

MIDNIGHT RUN

by
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PLEASE NOTE:

JIMMY FLORIO'S NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED TO:

JIMMY SERANO

The screen is BLACK. TRAFFIC HUMS on the SOUNDTRACK. MUSIC KICKS IN.

FADE IN:

The CREDIT SEQUENCE starts.

1 EXT. AVALON STREET - WATTS, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT 1

An Olds creeps slowly along the street. BAD ASSES loiter. Pass before the headlights. A fight is in progress out front of a topless bar. Punches are thrown. STRAGGLERS laugh at the mayhem.

2 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 2

This street is DEAD SILENT. The sidewalk is empty. A junkyard dog trots by on his nightly rounds. The Olds pulls into a spot at the curb. Tires CRACKLE over broken glass. The car engine DIES.

3 INT. OLDS - NIGHT 3

The driver taps a Camel cigarette. Raises it to his lips. Lights it with his Zippo. The flame reveals the face of JACK WALSH. Strong. Haggard. A killer stare. Pressure-cooker of a man. Always about to explode. The flame dances. Blue smoke swirls. The flame fades.

Walsh smokes his cigarette and starcs at a four story slum across the street. He glances at his watch. It's an old and battered Timex. It's been with Walsh for many years.

He checks his .45. It's loaded. Slips it back into his shoulder holster. Opens the door. Gets out.

4 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 4

Walsh raises his collar against the Santa Ana wind and trots towards the slum.

5 INT. HALLWAY OF SLUM - NIGHT 5

Walsh enters. Eyes darting. Quietly moves up the first flight of stairs. The joint is SILENT.

6 INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 6

Walsh turns the corner and moves up the stairs of the second floor. Catches a liquor bottle with his foot. BOUNCE. CLANK. CRASH. Walsh grimaces. A dog BARKS from a first floor apartment. Cursing, Walsh moves for the third floor.

7 INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Walsh hits the top step. Squints. Finds apartment 3-C. Approaches. Stops. Puts his ear to the door. Removes a lock pick. Crouches. Slips it in. Jiggles it quietly. Drops it. Walsh bends over to retrieve the lock pick, when SUDDENLY:

BLAMMM!!! A shotgun UNLOADS from the other side of the door. Wood chunks fly. A gaping hole appears in the door right where Walsh's head was a moment before. Walsh bounces on his ass. Curses. Gets up. Pulls out his .45. Doesn't need to open the door to see into the apartment. Twenty-two year old MONROE BOUCHET climbs out of his window into the night. Clanging down the fire escape. Walsh runs down the stairs.

8 INT. BOUCHET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Walsh runs through the apartment to the window. Looks out. Sees Bouchet making his way up the fire escape. He goes out after him.

9 EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

Bouchet makes his way up to the roof and starts running. The lights of downtown L.A. sparkle in the distance. Walsh hoists himself up to the roof, pursuing the fleeing Bouchet. Bouchet leaps from his building over to the next. Walsh, hot on his trail, does the same thing. Bouchet vaults over another alley to a third building. Ditto Walsh. Amazed that Walsh is still on his tail, Bouchet makes his most daring jump yet. He lands with a tumble, scoops up his shotgun and keeps moving. Without missing a beat, Walsh makes the leap and MISSES! He grabs at the ledge with his armpits. He slides slowly, grabbing for dear life as the old ledge cracks. It's a four story drop. Some debris falls away. Walsh manages to pull himself back onto the roof. Winded, he spots Bouchet going down a fire escape at the far end of the building. Walsh is up and after him.

10 EXT. BOUCHET'S BUILDING - NIGHT

As Walsh appears at the rooftop, Bouchet opens FIRE. Walsh ducks. Bouchet continues down the metal staircase. Walsh clangs down after him. Bouchet hits the ground and runs into an alley. Walsh drops to the concrete in pursuit. As he turns into the alley, Bouchet fires again. Garbage cans EXPLODE. HEADLIGHTS of a car turn into the far end of the alley, aiming at Bouchet. Bouchet tries to avoid the car. Can't. He gets sideswiped. Growls with pain when he lands. The car SKIDS to a stop. From it emerges MAX DORFLER. If Walsh is the "Avis" of bounty hunters, Dorfler is the "rent-a-wreck." He makes up for his deficiencies with force. He's loaded with dim, impulsive behavior. Walsh approaches. He and Dorfler lock eyes. They know each other well. Too well.

WALSH

What the hell are you doin', Dorfler?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONT'D

10

DORFLER

He's mine, Jack. Get lost.

WALSH

Fuck you, he's yours. He's mine.
Nardone assigned this guy to me.

Dorfler places his foot on Bouchet's chest. Bouchet still
MOANS.

DORFLER

Well, go straighten it out with
Nardone. I'll collect the money.

WALSH

(closer)

Goddamn you, Dorfler. I nearly got
killed tryin' to get him!

Dorfler WHIPS out a .45. Points it at Walsh.

DORFLER

Back off, Walsh. I said I'm takin'
him.

Walsh stops. Smiles. Ear to ear.

WALSH

Maxie. Why are we fightin'? You and
me are friends.

DORFLER

This clown's worth fifteen hundred,
Jack. It's nothin' personal. Now get
lost.

WALSH

Alright, alright.

Walsh backs off with his hands raised. Dorfler watches until
Walsh hits Avalon. When Dorfler turns his back, Walsh breaks
into a sprint around the corner. Dorfler yanks Bouchet to his
feet.

BOUCHET

(still dazed)

What the fuck's goin' on? You guys
ain't cops.

DORFLER

No, we're musicians. Get in the
fuckin' car.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONT'D (2)

10

Dorfler drags Bouchet towards the car. What he doesn't see is that Walsh has snuck clear around the building and is approaching the car from the front, ducking behind the open driver's door. Dorfler pushes Bouchet inside the back door and slams it shut. Walsh quietly picks up an empty whiskey bottle. Gently tosses it behind the car. It CRASHES. Dorfler whips out his .45 and looks in the direction of the noise.

DORFLER

Is that you, Walsh?

WALSH

(sliding behind wheel)

No. I'm over here.

Walsh throws it into drive and SCREECHES out of the alley, leaving Dorfler in the dust.

11 EXT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

11

Walsh drives down the street, slowing Dorfler's car outside of the L.A. County Jail parking lot. He pulls in. Part way.

12 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - NIGHT

12

Bouchet looks at Walsh.

WALSH

Open your door.

Bouchet, confused, opens the car door. Walsh does the same with his car door. Then he BACKS UP quickly.

13 EXT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

13

Both doors are RIPPED off the car by the two pillars at the entrance. Then, Walsh swings Dorfler's car into the parking lot through the exit. The tires EXPLODE as Walsh proceeds the wrong way over the metal teeth that block incoming traffic. Walsh keeps moving and SLAMS into a brick wall, CRUNCHING the front end. Then Walsh puts it in reverse and ROARS into the parking spot he targets, CRUNCHING the rear end of the car against another brick wall.

14 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - NIGHT

14

Walsh looks at Bouchet

WALSH

We get out here.

15 INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

15

A few PRISONERS mill about with their lawyers. A JANITOR mops the floor. Handcuffed to Walsh, Bouchet almost starts to cry.

BOUCHET

All I did was come home and he was sleepin' with my old lady. And I shot him. Then I heard on the T.V. that the dude was "lucid." I didn't do that to him. I swear.

Walsh looks at Bouchet. Feels sorry for him.

WALSH

"Lucid" means he was coherent. Makin' sense when he talked.

BOUCHET

Shit. He wasn't "lucid" before I shot him.

Behind the window, a cop named GOOCH.

WALSH

Hey, Gooch, I've got a delivery.
(sliding papers)
Monroe Bouchet.

GOOCH

Give you any trouble?

WALSH

Nah, he was real cooperative. A regular charm.

Bouchet thanks Walsh with his eyes as a GUARD takes him away. Gooch hands Walsh a booking slip.

WALSH

Take care of yourself, Monroe.

BOUCHET

You too.

16 EXT. VIGNES STREET - DAWN

16

Walsh leaves the L.A. County Jail. The street glows with early blue of dawn. Across the way, there's a carnival of bail bond offices. All with lights. Inviting signs. Walsh heads for the sideshow.

17 INT. JOE NARDONE'S BAIL BOND OFFICE - DAWN

17

Second floor. Huge glass doors. Three desks. Fourteen tons of paper. A thirty year old weasel of an assistant, JERRY GEISLER, reads a newspaper. He sucks toothpicks for a living. Walsh enters.

WALSH

Is Nardone in? I just dropped off Bouchet.

JERRY

You finally caught somebody, Jack?

WALSH

Jerry, is he in?

Jerry flips through the L.A. Times.

JERRY

It says here that eleven percent of people, in the course of dreaming, are aware of that fact while they're in the dream state.

Walsh has no patience for Jerry.

WALSH

Where is he, Jerry?

JERRY

That ever happen to you, Jack?

JOE NARDONE exits his cubicle. He's a man on edge at all times. Juggling cash and clients and a thousand lies at once. He is slipping into a cheap sports jacket.

NARDONE

Hey, Jerry, this ain't a library.

Walsh hands Nardone the booking slip. He glances at it.

NARDONE

Bouchet was twelve hundred, right?

WALSH

No, fifteen.

NARDONE

Oh, yeah, right. I was just going over to Denny's to catch the "grand slam breakfast." They start serving at six-thirty.

WALSH

Do you have my fifteen hundred?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONT'D

17

NARDONE

Of course. Did you think I was gonna stiff you?

WALSH

You? Never.

NARDONE

Jack, you really are the best at what you do. Let me buy you some breakfast.

WALSH

I don't eat breakfast.

NARDONE

Then have an early lunch. Hey, Jerry. Watch the phones.

18 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - EARLY MORNING

18

Walsh and Nardone move down the street, heading for Denny's.

WALSH

You'll never guess who I ran into while I was taking in Mr. Bouchet.

NARDONE

Who's that?

WALSH

Max Dorfler.

NARDONE

No. Funny how that guy keeps poppin' up.

WALSH

Hysterical.

NARDONE

Jack, I'm not gonna bullshit you. I got a little problem right now.

WALSH

Hey, can we stop and buy a copy of Playboy, because when I'm being jerked off, I like to look at something.

NARDONE

What are you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

WALSH

I've been through this. You're about to tell me you don't have my fifteen hundred.

NARDONE

Jack, I've got something better than fifteen hundred.

A typical Denny's interior. Walsh and Nardone sit at a table. Walsh sips coffee and watches Nardone wolf down his "grand slam breakfast."

NARDONE

Do you know who Jonathan Mardukas is?

WALSH

The Duke? Yeah, I know who he is.

NARDONE

What do you know?

Walsh taps a Camel. Lights it.

WALSH

He's that accountant that embezzled a couple million from some Vegas wise guy and gave it to charity.

NARDONE

That's pretty good only, it wasn't a "couple of million" it was fifteen million and it wasn't just "some Vegas wise guy," it was Jimmy Florio.

WALSH

Yeah, I can read a newspaper.

NARDONE

Well, I don't want to bring up the past, but isn't Florio the guy that ran you out of Chicago when he was running things there years back?

Walsh tenses up.

WALSH

He didn't run me out.

NARDONE

Sure. You left being a cop to do this shit.

(CONTINUED)

WALSH

What's the point?

NARDONE

The point, Jack, is twenty-five thousand bucks. I bailed the accountant out. Only, I didn't know who he was at the time. If I knew, I never would of put up the bond. I mean it would only be a matter of time before Florio vanished him from the planet and I'm out my four hundred and fifty grand.

WALSH

You're out four hundred and fifty grand on this guy?

NARDONE

No.

WALSH

No?

NARDONE

No. Because I've got you. And you're gonna go find him and bring him back.

WALSH

Right. How do you even know he's still alive?

NARDONE

Because he sends Jimmy Florio postcards from everywhere, telling him what a great time he's having with his money.

Walsh can't help but smile.

WALSH

How much time you have left?

NARDONE

(sick, again)

Friday midnight I default and have to eat the four-fifty.

WALSH

That's five days. Forget it. You go find him.

NARDONE

Jack, hear me out. I'll give you fifty thousand. I'm in jam city.

(CONTINUED)

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19 CONT'D (2)

19

WALSH

I've got to chase you down just to collect fifteen hundred. No dice.

NARDONE

Jack...

WALSH

Jack, nothin'. What else have you got?

NARDONE

If you don't get this guy, I might be out of business. I can't absorb this kind of loss.

WALSH

I'll do it for a hundred grand.

NARDONE

A hundred grand! Are you out of your mind? Jack, this is an easy gig. It's a midnight run, for Christ sakes.

Walsh gets up.

NARDONE

C'mon Jack, sit down.

WALSH

If you want me for a job this big, you pay me what's right. Maybe you haven't noticed but I'm tired of getting shot at.

NARDONE

This guy's an accountant! He's not going to shoot you. Just put a bag over his head, hit him with a rubber hose and bring him in.

WALSH

I'll do it for a hundred grand and then I'm out of this business forever. And I want a contract. I want it in writing. A hundred grand, and I'll have the Duke here by Friday night.

Walsh sees that Nardone is about to give in.

WALSH

Now, do you think I could have my fifteen hundred?

Nardone starts reaching for his pocket.

20 INT. RAMPART DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

20

Walsh moves through the homicide division with DETECTIVE DAVE HAMMOND. Other DETECTIVES sit at their desks. Phones RING. The joint is JUMPING as usual.

HAMMOND

I was just saying to myself that this has been the worst day in memory. All I need is Jack Walsh to appear, and look what blows in.

WALSH

Dave, look, I need a favor.

HAMMOND

What do you need? A case of Jack Daniels?

WALSH

The booking slip for a guy named Jonathan Mardukas.

HAMMOND

I'll get you a copy.

WALSH

No, Dave. I need to see the original.

HAMMOND

Copies were good enough for the FBI.

WALSH

They're looking for him, too?

HAMMOND

The guy's wanted in seven states.

21 INT. FILE DEPARTMENT - DAY

21

A dark cavern filled with file cabinets. Hammond pulls the police booking slip and hands it to Walsh. Walsh glances at the front. He crosses his fingers, takes a hopeful breath and turns it over. Scribbled on the back is a telephone number with a 212 area code. Walsh smiles.

HAMMOND

What did you find?

WALSH

The number Mardukas called after he was arrested.

Walsh starts to copy it down.

WALSH

Two-one-two. Looks like I'm going to New York.

22 EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY

22

Walsh exits Rampart Division Police Station. A very large black man with steel-rimmed sunglasses, dressed in a sharply pressed navy blue suit stands alongside a car. His name is ALONZO MOSELY. As Walsh walks down the street, Mosely blocks his way. They lock eyes.

WALSH

Excuse me.

MOSELY

Are you Jack Walsh?

Walsh senses trouble.

WALSH

Do I know you?

(a beat)

Oh, wait. Didn't I take your cousin in?

MOSELY

I don't think so. My cousin's a gynecologist.

WALSH

I get nervous when a gynecologist can palm a basketball.

Mosely starts to reach for his identification. Before he can get it out, Walsh starts to walk. Mosely moves to block him.

WALSH

Hey, get the fuck outta my way.

Walsh shoves Mosely back. A SCUFFLE ensues. SUDDENLY from out of nowhere, three men in suits appear. They surround Walsh. Shove him through the crowds and into a green Plymouth.

23 INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

23

One of the men slides in behind the wheel. Mosely gets in the front. Walsh is wedged in the back seat between two men. Each of them wears sunglasses. Walsh sits in the silence as the four men stare him down through their dark green lenses.

MOSELY

Inspector Mosely, Federal Bureau of Investigation.

WALSH

I figured that part out already.

No response. The other men are AGENTS PERRY, TUTTLE, and PLUMIDES.

(CONTINUED)

MOSELY

Are you working on anything having to do with Jonathan Mardukas?

WALSH

Who's that?

MOSELY

The Duke.

WALSH

Never heard of him.

MOSELY

I think you have heard of him.

Walsh slowly reaches into his breast pocket and puts on his own sunglasses. He smiles back at the group and then Mosely. Now everyone's wearing sunglasses.

MOSELY

Let me tell you something, asshole. I've been working six years trying to bring down Jimmy Florio and Mardukas is my shot. I want to take him into Federal Court.

Without missing a beat, Mosely reaches over and whips off Walsh's sunglasses.

MOSELY

So I don't want to see some third rate rent-a-thug who couldn't cut it as a cop in Chicago bring him into L.A. for some bullshit local charge. Do I make myself understood?

WALSH

Let me ask you somethin'. Those sunglasses. Are those government issued or do all you guys go to the same store to get them?

MOSELY

You can go now.

Plumides opens the door.

WALSH

Have a nice day.

24 EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY

24

Walsh gets out. Plumides shuts the door. The car STARTS up.

(CONTINUED)

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24 CONT'D

24

WALSH

Do you think I could have my sunglasses
back?

As the car begins to ROAR off. Mosely tosses Walsh's sunglasses out. Walsh catches them. He watches the car disappear. Then he turns. Squints. Spots a wallet on the sidewalk. Picks it up and opens it. It's Mosely's FBI identification. Walsh smiles.

25 INT. 747 - NIGHT

25

Walsh hums a tune while he inserts his photo over Mosely's FBI identification. A CHILD sits next to him watching. Walsh smiles at the kid and then flashes his badge.

WALSH

Mosely, FBI.

The kid looks scared.

WALSH

Just kidding.

26 EXT. RUNWAY J.F.K. AIRPORT, NEW YORK - MORNING

26

The 747 THUNDERS down in the rain.

27 INT. J.F.K. AIRPORT TERMINAL - MORNING

27

Long faces march off the red-eye. Walsh moves with purpose over to a pay phone. Looks through his black book. Dials.

WALSH

(on phone)

Harold Longman, please.

(a beat)

Harry. Jack Walsh. Did ya get me that
address check on that phone number?

