down. For a long moment,
he simply studies DOC'S face. It's an emotional
moment.

204 There are several police standing off to one side,
plus one man clearly not with them, a CREW CUTTED
YOUNGER MAN who goes to the COMMANDER, leans over,
talks softly.

204

CREW CUT

Whoever did it must have ambushed
him, Commander.

COMMANDER

That, or he knew them.

He replaces the sheet, stands, indicates the POLICE.

COMMANDER

They can leave now.

CREW CUT

(Nods)

I'll bring up the ambulance man.

205 BABE sits watching it all; whatever's going on, he
doesn't understand it a bit. THE POLICEMAN WITH
THE IRISH ACCENT rises, goes to the COMMANDER.

205

POLICEMAN

We'll be moving on then.

206 THE COMMANDER nods, gives a smile. He has a marvel-
ous smile, quick and dazzling. He stares across at
BABE, still moist with his brother's blood. THE
COMMANDER hesitates -- it's an awkward time, the boy
looks whipped. He crosses to BABE, starts talking
quietly, as the police depart, leaving the two of
them alone.

206

COMMANDER

I'm sorry to intrude; you see,
I know how close you were to
your brother --

BABE

(Suddenly exploding)

-- you do, huh? -- you know that,
do you? -- How the hell do you
know anything about anything? --

COMMANDER

I was just trying to ease into
things, I'm sorry. Let's start
over.

(Holds out his hand)

My name's Peter Janeway, but you
can call me 'Janey.' All my
friends do.

BABE doesn't shake. JANEWAY sighs, looks around the
room, sees DOC'S bottles of red wine.

207 As he crosses to the wine, the CREW CUT hurries back 207
into the room, followed by TWO MEN in white hospital
clothes who carry a stretcher.

They go to DOC'S covered body, shift it to the stretcher.
They are between BABE in his chair and JANEWAY across the
room with the wine bottle. THE CREW CUT looks at JANE-
WAY. After a moment, JANEWAY nods.

CUT TO

208 DOC'S BODY RISING. He is being lifted, of course, 208
but we don't see the AMBULANCE MEN, just the sheet
over the body.

209 BABE watches. Tough moment. Silence. 209

210 JANEWAY watches silently too. Then he angrily pulls 210
on the cork, ripping it from the neck of the bottle.

211 DOC'S BODY is almost gone now. BABE AND JANEWAY 211
still watch. Still the silence. Then DOC'S gone,
the door closes. There is a dark stain on the tat-
tered rug. DOC'S blood. JANEWAY brings the wine
bottle and two glasses, sits by BABE.

JANEWAY

(Gently)

I'm looking for a motive.

(Pours wine; BABE

doesn't want any)

I'm just as anxious as you are
to find whoever did it, believe
me.

BABE

Bullshit -- he was my brother,
my father practically, he
brought me up, and I never once
heard your name, so I'm probably
a little more anxious, wouldn't
you agree?

JANEWAY

(Beat)

Well of course.

(Drinks)

I think it may have been political.

(BABE looks at him,
surprised)

BABE.

Political? Why?

JANEWAY

Considering what your brother did
-- and of course, your father.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

BABE

What about my father?

JANEWAY

He was H. V. Levy, for chrissakes --

BABE

-- and he was innocent --

JANEWAY

-- I never said he wasn't --

CUT TO

212 BABE

212

BABE

(It just bursts
out of him)

-- you did, you damn well did,
you implied it -- my father
was a great liberal historian
and was in Washington when
McCarthy hit -- McCarthy was a
fucking Nazi and he destroyed
people and he made my father a
joke, killed his reputation,
but he never offered legal
support for one single charge,
and when my dissertation's
published you'll see, every
goddam one of you'll see --
I'm clearing my father with
truth!

JANEWAY

(Long pause. Then,
gently)

I hope it works out for you,
Babe.

(Sips wine)

But I'm still looking for a
motive. Start with what
happened tonight, why don't you;
give me all the details.

BABE

Okay. I was home. Doc died.
You came.

JANEWAY

That's everything?

BABE

I'm a demon on details.

.(CONTINUED)

JANEWAY

You mean you want me to do some explaining first, is that it?

(BABE nods. JANEWAY stands, sighs)

This all gets so embarrassingly never never land, I just hate it.

(Looks at BABE)

You don't really think Doc was in the oil business?

BABE

How the hell do you think he earned his living.

JANEWAY

I know exactly how he earned his kopeks, and the closest he ever got to the oil business was when he filled up at his friendly Standard station.

BABE

You just can't survive without your bullshit, can you?

JANEWAY

All right, follow me now: Doc lived in Washington; what's Washington the center of?

BABE

Government.

JANEWAY

Correct; and the branches are competitive. The Army is jealous of the Navy and they both hate the Air Force. The F.B.I. hates the C.I.A. and they both loathe the Secret Service. They whine and squabble constantly, and the whining gets loudest when you approach the edges of their powers. Between these edges are crevices.

(Drinks)

We live in the crevices.

BABE

Who're you?

JANEWAY

The Division.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED: (2)

212

BABE

This is just more bullshit.

JANEWAY

(Quick smile)

You know what? -- I don't think you think that.

BABE

(He's starting not to)

What do you do exactly?

JANEWAY

Provide.

BABE

Provide what?

JANEWAY

Anything.

BABE

That's kind of vague.

JANEWAY

Yes, isn't it.

213 DOC'S SUITCASE is in the corner. JANEWAY gets it.
For this next, he is packing DOC'S clothes.

213

JANEWAY

What does 'Scylla' mean to you?

BABE

Scylla was a giant rock, off the coast of Italy.

JANEWAY

(Quick glance to BABE)

Surely that's not all.

BABE

What do you mean?

JANEWAY

Scylla was your brother's code name, and he wasn't just a provider, he was the best provider; he had power, he took risks, he could adapt. If anything frightened him, I think it was you finding out his secrets.

BABE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

JANEWAY

Afraid you'd be disappointed in him, I expect. We were...

(Hesitates)

... very close for many years, and believe me, I know whereof I speak.

JANEWAY looks at BABE a moment. They are both drained.

JANEWAY

Look; I doubt that either of us are at our best now, so let's pick it up tomorrow, all right?

(BABE nods)

Just one last thing: Doc obviously was desperate to get here at the end. Do you remember anything he might have said?

BABE

Just my name twice; that's all.

JANEWAY

All right. Now as to the matter of your safety --

BABE

-- my what?

JANEWAY

(Very casual -- his back to BABE)

I'm just guessing that whoever killed Doc might want to chat with you.

(Pause)

You still there, Babe?

214 BABE has reached for the wine, poured himself a glass, 214 drinks.

JANEWAY

(Turns)

No one would have risked trying to kill Scylla if some situation weren't climaxing. They must have assumed he knew something -- and perhaps he passed it on to you: people say strange things when they're dying.

(CONTINUED)

BABE

But I'm ignorant.

JANEWAY

They can't be sure until they talk to you, can they?

(Closes case)

Now I'm staying just across the park at the Carlyle --

BABE

(Stunned)

-- you're leaving me here? --

JANEWAY

(Very reasonable)

Yes, I'd like to use you as possible bait; if you don't mind.

BABE

(Drinks, pours more)

Frankly, Mr. Janeway, I'm not all that wild about being left alone --

JANEWAY

Not alone -- you're under surveillance now. Undercover police are watching the building until my men can take over. All you have to do is get your beauty sleep and tomorrow we'll talk again.

BABE

(Glancing to the desk drawer where the gun is)

You don't think they'll come tonight?

JANEWAY

No. But I wish they would. I would like whoever did this very much.

BABE

Why can't you take me with you, though?

CUT TO

215 JANEWAY, CLOSE UP, and the man is under strain.

215

JANEWAY

I can, but if they're watching,
they'll see, and they won't expose
themselves. And if I stay here
with you and they're watching,
they'll have seen me come in and
they won't expose themselves.
Look; it's a risk and I don't want
to force you to take it. It's up
to you.

CUT TO

216 BABE. He stares again at the desk drawer holding
the gun. Then at DOC'S BLOOD, the stain still moist.
The blood rivets him. Then, his mind made up, he
looks at the other man --

216

BABE

You got your bait, Mr. Janeway...

HOLD ON THE TWO OF THEM. Then --

CUT TO

217 BABE IN THE BATHTUB.

217

218 His pajamas are tossed on a hook, his old laceless
running shoes that he uses for slippers are on the
floor beneath. The door is half open.

218

219 BABE lies still in the water, staring at the wall.
Sometimes he blinks. He half closes his eyes. The
ancient building creaks. He opens his eyes briefly,
then closes them again.

219

220 And now we see a memory -- we've seen it before but
the meaning is a little different now: it's BABE as
a kid running after his father and the 15-year-old
who we know now is DOC.

220

BABE

(Calling out)

... Hey you guys, wait for me...

221 And now the building creaks again and the memory is
gone as BABE'S eyes open. This sound was kind of
different, more like a click maybe, so he glances out
toward the room and maybe it does look a little darker,
as if a light's been clicked off, but then again,
maybe it's only imagination.

221

222 BABE can see his desk where his gun rests in the
bottom drawer.

222

- 223 BABE closes his eyes again, again drifts into memory. 223
- 224 We see the shot of his father, the one we saw at the 224
start of the movie, the photo on BABE'S desk. A suc-
cessful man at the height of his career --
- 225 And now a picture we haven't seen, it's a newspaper 225
photo, BABE'S FATHER is leaving a courthouse type
building, his head down --
- 225A And now the pool of blood spreading, the pool BABE 225A
saw when he found his father's body.
- These three memories flash by fast: successful man,
beaten man, dead man.
- 225B And out of those memories comes one of the most 225B
frightening things you can ever hear: unexpected
whispering. And it isn't imagination now -- BABE'S
eyes are wide open -- he lies there only a moment
until, from out of sight in his room, the whispering
comes again.
- 226 BABE dives for the door, slams it shut fast, locks 226
it. He stands there breathing hard, eyes wide. From
beyond the door now: a sound: 'click.'
- 227 BABE turns out the bathroom light. Light from the 227
main room comes in under the door. There is another
'click' sound, and the light from the next room is
dimmer. 'Click.' Dimmer yet. It's terrifying.
Another 'click.' Then there is no more light coming
in under the door.
- 228 BABE turns the lights the hell back on in the bath- 228
room, grabs for his pajamas and slippers, gets into
them. Silence for a moment. Then a different sound:
'scratch; scratch.'
- 229 Someone is starting to pull and twist the hinges from 229
the bathroom door. BABE stares a moment, then whirls,
opens the cabinet, but there's nothing but an electric
razor and toothpaste.
- 230 There are three hinges on the door and now the bottom 230
one is pulled out. Without a pause, the middle hinge
begins to twist. There is no window in the room, no
place to go.

