

"NIGHTHAWKS."

DRAGONS

(Formerly: THE ATTACK)

Revised Final Draft Screenplay

by

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DRAGONS

1 The screen is dark. A split second before we see any- 1
thing, our ears are pierced by the shrill blast of a
hand whistle, piercing, raw, as we:

FADE IN SHARPLY ON:

EXT. STREET - CLAPHAM JUNCTION - LONDON - DAY

the stern face of a London BOBBY, his helmet strapped
firmly under his chin. Law and order staring right at
us. The whistle is in his mouth, and he is blowing for
all he is worth.

2 LONDON BOBBY - DAY 2

He is directing traffic opposite Arding and Hobbs: As
the rush of cars comes to a stop, a stream of pedestrians
begins to flow across the street behind him. In the crowd
crossing is WULFGAR. He is bearded, with chestnut brown
hair and brown eyes. His nose and eyelids are heavy.

His eyes drift to two chesty young GIRLS chattering as
they cross in the opposite direction. For a moment he
doesn't watch where he is going and almost bumps dead into
another pedestrian. Wulfgar smiles apologetically -- but
instinctively his hand goes to a bulging pocket. There is
a thrum of MUSIC and....

3 CLOSEUP - THE POCKET 3

We can't see what is in it, but there is a roundness there,
the sag of something heavy. Wulfgar touches it reassuringly
a moment before he withdraws his hand. He has paused for a
moment near a News Kiosk with its splashy banner sheets.
He looks at his watch, then starts forward again, muttering
under his breath.

WULFGAR

(in German)

One -- two -- three --

(seems to be
timing something)

-- six -- seven -- eight -- nine --
ten ---

He stops to look up. PAN to reveal....

4 EXT. ARDING & HOBBS - DAY 4

His steps have brought him just exactly to the entrance of that bastion of British trade, Arding & Hobbs...It is dressed with Christmas decorations. Wulfgar looks back to the News Kiosk, then steps through the door.

5 INT. ARDING & HOBBS - DAY 5

The place is jammed, milling with people. Wulfgar starts casually across the ground floor....

6 INT. MEN'S TIES, COLOGNE - DAY 6

Wulfgar stops, fingers a wild psychedelic tie. He smiles at the SALESGIRL, who is young and absolutely adorable.

SALESGIRL

(eyeing the
tie, then his
face)

With your coloring -- terrific.
(slipping it
into a bag)

Are you Swedish?

WULFGAR

(his English has
a pronounced accent)

I am what you want me to be.

SALESGIRL

(smiles)

Aren't you the clever one.

WULFGAR

(a wink)

...Very.

They both laugh. But as Wulfgar turns to leave, there is that thrum again in the MUSIC...

6-A WULFGAR moves to another counter and, pretends to be scanning the items for sale.... 6-A

7 INT. ARDING & HOBBS - NEAR MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 7

as Wulfgar threads his way through the crush toward the door. As Wulfgar reaches the door, abruptly the heartbeat-like MUSIC crests -- and he stops. His hand slips into his pocket. As it comes out:

8 EXTRME CLOSEUP - HIS HAND

In it there is a hand grenade. Ugly, dark green and cold.

9 BACK TO SCENE

In a movement that is almost balletic, he pivots back toward the main sales area, lifting the grenade above his head until his arms are stretched as high as they will go and at the peak -- He pulls the pin, then lets the grenade fly into the sales area. The next shots come like hammer blows, as we see:

10 THE GRENADE

clunking onto a countertop, rolling lazily off the edge. There is a glimpse of the startled face of a clerk.

11 - SALES AREA

One or two CUSTOMERS turning to look at the grenade.

12 WULFGAR

He pulls the pin on two more grenades and lobs...He moves to the door. But just as he is about to slip out, his way is blocked by someone about to come in. Wulfgar steps back and gestures politely.

WULFGAR

...After you.

As soon as the NEWCOMER has passed, Wulfgar tears out the door.

13 THE GRENADE

Several PEOPLE have spotted the grenade and yell while attempting to flee. They push and shove madly.

14 EXT. STREET - DAY

Wulfgar is outside, not quite running but nearly, legging it as quickly as he can for the News Kiosk.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

WULFGAR
(counting in
German under
his breath)
...Six...seven...eight....

15 EXT. NEWS KIOSK - DAY

15

as Wulfgar slips around to the side furthest from Arding &
Hobbs, putting it between him and what he knows will come.