(starts scribbling)

I've got it. Thanks Harry. Say hello
to Julie for me.

Walsh hangs up.

28 INT. AIRPORT CAR RENTAL OFFICE - MORNING

28

Walsh completes filling out a rental form and hands it over to an EMPLOYEE. TONY DARVO. Large. Somewhere between muscular and overweight approaches with JOEY RIBUFFO. Tall and thin, a New York Post under his arm.

TONY

You Jack Walsh?

(CONTINUED)

WALSH
Who wants to know?

JOEY
That's a yes.

Joey's got a staring problem. He can't take his eyes off of Walsh's coat.

TONY
We'd really like to have a word with you.

WALSH
What about?

JOEY
It involves big cash and lots of prizes.

Walsh lights a Camel. Joey stares at that too.

TONY
I'll make it short and sweet. The people I work for are very interested in your visit, here.

WALSH
Oh yeah? Who are the people you work for?

TONY
An old friend of yours from the Chicago days.

Walsh turns, locks eyes with Joey's stare.

WALSH
How are ya?

TONY
You're here for the Duke. You think he's in New York. We think you're right.

JOEY
Where'd you get that coat? Is that a London Fog?

WALSH
What the hell are you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONT'D (2)

28

TONY
Never mind him.
(beat)
The way I hear it, you didn't cooperate
with my boss a few years back.

Walsh takes a thoughtful drag on his Camel. Thinks. Joey's attention shifts to Walsh's cigarette.

JOEY
You smoke Camels?
(a beat, smiling)
I smoke Kools.

The importance of this statement is known to only Joey. A poker-faced Walsh looks at him uncomprehendingly.

TONY
My boss would pay you a hell of a lot
more for the Duke than that putz bail
bondsman in L.A..

WALSH
How much more?

TONY
How about a one with six zeros?

Walsh feels the heat of Joey's stare. Walsh turns.

WALSH
Are you gonna propose?

JOEY
Propose?

WALSH
Cause if you ain't, quit fuckin'
starin' at me.

TONY
Yeah, Joey. Back off for Christ sakes.

Joey steps back. The Employee reappears with the contract and keys.

EMPLOYEE
Here are your keys, sir. Just exit
through the glass doors. The parking
lot is to your left.

Walsh takes the keys. Tony has scribbled down the number on the back of a card. He puts it in Walsh's pocket.

(CONTINUED)

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28 CONT'D (3)

28

TONY

Ask for Tony Darvo. That's me.
They'll put you through to wherever I
am.

(beat)

Be good to yourself, this time.

Walsh heads out through the glass doors.

29 EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY

29

Walsh cruises along in his rented Pontiac approaching the
bridge leading into Manhattan.

30 INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY

30

As he drives, he suddenly notices that he's being tailed by
Tony and Joey in a Lincoln. After a few moments of thinking,
he GUNS the car hard.

31 EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY

31

Walsh gets the jump on Tony and Joey. They TEAR off in pursuit.

32 INT. LINCOLN - DAY

32

As Tony and Joey try to keep up with him. Several trucks
impair their view. Walsh disappears around a corner.

JOEY

I think he's onto us.

TONY

Figured that out, did ya?

33 EXT. QUEENS PONTIAC DEALERSHIP - DAY

33

Tony and Joey cruise by the dozens of parked Pontiacs. When
they are out of sight, one of them starts up and moves off in
the opposite direction with Walsh behind the wheel.

34 INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY

34

Walsh grins as he watches the Lincoln disappear in his rearview
mirror.

35 EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - DAY

35

The CAMERA FOLLOWS a wire from a telephone junction box,
mounted on the side of a brownstone. It leads into the
passenger window of Walsh's car where it is attached to a small
cassette recorder. A taxi rounds the corner and pulls up to
the brownstone that Walsh is staking.

36 INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY

36

Walsh licks his fingers. Finishing off his lunch of jelly donuts. He eyeballs the older couple that exits the cab. They enter the brownstone. Walsh hits the "record" button on the recorder and gets out of his car.

37 EXT. UPPER WESTSIDE STREET - DAY

37

He trots up to a phone booth on the corner and dials.

WALSH
(into phone)
Mrs. Nelson?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
Yes?

WALSH
Alonzo Mosely, FBI. How are you this afternoon?

No response.

WALSH
Let me get right to the point, if I may, Mrs. Nelson. An agent in our Los Angeles office discovered a detail that somehow was overlooked until now. It seems that when Jonathan Mardukas was arrested, you were the first person he called. Isn't that correct, Mrs. Nelson?

Still no response.

WALSH
Are you there, Mrs. Nelson?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
(weakly)
Yes.

WALSH
Needless to say, this is a matter of great concern to us. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I would like you to come down to 26 Federal Plaza tomorrow at nine o'clock and ask for Agent Mosely. Do you think you could do that, please?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
(scared)
I suppose so.

(CONTINUED)

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37 CONT'D

37

WALSH

Thank you for your cooperation. Good afternoon, Mrs. Nelson.

He hangs up and runs back to the his car.

38 INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY

38

As he gets in, he hears TOUCH-TONE BEEPS through the cassette recorder's speaker. Mrs. Nelson is making a call. Walsh has tapped the line.

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)

Dana? Helen. The FBI just called. They want to speak to me about Jonathan.

Walsh LISTENS. Then he HEARS a male voice. It's THE DUKE, himself. Walsh hangs on every word.

THE DUKE (V.O.)

Helen? What's going on?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)

Jonathan, the FBI just called. They know we spoke the night you were arrested.

THE DUKE (V.O.)

Hang up the phone, Helen. Right now!

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Walsh hits the rewind on the cassette recorder. Replays the touch-tone beeps. Smiling, he GUNS the car away.

39 EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT

39

Manhattan looms across the East River. As Walsh's car glides down the street, he notices a MAN placing a suitcase in the trunk of a car. He heads back into his house, leaving the door ajar. Walsh checks the address of the house. Stops. Gets out. Sneaks towards the front porch.

40 EXT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT

40

Walsh stops at the front door. Removes his .45. Listens. He pushes his way inside quietly.

41 INT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT

41

Downstairs is dark. Walsh creeps across the living room. HEARS MOVEMENT going on upstairs. Walsh inches for the stairs, moving up them SILENTLY. Walsh is not alone. A pair of eyes watch him. A shadow moves across the wall. A huge German Shepherd follows him across the living room floor.

42 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

42

Walsh craftily moves up the steps with his back to the wall. Walsh may be stalking the Duke, but the huge Shepherd is stalking Walsh as well. Walsh disappears around the corner to the upstairs hall. The Shepherd follows its prey.

43 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

43

.45 at the ready, Walsh approaches the bedroom. Walsh is beginning to sweat. About to make his move. He turns. Locks eyes with the shepherd. Walsh's eyes bulge. The Shepherd bares its teeth. Begins a low guttural GROWL. Walsh tries to stand his ground with an intimidating stare, but this is one contest that he won't win. He reaches for the door knob behind him. Opens it. Bolts inside. The Shepherd lunges against the closing door barking wildly. JONATHAN MARDUKAS, the Duke, appears from the bedroom. DANA MARDUKAS, his wife, follows. The Duke appears almost bookish. Yet, there is a enigmatic quality about him. A man with many facets which are not apparent at first glance.

THE DUKE

What is it, Heidi?

Heidi throws herself at the bathroom door.

DANA

What is it, John.

THE DUKE

I don't know.

He reaches for the bathroom door. Opens it. Heidi bolts inside.

44 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

44

It's instantaneous. The Duke and Dana enter. Heidi throws herself against the glass enclosed shower door. Walsh is on the other side. His FBI badge plastered against the glass door with one hand. The .45 pointed against the glass with the other.

WALSH

(screaming)

Alonzo Mosely, FBI! Get that fuckin' dog outta here!

The Duke hesitates.

WALSH

Don't move! I'll drop you right through the fuckin' glass!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONT'D

44

THE DUKE

(to Dana)

Do what he says. Get her out of here.

Dana grabs the BARKING dog. Drags her out of the bathroom. Walsh steps out of the shower. The Duke has his hands up.

WALSH

You're the Duke?

THE DUKE

That's right.

Walsh cuffs him.

45 EXT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT

45

Walsh leads the Duke to the Pontiac. Dana follows along side, panicked. Heidi BARKS from inside the house.

DANA

John. What do I do?

THE DUKE

Don't do anything, sweetheart, I'll be alright.

WALSH

Yeah. He'll be fine.

Walsh shoves the Duke into the car.

WALSH

Nice watch dog.

THE DUKE

For five hundred dollars she should have taken your head off.

Walsh climbs behind the wheel, swings a mad U-turn and tears away.

46 INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT

46

They speed through the night.

THE DUKE

Congratulations.

WALSH

For what?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONT'D

46

THE DUKE

You just did what no one else could do. You found me.

WALSH

You got that right.

47 EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

47

Walsh GUNS the car onto the expressway, heading for J.F.K. Airport.

48 INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT

48

The Duke looks behind him. Manhattan is in the distance. He turns. Airport signs are up ahead.

THE DUKE

You're taking me to the airport, aren't you?

No answer. The Duke looks around the car with apprehension.

THE DUKE

You don't seem like a FBI agent to me.

WALSH

Well, you don't seem much like a "Duke" to me either.

THE DUKE

If you're a FBI agent, why don't you just take me to the FBI office?

WALSH

If you don't be quiet, this is gonna be the worst trip of your fuckin' life.

THE DUKE

You work for Jimmy Florio, don't you?

WALSH

No, I don't work for that piece of shit. Your bail bondsman hired me to bring you back to L.A.

THE DUKE

I've got money, you know.

WALSH

I'm sure you do.

THE DUKE

I'll give you whatever you want.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONT'D

48

WALSH
Start by shuttin' up.

Walsh slows the car as he takes an exit ramp. The Duke sizes up his situation. As Walsh turns the car to blend into the traffic of a busy street, the Duke opens the door and tries to jump. Walsh grimaces and reaches for him.

49 EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - NIGHT

49

As Walsh tries to pull the Duke back inside, he almost loses control of the car. Nearby cars screech away to avoid him. Horns BLARE. Swerving hard, he just misses an eighteen wheeler.

50 INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT

50

Walsh yanks the Duke back inside, slams the door and forces him to the floor. Cocks his .45 and levels it in the Duke's face.

WALSH
It is truly in your best interest for
you to just fuckin' relax.

THE DUKE
I'm relaxed. I'm totally relaxed.

51 EXT. AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

51

Walsh pulls up and SLAMS the brakes. They both get out. Walsh puts his .45 into his bag.

WALSH
I can't keep you cuffed on a commercial
flight and I gotta check my gun in with
the luggage. But, fuck with me once,
and I'll break your neck.

THE DUKE
I can't fly.

WALSH
What?

THE DUKE
You heard me. I can't fly.

WALSH
You're gonna have to do better than
that.

(CONTINUED)

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51 CONT'D

51

THE DUKE

I don't have to do better than that
because that's the truth. I can't fly.
I suffer from aviophobia.

WALSH

What does that mean?

THE DUKE

It means I can't fly. I also suffer
from acrophobia and claustrophobia.

Walsh takes him firmly by the arm.

WALSH

When we get to L.A. you can tell the
prison psychiatrist all about it.

52 INT. AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

52

A row of pay phones. Walsh is on the phone. The Duke is cuffed
to him. Walsh jabs a bunch of numbers.

WALSH

(on phone)

Jerry, give me Nardone.

JERRY (V.O.)

Hold on.

-INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

Nardone picks up the phone. Jerry quietly listens in on the
extension.

NARDONE

Jack...

WALSH

I got him.

NARDONE

Got who?

WALSH

The Duke. He's standing right here.

NARDONE

You got him? Already?

WALSH

You wanna say hello?

Walsh yanks the Duke to the phone. Forces it to his face.

(CONTINUED)

* REVISED 10/21/87

Walsh

25

52 CONTINUED:

52

*

WALSH

*

Say hello to your bail bondsman,
Joe Nardone.

THE DUKE
(flatly)

Hello.

Walsh yanks the phone back.

WALSH

There you go. Jonathan Mardukas
in the flesh.

NARDONE

Where are you now?

53 EXT. VIGNES STREET - NIGHT

53

DEAD QUIET. The street is empty except for a van parked
up the street from Nardone's.

*

WALSH (V.O.)

*

I found him in New York. We're
at the airport.

54 INT. VAN - NIGHT

54

TWO FEDERAL AGENTS have tapped into Nardone's phone
lines. Both wear headphones. The van is filled with
cables. Meters. Phone tapping equipment.

*

WALSH (V.O.)

*

I'll be in your office by midnight,
and I'll tell you right now Joe, I
don't want to hear any bullshit.
I want the money tonight. So go
empty out one of your Swiss bank
accounts.

Agent One scribbles down the information.

55 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

55

NARDONE

I love you, Jack, goddamnit! I
really do!

WALSH

See ya soon.

CONTINUED:

55

CONTINUED:

55

Nardone hangs up. Races out of his cubicle. Something is afoot with Jerry. He hangs up slowly.

NARDONE

Walsh picked up the Duke!

CONTINUED:

CONT'D

JERRY

No kidding. That's great, Joe. Let's celebrate. Do you want some donuts?

NARDONE

Yeah. Run down to Winchell's and get a dozen. And get me a few of those apple fritters.

JERRY

You got it, Joe.

Jerry grabs his jacket and moves out the door.

56 EXT. VIGNES STREET - NIGHT

56

Jerry zips up his jacket. Moves quickly towards the pay phone at the corner. Passes right by the FBI van.

57 ANGLE ON PHONE BOOTH

57

Jerry grabs the receiver. Dials.

JERRY

(into phone)

Hello. This is Jerry Geisler. Can you put me through to Tony Darvo?

58 INT. BROOKLYN STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

58

Joey eats his dinner in the background. Still chewing his steak, Tony approaches the phone. He picks up the receiver.

TONY

Yeah.

INTERCUT TONY AND JERRY

JERRY

Tony, this is Jerry Geisler. How are you?

TONY

(still chewing)

I'm eating dinner.

JERRY

I'm sorry to bother you, but Walsh found the Duke and he's bringing him in on American Airlines, Flight 97. They'll be at L.A.X. at eleven o'clock. Don't forget me, huh?

59 INT. STARLIGHT CASINO, LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

59

PHIL, a pit boss, moves through the crowds and approaches the high-roller crap table. A man, who exudes importance, has his back to us. He's laughing with a group of V.I.P. gamblers. Phil taps the man on the shoulder, who turns. It is JIMMY FLORIO. Two thousand dollar suit. You can take Jimmy out of the streets, but you can't take the streets out of Jimmy.

PHIL

Mr. Florio?

Florio turns. Phil leans in. WHISPERS.

PHIL

Daruvo called. Your friends are going to be flying into L.A. at eleven o'clock.

Florio excuses himself from the group.

60 INT. L.A. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

60

A long hallway. Mosely strides with determination. Steel-rimmed sunglasses hanging from his breast pocket. In his wake, Perry, Tuttle and Plumides struggle to keep up. Tuttle just has to ask.

TUTTLE

How did Walsh find him so fast?

Plumides winces and gestures to Tuttle to keep quiet before further enraging Mosely. They all move for the door.

61 INT. 747 - NIGHT

61

Walsh and the Duke enter the first class section. Walsh smiles, already spending his money. They are directed to their seats. Walsh eases back in his spacious seat. Stretching out, he takes full advantage of the leg room. The Duke, of course, sits next to him, looking nervous.

WALSH

First class is nice. I could make a habit out of this. America. What a country? Huh?

The STEWARDESS approaches.

STEARDESS

Good evening, gentlemen.

WALSH

Good evening to you.

She hands them menus.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONT'D

61

STEWARDESS

Would you gentlemen like something to drink once we're in the air?

WALSH

We'd like your best champagne.

She leaves. Walsh enthusiastically studies the menu.

WALSH

(to the Duke)

I'm gonna have the steak. How about you, John?

THE DUKE

I'm not hungry.

WALSH

Well then, get the lobster so I can get a little surf and turf action goin'.

Walsh happily straps himself in. The Duke is not doing well. Walsh straps the Duke in.

2 EXT. 747 - NIGHT

62

The jet pulls away from the jetway.

63 INT. 747 - NIGHT

63

The Duke is sweating.

WALSH

Enjoy the ride.

THE DUKE

I'm not going to make it.

The Duke grabs the STEWARDESS. Unstraps himself.

THE DUKE

I can't go through with this.

STEWARDESS

Sir, you'll have to sit down. We're taxiing.

The ENGINES increase. ROAR. People turn. Start watching the unfolding scene.

THE DUKE

I will not sit down! This is MY LIFE!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONT'D

63

Walsh gets up. Tries to calm the situation down.

WALSH

Stewardess, relax. This man's my prisoner and I'm taking him back to Los Angeles.

The Duke regresses. Sounds more and more like a child.

THE DUKE

I'm getting claustrophobic. I can't take it. I've got this recurring nightmare, where I feel as if I'm losing control. And this feels the same way.

WALSH

You're right. You're not in control. I'm in control. Now sit down!

THE DUKE

(to Stewardess)

How long is this flight?

STEWARDESS

We should be in Los Angeles in just over five hours.

THE DUKE

(losing it)

"Should?" "Should" be in Los Angeles? That means you're not sure! If you were sure, you'd say we'd be in Los Angeles in just over five hours.

The Stewardess backs away from the situation and moves up the aisle. She enters the cockpit.

WALSH

(grabbing the Duke)

Alright. Enough. Now sit down!

THE DUKE

(having a tantrum)

I'm in a casket and they've buried me alive! I'm in a casket and they've buried me alive! I can't get out! I can't get out! I can't breathe!

The Duke breaks free. Turns.

THE DUKE

You can't do it. You can't make me fly. I'll go back to Los Angeles with you, but you can't make me fly!

64 EXT. 747 - NIGHT

64

The ENGINES DIE. The plane stops.

