

"METRO"

Screenplay by

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SHOOTING DRAFT

FADE IN:

CLOSEUP OF SCOTT ROPER

he's He's listening to the stretch call of a horse race, and
into it.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...at the top of the stretch it's
Cozy Girl in front with Backtrack
coming on... Cozy Girl by a length,
Backtrack closing...

ROPER

Come on. Stay up there, Cozy Girl...

SHOTS The CAMERA GRADUALLY pulls back to reveal that Roper is
driving his Trans Am across the Bay Bridge. HELICOPTER
give a soaring view of the San Francisco skyline.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

At the eighth pole it's Cozy Girl by
half a length... Backtrack closing...

INT. CAR - DAY

Roper's police radio SQUAWKS.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

One-one-four to Roper.

He picks up the radio.

ROPER

Dig in, Cozy Girl...
(into the radio)
Roper go.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

One-four, Roper. Code 2.C.P. 4th and

Grand.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

It's Cozy Girl holding on... Cozy Girl and Backtrack...

ROPER

I'm en route. E.T.A. in five.

He tosses the radio down. Punches the accelerator.

ROPER

Stay up there, Girl...

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Cozy Girl in front by a neck... Now a head...

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

Weaving through traffic on the bridge.

ROPER (V.O.)

Where's the damn wire?!

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Here comes the wire... and... Backtrack gets up in the last jump. Cozy girl a very game second.

ROPER (V.O.)

SHIT!

The Trans Am streak off toward the city.

EXT. BANK - DOWNTOWN - DAY

cars,
Roper's
out,
A hostage situation. Police barricades. Dozens of squad ambulances, spectators, SWAT team. It's a stalemate. Trans Am pulls to a stop at the barricades. He hops weaves through the spectators and past the barriers. A FEMALE DETECTIVE, EIKO KIMURA, rushes up to him.

KIMURA

Hi, Roper.

ROPER

Hi, Kimura. Where's the command post?

Roper
Kimura points to the diner in the middle of the block.
heads toward it. As they walk Kimura briefs him...

KIMURA

The suspect came in shortly after the bank opened. Botched robbery. A teller hit the silent alarm. He took seven hostages. Shot one -- the guard. He's still alive. So far he's asked for...

ROPER

...a car.

KIMURA

That's right, and a plane waiting at the airport. If he doesn't...

ROPER

...get 'em, he's going to start shooting hostages in five minutes...

KIMURA

That's right.

ROPER

What's the suspect's name?

KIMURA

Earl.

INT. DINER - DAY

is
staff
Across from the bank. This is where the "command post" setup. About a dozen cops and the accompanying support are here. Lieutenant SAMUEL BAFFERT is in charge. Roper saunters in.

ROPER

Hello, guys.

BAFFERT

Hello, Roper. Glad you could join us.

standing.
Roper walks over to the counter where Baffert is

ROPER

Do we have a profile on Mr. Earl?

Baffert hands him a folder. Roper opens it.

BAFFERT

This guy is no genius.

Roper scans the profile.

ROPER

They're not usually graduate students.

BAFFERT

SWAT wants to go in.

ROPER

What's the rush? They haven't killed anybody yet this week?

Roper refers to the folder.

ROPER

We got a guy who's probably on drugs. He's got a record of 459's and he was busted on possession. But he's never been busted on a major felony. What's his demeanor?

KIMURA

Well he's a little fucking agitated -- he ripped the phone out.

ROPER

I have to go face to face.

BAFFERT

No -- you can't do that.

ROPER

You got 7 hostages in there, 1 of them's wounded -- We don't know how bad it is -- The guy ripped the phone out -- SWAT said he's got a gun to the head of a female hostage. If SWAT makes entry now, you're gonna lose 1 hostage, maybe 2. I gotta go in. Maybe I can see what's going on in there.

BAFFERT

I don't know.

ROPER

He's never offed anybody. His rap doesn't show any violence.

BAFFERT

Not that we know of.

ROPER

We don't know how much time we have. If I can get in to talk to him -- maybe we won't lose anyone.

BAFFERT

Maybe we can get a throw phone in there.

KIMURA

SWAT says it's broken -- The perp in the last situation rendered it inoperable.

BAFFERT

What do you mean?

KIMURA

He urinated on it and shorted out the circuits.

ROPER

We gonna stand here and talk about it or let the guy in there bleed to death.

(beat... beat)

Give me a dozen donuts.

Roper pulls out his gun and places it on the counter.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roper eats the donut as he crosses toward the bank.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

AND
we're
American.
A team of two SWAT TEAM MEMBERS, FORBES IS A SPOTTER
MCCALL IS A SHARPSHOOTER. KEVIN MCCALL, is the one
interested in. He's 25 years old, handsome, all
He's the best the SWAT team has.

his

He crouches motionless, staring through the scope of
rifle, watching as Roper calmly walks toward the bank.

FORBES

What do you think he's got in the
bag?

MCCALL

Donuts.

FORBES

You can't take a guy down with a
donut.

INT. BANK - DAY

a

around

few

conscious

toward

A tense situation. A wild-eyed, white punk, fuck-up of
BANK ROBBER, EARL, is holding a pretty, young TELLER
the neck with a cocked gun held to her temple.

The other bank employees are cowering on the floor. A
are giving aid to the wounded bank guard who is half-
and oozing blood from his side.

Roper strolls right through the front door and walks
Earl, very sociable.

ROPER

Hi, Earl, I'm Scott Roper. Wanna
donut? I ate the glazed but there's
a bunch of chocolate and a --

frisking

still

Earl swipes the donuts out of Roper's hand and starts
Roper for weapons with his free hand. The other hand
has the gun poised at the young teller's head.

ROPER

I'm a negotiator, Earl. I don't carry
a weapon.

seems to

back up

Roper smiles reassuringly at the pretty teller. It
help. Earl finishes patting Roper down, straightens

and puts his hand around the teller's neck.

EARL

Where's the car?

ROPER

I need to get something straight first.

the Roper looks over at the other bank employees huddled on floor.

ROPER

Who's the manager?

A balding, middle-aged MAN sheepishly raises his hand.

MANAGER

I am.

Roper takes a step toward him.

ROPER

When did you start keeping longer hours?

MANAGER

Last spring.

ROPER

Really! Because I've been thinking of moving to this branch. It would be really convenient for me --

EARL

HEY, SHUT UP!

Earl wags his gun against the Teller's ear.

EARL

Do you want me to start killing people?!

Roper holds his hand up defensively.

ROPER

It's my job to see that no one gets killed, Earl... Including you.

EARL

Then where's my FUCKING car!

Earl is pouring sweat. His gun hand is shaking uncontrollably.

ROPER

I'm getting it, Earl, but we have to do this the right way.

Roper keeps his eyes locked on Earl. His voice is calm.

ROPER

First I need you to point that gun away from --
(to the teller)
What's your name?

TELLER

(voice trembling)
Debbie...

ROPER

Point the gun away from Debbie.

EARL

Debbie's brains are going to be splattered all over the floor if I don't see a car in five minutes!

Roper takes a long look at Earl. The guy is a hair trigger.

ROPER

Alright! But let's be clear about one thing. If you kill someone, I can't help you. The SWAT guys will take you out.

Earl glances at the army of cop cars poised outside. Reflects for a moment on the reality of the situation.

EARL

What are my chances of getting out of here?

Roper calmly moves toward where the wounded guard is laying.

ROPER

Not bad. Last month, a guy robbed a bank in Daly City...

Roper crouches down, smiles at the blurry-eyed guard.

ROPER

How ya doin'?

back

The guard groans. He's not doing very well. Roper peels the bloody handkerchief, takes a look. Winces.

ROPER

(to Earl)

...Cops gave him a car, and he lost them on the freeway.

Earl is encouraged by that.

EARL

Really?

ROPER

Absolutely. Bank robbers are generally your smartest criminals.

Roper looks directly into Earl's eyes.

ROPER

He didn't kill anybody, though.

Roper bends over the guard.

ROPER

This is gonna hurt.

him

He grabs the guard under the arms and starts dragging across the floor. The guard MOANS piteously.

EARL

Hey, leave him alone. What are you doing?

Roper keeps dragging the guard toward the front door.

ROPER

It's part of my negotiator's oath. If there's an injured party and I can help them, I'm duty bound by my oath to do that. You can shoot me if you want, but the next negotiator in here is going to tell you the same thing.

oath. Earl is unsure what to do, but he guesses an oath is an
He lets Roper drag the guard to the door.

ROPER

I'll be right back, Earl. Point that
gun away from Debbie.

head, Earl compliantly moves the gun away from the teller's
then re-thinks and jerks it back against her temple.

EXT. BANK - DAY

him on Roper drags the guard out the front door and deposits
the sidewalk. Two SWAT OFFICERS rush up to give aid.
One of them is Jennings.

ROPER

(whispering to Jennings)
Give me your gun.

determined) (NOTE: The method of disarming Earl is still to be
to Jennings inconspicuously pulls his gun out and slips it
waistband him. Roper quickly cocks it and shoves it in his
under his shirt and vest.

ROPER

I haven't had to shoot anyone in
three years.

JENNINGS

Why not keep the streak alive?

ROPER

Because this strung-out junkie is
too stupid to get out of this without
killing somebody.

INT. BANK - DAY

Roper's Earl watches Roper through the window. He can only see
back. He's getting very agitated.

EARL

(yelling)

HEY, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE!

Roper
from
Earl.

The two cops hustle off with the wounded guard, and calmly walks back into the bank. Stops about five paces

ROPER

As a rule, I need one hostage released as show of good faith.

Tears
brave.

Roper glances at Debbie. Gun pressed against her head. start rolling down her cheeks. She's being tremendously

ROPER

Give me Debbie.

her

Earl squeezes the gun even tighter against the side of head.

EARL

Take the old guy.

The other hostages watch this exchange tensely.

ROPER

The Old Guy? What kind of show of faith is that? I want Debbie.

EARL

Am I gettin' the car?

ROPER

You're gettin' the car.

at
counter.

Earl thinks about it, his gun hand twitching. He points two of the female employees cowering against the

EARL

Take them.

Roper decides that this is the best he's going to get.

ROPER

You two, leave.

jump
The two women don't need any extra encouragement. They
up and rush out the front door.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

the
cops.
McCall and Forbes watch through their rifle scopes as
two released hostages are whisked away by uniformed

FORBES

This guy is good.

MCCALL

That's what they say.

INT. BANK - DAY

ROPER

That was fine, Earl. Now I'm going
to get your car.

stops
Roper turns around and walks toward the front door. He
and looks over his shoulder.

ROPER

Oh, there's one last thing.

Earl looks like he's right on the edge.

EARL

What?!

ROPER

You want a convertible or hardtop?

Earl thinks about that for a beat...

ROPER

Hardtop.

eyes
of the
bank.
Roper turns around, starts walking again. He keeps his
focused on the reflection of Earl in the front window

ROPER

(without turning around)

Manual or automatic?

EARL

Automatic.

ROPER

You got it.

In one swift motion, Roper turns, aims and FIRES!...

One SHOT. It tears into Earl's shoulder. One inch from Debbie's neck. Earl is blown back against the counter.

Debbie

shrieks at the top of her lungs.

everybody

SWAT guys pour in from every entrance. YELLING for to "GET DOWN"! Pointing guns. They pounce on Earl.

EARL

I give up! I give up!

gently

Roper goes to Debbie, puts his arm around her and leads her out of the bank.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

the

McCall and Forbes still have their rifles trained on bank door. Their police radio squawks...

RADIO

The situation is secured. Suspect in custody. Repeat. Situation secured.

the

McCall lowers his rifle as Roper guides Debbie through wave of cops rushing into the bank.

EXT. STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

when

Roper is exiting the bank and putting back on his gun he hears the sound of a CAMERA SHUTTER. He turns to see VERONICA (RONNIE) TATE holding the camera. She snaps

one of

Roper with Earl in the b.g. being placed in a squad

car.

RONNIE

There's one for the front page.

love... Roper puts his hand over his heart as if stricken with
which he in fact is.

ROPER

Ronnie, why are you torturing me? I
can't live without you.

Ronnie rolls her eyes. She doesn't take Roper all that
seriously.

RONNIE

Don't start.

walk She slings the camera over her shoulder and starts to
off. Roper dogs her.

ROPER

This baseball player you're going
out with...

(shaking his head)

He's no good for you.

RONNIE

Really?! He's a wonderful guy. He
makes two million a year, and he
worships me.

ROPER

I worship you.

RONNIE

You worship yourself.

ROPER

Ronnie, forget this what's-his-name.

RONNIE

Greg.

ROPER

Did you know he's already got a bad
knee? In another 10 years you're
going to be pushing him around in a
wheelchair.

Ronnie stops. Looks him in the eye.

RONNIE

You know what I think? I think you

only want me now, because I'm with somebody else.

ROPER

Who cares what you think. I want you back and that's all that matters.

Ronnie smiles, but offers no response.

ROPER

Let me take you out tomorrow night... Pleeese.

RONNIE

I'm going out with Greg tomorrow.

ROPER

(frowning)

This Greg is really getting in my way.

Roper gets down on his knees.

ROPER

Please. I'm begging you.

RONNIE

Oh, I've got to get a shot of this.

his She takes the lense cap off her camera. Roper primps

CLICK!

towed. He

hair to make sure he looks good for the picture...

Suddenly Roper notices that his Trans Am is being

rushes over to his car.

ROPER

Hey, that's my car.

dispassionately. A REPO MAN stands off to the side watching

REPO MAN

Not anymore. Now it belongs to Silver Hills Financial.

beloved

Roper sadly watches the tow truck drive off with his

Trans Am.

INT. METRO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY - RAINING

phones;
Roper
Lots of activity. Officers in cubicles; talking on
typing reports on computers. Most are plain-clothed.
weaves through the room. Passes by Baffert's desk.

ROPER

Hey, Baffert, what's the story for
tonight?

his
Baffert pulls two tickets for the Warriors' game out of
pocket.

BAFFERT

Floor seats.

ROPER

You're my hero.

BAFFERT

Dinner's on you.

ROPER

Deal.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - RAINING

executive
Roper
McCall
and
it.
A quiet contrast to the squadroom. This is the
branch of Metro. All the big-wigs are officed here.
walks down the carpeted hall. No one here except Kevin
quietly sitting outside Captain Solis' office. Roper
McCall make brief eye contact. Roper thinks nothing of
He goes into the Captain's office.

INT. CAPTAIN SOLIS' OFFICE - RAINING

the
CAPTAIN FRANK SOLIS is on the phone. There's a file on
desk in front of him. He motions Roper to sit down.

SOLIS

He just walked into my office.
(looks over at Roper)
The Chief says, "Good work this
morning. Congratulations."

Roper smiles as he sits down.

ROPER

Tell him to give me a raise.

SOLIS

(into the phone)

He says, "Thank you very much."

(a beat)

I'll discuss it with him right now...

Good-bye, Chief.

Solis hangs up. Looks across the desk at Roper. A long
pause.

He knows he's got leverage.

SOLIS

Roper.

ROPER

What?

SOLIS

Are you going to make this hard for
me?

ROPER

Depends. What's up?

SOLIS

There's been some concern about you
continuing to work without back-up.

ROPER

Define concern.

Solis dumps his cards on the table.

SOLIS

What if you die and no one can do
what you do as well as you do it?

ROPER

Your concern is heartwarming.

SOLIS

It's been decided that you take on
another partner and train him to be
able to take over for you.

ROPER

Is that what the guy in the Sunday School suit is doing outside?

SOLIS

His name's Kevin McCall. Every Metro Captain agrees that he's their top sharp-shooter and most likely to succeed.

Roper grabs McCall's folder off the desk.

ROPER

Let me see that.

Roper scans it.

ROPER

Tested high on his intellectual aptitude... Not as high as me but... National marksman finalist... Attended N. Y. C... Went to college. Very impressive. F.B.I. sniper school... Mayorial commendation.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME - RAINING

Solis
hear

McCall turns around in his chair. He can see Roper and through the glass walls of the office, but he can't hear their voices.

INT. SOLIS' OFFICE - SAME - RAINING

ROPER

"Additional Skills": Biathlete, marathoner, lip-reading, speaks Spanish...

Roper throws the folder back on the desk.

ROPER

Great, send him to the Marines. This guy's not a negotiator. He'll quit in two weeks.

SOLIS

You let us worry about that.

ROPER

Is there going to be an expression of your appreciation?

SOLIS

(gloomily)

What kind of appreciation are we talking about?

ROPER

The financial kind. I figure I'm going to be working extra hours. All sorts of overtime... training sessions... Not to mention the extra stress...

SOLIS

What do you think would be in order?

ROPER

Like ahh... I don't know...

(boldly)

Five thousand dollars.

SOLIS

(calmly)

Okay, I think I could swing that.

Uh-oh, Roper thinks maybe he sold short.

ROPER

(quickly)

And a car.

SOLIS

Hey, you just got a five thousand dollar raise. Get a car of your own.

ROPER

You know you've got nothing but cars down there in impound.

SOLIS

Impound isn't a rent-a-car company.

ROPER

(firmly)

The car is part of the deal.

SOLIS

What happened to your Trans Am?

come
Solis gets up and taps the glass, motions for McCall to
in.

ROPER

Repoed this morning.

SOLIS

(relenting)

I'll provide you with transportation.

ROPER

And even if this doesn't work, I want all the money. These SWAT guys don't have the temperament. They don't have the background...

McCall enters the office.

ROPER

(instant character change)

Hey, glad to meet you. I've heard nothing but good things about you...

Roper reaches out. They shake hands.

MCCALL

Same here. I've watched you in action. Very impressive.

ROPER

You've got a lot of hard work ahead of you if you want to be a negotiator.

MCCALL

I'm ready to do it.

(a beat)

And I'm going to be here more than two weeks.

Roper's face darkens.

ROPER

Don't go reading my lips, man. That's an intrusion. Save that shit for the sniper school. Comprende?

MCCALL

Sorry... Habit.

SOLIS

(intervening)

Let's move past this, gentlemen.

Roper smiles.

ROPER

We're already past it, aren't we,
Kevin?

MCCALL

If you say so.

SOLIS

Then you'll have to excuse me. I
have other work to do.

Roper and McCall head out the door.

SOLIS

Roper...

Roper turns back around.

SOLIS

About the transportation issue...
You check with the impound sergeant.

Roper smiles. Total victory.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - RAINING

MOVING with Roper and McCall.

ROPER

You ever been in a hostage situation?