WULFGAR
...Nine...Ten!

15-A
and
16 OMITTED15-A
and
16

16-A EXT. ARDING & HOBBS - DAY

16-A

For just one unbearable instant more everything is business as usual. Then the general buzz disappears, all sound obliterated, and with a tremendous ear-shattering smash, the exterior convulses and comes apart before our very eyes. Slivers of metal and plastic and glass are driven everywhere. Like a solid sheet of razor-edged hail, a firestorm of knives in a rush of dust. The sound doesn't seem to end. It clangs, it reverberates and with that din still ringing in our ears:

17 EXT. STREET - NEWS KIOSK - WULFGAR

17

He tenses and leans around the corner to inspect his work.

18 EXT. ARDING & HOBBS - DAY

18

the shambles outside the store. Dazed PEDESTRIANS -- a litter of broken glass -- metal -- a door hanging crazily on one hinge in a pall of smoke and dust -- moans of pain from inside. Cars overturned in the street.

19 EXT. STREET - DAY

19

Wulfgar steps away from the Kiosk, browsing the newspaper, passing through all of the faces turned the other way toward the disaster...In the distance, the first asthmatic whine of a police siren can be heard.

20

WULFGAR moves easily, as though he has all the time in the world. But as soon as he is around the corner...

20

CLOSEUP - WULFGAR

Suddenly he sags against the side of a building, trembling with excitement, the adrenalin flowing through him. Then a deep breath to control himself again.

21

INT. TELEPHONE KIOSK - DAY

21

about a block away from Oxford Street. Wulfgar comes casually down the street and slips inside. He dials.

WULFGAR

(into phone)

United Press? I have an announcement for your international wire. The Wulfgar Command has just struck a blow against British colonialism. Be warned that I have a long arm ---

The CAMERA is BEGINNING TO PULL BACK and UP.

WULFGAR

-- And am prepared to take my struggles against my enemies....

We now SEE the Kiosk and the pandemonium in the street.

WULFGAR

...Wherever they may be.

22

OMITTED

22

23

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN - NIGHT

23

as it rackets on by. We discover that we are on....

SUPERIMPOSE NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

in a dark neighborhood, looking down from the elevated tracks at another telephone booth, late at night. Hold a moment while we register it all; the bleak street: El tracks: Night. Then, just as we MOVED UP and OUT in London, now we MOVE DOWN and INTO:

23-A

CLOSER ANGLE - TELEPHONE BOOTH

23-A

CONTINUED

23-A CONTINUED

23-A

A WOMAN is inside holding the receiver, apparently waiting while the phone rings. No one answers. Reluctantly she hangs up and peers uneasily out at the dark street lined with shabby shops. From what we can see in the dark, she seems to be in her mid-thirties with a shape that still has plenty of mileage left -- though right now the only mileage on her mind is that from the phone booth to her apartment, and getting there in one piece.

She slips out of the booth, looking nervously up and down the street, then she pulls herself together, takes a breath, and starts out, eyes darting left and right as she goes quickly through the pools of darkness under the El.

We track with her while she walks. And walks. And walks. No sound except the tap of her heels and her breathing. All at once something near one of the storefronts seems to move. The woman freezes, catching her breath.

24 OMITTED

24

24-A EXT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT

24-A

Only a black WINO sprawled in the doorway.

24-B BACK TO SCENE

24-B

The woman hurries on, clutching her purse more tightly. As she goes, we move on ahead of her now and PAN slowly ahead, PAST the rundown stores, MOVING...MOVING...until we STOP at a shadow near one of the El pillars. Something tells us -- the shadow is not empty.

25 OMITTED

25

26 VERY HIGH ANGLE

26

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY toward the shadow and, with a thrum in MUSIC, we can SEE what it is. A young man, whom we will call the FIRST RIPPER, his face somewhere between Hispanic and Black, lounging against the pillar. As he watches the couple approach, his eyes are dull, blurred, and filled with the promise of violence to come.

THE WOMAN

She has seen him. She increases her speed.

27 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

27

Across the street, a SECOND YOUNG RIPPER, ditto Hispanic-Black, in high-heeled boots and gaucho shirt, keeping pace with the woman. The MUSIC is building just as it did in London, except that this time it is the beat of the woman's heart, and the cuts come hammer-hard now as....