65 INT. 747 - NIGHT

65

The CAPTAIN appears from the cockpit moving down the aisle.

CAPTAIN

Alright, everyone. Just calm down.

WALSH

(flashing badge)

Alonzo Mosely, FBI.

CAPTAIN

You can't take a prisoner aboard an airplane if he doesn't want to fly. You should know that.

WALSH

I do. I'm sorry. I thought he was bluffing. Let's forget the whole thing.

CAPTAIN

I suggest you find some other mode of transportation.

Walsh nods. Closes his eyes. Hates what's coming next.

66 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

66

The P.A. system echoes forth departure times. COMMUTERS run for trains. Some BUMS hang out at a newstand while others sleep on benches. Walsh strides through the crowd with the Duke in tow. He notices a slight smile on his face.

WALSH

What the fuck are you smiling at?

THE DUKE

I love to travel by train.

WALSH

What do you think this is, the class trip?

THE DUKE

Are you always this angry?

WALSH

I'm in a great mood right now. You wait until I've been cooped up on this thing for awhile. You'll be running for that jail cell.

67 INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT 67

Packed with PASSENGERS and PORTERS. The Lake Shore Limited is on the platform.

THE DUKE

Are you still going to make your deadline, Jack?

WALSH

With fourteen hours to spare.

Walsh shoves the Duke onto the train.

68 INT. HALL OF SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT 68

Walsh and the Duke follow MILES, the porter. Walsh blocks Miles' view of the cuffs.

MILES

(with passenger list)
You are?

WALSH

Jack Walsh.

MILES

(to the Duke)
And?

WALSH

Guest.

MILES

This way, gentlemen.

69 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT 69

Miles leads Walsh and the Duke to a small sleeping compartment. Two bunk beds. Miles leaves. Walsh unlocks his side of the handcuffs and opens the bathroom door.

THE DUKE

You know, Jack, it really shows me that you're a quality human being for not forcing me to fly against my will.

Walsh cuffs the Duke to the handicapped railing and SLAMS the door to the bathroom.

70 INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT 70

The Lake Shore Limited lurches to a start. Picking up speed, it begins its journey west.

71 INT. LOS ANGELES AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

71

As the PASSENGERS start to deplane, several HITMEN, scattered about the terminal, scan each face looking for the Duke. As the crowd grows thinner, they exchange puzzled glances. As it becomes apparent Walsh and the Duke are not on this plane, Mosely and his men appear, as if out of nowhere. Perry flashes his I.D. at the Flight Attendant as the Agents board. The Hitmen shoot glances back and forth, reading the situation clearly.

72 INT. COCKPIT OF PLANE - NIGHT

72

Mosely and Perry stand in front of the Captain.

MOSELY
Inspector Mosely, FBI.

CAPTAIN
Mosely? Are all you guys named Mosely?

MOSELY
What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN
You're here to pick up a prisoner,
right?

MOSELY
How'd you know that?

CAPTAIN
He was afraid to fly so he got off the
plane. He left with an Agent Mosely.

Once again, Tuttle needlessly expounds on the obvious.

TUTTLE
Sir, that must mean that Walsh has your
identification.

Mosely can barely contain himself.

73 INT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

73

The Las Vegas skyline twinkles outside floor-to-ceiling windows. Florio is on the phone speaking with restrained rage.

FLORIO
I thought you said he was going to be
on that plane.

74 INT. MIDTOWN BAR - NIGHT

74

Tony is on the other end of the phone. Joey leans in, trying to hear what Florio is saying. The closeness irritates Tony, who turns away.

TONY

That's the information we got.

INTERCUT FLORIO AND TONY

FLORIO

You listen to me. I want this mother-fucker's lights out. And you better get more personally involved and stop sending other people to do your job.

TONY

You got it.

They hang up. Tony, relieved to be off the phone, turns to Joey.

TONY

What did I tell you? It's gonna be our ass.

75 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

75

The Lake Shore Limited thunders past, into the night.

76 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

76

Walsh lies on the bed, writing on a pad. The Duke's voice can be heard from the bathroom.

THE DUKE (O.S.)

Jack...

Walsh ignores him.

THE DUKE (O.S.)

Jack...

Walsh tries to shut him out.

THE DUKE (O.S.)

Jack...

WALSH

What the fuck do you want!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONT'D

76

THE DUKE (O.S.)

I told you I was claustrophobic.

(beat)

Jack, I know you're upset with me but it's stuffy in here.

(beat)

Come on, Jack, What do you think I'm going to do? Jump off a train going ninety miles an hour?

Walsh finally gets up and opens the bathroom door. Uncuffs the Duke. Leads him over to the second bed. Cuffs him to that. Walsh sits back on his bed and continues his writing.

THE DUKE

Thank you, Jack.

(beat)

What are you doing?

WALSH

Arithmetic.

THE DUKE

Maybe I can help you. I am an accountant.

WALSH

Well, I was thinking. After I turn your ass in and collect my money, I want to open up a restaurant.

THE DUKE

How much is it, exactly, that you're getting for me?

WALSH

A hundred thousand.

THE DUKE

Does that mean you'd let me go for a hundred thousand?

WALSH

I never took a payoff in my life. I'm not going to start now.

The Duke considers this for a second.

THE DUKE

A restaurant is a very tricky investment, Jack. More than half of them fail within the first year. As an accountant, I would have to advise you against it.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONT'D (2)

76

Walsh studies the Duke for a moment.

THE DUKE

What kind of restaurant were you thinking about opening?

WALSH

A family restaurant.

THE DUKE

Why a family restaurant? Do you have a family, or did they break the law and you took them in, too?

(beat)

I'm sorry, Jack. That was uncalled for.

77 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

77

A cigarette butt dangling from his lips, Nardone looks at his watch. He turns to Jerry.

NARDONE

How the hell could he miss that plane? He called from the goddamn airport.

(puts out cigarette)

Look at this. I'm smokin' again. Get Dorfler on the phone. See if he's still in Pittsburgh.

Jerry reaches for the phone.

78 INT. PITTSBURGH MOTEL - NIGHT

78

A cheap room. Lit only by glow of the TV set. Eating junk food, Max Dorfler sits on the bed watching ROBIN LEACH wax euphoric about the French Riviera. Nearby, we can make out a thin, wired PITTSBURGH THUG, handcuffed to a radiator.

PITTSBURGH THUG

Could I at least have a french fry?

DORFLER

I told you, no. Shut up!

The phone RINGS. Dorfler picks it up.

INTERCUT DORFLER AND NARDONE'S OFFICE

JERRY

Max. Hang on a second.

(calling out)

Joe, I got him.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONT'D

78

Nardone picks up the phone.

NARDONE

Max. I got a job for you. Big money. I gave it to Walsh, but he's fuckin' it up.

DORFLER

Well, I don't know why you keep hirin' that guy.

NARDONE

I know, Max. You're right. You're the best. You always come through for me. So, here's the job.

DORFLER

I'm listenin'.

NARDONE

You ever hear of the Duke?

DORFLER

No.

NARDONE

Jonathan Mardukas. The Duke.

DORFLER

I never heard of him.

NARDONE

That's okay, Max. It's not important. What is important is that you've got to find him and get him back here as soon as possible. Last I heard, Walsh had him in New York. But I don't know where the hell he is now. You pick him up, I'll pay you exactly what I'm payin' Walsh.

DORFLER

What's that?

NARDONE

Twenty-five thousand. But you got to get him back by midnight, Friday.

RESUME DORFLER

DORFLER

Don't worry. I'll get him.

Dorfler hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONT'D (2)

78

DORFLER
(to thug)
Hey, scumbag.

PITTSBURGH THUG
You talkin' to me?

DORFLER
No, the guy behind you. Today's your
lucky day.

PITTSBURGH THUG
How's that?

Dorfler glances into his little black book. Filled with dark tidbits. He picks up the phone. Dials.

DORFLER
(into phone)
American Express? This is Jack Walsh.
Excuse me. John Wesley Walsh. I lost
my card. I wanna know the last place
I used it. Here's the card number.

Dorfler reads off the credit card number. It checks out.

DORFLER
The Amtrak office at Grand Central
Station?

Dorfler smiles. He's gotten what he needs.

DORFLER
Thank you very much. By the way. Maybe
we better cancel that card.

Dorfler hangs up and stands. Shoves all of his wrinkled belongings into a huge dufflebag. Grabs his .45 and heads for the door.

PITTSBURGH THUG
Where are you going?

DORFLER
I'll be back in a few minutes, jerkoff.
Wait here.

79 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

79

Dorfler closes the door. Moves for his rent-a-car. Tosses the dufflebag inside. Climbs in. Starts the car. SPINS his wheels towards the Pittsburgh turnpike.

CUT TO:

80 INT. DINING CAR -NIGHT

80

Walsh sits opposite the Duke eating a huge dinner. No handcuffs now. The night floats by outside the window. The Duke eats the "salad plate". He reaches into his pocket and lays out several vitamins and places them in a neat row. Walsh stares. Glances at his watch.

WALSH

(re: vitamins)

What are you, a drug addict?

THE DUKE

These are vitamins.

WALSH

You piss ninety percent of that out of your system.

The Duke glances at Walsh's dinner of fried chicken.

THE DUKE

I'm not going to discuss nutrition with a man who eats deep-fried food. If you like, I'll outline a complete balanced diet for you.

WALSH

Mail it to me from "C" block.

THE DUKE

Why would you eat that?

WALSH

Because it tastes good.

THE DUKE

But it's not good for you.

WALSH

I'm aware of that.

THE DUKE

How can you do something that's not good for you?

WALSH

Because I don't think about it.

CONTINUED:

80 CONTINUED:

80

THE DUKE

Well, that's living in denial.

WALSH

I'm aware of that.

THE DUKE

You're aware of your behavior and yet you continue to do things that are not good for you? That sounds sort of foolish, don't you think, Jack?

WALSH

No. Stealing fifteen million dollars from Jimmy Florio, sounds foolish.

THE DUKE

I never thought I'd get caught.

WALSH

Now that's living in denial.

THE DUKE

I'm aware of that.

WALSH

Oh, then you're aware of your behavior and yet you continue to do things that are not good for you. That sounds sort of foolish, don't you think, 'John'?

THE DUKE

It was foolish. But to take fifteen million of mob money and get it to charities was good for a lot of people.

WALSH

Oh, so you pissed off a Mafioso killer just to be loved by a bunch of fuckin' strangers. That makes sense.

THE DUKE

Don't you want to be loved?

CONTINUED:

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80

CONTINUED:

80

WALSH

I've got lots of people who love me.

THE DUKE

Yeah? Who?

WALSH

I've got an ex-wife and a daughter in Chicago.

THE DUKE

How do they put up with all your sarcasm?

WALSH

Beautifully. I haven't seen either of them in nine years.

THE DUKE

Do you think maybe we should stop off and see them?

WALSH

No, I don't think maybe we should stop off and see them.

THE DUKE

Your job must have been very rough on them.

WALSH

I didn't do this shit. I was a cop.

THE DUKE

You were a cop in Chicago? You must know all about Jimmy Florio.

WALSH

I'll tell you something. You have a way or worming things out of people that I don't particularly like.

Walsh pushes his plate aside and stands up.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Dinner's over. I can see this is gonna be some fuckin' trip.

CONTINUED:

THE DUKE

Jack can I be honest with you?
I don't think I'm gonna be with
you that much longer.

WALSH

What do you mean?

THE DUKE

With what I know about Florio if
I get to jail, I'll be dead in
twenty four hours. So sooner or
later I'm gonna have to give you
the slip.

Walsh laughs. .

THE DUKE

I'm glad you find it humorous.

* Walsh leaves two bucks for a tip. *

THE DUKE

* Two dollars? Is that all you're
going to leave? These people
depend on their tips for a living. *

WALSH

It's fifteen percent.

THE DUKE

* It's thirteen percent. I'm an
accountant. I know about these
things. *

Walsh growls. Turns. Fishes around in his jacket
for his wallet again. Finds it. Turns. The Duke is
gone. Walsh bolts for the exit.

81 INT. PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

81

Walsh BURSTS into the car looking for the Duke. Spots him going through the door at the far end. Walsh runs down the aisle, shoving passengers aside as he chases after the Duke.

82 INT. SECTION BETWEEN CARS - NIGHT

82

The sliding door HISSES open. Walsh enters the compartment. The Duke has already opened the door to the outside. The night RAGES by. The Duke wants to jump. Hesitates. Locks eyes with Walsh in a panic. Walsh stops.

WALSH

What are ya gonna do? Jump out off
a train goin' ninety miles an hour?

The Duke looks at Walsh.

WALSH

Go ahead. I'll get off at the next
stop, scoop ya up and mail ya back to
L.A.

The Duke thinks it over. He can't do it. Walsh walks over. Shuts the door. Yanks the Duke back towards their compartment.

EXT. CLEVELAND, OHIO TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

83

The Lake Shore Limited ROARS to a lumbering stop. CONDUCTORS and PORTERS step off the train. PASSENGERS start to board and exit. We recognize one of the them. It's Max Dorfler. Looking as if he ran all the way from Pittsburgh.

84 INT. COACH PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT 84

Dorfler boards. The car interior is dark. The CONDUCTOR punches Dorfler's ticket. Dorfler moves down the aisle. Scanning the CROWDS. Some asleep. COUPLES cuddled in seats. A SAILOR sleeping across two seats. Dorfler heads into the next car. The train begins moving.

85 INT. SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT 85

The train ROCKS with speed. Dorfler moves through the sliding door. He approaches Miles, the porter.

MILES

Trying to find your room?

DORFLER

Nah. I'm looking for Jack Walsh's.
He told me to meet him there.

MILES

Number four. Next car.

DORFLER

Thanks.

Dorfler moves down the hall to the next car.

86 INT. HALL OF LAST SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT 86

Dorfler moves silently down the hall. Finds room four. The coast is clear. Tries Walsh's door. It's locked. He slips in a lock-pick. He opens the door silently. Removes his .45.

87 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT 87

Dorfler peeks in. Walsh is faintly snoring. A train ROARS by in the opposite direction. Walsh stirs in his sleep. Dorfler slowly moves to the bathroom. Opens the door. Finds the Duke. Dorfler gags him with his hand and points his .45 at him.

DORFLER

One word and you're dead.

Suddenly, Walsh's fist SMASHES into the side of Dorfler's head.

88 INT. HALL OF SLEEPER - NIGHT 88

Walsh and Dorfler BLAST into the hallway. Tumble to the floor. Walsh punches Dorfler. Dorfler's .45 skids along the carpet. Miles appears in the hall. Walsh scoops up the .45 and points it at Dorfler. Flashes the FBI badge at Miles.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONT'D

88

WALSH
Alonzo Mosely, FBI.
(to Dorfler)
How'd you find out where I was?

Walsh yanks Dorfler up. Dorfler rubs his bruised head.

DORFLER
Fuck you, shit-heel. I don't have to
answer you. You ruined my fuckin' car.

WALSH
(to Miles)
Radio ahead. I want the local police
at the next stop to place this man
under arrest.

Dorfler grins. Starts laughing.

DORFLER
What the hell are you talking about?

Walsh SLAMS Dorfler's head into the wall. He sags. Collapses.
Kisses the carpet.

WALSH
That's enough outta you.
(to Miles)
Go ahead. Get on the horn. Call the
cops.

The Duke whispers to Walsh

THE DUKE
Who is this guy?

WALSH
Another bounty hunter. Count your
blessings he's not taking you in.

89 INT. HALL OF FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

89

Perry hurries down the hall heading for Mosely's office.
KNOCKS. Enters.

90 INT. MOSELY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

90

Walsh's belongings from the plane flight are scattered across
his desk. Mosely looks out his window at the L.A. lights. He
turns.

MOSELY
Good news or bad news?

(CONTINUED)

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90 CONT'D

90

PERRY

Mardukas and Walsh are on the Amtrak headed to Los Angeles. Apparently, another bounty hunter was arrested after he tried to take Mardukas away.

MOSELY

I want the jet ready in twenty minutes.

91 EXT. SOUTH BEND, INDIANA TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

91

The Lake Shore Limited ROARS into the station. Armed policeman line the platform. Marked and unmarked police cars are parked nearby. Mosely, Perry, Tuttle and Plumides move across the platform as the train THUNDERS to a stop. They board.

92 INT. SLEEPER CAR - EARLY MORNING

92

Mosely approaches Miles. Flashes his badge. Backed by the other Feds.

MOSELY

Where's Jack Walsh?

MILES

He got off. With the other fella. Two or three stops ago.

(leaning in)

His real name's Mosely.

MOSELY

(enraged)

I'm Mosely!

93 INT. FREMONT, OHIO BUS STATION - EARLY MORNING

93

The Duke stands cuffed to Walsh, who jabs a number into a pay phone. A BUM works his way through the row of phones, checking the coin returns. He reaches across Walsh, checking his phone for change. Walsh EXPLODES.

WALSH

Get outta here! Can't you see I'm on the phone!

The Bum backs off.

94 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAWN

94*

Jerry is half-asleep. Watching an old movie on TV. Nardone is crashed out on a cot in his office. The phone rings. Nardone yells from his sleep.

NARDONE

Get it!

(CONTINUED)

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94

CONT'D

94

JERRY
(into phone)
Eddie Moscone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE'S OFFICE

WALSH
Jerry, give me Moscone.

The sound of Walsh's voice snaps Jerry awake. This is the call he's been waiting for.

JERRY
Jesus, Jack, where are you?

Moscone has already heard. He grabs the phone at his desk.

MOSCONE
Jack. Where the fuck are you?

95 INT. FBI VAN - DAWN

95*

The two agents with headphones snap awake.

WALSH (V.O.)
How the hell did Dorfler end up on my
ass? Did you put him on this, you son-
of-a-bitch?

MOSCONE (V.O.)
How could I put him on you? I don't
even know where the hell you are!
Jack, you still got the Duke or what?