MCCALL

Only at the very end.

ROPER

How do you feel after a shooting.

MCCALL

(self-assured)
Like it had to be done.

They enter the squadroom, wind through the cubicles.

ROPER

It rarely has to be done.

MCCALL

I've rarely shot anyone.

ROPER

SWAT is a lifesaving unit, you know.

MCCALL

(flatly)
I know.

ROPER

Try to remember that.

They arrive at Roper's desk.

ROPER

Okay, "Dead Eye", lesson one...

desk. He
the

Roper grabs an empty soda bottle from a neighboring
takes the cap off a ball point pen and drops it into
empty bottle. He places the bottle on his desk.

ROPER

Extract that pen cap without touching
or moving the bottle.

McCall looks at the bottle quizzically.

MCCALL

What's the point of this?

ROPER

A little exercise in lateral thinking.
The obvious solution isn't always
the only solution... See you tomorrow.

ponder
been
a
bottle.

Roper grabs his jacket and walks off, leaving McCall to
the problem. McCall looks over at another cop who has
observing. The cop shrugs his shoulders. He hasn't got
clue. McCall sits down and thoughtfully peers into the

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

including

Roper and Baffert walking past the row of cars,

Solis' cadillac, searching for Roper's "new" transportation...

Roper is holding the keys in his hand.

BAFFERT

Mind if we make a stop on the way?
We busted Frank Antonucci on possession. He gave us a lead on that Polk Street jewelry heist.

ROPER

"Phoney Frank"? Don't waste your time. He'd tell you his granny was in on the Kennedy assassination if he could dodge a collar.

BAFFERT

I still gotta do it. Wasting time is half my job.

ROPER

Yeah, okay.

Roper is looking at the numbered parking spaces.

BAFFERT

This SWAT guy might be a good idea. He may be able to take a little pressure off you. I worry about you.

ROPER

You worried about me, too? The chief's worried about me. Solis is worried about me. Maybe you guys should start some kind of organization.

BAFFERT

Speaking of which. I saw you talking to Ronnie this morning. Why can't you get it back together with her. You've gotta be out of your mind not to get with that one.

ROPER

It's not me. It's her. She's going out with this baseball player -- Greg Barnett.

BAFFERT

(impressed)
No shit! He's good!

ROPER

Fuck him. He swings at anything in the dirt. I could strike him out.

BAFFERT

Don't give up on her. You're getting to the age when you ought to be thinking about these things.

Roper bends over like an old man.

ROPER

Yep, my rheumatism's been acting up.

They arrive at their destination. A parking space with

a

1957 DODGE PICKUP.

BAFFERT

This is it. Space 742.

Roper looks at the pickup truck in disbelief.

ROPER

Then he didn't say 742. He must have said 724 or something, because this can't be right.

who

Baffert unlocks the pickup and offers the keys to Roper is crossing to the truck.

ROPER

Oh man! What am I, Red Foxx? I'm not riding in this shit. I can't roll in no shit like this.

He takes the keys from Baffert who moves around to the passengers side. He opens the door.

BAFFERT

Where's the stereo?

ROPER

Fuck the stereo. What's that smell?

BAFFERT

Come on. Just get in. We gotta go.

EXT. MARKET STREET - NIGHT

The pickup in traffic.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. KORDA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

It's a four story twenties style walk-up. It's evening
now.
The pickup pulls to a stop out front.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Baffert pulls out a slip of paper.

BAFFERT

Apartment 306.

ROPER

You want me to go up with you?

BAFFERT

Nah, It probably won't turn up
anything. I'm just gonna talk to
him.

ROPER

Good. I don't want to be late.

Baffert gets out. Roper grabs his cell phone.

ROPER

You want anything on the game?

Baffert turns back around.

BAFFERT

What's the line?

ROPER

It was Warriors plus 6 this morning.

BAFFERT

I'll take half of your action.

Baffert goes into the building. Roper dials his
cellular
phone. Beep! Beep!

DETAIL SHOT

A message on the display reads: RECHARGE BATTERY.

street. He

Roper looks around. There's a payphone across the
gets out of the truck and crosses to it.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

kept up.

Third floor hallway. Nice, middle class place. Well
Baffert walks over to room 306. Knocks.

INT. KORDA'S APT. - NIGHT

chair
as
door.

Jazz is playing. MICHAEL KORDA sits motionless in a
listening to the music. There's a KNOCK. Korda responds
if pulled from a trance. He rises and moves to the
door.

KORDA

Who is it?

BAFFERT (V.O.)

It's Lieutenant Sam Baffert from the
San Francisco Police Department.

make
door.

A slight hesitation from Korda. He glances around the
apartment. For what reason, we don't know. Maybe to
sure there's nothing incriminating around. He opens the
door.

KORDA

What happened? Is there a problem?

BAFFERT

May I come in? I would just like to
ask you a couple of questions.

the
the

Korda steps aside and lets Baffert enter. Korda closes
door. Baffert scans the place. Not bad. He listens to
music. A smile grows on his face.

BAFFERT

Count Basie?

Korda smiles back. Another jazz aficionada.

KORDA

Duke Ellington. "Things Ain't What They Used To Be", recorded July 30, 1945.

BAFFERT

Yeah... Yeah... Now I can hear it.

plays

Korda goes to the stereo, turns it down. Duke Ellington low.

BAFFERT

Where did you find an old recording like that?

KORDA

Used record shop down on Turk Street. I was in there looking for some Robert Johnson.

(searching for the name)

Memories... Memory Lane or something...

BAFFERT

I've got to stop in there... Mr. Korda, do you know Frank Antonucci?

KORDA

You mean Frank who owns the bakery down the street?

Baffert smiles.

BAFFERT

No, this is a different Frank. This is a man who deals in jewelry. Stolen jewelry usually. You wouldn't know anybody like that?

look out

Korda drifts to the other side of the room. Takes a his front window...

HIS POV

Nobody there. Just the truck.

KORDA

I certainly wouldn't.

away
He says it as if the very idea disturbs him. He turns
from the window. Baffert feigns a coughing spell.

BAFFERT

Could I please have a little water?

KORDA

(the perfect host)

Of course.

as an
Korda heads toward the kitchen area. Baffert uses this
opportunity to drift around the room. Do a little
snooping.

BAFFERT

The reason I'm asking you is because
we arrested him with some stolen
jewelry. It was traced to the robbery
of a store down on Polk Street. He
said he was fencing it for you.

Baffert notices something in the trash can.

HIS POV

have
Several glassine envelopes used for raw jewels. They
jeweler's markings on them indicating gem weight and
grade.

INT. KITCHEN

but
Korda, pouring the water, notices Baffert's discovery,
his face betrays nothing.

KORDA

(calmly)

There's obviously some mistake. I
have a cousin who has had run-ins
with the law.

Korda re-enters the room with the glass of water.

KORDA

Perhaps for his own reasons he
entangled me in this... situation.

BAFFERT

This cousin of yours... What's his

name?

KORDA

(forthrightly)

Clarence Teal.

the They look at each other a beat. Korda is still holding
water.

KORDA

Your cough seems to be better.

hurt. A real repressed tension here. Someone's about to get
Baffert takes the glass of water.

BAFFERT

Thank you.

puts He takes a sip. Korda watches him like a cobra. Baffert
the glass down on the table.

BAFFERT

Well, I'm on my way to the game. I
appreciate your cooperation, Mr.
Korda.

leave... Korda smiles. Baffert walks to the door. Opens it to

KORDA

Lieutenant...

Baffert turns back around.

KORDA

Do you believe that story about Robert
Johnson...? That he made a deal with
the devil at the crossroads?

Baffert muses along with Korda.

BAFFERT

Could be.

door. Baffert moves off down the hall and Korda closes his

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Baffert gets into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Baffert takes out his cell phone. Dials.

BAFFERT

(as the elevator
descends)

Hello, Judge Stone... This is
Lieutenant Samuel Baffert. I'm at a
suspect's residence. I'm requesting
a telephonic search warrant in
connection with an armed robbery at
a jewelry store. There's visible
evidence on the premises. Glassine
envelopes with jeweler's markings
were seen in the trash can...

The elevator hits the first floor.

BAFFERT

...I believe a full search of the
premises will turn up some stolen
property...

The elevator opens.

Korda is standing there with a knife.

Baffert has no time to react...

The knife hand slashes forward... Stabbing the chest
and
slashing across the throat.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Korda calmly exits the building as Roper crosses the
street,
returning from the payphone. Neither of the men take
any
particular notices of each other. A WOMAN carrying her
groceries enters the building.

Roper gets to the truck. A SCREAM from inside the
building.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Baffert is laying in the open elevator, knife wounds to
his

look neck and chest. Roper rushes over to him. It doesn't
good.

first The woman with the groceries is standing halfway up the
rushes flight of stairs. Frozen. Roper pulls out his gun and
by her up the stairs.

ROPER

(to the woman)

Get an ambulance!

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

ajar. Roper arrives at the top of the stairs. Korda's door is
Duke Ellington can be heard faintly.

INT. KORDA'S APT. - NIGHT

ready... Roper nudges the door open, takes a step inside, gun
a No one there. Suddenly, from the hallway, the click of
door. Roper races out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

it Roper sprints to the door at the end of the hall, KICKS
open. Gun aimed.

INT. APT. 302 - NIGHT

holds A five year old stares up at him. Scared stiff. Roper
up a reassuring hand, and, as quickly as he arrived, he
leaves.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

sidewalk. Roper burst out the front. Down the stairs to the
that Looks both ways down the street... Realizes in dismay
Korda is long gone. A SIREN approaches.

INT. SOLIS OFFICE - NIGHT - RAIN

window
phone.

Angle outside window to Roper sitting in a chair by the
looking out to the rain. Solis is in the b.g. on the

SOLIS

(on the phone)

Yes sir. Every resource will be
brought to bear. We will find this
guy... Yeah, he's here now. I'll
tell him.

Solis hangs up the phone.

SOLIS

The chief says to tell you how sorry
he is. He knew Sam Baffert was a
good man.

ROPER

(still looking out
window)

He said he was just going up to talk
to him. He said...

(beat; turning to
Solis)

I want to be put on this case.

SOLIS

I can't do that.

ROPER

(emphatic)

I want to be put on this case.

SOLIS

You know I can't assign you to this.
You're much too close to it. You
were much too close to Sam. The
department will take care of it.

ROPER

Who's running it?

SOLIS

Roper...

ROPER

Who's running it!

SOLIS

Kimura and Glass will head the

investigation.

Roper turns to leave.

SOLIS

Scott. Go home. Get some sleep.

Roper pauses at the door. Then pulls out two basketball tickets and lays them on the table in Solis' office. He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. METRO OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Two detectives. A female named KIMURA and a tall guy named GLASS, try to make a getaway as they see Roper coming.

ROPER

Hey, hey, hey...

Roper intercepts them.

ROPER

Anything on Korda so far?

KIMURA

Solis said to keep you clear of this.

Roper responds louder than necessary with a half turn toward Solis' hallway.

ROPER

I don't give a damn what Solis said.

(to the detectives)

If you get a lead, I want to know.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT - RAINING

Roper's pickup drives by.

INT. PICKUP

Thru the windshield. We see Roper as the windshield wipers

flap back and forth. His face seems dazed and lost.

INT. RONNIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roper knocks. Ronnie's cheerful voice can be heard.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Just a minute.

door
dressed

Roper makes no effort to pull himself together. The

opens and Ronnie's face registers surprise. She's

casually in jeans, a nice shirt, but wears make-up and earrings.

RONNIE

Hey.

ROPER

Hey yourself. Came by to see Troy.

RONNIE

(like hell)

A little late for that, Scottie.

He's asleep.

(smells his breath)

Jack Daniels?

ROPER

I'm not drunk. Yet.

RONNIE

Maybe you should be.

ROPER

You heard.

She nods, sympathetic, but doesn't leave the doorway.

RONNIE

Yeah. I'm sorry.

ROPER

Can I come in?

Ronnie opens the door reluctantly.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

hangs

Roper enters. Instantly we see he's at home here. He

notices
style.

his coat in the closet, puts his keys on the table,
a photograph on the wall. Quite imposing. Very unique

ROPER

That a new picture?

RONNIE

About 4 months old. I'm working in a
new style.

Thoughts
He's
couch

Roper gazes at it indifferently. He falls silent.
turned inward. Suddenly, TROY, (the dog), bounds in.
ecstatic to see Roper. He puts his front paws on the
and his head in Roper's lap.

ROPER

Hey, Troy. How ya doin' boy?
(to Ronnie)
He heard my voice.

his

Roper smiles briefly, pats the dog, taking comfort from
presence. His words are light. His tone isn't.

ROPER

How's the good dog. I miss you buddy.
You miss me?

Ronnie watches them, suddenly showing the sadness she's
carefully buried.

ROPER

He misses me.

She nods. A moment's silence.

ROPER

I won't stay long. I had to talk to
someone.

RONNIE

(a bit surprised at
his openness)
You don't usually talk to anyone
when you're hurting.

ROPER

It was my fault. I was right downstairs. I should have gone up with him.

RONNIE

Scott, You can't save everyone.

ROPER

I've proved that, didn't I?

She's not coming closer. She wants to, but she won't do it.

She seems uneasy, glances towards the door. Roper rises.

ROPER

Oh, hell, forget it. This won't work.

RONNIE

(gentle)

What do you want from me?

ROPER

Something I guess I can't have anymore.

RONNIE

Don't try to make me feel guilty. The whole time we were together, you went out of your way to prove you didn't need me. Now, suddenly, for one night, you need me again. I can't do it. I can't be more than your friend. Because I know what will happen. In a few weeks you'll be back on top, and you'll shut me out just as soon as you don't need me again.

ROPER

(surprised, hurt)

You think I didn't need you?

RONNIE

If you did, you never showed it.

ROPER

Ronnie...

He reaches for her and she looks like she might give in to

Ronnie him, but at that moment there's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
pulls back, confused and guilty.

ROPER

You expecting someone?

Roper. Her silence is the answer... A flash of pain from

ROPER

This day just keeps getting better.

Ronnie watches as he searches for his keys in his
pockets.

RONNIE

(soft)

They're on the table where you always
leave them.

He grabs the keys as she opens the door. GREG stands
outside waiting. He's a big, good looking guy with a smile on
his face.

GREG

Hey, baby, I thought maybe you were...

Greg's smile fades as he sees Roper.

ROPER

I was just leaving.

Ronnie Roper strides past Greg who remains in the doorway.
him makes brief eye contact with Greg, but then moves past
to follow Roper. She calls after him.

RONNIE

Scottie... take care of yourself.

Roper doesn't look back. He just goes.

EXT. PIER 26 - EARLY MORNING

CLARENCE A huge warehouse. Sun coming up over the East Bay,
cup of TEAL rides up on a HARLEY MOTORCYCLE, carrying a large

coffee to go. He enters the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Clarence
Car and Boat parts stacked in aisles ten feet high.
shuffles through to his watchman's quarters which are
connected to the end of the warehouse.

INT. WATCHMAN'S QUARTERS - SAME

Korda is
Clarence
him
Built on pilings with a panoramic view of the bay.
waiting behind the door as Clarence enters. He seizes
from behind and slams him against the wall and spins
around. Hot coffee soaks the front of Clarence's shirt.

KORDA

If you weren't family I'd kill you.

Clarence is scared. He offers no defense.

KORDA

You told Antonucci that shit came
from me.

CLARENCE

So that we could get the best price.
He's got respect for you. He's gonna
try to lowball me, Mike.

Korda tosses Clarence down onto the cot.

KORDA

You fucking idiot! Why do you think
I use you?... To be a walking
advertisement.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry, Mike. I never heard of
LaMarra flipping on anyone before.
He said he had the cops paid off.
Antonucci never flipped on anyone
before. He had the cops paid off.

KORDA

Not the fucking cop that showed up
at my door!

CLARENCE

What happened, Mike.

KORDA

You don't want to know.

Tears start to come to Clarence's eyes.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry, Mike.

a
from
Clarence sincerely feels bad. It's kind of touching in
twisted way. Korda moves over to the window to keep
striking Clarence again. He looks off across the bay.

KORDA

God damn it! I still needed to case
that fucking store. It's too risky
to show my face now.

CLARENCE

I got a couple thousand bucks. You
could leave town.

KORDA

Leave town? They're going to know me
in fucking Des Moines now!...

(a beat)

They got over ten million in jewels
in that place. That's freedom, man.
I could go anywhere I want.

add
Clarence watches Korda warily. Things are beginning to
up in his head.

CLARENCE

Did you kill him, Mike?

answers
whimper
Korda turns to Clarence with a penetrated stare that
the question. Clarence is shaken by that. He starts to
again.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry, Mike. I'm really sorry...

We're talking major fear here...

around
against

Korda moves to him and we think he's going to bash him
again, but, surprisingly, he hugs Clarence's head
his chest.

KORDA

It's not your fault you're stupid.

Tears of relief from Clarence.

INT. METRO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

walks

Roper enters the squadroom. His mood is contained. He
to a desk where Kimura and Glass are huddling.

chair,

Measures in

bottle

A couple desks over, McCall is reclining in Roper's
reading a book entitled, "Strategies and Counter
Hostage Situations". On the desk in front of him is the
with the pen cap still in it.

ROPER

(to Kimura and Glass)

What do you got on Korda?

KIMURA

We ran a search on relatives. He has
a cousin in town -- Clarence Teal.
Smalltime thief. Last known address
was on Pine Street. He moved out a
month ago. We've got a couple leads
on him to check out.

ROPER

(rapid fire)

Did you check out DMV for any vehicles
registration?

KIMURA

Being faxed over now.

ROPER

How about the record room for any
incident reports? He might be a
victim. We can get medical records.
Check with burglary detail and see
if anyone else knows him, knows his
habits.

KIMURA

Roper...

ROPER

And what about bars? We can talk to neighbors to see what bars he frequents.

KIMURA

Roper, we're into it...

Suddenly Solis appears at their side.

SOLIS

We've had this conversation once, Roper. You're not active on this case.

Roper looks at him icily.

SOLIS

It's in everyone's best interest.

McCall, Kimura, Glass all watch this confrontation
tensely.
After a beat, Roper gives in. Indicates his compliance.
Solis
heads back to this office.

ROPER

(softened)
You guys are doing good work.

He moves toward the desk. McCall gets up when he sees
him
coming.

MCCALL

I'm sorry about your friend. I had a friend in SWAT killed. I know how it can be.