28 HIGH ANGLE

28

She clutches the purse more tightly, really petrified now as the terror of what is about to happen dredges through her...Looking around for help, she glances back over her shoulder and that is the worst of all, if she wanted to run she couldn't because....

29 EXT. STREET BEHIND HER - HIGH ANGLE

29

A THIRD RIPPER, Black as the night around him, steps menacingly from behind another pillar to cut off her retreat. A well-planned assault.

THE SCENE

She stops, whirling her head forward again. The First Ripper has stepped out from the shadow of the pillar ahead and just stands, thirty feet away. There is a deathly pause before the First Ripper calls to her as she looks from one stony face to the other.

FIRST RIPPER

You talk, we gonna cut yo'face,
hear? --

(a murderous razor
opens in his hand)

-- We gonna take it.

She shrinks against a storefront, huddling with her back to them. She seems speechless with fear. The Second Ripper, the one with boots, comes across the street toward her.

SECOND RIPPER

Put it in my hand, Bitch...
(very close now,
his hand out)

He is reaching for her, when suddenly she pulls off a full mask.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

WOMAN

(deep bass voice)

...You got it, cowboy!

30 ANGLE - FEATURING THE WOMAN

30

and the whole jumble of impressions hits us all at once: That she isn't a woman, she's a man, and he is swinging that purse with something heavy inside, swinging it up from the ground with both hands like a hammer in the olympics, like an olympian hammer coming up from the ground as far and wide and hard as he can, then going right on. The eyes are wild with anger under the disheveled wig. And that is our first look at SERGEANT DEKE DA SILVA of the 67th Precinct Decoy Squad, New York Police.

31 ANGLE

31

The Second Ripper goes down like a stunned ox, bawling in pain to his partners.

SECOND RIPPER

Pig -- !

32 ANGLE TO INCLUDE DA SILVA AND THIRD RIPPER

32

The Third Ripper is coming up fast behind him, but Da Silva doesn't even bother to look.

DA SILVA

(calling over

his shoulder)

Willie -- Take him!

As the Third Ripper passes a darkened store doorway, the Black Wino we saw before leaps to his feet because he isn't a wino but Da Silva's partner, WILLIS FOX, and he all but takes the ripper's head off with a vicious neck-tackle. As they crash to the ground ---

33 OMITTED

33

34 ANGLE - SECOND RIPPER

34

still sprawled on the pavement, his jaw bulging at an

CONTINUED

34

CONTINUED

34

impossible angle, moaning and frightened.

SECOND RIPPER

Preston, pig broke my mouth....

FIRST RIPPER

Man, don't say my name.

The First Ripper backs away, rattled by the sudden change of odds, the razor held nervously before him.

Da Silva is still moving on.

DA SILVA

Preston -- C'mon, Preston, I've got the hots for you.

FIRST RIPPER

(wagging the
knife, backing
away)

I cut you, Man ---

DA SILVA

Drop it.

They are only about ten feet apart now.

35

EXT. STREET - EL

35

In a surge of panic, the First Ripper turns and bolts. Da Silva is right after him. The Ripper cuts across the street, heading for a station on the El. CAMERA PANS from First Ripper to Da Silva behind him, hampered by the dress and awkward shoes.

35-A

ANGLE - FIRST RIPPER

35-A

hand-vaulting over the hood of a car, trying to catch up, but it looks as though he's lost him. He has lost the shoes.

36

EXT. LANDING OF SUBWAY STATION

36

with four stairways leading up to the platform, two stairways on a side. The Ripper tears up onto the landing, jumps the turnstile, then does a little sideways dance, looking back for Da Silva, trying to decide which stairway, which platform. And as he looks back ---

CONTINUED

36

CONTINUED

36

DA SILVA (o.s.)

...Preston.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SHARPLY to REVEAL that somehow Da Silva has taken the other stairway from the street and come up behind him. With real fear in his eyes now, the Ripper dashes up the nearest stairs.

37

EXT. PLATFORM

37

The Ripper dashes along, winded, slowing. PAN AHEAD to a short railing; the end of the platform. Nothing ahead but the tracks and the Bronx night. Razor in hand, the Ripper turns -- a dangerous animal at bay. SWING TO INCLUDE Da Silva, puffing now but still moving. For a gasping moment, the two men face each other. Then Da Silva takes a step closer. He removes his scarf and holds it taut between both hands.

DA SILVA

You got one more shot to drop it,
Man.

THE RIPPER

getting ready with the razor, tensing himself to slash.