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE

Jerry is on the other line. Listening to every word.

WALSH
Yeah, I got him.

The Duke reaches into his pocket and hands the bum a few dollars.

MOSCONE
Where the hell are you?

WALSH
Somewhere between Cleveland and Toledo.
We're about to get on a bus.

6 INT. FBI VAN - DAWN

96*

The two agents lock eyes. One nods. They've gotten the information.

(CONTINUED)

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96 CONT'D

96

NARDONE

A bus? What the hell are you doing,
Jack? Are you out of your mind?

The DISPATCHER announces the departure of their bus over the
P.A.

WALSH

I can't get into it right now, Joe. I
just wanted to let you know we're on
our way. The bus is leaving. I'll
talk to you later.

Walsh hangs up.

97 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAWN

97*

Nardone lights a cigarette. Jerry picks up his jacket.

NARDONE

What the hell is this guy doin'?

JERRY

I don't know, Joe. You want me to go
get some donuts or something?

NARDONE

What do I look like, a diabetic? And
where the hell is that goddamn Dorfler?

JERRY

I don't know, Joe. I think I'm gonna
step outside for some air.

Jerry turns. Moves quickly out of the office.

98 EXT. VIGNES STREET - DAWN

98*

Jerry hits the street. Trots for the pay phone at the corner.
Passes the FBI van. Grabs the phone. Starts dialing.

99 INT. FBI VAN - DAWN

99*

Agent 1 watches Geisler through the rear window of the van.

100 INT. FREMONT, OHIO BUS STATION - MORNING

100*

Walsh and the Duke stand at the ticket window.

(CONTINUED)

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100 CONT'D

100

THE DUKE

How's our schedule doing now, Jack?

WALSH

Don't worry. I'll get you there on time.

A TICKET CLERK slides Walsh's credit card back to him.

TICKET CLERK

I'm sorry, sir, but this card has been canceled.

WALSH

That's impossible.

TICKET CLERK

I double checked it. Sorry, I can't accept it, sir.

Walsh digs into his pockets. It is apparent that he doesn't have enough money. He turns to the Duke.

WALSH

How much money you got?

THE DUKE

A lot.

Walsh digs into the Duke's pockets and comes up with a few bills.

WALSH

You call that a lot of money?

THE DUKE

I'm not the one who can't pay his credit card bills.

Walsh finishes counting and slaps the money on the counter.

WALSH

(to Clerk)

Just made it. Two tickets to L.A.

101 INT. HOLDING CELL OF ELYRIA POLICE STATION - DAY

101

Dorfler sits. Smoking cigarettes. A FEW LOCAL DETECTIVES nearby. Mosely enters with Tuttle and Plumides.

DORFLER

Who the fuck are you?

MOSELY

Mosely. FBI.

(CONTINUED)

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101 CONT'D

101

Dorfler panics.

DORFLER

Goddamn it! I didn't do anything!

MOSELY

Sit down. I just want to ask you some questions.

Dorfler slides back into his seat. Mosely towers over him. Takes one of Dorfler's cigarettes. Lights it with Dorfler's lighter. Pockets the cigarettes.

DORFLER

Yeah, yeah. Help yourself.

Mosely lights it. Inhales. Blows a blue wad at Dorfler.

MOSELY

What do you know about Jack Walsh?

102 EXT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE BALCONY - EARLY MORNING

102*

Florio, in his silk robe. Sipping coffee, overlooking the city, desert and beyond. Neon against the desert dawn. Florio is wired and loaded with adrenalin. The doorbell rings. Florio, still locked in thought, heads inside.

103 INT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

103*

Florio crosses the room. A BODYGUARD is heading to open the door. Florio reaches under his desk, pushing a button that unlocks the security door.

FLORIO

(to Bodyguard)

I got it. Get outta here.

SID LYMAN, Florio's attorney, enters.

FLORIO

What do you want, Sid?

LYMAN

I think you and I should talk. I heard somebody picked Mardukas up in New York.

FLORIO

Yeah, it's old news. I'm on it.

LYMAN

I don't have to tell you what will happen if he becomes a government witness.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONT'D

103

FLORIO

That won't be the case.

LYMAN

I assumed you were taking that position. I am supposed to advise you against such acts.

FLORIO

Hey, Sid. Why don't you relax and have a drink.

(looking at watch)

It's all gonna be over in a couple of minutes.

104 EXT. ELKHART, INDIANA SUBURBS - DAY

104

The Greyhound bus speeds by.

105 INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

105

Walsh and the Duke sit toward the back. While Walsh tries to sleep, the Duke is wide awake.

THE DUKE

You know, the way you spoke to that homeless man back there in the bus station was a perfect example of misdirected anger. You should learn to focus on what is really hurting you and work on that.

Walsh tries to ignore him.

THE DUKE

Can I ask why it is you haven't seen you wife and daughter in nine years?

WALSH

My ex-wife got married to a police captain and I'm not very popular with the Chicago Police Department.

THE DUKE

Did you do something wrong?

The Duke hits a nerve.

WALSH

Yeah, I guess so. I tried to bust this big-time dealer. The guy practically supplied the whole city with heroin.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONT'D

105

WALSH (Cont'd)

I got close to him, gained his confidence. It took me a year. Just as I was ready to nail the son-of-a-bitch, mysteriously, my fellow officers discovered seven pounds of heroin in my house. They gave me a choice: get on the payroll like everyone else, get out of town or go to jail for thirty years.

THE DUKE

So you left town?

WALSH

Yeah. And that's why I do this. When I find a criminal, like yourself, I bring him in. I don't have to worry about anybody getting bribed or paid off because there is no "anybody". There's just me.

THE DUKE

So I guess that means that any offer I might make would be a waste of time.

Walsh's silence confirms this.

THE DUKE

Let me ask you something. Do you miss your wife and daughter?

WALSH

I don't think much about it.

THE DUKE

There's that denial thing again, Jack. We're going to be going through Chicago in a couple of hours. I think it would be good for you to look them up.

WALSH

I know in some twisted way you mean well, but will you please stay out of my personal life?

THE DUKE

You can't just avoid the things that hurt you. You've got to attack them head on. Sooner or later you're going to have to take a "front row" approach to life, Jack.

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106 INT. HOLDING CELL OF ELYRIA POLICE STATION - DAY

106

Perry enters. Motions quickly to Mosely. Mosely moves to Perry in the doorway. They talk quietly.

PERRY

Walsh called Nardone about a half hour ago from outside of Toledo. He's on a Interstate Coach Lines bus headed for Chicago.

*

MOSELY

Let's go.

They head for the door. A LOCAL DETECTIVE calls after him, motioning at Dorfler.

LOCAL DETECTIVE

Inspector. What do we do with this guy?

MOSELY

Let him go.

Mosely moves out. Dorfler grabs his jacket. Turns to the local detective.

DORFLER

Son of a bitch took my cigarettes...

107 EXT. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS INTERSTATE COACH LINES BUS STATION - DAY 107*

A few cars scattered in the lot. A black Chrysler is parked towards the back end.

108 INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

108

Tony sits at the wheel. Smoking. He looks annoyed. Joey plays with a tassel that hangs from the rear view mirror.

TONY

What's wrong with you? Do you have to touch everything? That's fuckin' annoying.

Joey glances out at the platform. A GUY casually smokes a cigarette. ANOTHER reads a magazine. More GUYS can be seen in the terminal. It's another group of HIT MEN. A SNIPER waits on a rooftop.

JOEY

Do you think we'll get 'em?

TONY

Fuck. They can't all miss.

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109 EXT. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS INTERSTATE COACH LINES BUS STATION - DAY 109

The bus swings into the terminal and HISSES to a stop. The door opens.

110 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY 110

Through the Sniper's crosshairs, we see PASSENGERS beginning to file off the bus.

111 INT. BUS - DAY 111

The Duke looks out the window, then turns to Walsh.

THE DUKE

Don't you miss your wife and daughter?

WALSH

Hey, I told you I don't want to talk about it.

THE DUKE

There's that denial thing again, Jack.

WALSH

Look, I know in some twisted way you mean well, but will you please stay out of my personal life?

THE DUKE

If you ask me it doesn't sound like you have much of a personal life.

WALSH

Nobody's asking you. Let's go.

Walsh yanks the Duke to his feet.

THE DUKE

All right, Jack, but you can't keep running away from the things that hurt you. You've gotta attack them head on. Sooner or later you're gonna have to take a front row approach to life, Jack.

WALSH

That's pretty big talk from a guy who's afraid of fuckin' airplanes.

Walsh gives in. The two of them start down the aisle. Just as they are about to step off the bus...

112 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

112

From out of nowhere Federal cars swing up. Surrounding the bus. Mosely's car swings in. SLAMS its brakes. He gets out and heads the pack that approaches the bus.

113 INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

113

Tony's and Joey's jaws drop.

TONY

Who the hell are these guys?

JOEY

They with us?

TONY

It's the fuckin' Feds.

114 EXT. INTERSTATE COACH LINES BUS - DAY

114*

Neither Walsh or the Duke have time to react. Perry SLAMS Walsh against the bus. Tuttle and Plumides SLAM the Duke against the bus. More FEDS surround them. LOCAL COPS appear. Both Walsh and the Duke are forced into the stressed spread-eagle position. Mosely appears. Locks eyes with the Duke.

MOSELY

You and I have a lot of talking to do.

(CONTINUED)

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114 CONT'D

114

Mosely puts on his sunglasses for effect. Looks at Walsh.

MOSELY

Remember me?

WALSH

Oh, yeah. Agent Foster Grant. Hey, Alonzo, aren't ya gonna thank me for doing your job for ya?

MOSELY

Thanks, Walsh.

115 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

115

Suddenly, the Sniper takes aim and FIRES at the Duke.

116 EXT. INTERSTATE COACH LINES BUS - DAY

116*

He misses, hitting the side of the bus. Mosely swings out his .38. The sniper fires again. Hits a local cop. People SCREAM. Run. Hit the deck. Perry. Tuttle. Plumides. All pull out their pieces. More GUNFIRE. The hit man with the magazine FIRES. Walsh forces the Duke to the pavement. Bullets BLAST the windows of the Interstate Coach Lines. More SCREAMS. The Hit men from the terminal are now on the platform. FIRING. Bullets SCREAM all around the Duke and Walsh. The hit man with the magazine keeps FIRING. Perry OPENS FIRE. The hit man sails over the railing. Mosely fixes on the sniper.

MOSELY

Freeze!

The sniper turns to fire. Mosely BLOWS the sniper off the roof.

117 INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

117

Watching from a distance.

TONY

Fuck this.

JOEY

Yeah. Hit it.

118 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

118

Tony GUNS the Chrysler away.

119 EXT. FBI CAR - DAY

119

Amidst the crossfire, Walsh and the Duke crawl up to the first car they can find. Sneak inside.

120 INT. FBI CAR - DAY 120

The keys dangle in the ignition. Walsh shoves the Duke across to the passenger seat.

121 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 121

Walsh SLAMS the door. STARTS the car. GUNS it away.

122 INT. FBI CAR - DAY 122

The Duke is near hysterics.

THE DUKE

Oh, God! Oh, my god! What the hell was that? *

WALSH

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

THE DUKE

Why were they shooting? *

WALSH

Those were Florio's people back there. He's not even waiting until you get to jail.

THE DYKE

Jack, you've got to let me go.

Walsh ignores him. *

THE DUKE *

Well, at least turn me over to the Feds. I'll take my chances with them. You'll get your money.

WALSH

Not if I turn you over to them, I won't. Now shut up! Keep screaming and I'm gonna put you back on an airplane.

The Duke picks up a clipboard and starts to read.

THE DUKE

Alonzo Mosely. Isn't that the name you've been using?

WALSH

Give me that.

Walsh yanks it away. Reading as he drives.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONT'D

122*

WALSH

Isn't that nice. I just swiped
Mosely's car.

*

(re: clipboard)

Fuck. They've got Nardone's
line tapped.

(smiling

sardonically)

Alright. Alright, assholes.

Walsh cuts the wheel.

*

123 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

123

Walsh turns off the road. A police chopper ROARS by. Heading
for the bus station.

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124 INT. FBI CAR - DAY

124

WALSH

We're not gonna get too far in a stolen
FBI car.

As they both get out, Walsh reaches into his pocket. Removes
his sunglasses and sets them on the steering wheel.

THE DUKE

What's that for?

WALSH

It's an inside joke between me and
Alonzo.

Walsh hails a cab and they both get in. *

125 EXT. AM/PM MINI-MART - DAY

125

Tony and Joey are at a pay phone. Joey polishing off a box of
Cracker Jacks. He TAPS the bottom of the box to get the crumbs.

TONY

Sorry, Mr. Florio, it didn't happen.

126 INT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

126

Florio is on the other end of the line, using the speaker box.
Lyman sits at the bar, nervously sipping a drink.

-INTERCUT FLORIO AND TONY

FLORIO

What was that again?

TONY

It didn't happen. There were about
thirty Feds there along with local
heat. A lot of heads got popped.

Lyman paces. Nervous. Shakes his head.

LYMAN

You better get off the line, Jimmy.

FLORIO

Shut up.

LYMAN

If they've got a tap...

FLORIO

(exploding)
I said shut up!
(into phone)
Where's Mardukas? In custody?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONT'D

126

Joey fishes the prize out of the Cracker Jack box. Opens it. It's a whistle. Begins BLOWING it, annoyingly.

TONY

I don't know. There was so much commotion, I don't know.

Joey BLOWS his whistle again.

TONY

(covering phone)
Will you knock it off!

FLORIO

Let me make it simple for you guys.
I am not to get another phone call like this.

Florio hangs up, then suddenly knocks the speaker box off the table.

FLORIO

I should've killed that son-of-a-bitch Walsh back in Chicago.

127 EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY

127

Walsh climbs out of a cab with the Duke. Middle class homes. Manicured lawns. Hands his last dollar bills over to the CAB DRIVER. The cab pulls away.

WALSH

I can't believe this. I haven't seen them for nine years and the first thing out of my mouth is gonna be "can I borrow a few hundred bucks?"

THE DUKE

I have a feeling that this is going to be very good for you.

They move toward the house. This is the first time Walsh appears unsure of himself. Slightly unkempt from the journey, he makes a feeble attempt to straighten out his hair and clothing. The Duke lends a hand, fixing Walsh's collar and adjusting a loose lock of hair.

THE DUKE

You look great.

Walsh RINGS the doorbell. They wait in expectant silence. Seven year old JASON opens the door and looks at Walsh and the Duke.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONT'D

127

JASON
Who are you guys?

WALSH
I'm your mother's ex-husband.

Jason SLAMS the door.

JASON (O.S.)
Mom!

THE DUKE
Nice kid.

The door opens revealing GAIL BROONER. Very attractive. She stares at Walsh.

GAIL
Jack...

WALSH
Hi, Gail.

The Duke watches the strained exchange.

GAIL
They mentioned you and him on the news this morning. Are you alright?

Walsh looks at her deeply. With desperate eyes.

WALSH
Can I come in for a few minutes?

She nods. Walsh and the Duke enter the house.

128 INT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY

128

They enter the foyer.

GAIL
You're in a lot of trouble. Did you impersonate an FBI agent?

WALSH
Gail, I won't stay long. I need some money to get to L.A. You know I'm good for it.

Walsh feels shame. Fear. Confusion.

WALSH
I'm so embarrassed. I'm just in a jam.
(smiles)
You look so beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

Gail bites her lip. Tears fill her eyes. She looks gorgeous. Meanwhile, Jason has been studying the Duke.

JASON

You don't look much like a criminal.

THE DUKE

I'm a white collar criminal.

GAIL

Jack, you shouldn't be here. If Ted comes home, he'll arrest you. And him.

WALSH

Arrest us?

(to the Duke)

Then we'd really be in trouble, cause I'm a little short on bribe money.

GAIL

Jack, don't start, please. Today's not a good day for this.

THE DUKE

Yeah, Jack. Don't start.

WALSH

I'm sorry my fugitive timetable doesn't coincide with your social calendar.

THE DUKE

I don't think she was saying that, Jack.

WALSH

Stay out of this, John.

GAIL

Same old Jack. Gets his feelings hurt and tries to hurt everyone around him.

WALSH

Gail, the last thing I need now is one of your lectures.

GAIL

I'm trying to protect you, stupid! Ted's going to be home any minute. Tonight's a very important night for us. We're all going out.

(CONTINUED)

WALSH

What's so special about tonight? Wait.
Let me guess.
(a beat)
"Graft night."

GAIL

That's enough!

THE DUKE

Alright everyone, let's not fight.

WALSH

I'm in a big fuckin' jam. I just need
some money. All I've got to do is just
get this guy to L.A. and I'm out of
this miserable business forever.

Walsh's fifteen year old daughter, DENISE BROONER, appears in
the doorway. A vision. Walsh turns with a lump in his throat.
The Duke looks at her. At Walsh. Emotions fly through the
room. Walsh can barely speak.

WALSH

Hi.
(clears throat)
Hi, Denise.

Denise floats across the room. Approaches her haggard father.
Looks into his eyes. Holds him tight. Gail fights tears.
Loses. Tears roll down her face. Walsh hugs Denise as tight
as he can. Still cuffed to the Duke, he drags the reminder of
who he is.

DENISE

Hi, Daddy.

WALSH

You're so grown up.

They break their embrace. He looks into Denise's eyes.

WALSH

That's all I wanted to do. Just hold
you for a minute.

Walsh turns to Gail.

WALSH

I'll go now.
(a beat)
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONT'D (3)

128

GAIL

Hang on.

She disappears into the kitchen. Walsh looks at the Duke. Gail comes back with cash and car keys. Hands them to Walsh.

GAIL

I only have forty dollars but you can take my car if you want. I'll tell Ted it's in the shop. We'll worry about it after you get to L.A.

Walsh slowly takes the keys.

WALSH

Does he take good care of you?

Gail nods affirmatively.