ROPER

I appreciate your concern. Let's leave it at that.

McCall respectfully drops it. Roper looks down at the
soda
bottle.

ROPER

I don't see much progress here.

pot
water.
McCall holds up a finger. Not so fast. He picks up a
from a nearby "Mr. Coffee" machine. It's filled with
He takes the water and slowly pours it into the bottle.

CLOSE ON THE BOTTLE

without
The pen cap floats to the top and McCall plucks it out
touching or moving the bottle.

ROPER

Very nice... You get an "A". Notice...
No force required. No damage.

squadroom.
Just then a SERGEANT calls to Roper across the

SERGEANT

Roper, domestic disturbance at 472
6th Street. Possible hostage
situation.

desk,
at
the
McCall grabs his duffel bag. Roper starts away from the
then notices the book on "Hostage Strategies". He looks
the title, then makes a demonstration of dropping it in
trash can. He and McCall head out.

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

The pickup is weaving through traffic.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

hanging
bubble
Start on one of those air freshener evergreen trees
from the rear view mirror. PULL BACK to show a police
flashing on the dashboard.

as
Roper weaving through traffic. McCall is sitting calmly
ever.

ROPER

So, McCall, how come you ended up in

San Francisco?

MCCALL

They recruited me. Promised me fast advancement.

ROPER

Recruited you from where?

MCCALL

National Marksman Competition.

ROPER

With your qualifications you must have had a lot of offers. Why here?

MCCALL

Furthest point I could find from New York.

ROPER

You don't like New York?

MCCALL

Spent my whole life there. I just wanted to get out for a while.

ROPER

You'd never been out of New York?

MCCALL

Been to Toronto. My mother was born there.

ROPER

How did you like Toronto?

MCCALL

It was okay.

ROPER

You're a real excitable sort, aren't you?

MCCALL

You caught me on an "up" day.

(a beat)

How about you? How did you end up in San Francisco?

ROPER

I grew up in Oakland... Crossed the

Bay Bridge and here I was.
(a beat)
So you're looking for "fast
advancement".

MCCALL

Is there something wrong with that?

ROPER

I'm not sure.

EXT. 6TH STREET - DAY

unappealing
UNIFORMED
man
Several Patrol Cars are parked in front of an
apartment building. A crowd has begun to gather.
POLICEMEN hold them back. TWO COPS are questioning a
wearing only green slacks. No shirt. No shoes. Just the
slacks. He is very agitated.

Roper
#1)
The pickup screeches up. Roper and McCall hop out.
flashes his badge to the OFFICER in charge. (OFFICER

ROPER

Roper. Metro Division. Hostage
Negotiator. Give me the short version.

OFFICER #1

Husband came home. Found that guy
and his wife "in flagrante". Now
he's holding her at knife point.

ROPER

Which apartment?

The Officer points up to the third floor.

OFFICER #1

That one with the bars on the windows.

Eyeballs
Roper nods. Walks back over to the pickup. Looks up.
the building.

ROPER

How are we gonna get him out of there?

MCCALL

We could fill it with water.

the
duffel

Roper throws him a look. McCall walks to the back of pickup, reaches into the cab and digs around in his bag.

ROPER

(to Officer #1)
Have you evacuated anyone?

OFFICER #1

Only that floor.

ROPER

Is the hostage injured?

OFFICER #1

Don't know. She keeps screaming to stay out. He keeps screaming to stay out. We decided to stay out.

ROPER

Well, there's a good amount of agreement on that.

McCall slams the truck door, sniper rifle in hand.

MCCALL

I'll take "highground" until SWAT gets here.

(surveying the area)

I can get a good sight-line from that roof across the street.

McCall marches off across the street.

ROPER

Remember, Quick Draw, we're trying to limit the force here.

McCall calls back over his shoulder.

MCCALL

I know my job.

floor

At that moment, a scream echoes down from the third window. Roper heads for the front door of the building.

INT. APT. HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - (ACROSS THE STREET)

McCall bounds up the stairs of the building to the rooftop.

INT. 6TH ST. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

The screams are getting more panicky. Roper comes down the hall quickly. The door to the apartment is open. It's been that way since the guy in the green slacks fled. Roper hurries toward the door.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The WIFE is in bra and panties and the HUSBAND is 6'4". He's giving her a good beating. It's a studio apartment. Unmade bed. Belongings strewn all over. Window open with sun streaming in, and a good view of the building across the street. We hear ROPER'S VOICE from out in the hall.

ROPER (V.O.)

I'm coming in. I'm not armed.

The husband snatches his wife by the hair and holds a knife to her throat.

WIFE

(shrieking)

No, Raymond!

RAYMOND

(to Roper)

Stay the fuck out of here!

But Roper steps into the apartment. Sees the wife. Face swollen. Knife to her neck. The enraged husband, contemplating murder. One inch from committing the act. Roper doesn't bat an eye.

ROPER

I know how you feel, Ray.

RAYMOND

You don't know shit, and I suggest

you leave.

He presses the knife against the wife's throat. She winces.

Her chest heaves.

ROPER

I can't leave, Ray. It's part of my negotiator's oath. Once I'm in the room with the hostage, I have to stay.

RAYMOND

You don't want to see what I'm going to do to her.

ROPER

Let me show you something, Ray.

He Roper reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet. extracts a photo.

CLOSEUP PHOTO

Wife. Two kids. A little dog-eared. Nice touch.

ROPER

holds it up so Raymond can see it.

ROPER

Same thing happened to me, man. She cheated on me, but I forgave her. You know why?

RAYMOND

I ain't interested in your life story.

ROPER

Because I was partially to blame. I wasn't around as much as I should have been. I forgot how to love her.

RAYMOND

She's the one to blame. Not me.

EXT. ROOF ACROSS THE STREET - ON MCCALL

In prone position. Rifle in hand. Eye to scope.

POV THROUGH SIGHT

of Raymond's open window.

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT

utter

Everyone where we left them. Roper looks at Ray with sincerity.

ROPER

Ray, think about how she looked when you married her. Think about how happy you were. Don't lose that, man. Don't give up everything.

RAYMOND

What am I giving up? I'm laid off last year. I'm down to my last unemployment check. I'm out on the streets looking for work and this bitch is banging some asshole in my bed.

not

And now Ray is crying. Blubbering actually. And he's that coherent.

RAYMOND

I'm down at Consolidated and I'm begging. I'm saying I'll take half my pay. Eight years, man. I don't even have to work the loading docks anymore. I'll do maintenance. "We're cutting back. We're streamlining, Ray. West Central's running things now. It's out of our hands" Fuck them! Fuck them! FUCK THEM!

(deep sigh)

I'm gonna kill her and then I'm gonna kill myself, 'cause I don't wanna live anymore.

Roper reaches out to him.

ROPER

Ray, if you walk out of here with me, I'll get you a job.

RAYMOND

Doing what? Cleaning toilets?

ROPER

I can't guarantee you what it will be. But I swear on my life, I'll find you work.

RAYMOND

And why the fuck would you do that for me?

ROPER

Not for you, Ray. For me. A close friend of mine was killed this week. The way I figure it, I stop you from doin' what you said, I'm one up on body count.

RAYMOND

Who the fuck are you, Mother Teresa?

ROPER

My name's Scott Roper.

knife
eyes
beat...
Then...

Ray stares blankly at Roper's outstretched hand, the
clutched tightly in his fist... The wife squeezes her
closed. Everything waits for an excruciatingly long
beat...
Then...

RAYMOND

I need my coat.

has
turns

It's on a coat rack in the corner. But to get there he
to pass by the window. Ray drops his wife on the bed,
and goes to get his coat.

coat.
floor.

He crosses in front of the window... Reaches for the
POP! A bullet slams into his skull. Ray falls to the
The wife runs out of the room, screaming!

ROPER

NOOOO!!

coat.
wall. A

He rushes over to Ray. Circle of blood soaking into the
carpet. Ray's empty eyes. His hand still wrapped in his
He was dead instantly. Roper slams his fist into the

Roper couple of cops, guns drawn, arrive at the doorway.
bolts out of the room... Pounds down the hallway...
Pounds down the stairs... down another flight...

EXT. APT. BLDG.

as McCall comes across the street. Roper sees McCall, cool
his ever. Rifle slung over his shoulder. Roper steps into
path.

ROPER
WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

continues McCall gives no answer. He pushes past Roper and
into the building.

INT. APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Roper follows, screaming his head off.

ROPER
Do you think because the police
department issued you a sniper rifle,
it makes you God! What the fuck goes
on in your head?

Yellow McCall, still stone-faced, reaches the apartment.
Cops "crime scene" tape is being placed across the doorway.
under are tiptoeing around, surveying evidence. McCall ducks
the tape. Roper follows.

INT. APT. - DAY

comes McCall goes over to Ray's body. Crouches down. Roper
arms. up behind him. McCall picks up the coat covering Ray's
special" Clutched in Ray's hand is a gun "Saturday night
variety. McCall looks up at Roper.

MCCALL
SWAT is a lifesaving unit, remember?
I just saved a life. Yours.

Roper doesn't miss a beat.

ROPER

(still angry)

You think I've never had a gun pulled on me?! You think every fucking time someone pulls a gun they use it?!

McCall gets to his feet.

MCCALL

Eighty-five percent of domestic disturbances of this nature end in murder/suicide.

ROPER

(fiercely)

Not the ones I'm at.

McCall and Roper glare at each other. Toe to toe. A beat.

McCall's face softens just perceptibly.

MCCALL

Sorry. My mistake.

He walks out of the room. Roper whips the sheet off the bed, contemplates the gun gripped in Ray's hand... Then tosses the sheet over Ray's dead body.

INT. METRO DIVISION - NIGHT

Roper seated in the hallway, waiting outside a door marked "Internal Affairs". Things are quiet. Roper stares at the floor. Waiting.

The door opens. McCall comes out, escorted by two internal affairs INVESTIGATORS. One of the investigators pats him on the back.

INVESTIGATOR

Looks like a clean shoot. Go home and get some rest.

disappear
cooled

McCall shakes hands with the investigators and they
back into the office. Roper approaches McCall. He's
off considerably. Even a tad friendly.

ROPER

Come on. Let's go for a drink.

MCCALL

I don't really like to drink.

ROPER

You have to. It's a tradition.

MCCALL

Well, if I have to, I have to.

INT. BILLY GOAT TAVERN - NIGHT

Half-
over
Roper

A neighborhood bar. Roper and McCall are playing pool.
finished beers are on a nearby table. McCall is bent
the table trying to make a particularly tricky shot.
studies him.

ROPER

You got a girlfriend?

MCCALL

Why? You like my ass?

McCall misses the shot.

ROPER

Better than your pool game.

Roper lines up his shot.

ROPER

You wouldn't want to put a small
wager on this, would you?

MCCALL

I don't gamble.

Roper smiles. Sinks his shot. Moves around the table.

MCCALL

Yeah, I've got a girlfriend.

ROPER

You living together?

MCCALL

She's back in Jersey... going to graduate school.

ROPER

Explain how that works.

MCCALL

She's going to come here when she graduates and then we're gonna get married.

ROPER

She grow up in Livingtston, too?

MCCALL

(as if that were
unthinkable)

No, no, no...

(a beat)

She's from Hoboken.

ROPER

Oh, "city girl". Don't you ever long for companionship with her such a long way away in New Jersey?

MCCALL

We see each other every couple of months.

ROPER

Every couple of months, huh?

A couple of months sounds like an awful long time to
Roper.

ROPER

That's a lot of commitment. I admire that.

MCCALL

Do you really?

ROPER

No. Actually I think it's fucking crazy, I don't know if I could do it.

MCCALL

Thanks for clearing that up.

(a beat)

I hear your former girlfriend is going out with Greg Barnett.

ROPER

Where did you hear that?

MCCALL

Around. Barnett's tough competition.

ROPER

Yeah, well that's a sore subject, and therefore out of bounds to a young sprout of a hostage negotiator under my tutelage.

major
his
A beat and then McCall realizes that this comment is a acknowledgement of acceptance from Roper. Roper misses shot. Picks up his beer glass.

ROPER

Lesson two, "Dead Eye"... should have been lesson one. Never exchange yourself for a hostage.

MCCALL

I think I can handle that one.

ROPER

Yeah, you think so, but it comes up.

glass.
Roper takes a drink of beer. Nears the bottom of his
Calls to the BARTENDER.

ROPER

Zack, another round.

Roper turns back to McCall.

ROPER

My partner gave himself in exchange for a ten year old girl. He got caught in the crossfire. Two dead. My partner and the bad guy...

(takes the last sip)

Weird thing is, if he was alive,

he'd probably do it again.
(a beat)
Some people never learn.

Roper puts down his glass.

ROPER

You think you can learn, McCall?

MCCALL

I think so.

Roper nods. Maybe he can.

INT. ROOM - DAY

McCall
We're looking at a door. It's not clear where we are.
enters. We only see his face. Determined.

MCCALL

I'm Officer McCall, what's going on?

REVERSE ANGLE

convenience
walkie-
out
It's a training room. It's built to approximate a
store. Several mannequins are placed around the room to
represent a hostage situation. The "BAD GUY" has a
talkie strapped around his neck. Roper's voice CRACKLES
of it.

BAD GUY

What the fuck do you think is going
on, turdhead? I'm about to waste
everyone in this place.

seems
McCall hesitates, trying to figure out a response. He
stiff and awkward.

MCCALL

H... how can I help you? Tell me
what...

(looks off to his
right)

I feel stupid talking to a dummy.

holding
Roper enters the training room from a side door. He's

the other walkie-talkie.

ROPER

What did you think? I'm going to let you practice on real people?

Roper comes up beside him.

ROPER

First things is, don't say, "What's going on?" Everybody knows what's going on. I come into this situation, I say,

(addressing the mannequin)

"I'm glad to see nobody's hurt. That's good. I'm here to help you."

(turns back to McCall)

Second: You hesitated. Don't hesitate. If you're thinking, talk while you're thinking, or else he's going to think you're plotting. Which you are. If he thinks you're plotting, you're going to make him nervous. You don't want him nervous. Got that?

MCCALL

No.

ROPER

It'll come. Try again.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

same
immediately

ANGLE ON THE DOOR. McCall comes in. The room has the set-up. McCall takes a look around. Launches into...

MCCALL

My name's McCall. I'm a hostage negotiator. I'm here to help you.

Roper's voice crackles back at him hostilely.

ROPER (V.O.)

How are you going to help me?

McCall's confidence is growing.

MCCALL

Tell me what you need.

ROPER (V.O.)

I need you to bring me the scumbag
who ran off with my wife so I can
cut off his nuts.

Now he's stumped.

MCCALL

(hesitantly)

I can't do that.

ROPER (V.O.)

Then get out of my face you worthless
piece of frogshit.

McCall looks up to his right.

MCCALL

Is all the name calling necessary.

Roper re-enters the training area.

ROPER

Nah, I just throw that in because I
enjoy it.

MCCALL

(exasperated)

So what do I say to this guy?

ROPER

You could say something like,
(addressing the dummy)
"Tell me what the scumbag's name is.
Maybe we can work something out."

MCCALL

What? Bring somebody in so he can
cut his nuts off?

Roper turns to McCall.

ROPER

If you want to be a successful
negotiator, you've got to learn to
lie.

MCCALL

I'm not good at lying.

ROPER

Get good at it.

MCCALL

It's against my nature.

Roper gives him an amused smile.

ROPER

You know the ten commandments?

MCCALL

Yes.

ROPER

What's the first commandment?

MCCALL

Thou shall have no other God before me.

That's not the answer Roper wanted.

ROPER

Okay, forget that. What's the main one.

McCall is tired of guessing.

MCCALL

You tell me.

ROPER

Thou shall not kill... You've killed, right?

MCCALL

Yes.

ROPER

Why?

MCCALL

To save lives.

ROPER

So why would you hesitate to lie to save lives?

back

McCall can't argue with that one. Roper turns and heads to the side door.

ROPER

Let's try it again.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - LATER

setup
behind
the

McCall comes through the door. Hands in the air. The
in the room has been changed a bit. The bad guy is
the counter. Several hostages in various positions on
floor.

MCCALL

My name's McCall. I'm unarmed.

ROPER (V.O.)

Okay, stop.

Roper comes through the side door.

ROPER

Close your eyes.

Roper

McCall is surprised by the command but closes them.
turns him away from the hostage scene.

ROPER

What did you see?

MCCALL

(rapid-fire)

A dirtbag behind the counter holding
a sawed-off. A Berretta nine
millimeter in his belt. A female
hostage, red dress, on the floor in
front of the cereal display. Male
hostage, jeans and blue checked shirt,
three feet to her right. Another
male hostage, white pants, green
shirt, Nikes, laying in front of the
magazine rack. A female dirtbag with
a gun under her shirt, sitting against
the beer cooler, trying to pass
herself off as a hostage, and there's
a special on toilet-paper, four for
a buck twenty-nine.

McCall opens his eyes. Roper's impressed.

ROPER

Very good. You've got good eyes.
That's important.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

video
sporting
holding a
hands
The
gunman
his
safety.

Roper and McCall are sitting in the dark watching a
tape. It's grainy footage of a hostage situation in a
goods store. A negotiator confronted with a gunman
ten year old girl hostage. The negotiator holds his
out imploringly... Carefully moves toward the gunman.
The negotiator exchanges himself for the little girl. The
grabs the negotiator around the neck, holds the gun to
head. The little girl runs out of the picture to

over
face.

Roper remains dead silent during all this. McCall looks
at him. The blue light flickers over Roper's motionless

MCCALL

Was that your partner?

Roper nods.

MCCALL

Why did he do it?

ROPER

(quietly)

Because he knew the little girl had
zero chance of survival and his
chances would be a little better...
We had a plan, but SWAT opened up
too early. He got caught in the
crossfire.

(a sad beat)

Let's move on... Notice this. Always
use the eyes to keep the connection.
It almost like hypnosis. That's the
most important thing. Create a
connection. You're always on their
side...

back

McCall watches him for a beat, then turns his attention on the screen.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE RACETRACK - DAY

rail at
saddled.

Beautiful day. Roper and McCall leaning against the the walking ring. The horses are being paraded and Roper scrutinizes them with an expert eye. McCall seems totally disinterested.

ROPER

You know why I like the track?

MCCALL

You're a compulsive gambler?

Roper ignores that.

ROPER

Because there are a multitude of possibility's. Everything is there to see if you know what to look for. You have to read the conditions, just like in a hostage situation.