BABE

(Big)

Anybody -- listen --

(Bigger)

-- Get the goddam cops! --

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

AND NOW FROM BEYOND, someone has turned on his record player and Schubert is playing, the Quintet in C Major. It's the music we heard before during the letter to DOC, and maybe it's the single most beautiful piece of chamber music ever written but it sure doesn't sound that way now because it's turned up all the way so that it's blasting like hell and covering BABE'S cries and as the third and last hinge starts to slide

CUT TO

231 BABE, and he's doing not what you expect, because his 231 actions don't match his words; what he's saying is more pleas for assistance but what he's doing is moving to the door, his hand on the knob as the third hinge continues to move and when it's out, the door will be freed and BABE goes right on shouting --

BABE

Help -- somebody save me for Jesus
sakes -- Please somebody -- ANYBODY
SAVE ME -- DO SOMETHING -- PLEEEESE.

THE LAST HINGE slides free and the second it does --

CUT TO

232 BABE, AS HE YANKS THE DOOR IN and dives for his desk 232 and as the door is freed we can see whoever's out there and it's the LIMPET who mugged Elsa, and BABE shoulders him aside but now, suddenly --

CUT TO

233 THE MAMMOTH, moving out of the darkness, and BABE is 233 candy, because before he can even try for the desk drawer the MAMMOTH has him and, with terrible power, shoves him down and before BABE can rise the MAMMOTH is on him and he lifts BABE and throws him toward the light of the bathroom and the music is still blaring and

CUT TO

234 BABE, crashing down, stunned, trying to move, but the 234 MAMMOTH forces him back and into the tub. The music abruptly dies as BABE'S head goes under water.

CUT TO

235 THE MAMMOTH, and Christ, he's holding BABE under and 235 BABE'S doing what he can and he finally does get his head above the water and as he does the music is blaring but then he's being forced back under and again there is quiet and

CUT TO

236 THE RECORD PLAYER. The music is being turned down by 236
the LIMPET. Nothing now but the glorious sound of the
Schubert. It could not be more beautiful... Hold,
then —

CUT TO

237 BABE, semi-conscious, wearing pajamas, damp. He sits 237
in a chair, the chair is in a windowless room. BABE
blinks, tries to get a better look at the place, but
he's expertly bound to the chair. The room seems un-
usually bright. There is a sink, a table; it all
seems clean. There come sounds from behind him and
THE LIMPET AND THE MAMMOTH walk around the chair.
THE MAMMOTH carries an armload of clean white towels,
beautifully folded.

LIMPET (ERHARD)

Give me.

(He puts the towels on
the table as we —)

CUT TO

238 THE BALD MAN moving toward the chair, carrying a 238
rolled up towel in one hand. He indicates that he
wants a lamp brought closer. THE LIMPET hurriedly
obeys; THE BALD MAN turns quickly, washes his hands.
As he does —

BALD MAN

(Quietly)

Is it safe?

BABE

(He wasn't ready
for the question)

Huh?

BALD MAN

Is it safe?

BABE

Is what safe?

BALD MAN

(His tone never changes;
gently, patiently)

Is it safe?

BABE

I don't know what you mean.

BALD MAN

Is it safe?

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

238

BABE

I can't tell you if something's
safe or not unless I know
specifically what you're asking
about.

BALD MAN

(His hands are clean
now; ERHARD hands
him a towel)

Is it safe?

BABE

(Rattled)

-- tell me what the 'it' refers to.

BALD MAN

(Softly as ever)

Is it safe?

BABE

Yes, it's very safe -- it's so
safe you wouldn't believe it.
There; now you know.

BALD MAN

Is it safe?

BABE

No, it isn't safe. Very dangerous;
be careful.

For a moment THE BALD MAN stares down at BABE. There
is a terrible intelligence working inside. Now a nod.
Just one, that's all, and as he unwraps the towel he
brought in, we see the contents: dental tools.

CUT TO

239 ERHARD, bringing the lamp closer still, and as THE
MAMMOTH suddenly forces BABE'S mouth open with his
powerful hands --

239

CUT TO

240 THE BALD MAN. He selects an angled mirror and a
spoon excavator, not sharp, and leans forward toward
BABE. He is perspiring lightly and, without a word,
THE LIMPER takes a towel, dabs the BALD MAN'S forehead
dry. THE BALD MAN is concentrating totally on his work
and he is extraordinarily skilled.

240

CUT TO

241 BABE, helpless, while the BALD MAN gently taps and probes. His hands move expertly here, there. BABE is perspiring terribly. There is no sound in the room other than breathing. THE BALD MAN switches from the rounded spoon excavator to a new tool, needle pointed. BABE cannot stop sweating. THE BALD MAN shakes his head almost sadly. 241

BALD MAN

You should take better care of your teeth, there is a bad cavity here, is it safe?

BABE

Look, I told you before and I'm telling you now --

But that's all he has time for because the BALD MAN suddenly shoves the needle pointed tool up into the cavity and

CUT TO

242 BABE, beginning to scream, but THE MAMMOTH cups his big hands over BABE'S mouth, muffling the sound. 242
When the scream is done, he takes his hands away. Now the BALD MAN has picked up a small bottle, opened it, poured some liquid on his finger. He brings the finger closer and closer to the cavity --

BABE

-- don't -- please Jesus don't --
I swear --

Now the finger is on the cavity and at first BABE starts to wince but then after a moment he begins to almost lick at the finger, getting as much of the liquid as he can, as if he were a starving puppy and the BALD MAN was feeding him milk.

243 THE BALD MAN watches, not taking his finger away. 243

BALD MAN

Is it not remarkable? Simple oil of cloves and how amazing the results.

He pours some more on his finger, rubs it soothingly across BABE'S cavity.

BALD MAN

Life can be, if only we allow it, so simple.

(Holding up the bottle)

Relief.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BALD MAN (CONT'D)

(Holding up the
explorer tool)

Discomfort.

(Looks at BABE)

You seem a bright young man, able
to distinguish light from darkness,
heat from freezing cold. Now which
of these I next apply --

(Indicates bottle and
explorer tool)

-- that decision is in your hands.
So take your time and tell me: is
it safe?

BABE

Jesus, lis --

BALD MAN

-- you did not take your time.
Surely by now you know the question
and also its implications. When
you are ready, reply.

BABE

... I can't satisfy... what you
want... because... because...

(And now his tone
changes)

... aw no... no...

(And on these words --)

CUT TO

244 THE EXPLORER TOOL moving toward the cavity.

244

BABE'S VOICE (OVER)

... if I knew I'd tell... Christ...
wouldn't I tell...

CUT TO

245 THE BALD MAN, his eyes expressionless, thrusting it
home. There is the start of a scream and now the
eyes look almost sad. The scream continues, builds,
abruptly stops and

245

CUT TO

245A BABE IN THE CHAIR, head slumped forward, semi-
conscious, not moving.

245A

CUT TO

246 THE BALD MAN AND THE OTHERS.

246

THE LIMPER
(To the BALD MAN)
You think he knows?

BALD MAN
Of course he knows, but he's being
very stubborn.
(To THE MAMMOTH)
Karl -- take him to the spare room
and bring him around.

CUT TO

247 THE BALD MAN IN CLOSE UP. There is a pause. Then, almost sad -- 247

BALD MAN
Next time I may really have to
hurt him...
(Hold for a moment,
then --)

CUT TO

247A KARL dragging BABE out of the room and along a corri- 247A
dor. We can see the place we're in -- kind of an
import export series of offices, and once that's
clear --

CUT TO

248 BABE'S BODY hitting a bare mattress hard. Before he 248
can sit, KARL is shoving smelling salts into his face
and BABE reels back, coughing. KARL sits on the edge
of the bed.

KARL
Take this.

CUT TO

249 THE OIL OF CLOVES BOTTLE as BABE grasps it, pours 249
some on his index finger, rubs it desperately against
his open tooth. THE BIG MAN takes the bottle back.
We're in a bare room, nothing on the walls. Just the
bed in a corner, that's all. Half groggy, BABE rubs
and rubs to make the pain go away and

CUT TO

250 THE ROOM, from BABE'S point of view -- it's all fuzzy 250
and frightening.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

250

BABE

... more...

KARL nods, but instead of oil of cloves he shoves the smelling salts into BABE'S face again and BABE reels down flat in surprise, coughing; the place is still fuzzy to him, bad-dream-like, only now it's going into fantasy, because in his stunned state, he almost imagines he sees JANEWAY moving silently through the door, Indian quiet.

CUT TO

251 THE DOORWAY and thank Jesus, it is JANEWAY and.

251

CUT TO

252 BABE, quickly looking away, staring up at KARL.

252

BABE

... please... for the pain...

(THE BIG MAN gives BABE
the oil of cloves. BABE
takes it, risks a glance
toward the door --)

CUT TO

253 JANEWAY and maybe the guy really is an Indian as he moves in silence closer, closer, and now there's a knife in his right hand, long and sharp and deadly, and BABE rubs the oil of cloves against his tooth, not looking up until we

253

CUT TO

254 KARL, turning, seeing JANEWAY, jumping up, his huge hands moving to defend himself as we

254

CUT TO

255 JANEWAY AND THE GUY IS A STREAK. He moves inside the BIG MAN'S arms, and in one motion he throws his left arm around the BIG MAN'S throat, spins him halfway, lifts him slightly using his left hip for leverage, and then as his right hand, the knife hand, starts to move

255

CUT TO

256 BABE on the bed, staring into KARL'S face as the sound of JANEWAY'S thrust hits home and the BIG MAN'S eyes bulge, glaze, and he makes one pathetic cry as we

256

CUT TO

257 KARL falling forward across the bed and as he lands 257
the knife handle is visible in his back, dead oppo-
site where his heart would be, and BABE stares but
only for a moment as JANEWAY grabs him roughly, yanks
him the hell up and out of the room and

CUT TO

258 THE HALL OUTSIDE and it's a railroad type flat, one 258
long corridor, and JANEWAY is pulling BABE along
and when they reach the stairs THE LIMPER appears
at the end of the hall and he's got a pistol aimed
and ready but JANEWAY shoves BABE out of the line
of fire on the stairs and

CUT TO

259 BABE ON THE STAIRS, watching as JANEWAY goes into a 259
roll, and now he's got a gun too and he's firing
again and again, and from where the LIMPER was
there is the sound of a dying cry and then JANEWAY
is on the stairs with BABE and they take them as
fast as BABE can and when they hit the street
260 it's dark and BABE is stunned by the night air but 260
nothing's going to stop JANEWAY, and he pulls back
along saying 'goddammit come on' and then they're
261 at JANEWAY'S car and he throws the door open, shoves 261
BABE in the back --

JANEWAY

-- get in there --

JANEWAY jumps in, slams the door, and as the car
takes off, burning rubber, we get a glimpse of where
we are -- a factory area somewhere, bleak and deserted.

CUT TO

262 INSIDE THE CAR. JANEWAY drives with BABE out of 262
sight in the back.

JANEWAY

-- okay, it's all starting to come
together --

(As BABE moves in
the rear)

-- goddammit, stay down, the less
your head's visible, the longer
it's liable to stay attached to
your shoulders.

(BABE is down again.

JANEWAY drives faster
still as we --)

CUT TO

263 THE CAR, making a turn, two wheels.

263

CUT TO

264 INSIDE THE CAR.

264

JANEWAY

Those two guys I took care of
were nothing, human pimples;
but they both worked for
Christian Szell -- name sound
familiar?

BABE

No.

JANEWAY

He ran the experimental block
at Auschwitz. The White Angel
he was called. 'Der Weisser
Engel.' On account of he had
this incredible head of
prematurely gray hair. He's
just maybe the most wanted
Nazi left alive and he's hiding
out in Paraguay right now.