WALSH

That's all I want to know.

(a beat)

What will he say about this?

GAIL

(slowly)

He'll understand.

Walsh looks at her. There's so much distance. So much time. So much unsaid. He nods.

WALSH

That's love.

129 EXT. GAIL BROONER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

129

Walsh exits the house and cuffs the Duke inside the LTD. Denise follows, approaching her father. She has a stack of bills in her hands.

DENISE

It isn't much. About a hundred and eighty dollars. Baby-sitting money. Take it.

WALSH

I can't do that, sweetheart.

DENISE

Please...

(a beat)

Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

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129 CONT'D 129

Walsh looks at her. There's so much to say. No time. He takes the money. Nods. Gets into the LTD. Pulls out quickly. Denise remains on the law, watching them descend into the distance.

130 INT. LTD - DAY 130

Walsh is silent, watching his daughter fade from sight in the rearview mirror.

THE DUKE

You have a beautiful daughter, Jack.

WALSH

I'd just like to be quiet for a while.

Walsh continues to drive. Then, out of nowhere, pulls a U-turn.

131 EXT. STREET - DAY 131

The LTD SWINGS completely around. Heading back the way it came.

132 EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY 132

Denise watches the LTD returning. Suddenly, from behind her, he step-father, Gail's husband, TED BROONER, pulls his car into the driveway.

133 INT. LTD - DAY 133

Still at a distance, Walsh slows to a stop. He watches the sad sight. All of what he could have been. Ted, well dressed and unaware of Walsh's presence, puts his arm around Denise, leading her back to the house. Just before she disappears inside the doorway, she turns, giving her real father a farewell glance. Walsh, in a trance, watches the door close. The Duke sits quietly. With a start, Walsh drives up to the house. He gets out of the car.

134 EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY 134

Walsh crosses the lawn. Approaches the front door. Out of his pocket, he takes the money that Denise gave him. Puts it in the mailbox. He turns and heads back to the LTD. Drives off.

135 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DUSK 135*

Highway traffic roars in the background. Walsh, wrestling with roadmap, punches in a telephone number. The Duke cuffed along side of him.

136 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY 136

Jerry grabs the RINGING phone.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONT'D

136

JERRY
(into phone)
Joe Nardone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE'S OFFICE

WALSH
Jerry, Jack. Give me Nardone.

Jerry is nervous. He keeps feeding the mob bad information.
He SHOUTS at Nardone's cubicle.

JERRY
Hey, Joe, it's Jack.

Jerry listens in.

137 INT. FBI VAN - DAY

137

The two agents snap awake.

138 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY

138

Nardone is in the middle of a rap with a lawyer and a criminal.
He cuts them off with a wave. Grabs the phone.

NARDONE
Jack. Where are you?

WALSH
I'm in Boise, Idaho.

139 INT. FBI VAN - DAY

139

The agents start writing.

WALSH (V.O.)
No, wait a minute. I'm in Casper,
Wyoming.
(a beat)
No, wait, I'm in Anchorage, Alaska.
I'm in the lobby of a Howard Johnson's.
I'm wearing a pink carnation.

The agents lock eyes with confusion.

140 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY

140

NARDONE
What the hell are you talkin' about?

WALSH
I'm not talkin' to you. I'm talkin'
to the other guys.

(CONTINUED)

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140 CONT'D

140

NARDONE

What other guys?

WALSH

Let me describe the scene to you.

141 INT. FBI VAN - DAY

141

The four agents listen.

WALSH (V.O.)

There's these guys, see? They've probably been up for two days. So, they stink of B.O., have coffee breath, and they're constipated and have hemorrhoids from sitting on their asses for so long.

The agents shift nervously. One looks at his thermos coffee cup.

142 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY

142

WALSH (V.O.)

They're sitting in a van. Probably parked up the street from your office.

Nardone takes the phone over to the window. Parts the blinds. Spots the van on the corner.

143 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DUSK

143*

WALSH

But, now they're gonna have to pack up all their shit and go home, because I'm onto them! You dumb fucks! I'm not usin' this line anymore!

144 INT. FBI VAN - DAY

144

The agents lock eyes realizing they've been had.

-INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

WALSH

Hey, Joe.

NARDONE

Yeah, Jack.

WALSH

Go to Denny's. I'll call you in five minutes. They can't run a tap that fast.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONT'D

144

NARDONE

Right.

WALSH

(to Agents)

So long, everybody.

145 INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

145

The phone RINGS. The MANAGER takes it. Hands it to Nardone, who leans next to the register.

NARDONE

(into phone)

Jack?

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

WALSH

I need you to wire me five hundred to the Western Union Office in Amarillo, Texas.

NARDONE

What do you need with five hundred dollars on a bus? And why the hell aren't you on a plane?

WALSH

Did it ever occur to you that I'm a professional and that I might have my reasons? We're driving now and I only have enough cash to get to Amarillo. We had to scrap the bus.

NARDONE

(starting to yell)

Fuck the bus, I'd like to know what happened to the goddamn plane?

WALSH

(deadpan)

He doesn't like to fly.

NARDONE

(exploding)

He doesn't like to fly!?! What the fuck does that mean!?! You have to be back here in less than two and a half days. What the fuck are you doing out there, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONT'D

145

WALSH

Joe, I swear to god, don't start with me now or I'll shoot him and dump him in the swamp. I'm in no fuckin' mood for this. Just send me the money and I'll have him back by the deadline.

146 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY

146

Nardone enters. Approaches Jerry.

NARDONE

Hey, Jerry, wire five hundred dollars to Walsh in Amarillo, Texas.

Jerry nods. Nardone walks a few steps. Turns.

NARDONE

And maybe you ought to see if you can't get Dorfler down there, too.

147 EXT. VIGNES STREET - DAY

147

Once again, Jerry trots for his phone booth.

148 INT. FBI VAN - DAY

148

For the second time, AGENT 1 watches Geisler through the rear window of the van.

AGENT 1

(to Agent 2)

Let's run a tap on that phone booth. Something's going on here.

149 EXT. OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

149

The LTD continues its journey west.

150 INT. LTD - NIGHT

150

Walsh and the Duke sit quietly. After a few moments, the Duke starts to sing softly.

THE DUKE

Ninety nine bottles of beer on the wall, ninety nine bottles of beer.
If one of those...

Walsh silences him with a look.

151 EXT. AMARILLO COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

151

The LTD rolls up to a coffee shop. Walsh and the Duke get out. Arching the kinks out of their backs, they head in.

152 INT. AMARILLO COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

152

Eggs and bacon sizzle lusciously on the hot griddle. A YOUNG RANCH HAND stuffs his mouth with a massive forkful of steaming hotcakes. Walsh and the Duke eye all this from their seats at the counter. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

What can I do for you, boys?

WALSH

Two coffees.

THE DUKE

I'd prefer herbal tea.

(to Walsh)

As a bounty hunter are you licensed to starve your victims?

WALSH

In ten minutes we'll have five hundred bucks. I'll buy ya a nice juicy steak.

THE DUKE

I don't eat meat. It's filled with carcinogens and steroids.

WALSH

You know, you're a very smart guy, John. You know everything about everything. But you don't know enough to stay out of other people's business. If you had left Florio alone, none of this would be happening to you.

THE DUKE

I had a way out of this, Jack.

WALSH

Oh, really.

THE DUKE

I was going to put all of Florio's records on computer diskettes as an insurance policy. I figured I could always trade it over in exchange for my life if things got too rough.

WALSH

Why didn't you just leave him alone?

THE DUKE

Why didn't you just ignore corruption in the police department?

(CONTINUED)

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152 CONT'D

152

WALSH

Because I couldn't live with myself,
that's why.

THE DUKE

That's how I felt, Jack. I wasn't some
mob accountant. I thought I worked in
a legitimate firm. When I found out I
was managing accounts that were really
fronts for Florio, I just couldn't sit
back and do nothing.

WALSH

So you decided to take what didn't
belong to you.

THE DUKE

Jack, I gave practically all of it to
charity. How can you take the side of
a mobster?

WALSH

I'm not taking his side.

THE DUKE

You're taking his side if you're not
taking mine.

WALSH

I'm not taking anybody's side. I've
got nothing to do with this.

Walsh checks his Timex.

WALSH

Time to go.

THE DUKE

Why do you wear that old watch?

WALSH

I'll tell you when I know you better.

Walsh cuffs the Duke and drags him towards the door.

152A INT. TONY AND JOEY'S CAR - DAY

152A*

Tony and Joey sit in their car parked in a lot up a narrow side
street from the Western Union office.

152B EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

152B*

Alongside of their car sits a helicopter. Behind the pilot,
wait two MEN with rifles.

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153 INT. TONY AND JOEY'S CAR - DAY 153
 Tony scans the street. Joey eats corn chips and drinks a Coke. *

JOEY

You know what we should get? One of those little trays that you keep in the car, so you don't spill food and drinks all over the place.

154 EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY 154

Walsh and the Duke cross the street, heading for the Western Union Office.

155 INT. TONY AND JOEY'S CAR - DAY 155

Tony spots them.

TONY

There they are.

Tony and Joey get out of the car. Tony motions for the hitmen to wait in the chopper. *

TONY

Wait here. I don't want another fucking Chinese New Year on Main Street. *

156 EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY 156

Tony and Joey cross the street, guns in coats, approaching Walsh and the Duke. Walsh sees them. Freezes.

TONY

Don't fuckin' move, asshole.
 (to Walsh)
 I don't wanna kill you.
 (to the Duke)
 I just want you.

The Duke is panic-stricken. From out of nowhere, Dorfler squeals up in a silver-gray sedan. He jumps out behind Tony and Joey, cocking his .45.

DORFLER

Drop 'em.

Tony and Joey turn.

DORFLER

You heard me. Drop 'em.

Tony and Joey drop their guns.

(CONTINUED)

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156 CONT'D

156

DORFLER

Who the fuck are you guys?

TONY

Who the fuck are you?

Dorfler K.O.'s Tony with the butt of his .45. Tony eats the pavement.

JOEY

You're dead. You know who you're fuckin' with?

DORFLER

No. Why don't you tell me about it. And make sure you speak into the microphone.

On "microphone", Dorfler WHACKS the butt of his .45 into Joey's mouth. Walsh and the Duke watch the scene.

DORFLER

(to Walsh)

Give me the keys to the cuffs.

WALSH

Sure, Max.

Walsh takes out the keys and then tosses them into the sewer.

WALSH

Looks like a package deal to me, Max.

THE DUKE

Front row, Jack!

DORFLER

Alright, both of you, come on.

157 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

157

Dorfler's car makes tracks through the Amarillo countryside.

158 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

158

Dorfler at the wheel, the Duke in between him and Walsh. They are sandwiched into the front seat.

DORFLER

Who the hell were those guys?

WALSH

Oh, Maxie. You've done it this time.

(CONTINUED)

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158 CONT'D

158

DORFLER

What are you talking about?

WALSH

Those were hired killers back there.

DORFLER

Hired to kill who?

WALSH

(re: the Duke)

Hired to kill him.

DORFLER

Hired by who?

WALSH

Jimmy Florio.

DORFLER

Oh, fuck! Why do they wanna kill him?

WALSH

Maxie, don't ya read the newspapers?

THE DUKE

I can't take this.

158A EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

158A*

Tony and Joey hastily make it back to the helicopter. Tony yells to the pilot.

TONY

They got away. A gray Dodge.

The rotors start to spin to life.

158B INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

158B*

WALSH

(to Dorfler)

How the fuck did you know where we were?

THE DUKE

I can't take this anymore.

WALSH

Shut up a minute.

(to Dorfler)

Did Nardone put you on this?

(CONTINUED)

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158B CONT'D

158B*

DORFLER

Of course, Nardone put me on this.

WALSH

That no good son of a bitch. I got a contract with him!

DORFLER

You got a contract?

WALSH

Yeah. I signed it on Monday.

DORFLER

He called me in Pittsburgh. He said you were fuckin' this up.

WALSH

I'm not fuckin' this up.

DORFLER

You should of been in L.A. over two days ago.

WALSH

Don't tell me how to do my goddamn job. I'm half thinkin' not to turn him in just to watch Nardone go down the toilet.

THE DUKE

That's an excellent thought.

WALSH

Who the fuck is talkin' to you?

DORFLER

(to Walsh)

He's not yours to take in anymore.

The air begins to THROB. An engine.

WALSH

Do you hear that?

They turn. The helicopter is moving along the road. Coming up fast.

WALSH

Oh, Christ.

DORFLER

Alright, who's this?

(CONTINUED)

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158B CONT'D

158B

WALSH

It's either Florio or the Feds.

159 EXT. ROAD - DAY

159

Dorfler's car moves along. The chopper comes up right behind it. The hitmen aim their M-16s at the vehicle. OPEN FIRE. The road EXPLODES all around the car.

160 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

160

They duck the shots.

WALSH

It's Florio.

161 EXT. ROAD - DAY

161

The chopper stays right on the car. The air STINGS with bullets.

162 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

162

These guys means business.

163 EXT. ROAD - DAY

163

Several shots hit Dorfler's car. Dorfler's hood EXPLODES and sails into the air. Dorfler SLAMS on the brakes. The car SKIDS to a stop. The chopper ROARS overhead, going past it, then swings around, heading back. Dorfler jams on the accelerator, zooming under the oncoming chopper.

164 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

164

Circling once more, the chopper comes up behind them. M-16s open FIRE. BLOW OUT the back window.

WALSH

This is bullshit! We're sittin' ducks, Maxie! Get off the fuckin' road!

165 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

165

The two sharpshooters lean out. Open FIRE again.

166 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

166

A bridge spans a huge gorge. ROARING rapids below. An eighteen wheel tractor trailer is approaching. So is the chopper.

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167 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

167

They are just about to enter the bridge. SWERVING. Ducking bullets. The Duke sees the oncoming truck.

THE DUKE

Look out!

Dorfler cuts the wheel.

168 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

168

Dorfler misses the truck by a few feet. The chopper misses by inches. ROARS skyward. The truck nearly jack-knives trying to get out of the way. Dorfler SWERVES off the road just short of the bridge. SLAMS through the guard railing.

169 EXT. GORGE - DAY

169

Dorfler's car SAILS down the steep embankment. SIDESWIPES huge rocks and trees. The brush and rocks in its path don't slow it down.

170 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

170

The Duke SCREAMS. Walsh braces for the impact. Dorfler steers down the obstacle course of rocks and trees heading for the rapids.

DORFLER

Okay. Okay. I got it.

SIDESWIPES a tree. Keeps going.

DORFLER

Hang in. Relax. I got it.

- 171 EXT. GORGE - DAY 171
The car SLAMS to a halt, wedging itself between two boulders, just a few feet from the edge of the rapids. The chopper swings around over the top of the bridge.
- 172 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 172
Dorfler's gun bounces to the floor. The Duke grabs it. Points it at Walsh and Dorfler.
- THE DUKE
Nobody move.
- Walsh grabs the gun out of the Duke's hand.
- WALSH
Give me that.
- Dorfler grabs the gun.
- DORFLER
That's mine.
- 173 EXT. GORGE - DAY 173
The chopper roars overhead. Bullets EXPLODE around them. The doors are blocked by the boulders. Walsh, the Duke and Dorfler are forced to crawl out through the windows. Dive for cover. The chopper circles, then moves in for the kill.
- 174 INT. CHOPPER - DAY 174
The Sharpshooters take aim. Open FIRE.
- 175 EXT. GORGE - DAY 175
The bullets EXPLODE around Walsh, the Duke and Dorfler. The Duke falls, dragging Walsh with him. Dorfler FIRES at the helicopter with his .45. Walsh removes keys from his pocket and starts to uncuff the Duke.
- DORFLER
I thought you threw those out.
- WALSH
Always check the evidence, Max. Those were car keys.
- The Duke begins to smile.
- WALSH
(to the Duke)
They're not after me.
- The Duke's smile vanishes.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONT'D

175

WALSH
Just kiddin'.

Walsh climbs behind a group of boulders. Pulls out his .45.
FIRES with Dorfler at the chopper.

176 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

176

A bullet hits the glass bubble, EXPLODING it into the cockpit.
The pilot swings the chopper away.

177 EXT. GORGE - DAY

177

The chopper comes around for the kill, again. The Duke tries to hide behind a huge boulder. Bullets EXPLODE all around him. He inches around the boulder, trying to keep it between him and the chopper. Each quickly changing directions to outsmart the other. A serious game of cat and mouse. The Duke loses his balance. He falls backwards into the rapids. Bullets SPRAY all around him. He disappears into the white-water. Walsh is about to jump in after him but a hail of bullets forces him to stay put.

WALSH
Son of a bitch! Well, Max, there goes a hundred grand.

DORFLER
A hundred? You're getting a hundred?

WALSH
Why? What was Nardone gonna pay you?

DORFLER
Twenty-five.

Walsh smiles. Bullets FIRE. They duck.

178 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

178

One of the sharpshooters spots the Duke. Taps the pilot.
Points.

179 EXT. RAPIDS - DAY

179

Water ROARING. The Duke struggles to keep afloat in the nightmarish current. The chopper opens FIRE at him.

180 EXT. GORGE - DAY

180

Walsh sees the chopper's vulnerability. It's tail rotor.

WALSH
Maxie. Give me another clip!

(CONTINUED)

180 CONT'D

180

DORFLER

What? I need it myself!

WALSH

Give me the fuckin' clip!

Dorfler hesitates. Looks at the chopper. To Walsh. Then tosses him the clip. Walsh jams it into his .45.

181 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

181

The sharpshooters RIDDLE the water surrounding the Duke with GUNFIRE.

182 EXT. GORGE - DAY

182

Walsh moves along the bank. Gets a good solid line on the tail rotor. Crouches. Raises his arm. Sights in. Then smiles.

WALSH

Say goodnight, Gracie.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! SMACK! The STING of metal hitting metal. The tail rotor EXPLODES.