Roper points across the ring to a particular horse.

ROPER

See the four horse. Dropping in class. No works. Front wraps. Looks like he's broken down. But notice the woman in the sun hat. She's the owner. She wouldn't have come if her horse was broken down. He's live. We use him.

McCall listens indifferently.

ROPER

See the favorite? Tail up. Washy. He doesn't want to run today. Cross him off... Now the Six looks good. On his toes. Coat shiny. This trainer/jockey combo does well. We can't leave him out.

(turns to McCall)

What do you think?

MCCALL

I have two words for you... Seek help.

ROPER

I have three words for you... Ex-acta.

INT. BETTING WINDOWS - DAY

the
Strange
Hands

Roper is buying tickets. McCall is with him, watching other bettors, the odds board, all the monitors... place. Roper finishes and turns away from the window. McCall a ticket.

ROPER

I bought you a four-six exacta box. You owe me twenty bucks.

MCCALL

(puzzled)
I do.

EXT. SEATING AREA - DAY

Roper and McCall pass by a gambler.

GAMBLER

Hey, Roper.

ROPER

How you doin', Marv?

They sit down in a box right up front.

ROPER

We need the 4 and 6 to finish to first and second.

MCCALL

(no enthusiasm)
Fine.

on the

Roper uses his binoculars to watch the horses warm up backstretch.

MCCALL

I'm told that newspaper photographer is your former girlfriend.

Roper looks over at him. What's this about?

ROPER

Ronnie... Yeah, so.

MCCALL

Now she's going out with Greg Barnett?

ROPER

So what do you want?... An autograph.

MCCALL

I don't know why she'd pick him over you.

Roper throws McCall a skeptical look.

MCCALL

(straight-faced)

I'm just practicing my lying.

ROPER

Still needs work.

MCCALL

(downcast)

You're right. I'll never be as good a liar as you.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And they're racing!

ON THE TRACK

call

The horses spring from the gate. (The track announcer's plays through race)

IN THE STANDS

sits

Roper watches intently through the binoculars. McCall impassively.

ROPER

Okay, we're in good shape. We're in good shape.

McCall looks across the track.

MCCALL

The 6 horse is last.

ROPER

That's okay. That's his style.

MCCALL

To run last?

ROPER

To run late!

Roper follows the horses into the turn.

ROPER

The favorite's fading. I told you he wasn't going to run today... The four horse has got the lead!

McCall sits like a wax figure.

MCCALL

(cynically)

The 6 horse is still last.

ROPER

He'll be running at the quarter pole.

ON THE TRACK

lead
horses

The horses head into the stretch. The FOUR is on the and the SIX is starting to unleash a big run. Passing with every stride.

ROPER (V.O.)

There he goes.

IN THE STANDS

McCall sits forward slightly.

MCCALL

They need to run first and second?

ROPER

Yeah, first and second.

Roper gets to his feet.

ON THE TRACK

in

The horses thunder down the stretch. The FOUR horse is front and the SIX is coming on from behind.

IN THE STANDS

Roper is on his feet screaming.

ROPER

Come on, Russell! Come on, Russell.

McCall jumps to this feet and joins him.

MCCALL

COME ON RUSSELL!...

(to Roper)

Who the fuck's Russell?!

ROPER

The jockey!

MCCALL

COME ON, RUSSELL!

Roper and McCall cheer together.

ON THE TRACK

SIX

second...

the

The FOUR horse crosses the finish line in front. The horse is flying... Needs to beat one horse to be He's running out of room... With one last surge he hits wire and... It's too close to call.

IN THE STANDS

McCall, really excited, turns to Roper.

MCCALL

We won!

ROPER

(disheartened)

We lost.

MCCALL

(confidently)

We won.

ROPER

How much you wanna bet?

MCCALL

You want to bet on whether you won your bet? This is getting sick.

ANGLE ON TOTE BOARD

on... As the photo finish light goes out and the numbers come
4-6-8. They won.

IN THE STANDS

ROPER

Yes!

High fives.

ROPER

That's eight hundred bucks.

INT. BET/CASH WINDOW - DAY

piece, Roper and McCall collect their money. Four hundred a
not bad. McCall pockets his money.

MCCALL

How long you been coming here?

ROPER

About six years. My partner took me.

MCCALL

Is it always like this?

ROPER

Occasionally you lose.

out a Suddenly Roper's BEEPER goes off. He checks it, takes
cellular phone and dials.

ROPER

(into the phone)

Roper here.

(he listens)

I'm on my way.

He hangs up and turns to McCall.

ROPER

We gotta go.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - UNION SQUARE - DAY

sealed
behind
operation

Marble facade. Tastefully reinforced windows and door. Choppers circle overhead. Both ends of the street are off. Barricades are up. Spectators and news crews crowd those. Numerous police circulate. This is a major in full swing.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - COMMAND CENTER - DAY

story.
of
SWAT are
out on
of

It's across the street from the jewelry store. Second The walls are plastered with travel posters. A poster Tahiti is the most prominent. Members of police and standing over a blueprint of the jewelry store spread a table. Right behind them is a TV monitoring the front the store. Solis is at another desk, on the phone. He's talking to the suspect.

SOLIS

We're working on that, Joe. These things aren't quite that simple.

EXT. STREET - DAY

walking
the

Roper and McCall push through the barricades and come down the cordoned-off street. McCall takes a look at jewelry store. Well fortified, foreboding.

MCCALL

This does not look good.

Solis'
travel

Roper looks over there, gives no reaction. They reach convertible Cadillac. It's parked out front of the agency building.

ROPER

See this. Solis has me driving the

shit-mobile, and he picked this up straight out of impound for fourteen grand. Probably worth thirty.

MCCALL

Police corruption. It's everywhere.

INT. COMMAND POST - DAY

studying
note

Roper and McCall enter. McCall joins the men who are the blueprint. Roper stands by Solis and listens, takes of the poster of Tahiti. Looks inviting.

SOLIS

This will take time to setup. I'll have to get authorizations.

(he listens)

Okay, you relax, and I'll --

obviously

Solis pulls the phone away from his ear. Joe has hung up.

ROPER

What do we got?

SOLIS

32 minutes ago the silent alarm went off, then the fire alarm. A unit was a block away, and the suspect got trapped inside.

ROPER

Any verification on numbers.

SOLIS

We've only seen and talked to one suspect. He calls himself "Joe". There's two jewelers, two salespeople, the manager, a security guard, and an elderly woman. This particular store is where they do a lot of jewelry making and repair. They have anywhere from 8 to 10 million in raw stones on any given day, so they sure as shit didn't just wander in. They knew what they were coming for.

ROPER

What have you promised them?

SOLIS

Just that I'd talk to my superiors.

McCall returns from checking out the blueprints.

ROPER

Any good points of entry?

McCall shakes his head.

MCCALL

The place is designed to be a vault.

Roper picks up the cellular phone. It dials automatically.

ROPER

(into the phone)

My name's Roper. How are you people doing in there?

(he listens)

Solis is off the job now, Joe. I'm the guy authorized to give you whatever you want.

(listens)

That's right, but first I need to come down there to talk to you.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

We don't see anything but the suspect on the other end of the phone. He's wearing a ski mask and gloves. Totally unrecognizable to the audience. We will find out soon that he is, in fact, Korda. He appears very cool and collected.

KORDA

You don't have to come here.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

ROPER

Yes, I do. That way there's no misunderstandings. I need to make sure no one's hurt, then we can take care of business.

A long pause... Then a bit sinister.

KORDA (V.O.)

Alright, Roper. You want to come...
come.

ROPER

Good. I won't be armed. We gotta
operate on trust here. We're going
to wrap this up and have you guys
out of here as soon as possible.

sound Roper clicks off the phone. He already doesn't like the
of this guy.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

the Roper, bulletproof vest, hands in the air, walks across
store. eerily deserted street straight toward the jewelry
It's quiet now. The choppers have been pulled back.
Korda Roper reaches the sidewalk right in front of the store.
cracks the door open.

KORDA

(warningly)
Stay there.

Roper stops in his tracks.

ROPER

I'm going to put my hands down, okay.

Roper slowly lowers his hands.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Everybody watching through the window.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

hand Korda takes a half step out the doorway. The gloved
of that is visible is not holding a weapon. The other half
a his body is hidden inside the doorway. He wears jeans,
fiercely black shirt, and black Nike tennis shoes. He stares

him.
from behind the ski mask. There's no sign of fear in

KORDA

Are you in charge, Roper?

ROPER

Yep.

KORDA

I want a car. Like a four wheel drive.
I want it in perfect condition. I
want a uniformed cop to drive it up
right here. I want him to leave the
engine running and walk to the end
of the street. Then we'll come out.
I don't want any remote control
devices in it. I know all the tricks.
If it's not in perfect condition,
and I mean if its even low on wiper
fluid, I'm going to kill somebody
and we're gonna start again.

Korda lets that sink in.

KORDA

I want a plane waiting at the airport.
I'll tell them where I want to go
when I get there.

ROPER

Is that all?

KORDA

For now that's all.

ROPER

You'll get it. But, Joe, I want you
to do something for me. Let me take
a look around inside. Make sure
everybody's okay.

KORDA

No. You just do shit for me right
now.

ominous
Korda's eyes glare from behind the ski mask. He's an
figure.

ROPER

Joe, I'm doing a lot for you. I think

you could give me something to cement
the deal... One hostage.

KORDA

I'll give you something.

and Korda pulls a wadded-up handkerchief out of his pocket
tosses it to Roper. Roper unwraps the handkerchief.

DETAIL SHOT

It's a human ear.

KORDA

In fifteen minutes it'll be a bigger
piece. I assume there are no
"misunderstanding".

Roper is as serious as we've ever seen him.

ROPER

I understand you completely.

Korda disappears back behind the door.

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Logistical Roper trudges back in. Things are more active now.
are officers are making flow charts. Photos of the hostages
Solis, being posted on a bulletin board. Roper approaches
for McCall and the SWAT CAPTAIN who are anxiously waiting
his report.

ROPER

(flatly)

We're going to have to take this guy
out.

rarely That draws a long silence. That's something Roper
says.

SOLIS

Can't we wear him down?

Solis Roper hands Solis the handkerchief with the ear in it.

eyes it with dismay.

ROPER

I believe there's at least one fatality in there already. The fire alarm was probably set off by gunfire. I believe he's working alone, both from his conversation and the fact that he wouldn't come out beyond the doorway. He was holding a gun on the hostages while he was talking to me. His demeanor is calm and controlled, that's what really scares me. The other bad news is that he also indicated a familiarity with our techniques.

(a beat)

So, do you want to go in or wait for him to come out?

McCall calmly offers his opinion.

MCCALL

Let him come out. Too many unknowns in there.

Solis nods. That'll be the plan.

MCCALL

When we drive up the car, make sure it's at an angle about three feet from the curb.

(to SWAT Captain)

Put our best man "highground", Twenty degree down angle.

UNDERLINGS.
The SWAT Captain motions and turns to one of his

SWAT CAPTAIN

Have Anderson prep it and notify us when he's on line.

looks at
The underling hurries off to take care of it. Solis

Roper dejectedly.

SOLIS

I feel this thing going sideways on us.

Roper tries to buck him up.

ROPER

There is some good news. He's wearing a ski mask, so he's protecting his identity and hasn't determined to kill all the hostages...

(big pause)

Yet.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Korda.
The
five
The
TWO
CUSTOMER,
against
The
jeweler

The jewel thief pulls off his ski mask to reveal he is His face is sweaty. Hair matted. ANGLE WIDENS to show very scared hostages: A JEWELER, middle-aged, balding. male MANAGER, good-looking, thirties, three piece suit. SALESGIRLS, nicely dressed, late twenties. A FEMALE gray-haired Hillsborough matron. They are all seated the wall. There are two fatalities lying on the floor. guard and one of the jewelers. Korda points his gun at the manager and the other and motions to the dead bodies.

KORDA

Drag them behind the counter.

the
The
haven't
glass,
open
gemstones
gets to

The two men reluctantly get to their feet and commence grim task. The two salesgirls watch Korda fearfully. older female customer seems to be in a lesser state of reality. Her eyes are a bit far away. Korda moves over to the remaining display cases that been looted. With the barrel of his gun, He SMASHES the reaches in and picks out the jewelry. He dumps it in an satchel already half-filled with packets of raw and gold chains. Suddenly, the older woman customer

her feet. She seems fairly out-of-it. Maybe in shock.
She starts walking toward the front door frowning with dissatisfaction.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

I'm not staying here another minute.

SALESGIRL #1

(panicky)

No, Mrs. Dotson.

Korda rushes around the display case.

KORDA

Come here, hag.

He grabs a handful of the woman's coiffed gray hair and drags her away from the door. She shrieks. The manager takes a step toward Korda.

MANAGER

Leave her alone!

Korda pistol whips her across the forehead and drops her unconscious to the floor then turns the gun on the manager.

KORDA

You're a brave one, aren't you?

The manager glares at him. He's about Korda's size. He thinks about making a run at him.

SALESGIRL #2

(pleading)

Sit down, Doug.

A long beat... The manager sits back down on the floor with the other hostages. Salesgirl 1 is giving aid to the old woman. Korda looks down at her.

KORDA

If she's not conscious when it's time to leave, I'll have to kill her.

rest of Korda goes back to the display cases to collect the
the gems.

EXT. STREET - DAY

EXPLORER Cops clear spectators out of the way as a green FORD
deserted RUMBLES through the barricade and heads down the
street.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

store. Roper and McCall at the window, attention fixed on the
store. The Explorer crawls to a stop in front of the jewelry
gets Parks at a slight angle. The uniformed police officer
the out, leaving the engine running, and walks off back to
barricade.

ROPER

Okay. Time to give this fucker a
call.

watching Roper picks up the phone, waits. Everybody tensely
the store.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. BUILDING - SAME

window. A sniper team watching the store from a third floor

INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Roper holding the phone. It's still ringing.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DIFFERENT BUILDING - SAME

Another sharpshooting team. Poised. Waiting.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - SAME

And still another sharpshooter team.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME

The phone is still ringing.

ROPER

This fucker's not answering.

Just then, the front door of the jewelry store swings
open.

A spray of white vapor shoots out the doorway. Korda is
discharging a fire extinguisher.

MCCALL

There's your answer. He's smart.

ROPER

He's cutting down the visibility.

MCCALL

And doing a very good job of it.

A thick cloud of white hangs over the sidewalk
obscuring the
front of the jewelry store. Roper puts down the phone.

MCCALL

Come on. Give us one clean shot.

SWAT CAPTAIN

(into his radio)

All positions, you have the green
light.

MCCALL

They're out.

Roper grabs a pair of binoculars.

HIS POV

Through the haze, we catch glimpses of the hostages
circled
toward
around the figure in the ski mask. They slowly shuffle
the Explorer.

McCall watches intently.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

the
A sniper watches through his scope. Finger poised on
trigger.

ANGLE THROUGH THE SCOPE

mask
momentarily by
The
Low visibility through the haze. The figure in the ski
wavers in and out of the crosshairs, shielded
the jeweler, then he flashes back into the crosshairs.
sniper tries to lock him in.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - ROPER'S POV - BINOCULARS - SAME

catches
recognizes
The figure in the ski mask leans slightly and Roper
a glimpse of the hostage right behind him. Roper
him instantly.

ROPER

It's Korda.

McCall sees him now, too.

MCCALL

They switched clothes.

Roper drops the binoculars and grabs his police radio.

ROPER

(urgently)

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

goes
Too late. A SHOT rings out. The figure in the ski mask
down, hit by the bullet.

ROPER

Shit! Where'd that shot come from?

Hold your fire!

More SHOTS ring out.

DOWN ON THE STREET

with
lies
The white vapor cloud swirls. The hostages, spattered
blood, scream and scatter. The figure in the ski mask

three
and
grabs

dead on the sidewalk. Korda, dressed in the manager's
piece suit, holding the satchel of jewels in one hand
his gun in the other FIRES back at the snipers. He
salesgirl 1 and drags her into the Explorer.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

hostages.
Roper sees Korda move toward the car with one of the

MCCALL

He's got the girl.

ROPER

Damnit!

on
As Roper turns into the room he notices a set of keys
Solis' desk.

ROPER

(grabbing the keys;
to Solis)
Are these yours?

SOLIS

Yeah, they are but...

ROPER

(to McCall)
Come on!

As Roper and McCall move toward the door...

SOLIS

Roper, what are you going to do?
Don't take my...

And Roper and McCall are gone.

SOLIS

...car.

DOWN ON THE STREET

Explorer
the
Police come rushing onto the street. Guns drawn. The
ROARS off down the block. Roper and McCall burst out of

tear

command center building, leap into Solis' Cadillac and
off after the van. McCall is behind the wheel.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. POLICE BARRICADES - DAY

scatter.

The Explorer comes barreling toward it. Spectators

to

Two squad cars SCREECH up behind the barricades, trying

metal

block Korda's escape. The Explorer PLOWS through the

screams

barricades. BASHES the squad cars out of the way. And

off around the corner.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. STREET - DAY

congested

The Explorer careens up an alley and bursts into the

swerves to

traffic of a side street. HONK-SCREECH! A Toyota

fishtails

miss it and broadsides a parked car. The Explorer

off down the street.

INT. VAN - DAY

mirror.

The salesgirl is terrified. Korda checks the rear view

No one on his tail... At first. Then the Cadillac comes
speeding up behind...

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

ahead.

Roper and McCall have the Van in sight, about a block

Roper picks up the radio.

MCCALL

Suspect heading west on Sutter now
passing Jones. Can we get an
intercept?

A voice comes back.

VOICE (V.O.)

R-32-David. We are proceeding south
on Hyde. Will intercept.

INT. VAN - DAY

view
Korda has one eye on the road and the other on the rear
mirror. The Cadillac is making up ground.

UP AHEAD

to a
turn
a squad car SCREECHES into the intersection and smokes
stop. Korda jerks the wheel, pulls a SCREAMING right
and heads up the hill.

EXT. STREET - DAY

van...
pursuit.
The Cadillac is only about a hundred feet behind the
Brakes SQUEALING, it swerves around the corner in

THE VAN

back
hits the top of the hill and goes airborne... SLAMS
down to the pavement.

INT. VAN - DAY

salesgirl is
beyond petrified.
Korda floors it, and we get a frightening view out the
windshield as they head straight downhill. The

THE CADILLAC

reaches the top of the hill. Going fast.