(As he begins
another turn --)

CUT TO

265 THE CAR, rocketing along, and as the tires start to
scream --

265

CUT TO

265A INSIDE THE CAR.

265A

JANEWAY

Word got around Auschwitz: if
you paid Szell enough, he'd
arrange escape, and he did let
a few Jews out, to make the
story seem real. He started
on gold, naturally, but worked
his way up to diamonds.
Diamonds for freedom was his
deal. You never heard this
before?

BABE

Nossir.

(CONTINUED)

265A CONTINUED:

265A

JANEWAY

Szell saw the end early, and he snuck his father to America with his diamonds. He wanted it that way so if he ever got caught, the diamonds would be safe and he could use them to bargain for his freedom. It all worked fine until his old man got creamed in a car crash -- you getting this?

BABE

I think.

JANEWAY

The old man supplied Szell with diamonds -- he took them from a bank vault and a courier got them to Paris where they were exchanged by an antiques guy for top dollar cash, and then another courier got the money down to Paraguay.

BABE

Why did you say that 'naturally' he started on gold?

JANEWAY

He knocked it out of Jews' teeth before he burned them -- Szell was a dentist.

BABE

(Head up now)

He's not coming to America, Mr. Janeway -- he's here --

CUT TO

265B JANEWAY'S CAR, and it was going fast before but now it's damn near taking off and as he screams into a turn --

265B

CUT TO

265C INSIDE THE CAR.

265C

JANEWAY

(Tension building now)

He couldn't be -- we'd have known --

(CONTINUED)

265C CONTINUED:

265C

BABE

(Big)

-- I'm telling you it was a dentist
damn near killed me -- he just kept
asking, 'is it safe, is it safe,'
over and over --

JANEWAY

-- did he have white hair -- get
back down goddammit --

(BABE does)

-- did he have white hair? --

BABE

-- no, he was bald, but --

JANEWAY

-- but that doesn't mean shit, he
could have shaved it off!

(Pounding the wheel)

-- he's here -- the bastard's here
and panicked because once he gets
his diamonds -- once he leaves the
bank and hits the street, anybody
can rob him and get away with it
'cause Szell sure can't go to the
cops and complain.

BABE

Why was he after me?

JANEWAY

Because Doc was the guy who got
the diamonds to Paris, and
obviously Szell must have thought
Doc said something to you before
he died.

BABE

You telling me Doc worked for Szell?

JANEWAY

-- everything we do cuts both ways
-- Szell ratted on other Nazis; he
kept track all around the world.
Over a thousand have been caught
so far, and I don't know how many
he's responsible for, but whenever
we wanted one of them brought in,
I sure as hell know who we went to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

265C CONTINUED: (2)

265C

JANEWAY (CONT'D)

(His tone changes;
more urging now)Babe -- for chrissakes listen now --
there's one thing, just one thing
you've got to do. For me.

BABE

Name it.

JANEWAY

Quit protecting Doc -- he kept
himself alive long enough to see
you -- there has to be a good
reason why, so for Christ's sake,
what did he tell you?

CUT TO

266 BABE. CLOSE UP.

266

BABE

... nothing...

CUT TO

267 JANEWAY. CLOSE UP.

267

JANEWAY

Shit!

(And he slams on
his brakes --)

CUT TO

268 ERHARD AND KARL, alive and waiting in the shadows of
the building we saw them in; we're back where we
started. 268

JANEWAY

I couldn't make him talk -- he's
Szell's now --

BABE'S head appears and --

BABE

-- you killed them --

269 ERHARD AND KARL drag him from the car.

269

In the darkness, JANEWAY watches. Nothing crosses his
handsome face, no emotion at all...

CUT TO

270 BABE, back strapped in the chair. He stares at
JANEWAY.

270

BABE

(Quietly)

You were some buddies, all
right, you and Doc.

JANEWAY

We were never quite as friendly
as he thought or as he hoped,
let's put it that way.

BABE

You lying son of a bitch --

JANEWAY

-- I'm not much of a liar,
really; I told you: all our
work cuts both ways.

(And now the quick
smile is back)

Over to you.

This last was to SZELL who enters. He carries a
wrapped towel.

271 JANEWAY LEAVES. BABE AND SZELL are alone. SZELL
places the towel beside the chair, unwraps it.
It contains sharp dental tools. He then turns,
begins to fastidiously wash and wash his hands.
BABE'S eyes are riveted on the sharp tools. His
breathing already is starting to get just the
least bit faster.

271

SZELL

So you are Scylla's brother.

(BABE says nothing;

SZELL continues
to wash)

Would you like to know how you
were taken in? -- the guns had
blanks, the knife a retractable
blade. Hardly original, but
effective enough, wouldn't you
agree?

BABE says nothing. SZELL dries his hands, sits
beside BABE. A reassuring smile. SZELL is father
here, interested, caring.

SZELL

I am told you are a schoolboy;
brilliant, yes?

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

271

He takes a towel, dabs BABE'S sweating forehead dry.

SZELL

The ventilation in here is dreadful, I'm sorry.

(Looks at BABE)

You are an historian and I am a part of history, I would think you would find me interesting. Frankly, I'm disappointed in your silence.

272 He glances toward the tools and the instant he does --

272

BABE

Why do you have so little accent, the German's very hard to lose.

SZELL

(Smiles)

I had alexia as a child, a disease in which --

BABE

-- it's where you can't understand written speech.

SZELL

(Impressed)

Highest marks. At any rate, my handwriting is childish still, but I am fanatical about spoken language; accents, rhythms.

BABE'S fear keeps growing. SZELL smiles gently.

SZELL

I envy you your schooldays -- enjoy them fully -- it's the last time in your life no one expects anything of you.

(Straightens a strap)

More comfortable?

BABE

You weren't so interested in my comfort before.

SZELL

I behaved terribly -- but I had to be sure what you knew.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED:

272

SZELL (CONT'D)

You see, I am positive your
brother planned to rob me when
I left the bank with my diamonds.

He lights a cigarette, offers to let BABE have an
inhale.

BABE

I don't smoke.

SZELL

At my age, it matters less.

(Puts a hand on
BABE'S shoulder,
almost a family
kind of touch)

I envy you your women -- I was,
don't laugh, quite handsome once --
(Looks at BABE)
Scylla was planning the robbery,
wasn't he?

BABE

(The question came
as a surprise)

I've -- there's nothing I know --

273

SZELL nods, bends down, opens a case, takes out a
curled up extension cord, begins unwinding it. And
now the panic is wild in BABE.

273

BABE

What's -- that for? --

SZELL

(Placid)

So you know the value of diamonds?
I don't -- oh, I did once, but in
today's market, how rich am I or
am I rich at all, I haven't the
least notion.

He plugs the cord into an outlet, goes back to the
case, takes out something that looks like a nail.

SZELL

Tomorrow, I must go to the
diamond center and find out,
so I will be better able to
estimate my worth.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

273

He has been looking at the nail under the light.

BABE

What are you going to do? --

SZELL

-- that depends, of course, on you. Your brother was a wonderful courier, and he was paid thousands over the years. But now we may be dealing with millions beyond counting, and I need to know: did he plan to rob me? And if he did, was it to be alone, and if not, who were the others, and finally, since he is dead, did the plan die with him? You will tell me those things.

BABE

Christ, I would if I knew --

SZELL

Your brother was incredibly strong -- strength is often inherited -- he died in your arms -- he traveled far to do that -- there has to be a reason.

BABE

I -- don't -- know -- anything.

274 SZELL kneels by a case, his manner still close to paternal.

274

SZELL

You should have taken better care of your teeth, Babe --

(Quickly reassuring)

-- oh please, don't worry, I'm not going into your cavity again, that nerve was already dying; a live, freshly cut nerve is infinitely more sensitive. You may not believe that, but it's true. I'll just drill into a healthy tooth until I reach the pulp --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

274 CONTINUED:

274

SZELL (CONT'D)

(Explaining)

-- the pulp is where the nerve
fibers reside --

(Gently)

-- all will soon come clear.

And with that, he pulls out a portable hand drill,
inserts the diamond stone, turns the drill on, off,
on, off.

SZELL

(Calling)

Karl.

CUT TO

275 Just outside the door where KARL AND ERHARD wait.
Apart from them, JANEWAY stalks impatiently. As
KARL hurries inside --

275

CUT TO

276 SZELL. He gestures to KARL.

276

SZELL

His head. Very steady.

KARL goes into position, puts his powerful hands in
place and BABE is helpless to move as we

CUT TO

277 SZELL, concentrating on his work, drilling into the
front tooth on the upper part of BABE'S mouth and

277

CUT TO

278 THE DRILL. CLOSE UP. The sound isn't pleasant.

278

CUT TO

279 BABE, dazed, but surviving it, his eyes on the
ceiling.

279

CUT TO

280 SZELL. He works a moment more, then flicks the
drill off.

280

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:

280

SZELL

(To BABE)

Your brother was very strong -- strength is an inherited trait; you share it with him. Most people would have already begun breaking.

(To KARL)

Let him rest -- we are at the pulp.

KARL lets go for a moment and SZELL plays with the drill, giving it little nervous bursts, on, off, on, off, on and this time he leaves it that way as we

CUT TO

281 KARL, holding BABE who tries to somehow squirm loose but he can't, it's impossible, and as SZELL starts to work --

281

CUT TO

282 ERHARD outside by the door, smoking in silence. Then as BABE'S scream starts, JANEWAY moves quickly to him.

282

JANEWAY

(Sharp)

What name did he use?

ERHARD

(Confused)

Name?

JANEWAY

(Snapping it out)

On his passport!

ERHARD

(Almost stuttering; frightened)

I -- I think perhaps Kaspar.

JANEWAY

I don't want any goddam 'perhaps.'

ERHARD

Kaspar. Yes. It was that.

(CONTINUED)

282 CONTINUED:

282

JANEWAY turns, starts walking quickly toward an adjoining room where there are desks and telephones as we

CUT TO

283 KARL IN CLOSE UP, and even his face is contorted, because what's happening is very bad and

283

CUT TO

284 SZELL, his eyes as placid as ever. In a moment, he turns off the drill and at last we

284

CUT TO

285 BABE, in torment but he will not cry. His head slumps. SZELL watches, and he's starting to get, for the first time, just the least bit manic. He keeps playing with the drill, flicking it, flicking it.

285

SZELL

Well?

BABE

... how... how can... you do this...?

SZELL

Shall I tell you one old Jew's answer? He said: 'we were not, for them, the same.'

BABE

... kill me...

SZELL

A Jew cannot die when he will, only when we will.

(And as KARL pulls
BABE'S head back --)

CUT TO

286 THE VIEW OF THE CEILING FROM BABE'S point of view as two sounds start, one from the drill, the other from BABE'S throat. The drill continues but BABE'S sound begins to soften and as it does, the ceiling starts to grow fuzzy and when that happens --

286

CUT TO

287 JANEWAY in the room with the telephones. He has one 287
hand over one ear, blotting out the sound from the
next room as he talks into the receiver. His tone is
very pleasant and relaxed; he seems to be under no
strain at all.