183 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

183

The joystick slips from the pilot's hands.

PILOT

We're hit!

184 EXT. GORGE - DAY

184

With a deafening high-pitched whine, the chopper swings madly out of control. Dorfler drops his jaw. Can't believe it. Walsh grins. The chopper ROARS at them. They hit the deck. ROARS back into the sky and starts its deadly descent toward the wall of the gorge. Heads straight for it. SLAMS into it. EXPLODES into a FIREBALL. GUSHING FLAMES AND SHRAPNEL for a hundred yards.

DORFLER

Goddamn, Jack. You did it!

Walsh smiles. Punches Dorfler square in the jaw. Dorfler falls back, hitting the car. Walsh digs in Dorfler's pockets. Pulls out Dorfler's cuffs and keys. Cuffs him to the open car door and tosses the keys into the water. Dorfler is coming to.

WALSH

See you in L.A., Max!

Walsh dives into the rapids.

185 EXT. RAPIDS - DAY

185

The Duke, trying to swim, grabs for debris lodged between rocks. Stops. Unsurvivable white-water ROARS just ahead. Holding onto the debris for dear life, he pulls himself along. Slowly. Surely. Inches towards a boulder. Walsh comes bouncing down the rapids on the same path that the Duke has just taken. He sees the Duke pulling himself to safety. Walsh reaches out as he passes. Grabs for the same debris. SLAMS into it. Dislodges all of it. He and the Duke ROAR down the rapids together clinging to the same log. Moving into the white-water.

THE DUKE

Goddamnit, I was almost safe!

They ride the log, holding on for dear life. A group of boulders are ahead. Water RUSHES between them. The log slams into the boulders, getting caught between two of them. Duke's back is against the current. Walsh is on the other side of the log. He's losing his grip. The rapids beyond invite death.

WALSH

I'm slipping! Give me your hand!

THE DUKE

Promise you'll let me go!

WALSH

Fuck you!

THE DUKE

Promise me!

WALSH

Fuck you!

THE DUKE

You're making it very hard for me to do the right thing here, Jack.

WALSH

(slipping)

Alright! Alright! I'll let you go!
I promise!

The Duke reaches for Walsh. Grabs him. Together, they lunge for the boulder as the log breaks free, disappearing into a field of white. They climb to safety.

186 EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

186

Drenched to the core. Exhausted. They crawl ashore.

THE DUKE

Where's Dorfler?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONT'D

186

WALSH
He's watchin' the car.

WALSH
Thanks for savin' me.

THE DUKE
Thanks for letting me go.

WALSH
I'll let you go, alright.
(cuffing him)
The second you're in the L.A. County
Jail.

THE DUKE
I just saved your life!

WALSH
(yanking up the Duke)
Come on.

187 EXT. ROAD - DAY

187

Looking like shit, Walsh and the Duke walk slowly along the side of the rural road. A dilapidated pick-up truck snakes towards them. Walsh uncuffs the Duke then waves it to a stop. BILLY, an overweight Indian, with a black ponytail and black cowboy hat, is at the wheel. Two other INDIANS, are crammed in the front seat. FOUR more sit on the bed of the truck.

WALSH
How's it goin', gentlemen? Do you
think you can give me and my friend
a ride to the nearest town?

BILLY
Sure. Pile in.

188 EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK BED - DAY

188

Walsh and the Duke sandwich in between the Indians. The truck lurches with life and moves down the road. The Indians eyeball Walsh and the Duke. Their dirty clothes. Their worn faces.

INDIAN ONE
You guys look like you've been doin'
a lot of travelin'.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONT'D

188

WALSH

Yeah.

(a beat)

If there's one thing I've learned on this trip, it's what a beautiful country we got here. I'll bet you guys must be pretty pissed off you lost it.

The Indians don't respond.

WALSH

Just kiddin'.

189 EXT. GORGE - DAY

189

We recognize the bridge. It's where the chopper went down. A dozen police cars are on it. Several COPS lean over the side of the bridge. They watch a man SCREAMING in the gorge. Handcuffed to a car. Dorfler.

DORFLER

That's right! Down here! Get me the fuck outta here!

190 INT. FBI OFFICE, CHICAGO - DAY

190

Mosely sits alone, looking like he's been working long hours. Perry approaches, handing him a teletype page.

PERRY

This just came in.

MOSELY

Is it going to upset me?

PERRY

I think it's safe to say that.

191 EXT. MCCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, LAS VEGAS - DAY

191

Jets THUNDER overhead. Joey and Tony stand in front of the United terminal holding their luggage. With a handkerchief, Tony nurses a huge bruise on the side of his face from the whack of Dorfler's .45. Joey sports a fat lip Florio's black limousine pulls up. It feels angry. A CHAUFFEUR takes their bags. Tony and Joey reluctantly get inside.

192 INT. FLORIO'S LIMO - DAY

192

Florio is in back. Also, Sid Lyman. They face Tony and Joey. The car moves quickly away from the terminal area. Florio is livid.

(CONTINUED)

FLORIO

What's the problem with you guys?
The guy's a fuckin' accountant!

TONY

It's been bad luck down the line.
Plus this guy, Walsh, is pretty
good.

FLORIO

Yeah? Well, if he's so fucking
good, maybe I should hire him to
hit you.

LYMAN

Is any of this going to come back
to him?

TONY

No. None of it. We rented the
chopper through Detroit.

JOEY

(to Florio)

It's five times removed from you,
so you're clear of this. Don't
worry.

FLORIO

(exploding)

I'm clear of shit! He's still out
there!

(yelling to chauffer)

Pull the fuck over!

(to Tony and Joey)

I can see where this is going.
Get out of the car! I'm gonna kill him
myself.

LYMAN

Jimmy...

FLORIO

Shut up, Sid. I'm gonna kill the
rat-fuck bastard myself.

The limo pulls to the side of the road. A confused
Tony and Joey sheepishly exit as Florio kicks at them.

193 EXT. LAS VEGAS ROADSIDE - DAY

193

The limo peels away, leaving Tony and Joey in the dust.

JOEY

How do we get our luggage back?

194 EXT. INDIAN RESERVATION - DAY

194

The middle of nowhere. Chickens scatter avoiding the pick-up truck as it pulls up to a dilapidated general store. The Indians pile out. Other Indians sit on indoor furniture that has been left outside. An old crop-duster is parked to one side of the general store. It catches the Duke's eye.

BILLY

This is the end of the ride.

Walsh stares at the sights.

WALSH

What the hell kind of town is this?

An OLD INDIAN WOMAN sits on the porch.

THE DUKE

Is there a bathroom in there I could use?

She nods 'yes'. The Duke turns to Walsh.

THE DUKE

Is it alright, Jack?

WALSH

G'head.

The Duke disappears inside. Walsh studies the lonely landscape of old cars and shacks. In their native language, a few INDIANS sitting nearby are having a good laugh at the expense of Walsh's bedraggled appearance. Walsh does his best to ignore them. The sound of a large engine coming to life fills the air. Walsh, pacing along the porch, casually glances in the direction of the crop-duster as it slowly starts to taxi away. His eyes widen as he realizes that the man in the open cockpit is the Duke. It appears that the Duke is not afraid of flying. The prop spins with life. The SOUND of the crop-duster intensifies. Walsh can't believe how badly he's been taken. As the crop-duster moves away, Walsh goes berserk.

WALSH

Fear of flying, you son-of-a-bitch?

Walsh runs after the plane, sprinting the length of the reservation to catch up with the taxiing plane. The Duke swings it around for take-off, now moving towards Walsh. As it moves past him, Walsh grabs on to the wing and hoists himself alongside the cockpit. The plane ROARS with life. He reaches for the Duke. The Duke tries to push Walsh off and maintain control at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

WALSH

Fear of flying, my ass! Get out of that plane, you son-of-a-bitch.

THE DUKE

My work is done here, Jack. I've reopened the lines of communication between you, your ex-wife and your daughter.

WALSH

I'm gonna open your fuckin' head.

THE DUKE

And I think you're well on your way to reexamining who you are as a human being.

Walsh grabs the Duke halfway out of the cockpit. The plane zig-zags wildly through the field.

THE DUKE

You're going to get us killed!

WALSH

I don't give a fuck.

Walsh right-hooks the Duke, knocking him out, then manages to yank him from the cockpit. They both fall to the ground. The pilotless crop-duster aimlessly taxis in circles. Indians come running from every direction. Walsh shoves the Duke back towards the general store. Indians surround them angrily. SHOUTING. Walsh pulls out his .45. Points it in every direction. It gets quiet fast.

WALSH

Shut the fuck up! All of ya!

He moves through the circle, dragging the Duke by his collar.

WALSH

(to the Duke)

Let me tell you about the coffee shop I'm gonna open after I dump you off and collect my hundred grand. You're gonna love it. Maybe when you get out, if they don't kill you first, you can come pay me a visit.

They approach Billy's pick-up truck. Walsh points the gun at Billy.

WALSH

Give me the keys the truck.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONT'D (2)

194

Billy complies. Walsh takes the keys and cuffs the Duke inside the truck.

WALSH

Hey, maybe I'll even call it "Duke's Place". Y'know. Out of respect to you.

Walsh gets in behind the wheel. Fires it up. Roars off.

195 EXT. ROAD - DAY

195

The truck barrels down the road.

196 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

196

Walsh sits behind the wheel angry. The Duke at his side.

THE DUKE

Jack. Let's be fair about this. You lied to me, too. At the river you promised to let me go.

WALSH

You lied to me first.

THE DUKE

Yes. But the river was before you knew I had lied to you. So, that really doesn't count. Don't you think, Jack?

WALSH

What?

THE DUKE

It's wrong that I lied to you. But you had no knowledge that I was lying about my aziophobia when we were in the river, when you lied to me.

WALSH

I can't even argue with you. I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

A town is up ahead. Walsh is gripping his stomach.

WALSH

Ah, shit!

THE DUKE

Have you got an ulcer, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONT'D

196

WALSH

Yes, I've got an ulcer! A big fuckin' ulcer! And all your bullshit is startin' to make it bleed again.

THE DUKE

We better get something to coat it.

WALSH

I need somethin' to eat! That's what I need!

THE DUKE

I can take care of that.

197 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY

197

The truck slows to a stop.

198 INT. TRUCK - DAY

198

Walsh looks at the coffee shop. Looks at the Duke.

WALSH

Now what?

THE DUKE

Give me that FBI badge.

Walsh hesitates.

THE DUKE

Do you want to eat or not?

Walsh studies him for a moment.

199 INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S RESTAURANT - DAY

199

The Duke bursts in the front door followed by Walsh. Makes his way to the CASHIER. The Duke speaks with urgency.

THE DUKE

I want to speak to the manager, immediately.

CASHIER

(taken aback)

Alright, just a minute, sir.

She calls over the MANAGER. Walsh and the Duke lock eyes.

MANAGER

May I help you?

(CONTINUED)

199 CONT'D

199

THE DUKE
(flashing badge)
Alonzo Mosely, FBI. My partner and I have been tracking a ring of counterfeiters who have been passing phony one-hundred dollar bills throughout the state. Have you received any hundred dollar bills in the last couple of hours?

MANAGER
I received one just twenty minutes ago.

THE DUKE
(to Cashier)
Would you mind opening the register, please.

The manager gives a nod of approval. The cashier complies.

THE DUKE
(to Cashier)
Let me see all of them.

She reaches for the bills. The Duke stops her.

THE DUKE
No, no! Don't touch them!

Walsh uses a paper napkin to take the bills from the cash register. The Duke clears the counter and proceeds to lay the bills out methodically. The employees look on attentively.

THE DUKE
(snapping fingers)
Give me that pencil.

The cashier hands over her pencil to the Duke. He slides the bills and pencil over to Walsh.

THE DUKE
Check all of these.

Walsh does a series of "tests" on the bills. Erasing. Holding bills up to the light. Occasionally making eye contact with the Duke.

THE DUKE
How are we doing?

WALSH
This one's bad.

Walsh puts it aside. The manager eyeballs their attire.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONT'D (2)

199

MANAGER

You guys look like you've been through
the ringer.

WALSH

You don't know the half of it.
(looking at the Duke)
This one's bad, too.

The Duke speaks with great urgency again.

THE DUKE

I want you to describe, exactly, what
the person who handed you this bill
looked like.

CASHIER

It was a man. About thirty. Tall.

THE DUKE

Oh yeah? About six feet tall?

CASHIER

Yeah.

THE DUKE

What color was his hair?

CASHIER

Brown.

WALSH

Sounds like our man.

THE DUKE

(to manager)

I want you to call all the other
restaurants in the area and advise them
of the situation.

(to Walsh)

If we move fast we might be able to
nail him.

(grabbing money)

We have to take this for evidence.

(to Walsh)

Make sure they get a receipt for this.

Walsh scribbles a bogus receipt on a scratch pad next to the
register. Hands it to the manager.

WALSH

It's as good as gold.

THE DUKE

We'll be back. Thanks for your
cooperation.

200 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY 200

Walsh and the Duke strain to maintain their poise as they exit the Howard Johnson's and hurry across the street into a 7-Eleven.

201 EXT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY 201

Walsh and the Duke can be seen through the windows inside of the store. In the middle of a shopping spree. Walsh stuffs his face as he goes for sandwiches, beer, doughnuts, etc. The Duke goes for fruit and cereal. They pay for their goods. Exit. As they walk down the street, they RIP into the bags like hungry dogs. They HEAR the RINGING of a railroad crossing. Down the street, a freight train BLOWS its WHISTLE as it rumbles through the center of town at fifteen miles per hour.

WALSH

(chewing)

Come on. We're catchin' this train.

Walsh shoves the Duke. Both carry their bags of food.

THE DUKE

I can't do this.

WALSH

You also couldn't fly. Start running.

They run along side an open boxcar.

202 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY 202

With a perplexed look, the Manager watches through the window as the two "FBI agents" run for the freight train.

203 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY 203

The Duke tosses his bag of food into it. Then hoists himself aboard. Walsh starts to lose his footing. He drops all of his food. Beer EXPLODES. Doughnuts and sandwiches go flying.

WALSH

Ah, shit!

204 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY 204

Somewhat confused, the Manager turns and picks up a telephone. Dials.

205 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY 205

The train starts picking up speed. Walsh can't keep up with the car. The Duke does nothing to help. He just crouches and watches from the open boxcar.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONT'D

205

WALSH
Give me your hand!

THE DUKE
(sarcastically)
Do you promise to let me go?

WALSH
Goddamnit, give me your hand!

The Duke doesn't budge.

THE DUKE
See you in the next life, Jack!

Walsh reaches out. Manages to grab on to a ladder on the side of the car. Hoists himself aboard.

206 EXT. TRAIN CARS - DAY

206

Walsh stretches towards the boxcar's open door. The Duke slams it shut. Walsh starts banging on the door.

WALSH
(screaming)
You son of a bitch! You're gonna have to come out of there some time and I'm gonna be waiting here!

The train starts picking up speed. Walsh is getting unnerved.

WALSH
You're only making it harder on yourself, making me stay out here!

After a few expectant beats, the large door slowly slides open, revealing an angel-eyed Duke. Walsh reaches into the car and pulls himself inside.

207 INT. BOXCAR - DAY

207

Walsh is completely out of breath. The boxcar is near empty. As Walsh dusts himself off, the Duke sits on a couple of small flimsy crates stacked against the wall. Walsh walks over next to him. Kicks the bottom crate out with a powerful sideswipe. The Duke and the crates CRASH to the floor.

WALSH
And don't you forget it.

Walsh walks over to the far end of the boxcar and sits quietly. Stares down the Duke from across the car.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONT'D

207

WALSH

I ain't talkin' to you for the rest
of this trip.

THE DUKE

That's adolescent. Don't you think,
Jack?

208 INT. AMARILLO POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

208

Dorfler sits at a small desk in a naked room. He's tired, dirty
and nervous. Chain smoking. A SHERIFF and two COPS enter.
Dorfler rises.

DORFLER

Hey, are you guys gonna let me go?
I'm tellin' ya, I don't know anythin'.

Mosely enters. Followed by Perry, Tuttle and Plumides.

MOSELY

Is that a fact.

DORFLER

Oh, shit.

Mosely grabs Dorfler's pack of cigarettes. Takes one. Lights
it. Pockets the pack.

DORFLER

Yeah, yeah. Help yourself.

MOSELY

Where are they?

DORFLER

You got me.

Mosely turns. KICKS the chair out from under Dorfler. Dorfler
hits the floor. Perry lurches forward.

PERRY

Inspector...

MOSELY

Shut up!

Mosely picks up Dorfler. Tosses him at the table. Breaking
it. Dorfler rolls to the floor.

MOSELY

I want some answers and I want them
now.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONT'D

208

Mosely picks up Dorfler. Grabs the chair. Shoves him into it. A Sheriff enters and whispers something to Tuttle.

DORFLER

I don't know nothing. They went down the river. They could be dead, for all I know.

Tuttle meekly approaches Mosely.

TUTTLE

Sir?

MOSELY

(snapping)

What?

TUTTLE

(whispering)

It seems that an 'Agent Alonzo Mosely' and his 'partner' were seen hopping a westbound freight train near Channing.

209 EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

209

The freight train barrels through the moonlit night.

210 INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

210

Still at opposite ends of the car, Walsh and the Duke are curled up trying to resist the cold.

THE DUKE

C'mon, Jack. Don't be a baby. Are you going to sulk the rest of the trip?

Walsh doesn't answer.

THE DUKE

Do you want to know when I knew I had you pegged?

Still no response.

THE DUKE

The very first second we were in the car in New York. For some reason, I noticed your watch. An old Timex. Scratched. Cracked. But you hang on to it, don't you? Even when a new watch would do better by you.

The Duke speaks the truth. Suddenly Walsh appears vulnerable.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONT'D

210

THE DUKE

Let me guess. It was a present.
Someone gave it to you about twenty
years ago.