DA SILVA AND THE RIPPER

Da Silva's chest is heaving.

DA SILVA

C'mon, Badass, come for me, Bad-
ass.

He takes one more step and the Ripper slashes. Da Silva sidesteps, brushes the Ripper's wrist aside.

Employing hand-to-hand combat techniques, Da Silva flips the scarf over the Ripper's head and, in a matter of seconds, has choked the man out.

38

PANTING, DA SILVA grabs the Ripper by the collar and drags him along the subway platform...his voice trails behind as the Ripper's unconscious body is hauled down the steps and out of view.

38

CONTINUED

DA SILVA

(winded)

Preston, you have the right to remain silent -- you have the right to legal counsel -- Anything you say...may be used against you ...in a court of law.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT - THE MUGGERS

are being placed in Police ambulances and paddy wagons... Da Silva and Fox are tired and lean against an unmarked Police car.

DA SILVA

Look at my hands, Man...

(stares at his hands)

...Damn -- Every time I see some guy really coming at me, and I know the man wants to cut my throat, my hands start shaking -- I don't know if it's because I'm scared or just mad.

FOX

It's old age -- Man, this was a prime bust, always can get into another citation.

Da Silva laughs and they start moving towards the paddy wagon...They sip from a flask.

FOX

That dude with the razor came close.

DA SILVA

(jokingly)

...What razor?

FOX

Razor -- Think he was gonna cut you with his comb?...Why do you do that shit, Man?

DA SILVA

Where's the sport?

CONTINUED

mm

#00718

12

39

CONTINUED

39

FOX

Some day you're gonna remember to
use your piece.

Da Silva takes the flask back.

DA SILVA

Do you have to slobber on the
bottle, Man?

39-A
thru
41

OMITTED

39-A
thru
41

41-A

EXT. NEW YORK BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

41-A

Da Silva and Fox pull up in an unmarked car.

FOX

You okay?

DA SILVA

...I'll go in alone, you don't
have to wait.

FOX

...I'll wait.

Da Silva starts to move off...Fox holds a small package
with a makeshift ribbon.

FOX

...Here.

DA SILVA

What's this?

FOX

Damn, it's Christmas Eve, Man.

Da Silva opens the package. It is a nickel-plated Colt
.357 magnum.

DA SILVA

(at a loss)

Hey, Willie....

CONTINUED

41-A CONTINUED

41-1

FOX

Don't say nothin' -- Nice piece,
they told me it's even water-
proof, won't rust.

DA SILVA

Waterproof?...So if I ever want
to shoot in the shower....

FOX

(low)

...Yeah.

Da Silva pats his shoulder and puts the pistol on the
seat of the auto and enters the building.

42 INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

Da Silva opens the apartment door which has been left
open: a burst of noise.

A slow look around the crowded room tells us it is full
of young SINGLES, a cruising party, but seems to be
people of well above-average incomes, very hip. There is
a decorated Christmas tree. Da Silva, casing the crowd,
is staring at someone across the room. There is almost
a magnetic pull to his eyes. We PAN to the girl he is
looking at, talking to another man. She is pretty, not
yet old enough to lie about her age. Her name is IRENE.
Now the pull of Da Silva's stare tickles some sixth sense.
She looks over to him and holds it just long enough to
tell us that something -- we're not quite sure what --
has registered. The other man wanders off.

ANGLE - DA SILVA

A beat. Then he starts over to her. The CAMERA TRACKS
with him. He sits beside the girl. That awkward moment.

DA SILVA

Hi.

IRENE

Hi.

DA SILVA

...My name's Deke. What's yours?

CONTINUED

For some reason, this makes her smile.

IRENE

Irene.

DA SILVA

Irene?

IRENE

...Yes, that's right.

DA SILVA

Irene...very mysterious.

She laughs.

DA SILVA

...You don't meet many girls named Irene.

(appreciative
glance)

IRENE

(coily)

I wonder why that is?

DA SILVA

I suppose quality things are hard to find.

IRENE

You don't waste much time, do you?

DA SILVA

(looking at her)

Not too much -- How about if I ask you something?

IRENE

(pleasantly)

The answer is no.

DA SILVA

Well, I'll ask it anyway -- How do you feel about getting married again?

IRENE

Don't start again.

DA SILVA

Why not?

CONTINUED

Irene rises briskly.

IRENE

Because we already tried that --
You remember, don't you?