JANEWAY

(Into phone)

Yes that's right, Asuncion, Paraguay --
the fastest way's through Rio, isn't it?

(Beat)

Fine. When's your first plane out
tomorrow?

(Beat)

Nothing before then?

(Hesitates briefly)

Book a party of one please. The
name is Kaspar.

(Beat)

No, he definitely won't be returning.

(As he continues to talk --)

CUT TO

288 SZELL'S INCREDIBLE EYES IN CLOSE UP. They seem al- 288
most sympathetic. But the drilling sound keeps on.

CUT TO

289 THE CEILING. BABE is starting to experience black- 289
outs now -- it dims, brightens a little, goes dark
again.

CUT TO

290. ERHARD standing right by the door. The drilling 290
sound stops. JANEWAY moves into the shot as SZELL'S
voice is heard calling 'Erhard!' and as ERHARD imme-
diately opens the door

CUT TO

290A SZELL in a fury. It's as if he was beginning to 290A
crack. BABE is past pain; he is motionless in the
chair.

SZELL

-- he knew nothing -- if he had
known he would have told -- get
rid of him --

He storms from the room as ERHARD AND KARL begin un-
strapping BABE and we

CUT TO

290B JANEWAY is waiting for SZELL and they move into another room where there is a bottle of liquor and glasses. As they go --

290B

JANEWAY

I don't think you've heard the news.

SZELL

What is that?

JANEWAY

You're flying out tomorrow on the one o'clock plane.

SZELL

(Studies JANEWAY)

You're a very confident young man.

JANEWAY

(Quick smile)

It's all front.

(The smile goes)

Just think of me as any other executive on the come -- I don't want trouble.

290C THEY are by the whisky now. SZELL pours for himself alone.

290C

JANEWAY

You're clearly uncontrollable -- what you offer us is valuable, but not worth the chaos you're causing.

SZELL

And if I'm unable to conclude my business by one?

JANEWAY

You'll have to manage, won't you? -- as far as I'm concerned, Mr. Szell, you're a relic and you're on your way.

SZELL

Thus far I find you rather detestable -- may I say that without hurting your feelings?

JANEWAY

Praise from Caesar.

(Pours some whisky)

I'm just doing my job; I believe in my country.

SZELL

So did we all.

(And as he drinks --)

CUT TO

291 THE STAIRS leading down to the street, only this 291
time it's not JANEWAY taking BABE to safety, now it's
KARL AND ERHARD, taking him to die.

Silence except for their footsteps on the flight of
stairs.

KARL controls BABE, half dragging him, half forcing
BABE to hold to the wooden banister. BABE can't go
under his own power, but he's at least not totally
helpless. ERHARD goes on ahead, opens the door to
the street --

292 KARL coming out with BABE and as the night air hits 292
them, BABE blinks a little, coming slowly through
pain to some sense of consciousness.

KARL

My car.

293 He gestures. They move in silence to a near corner, 293
turn..

294 Darkness. Across, a few stores, vaguely lit, gated 294
and locked.

295 Silence. They continue on through the night. ERHARD 295
limps ahead a few steps. KARL continues with his
burden of BABE, dragging him along. BABE can make
his feet move now, he stumbles, stumbles again, man-
ages to remain upright.

296 In a doorway, sudden movement, then a moan. ERHARD 296
spins toward the sound. KARL keeps right on going
with BABE.

KARL

(Gesturing toward
the doorway)

Nothing, a drunk.

297 ERHARD nods, slows his limping pace a little, coming 297
back closer to the protection of KARL'S size.

Ahead of them now: a car. They reach it. Stop.
From behind them, another moan from the nightmared
drunk.

298 Silence again. ERHARD takes BABE as KARL reaches 298
into a pocket, brings out a key ring, carefully makes
sure he selects the proper one which he does and as
he does --

CUT TO

299 BABE shoving suddenly against ERHARD with whatever strength is left to him, and it isn't much, but ERHARD didn't expect it and it surprises him, he stumbles back and BABE begins feebly running down the dark street. 299

300 KARL looks up from the lock, cries 'Fool' at ERHARD, and angrily goes to retrieve BABE. 300

But it isn't that easy because BABE had a little head start and it's night, and you can stumble so you have to watch it at least a little and sure, KARL is big, really big --

-- but BABE can run.

301 Or he could once. Now he can only kind of weakly make his way along, doggedly forcing one leg after the other down the miserable street. 301

KARL hurries after him, closing.

BABE goes a little faster. Not a lot, nothing terrific, but he's summoning whatever he's got and for a moment it helps because he opens a little distance on KARL.

But only for a moment. Again KARL starts to close.

CUT TO

302 BABE, and behind him there's the sound of KARL'S footsteps and he hurts, he's been through a lot and the pain's all over his face but then -- 302

QUICK CUT TO

303 BABE'S cap. The running cap. And now we pull back to see the photos of NURMI and BIKILA. They are staring, both of them straight out and 303

CUT TO

304 BABE, staring straight ahead and then 304

QUICK CUT BACK TO

305 The faces of the legends, and for a moment they almost seem to be watching each other through time and space, NURMI AND BIKILA AND BABE, staring dead at each other -- 305

306 -- and now BABE picks up the pace! Really picks it up. We know what his mind's full of and he's still feeble compared to what he once was but KARL isn't any marathon man, he's great in the chest and shoulders, but not much for distance -- 306

(CONTINUED)

306 CONTINUED: 306
— he's beginning slightly to labor.
BABE increases his lead.

307 KARL is having increasing trouble breathing. 307

308 BABE glances back, turns again and runs dead into a 308
drunk who has appeared startingly from the darkness
-- BABE lets out a cry, the drunk holds on, holds on,
BABE struggles, twists, finally pushes off, starts to
gasp and run again but his lead is gone.

309 KARL is closing. 309

310 BABE stumbles. 310

311 KARL has never been this close. 311

312 A police siren screams through the dreadful night, 312
up ahead, out of sight. The sound, already loud,
grows louder, louder, and now, up at the head of the
street the police car turns and heads toward us, the
lights blinding, the siren starting to deafen --

313 KARL hesitates, nervous. 313

314 BABE runs toward his salvation, arms wide, straight 314
into the approaching lights.
The siren is painful now.

315 KARL looks around, stopped, undecided, trying to 315
catch his breath --

316 BABE continues his flight toward the police car -- 316
-- only it isn't a police car, it's an ambulance
tearing through the night and it swerves one way,
then the other, around BABE, and then he's alone in
the night again with KARL behind him.

317 KARL starts to run. 317

318 Only BABE has never stopped, and KARL looks far ahead 318
in the darkness and BABE is going faster than before
and he's farther ahead than before and KARL takes a
few more strides before suddenly coming to a stop and
turning, calling out 'Help!' into the night, and as he
does --

CUT TO

319 ERHARD, starting hurriedly back toward the building 319
where they kept BABE.

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED:

319

The ambulance screams by in the night.

CUT TO

320 KARL, stopping, panting terribly. As he starts to turn back -- 320

CUT TO

321 JANEWAY, exiting the house with ERHARD, and as ERHARD points, JANEWAY takes off and from the beginning one thing is clear: JANEWAY can goddam well fly. 321

CUT TO

322 BABE running through the night -- he's on a wide street now, wide and empty, a highway overhead, and you can tell from his face that he's done it, won, beaten them, ERHARD AND KARL, but then behind him comes a footstep sound and as BABE turns -- 322

CUT TO

323 JANEWAY, racing like a ghost out of the darkness. 323

CUT TO

324 BABE, winner's look gone, because JANEWAY is a sprinter, and he eats BABE'S lead away, just tears it to pieces, so BABE pumps, gives it everything he has, but JANEWAY won't break. 324

325 QUICK CUT AGAIN -- the same as before, the running cap and NURMI AND BIKILA flanking it -- it spurred BABE on once -- 325

326 But not this time: he glances back and JANEWAY is still coming like the wind. 326

327 They run by a strange place now, the Fulton Fish Market, and what's strange is that in the night it's all lit up, but it's totally empty and completely barred and BABE continues as before -- 327

328 -- and now JANEWAY takes out his pistol, raises it, but it's a problem for him, because he's running so hard he's got no foundation to hold the weapon steady but as he slows down, BABE begins to pull away. JANEWAY keeps the gun in his hand, but not raised anymore. Ready, but he's not close enough to use it, not yet -- 328

CUT TO

329 ERHARD AND KARL, getting into KARL'S car. KARL is 329
still panting, but he switches the motor on, and as
it roars --

CUT TO -

330 A DESERTED LOT, rubble filled. A bunch of hobo types 330
have built small fires that dot the area. There's a
broken fence around it, and above it, one of the in-
cline entrances to the Brooklyn Bridge --

331 BABE starts across the lot, and it's uneven and hard 331
to make time and as he looks back, JANEWAY is closer
than he's ever been --

And now more Quick Cuts -- a series of them, and what
they have in common for BABE is pain, because sometimes
that's what you need to keep you company, and BABE sees

332 -- his father staggering and drunk and looking like 332
hell, trying to walk straight, failing, and now there's

333 -- SZELL with the drill, leaning forward, and here 333
comes

334 -- DOC'S BLOOD, the stain on the floor of BABE'S 334
apartment, and now the sound of the shot and the

335 -- little boy BABE was running, seeing the pool of 335
blood spread where his father lay dead --

336 -- and now, most painful of all, DOC dying, falling, 336
arms out wide, and the image repeats, again, DOC
dying, and again it comes, relentlessly, over and
over, this most dread image and --

CUT TO

337 BABE CLOSE UP. And you can see it in his face. He 337
isn't going to lose. Fuck 'em all, he's a marathon
man and no one alive is about to catch him, and he
picks up his pace, really ripping across the lot,
faster than we've ever seen him until he trips, falls
terribly, lies momentarily stunned --

338 JANEWAY is in the lot now. Closing. 338

339 BABE makes it back to his feet, stumbles, almost goes 339
down again, manages not to --

340 -- JANEWAY isn't so skillful, and he stumbles now, 340
tries to keep upright, crashes down.

341 BABE is running again, and JANEWAY isn't, and as 341
JANEWAY gets to his feet BABE is in rhythm again and
across the lot and through the fence and as he starts
up the first incline

CUT TO

342 ERHARD AND KARL in KARL'S car, pulling up to the lot, 342
and as ERHARD throws the door open, JANEWAY jumps in
and they take off gunning the motor all it has.

CUT TO

343 BABE on the incline -- it's a maze, there're en- 343
trances and exits all over, some above him fifteen
feet, some that far below, and as the sound of a car
motor roaring becomes increasingly loud -- it's the
crunch now, all or nothing, live or die as we

CUT TO

344 KARL'S car, rocketing into overdrive. They see BABE 344
running and accelerate as if to ram him.

CUT TO

345 BABE, and he suddenly leaps off the incline, falling 345
through space toward the incline below, with a truck
approaching from the other direction.

CUT TO

346 KARL'S car, careening across to the other side of the 346
overpass -- screeching to a halt, as a small truck be-
hind them suddenly brakes in a near miss with Karl's
car.

CUT TO

347 THE DRIVER of the truck gets out and starts swearing 347
at the occupants of Karl's car, as Janeway gets out
and crosses to the other side of the overpass.