Walsh doesn't answer.

THE DUKE

You're sentimental. You hold memories
as something precious. You have a
desire to do what's right. I knew you
wouldn't force me to fly.

Walsh gently looks at his watch.

WALSH

Gail bought me this. It was the first
thing she ever got me. I was always
a half hour late when we were dating.
So, she bought me this watch and set
it a half an hour fast so I'd never
be late.

The Duke is silent.

WALSH

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I
still imagine that we're gonna end up
together. I'm still waiting. Hangin'
on.

THE DUKE

I don't think she's coming back.

WALSH

I don't, either.
(a beat)
The bitch.

211 INT. FRONT DESK, AMARILLO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

211

Dorfler is handed his belongings in a paper bag by a DESK
SERGEANT.

DORFLER

Yeah. Accommodations were wonderful.
You gotta cigarette?

DESK SERGEANT

Don't smoke.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONT'D

211

DORFLER

That Fed took my cigarettes.
 (leaning in)
 Where did everybody go?

DESK SERGEANT

They took off.
 (smiling)
 You want your cigarettes? You'll have
 to go to Flagstaff.
 (starts laughing)
 Because that's where your pal Mosely
 went.

Dorfler laughs with him.

DORFLER

I just might do that.

212 EXT. MOUNTAIN RAILROAD TRACKS, ARIZONA - DAWN

212

The train moves through the Arizona desert. The sun is just peeking over distant mountains. The landscape is bathed in a deep red hue.

213 INT. BOXCAR - DAWN

213

Walsh is crouched in the open doorway, smoking. Looking at the sun. He flicks his cigarette butt into the wind. Walsh turns. Notices that the Duke is setting up his breakfast. He tears open the paper bag. Uses it as a place mat. Lays out fruit. A box of high-fiber cereal. A quart of non-fat milk.

THE DUKE

Jack. Would you care to breakfast with me?

The Duke pulls out some packaged cakes.

THE DUKE

I think these are yours anyway, Jack.
 I know I didn't buy any Ho-Ho's or
 Suzy-Q's.

Walsh looks at the Duke's bruised face.

WALSH

I'm sorry I hit you.

The Duke shrugs it off. Walsh moves next to him. The Duke hands him the cakes.

THE DUKE

Do you know where we are?

(CONTINUED)

213 CONT'D

213

WALSH

We've been going west all night. My guess is Arizona. We're almost home.

THE DUKE

I'm almost dead.

WALSH

The witness protection program isn't so bad. They'll give you a new name. You'll have a new life.

THE DUKE

Jack, do me a favor, O.K.? Don't play this big brother routine with me because it really insults my intelligence. The only thing important to you about me is getting your money.

WALSH

I'm tired of you making me out to be some kind of thug whose only concern is a big chunk of change. Did you know that Florio's people offered me a million bucks for you?

THE DUKE

Why don't you just go for the big money, Jack? You're doing his work for him either way.

WALSH

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about. The reason I do this shit is because I didn't want to work for that low-life. You remember that big dealer I was trying to bring down in Chicago? That was Florio, alright? Now, you know everything. Are you happy?

THE DUKE

He's the reason you left Chicago? And you're taking me in? Are you out of your mind? You want me to speak your language, Jack? You let that mother-fucker beat you! With what you know about police work and what I know about Florio's operation, we should be able to put him away for thirty years.

WALSH

I'm not in that business anymore.

(CONTINUED)

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213 CONT'D (2)

213

THE DUKE

I'm a goddamn accountant and I tried to get him. You're this big macho guy, with your guns and all your bullshit and you're backing away?

Walsh opens himself up like he has never before.

WALSH

I just don't have it in me.

THE DUKE

You're a coward, Jack.

214 EXT. BOXCAR - DAY - LATER

214

The town of Sedona is in the distance. The train begins slowing down. Walsh leans out of the car. *

WALSH

We're gettin' off here. Just in case.

They both get up. Wait for the right moment.

WALSH

You first, wise guy.

The Duke jumps. Walsh follows. They tumble through the high grass. Roll to a stop. Endless boxcars THUNDER past them.

215 INT. FLAGSTAFF TRAIN DEPOT - DAY

215

A few minutes later. The train is now stationery. The door is SWUNG OPEN. HARD.

A SERIES OF CUTS

Of boxcars being opened. One after another. FEDS and COPS are all over the train in greater numbers than ever before. Mosely's car pulls up. He gets out. Perry and Tuttle follow suit. Mosely approaches a Flagstaff POLICE CAPTAIN. *

MOSELY

Inspector Mosely. Find anything?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Not yet.

Mosely walks away with determination. His men follow.

PERRY

They could have jumped off the train anywhere along the line.

(CONTINUED)

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215 CONT'D

215

MOSELY

Walsh isn't playing with a lot of time.
He took his train as far as he could.

216 EXT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

216

Dorfler cruises over a bridge. Below him is the train depot. He slows and spots the slew of police cars below him. Watches as they continue conducting the search of the box cars.

217 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SEDONA - DAY

217*

Some pick-up trucks with Arizona plates. Walsh and the Duke are cuffed again. Sneaking along, they approach a Jeep CJ-7 decked for off-road use.

WALSH

Arizona plates. Do I know my shit or what?

Walsh moves around to the passenger side of the Jeep. The door is unlocked. He opens it.

218 INT. JEEP - DAY

218

He proceeds to hotwire the vehicle. The engine CRANKS and FIRES. Walsh pushes the Duke across the passenger side. Cuffs him to the roll bar. Hops in.

219 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SEDONA - DAY

219*

As Walsh roars away, the OWNER of the Jeep exits a store. His jaw drops as his Jeep passes him and tears off down the road.

220 INT. JEEP - DAY

220

Walsh and the Duke drive down the road. *

THE DUKE

Where are we going?

WALSH

To the next goddamn airport.

Suddenly a Sedona police car comes up behind them. Hits the lights. SIREN. Starts coming up fast. *

WALSH

Ah, shit! *

Walsh jams it. The Jeep lurches with life. Suddenly, coming from the opposite direction, a second Sedona police car fishtails around and joins in the chase. *

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221 OMIT OMIT 221

222 EXT. FLAGSTAFF TRAIN DEPOT - DAY 222

A SHERIFF runs up to Mosely and his men. *

SHERIFF *

It looks like they've been spotted in *

Sedona. Officers are in pursuit. *

Suddenly, Cops, Fed, and Sheriffs are start running for their cars. Vehicles screech out in all directions. A Flagstaff cop car shears off the open door of an FBI car. The Police Captain runs up to Mosely, Perry and Tuttle. *

POLICE CAPTAIN *

Follow me to the chopper! *

223 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 223

Dorfler watches from the hill as the armada of cars roar past him. He sinks into his seat. Trying to be inconspicuous. *

223A EXT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 223A*

The armada of cars SCREAMS past. Mosely roars overhead in the chopper. As the last car pulls away, Dorfler floors it, swinging a U-turn and takes up the rear. *

223B INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 223B*

Mosely bears an expression of grim determination. Perry and Tuttle are with him. A uniformed SHERIFF pilots the chopper. The terrain and police cars race below them. *

224 INT. JEEP - DAY 224

Walsh bears his own expression of determination as he and the Duke race down the two lane country road. *

225 EXT. SEDONA MAIN STREET - DAY 225*

Walsh skids into town. The two cars on his ass. Walsh dodges in and out of traffic, trying to avoid his pursuers. *

225A EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 225A*

With the pine covered hills of Flagstaff behind them, the forty car armada heads towards the red rock buttes of Sedona. Mosely's chopper roars in the lead. Dorfler follows at the rear. *

226 INT. JEEP - DAY 226

Walsh cuts the wheel. The Duke holds on for dear life. *

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- 226A EXT. SEDONA MAIN STREET - DAY 226A*
- Walsh cuts through oncoming traffic to put some obstacles between him and the police. Cars and pick-up trucks swerve to avoid him. The Jeep jumps a dirt embankment into a parking lot. The cops continue alongside on the road, parallel to the Jeep. Flooring it, the cars manage to pull into the lot's driveway, cutting off Walsh's escape route. *
- 226B INT. JEEP - DAY 226B*
- Walsh and the Duke see the trap the cop cars have created. Walsh cuts the wheel. *
- 226C EXT. SEDONA MAIN STREET - DAY 226C*
- The Jeep sails off the dirt embankment avoiding the cop cars. It slams violently down onto the highway, again cutting into oncoming traffic. It heads off. The cops begin their pursuit once more. *
- 226D INT. JEEP - DAY 226D*
- THE DUKE
- Jack. Reassure me that you don't have a death wish. *
- 226E EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 226E*
- The landscape changes dramatically as the endless row of Federal, Sheriff and Flagstaff police cars continue on to Sedona. Mosely's chopper leads with a vengeance. *
- 226F INT. JEEP - DAY 226F*
- Walsh and the Duke continue outrunning the two Sedona cop cars. Suddenly, they react to - *
- 226G EXT. SEDONA INTERSECTION - DAY 226G*
- Two more Sedona cars screech into view, cutting off the street ahead. Walsh turns the wheel heading into a corner gas station. *
- 226H INT. JEEP - DAY 226H*
- THE DUKE
- Jack! Don't do it! *
- Then they both see that the gasoline tanker truck, filling an underground tank, blocks their only exit. *
- THE DUKE
- Oh my god! *

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226I EXT. GAS STATION - DAY 226I*

Thinking fast, Walsh turns up a sloped retaining wall. Becoming
momentarily airborne, the Jeep lands in the intersection and
swerves its way to an escape down another street heading out of
town. The four police cars regroup and continue after them. *

226J INT. JEEP - DAY 226J*

THE DUKE *

Alright, Jack! Enough! *

226K EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 226K*

The armada gets closer. *

226L EXT. ROAD - DAY 226L*

The Jeep turns into view, barreling down with the four cop cars
in pursuit. As they try to pull alongside, Walsh zig-zags,
forcing them to stay behind. *

226M INT. JEEP - DAY 226M*

THE DUKE *

OK, Jack. You've prove your point. *

I'm sure all of these police officers
would agree that you are the better
driver. *

226N EXT. ROAD - DAY 226N*

The Jeep comes around a corner. Two more Sedona police cars
block the road. *

226O INT. JEEP - DAY 226O*

Walsh cuts the wheel. *

226P EXT. ROAD - DAY 226P*

The Jeep rides nearly sideways along the embankment avoiding the
roadblock. One of the cop cars tries the same trick but can't
make it. The remaining cars slam on their brakes tangling
themselves in fender benders. Walsh is out of sight down the
road. *

226Q INT. JEEP - DAY 226Q*

Walsh jams it again. Looks over his shoulder. *

THE DUKE *

Is it over? *

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226Q CONT'D 226Q*

WALSH

That's gotta be it. How many cops can
they have in this fuckin' town? *

226R EXT. ROAD - DAY 226R*

The Jeep appears over a rise. Suddenly, it janes on its brakes. *

226S INT. JEEP - DAY 226S*

Walsh and the Duke look ahead. *

226T THEIR P.O.V. 226T*

The armada. An endless trail of lights and sirens pouring down
the highway directly at them. *

226U INT. JEEP - DAY 226U*

Walsh looks over his shoulder and tears off in reverse, going
back over the hill. *

226V WALSH'S P.O.V. 226V*

As he backs over the rise, he sees the six Sedona police cars
coming up on his tail. *

226W INT. JEEP - DAY 226W*

Walsh screeches to a halt. He considers the situation for a
moment, then blasts through a fence, heading off the road into a
field. *

226X EXT. ROAD - DAY 226X*

The 40 car armada begins cascading into the field pursuing
Walsh. *

227 EXT. FIELD - DAY 227 *

The Jeep jumps a hill. Lands and keeps on going. *

228 EXT. ROAD - DAY 228 *

Dorfler slows, as his car approaches the spot where Walsh
crashed through. Assorted Feds and cops have collected at the
opening. The chopper roars overhead. *

228A INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 228A*

Dorfler lowers his head as he passes and keeps on going. *

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229 EXT. FIELD - DAY

229

Walsh shifts it into four-wheel drive. SLAMS up a hill. Missing trees. Rocks. The cop cars can't keep up. The helicopter ROARS overhead.

230 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

230

Mosely looks down at the terrain with binoculars. Behind him sit Perry and Tuttle. Below, the fields are filled with the tangle of police and Federal cars. The hill approaches. Mosely taps the pilot.

*
*
*
*

MOSELY
(to the pilot)
Check the other side.

231 EXT. HILL - DAY

231

The Jeep ROARS over the peak. Starts bouncing down the other side. It's very steep. PLOWING through brush. Picking up speed. A group of farmhouses are clustered below.

232 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

232

Dorfler follows the chopper with his eyes as it heads for the group of hills. The chopper obviously has an overview so Dorfler decides to follow it.

- 233 EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY 233
Dorfler makes a turn onto a dirt road, ROARING past the group of farmhouses. Slows. Checks the position of the helicopter, then keeps moving.
- 234 INT. JEEP - DAY 234
Coming down a hill, Walsh realizes he's not going to make it. He loses control of the Jeep.
- 235 EXT. HILL - DAY 235
The Jeep SKIDS. SLAMS sideways into a group of trees. Walsh climbs out. Uncuffs the Duke from the rollbar. They start running for the farmhouses. The chopper is coming. They drop into the high grass. The chopper moves past them. Back towards the hill.
- 236 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 236
Mosely, with eagle eyes, spots something.
MOSELY
There's the jeep.
It's nearly buried in trees and brush.
MOSELY
(to pilot)
Try the farm. Close to the ground.
- 237 EXT. ROAD - DAY 237
The chopper moves towards the farmhouses. Walsh and the Duke move through the high grass to a thicket of trees on the roadside. Two Federal cars ROAR past them. Followed by two local cop cars. Walsh's eyes sweep the road. Next is a passenger car. One person at the wheel. Walsh grabs his .45. Runs into the road. Flags down the car. The Duke recognizes the driver.
THE DUKE
Jack! Don't! It's Dorfler!
- 238 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 238
Dorfler, at the wheel, can't believe what he sees. There is a God. He floors it. Heads for Walsh. Opens the car door. WHACKS him. Walsh bounces to the concrete. Dorfler gets out. The Duke starts running for the woods.

239 EXT. CREEK - DAY

239

It looks like paradise. A trickling creek. Surrounded by aspens. Sunlight streaming down. The Duke slides down the embankment. SPLASHES through the creek. Dorfler follows him. Chasing hard. Tackles him. Lands several punches. The Duke swings back. Dorfler overpowers him. Pins him into the creek. Lands several more punches. Yanks him to his feet.

240 EXT. ROAD - DAY

240

Walsh is slowly coming around. Winded. Bruised. Dorfler yanks the Duke up the embankment. Across the road. Quickly opens the trunk. Shoves the Duke inside. SLAMS the trunk closed. An uncomprehending Walsh takes a feeble swing at Dorfler. Dorfler right hooks Walsh. Walsh stumbles. Dorfler hits him again. Walsh falls backwards, several feet, over the embankment.

241 EXT. CREEK - DAY

241

Walsh tumbles down the embankment to the banks of the creek. He's out cold. Dorfler can be heard SCREECHING away in the car. Walsh is still. The continuous roar of the chopper seems to fade away. He slowly comes to. Looks at the creek before him. Slightly confounded at finding himself in such a heavenly setting. Stares at clear water TRICKLING over rocks and stone.

242 EXT. "EAT" DINER - SUNSET

242

A gentle cut. Peaceful. Almost dream-like. Wind gently rocks the "EAT" sign. It's rusty hinges SQUEAK. The dirt parking lot is empty. Walsh moves down the road. Approaches the diner.

243 INT. "EAT" DINER - SUNSET

243

Walsh enters. Dirty. Ragged. The DINER OWNER, a quiet matronly woman, is behind the counter. Walsh moves over to her. She barely moves. Just checks him out.

DINER OWNER

Bad day, huh?

WALSH

Bad week.

DINER OWNER

I know what you mean.

WALSH

I could use a cup of coffee.

DINER OWNER

I think I could arrange that.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONT'D

243

He achingly sits at the counter. The Diner Owner places a mug before Walsh. Pours coffee. Walsh nods his thanks. Picks up the mug. Blows on it gently. Is about to take a sip. SUDDENLY, a pair of sunglasses SLIDES the length of the counter, coming to rest in front of Walsh. He doesn't budge. Just stares at them. He puts down the mug. Picks up the sunglasses. Knows what's coming without looking. He looks anyway. Standing at the end of the counter is Mosely.

WALSH

I've been lookin' all over for these.

Walsh turns. Through the window, in the lot, are twenty police cars. Federal cars. Lights turning. Police RADIOS gently BLABBERING.

244 EXT. FLAGSTAFF AIRPORT - DAY

244

Dorfler and the Duke pull up to the small airport.

245 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

245

The Duke eyes the planes on the runway. Turns to Dorfler.

THE DUKE

I can't do this. I have a very serious fear of flying..

Without losing a beat, Dorfler right-hooks the Duke.

246 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, FLAGSTAFF POLICE STATION - NIGHT

246

Walsh is on the hot seat. Smoking. Mosely sits opposite him. Perry, Tuttle and Plumides stand around Walsh. Also several high ranking LOCAL COPS. Walsh glances at his watch. It's a quarter to seven.

MOSELY

Forget about your time clock, Walsh. It's over. That's how that one went.

WALSH

I know my rights. You owe me some phone calls.

MOSELY

What should be of paramount importance to you, right now, is the ten years you're going to get for impersonating a Federal agent.

WALSH

Ten years for impersonating a Fed? How come no one's after you?

(CONTINUED)

246 CONT'D

246

MOSELY

You don't know when to quit.

WALSH

I know one thing. I know my rights.
And by law, you owe me phone calls.
I ain't sayin' shit 'til I get them.

Mosely gives in.

MOSELY

Give him his calls.

Perry and two local cops escort Walsh out of the room.