She crosses to the table with the wine bottles. Da Silva watches her reflectively as she refills her glass, then comes over to stand beside her. The look in his eyes says he is still hurting over her.

IRENE

...How'd you know I was here?

DA SILVA

Asked around ---

IRENE

How's the decoy these days?

DA SILVA

Good -- Let's go someplace and talk?

IRENE

These are my friends -- I can't just leave.

DA SILVA

I think we should talk.

IRENE

What's to say?

DA SILVA

Look -- I just think we should try it again.

IRENE

Try what again? I was there. Where were you?...I don't mind somebody being a cop. But all cop all the time? I'm sorry, Deke, I'm out. And I'm going to stay out.

He stands.

DA SILVA

...Do you have somebody taking you home?

Beat.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED - 3

42

DA SILVA

(seriously)

Don't walk, call a cab....

Deke smiles and exits.

42-A INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

42-A

It is cramped: Makeshift furniture, jugs of cheap wine, a haze of smoke. A party, that much we can see: But it isn't until we hear the babble of British accents that we realize we are back in London, inside a student flat near the University. CAMERA PANS ACROSS until we find Wulfgar, singing and playing the guitar for an attractive ENGLISH GIRL. Still strumming, Wulfgar leans over and whispers something into the girl's ear. She smiles and shakes her head "no." Wulfgar leans over and whispers again. The girl laughs and kisses him.

CUT TO

43 Across the room a swarthy-looking young man is just coming in, nodding distractedly to one or two people. He is much aware of Wulfgar.

43

ANGLE - WULFGAR

WULFGAR

(to the girl)

I'll be back, you really are a remarkable girl...fantastic.

He is rising to his feet, still strumming the guitar. Wulfgar works his way over to the wine, where he stands beside the other young man, KENNA, who is obviously uneasy. Like many small men who are involved in things too big for them, he sweats a lot.

WULFGAR

Kenna, you look very nervous, yes?

(harder)

Is it because you're three days late?

KENNA

(Irish accent)

...Sorry, but I ran into a slight problem.

CONTINUED

WULFGAR

So did the people at Arding &
Hobbs...The explosion was front
page everywhere, international.
You tell your people that Wulfgar
is only beginning. The world
will hear my voice for your cause.

(lowering his
voice still
further)

Mercer sent my money?

KENNA

(uncomfortable)

Not this trip...They want to talk
to you about that bombing.

WULFGAR

What?

KENNA

Mercer said it was overdone...
Several children were killed --
That hurt the movement.

WULFGAR

Not my concern -- Don't you people
know what it costs to run an oper-
ation like this?

(sharply)

I work miracles for them...Where
were you since Friday?

KENNA

Friday was such a wasted day.

WULFGAR

What do you mean?

KENNA

(nervous)

Ah, they picked me up at the air-
port and they held me over the
weekend.

WULFGAR

'They?' -- The police?

KENNA

I told them I'm an Irish citizen

CONTINUED

43

CONTINUED - 2

43

KENNA (Cont'd)
and how long must I submit to
these indignities -- They released
me -- No worry at all.

WULFGAR
(eyes widening)
Then you came here?

KENNA
(earnestly)
You know I would never tell them
anything....

CUT TO

44

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

44

the slamming doors of a dark sedan which has just pulled up to the curb in the street outside the apartment. Three men have just climbed out. They wear tired suits and hats, and you don't have to be British to know they are Police-men, a bored INSPECTOR and two SERGEANTS. They look up at the lighted second floor window and listen to the singing.

45

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

45

The ground floor. The men are starting up the stairs.

HOLD while they continue on out of sight up the stairs. We can hear their footsteps climbing, climbing...climbing...and:

46

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

46

As the Police round the banister, the door to the apartment opens and Wulfgar steps out with the guitar in front of him...the Police spot him. In the next second, there is a coughing sound and holes appear through the sounding box of the guitar, delicate little wood splinters flaking off. Wulfgar uses a silenced machine gun.

Sudden, punctured bulletholes, neat and distinct, on the Inspector's neck, his knees buckling, and the two Sergeants turn with unbelieving eyes to look, and everything goes faster than the blink of an eye now...They are dead instantly.

47 WULFGAR kicks open the apartment door and eyes a petrified Kenna. The partygoers are frozen with fear. 47

Wulfgar, still with the guitar which is falling apart in his hands, the gun showing now.

WULFGAR

...You go to a better life.