DRIVER

What the fuck are you doing? Are
you crazy? You almost got me
killed. -- Hey -- I'm talking to
you too, Mac.

348 JANEWAY takes no notice, and looks at the underpass 348
below him where Babe jumped.

CUT TO

349 JANEWAY POV. The empty underpass. Babe is gone. 349

350 OMITTED 350
thru thru
356 356

CUT TO

- 357 INT. TAXI. POV moving down BABE'S block toward his building. Karl's car parked across street in distance. 357
- 357A INT. TAXI - BABE'S face seen through iron mesh divider in taxi. Reacts to seeing Karl's car -- ducks down. 357A

BABE

Don't stop, don't stop! Keep going and turn the corner.

CUT TO

- 357B EXT. Street Corner and Phone Booth. Taxi pulls up and stops. 357B

CUT TO

- 357C TAXI, as BABE gets out. 357C

BABE

(To Taxi Driver)

Quick -- give me a dime.

DRIVER

Wait a minute, man. You got three sixty-five on the meter.

BABE

(Takes off his watch and hands it to Driver)

Here! It's a two hundred dollar watch. Take it -- just give me some change.

Driver checks the watch, confirms its worth and gives BABE a handful of coins.

CUT TO

- 357D LONG SHOT - Babe runs into phone booth. Hold on DRIVER looking puzzled. He shrugs and drives off. 357D

CUT TO

- 357E PHONE BOOTH 357E

BABE

Elsa! I need your help! -- Yes, I'm okay, but I have to get out of the city right away. -- Yes... yes, that's right -- good --.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

357E CONTINUED:

357E

BABE (CONT'D)

Can you get a hold of a car? --
Okay, now listen... meet me in
one hour at 49th and Lex...
Kauffman's... the all night
pharmacy --

(Tense)

Elsa, please! I need you! You're
the only chance I have. I've got
to get away. -- Yes -- yes!

He hangs up and goes.

CUT TO

357F LONG SHOT - BABE exits phone booth and starts down street. 357F

CUT TO

357G BABE'S STREET - his corner. He moves quietly but quickly towards his apartment house. Looks off fur- 357G
tively.

CUT TO

358 A CAR, parked not far from BABE'S building. TWO MEN sit inside it. We can't tell who. 358

CUT TO

359 BABE, heart pounding, breath held, he moves forward. 359

CUT TO

360 THE CAR, the angle moving as BABE moves and slowly we can make out the two men and it's ERHARD AND KARL and 360

CUT TO

361 BABE, whirling up the steps of the nearest building, then silently he's in the little foyer, looking at the names listed by the buzzers. Constantly glancing around to see if KARL AND ERHARD have moved, he pushes a buzzer, then again. No reply. He presses a third time and keeps his thumb on it until suddenly the silence is broken by a woman screaming in Spanish -- 361

BABE

(Whispering)

Mrs. Melendez -- I need your son,
your...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

361 CONTINUED:

361

BABE (CONT'D)
(He can't find the
word for a moment --)
... hijo...
(She screams louder
and --)

CUT TO

362 ERHARD AND KARL, sitting in the car, glancing around. 362

CUT TO

363 BABE, in the tiny foyer, going against the wall flat. 363

BABE
(His voice a little
louder -- it's
dangerous and he
knows it)
Hijo -- get me your hijo --

But she hangs up. BABE pushes again, mashing his
finger against the button. Now a different voice
screams out at him -- it is MELENDEZ' --

MELENDEZ (OVER)
I'll cut your goddam finger off
you don't let go that buzzer --

BABE
-- Melendez, listen -- it's me --

MELENDEZ (OVER)
-- one more time I'm coming with
a butcher knife, you got it? --

(CONTINUED)

363 CONTINUED:

363

BABE

(The loudest yet)

-- Melendez, don't you recognize me? --

MELENDEZ (OVER)

-- who's this? --

BABE. He hesitates. Then, hating himself, he says it.

BABE

The creep.

MELENDEZ (OVER)

(After a pause)

Creepy?

(There comes a click,
the door opens)

CUT TO

364 MELENDEZ in underwear shorts, standing on first floor 364
as BABE enters, hurries to him.

MELENDEZ

Ain't it past your bedtime, Creepy?
(He starts to laugh)

BABE

I don't need your shit.

MELENDEZ

(Stops laughing)

What you after?

BABE

I want you to rob my apartment.

MELENDEZ

(Pause)

Why?

BABE

There's a gun in my desk and I need
it. Some people are after me. If
I go, they'll get me; they won't be
so anxious to mess with you.

MELENDEZ

What's in it for me?

BABE

TV, hi-fi, books, anything you want.

(CONTINUED)

364 CONTINUED:

364

MELENDEZ

What's the catch?

BABE

The catch is it's dangerous.

MELENDEZ

(Smiles)

That's not the catch, that's the fun...

CUT TO

365 ERHARD AND KARL seated in the car. ERHARD turns, sees half a dozen PEOPLE on the sidewalk. ERHARD watches them; KARL is uninterested.

365

CUT TO

366 THE PEOPLE ON THE SIDEWALK. We can see now it's MELENDEZ and the others from the stoop. They move to BABE'S building, enter.

366

CUT TO

367 ERHARD AND KARL, watching.

367

ERHARD

They went inside.

KARL

They probably live inside. In one room. With all the rest of their brothers and sisters.

(ERHARD nods, offers

KARL a cigarette.

As they begin to

smoke --)

CUT TO

368 BABE'S APARTMENT DOOR. Closed. Hold. Then --

368

369 PULL BACK TO REVEAL

369

The darkness of the next stairway. JANEWAY is waiting. Now from below, a sound starts. Footsteps. Rising quickly.

CUT TO

370 JANEWAY, out of the shadows. He has his gun, listens. The footsteps grow louder. He leans over, looks down --

370

CUT TO

371 THE VIEW DOWN. It's one of those buildings where you 371
can't see who's coming. But the footsteps continue to
rise.

CUT TO

372 JANEWAY, back into the darkness again, waiting. The 372
sounds are very loud now, rising, rising, and then the
GANG appears and as MELENDEZ immediately starts to work
on BABE'S lock --

CUT TO

373 THE DARKNESS where JANEWAY lurks. Long beat. Then 373
he's out into view, gun ready.

JANEWAY
(And his voice has
never been harder)
-- all of you, move -- right now --

CUT TO

374 MELENDEZ AND THE GANG. THE GANG spins toward JANE- 374
WAY. All but MELENDEZ. He continues to jimmy the
door. Then, very slowly, he finally turns, looks
dead at JANEWAY.

MELENDEZ
Blow it out your ass, motherfucker.

CUT TO

375 JANEWAY, and it's not the kind of answer he's used to 375
receiving. He hesitates with his gun a moment and

CUT TO

376 THE GANG. They have guns too, Saturday night spe- 376
cials. Then the door to BABE'S apartment opens and
THE GANG slips inside. The moment they're gone,
JANEWAY takes off down the stairs, two at a time, and
is gone.

CUT TO

377 THE AREA NEAR KAUFMANN'S PHARMACY. It's still dark 377
but getting closer to dawn. There is a line of people
huddled by a lit but locked shop -- it's a bakery,
they're waiting for bread. Papers blow along the
street. Then as ELSA'S car comes into view BABE
dashes out from Kaufmann's, gets in.

378 They embrace. ELSA holds him very tightly. It's a 378
physical moment, but if you didn't know better, you
might also think she was scared.

(CONTINUED)

378 CONTINUED:

378

From behind them, a car starts honking ending the embrace. ELSA begins to drive. BABE opens a small bottle of liquid he's had in his hand, begins rubbing it on his tooth.

ELSA

What is that?

BABE

(Shrugs)

Oil of cloves. Drive, huh?

(She nods)

ELSA

You're very tired.

BABE

(As they start
to move)

Where we going?

ELSA

Rest.

379 Gently, she takes him, pulls him close, puts his head 379
on her shoulder. BABE closes his eyes...

CUT TO

380 A JEWEL OF A LAKE. Boarded up summer houses. 380

CUT TO

381 ELSA parking in the driveway of a house. As she and 381
BABE get out.

BABE

How'd you find this place?

ELSA

A girlfriend in my building; it is
her family's.

382 BABE nods, they start toward the house. It's got a 382
decent front porch, a drainpipe down one side.

ELSA

So close to the city, yet so quiet;
amazing, yes? After the Labor Day,
like now, there is never anyone.(She starts to walk
toward the pipe)I must get the key -- half the lake
I think keeps their key in the
drainpipe.

(CONTINUED)

BABE
(Watching her)
Szell's?

ELSA
(Didn't quite hear)
Sells?

BABE
Oh come on.

ELSA
You're very tired.
(She starts toward
the pipe)

BABE
(Calling after her)
What did you do for Szell?

ELSA
I hope the key is where it's
supposed to be --

BABE
-- where's Janeway --

ELSA
(At the drainpipe now)
-- I would feel such a fool if I
did something wrong --

BABE
-- when are they all getting here? --
(His voice is building)

ELSA
(Louder too)
-- it isn't charming anymore --
stop it --

BABE
-- what did you do for him? --

ELSA
-- stop it I told you --

BABE
-- nobody's stopping, now goddammit
tell me, when are they due?

CUT TO

383 BABE. CLOSE UP. And he's scary now.

383

CUT TO

384 ELSA, starting to get frightened.

384

ELSA

... soon...

BABE

Oh.

(Looks at her)

Good.

(Nods)

Right.

ELSA

How did you know I was involved?

BABE

I didn't; till now.

And with that he takes his father's gun out of his raincoat pocket. ELSA sees it and if she was frightened before, it's worse now. BABE gestures with the gun toward the house.

BABE

Whose place?

ELSA

-- Szell's father; it reminded him somehow of home --

(And as she twists around, glances back --)

CUT TO

385 THE NARROW ROAD AROUND THE LAKE. Empty.

385

CUT TO

386 BABE AND ELSA, moving up the porch steps.

386

BABE

(Pointing to front door)

Unlock it --

ELSA

-- we still have time -- I can get you out of here --

BABE

-- why worry about me? --

(CONTINUED)

386 CONTINUED:

386

ELSA

It is me that I worry about --

BABE takes the key, unlocks the door, throws it open.
Inside, nothing moves. He glances back down the road.

CUT TO

387 THE ROAD. Still empty.

387

CUT TO

388 BABE AND ELSA ON THE PORCH.

388

BABE

What's keeping them --

ELSA

(Panicked)

-- they had to be sure there were
no police following --

BABE

-- no police --

(Looks at her)

-- God, you're pretty, what were
you, Szell's mistress? --

ELSA

-- it does not matter, we should
leave here, that alone matters --

BABE

-- too late --

(And as he points)

CUT TO

389 THE ROAD AROUND THE LAKE. In the distance now, a
car.

389

390 BABE AND ELSA watch it come.

390

BABE

Wasn't he a little old for you?

ELSA

(Staring at the car;
quiet now)

I was a courier, nothing more. I
took money from Paris into Paraguay.

THE CAR, driving very slowly, is closer now, in no
hurry.