INT. CADILLAC

against
the pavement. McCall sees the van ahead. Hammers the
accelerator. No fear.
As it rocks forward violently. Front bumper slamming

VAN

pulls a Korda sees traffic ahead... Intersection jammed. He
hard left.

THE VAN

sidewalk... cuts straight across the corner... up on the
through shears a mailbox... a row of newspaper machines fly
the air... The van speeds off down a one-way street...

THE CADILLAC

corner arrives at the intersection a few seconds later...
Intersection still jammed... People now standing on the
McCall gawking at the damage. The Caddy SCREECHES to a stop.
through HONKS... The people scatter... The Cadillac drives
the corner.

THE VAN

us in Wrong way down a one-way street. Cars coming right at
pulls a every angle. Frantic HONKING. Salesgirl SHRIEKS. Tires
the SMOKING... No way to avoid collision... Except Korda
left an instant before impact... The van speeds back up
hill.

THE CADILLAC

Down the same one way street... Comes up on the head-on
traffic, now stopped, paralyzed with fear from the near
collision with Korda...

EXT. STREET - DAY

hill. The Cadillac roars around the corner and heads up the

INT. VAN

short Korda, checking the rear view mirror. The Caddy is a
enters distance behind. Attention still focused behind, Korda

TRAFFIC...

an intersection, running a red light... CROSS-
Korda stiffens... Pulls on the wheel

THE STREET

metal...

The van swerves... But not quick enough... GRINDING
SHATTERING glass... The van rolls over another car...

BRIEF CUT - LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Korda and the salesgirl tossed about as the van does a
dizzying roll...

THE VAN

After a
satchel of
car
descend.

...and CRASHES back down to the street upside down.
beat, Korda crawls from the wreckage carrying the
jewels. The salesgirl does not emerge. He spots a cable
reaching the top of the hill and starting its long
He heads toward it...

INT. CABLE CAR

the

As Korda comes toward them from the wreckage, some of
passengers view him uneasily.

THE CADILLAC

McCall to

hits the top of the hill just in time for Rope and
see Korda leap onto the moving cable car.

CABLE CAR

he is
back...

other passengers give Korda room. They can sense that
not here merely for the ride. Korda looks out the

Cadillac is

Roper and McCall haven't lost track of him. The
making up ground on the cable car.

off a

Korda moves to the back exit, pulls his gun and FIRES

couple of shots at the Caddy.

INT. CADILLAC

A bullet fractures the windshield. McCall swerves.

BACK ON THE CABLE CAR

leap
That makes up the minds of many of the passenger. They
off the cable car.

Korda takes aim on the Caddy again and FIRES!

off
The brakeman charges down the aisle while Korda has his
attention focused out the back and tries to shove him
the cable car...

hand...
Almost works... but Korda is able to hang on by one

involuntarily
He swings around toward the Brakeman who turns
as he sees the barrel of the gun pointed at him...

BANG!

Korda shoots him in the back.

the
The brakeman staggers down the aisle and slumps across
brake lever, releasing it more.

EXT. UNDER CABLE CAR

The brakes are stressed.

EXT. STREET

Broadsides a
Now driverless, the cable car picks up speed...
car... Pushing it into parked cars...

THE CABLE CAR

Korda and the remaining passengers are rocked around.

THE CABLE CAR

THUNDERS towards us... Filling the FRAME...

A SIDE ANGLE

Shows the cable car leaving the wreckage in its wake.

CADILLAC

speedometer

It passes the smashed car. McCall looks at the
as he paces the cable car. It's going at 45 mph.

MCCALL

What the fuck is going on.

ROPER

I don't know, but I've got to get on
there.

MCCALL

You're crazy.

ROPER

Pull up alongside.

EXT. INTERSECTION

traffic

The cable car barrels through... Plows into two cross-
cars... Knocks them aside... Keeps picking up speed.

THE CADILLAC

cable

Weaves through the wreckage... Makes up ground on the
car, trying to pull alongside.

THE CABLE CAR

For the moment, Korda is not shooting at the Caddy. His
attention is now focused downhill as...

KORDA'S POV

off

The cable car nails another vehicle sending it spinning
to the side.

THE CADDY

sidewalk...

dodges the spinning car... Jumps up onto the
Mows down parking meters... Jumps back onto the street.

THE CABLE CAR

Another

Korda leans out the door, takes aim at the Caddy...
jammed intersection up ahead...

INT. CAR OF MAN TRAPPED IN INTERSECTION

He

He sees the cable car coming in his rear view mirror.
bails out...

THE CABLE CAR

SLAMS into the back of the car. Major impact.

THE CABLE CAR

Korda and the passengers are thrown to the floor.

THE REAR-ENDED CAR

rolls

Tumbles down the hill... Hits a car coming uphill and
into a parked car.

THE CADILLAC

the

Speeds up alongside the cable car. Roper climbs over
windshield, onto the hood and leaps onto the cable car.

INT. CABLE CAR

side

Korda sees him coming. FIRES. Roper dives out the other
of the cable car.

CABLE CAR

Roper hanging off the side. He gets his gun out of his
holster...

Up ahead, a car pulls away from the curb...

safety of
hand

Roper swings around to get back into the relative
the cable car. As he does his gun is raked out of his
by the car which avoids a collision by a millimeter.

CABLE CAR

Korda aims as Roper re-enters...

CABLE CAR

As it CRASHES into the back of a car turning left.
Everyone is thrown toward the front of the car. Korda's
gun
punches.
goes flying. Roper dives on top of him. They trade
McCall is in b.g. with the Caddy pacing the cable car.

INTERSECTION

streaks
Pedestrains bolt out of the way as the cable car
through...

THE CABLE CAR

McCall is
McCall
Roper hammers Korda into unconsciousness. Outside
honking and yelling like crazy. Roper looks over...
points ahead...

ROPER'S POV

The cable car.

ROPER

Leaps to the brake lever. Pulls on it.

ANGLE UNDER THE CABLE CAR

smokes...
The clamp tries to slow the descent. It whine and
Then disintegrates before our eyes.

THE CABLE CAR

car
stop
Caddy...
Roper feels the lever go slack in his hands. The cable
is speeding toward the end of the line... No way to
it... Roper turns and takes a running leap into the

INT. CADDY

down
He lands in the passenger seat. Roper pounds his foot

car...
the
on the accelerator. The Caddy lunges ahead of the cable
McCall can't figure out what he's doing. Roper yanks
steering wheel hard right...

EXT. STREET

Tires
rubber
Cadillac...
The Caddy collides with the front of the cable car.
SCREAM. The steel wheels CLATTER. A cloud of burning
forms. The cable car grinds forward pushing the
But it's working. The cable car is slowing.

BOTTOM OF STREET

on
The crowd now sees the Caddy and cable car bearing down
them. General hysteria as they flee.

THE CABLE CAR

grabs
Korda regains consciousness. Sees what's going on. He
the satchel and bails out of the cable car...

STREET

its
runs
...Onto the hood of a passing taxi. The taxi slams on
brakes. Korda rolls off the hood, picks himself up and
into an underground garage.

THE CABLE CAR

Roper
Caddy
vehicles in
Grinding to a halt just short of the end of the line.
grabs McCall's gun off the seat and leaps out of the
to pursue Korda. People approach to ogle the two
astonishment.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

position.
He
Roper moves up an interior stairway, gun in "ready"
He knows Korda is somewhere in the parking structure.

over
the
gun...

glides up the stairway to the third level. Checks back
the rail... No one around... Then a sound from inside
garage... Footsteps maybe.

Roper carefully opens the door... Swings in with his
gun...

INT. THIRD LEVEL - GARAGE

to
Scans

Lots of cars, but no one in sight. Roper moves quickly
the protection of a row of cars... He crouches down.
beneath the cars... No sign of Korda.

van...
toward

Roper searches between two rows... Comes up beside a
Thinks he hears something stirring inside. Whirls a gun
the window.

teeth...

A dog lunges at the CAMERA... Snarling... baring
Roper moves on.

NEW ANGLE

steps
The
frightened 30
backseat.

As a BMW crawls through the parking structure. Roper
into the FOREGROUND, right into its path, gun visible.
BMW rolls to a stop. Roper approaches with caution.
Roper comes up beside the car and sees a very
year old blonde. Roper takes a check out of the

ROPER

Sorry, go.

INSIDE THE CAR

drives

The woman rolls up the window and hits the gas. She
off.

INT. GARAGE

final
might

Roper stands in the middle of the garage and takes a scan... He has the discouraging feeling that Korda have escaped.

tires...
drives

He heads toward the exit... Suddenly a SCREECH of Roper whirls to see a sedan bearing down on him. He and FIRES! Bullets shatter the windshield.

the
make
rear
rail
it.

The car continues toward Roper. He has to roll out of path of the car. The car swerves past Roper. Tries to it down the ramp. Roper fires again, taking out the window and a rear tire. The car slides along the guard and continues down to the next level. Roper runs after it.

GARAGE - 2ND LEVEL

and

As the car reaches the next level, Korda loses control piles into a parked car.

satchel

Korda crawls out of the car clutching his precious of jewels. Dazed, he staggers away from the wreck.

the
open car
of his

Roper moves to him with a face grim as death. He strips satchel from Korda's hand and slams him against the door. Korda goes to his knees. Roper holds the barrel gun right up between Korda's eyes.

ROPER

Give me one reason why I shouldn't
kill you right here.

won't

Korda stares back at Roper defiantly. He knows a cop kill him in cold blood...

about

What he doesn't know is that Roper doesn't give a shit those rules at this moment.

ROPER

You know Sam Baffert was a friend of mine. He had a wife... and he had a daughter.

Korda stares past the barrel of the gun.

KORDA

I don't give a shit about you or your fucking friends.

all
night.
And that makes Roper even angrier... But he keeps it inside. His expression is as cold as a San Francisco

tighter
executing
He yanks back hard on Korda's hair. Pushes the gun against Korda's forehead. He's on the verge of this guy.

KORDA

You can't kill me like this.

ROPER

What if you and me got into a struggle... and my gun went off?

SHOT!
In a flash, Roper points the gun upward and fires off a

ROPER

Could I kill you then?
(beat, beat)
Could I kill you then?

the
skull.
closed.
burst
Roper jams the gun back under Korda's chin. A pull of trigger would send a bullet straight up through Korda's And now Korda is fully convinced. He squeezes his eyes Face straining so hard, he looks like he's going to out of his skin.

ANGLE - MCCALL

moving across garage into position.

MCCALL

Roper! Put it down!... Put it down
man, we got him.

(beat)

Come on... Put it down.

when
kicks
pulls

Long, long beat. Roper eases up and Korda smiles. Just
we feel the scene is over, Roper turns back quickly and
Korda in the stomach, then grabs Korda by the hair,
his head back and shoves the gun in his face.

ROPER

We do this shit by the book, but you
ain't gonna be smiling.

walks

Korda is doubled up coughing, spitting up blood. Roper
away as McCall moves in to put the cuffs on Korda.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. METRO DIVISION - NIGHT

of
adjoining
walls,
bids
squadroom.

Roper is sitting in a cubicle doing paperwork. A group
reporters and photographers move down the hallway
the squadroom. One of them is Ronnie. Through the glass
she notices Roper sitting alone at the computer. She
good-night to the reporters and comes into the
squadroom.

RONNIE

You weren't at the press conference.

Roper keeps tapping away at the computer.

ROPER

I wanted to get this out of the way.

RONNIE

You got a bet on the game tonight?

ROPER

As a matter of fact, I do.

She nods knowingly.

RONNIE

It's already started.

ROPER

I was going to catch the last half
on TV.

at
Guess
Ronnie watches him for a moment. He stops typing, looks
her and smiles. She suddenly becomes self-conscious.
it was something she was thinking.

RONNIE

Good-night.

from
She turns abruptly to leave. Roper finds himself rising
his chair.

ROPER

You having dinner with Mr. Baseball?

She turns back around.

RONNIE

Greg is on a road trip. I was just
going to make some pasta.

He takes a few steps toward.

ROPER

That kind with the garlic and the
oil that I like so much?

RONNIE

No. The kind from Kraft, with the
macaroni and the cheese.

ROPER

I've been craving that stuff all
week.

RONNIE

And it's hard to get.

He looks at her innocently.

RONNIE

Just dinner.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

dressing
and
Ronnie is making macaroni. Roper helps to prepare a
to go with the salad. He is mixing oil, vinegar, sugar
spices. He lets her have a taste.

ROPER

What do you think?

RONNIE

Mmm, needs a little something.

ROPER

What are you talking about? This is
it. This is the stuff right here.

(beat; he tastes)

Well, maybe just a pinch more sugar.

RONNIE

Yeah that's it.

ROPER

Why don't you just stick your finger
in and stir it up.

RONNIE

(laughing)

Scottie...

There is a long pause as he looks at her.

ROPER

What would you say if I quit gambling?

Ronnie stirs the macaroni.

RONNIE

I'd say you'd be miserable... It's
not the gambling. It's what the
gambling got in the way of. The track
is where you'd take your troubles
instead of sharing them with me...

before

Ronnie puts the lid on the macaroni. There is a beat
she continues.

RONNIE

Scottie, remember the day you lost
that hostage in union square. You
came over that night and we made
mad, crazy love. But I didn't even
know what happened... 'til I heard
it on the news the next morning.

ROPER

It's because I wanted to keep you
away from that world.

RONNIE

It's not that world. It's your world.
It's part of who you are.

ROPER

(beat)

Veronica, it's not easy for me... I
don't know if I can change overnight.
But what I'm telling you is that I
want to share everything with you,
because I don't ever want to be
without you again.

He

The dog yawns. They laugh. Roper moves closer to her.
kisses her and she responds.

INT. RONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lovemaking is over. Roper is gazing at the ceiling,
thinking. Ronnie is cuddled around him. A comfortable
moment...

ROPER

What about Greg? What are you gonna
tell him?

RONNIE

It's okay. We broke up.

ROPER

(surprised)

When?

RONNIE

Just now.

INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING ROOM - DAY

plexiglass
visits

Clarence Teal, Korda's cousin sits in front of the wall. He's edgy, fidgety. Clarence doesn't like to make to jail.

Korda
and

Korda, wearing prison clothes, is led in by a guard. takes a seat at the other side of the plexiglass wall picks up the receiver. Clarence picks up his receiver.

CLARENCE

How ya doin', man?

the

Korda grips the phone, leans forward and stares through wall.

KORDA

You gotta do something for me... this fucker, Roper, he's gotta girlfriend. She works at the newspaper. I want you to take care of her.

Clarence is totally unnerved by this request.

CLARENCE

Hey, Michael, that's not my thing.

Korda glares at him murderously.

KORDA

You gotta do this for me. I'm in here because of you.

CLARENCE

Man, what's this about? Ya know, you were robbing a store. It wasn't personal. It was his job.

KORDA

(exploding)

Fuck you! You know what he did to me?!...

controls

Korda starts to draw the attention of the guard. He

there. himself, lowers his voice. But the viciousness is still

KORDA

He held a gun to my head and said he should kill me right then... He made me...

He doesn't finish that thought.

KORDA

You do this for me Clarence.

Clarence is getting very upset.

CLARENCE

Don't make do it, Mike.

KORDA

Are you going to turn on me too? Who helped you when you were strung out? Who gave you money? Who bailed you out of jail?

CLARENCE

I won't get away with it.

KORDA

Nobody knows who you are. Make it look like a robbery.

to Clarence holds back tears, because he knows he's going have to do this.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A gray San Francisco evening. It starts to rain.

INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

She's cooking some kind of sauce. She has a taste.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

moves A subjective POV watching through the window as she around the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

crosses Ronnie pours some oil in a pan. The phone RINGS. She
the kitchen to answer it.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

him. Roper on his cell phone. Paco is on the seat beside

ROPER

Hi, I'm going to stop at the corner
for some wine.

wiper Roper notices the rain, searches for the windshield
switch.

INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

RONNIE

How's Paco doing?

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

ROPER

He was going nuts at the park. He
met this very attractive poodle.
They made plans to meet again next
weekend.

front Paco sits there panting. Roper pulls the pickup over in
of the store.

INT. KITCHEN - STORE

RONNIE

Okay, dinner will be ready when you
get here.

She hangs up.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

stove. Through the window we watch her cross back to the

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

on her Ronnie lifts the lid on the sauce. Stirs. It spatters

back

blouse. She regards the stain with dismay. Puts the lid on and leaves the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ronnie unbuttons her blouse as she moves to the...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

throws

She takes off the blouse, goes to the closet door...

takes

it open. She looks around. Something's not right. She

-- A

a step into the closet and finds what she's looking for

the

laundry basket -- tucked away in the corner. She puts

soiled blouse in the hamper and takes a fresh one off a hanger. She buttons the clean blouse as she walks to...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dark. She turns on the light. She goes to the mirrored medicine cabinet.

IN THE REFLECTION

so

Behind her the shower curtain is drawn, fluttering ever

some

slightly. She opens the medicine cabinet. Takes out

bottle and

perfume. Dabs some on her neck. She puts back the

standing

closes the cabinet. We fully expect someone to be

there.

right behind her in the reflection... There's no one

bathroom.

She turns off the light as she walks out of the

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

on the

Ronnie walks back to the kitchen... Notices something

someone is

floor further down the hallway... What is it? She moves closer... And now we get to the POV that tells us

in the house... Watching her through a cracked doorway.

BRIEF CUT

fingers. A hand opening a buck knife. Water drips from the

BACK IN THE HALL

shoeprint. Ronnie bends down. It's a wet spot. Like half a

She reaches down to touch it...

kitchen. BUZZZZZ!!!! The oven timer. She hurries back to the

INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

the She turns off the timer and pulls some chicken out of

oven. She puts it down on the counter and cross to the refrigerator. She opens the door and looks inside. The refrigerator door obscures half the FRAME... She digs

around for something... We're sure that when she closes the door,

lettuce he's going to be behind it... She takes out a head of and... Closes the door... Still no one there.

Ronnie She turns... Clarence is standing there. Dripping wet.

lid shrieks... The knife flashes forward... She grabs the from the sauce pan and CLANG... Fends off the blade.

She bolts for the hallway. Clarence grabs her by the blouse...

RIP! She pulls away.