247 INT. SQUAD ROOM - FLAGSTAFF POLICE STATION - NIGHT 247

Crowded with Cops and Feds. Walsh dials. Waits.

248 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 248

Jerry grabs the phone.

JERRY

Joe Nardone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE'S OFFICE

WALSH

It's Walsh. Give me Nardone.

Jerry nearly drops the phone. He turns.

JERRY

Joe. Pick it up. It's Jack!

Nardone rushes for the phone. Picks it up. Nervous as hell.
Jerry listens on the extension as usual.

NARDONE

I hope you're gettin' close, 'cause
you only got five hours.

WALSH

No, I'm not, Joe. But, I'm callin'
to let you know that you're a dead man,
you lying son of a bitch. You put
Dorfler on this fuckin' thing...

Nardone's nervousness turns to rage.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONT'D

248

NARDONE

Well, I should kill you. You stupid son of a bitch! You had the guy five days ago. What the hell are you joy ridin' cross country for? And are you nuts, tellin' Dorfler that I was givin' you a hundred grand when I offered him twenty-five? He just called me up yellin' and screamin'. And why the hell can't you get the Duke here in five hours?

WALSH

(confused)

When did you speak to Dorfler?

NARDONE

Five minutes ago. He told me to go fuck myself. What the hell difference does it make?

RESUME WALSH

Nardone continues yelling. Walsh slowly lowers the phone, hanging it up on Nardone. He thinks. It doesn't make sense. His wheels are turning. Then he quickly reaches into his wallet. Pulls out the slip of paper that Tony and Joey gave him in New York. The card is stained from the adventure in the rapids. Numbers have faded. But it's still there. Walsh dials it. It's a million to one shot. Someone picks up on the other end.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello?

WALSH

(slowly)

Yeah. Is Tony or Joey there?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Who's this?

Walsh thinks for a second. It's a million-to-one shot...

WALSH

Dorfler.

The voice relaxes.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Sure, Max, hang on. I'm gonna forward your call.

Walsh's heart rate goes up. Dorfler's gone dirty.

249 INT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

249

Joey picks up the phone.

JOEY
(into phone)
Max?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Walsh's eyes widen. He recognizes the voice.

WALSH
No, it's Jack Walsh. So, Dorfler's
workin' for you guys now.

JOEY
What are you complainin' for? We came
to you first.

Tony comes out of the bathroom. Joey turns and covers the
phone.

JOEY
It's Jack Walsh.

Tony takes the phone.

TONY
Hey, too late scumbag...

WALSH
No, too late for you. I didn't come
this far not to collect my money. I
want the Duke back.

TONY
So what the fuck are you telling me
for?

WALSH
What am I telling you for? Because
I've got some of the Duke's belongings,
that's why. Including some computer
disks that have every last detail of
Florio's businesses and money
laundering operations, and if I don't
get him back in the next two hours I'm
gonna turn them over to the Feds.

TONY
I'll blow your fuckin' brains out.

WALSH
How are you gonna do that from jail?

(CONTINUED)

249 CONT'D

249

No answer from Tony.

WALSH

(continuing)

You tell Florio, I wanna meet him with the Duke alone in two hours, in the main terminal of McCarran Airport, where we'll make the exchange. I know he's the only one of you guys who won't try to take a shot at me in a public place. If I see one single goon within a mile of that airport, the deals off and I'm goin' to the Feds.

TONY

I ain't gonna tell him that.

WALSH

Fine. After he's busted I'll make sure to tell him you knew about it beforehand. That's two hours from now. Main terminal, McCarran airport. You got that, moron? Have a nice day.

Walsh hangs up, wondering how he's going to dig himself out of this. The SOUNDS of the police station come back to him. He turns locks eyes with Perry.

PERRY

What was that?

WALSH

Where's Mosely? I wanna make a deal.

PERRY

(calling)

Inspector!

Mosely moves through the cops. Comes up to Walsh.

WALSH

What would you do if I could deliver you Florio?

MOSELY

How do you mean "deliver?"

WALSH

Well... for starters, conspiracy to destroy government evidence.

MOSELY

What government evidence?

(CONTINUED)

249 CONT'D (2)

249

WALSH

Would you let me take the Duke in
myself and collect my money?

Mosely can see that Walsh is serious.

MOSELY

Tell me more.

WALSH

Well, I'll have to tell you on the way
because we've got to be in Las Vegas
in two hours.

250 EXT. GOLDEN BOY MOTEL - NIGHT

250

Dorfler scurries with a newspaper and paper bag towards the
motel.

251 INT. ROOM - GOLDEN BOY MOTEL - NIGHT

251

Dorfler enters. Tears open the bag. Opens a package containing
a new Polaroid Camera. Slams in package of film. Flashbulbs.
With the newspaper under his arm, he heads for the bathroom.

252 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

252

The Duke is cuffed to the pipe under the sink. Dorfler forces
the Duke to hold up the paper.

DORFLER

Hold that up. So they'll know that
I took these today. See? I got it
all figured out. Say "cheese."

Dorfler starts snapping off pictures.

THE DUKE

Don't do this, Max.

Dorfler scoops the images off the tile floor. They're coming
to life. He pockets them.

DORFLER

Adios.

Dorfler exits. The Duke can HEAR him leave.

253 EXT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

253

The FBI Gulfstream jet flies above the desert bathed in
moonlight.

254 INT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

254

Mosely and his men listen to Walsh.

PERRY

If he takes those disks, even though they're blank, that's the overt act, correct?

Mosely is about to answer. Walsh cuts him off.

WALSH

If he just sets foot in the airport, he's committed an overt act. Conspiracy to obstruct justice.

The agents listen attentively.

WALSH

If he shows up with the Duke, you can add kidnapping. If he shows up with anyone packing a gun, you can add conspiracy to commit murder. The fact that it's an airport...

(to Mosely)

...Alonzo, correct me if you think I'm wrong here...

(back to Perry)

...you can slap an ITAR rap on him as well.

PERRY

Do you think he'll show?

WALSH

Oh, he'll show. He's got no choice.

Mosely is impressed.

MOSELY

(to Perry re: Walsh)

Get a wire on him.

255 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

255

The lights of Las Vegas twinkle in the distance. Dorfler's car swings into the lot. He looks around. Still sporting their bruises, Tony and Joey get out of their car and move towards him.

TONY

Max?

(CONTINUED)

255 CONT'D

255

DORFLER

Yeah.

(a beat)

Hey, look I'm sorry about what happened back at the Western Union Office. You can imagine my embarrassment when I found out who you were. I didn't mean to hit you. It was just one of those things. You know. Like a spur of the moment. You know I'd never pull any shit like that.

JOEY

What the fuck took you?

DORFLER

I made a quick stop.

TONY

(looking around)

Where is he?

DORFLER

Where's my money?

TONY

It's in the car. Where is he?

DORFLER

Slight change of plans. Now I want two million dollars. I read the newspapers, ya know. This guy got you for fifteen million. So, I figured he's gotta be worth at least two to ya. You can't play me for a chump.

TONY

(holding back rage)

How do we know you've got him?

Dorfler reaches into his shirt pocket. Hands over the Polaroids. Tony starts flipping through them. Joey leans in.

DORFLER

A million now. Then I call you in twenty minutes. Tell you where to drop off the second million. Once I know it's there, I tell you where he is.

Tony stops flipping through the photos. Pushes Joey aside.

DORFLER

Okay?

(CONTINUED)

255 CONT'D (2)

255

TONY

Not okay.

Something is definitely wrong. Tony pulls out his .38.

DORFLER

(vulnerably)

What?

TONY

Nice try, asshole.

Tony FIRES. The car interior illuminates with the light of each bullet. Dorfler slumps in his seat.

JOEY

What the fuck did you do that for?

Tony shows the Polaroids to Joey.

TONY

Look.

256 INSERT POLAROID

256

The Duke is cuffed to the sink. Holding the paper. Several motel towels with the "Golden Boy" logo decorate the bathroom.

RESUME SCENE

Tony and Joey head back for their car.

257 INT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

257

Florio gives instructions to a few BODYGUARDS. Lyman paces nervously.

FLORIO

I want ten of our best people and I don't want any fuck-ups this time. As soon as I get ahold of these things, I want them both dropped.

LYMAN

I don't think you should do this.

A bodyguard helps Florio with his coat.

FLORIO

Oh, you don't? What do you propose I do?

(CONTINUED)

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257 CONT'D

257

LYMAN

Send Darvo with a cash offer. Give this guy whatever the hell he wants but don't do this.

FLORIO

Walsh won't take any money from me. He knows I'd come and get it an hour later. In his mind this is clean. He gets what he wants. I get what I want. The guy's a fuckin' burn-out. He just wants his money.

LYMAN

Jimmy, listen...

Florio turns and heads for the door with his goons.

FLORIO

See you later, Sid.

258 INT. STARLIGHT CASINO GARAGE - NIGHT

258

The elevator doors open revealing Florio, the four bodyguards with him. They move with purpose, almost in step, heading for Florio's limousine. A PARKING ATTENDANT watches them as they pass and then turns, picking up a walkie-talkie.

PARKING ATTENDANT

They're coming your way.

Florio's limousine pulls out and moves up to street level.

259 EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

259

The limousine moves into traffic. Suddenly two FBI cars, one parked at the curb, the other from the front of the casino, come to life and move off in pursuit. As Florio's limousine passes a cross street, another FBI car makes a U-turn as if from nowhere and joins in the surveillance.

260 INT. FBI CAR - NIGHT

260

Four AGENTS. One speaks into the radio.

AGENT

We're on him.

261 INT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

261

They approach the lights of Vegas. Everyone is strapping in. Perry is checking the wire Walsh is wearing. Plumides lights Walsh's cigarette. Mosely talks into a speakerphone.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONT'D

261

MOSELY

This is Mosely.

AGENT (V.O.)

Florio's just left and is heading west on Vegas Boulevard.

Walsh smiles. Mosely notices.

MOSELY

Why are you smiling?

WALSH

I feel like a cop again.

262 EXT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

262

The Gulfstream jet touches down and THUNDERS towards the far end of the airport, roaring to a stop. Mosely, Perry, Tuttle, Plumides and Walsh descend the steps of the Gulfstream jet. Several FBI and police cars are discreetly parked nearby. Walsh is directed by the agents towards the main terminal.

263 EXT. MC CARRAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

263

Florio's limo pulls up in front, followed by the FBI cars which duck out of sight. Tony and Joey get out of their car with the Duke, who is white as a ghost. He turns and locks eyes with Florio, who approaches him.

FLORIO

So we finally meet. I'm in the presence of greatness. "The Duke." A man who robs from the scum of the earth and gives to the unfortunates of society.

TONY

We better do this quick. We had to pop Dorfler in a parking lot.

The Duke hears it. No big surprise, either.

FLORIO

(to the Duke)

Why don't you tell me all about these computer disks that Walsh is bringing?

The Duke slowly begins to realize that there might be some hope.

264

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

264

Walsh walks through the crowded terminal. He moves from one of the arms of McCarran to the gorgeous glass main terminal. His eyes scan the place. No agents in sight. No sign of Florio or the Duke. Walsh crosses the terminal, heading for the center where he can be clearly seen. A few of Florio's BODYGUARDS enter, glance at Walsh, fan out into the crowd. Walsh pulls the last cigarette out of a pack and lights it. More HITMEN enter and spread out on the upper deck. Walsh, looking at his watch, doesn't notice them. He takes a drag and stops.

Out of a sea of faces, Florio appears in the doorway at the far end of the terminal. At a distance, Walsh and Florio eye each other. A few heartbeats later, the Duke appears beside Florio. Together, they head for Walsh. The three of them come face to face. Florio looks at Walsh's ragged appearance.

FLORIO

Well, Jack, I see you still spend all your money on clothes.

WALSH

(to the Duke)

You okay, John?

THE DUKE

I'm all right. They killed Dorfler.

Walsh takes it hard. Tony and Joey appear on the upper level looking down. The other HIT MEN watch attentively.

FLORIO

You're still too serious, Jack.

WALSH

(to the Duke)

Step away.

The Duke moves behind Walsh.

FLORIO

Maybe if we had done business way back, you wouldn't look like a guy with a fuckin' cup in his hand.

Walsh takes the insult quietly.

FLORIO

You got the disks or did you lose them too? Like your job.

Walsh holds out the disks.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONT'D

264

FLORIO

By the way, I always meant to ask you,
how did it feel to lose your wife to
another cop?

WALSH

You know, there's something I've been
wanting to say to you for ten years.

Florio takes them.

FLORIO

Oh, yeah? What's that?

Pockets them.

WALSH

You're under arrest.

Suddenly, Feds appear from absolutely everywhere, pointing guns
at Florio. The air resounds with a million clicks. As Tony,
Joey, the other Hitmen reach for guns, they are all quickly and
quietly pinned by more Feds. The terminal falls SILENT. Walsh
stares down Florio.

FLORIO

What the fuck is this?

WALSH

(shrugging)
Forty to life.

THE DUKE

(sincerely impressed)
Front row.

Agents descend on Florio, handcuffing him. Mosely turns to
Walsh. For the first time his government facade slips away.
Walsh smiles. The Duke turns to Walsh.

THE DUKE

I'm very proud of you, Jack. I didn't
mean to call you a coward. I was just
trying to motivate you, that's all.

WALSH

That's okay, John.

Walsh cuffs the Duke.

THE DUKE

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

264 CONT'D (2)

264

WALSH

We've still got two and a half hours
to get you to L.A.

Walsh leads the uncomprehending Duke away through the crowd of
Federal agents and spectators.

265 INT. 727 JET - NIGHT

265

Walsh and the Duke, both deep in thought, sit quietly as the
plane approaches L.A.

266

OMIT

266

267 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

267

Looking like the absolute ends of the earth, Walsh and the Duke
shuffle out of the boarding ramp to the upstairs terminal. Walsh
slips the cuffs around the Duke's wrist. They cross the
terminal and move quietly.

268 INT. DOWNSTAIRS TERMINAL - NIGHT

268

Walsh and the Duke ride the escalator down. They move towards
the front door. Walsh stops near a bank of pay phones. Turns
to the Duke.

WALSH

When I took this job, I figured I'd
never make it. Not in a million years.
But for a hundred grand, I had to give
it a try.

(a beat)

If you had your way, what would you
do? Where would you go?

THE DUKE

Mexico. Call Dana, my wife. Have her
collect whatever money we've got
stashed. Meet me in Mazatlan. Nobody
would bother us and we'd live well down
there.

WALSH

Drink margaritas and watch the sun
go down?

THE DUKE

Every single night.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONT'D

268

Walsh starts to punch a number into a pay phone.

WALSH

That coffee shop would've been nice.

269 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

269

The phone is ringing. Nardone picks it up. He is alone.

NARDONE

Joe Nardone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

WALSH

Hey, Joe, where's Jerry?

NARDONE

The Feds picked him up twenty minutes ago.

WALSH

What for?

NARDONE

What's the difference? I never trusted that guy. Where the hell are you?

WALSH

I'm in L.A. with the Duke. You want to say hello?

Walsh puts the phone to the Duke's face.

THE DUKE

Hello.

WALSH

(taking back phone)

Now, say good-bye you lying piece of shit because I'm letting him go.

Walsh hangs up. The terminal VIBRATES with the SOUND of a JET THUNDERING down. Walsh unlocks the cuffs.

WALSH

May your footsteps be heard in heaven before the devil knows you're gone.

THE DUKE

I don't get it.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONT'D

269

WALSH

I did what I wanted to do. I got you
to L.A. before midnight.

The Duke looks deeply at Walsh. A lot is said in the silence.

THE DUKE

I don't know what to say.

WALSH

Don't say anything. Get out of here
before I change my mind.

THE DUKE

Thank you.

WALSH

No, John. Thank you.

Walsh turns and starts walking. He gets a few steps towards the door. He stops. Turns. Looks back at the Duke, who's still standing in the terminal. Walsh starts walking back to him with a smile. He takes the Duke's hand. It appears as if he is going to cuff the Duke, again. He does. With his battered Timex.

WALSH

Remember our adventure.

The Duke strokes the watch and smiles.

THE DUKE

I'll treasure it.

(a beat)

I've got a gift for you too, Jack.

The Duke unbuttons his suit jacket. Walsh squints. He's confused. The Duke unbuttons two buttons on his shirt. Reaches underneath. UNSTRAPS something. Pulls out an odd looking belt and hands it to Walsh.

WALSH

What's that?

THE DUKE

When we first met, I was packing to
make my getaway because...

(smiling)

...I thought the FBI was closing in.
So I took a little traveling money.

It is a money belt. Walsh takes it slowly. He's slow to understand. He opens a compartment. Thousand dollar bills are stacked tightly.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONT'D (2)

269

WALSH

You sonofabitch...

THE DUKE

I told you I had money.

WALSH

I know you had money. I didn't know you had money.

THE DUKE

It's not a pay-off, it's a gift. You already let me go.

Walsh smiles. Wiggles the belt.

WALSH

How much is here?

THE DUKE

In the neighborhood of a three hundred thousand.

WALSH

That's one of my favorite neighborhoods.

THE DUKE

Take care, Jack. If you're ever in Mazatlan...

WALSH

Yeah, John. I'll look you up. Just get rid of that dog of yours.

They shake hands. Walsh turns. Walks out of the terminal quickly. The Duke watches him go, then disappears into another part of the terminal.

270 EXT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

270

Money belt in hand, Walsh steps outside. Takes in the night air. He walks past a large clock. It reads 11:15.

WALSH

Forty-five minutes to midnight, Walsh. You would've made it.

Looking like shit, he walks up to the first cab parked at the curb. A CAB DRIVER sits inside.

WALSH

You got change of a thousand?

(CONTINUED)

270 CONT'D

270

CAB DRIVER
Get outta here, you bum!

WALSH
(smiling)
Looks like I'm walking.

MUSIC kicks in.

FADE TO BLACK ROLL CREDITS