(CONTINUED)

390 CONTINUED:

390

BABE
(Riveted on it)
Glamour job, sounds like -- easy
hours, lots of travel --

But now he's starting to unravel around the edges.
The minute the car appeared, he began to go, and now,
as it keeps on coming, his nerves are beginning to
betray him. He grips his gun tighter.

BABE
Here comes your boss now.
(ELSA nods)

CUT TO

391 BABE. He moves a few steps away, behind her, watch- 391
ing the car which is closer. He gets out some more
oil of cloves, rubs it against the tooth. The car
is almost to the driveway. It's hard to breathe.

BABE
(Whispered)
... please... don't think too much...

CUT TO

392 THE CAR, pulling in behind ELSA'S. 392

CUT TO

393 BABE, and suddenly he whirls, throws the bottle, 393
smashes it against the side of the house and as the
bottle hits the wall --

CUT TO

394 ELSA surprised, whirling, staring at the broken glass 394
and the liquid rolling down the side of the house and

CUT TO

395 BABE, CLOSE UP, inhaling sharply now, deeply, sucking 395
the morning air against the open nerve.

CUT TO

396 THE CAR. It stops. KARL gets out. ERHARD gets out. 396
JANEWAY gets out. They close the car door.

CUT TO

397 BABE on the porch, stunned, grabbing ELSA -- 397

(CONTINUED)

397 CONTINUED:

397

BABE

-- where is he? -- where's Szell? --

ELSA

I know nothing --

JANEWAY'S VOICE (OVER)

Lovely morning.

CUT TO

398 THE THREE MEN, starting casually up toward the porch. 398

CUT TO

399 BABE WITH ELSA, watching. 399

ELSA

(Calling out)

He has a pistol.

JANEWAY

Can't be too safe nowadays, I
suppose.(The dazzling
smile flashes)

BABE

(Sharp)

Stop.

CUT TO

400 JANEWAY, ERHARD AND KARL. JANEWAY immediately halts, 400
ERHARD a moment later. KARL hesitates, finally obeys,
constantly glancing around.

JANEWAY

We're awaiting further instructions
-- do we take three giant steps or
what?

BABE

Tell Karl not to get upset -- cops
should be here in less than five
minutes --

ELSA

-- he said there were no police --

BABE

-- and I was telling the truth.

(Beat)

Probably.

401 Now ERHARD is starting to glance around too.

401

BABE

I haven't got my watch with me,
anybody have the correct time?

JANEWAY

I don't believe the police are
coming.

BABE

Neither do I.

(And he gives a
dazzling smile back
to JANEWAY. Another
beat)

Of course I could be wrong.

CUT TO

402 JANEWAY, and now he's staring around, back along the
empty road. He looks at BABE, hesitates; then --

402

JANEWAY

All right, how much do you want,
and can we for Chrissakes talk terms
inside?

CUT TO

403 BABE, standing close to ELSA, gun ready. After a
pause, he nods, starts moving into the house, pulling
ELSA with him.

403

403A The room we enter is a living room and it is tre-
mendously German in feel. On a small table is a faded
picture of a man -- it's Szell when he was young, his
hair already a glorious white. He looks to be in his
mid-20's, a faint smile on his face; he wears leder-
hosen. On the wall are stuffed dead birds. And framed
mounted butterflies, which are pretty enough but there's
something about them that reminds us of the trapped
dead insects in the netting outside Szell's house in
South America. There is also the same photo of the
woman we saw before; Szell's mother, his father's wife.

403A

The silence is long and deadly. BABE backs until he
reaches a corner of the room keeping ELSA in front of
him. JANEWAY enters, then ERHARD. Finally, still
looking back nervously, KARL.

JANEWAY

You realize, of course, that I'm
only authorized to go to certain
limits --

(CONTINUED)

403A CONTINUED:

403A

BABE

-- oh cut the bullshit, there are
no terms --

JANEWAY

Then why did you let us get close?

CUT TO

404 BABE. TIGHT CLOSE UP.

404

BABE

Because you're all in my killing
range now.

CUT TO

405 THE ROOM.

405

JANEWAY

(Serene)

No, I'm sorry, you're just not
good casting for the part.

BABE

(Gun raised toward
JANEWAY)

I'm a crack shot --

(But his voice wasn't
quite under control)

JANEWAY

-- taken target practice, have you?
A wizard at hitting paper? It's
not the same with flesh; it's
different when you smash bone, and
I somehow doubt you're an old hand
at that.

CUT TO

406 BABE, and JANEWAY'S RIGHT. BABE tries pushing him-
self deeper into the corner. His control is going.

406

CUT TO

407 JANEWAY, watching him.

407

JANEWAY

If there were police, you wouldn't
be panicking --

BABE

-- they're coming. --

(CONTINUED)

407 CONTINUED:

407

JANEWAY

-- we'll just wait here for them
then --

408 BABE pulls the air against his bare nerve again,
drawing the pain toward him, using it, trying to
anyway, anything not to fold, not here, not now,
with JANEWAY watching.

408

JANEWAY

We'll all wait, and we don't do a
thing, will we, Erhard, because we
don't have to, do we, Karl, and
Elsa, why don't you move a bit, I
think the boy could use more
breathing room and --

(Suddenly shouting)

-- NO!

CUT TO

409 KARL making his move, going for BABE with his big
hands and as he's almost there as his fingers reach
for BABE'S throat --

409

CUT TO

410 BABE, firing, and the sound explodes and ELSA is
screaming and

410

CUT TO

411 KARL, careening into the wall, and as he falls

411

CUT TO

412 BABE, moving as ERHARD has his gun and BABE squeezes
off a shot, another, and ERHARD shrieks and drops and

412

CUT TO

413 JANEWAY, going into his roll, gun half out, starting
to point it, and

413

CUT TO

414 BABE, and he's graceful now, and the gun works like
it's part of him and he fires and JANEWAY is hit in
the arm and BABE fires again and again and the noise
is tremendous as JANEWAY crumples, his gun skittering
across the room, and ELSA races for it, she's got the
angle over BABE and she's damn near there but that
isn't good enough as he shoulders her into the wall and
grabs JANEWAY'S gun and points it dead into her face
and --

414

(CONTINUED)

414 CONTINUED:

414

ELSA

-- No -- Jesus --

BABE

-- where's Szell? --

ELSA

-- I don't know --

BABE

-- what bank? --

ELSA

-- I don't know! --

CUT TO

415 JANEWAY, as BABE continues concentrating on ELSA; and 415
 he isn't dead. With whatever strength he has, he
 crawls toward BABE and now crippled ERHARD is moving
 too and as they come closer and closer behind BABE --

BABE (OVER)

-- you lying bitch, you do know,
 and you're going to tell me --

CUT TO

416 BABE AND ELSA.

416

ELSA

-- you'll kill me if I tell you --

BABE

-- you're fucking right I'm going
to kill you but you're still going
to tell me! --

And maybe he would have gone on, but to his stunned
 surprise, his balance starts to go, something or
 someone is pulling him down and as he starts to fall --

CUT TO

417 THE FADED FAINTLY SMILING PICTURES OF YOUNG SZELL, 417
 and there are screams, and shots and then it's as if
 someone had thrown a handful of blood across the
 photo. Hold. The blood begins to slide down the
 glass as YOUNG SZELL continues to smile...

418 DISSOLVE TO SZELL as he is today, and that same be- 418
 mused smile is on his face. He's looking at some-
 thing. We don't know what. No sound.

(CONTINUED)

418 CONTINUED:

418

We can see what he's looking at but not quite enough to be sure what it is. Still no sound. Then, suddenly --

PULL BACK AND BACK AND BACK TO REVEAL

419 47th Street! The diamond center of America and 419 maybe the most alive street anywhere. Jammed. We hear street noise now, loud and getting louder -- car horns and people talking and hustling and arguing, and there's blacks and Spanish and Jews young and old, capped and not, and as all this hits us, we realize what it was we were looking at and couldn't quite make out: salamis. A whole storefront of them, guarding the place like sentries. Now, in the midst of all this wonderful chaos --

CUT TO

420 CHRISTIAN SZELL, wandering along the sidewalk; he 420 carries a briefcase and is obviously enjoying himself. And if the scene at the lake was Babe in Germany, this one coming is Szell among the Jews. As he passes a clearly high-type store, he stops, then moves across the sidewalk, tries the door. Locked. A buzzer has a 'Push' sign. SZELL pushes; there is an answering buzz and as the door unlocks --

CUT TO

421 INSIDE THE STORE. Several salespeople are busy, one 421 of them talking with a woman who is trying to sell a fur coat, and their conversation continues throughout, soft. Like this: 'My God, it's a new fur, it's got to be worth something.' 'We are not a pawn shop, Madam.' 'But it's mink. Mink.' 'Yes, Madam, but I cannot give you jewelry for it, much as I might like to.' And as she keeps prodding and he keeps resisting --

422 We realize there's another woman inside too; heavy. 422 And she's busy with another salesman, only what this one's doing is trying to get her ring off her finger. Only it's stuck, and she tussles angrily with it while their conversation goes on: 'I bought it from you, you got to give me cash back.' 'Perhaps a trade might be possible.' 'I don't need trades, I need cash money is what I need.' And she continues trying to fight her flesh and get the ring off her finger.

423 Both of these conversations are background. That's 423 all. Just a sense of the quality of life is what we're interested in; crisis is evident in the diamond center too.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED:

423

But our main interest, clearly, is with SZELL, who stops as a BOUNCY LITTLE SALESMAN moves around the counter to him, all energy and smiles.

SZELL

I'd like to see a three carat diamond --

BOUNCY SALESMAN

(Before SZELL can finish)

-- why?

SZELL

(Surprised)

Be-cuss --

(He stops -- it's more German sounding than we're used to hearing him)

BOUNCY SALESMAN

-- if all you want is just to see a three carat job, go window-shop, but if you're the kind of man who's after the choicest rock on the block, then we can do business.

SZELL

I was interested in --

BOUNCY SALESMAN

(SZELL is not used to being interrupted)

-- but before anything else there's gotta be trust, so what I'll do is I'll get a three carat stone and we'll take it to this independent appraiser I know --

(Gesturing above)

-- one flight up --

(Moving in)

-- and if he doesn't swear that I'm practically giving the stone away, well --

(Shrugs)

-- I'll just have to get a new brother-in-law, that's all.

(And he laughs)

SZELL

(He isn't laughing)

Can't you just tell me what it's worth?

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED: (2)

423

BOUNCY SALESMAN

-- wait -- wait -- wait just one
second -- first you come traipsing
in here asking to see, now all
you're interested in is price.

(Passionately)

I'm no high pressure artist, I sell
value --

SZELL

(Whirling, starting
out)

-- you never answer me --
(And as he opens
the door --)

CUT TO

424 47th Street again as SZELL angrily storms out,
moves back into the heat and the noise. He slows
then, and by sheer will forces the anger from behind
his eyes. A beat. The almost placid quality returns
to his features. Now --

424

CUT TO

425 A MAN WITH A PENCIL MUSTACHE. We're in a clearly
elegant shop. ANOTHER SALESMAN, fat, in a short
sleeved shirt, is in the rear, talking on the phone
while the PENCIL MUSTACHE tends to SZELL.

425

PENCIL MUSTACHE

The value depends on the quality
of the three carat stone, sir.

SZELL

I'm only interested in gem quality
-- the very best.