IN THE HALLWAY

She She races down the hall. Clarence lunges into FRAME.

down goes down... He goes down... the knife goes skidding

has the hallway... Ronnie scrambles to get it... Clarence

of her by the ankle... She claws for the knife... Just out reach.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

jumps Roper's pickup pulls up in front. He gets out. Paco

walkway
wine.
grabs the
check
front
it
front
Roper
out

out behind him. It's raining harder. They hurry up the
toward the house. Suddenly Roper realizes he forgot the
He goes back to the truck. Paco pads after him.
Roper opens the driver's side door, reaches in and
wine. He closes the door, starts away, but pauses to
himself in the window.
Suddenly, a floodlight comes crashing through Ronnie's
bay windows. It SPARKS and FLASHES. Still plugged in,
bungees to a stop hallway down the front of the house.
FLICKERING and FLASHING.
Roper rushes toward the house... Crashes through the
door... Up the stairway... Paco bounds after him...
hits her front door running... Wham! He bounces off. He
shoulders it again... The door doesn't give... He pulls
his gun... BAM! BAM! Shoots off the lock.

INT. RONNIE'S APT. - NIGHT

A QUICK SHOT of Clarence's hand grabbing the knife.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Roper kicks open the door. Charges in.

INT. RONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

marks
his

Ronnie is laying on the floor, gasping for air. Choke
around her throat. Roper rushes to her side. Paco is on
heels.

ROPER

You okay?!

She nods. Points out the back way.

ROPER

(to Paco)

Stay.

the
The dog obediently stays with Ronnie. Roper dashes out
back.

EXT. BACK OF RONNIE'S - NIGHT

back
fire
escape...
Raining more heavily now. Roper bursts out onto the
porch. Sees Clarence leaping off the last rung of the
escape to the alley. Roper flies down the fire
Vaults the last flight and races after Clarence.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

intersection...
eighty
the
the
Clarence sprints down the block... Through the
HONK! SCREECH! A car barely misses him. It does a one-
on the rain-slick pavement. Clarence disappears into
shadows. Roper arrives a beat later... Streaks through
intersection... Into the shadows.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

labors. He
back.
spots
Clarence
This one is steep. Clarence huffs and puffs as he
shoots into a doorway. Tries the door. Locked. He looks
Roper is coming. Relentless. He rushes across the steep
street. Almost slips on the reflective asphalt. Roper
him crossing and picks up the pace. He can see that
is faltering.

NEAR THE TOP OF THE HILL

Clarence staggers into an alleyway...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

the
eyes
Narrow, dark and dripping with rain. Roper arrives at
mouth of the alley. Gun ready, he moves cautiously,
adjusting to the darkness. The PATTERN of rain off the
rooftops. His FOOTSTEPS. No other sound.

out.
sight.
rising
checks
locked.
light

He reaches the end of the alley... A brick wall. No way
Or so it would seem. However, Clarence is nowhere in
Roper turns back. Brick walls tower on both sides,
into darkness. Roper checks a steel door. Locked. He
another one on the opposite side of the alley. Also
Where did Clarence go? He moves back toward the misting
of the street... Slowly...

down
Roper

The FAINT RATTLE of a fire escape... And Clarence leaps
out of the shadow. Slashing with the knife. He catches
across the arm.

Roper's gun
Clarence
the car

Rips through his clothes right down to the skin.
CLATTERS under a parked car and into the street.
has first jump. He scrambles into the street, around
and grabs the gun...

Clarence
the
fights
pins him

Roper dives over the hood of the car and knocks
down before he can aim. They roll into the middle of
street. Both have a death grip on the weapon. Clarence
like a trapped animal. Thrashing desperately. Roper
on his back, but can't pry the gun out of his fingers.

WIDER SHOT

quickly.
the
Turns
top of
headlights.

Headlights radiate over the crest of the hill. Coming
Roper sees this. He rolls out of the way, abandoning
battle for the gun. Clarence struggles to his knees.
the weapon on Roper... A speeding cab lunges over the
the hill. Clarence turns, trapped in the searing

WHAM!
body
out of

Tires squeal. Brakes lock. Clarence is transfixed...
He's launched through the air like a ragdoll... His
lands limply 30 feet down the street. The CABBY gets
his vehicle.

CABBY

Jesus Christ. What was he doing?!

follows.

Roper walks down the hill to the body. The cabby

CABBY

There was no way I could miss him.

body,

Roper ignores the cabby. He looks down at Clarence's
contemplating something.

CABBY

This isn't my fault.

ROPER

Shut the fuck up!

The cabby immediately clams up.

ROPER

Get on your radio and get the police
here.

Roper stares at Clarence's body, steel-eyed.

INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING ROOM - DAY

registers

Korda is led in again. An expression of surprise
on his face when he sees who's waiting for him.

KORDA'S POV

Roper is sitting stoically behind the plexiglass wall.

KORDA

his

Dons a smug expression and takes a seat. He picks up
receiver as Roper picks up his.

ROPER

If you try again to hurt me or anyone
I know, I'm going to have you killed.

Korda feigns total innocence.

KORDA

What in the world are you talking
about, Mr. Roper?

the Roper takes out a photograph and holds it up against
glass.

ROPER

Here's a picture of your cousin
Clarence. That gentleman standing
over him is the coroner.

Korda's face tightens. He drops the innocent act. His
countenance is now a study in hate.

KORDA

I used to have an apartment, a car,
jewelry. I had a fucking eight
thousand dollar watch. Now look what
I have.

He motions around.

KORDA

You're threatening me? You think I
give a fuck? You think you can scare
me off?

(a laugh)

Why don't you come in here and kick
my ass? Get some of your guard friends
in here to help. I'd like that.

Roper glares at him mounting rage.

KORDA

(smirking)

He really shook you up, didn't he?...
I've got ten years worth of appeals
to figure out how to fuck with you.
Who knows? Maybe some scumbag lawyer
will get me out on a technicality.

Roper sits there, suddenly feeling powerless.

KORDA

You came here to threaten me? That's

a laugh. Maybe you should BEG me...
Go ahead. Get down on your knees.

against Roper leaps from his chair and smashes the receiver
the plexiglass wall.

ROPER

You motherfucker, I swear I'll kill
you!

away The guard rushes over and restrains Roper. Wrestles him
himself. from the glass wall. Roper pushes him off and gathers
smirking He gives Korda one last stare. Korda sits there
back at him... Roper turns his back and walks out.

INT. ROPER'S OFFICE - DAY

mirror. McCall is practicing his negotiating techniques in a

MCCALL

I'm here to help you.

a Not quite right. He adjusts his stance. This time puts
little hand movement into it.

MCCALL

I'm here to help you. Talk to me.

He's still not satisfied.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. ROPER'S OFFICE - DAY

looking Captain Solis pokes his head in the door, he's been
for McCall.

SOLIS

We got a situation at the V.A.
Hospital. The responding officer has
requested a negotiator.

MCCALL

Where's Roper?

SOLIS

He's on his way. Get over there.

EXT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - DAY

WHEELCHAIR
front

A VETERAN wearing green fatigue is dangling another BOUND VET over the edge. Fourteen floors up. The two wheels are literally hanging out there in space.

VET #1

(rambling incoherently)

I can't fight this technology. They have microprocessors made in totally sterile environments. I've seen those places. Everyone is dressed in white. It's like paper clothing, man. They're not even human.

tipped
very

Vet 2 is struggling to stay in the chair and not be tipped into the street 150 feet below. He is, needless to say, very panicky.

VET #2

Dave, don't do this, bro. Pull me in. We'll do a few laps in the park and figure out some other way.

But he's not getting through to his friend.

VET #1

I can't help this, man. Do you have any idea what those microchips look like? How small they are when they put them in your brain?

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

THE
rant
OFFICER
onto

Leading to the roof. A COUPLE OF COPS and MEMBERS OF HOSPITAL STAFF peek out at the vet as he continues to rant and rave. McCall arrives at the top of the stairs. #4 sure looks happy to see him. McCall takes a peek out onto the roof. He isn't happy about what he sees.

OFFICER #4

When we got here, he was already doing his balancing act. I was talking to him, but it made him more agitated so I backed off.

MCCALL

Why is he up there?

OFFICER #4

Something about a microchip in his brain.

MCCALL

Who is he?

A NURSE answers him.

NURSE HERRIN

David Adler. He likes to be called Dave. The other guy is Walter Sinclair.

We hear the urgent cry of the vet in the wheelchair.

VOICE (V.O.)

Somebody help me out here. Somebody stop him.

The nurse turns to McCall.

NURSE HERRIN

What are you waiting for?

MCCALL

Another negotiator is on his way.

NURSE HERRIN

We can't wait for another negotiator. You have to do something.

MCCALL

What about the doctors?

NURSE HERRIN

He hates all the doctors. He says they're in on the conspiracy.

VET #1 (O.S.)

Where is everybody? He's going to kill me!

McCall takes a deep breath and steps out onto the roof.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

overhead
the
McCall's

McCall moves slowly across the tar paper roof. Clouds threaten rain. Vet 1 turns to him suddenly, wobbling wheelchair. Vet 2 shrieks and nearly goes over. heart jumps into his mouth.

DAVE

Get the fuck out of here!

McCall is tense and stiff. He stammers.

MCCALL

I... I'm Kevin. I 'm here to help you, D... Dave.

DAVE

You can't help me, man.

So much for McCall's opener. Now what?

WALTER

He's high on something, man. Give him some thorazine or something.

Dave ignores Walter.

DAVE

No one can help me. They're controlling my mind.

McCall moves a couple steps closer.

MCCALL

Who's controlling your mind?

DAVE

Whoa!... The government. They control everybody's mind. You're too fucking stupid to know that?

McCall fumbles for the right response.

MCCALL

This has nothing to do with Walter.

DAVE

They want Walter dead!

EXT. STREET BELOW - DAY

trucks and
straight
over

Cops keep spectators back from the building. Fire
rescue vehicles are on the scene. Everybody looking
up watching the wheelchair with its occupant dangling
the side of the building.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

sweat,

Walter sits stock still in the wheelchair drenched with
eyes closed, praying.

MCCALL

Dave, look at me.

lost
those

Dave obliges. He looks at McCall with eyes that have
the battle for sanity. McCall is momentarily frozen by
eyes. Beads of sweat have formed on his forehead.

MCCALL

Tell me what's wrong.

DAVE

Particles, man. I feel them all the
time. I feel them in my arms and
legs man, that's how they punish me.

MCCALL

How can I help you with the particles?

DAVE

It's not just the particles man,
it's the whole fucking machine, this
is how they get assassins to operate.
It's been this way since the cuban
missile crisis.

Walter
the

Dave starts to look over into the street, he tips
forward, Walter shrieks in mortal fear. White knuckles
armrests of his wheelchair and then:

MCCALL

(blurting out)

They have less power over you if you
look into my eyes.

DAVE

Huh?

sheer
see
McCall even surprises himself with that one. It was a
act of desperation. He holds his breath and waits to
what the effect is. Dave turns back around.

DAVE

Huh?

EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT

to a
Roper's truck comes speeding down the street, lurches
halt. He leaps out and speaks to a FIREMAN.

ROPER

Whata ya got?

FIREMAN

Some nuts dangling a guy over the
edge in a wheelchair.

ROPER

Can you get a net out here?

FIREMAN

Negative. It's 14 floors up. No nets
gonna hold a fall from that high up.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

McCall nods slowly. Sweat pouring off him.

MCCALL

We've been onto them for a long time.

A glimmer from Dave. Maybe McCall is a kindred spirit.

MCCALL

Let me show you something.

his
Now he's got Dave's interest. McCall slowly takes out
beeper.

MCCALL

See this. I'm jamming them, Dave.
I'm jamming their frequency so they
can't control your mind anymore.
Don't you feel that? You don't have
to do what they say.

Dave listens to his head.

WALTER

He's jamming them, Dave. Pull me
back in.

MCCALL

You see, the particles are gone,
they can't punish you anymore.

Dave tries to feel for particles. Tears form in Dave's
eyes.

DAVE

Tell my dad.

MCCALL

Tell him what, what do you want me
to tell him?

DAVE

Tell my dad I'm sorry about the watch.

MCCALL

I'll tell him. Where does he live.
We'll get him on the phone right
now.

Dave is suddenly lost in thought again. His expression
turns to a frown:

DAVE

I hate fucking Springfield.

MCCALL

Is that where you're family lives?

Then with sudden swiftness.

DAVE

I still hear them, man. You can't
jam them. They've got the technology,
man. They've got the satellites,

Jack. They keep shooting beams off those satellites. What power do I have?

the
falls.
Dave pushes the wheelchair forward. McCall LUNGES for wheelchair but doesn't make it. Walter SCREAMS as he

MCCALL
NOOOO!

WALTER AND HIS WHEELCHAIR

wheelchair
with the
freefall down toward earth in SLOW MOTION. The turns end over end. People SCREAM as Walter IMPACTS pavement. The wheelchair CRASHES down nearby.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

below.
hands
rush out
McCall looks over the edge at Walter's twisted body Then he grabs Dave and wrestles him down, cuffing his behind his back. The Cops and Medical Staff Members to restrain.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

the
down
The crowd is dispersing. Roper is talking with some of other cops. McCall storms out of the Vet Hospital and the stairs. Roper moves toward him.

ROPER
McCall!

fires it
up.
No response. McCall gets into his ND Sedan car and

ROPER
McCall!

Roper races over and manages to jump in just as the car screeches away from the curb.

BAY BRIDGE - DAY

is in
him

McCall doesn't even seem to have registered that Roper the car with him. He drives. Stone-faced. Roper studies for a beat.

ROPER

Where are we going?

INT. CAR - DAY

sign

Moving POV thru windshield of car, we see a freeway that says "Golden Gate Racetrack."

EXT. RACETRACK

Establish grand stands.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. BETTING AREA - DAY

up

McCall pounds over to the betting window. Roper leans against the window beside him. Watches.

MCCALL

Give me a twenty dollar four-six exacta.

TELLER

The six is scratched.

This throws McCall for a beat.

MCCALL

Then give me a fucking four-seven exacta.

ticket
couple of

The teller punches out the ticket. McCall takes the and pounds over to box seat area. Roper follows a steps behind, giving him some space.

EXT. BOX SEAT AREA - DAY

Roper

McCall sits down in the same box as the last time.
sits down next to him.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

The horses go into the gate.

EXT. BOX SEAT AREA - DAY

gate.

McCall watches intently as the horses spring from the
(The track announcer's call plays over the scene.)

MCCALL

Come on four horse! Come on Seven
horse!

Watching
exactly

Roper isn't watching the horse. He's watching McCall.
him redirect all his pent up emotion. Understanding
how he feels.

McCall is screaming his head off.

MCCALL

Come on four-seven... Come on...
Come on... Come on...

mid-
a

The horses cross the wire. The four and seven finish
pack. McCall hangs his head in despair. He didn't give
shit about the race. He looks inconsolable.

ROPER

It might have happened no matter who
was up there.

MCCALL

Bullshit! Would it have happened to
you?

ROPER

Maybe... There's one thing you have
to remember... You don't create the
situations. You can only try to save
people from them.

MCCALL

I thought I could do it. I was so damn sure of myself. But I didn't know what to say. The words wouldn't come. My mouth turned to mush. You make it look so easy, Roper. But it is not. It's not easy.

(beat)

It's a different job than looking through the rifle scope.

ROPER

That it is.

A long silent beat.

MCCALL

How many have you lost?

ROPER

I look at it as how many I've saved. That's the way you've got to look at it.

MCCALL

And what about the ones you don't save?

ROPER

You live with it... and they haunt you. It doesn't leave.

MCCALL

And what if you can't live with it?

ROPER

You've got to decide that for yourself.

vet

McCall squeezes his eyes closed. He can still see that falling to his death. Roper can see McCall's pain.

ROPER

I've lost three. One of them was my partner. I think about them every time I go into a situation.

(a beat)

There's a million people in this city with all kinds of twisted shit going on in their heads, and the

bitch of this job is that we expect to go out every day and do the impossible -- to somehow control all this craziness... and we can't.

(a beat)

Nobody's faulting you for this, McCall. My advice is you let yourself off the hook.

McCall hears him but is still undecided.

MCCALL

I don't know... I don't know...

Roper gets up, stands over McCall, puts a hand on his shoulder.

ROPER

Let's get out of here.

McCall slowly gets up and they walk out.

INT. JAIL - DAY

bondsman

It's a small interview room. Korda sits opposite bail

JOHN HAWKINS (white, grizzled, forty).

HAWKINS

What the fuck... You bring me all the way over here to tell me you've got no collateral! What do I look like to you -- Santa Claus? I'm a bail bondsman!

KORDA

No, no, see what I'm sayin' is, I've got the --

HAWKINS

Pick up a fucking phone for chrissake! You think I got time for this crap?

KORDA

Hey, hey, I got shit on the outside. I got somebody cashing it in for me and --

Hawkins gets up and goes to the door.

HAWKINS

Gimme a fuckin' break.

KORDA

Alright, alright, look, man, look,
just leave me your card. I can get
it to you by tomorrow night.

out
door
Hawkins looks at him skeptically for a beat. Then pulls
his BUSINESS CARD and hands it to him. He walks out the
as we HOLD on Korda -- pocketing the card.

EXT. POSTRIO - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. POSTRIO - NIGHT

reveal
The
CLOSE-UP of a glass of wine being poured. PULL BACK to
Roper and Ronnie all dressed up for a special evening.
waiter hovers as Roper tastes the wine.

ROPER

(snootily)
It has a nice "nose".

WAITER

The special this evening is braised
sweetbreads with a white truffle
sauce on cracked bulgar.

Roper looks at him a long beat.

ROPER

That's my favorite.
(smiles)
Why don't you give us a minute.

Ronnie
The waiter retreats. Roper looks across the table at
as she sips her wine.

ROPER

You like this place?

RONNIE

It's very nice.

ROPER

I guess you realize that there's

something special that I want to talk to you about.

She didn't realize that. Now she's getting nervous.

RONNIE

There is?

ROPER

For the last week things have been going pretty well between us. I think we've been doing a good job getting intimate and all that stuff...

Now she's really worried.

RONNIE

Yeah?

ROPER

...Let me just show you.

Roper reaches into his coat pocket.

RONNIE

Scottie, we should think this over before we...

He pulls out two airline tickets.

ROPER

Tahiti.

Ronnie is immensely relieved.

RONNIE

Ohhh... A vacation... Yeah that sounds like a great idea.

realizes Roper notices her relief and for the first time what she was thinking.

ROPER

Oh you thought I was going to ask you...

Ronnie averts her eyes, a bit embarrassed.

ROPER

Oh, no-no-no-no-no... Let's go to Tahiti first and see if that works

out...

Roper picks up his menu and peruses it.

ROPER

I assume you're having your usual --
the "air dried venison".

INT. HALLWAY JAIL - DAY CLOSE ON

hall. A
through.
The wheels of a laundry cart, moving slowly down the
white metal door slides open, and the cart passes

INT. PROPERTY ROOM JAIL - CONTINUOUS

As the cart rolls into the room TILT UP to see

KORDA

with
his back to Korda. He's on the phone.
pushing the cart. He stops. A GUARD (guard #3) stands

KORDA

Got another load.

JAIL GUARD #3

Rack 'em up.
(into the phone)
Look, man, if it doesn't make it
down here by five it's not my problem.

bags,
to
As the guard continues, Korda hangs several garment
zipped and tagged, onto an ELECTRIC TROLLEY -- similar
the kind used by dry-cleaners to move clothing.

KORDA

All done.

The
guard, still on the phone, buzzes open the door.
Korda pushes a button and the trolley STARTS TO MOVE.

ON THE GUARDS BACK

We hear Korda wheeling the cart out the door.

CLOSE ANGLE

on the door sliding shut.

ON THE GUARDS BACK - CLOSE

suit
feet
the
bag's moving on the trolley. BOOM DOWN to FIND Korda's
just as they lift off the ground and disappear behind
bags.

ANGLE ON KORDA

then
hanging onto the trolley as it moves along the wall and
down through an opening in the floor and into...

INT. BASEMENT JAIL - CONTINUOUS

the
pair
he's
as it loops around a large room, carrying him toward
back wall. The metal ridges of the trolley CUT into his
fingers, drawing blood. Then he drops down, and quietly
rummages through other bags of clothing. He tries on a
of pants but they come up to his ankles. He looks like
about to go wading. As he rips them off and reaches for
another pair...

CUT TO:

INT. LONG HALLWAY JAIL - LATER

clothes,
Korda appears around a corner, dressed in street
holding a CLIPBOARD -- moving steadily toward camera.

KORDA'S POV - DOWN THE HALLWAY

they
through a
A female civilian EMPLOYEE heading in his direction. As
pass he nods and she nods back. Then Korda passes
door at the end of the hallway and into...

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

of The door closes behind him and locks with the loud SNAP
metal.

corridor Slowly, with deliberate steps, he moves down the
(guard toward the door at the other end, past the first GUARD
#3) -- enclosed in bullet proof glass.

TRACKING - KORDA'S FEET

thick step by step. The voices of prisoners, muffled behind
glass.

CLOSE ON KORDA'S FACE

trying to stay cool, his heart pounding. Then...

A VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

GUARD Korda FREEZES, then slowly turns to FIND... A prison
(#1) moving toward him.

THE GUARD POV - MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO KORDA

KORDA

...Yeah?

hand. The guard then stops in front of him and holds up his

JAIL GUARD #1

You dropped your card.

Korda takes THE CARD given to him by the bail bondsman.

JAIL GUARD #1

You guys are the scum of the earth.

KORDA

Just tryin' to make a living.

Korda turns and walks out the door into...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A
glass,
arguing

It's the final step before getting out of the building.
small room with another GUARD (Latino; guard #2) behind
and several TV monitors. A BLACK WOMAN (forty-five) is
with a LATINO GUARD.

JAIL GUARD #2

I don't know what to tell you, mam,
your brother ain't here. Try San
Bruno.

WOMAN

I just came from San Bruno -- they
sent me here!

JAIL GUARD #2

I'm sorry. Then I don't know where
he is.

his

Korda, fidgeting behind the woman impatiently, holds up
card...

KORDA

Listen, can I just sign outta here?

WOMAN

What do you mean, you don't know
where he is?! You can't just lose
somebody!

JAIL GUARD #2

(to Korda)
Who are you again?

KORDA

Johnny Hawkins. Bail Bonds. I gotta
be over at county in fifteen minutes,
alright?

JAIL GUARD #2

Johnny who?

WOMAN

(to Korda)
Can you believe these people?

KORDA

It's the criminal justice system.

What can I tell ya? It's a mess.

The guard shoves the sheet under the glass.

JAIL GUARD #2

Alright, alright, just sign.

metal
card and
Korda signs the sheet. The guard pushes a button. The
lock SNAPS, and the door POPS open. Korda takes his
sticks it in the woman's coat pocket.

KORDA

If you find him, gimme a call.

And Korda walks out.

EXT. JAIL SALLY PORT - CONTINUOUS

either
There
checks
Then
It's a small parking area, with security gates on
end, and a ceiling of heavy steel wire open to the sky.
are three or four CARS parked against the wall. Korda
inside the first car, looking for keys and finds none.
the second, and the third until...

A VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

#2),
Korda turns sharply to find the LATINO GUARD (guard
holding a clipboard, walking quickly toward him.

JAIL GUARD #2

Hold on a second here.

KORDA

Is there a problem?

cars.
The guard walks up to him. They're standing between the

JAIL GUARD #2

You signed out twice.

KORDA

I what?

JAIL GUARD #2

Look, why don't you just come on
back inside for a second.

KORDA

Wait a minute, lemme see that.

the As the guard shows him the sign-in sheet, Korda removes
PEN from his own clipboard.

KORDA

Well, that's funny, I wonder how
that happened.

window In a flash, Korda PLUNGES the pen DEEP into the guard's
slumps throat. The BLOOD jumps out of his throat, onto the
of the car as the guard, gagging in stunned silence,
to ground. He then falls backward between the two cars,
drowning in his own blood.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

when Empty. New front door. Unpainted. Frame splintered from
RONNIE Roper shot it open. We hold a beat... HEAR ROPER &
enter. coming up the stairs. Laughing. The door opens. They

ROPER

How come in those foreign movies the
young girl is always with some fat,
old guy.

RONNIE

In Europe women find older men very
sexy.

Roper closes the door.

ROPER

When I get old and fat, I'm moving
to Europe.

Ronnie suddenly remembers something.

RONNIE

I forgot to leave food for Paco.
He's probably starving.

on the She walks back toward the kitchen. Roper takes a seat
couch. Flips on the TV. Rubs the back of his neck.

ROPER

Damn, my eyes are tired from reading
that movie.

FOLLOWING RONNIE

She moves down the hall to the kitchen.

RONNIE

(doggie voice)
I'm sorry, Paco. I forgot --

Curious. But Paco isn't lying on his pillow like she expected.

RONNIE

Paco?

could he She turns around walks back down the hall... Where
be?... She walks into the bedroom.

RONNIE

Paco?

hallway. He's not in here either... She walks back into the
Frowns.

SUDDEN CUT

scare. A figure leaps out of the bathroom doorway!... Big
hind It's Paco. He nearly knocked her over. He stands on his
legs, paws on her shoulders. Breathing in her face.

RONNIE

Paco, have you been eating my face
soap, again?

RACK FOCUS

as a
Ronnie

Roper standing at the other end of the hallway. Tense wire. Gun at his side. One look at his demeanor tells something is very wrong.

RONNIE

(very concerned)
What is it, Scottie?

Roper untenses. Puts away his gun.

ROPER

Korda escaped.

RONNIE

And you think he'll...

Her voice trails off. He can see she's worried now,
too.

ROPER

Hey, I'm on edge a little. Let's relax. I'm sure he's just going to try to get out of town. Anyway we leave tomorrow.

He puts his arms around her waist.

ROPER

Why don't we do some of that European movie stuff.

She puts her arms around his shoulders.

RONNIE

I don't think you're old and fat enough for me.

ROPER

Use your imagination.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE looking up at her window... The light goes out.

EXT. RONNIE'S DOORSTEP - DAY

A suitcase THUMPS to the ground. Looks like somebody
packed
for a six month trip around the world.

ANGLE WIDENS

McCall grimaces as he lugs the bag toward the truck.

MCCALL

You sure you packed everything? Maybe
you forgot your bowling ball.

Ronnie stands on the doorstep.

RONNIE

I sent that ahead, wise guy.

Paco is on the sidewalk exploring from tree to tree.
Roper calls to Ronnie from the stairway.

ROPER (V.O.)

Why don't you come back up with me,
Ronnie.

RONNIE

I think I'll stand out here in the
sun.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Roper is still very edgy.

ROPER

It's better if you stay inside.

She climbs up the stairs toward him.

RONNIE

You've got to calm down --

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. RONNIE'S HALLWAY - SAME

Roper reaches the top of the stairs.

ROPER

Ronnie, come on baby, we gotta go.
Time to get movin'.

INT. RONNIE'S APT. - SAME

response.

Roper moves into the room, listening. There's no

ROPER

(continuing)

Ronnie?

the

She doesn't answer. He calls out again, moving through
living room.

ROPER

(continuing)

Ronnie, where are you? Time to go.

PISTOL

checking

No answer, the room is very quiet. Roper eases his
out from under his shirt, moving more urgently now,
out the bathroom, bedroom...

ROPER

(continuing)

Ronnie.

entrance to

the

the

spinning...

Then he HEARS Paco, WHINING. He moves around the
the kitchen. The back door is open, Paco standing in
doorway. Roper rushes forward, quickly looking outside,
alley way empty. He senses a presence behind him,
McCall standing in the doorway to the kitchen.
Roper's lowers the weapon...

ROPER

(continuing)

She's gone.

GLASSINE

jewelry

McCall sees on the kitchen table, a folded piece of
PAPER, just like the one Korda gave Roper at the
store.

MCCALL

(nodding)

Scott...

edges, Roper sees it, approaching, barely able to unfold the
a momentary tremble in his hand.

ROPER

That son of a bitch. If he...

inside We PUSH IN as his fingers open the paper... revealing
a MICRO CASSETTE TAPE.

ROPER

(continuing; to himself)
He's fucking with you, Scott, be
cool... keep your head.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a TAPE RECORDER, Korda's VOICE heard over the
speaker.

KORDA (V.O.)

(filtered)
I got your lady, Roper.
(laughs)

Roper and McCall are listening closely to the tape.

KORDA (V.O.)

(continuing)
You got something that belongs to
me, and I want it back.
(beat)
Twelve-fifteen, Mare Island, North
Entrance off Dixon. Building twenty-
eight, by the dry docks.
(beat)
I so much as smell another cop, I'll
be sending you parts of this bitch
for a month.

Roper punches off the tape.

ROPER

He's gonna kill her no matter what.
If I take him these jewels he's gonna
kill me and her.

MCCALL

So what do you want to do?

ROPER

That's a chance I gotta take.

MCCALL

Then we better get moving... But there's no way we can get the jewels out of evidence.

Roper stares at him, the wheels beginning to turn...

CUT TO:

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. POLICE PROPERTY/EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

property
on
Roper is standing at the counter to the steel-caged room. On the other side is FRANK, the property sergeant duty. The two men speak in hushed, urgent tones...

FRANK

Scott, we go back a long way but you can't expect me to do this!

ROPER

Frank, this guy is a psychopath and he's got Ronnie. It's the only way I'm going to get close to him.

FRANK

Then go to the Lieutenant or the D.A. with it, for Christ's sake. You're asking me to put my fucking job on the line!

ROPER

They'll never approve it, you know that. Besides, I involve the department and she's dead. I got one chance with this guy, Frank, alone.

(beat)

He killed Sam and he'll kill her.

at
Frank just stares at him, compassion and anger tearing him.

ROPER

(continuing)

What if it were Mary?

(beat)

You'd break every fucking rule in
the book... wouldn't you?

Frank continues to stare at him, a long beat.

FRANK

I hope to God I never have to make
that decision...

He pushes back from the counter.

FRANK

(continuing)

...and this conversation never
happened. I never saw you today. Now
I gotta go take a leak.

He turns and walks away. Roper looks down, SEEING that
the drawer beneath Frank's counter has been left slightly
open.

Roper reaches over, easing it further open -- inside a
set of KEYS. He looks around, then takes the keys.

ROPER

I owe you one, Frank.

He walks down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. ROPER'S PICKUP - DAY

CLOSE ON the SATCHEL Korda used in the robbery.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Roper and McCall, Roper at the wheel,
McCall reading a folded MAP featuring MARE ISLAND.

MCCALL

Mare Island is an abandoned shipyard,
cranes, high buildings... he'll be
in place where he can see everything.

(to Roper)

How are we going to get me in there?

ROPER

Good question.

of
McCall
other...
Roper thinks a moment, then turns, looking out the back
the pickup, in the bed a loose CANVAS TARPAULIN. He and
study the tarp a beat, then turn, looking at each

EXT. MARE ISLAND - DAY

facility.
WIDE VIEW reveals the immensity of the abandoned

At one end near the chain link fence, Roper's pickup
approaches the gate.

EXT. MARE ISLAND - NORTH GATE - DAY

securing
Roper cautiously drives toward the gate -- the CHAIN
the gate has been cut. Roper swings open the gate.

been
As he drives past we see that the bed of the truck has
loosely covered with a TARP.

huge
Roper drives on, winding through the maze of roadways,
buildings and equipment dwarfing the truc PRODUCTION

NOTE:
it's
town. We
The idea is to take us into the facility to sell that
abandoned, immense, eerie in it's scale -- a ghost
end up wherever we want for the next scene.

INT. ROPER'S PICKUP - DAY

huge
As he rounds a corner, approaching the dry dock area,

off
the
CRANES and mothballed SHIPS in the b.g. He parks near a
building, a weathered SIGN reading: BLD 28. Roper shuts

the engine, leaving the keys in the ignition. Taking
satchel he opens the door.

EXT. DRY DOCK AREA - DAY

cranes...

Roper steps out, eyes scanning the buildings, the
Korda could be anywhere up there, watching.

INT. BUILDING - UPPER LEVEL - DAY

below,

KORDA'S POV through the filthy windows, Roper far
standing beside his pickup.

EXT. ROPER - DAY

As he moves away from the truck, holding the satchel.

ROPER

Korda!

whisper,
the

In response he HEARS Korda's VOICE, eerie, almost a
coming from everywhere and nowhere as if emanating from
ground and the buildings all at once.

KORDA (O.S.)

(filtered)

Nice of you to make it, Roper. Take
your jacket off, put it on the hood.

is

Roper complies, his eyes searching the buildings, where
his voice coming from?

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Now, over to the chains, to your
left.

few

Roper SEES a chained off section nearby. Roper takes a
steps when Korda's voice stops him...

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

But first, let's have a look under
the tarp. Pull it back.

the
before

A momentary anxious look from Roper, then he walks to
bed of the truck, pausing a moment, gripping the cover
whipping it back, revealing... Ronnie's LUGGAGE.

CUT TO:

LOW ANGLE BENEATH THE TRUCK

around
McCall supported under the frame by a makeshift HARNESS
his waist and legs.

KORDA (O.S.)

All right, move it.

harness,
SMOKING
the
McCall watches as Roper heads away, then releases the
lowering himself to the ground. Quickly he moves the
LEATHER GLOVES he was wearing, burned by contact with
hot exhaust pipe.

ROPER

DOCK,
Reaches the the chained area, REVEALING an empty DRY
easily one hundred feet deep and five hundred long.

hear
At the bottom of the dry dock is a PORTABLE RADIO, the
acoustics of natural amphitheater so intense you could
a whisper -- the source of Korda's voice.

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Throw in and your piece.

Roper tosses his PISTOL into the dry dock.

KORDA (O.S.)

And your back up.

tossing it.
Roper removes the PISTOL from his ankle HOLSTER,
Korda's VOICE cuts the eerie silence.

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Walk under the cranes and down the
alleyway. At the end, turn right.
Building thirty-six.

The RADIO CLICKS OFF.

them,
buildings.
Roper walks towards the megalith CRANES, passing under
then heads down the alleyway created by the tall

EXT. ROPER'S TRUCK - DAY LOW ANGLE BENEATH THE TRUCK

turns
the corner and heads down the alley way.
McCall, his RIFLE CASE on his chest, watches as Roper

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

building.
leading
McCall rolls out, scrambling for the cover of the
Slinging the case over his shoulder he finds a LADDER
up the side of the building, beginning to climb.

EXT. ROPER - DAY

Walking down the alley way, nearing the end.

EXT. ROOFTOP - BUILDING - DAY

Roper,
moving fast to keep him in sight.
McCall moving along the edge, looking down. He spots

across
He comes to the edge of the building, having to walk
a narrow RAMP to get to the next building.

on,
removing the RIFLE from its case as he goes.
He looks down, Roper turning the corner, McCall moves

EXT. ROPER - DAY

reading:
BLD 36. He clutches the satchel, heading towards it.
Leaves the alleyway, a complex of hanger-like buildings
revealed. To his far right is a building, a SIGN

EXT. ROOFTOP - BUILDING - DAY

roof
it,
McCall negotiating another precarious crossing between
buildings. He spots Roper, eyes quickly searching the
tops and buildings for the sniper's position. He sees

Roper across the way, a location covering the buildings where
is now walking. He heads out.

EXT. ROPER - DAY

glass Walking towards building 36, passing by a towering,
the fronted building on his right, his eyes are searching
roof tops of the buildings around him.

ROPER

(to himself)

Where the hell are you, McCall?

to the As Roper passes a set of partially open ROLLING DOORS
from glass-fronted building, he's startled by Korda's VOICE
within:

KORDA (O.S.)

Right there, Roper.

Roper's eyes go to building 36, still fifty yards away.

ROPER

Shit.

Roper stops, slowly turning towards the doors.

KORDA (O.S.)

Come on in, there's someone just
dying to see you.

searching. Roper hesitates. He turns a bit in profile, eyes

ROPER

(loudly)

Where are you?

EXT. HIGH VANTAGE POINT - DAY

moving... POV TELESCOPIC SIGHT: Focusing on Roper, his lips

the McCall, heaving for breath, has just dropped down into
position, providing a view of Roper and the inside of
glass fronted building.

MCCALL

Right here, Scott.

a red
He touches the LASER SIGHTING attachment to his scope,
beam activated...

ROPER - DAY

From inside the building Korda's VOICE:

KORDA (O.S.)

Get your ass in here, Roper.

on
behind
Just as Roper starts to move he SEES the red laser DOT
the back of his hand -- McCall is up there, right
him. Roper moves inside.

MCCALL - DAY

RIFLE,
Lying prone inside the operator's booth, steadies his
looking through the scope.

vision
the
TELESCOPIC POV: He can see Roper enter, his field of
limited inside the building where the light penetrates,
room cast in HARD SHADOWS.

shapes
now
He MOVES to the windows, all either painted white or so
obscured with grime and dirt he can only see vague
and shadows inside. He MOVES BACK to the opening, Roper
just inside.