(Holds up a hand)

Perhaps something the size of my
little fingernail.

(His accent here
is British)

PENCIL MUSTACHE

(Smiles)

You're talking six carats, sir; more
probably.

SZELL

Would that be prohibitive, do you
think?

(CONTINUED)

425 CONTINUED:

425

PENCIL MUSTACHE
Fifteen thousand.

SZELL
(Nods -- he had hoped
for twice that)
Fifteen.

PENCIL MUSTACHE
Per carat, naturally.

SZELL
(Thrilled -- he cannot
keep it from his eyes)
Naturally.

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
I know you.
(And on those words --)

CUT TO

426 THE FAT SALESMAN IN THE SHORT SLEEVED SHIRT. Off
the phone now, staring. He rubs his hand across his
mouth; the tattoo from the concentration camp is
visible on his arm and

426

CUT TO

426A SZELL, and there isn't any thrill left in his eyes.
It's what he's always dreaded most and now it's hap-
pening and as the FAT SALESMAN approaches, SZELL
quickly realizes his danger.

426A

SZELL
Perhaps you do. I'm usually good
with faces myself.

FAT SALESMAN
(To PENCIL MUSTACHE)
I remember this guy from someplace.

SZELL
(Shaking hands with
FAT SALESMAN)
Christopher Hesse, how do you do.
(Now with PENCIL
MUSTACHE)
Christopher Hesse, how do you do.
(Now back to the FAT
SALESMAN as a glimmer
of memory starts)
-- I think -- wait, wait --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

426A CONTINUED:

426A

SZELL (CONT'D)

(Now he's got it)

-- of course -- you came to our
antiques shop in London -- you
were interested in some old
jewelry we had --

FAT SALESMAN

-- that wasn't it --

SZELL

-- but you've been to London --

FAT SALESMAN

-- sure, I just don't think --

SZELL

-- Hesse of Golder's Green -- we've
been there since '33 when we got
out of Germany -- my wife and I --
Our shop is quite fashionable now.

PENCIL MUSTACHE

I always wanted to visit London.

SZELL

I suggest you hurry, while it's
still there.

(And now he moves
slowly toward the door)

And thank you for your time. I'm
afraid 90 thousand is far too high
for me. Our shop isn't that
fashionable.

(And as he waves,
smiles, goes --)

CUT TO

427 THE TWO SALESMEN, smiling back, waving, and

427

CUT TO

428 SZELL on the pavement again, out of their sight. The
effort has been tremendous; he leans briefly against
a building, wipes the perspiration from his face,
takes a deep breath, starts walking again toward
Sixth Avenue, faster than before. Traffic is heavier,
going in fits and starts, and there is horn blowing
and the sidewalks seem fuller too, and there is a lot
of talk and a lot of salesmen and hot dog vendors
hawking and Spanish and black guys, many of them with
portable radios blasting away, move on by as SZELL
continues toward Sixth Avenue, the heat oppressive
now, perspiration visible on his forehead.

428

(CONTINUED)

428 CONTINUED:

428

He flicks it away, moves on, unmindful of the masses or the radios with all their songs about 'love' and 'angel' and the people with portables keep walking so the love songs disappear but the word 'angel' doesn't and as we realize this

CUT TO

429 SZELL, the perspiration heavier now, because it isn't 429
'angel' that he's hearing, it's 'engel' and then it
isn't even that, it's 'der engel, der engel' repeated
over and over, and as it begins to build into a scream
SZELL tries to stare straight ahead but now the words
are louder and now it's 'der weisser engel' and again,
louder and louder, 'der weisser engel!' and SZELL
whirls and as he does

ZOOM TO

430 AN ANCIENT OLD CRONE, BENT AND TREMBLING, ACROSS THE 430
STREET. She holds out one trembling hand pointing it
dead at SZELL, standing there crying out with whatever
strength is left to her --

CRONE

DER WEISSER ENGEL -- SZELL -- SZELL --

CUT TO

431 SZELL, and it takes everything he has not to break 431
into a wild panicked run. But he doesn't. He turns
away from the screaming crone, takes up his pace again,
heading as before toward Sixth Avenue as the word
'SZELL' continues to be hurled into the steaming air,
and --

CUT TO

432 A BUNCH OF YOUNG JEWISH GUYS, moving along, ignoring 432
it all, whatever it is, and

CUT TO

433 A SPANISH KID WITH HIS PORTABLE, and some Spanish 433
tune is blaring away, he couldn't care less either and

CUT TO

434 TWO SUCCESSFUL LOOKING BLACK MEN, early thirties, 434
very conservatively attired; they glance around in
the direction of the screaming, look back at each
other, shrug; what the hell, New York is full of
crazies and

CUT TO

435 SZELL, bathed in sweat now, but under control, not 435
bolting, making his steady way, but then --

CUT TO

436 AN OLD MAN WITH A BEARD. He hesitates, listens, 436
looks around --

OLD BEARDED MAN
Szell? -- Szell is here? --
(And as he stares --)

CUT TO

437 ANOTHER OLD MAN, turning around too. 437

OLD MAN
(Louder now)
-- where is Szell? --
(And as he looks
around --)

CUT TO

438 A GIANT OF A WOMAN WITH A DEEP DEEP VOICE. 438

GIANTESS
-- he is dead -- Szell is dead --
(Little pause)
-- everyone is dead --

CUT TO

439 THE CRONE, still screaming, still pointing her 439
fingers; her gnarled trembling hand following SZELL'S
movement --

CRONE
(Louder still)
-- nein -- nein --
(Huge)
DER WEISSER ENGEL IST HIER!!!

CUT TO

440 SZELL, still making his way through the crowd, star- 440
ing ahead, as behind him now, 47th Street is starting
to explode.

CUT TO

441 A BUNCH OF WINDOWS ON THE SECOND FLOOR. People are 441
sticking their heads out, looking down, trying to
locate the focus of what the hell's going on, and

CUT TO

441A SHOP DOORS OPENING, owners coming out, glancing
around, and

441A

CUT TO

442 THE TRAFFIC still moving jumpily as always, but now,
suddenly, the honking lessens and drivers are shouting
to passengers asking what is it and

442

CUT TO

443 THE SIDEWALK and the flow of bodies is different,
they don't swirl and eddy in quite the same way as
before, something odd is going on and they know it,
they just don't know exactly what yet, and

443

CUT TO

444 SZELL, walking, walking through the heat of 47th
Street, staring as before, straight ahead, and

444

CUT TO

445 THE CRONE ACROSS THE STREET, tracking SZELL moving
on her side of the street, pointing at him, dead at
him and crying out.

445

CRONE

He is getting away -- see? see? --
(Gesturing now)

-- someone stop der weisser engel! --

CUT TO

446 SZELL, and now at last he can see the traffic moving
quickly up Sixth Avenue and he allows himself just
the least bit to pick up the pace and

446

CUT TO

447 A SKINNY LADY standing in her doorway as SZELL
passes.

447

SKINNY LADY

What's all the tumuling?

SZELL

(A Jewish shrug)

Crazy peoples.

(THE SKINNY LADY
smiles and --)

CUT TO

448 THE CRONE; she's hysterical now, watching helpless
as SZELL moves on and without warning she hobbles
into the street and the traffic --

448

CRONE

I will stop him --

(And as she moves --)

CUT TO

449 SZELL, daring a glance across at her as she gestures
to cars to stop and get out of her ancient way and

449

CUT TO

450 THE CRONE, moving slowly but steadily, and she's in
the midst of traffic now and

450

CUT TO

451 SZELL, looking away from her, picking up his pace
again, and

451

CUT TO

452 THE CRONE, and my God, she's almost into a run as
she does her best to dodge the traffic and her best
is plenty good enough until there is a screech of
brakes and a car tries desperately to stop, and it
does, but not in time, as he strikes the crone, not
hard, not a death blow, but enough to send her help-
less to the middle of the street, unhurt but out of
the race, and

452

CUT TO

453 THE DRIVER OF THE CAR, racing out, going to the CRONE,
trying to help her up, and

453

CUT TO

454 THE CRONE, heartsick, beyond tears --

454

CRONE

FOOL -- FOOL -- WHO WILL STOP HIM
NOW?

CUT TO

455 SIXTH AVENUE. The traffic is moving freely. There
are a ton of empty cabs.

455

CUT TO

456 SZELL nearing the corner. He passes a subway en- 456
 trance. Beyond that there is one of those large one
 yard high round cement structures in which pathetic
 trees are planted and there's a pathetic tree in this
 one, maybe all of six feet high and two inches wide
 at the trunk, skinny as hell, just the reverse of the
 FAT SALESMAN from the second shop who suddenly whirls
 SZELL and

FAT SALESMAN

I knew you weren't English you
 murdering son of a bitch --

CUT TO

457 SZELL'S ARM already into its swipe and as the FAT 457
 SALESMAN spins him SZELL'S thick cutter is already
 in his hand and as the TWO MEN come face to face
 SZELL'S knife has already split the FAT MAN'S throat
 like a fire splits a sausage and as the FAT MAN makes
 a feeble grab toward his jugular --

CUT TO

458 SZELL, starting to cry out for help as the FAT MAN 458
 lurches forward and SZELL continues calling out as
 he lays the FAT MAN face down across the cement pot
 that holds the tree --

SZELL

-- there's a sick man here --
 there's a man needs help here --
 there's a man here needs a doctor,
get a doctor --

CUT TO

459 THE FAT MAN dying, his blood draining into the dirt 459
 that supports the feeble tree, and

CUT TO

460 A CROWD, gathering quickly, moving in, looking at 460
 the FAT MAN, at each other, not knowing which way to
 go or what to do, and

CUT TO

461 A CAB as SZELL extracts himself from the crowd, sig- 461
 nals for the cab to stop and as it does --

CUT TO

462 SZELL, getting in, closing the door, and 462

CUT TO

463 THE CROWD AROUND THE DEAD MAN, and if the street was 463
exploding before, now it's going really crazy with
screams and whistles and shrieks and tears and the
noise builds and builds and for just a moment in the
mob, the CRONE is visible again, pointing toward the
taxi, but then she is gone, the crowd has swelled,
there's nothing anyone can do as we

CUT TO

464 SZELL, settled comfortably in the back seat of the 464
cab. He has his handkerchief out and his empty brief-
case open, so that the lid blocks the driver from see-
ing what he's doing, and what he's doing is wiping the
blood from the blade of his cutter, then strapping it
securely in place on his right forearm; he fastidiously
goes about his business, leaving the noise and blood of
47th Street far behind. Taped to the inside lid of the
case is a key like the one his father had, a safe de-
posit key. Now --

CUT TO

465 THE QUIET OF THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT AREA OF A BANK. 465
THE SAME GUARD we saw with SZELL'S father is insert-
ing a key into a safe deposit box. SZELL stands by,
hands him another key. As the GUARD continues to
work --

CUT TO

466 SZELL, carrying the safe deposit box toward a number 466
of open doors, rooms where contents can be examined in
privacy. As he moves, a COUPLE emerges from another
room, bickering, and we just hear snippets of their
talking as they pass.