MCCALL

Stay cool, real easy...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

and
submarines.
Cavernous and dark, a jungle of huge MACHINES, LATHES
EQUIPMENT once used in the design of nuclear

and
Roper moves a few feet inside, remaining in the light
keeping his face in three-quarter profile to McCall's

position.

ROPER

Where is she, Korda? I want to see her.

From the darkness beyond...

KORDA

Walk to the table.

Roper walks to a steel SHOP TABLE.

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Open your shirt.

ROPER

I'm not wearing a wire. This is just between you and me.

KORDA (O.S.)

Shut the fuck up and do what I say!

holding
Roper puts down the satchel, unbuttoning his shirt,
it open.

ROPER

Satisfied?

KORDA (O.S.)

Open the bag, dump everything on the table.

GLASSINE
on
is a
Roper opens the bag, the JEWELRY and the dozens of
ENVELOPES spill out onto the table. He lays the satchel
its side, the bottom facing Roper. Taped to the bottom
short barreled .45 AUTOMATIC.

ROPER

It's all there.

KORDA (O.S.)

Spread it out.

Roper spreads the pile out across the top of the table.

ROPER

Only the jewels, Korda, you've got
my word.

A long beat...

KORDA (O.S.)

Show me something.

Without looking Roper reaches to the pile of GLASSINE
ENVELOPES...

CLOSE ON ROPER'S HAND

Palmed in his hand, the ENVELOPE containing Ronnie's
diamond.

Roper, without looking, 'digs' into the pile, holding
up the
the
GLASSINE ENVELOPE between his fingers, still holding
palmed envelope. He starts to toss the envelope in his
fingers...

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Not that one.

Roper hesitates, then drops the envelope, his hand
moving
over the pile...

ROPER

(continuing)

Right there, the one in front...
yeah, that one. Toss it.

Roper reaches for the envelope.

CLOSE ON ROPER'S HAND

As he flips the palmed envelope into his fingers with
the
skill of a card shark, exchanging it for the one Korda
indicated. He tosses it across the room...

From the shadows Korda's hand reaches out, picking it
up. A
long beat.

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

I'm impressed. I didn't think you

could do it. What did you have to do, steal them?

ROPER

Yeah.

KORDA (O.S.)

(wry)

That's not going to look too good on your service record.

ROPER

I'll worry about that. Let's get on with it.

Korda LAUGHS as he slowly emerges from the darkness.

KORDA

My sentiments exactly.

EXT. MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV - DAY

the
His
On the floor he SEES a shadow cast - Korda. He moves to windows... inside the vague, blurred OUTLINE of a man. scope goes back to the satchel and the .45 taped to the bottom.

MCCALL

Wait for the right moment, Scott...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

BAG to
Korda moves closer to the light, tossing an ATHLETIC Roper, in his hand an AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

KORDA

Fill it up. Just in case there's a homing device in the other one.

.45
Roper slides the jewels into the second bag, eyeing the on the bottom of the satchel.

KORDA

(continuing)

Now bring it over here.

play for
Roper hesitates, but all he can do at this point is

time, he moves forward...

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY TELESCOPIC SCOPE

the
Watching Roper as he moves away from the satchel and
gun.

MCCALL

Oh, shit...

shadow
He moves the SCOPE ahead of Roper, SEEING Korda's
cast on the floor, still unable to see him.

MCCALL

(continuing)

All right, Scott, bring him out.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Roper growing closer to Korda's position.

KORDA

That's far enough. Bag on the floor.

jewels'
Roper hangs onto the bag -- there's 'four million in
in there -- all he has to bargain with.

ROPER

I've kept my end. Ronnie first.

Korda reacts in mock surprise.

KORDA

Oh, shit, in all the excitement I
almost forgot. She right here...

coming
Roper's
A LIGHT SWITCH is thrown, a bank of lights behind him
ON, illuminating a massive FLAT BED CIRCULAR LATHE.
eyes in horror go to...

RONNIE

her
Tied to the lathe bed spread eagle. Some distance from
body a CUTTING DEVICE is positioned over the lathe bed.
Roper looks into Ronnie's terrified eyes.

ROPER

Be cool, Ronnie, I'm gonna get you out of this.

He turns back, Korda grinning at him.

KORDA

No shit, this I gotta see...

held
Korda swings into position a CONTROL BOX, the buttons
down with TAPE.

TURN,
table
blade.
Korda pulls free the tape, the huge lathe beginning to
very slowly, the cutting device activated... if the
keeps turning, Ronnie's body will soon be under the

of
(PRODUCTION NOTE: Lathe will be cutting into a section
steel plate, demonstrating what will happen to Ronnie.

releases
Korda presses the STOP BUTTON, the lathe stopping. He
his finger again, the lathe turning. He stops it.

'creation',
at
We can see that Korda is immensely proud of his
his focus more on sadistic payback than anything else
this point.

KORDA

(continuing)

Fuckin' cool, huh? I rewired the
switch. You see, you have to keep
your finger on the button or the
little lady gets cut...

cutting
He releases the button, the lathe turning towards the
device. He stops it again, holding the button.

KORDA

(continuing; grins)

Right in half.

control
He eases towards Roper, extending his arm on the

box, holding the button down.

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

view. Through the SCOPE, he can see Korda as he steps into

The CROSSHAIRS settle on Korda's upper forehead.

MCCALL

Hold it right there...

His finger tightens on the trigger...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Korda holds the control box towards Roper.

KORDA

But then, that's not my problem.

Korda He releases the button and the box, the lathe turning,
grinning at Roper...

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

The RED DOT centered on Korda's forehead...

MCCALL (O.S.)

Light's out, fucker...

GLOWING And then Roper's HEAD fills the scope, the red dot
on the back of his head.

In shock, McCall releases his finger...

MCCALL

Jesus!

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

button, Roper moving to the control box, pressing the stop
stopping the lathe...

KORDA

You see, it's out of my hands.

Roper looks at the box, Ronnie's life literally in his
hands...

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

Korda.
Through the SCOPE, Roper's head blocking the shot to

MCCALL

Roper, move...

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

away
But Korda bends down, picking up the BAG, stepping back
from Roper, clearly out of McCall's line of fire.

KORDA

Well, hate to run but I've got a
plane to catch. You take good care
of the little lady, hear?

shop,
suddenly
As Korda walks down the corridor of the huge machine
we now SEE a CAR parked near the end facing us. Korda
stops, turning, gesturing to the car.

KORDA

(continuing)

How careless of me. You see, there's
only one way out of here, and you're
standing right in the way.

(grins)

You could move, but then...

He shakes his head at Roper.

KORDA

(continuing)

Sure hate to be in your shoes.

LAUGHING,
He turns, walking quickly towards his car, TALKING,
to himself.

the
unable
Roper looks to the car, then back at the SACHEL where
.45 is still taped to the bottom. But Roper can't move,

looks

to change his position more than a foot or two. He
around him, no way to stop the lathe if he releases the
button.

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

He can see Roper holding the box, but nothing else.

MCCALL

What the hell's going on?

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

up.
turns,

Now Korda reaches his car, hopping inside, STARTING it
In desperation Roper looks back at the satchel, then
calling out...

ROPER

McCall, stop him, stop the car!

Korda REVVING the engine...

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

McCall reading Roper's lips...

MCCALL

What car?

is

He swings the SCOPE up but the back of the machine shop
blocked by his vantage point.

his

Then he HEARS the faint SQUEALING of tires. He lowers
scope, holding, waiting...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Korda at the end of the long building, beginning to
accelerate.

ROPER

Turns toward McCall's position...

ROPER

McCall!

The CAR now screaming down the long corridor...

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

McCall still can't see the car...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

The car now closing in on Roper, but Roper holds his
ground...

ROPER

McCall, shoot the son of a bitch!

INT. KORDA'S CAR - DAY

Korda bearing down on Roper.

KORDA

Bye, bye, cop...

ROPER

Holding his position, eyes widening in fear...

EXT. MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV - DAY

The CAR comes into view, the CROSSHAIRS on the
windshield...
Korda.
but the glare off the window is obscuring any shot of
McCall takes aim and FIRES...

INT. KORDA'S CAR - DAY

The bullet punches through the window, catching Korda's
left
shoulder, BLOOD flying. Korda whips the wheel in
shock...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY KORDA'S CAR

MACHINE
Spinning out of control, hitting a table piled with
PARTS, sending them flying...
But the car is now swapping ends, still flying right
towards
Roper, who can't move...; who won't move.
The car flies past him, the SIDE MIRROR catching
Roper's

shirt, tearing it, a flash of BLOOD from his arm...
The car then collides with a series of PIPES crossing
the floor, STEAM erupting in every direction as the car
then slams into several PROPANE BOTTLES stacked near the
benches, a series of EXPLOSIONS ripping through the building. .
.

ROPER

Thrown to the floor by the explosions, releasing the
button, as...

THE CAR

Hits the GLASSED-IN ROLLING DOORS.

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

The CAR explodes from the building, GLASS FLYING, the
car rolling, flipping over, coming to a rest on its wheels,
driver's side away from McCall's position.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY ROPER

On the floor, recovering. He catches a quick glimpse of
the bottom section of the lathe, a GEARBOX, the gears
turning...

THE LATHE

Turning, the cutting blade inching towards Ronnie...

ROPER

Staggering to his feet, grabbing the control box,
pressing the button... nothing happens, the lathe still turning,
SPARKS coming out of the box, it's SHORTING... Only a few more
seconds...

Desperately his eyes search the floor, SEEING a HUGE
WRENCH. He grabs the wrench, jamming it between the GEARS in
the

crush gearbox, the gears shuddering violently, threatening to
the wrench...

bonds, Roper runs to Ronnie's side, frantically pulling at her
the cutting blade now paused an inch away from her...

THE GEARBOX

heartbeat Hammering and clanking, the wrench can't last a
longer...

ROPER

Pulls the last of the restraints away...

THE GEARBOX

Just as the massive gears crush the wrench, the table
turning...

THE LATHE

Roper The blade passing directly over Ronnie's position as
hauls her away, holding her in his arms.

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV OF CAR

slings Korda is slumped over the wheel. He looks dead. McCall
PIPE his rifle over his shoulder and moves towards a DRAIN
attached to the side of the building.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

turning Roper holding Ronnie, easing her away from the still
lathe.

RONNIE

Scottie, Scottie...

ROPER

It's all over, babe, it's all over.

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

McCall slides to the ground via the drain pipe, but...

KORDA'S CAR

Korda is not quite dead...

in one
McCall.

The door eases open, Korda rolling to the ground, bag
hand, AUTOMATIC in the other. He looks up, SEEING

as

He OPENS FIRE, McCall hitting the deck and taking cover
BULLETS hit the wall around him.

BATTLE

McCall whips out his REVOLVER, RETURNING FIRE, a GUN
ensuing.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY ROPER

HEARING the shots outside, hauls Ronnie out of the way,
keeping her low to the ground.

ROPER

Stay here, don't move.

RONNIE

Scottie...

ROPER

Do it!

bottom
the

He pushes her towards the cover of some machines, then
crouching low to the floor, recovers the .45 from the
of the satchel. He heads out towards the other side of
cavernous, machine-choked building.

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY MCCALL

car,

FIRES a round at Korda, then trying to close in on the
runs from his cover into the opening...

KORDA

knocking
kicked

Leaps up and FIRES, McCall taking a slug in his leg,
him to the ground. The SLIDE to Korda's AUTOMATIC has

BAG and
open, out of bullets. He drops the gun, picks up the
runs alongside the machine shop.

ROPER

Korda
dropping
Exits the machine shop, SEEING McCall on the ground,
nowhere in sight. Combat-style Roper runs to McCall,
to his side.

ROPER

McCall, you all right?

MCCALL

(in pain)
I'm okay. Korda... went down the
side of the building...

ROPER

Stay put.

it,
around the
Roper sprints towards the building, racing alongside
catching a glimpse of Korda just as he disappears
other end. Roper charges on...

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - REAR - DAY

He
dock
from
corner
Korda runs past the building, still clutching the BAG.
runs past another building, heading towards the dry
area and Roper's pickup. A moment later Roper emerges
the machine shop just in time to see Korda round the
of the next building.

KORDA

it,
starts
Clearing the building sees Roper's PICKUP. He runs to
jumping inside, finding the KEYS in the ignition. He
the truck, pulling out, just as Roper runs into view.

ROPER

FIRES,
Korda, the
Roper
he
wiper

With the truck accelerating towards him he raises and
two bullet holes in the front WINDSHIELD, missing
truck still speeding towards him. Roper's gun jams.
leaps, sliding forward on the hood, almost falling as
grabs on to the empty window frame and the windshield
blades for support, his WEAPON flying from his hand.

KORDA

whipping
hanging

Speeds around the buildings and down the alleyways,
from side to side, trying to shake Roper off, Roper
on for dear life.

ROPER

(shouting)

Give it up, Korda, you got away with
nothing! Nothing but a bag of shit!
It's all fake!

Korda can't help but look at the OPEN BAG beside him.

ROPER

(continuing)

Go on, you stupid fuck, look at it!
It's all shit! A hundred dollars
worth of glass!

JEWELRY.

Korda reaches in, grabbing a handful of the COSTUME
He can't believe it, it's all fake!

KORDA

You fuck!!!

right,
anything he
put,
side to

Korda goes crazy, slamming the truck into the side of a
building, trying to throw Roper, but Roper hangs on.

Korda then caroms off the sides of buildings, left,
SPARKS flying, then smashes into BOXES, CRATES,
can see stacked alongside the road way, but Roper stays
clinging on with all he's got, swinging from side to

avoid the obstacles.

FRAMING,
hammers
through
with
the

Then Korda SEES ahead a huge pile of BOXES, WOOD
PALLETS, TRASH, stacked at the side of a building. He
the pedal, driving the right side of the truck into the
pile... BOXES, WOOD, PAPER, DEBRIS flying everywhere,
the open front window as well, Korda shielding his eyes
his arm as OBJECTS fly around in a mad flurry inside
cab...

ROPER

frame
rolls
truck

In the maelstrom lets go his grip, grabbing the upper
of the window and assisted by the speed of the truck,
over the top of the cab, landing in the bed of the
along with BOXES, LUMBER, and TRASH.

KORDA

Clears his eyes, looking up, Roper is gone! He LAUGHS
hysterically... he knocked him off!

ROPER IN THE BED OF THE TRUCK

approaching

Leaning out the passenger's side SEES they are
the dry dock area.

SUITCASES and
BOARD

driving the
wheel,
PEDAL,

In the bed of the truck, along with the BOXES,
other objects, he sees several long 2x4's. Grabbing a
he braces himself against the cab and then in one swift
movement, stands, swinging to the driver's side,
2x4 through the side window, through the steering
past the dash and catching the tip of the ACCELERATOR
pinning it to the floor.

frame,

As Roper releases the board it WEDGES inside the door

SCREAMING locking the wheel and the accelerator, the engine wide open. Korda reacts in panic...

DOCK Roper clings to the cab, looking over the top, the DRY looming towards them. He prepares to jump...

KORDA

brakes, Suddenly SEES the approaching dry dock. He jams on the but it's not enough, the truck racing towards the edge...

IN SLOW MOTION THE TRUCK

the Vaults over the edge of the dry dock as Roper runs down bed, leaping off the tail gate, arms windmilling as he goes airborne...

The truck plummets towards the bottom...

ROPER

piled Lands in a huge pile of CARGO NETS and CARDBOARD BOXES, near the edge of the dry dock...

KORDA

SCREAMS in wide-eyed terror as...

THE TRUCK

Hits the bottom of the dock, EXPLODING into flames.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TAHITI - DAY

drinking Roper and Ronnie lay on a gorgeous white sand beach, from coconuts with umbrellas in them.

RONNIE

I've never seen sea so blue. Tahiti is magnificent, Scottie.

ROPER

Yeah, I could get used to this
Paradise shit.

Roper hails a waitress, serving the hotel guests.

ROPER

(to waitress)

I'll have another Pena Colada. And
this time could you shave the ice,
please.

WAITRESS

Oui, Monsieur. Right away.

his Roper stretches back into his chaise lounge, adjusting
Ray Bans. A purring cat without a care in the world.

RONNIE

Scottie?

ROPER

Hmm?

RONNIE

I've been thinking.

flopping TWO GORGEOUS FRENCH GIRLS unstring their bikinis,
topless on the beach in front of them.

ROPER

Hmm?

RONNIE

Things have been going pretty well
between us, haven't they?

ROPER

(sensing something's
up)

Yeah.

RONNIE

You've changed you know. I don't
think there's anything you can't do
once you put your mind to it.

the Uh-oh. He removes his shades to get a better look at
curve ball.

RONNIE

I was just thinking...
(here it comes)
There's something special I want to
talk to you about.
(he's listening)
I think it's time we went to a whole
other phase in our relationship.
(pointedly)
A deeper level.

ROPER

(no longer relaxed,
sitting up)
A deeper level?

RONNIE

That's right. We've got to bare it
all. Here and now. 'Cause I think
I'm finally ready to go for it...

ROPER

(cutting her off at
the pass)
Whoa! Wait a minute, Ronnie. Hold
on. I know it's beautiful here. The
sun, the sand, the sea and all that
nature shit can really get to you.
But we've got to keep our perspective
here. This place isn't real. This
isn't reality.

RONNIE

Scott...

ROPER

I mean I said this trip should be a
'roadtest'.

RONNIE

...the hell are you talking about?

ROPER

I'm talking about... What are you
talking about?

RONNIE

I'm talking about me 'n' you stripping
down on this beach and gettin' you
know... 'naked in Tahiti'.

ROPER

You talkin' about gettin' 'nekked?'
(off her look)
Shit, I thought you were talkin'
bout, you know... the "M" word.

RONNIE

You thought I was talking about
getting married?!

She laughs her amazing laugh.

RONNIE

I'm talking about taking our clothes
off, silly. You said you would.

AD LIBS dialogue below as CAMERA CRANES BACK and we
ROLL
CREDITS over...

ROPER

You crazy? With all those people
around?

RONNIE

Know what you are?! You're a prude,
Roper.

ROPER

The hell I am!

RONNIE

(amused)
Prude.

ROPER

First you want me to put on one of
those skinny ass bathing suits --
tongs or thongs or whatever you call
them -- with my butt cheeks wrapped
around a piece of dental floss... No
way.

Over her laughter we...

OUT:

FADE

THE END