WOMAN

-- how could we have spent it all? --

MAN

-- we didn't spend it all, you spent
it all --

WOMAN

-- you wanted me to look nice --
you always said that --

MAN

-- and you know what? -- you never
did --

466A SZELL enters one of the rooms now and closes the 466A
door. As he does, the light automatically goes on.

466B He puts the box on the desk provided. There are 466B
envelopes, pens, a chained scissors.

- 466C SZELL sits, hesitates. His hands aren't all that steady. Then he makes a decisive move, throws the box wide open and 466C
- CUT TO
- 467 THE BOX, and inside are a large number of drawstring cloth bags, like kids use to carry marbles. And band-aid boxes. All kinds of containers, some with rubber bands holding them shut. 467
- CUT TO
- 468 SZELL, grabbing the top bag, managing to pull the strings open, and as he pours out the contents -- 468
- CUT TO
- 469 THE BOX -- a bunch of diamonds rattle out against the metal box and the sound is louder than expected and 469
- CUT TO
- 470 SZELL, covering the diamonds, heart pounding, staring at the door of the room. But nothing happens, no one comes. He takes his hand away, and we are looking at a bunch of diamonds the size of your little fingernail, maybe fifty or seventy-five of them, maybe more, it's hard to tell accurately. As SZELL grabs for the next bag -- 470
- CUT TO
- 471 THE BOX as another bunch of diamonds spill into view, some of these also the size of your little fingernail, some of them just a bit larger, and 471
- CUT TO
- 472 ANOTHER BUNCH OF DIAMONDS and these are thumbnail-sized now, and maybe there are a hundred of them and 472
- CUT TO
- 473 THE BOX as another full bag of diamonds spills across the bottom and there are hands full of them now, dazzling against the darkness of the box, and SZELL suddenly unable to contain himself cries out loud with joy and 473
- CUT TO
- 474 SZELL, amazed, as in his hands now he holds giant diamonds, incredible things, one of them the size of a baby's fist -- 474

(CONTINUED)

474 CONTINUED:

474

GUARD'S VOICE (OVER)
You call? -- everything all right? --

SZELL
(Throat dry)
... all is...
(He rubs the diamond with
his fingertips)
... wunderbar...
(Now, as he starts putting
the stones into the
briefcase --)

CUT TO

475 SZELL, leaving the safe deposit area, doing what he 475
can to maintain dignity and

CUT TO

476 SZELL, starting up the stairs that lead to the main 476
floor of the bank and his attitude is damn near jaunty
and then he reaches the main room and crosses it
cheerily but he may be the one cheery person in view,
because all around him is an air of panic. AN OLD
WOMAN, with a black shawl, stands licking her thumb,
counting out a few dollar bills that she's gotten
from a teller; her hands tremble as she counts, she's
477 that old and that poor. Beyond her is the DOWNSTAIRS 477
COUPLE and they're still bickering, only now she's
blaming him for liquor and SZELL moves on, past a
bank officer at his desk who is shaking his head at
a SMALL MAN who sits in a chair, maybe trying for a
loan or an extension of a loan but in any case, the
answer is 'no' and another bank officer is spreading
his hands, palms down, another 'no' to another customer
because there's no money, there's just no money, times
are hard, and through it all, SZELL makes his way,
polite and smiling and finally he gets across the
floor and as he does we

CUT TO

478 THE SIDEWALK bathed in sunlight as SZELL leaves the 478
bank, moves to the curb, starts to hail a cab as BABE
moves up behind him.

BABE
It isn't safe.

CUT TO

479 SZELL, spinning around, and for a moment it seems he might bolt, but that moment passes and he starts to talk, his tone level and reasonable. But he's been through a lot, and from now on, in stages, the man begins to lose it.

479

SZELL

So now you kill me? -- go ahead; it would be the mistake of your lifetime, but go ahead anyway.

BABE

Not such a mistake.

SZELL

You are wrong -- there have been changes -- items have come into my possession. --

BABE

-- let's see the items --

SZELL

(Nods)

-- not here -- here is too public for what we have to do --

(And on those words --)

CUT TO

480 THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND WHERE BABE AND ELSA were. A POLICEMAN stands casually by the entrance. SZELL approaches, BABE behind him.

480

481 SZELL nods politely to the policeman who nods back and while this happens, he touches the bracelet on his arm. BABE is watching the policeman, doesn't see.

481

BABE

-- show me --

SZELL

-- it -- must -- be -- private --

482 THE POLICEMAN looks after them a moment. There is a beat. A pretty nurse wheeling a child in a stroller passes by. He smiles at her, tips his hat as we

482

CUT TO

483 THE BUSY AREA BY THE RUNNING TRACK. It's the spot, long before, when BABE ran around the nut and avoided trouble. SZELL starts toward the bushes --

483

BABE

-- keep going --

(CONTINUED)

483 CONTINUED:

483

SZELL

-- but --

BABE

-- you want private, I'll give you
private --

484 SZELL stares a moment at BABE. Whatever he sees he
doesn't like it. Again he touches his bracelet.

484

CUT TO

485 THE WATERWORKS BUILDING. THE GUY we saw before
sunning himself when BABE ran for ELSA is working
near the doorway as BABE and SZELL enter. Below,
water is churning. As he sees them, he turns a handle
and the water stops.

485

WATERWORKS GUY

-- sorry, but you're not allowed --

BABE

(His gun out now --
quietly)

We won't be long.

486 THE WATERWORKS GUY takes off out of the building like
a streak as we

486

CUT TO

487 THE BUILDING. There is a central area; water a long
way below. A winding flight of steps leads down to
it. There is a railing around the central area where
BABE AND SZELL are; a good distance separates them.

487

BABE

All right.

SZELL

(Holding up the case)
Come here.

BABE

I can see fine from where I am.

SZELL

(Little more upset now)
I am almost 70 -- how many years
have I left? -- leave me enough
to live them comfortably, the rest,
take --

(MORE)

. (CONTINUED)

487 CONTINUED:

487

SZELL (CONT'D)

(Bigger)

-- come here and see what I offer --

(He has put the case on
the ground now)

BABE

-- why is it so important I come
close? --

SZELL

-- it is not important -- but that
man, the one who was here, he will
come back, he saw your gun, he
will bring others -- this is for
us alone --(And now he throws open
the briefcase)-- do you see?

CUT TO

488 BABE. Stunned.

488

BABE

... Jesus...

CUT TO

489 The diamonds, and it's the first time we've seen them 489
all -- in the bank we only saw a small portion -- and
it practically overflows the case; God knows how many
millions are inside.

CUT TO

490 SZELL starts to talk, his voice rising and rising. 490

SZELL

-- you are very young; smart, but
not yet wise -- in law there is a
statute of limitations; when does
mine run out? -- I have done nothing
wrong for thirty years --

BABE

-- you killed my brother --

SZELL

-- that is not true -- I was not even
present --

BABE

-- Janeway told me --

(CONTINUED)

490 CONTINUED:

490

SZELL

-- it had to be done -- I had to
do it --

BABE

(Building)

-- Janeway didn't tell me anything
-- so don't worry about me, I'm
fucking wise --

And with that he explodes, lashing out at the case,
kicking it all he has, sending it sliding across the
floor and

CUT TO

491 SZELL, trying to stop it but too late and he can only 491
watch as the case topples over the edge, the diamonds
beginning to spill out and as the case falls --

CUT TO

492 The water as the diamonds sprinkle down like rain, 492
hit, start to sink and

CUT TO

493 BABE, whirling, throwing the handle the WATERWORKS MAN 493
turned off back on, and as he does, below, the water
starts to churn --

SZELL

-- what does this accomplish? --
you want to punish me? I am past
punishment -- death is nothing;
kill me, you join me -- does it
matter so much if I die today in
here or next year in Paraguay? --

(Big)

-- let me get my diamonds --

BABE

(Raises the pistol)

I want everything you've got --

SZELL

-- what? --

BABE

(Cocking the pistol)

-- everything valuable -- throw it
to me --

494 SZELL rips his wallet from his breast pocket, throws it to BABE who catches it, glances inside. Now -- 494

CUT TO

495 BABE. CLOSE UP. And there are a lot of things in this world you might expect but what he says isn't one of them. 495

BABE

(Quietly)

Okay; you can get your diamonds now.

(And he brings his gun down)

Goodbye, Mr. Szell.

CUT TO

496 SZELL by the stairs leading down; he takes a step, starts to take another; hesitates, looks at BABE. 496

BABE

You better hurry --

(Gestures for SZELL to go on -- SZELL takes another step, hesitates again --)

-- the law's gonna be here pretty soon, and if I were you, I'd miss that -- they'll picnic on you --

497 SZELL moves down the stairs now. BABE speaks down to him. 497

BABE

'Course you'll probably need a new plane ticket --

(He has SZELL'S ticket in his hands, rips it up)

-- you can always get one easy enough -- (Beat)

I don't think you'll be able to get a new passport though, do you?

(And as he starts to rip it up --)

CUT TO

498 SZELL, halfway down, frozen, staring up as BABE begins letting the passport pieces drop from his fingers. 498

BABE

All the money in the world and no place to go.

(CONTINUED)

498 CONTINUED:

498

From outside now, there comes the sound of voices.
BABE doesn't even glance out --

BABE

That might be the authorities, Mr.
Szell, so I don't think you'll have
time to gather up your diamonds --
but you're a bright fellow, you can
live on your wits.

(Beat)

What was it, twenty months between
when they caught Eichmann and when
they hung him? I'll bet they go
slower with you.

(And as he turns)

Welcome to America.

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 499 | BABE starts for the door. Below him now, there comes
a sharp and sudden click. He turns -- | 499 |
| 500 | SZELL stands on the stairs, holding tight to the
railing. A pause. Now his hand begins to loosen.
The knife drops from his fingers as blood begins
seeping out from the area by his heart. | 500 |
| 501 | In silence, BABE watches. | 501 |
| 502 | SZELL stands there for a moment more. And then he
does an extraordinary thing: he dies. Like a lamp
being switched off. Suddenly the eyes are no longer
human, the body begins to slide and spin. | 502 |
| 503 | The diamonds glisten beneath the churning water as
SZELL hits. Slowly, his corpse begins drifting down
toward his fortune, his body covering the stones. | 503 |
| 504 | BABE still watches. He is emotionally very full.
Again the sound of voices outside. It's runners
going past. BABE starts to leave, then realizes he
still holds his father's gun. He looks at it for a
moment. Then he just opens his hand and it drops. | 504 |
| 505 | Follow the falling gun. | 505 |
| 506 | It hits, drifts down through the water. | 506 |
| 507 | BABE stares at them all: the gun, the dead man, the
diamonds. The water continues to churn. | 507 |
| | CUT TO | |
| 508 | THE DOORWAY as BABE moves into it, blinks. He is
still full and he blinks again, maybe from the sudden
sun, maybe not. He stands there by the track, looking
one way, then the other, hesitating. | 508 |

- 509 A BUNCH OF RUNNERS go past, all of them heading in 509
one direction.
- 510 BABE starts after them, running easily. But only for 510
a moment.
- 511 Now he slows. Now he stops. 511
- 512 BABE looks after the other runners, then deliberately 512
turns, goes the other way.
- 513 HOLD ON BABE WALKING. The sun is very strong. And he 513
doesn't need to run anymore...

FINAL FADE OUT.