The silencer coughs two more times, and WE SWING TO INCLUDE Kenna, hammered onto his back beside the crowd. He turns to the girl he was seducing and glares at her. Wulfgar flees, the shattered guitar clattering on the floor behind him.

DISSOLVE SWIFTLY TO

48 EXT. LONDON APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP - FLASHING LIGHT 48

on the top of a London Police car. PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are outside the flat shortly after the shooting -- just as an ambulance screeches in, jams on the brakes and backs up to the outside door. The night street is a jumble of flashing lights, patrol cars, dozens of BOBBIES -- All too late, of course -- And a harried CHIEF INSPECTOR who is supervising the mop-up operation, barking instructions to a younger aide named ORCHARD.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Cover all of them -- Victoria,
Weddington, Waterloo...

Just beyond, WE DOLLY IN ON a gray-haired man standing a few feet behind the Inspector. He seems detached, mild -- Yet we feel a sense of authority and the magnetic field of a keen mind. He watches impassively, sucking on a dry pipe.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(continuing)

...Heathrow, even Gatwick. Every
exit, everything that rolls, flies,
or floats on the Thames.

The gray-haired man's only movement is to take the pipe out of his mouth.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(continuing)

And every man, too. No one takes
the weekend off.

CONTINUED

The second body is being carried out. The Chief Inspector suddenly whirls on Hartmann.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(continuing)

And I don't want to hear a word from you, Hartmann.

For that is who the gray-haired figure is, the man from the Counter-Terrorist Division, PETER HARTMANN.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(continuing)

I don't want to hear that you warned us.

He flings himself into one of the cars, gesturing angrily at a nearby TV cameraman, then pauses to glower at Hartmann one last time.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(continuing)

Not a word, understand?

And he slams the door. HOLD ON Hartmann as the car roars off.

HARTMANN

One of these days it would be nice if someone listened before it was too late.

ORCHARD

First the bombing, then three men come to get him -- and he gets them. He is becoming a legend here.

HARTMANN

Maybe. But even legends can go too far...he's killed, and a man in his position must worry as much about his friends as his enemies.

DISSOLVE THRU TO

While we continue to hear the grinding of departing and arriving trains. WE SEE a woman, SHAKKA, disembark a

CONTINUED

48-A CONTINUED

48-F

train and move briskly along the expansive platform...Her step is brisk as she passes many bleary-eyed passengers.

48-B EXT. STATION - DAY

48-E

Shakka emerges from one of the exit doors. For the first time now we can see it is very early in the morning; the sun is barely up. Shakka walks along the row of sleepy cab drivers -- Until she finds one who is alert, tensed for her appearance. Their eyes meet.

49
thru
55
OMITTED49
thru
55

55-A EXT. PONT NEUF ILE DE LA CITE - DAY

55-A

The taxi swings across, then onto the Ile De La Cite. It stops, and Shakka gets out of the cab. She nods to the driver, does not pay him. As he pulls off and she turns, PAN TO the elaborate gilded gates ahead of her. The sign in French tells us that this is the center of the French courts and civil authority -- Including the Prefecture of Police. Shakka marches straight in past the gendarmes at the sentry boxes. She does not give them a glance. She seems to be heading straight for the main entrance to the Prefecture. At the last moment, she swerves and goes by. WE TRACK with her as she rounds the corner of the building, heading into another small courtyard. WE CONTINUE WITH HER to the exquisite medieval church, in the middle of the courtyard, Ste. Chapelle. As she enters the sightseers' door, she glances upwards a moment. The sun is finally up now, slanting brightly down into the courtyard. And from that glare:

SMASH CUT TO

55-B STAINED GLASS WINDOW

55-B

The luminous rose beauty of the 13th Century stained glass window glowing against the darkness. PULL DOWN and BACK TO REVEAL the hushed, echoing interior of Ste. Chapelle, at the rear of the main aisle. Shakka enters, comes to the back of the nave and genuflects. As she rises again, her eyes narrow.

55-C SHAKKA'S POINT OF VIEW - THE NAVE FROM THE REAR

55-C

CONTINUED

55-C CONTINUED

55-C

One seat is taken. A man in a raincoat, kneeling in prayer, his head bowed over the back of the chair ahead. He does not move...Keeping her eyes on the man, she slips softly around to the side of the nave, then down along the side aisle. As she passes one of the small alcoves along the side, PAN TO REVEAL a small confessional booth set up in the alcove. Shakka enters the confessional, turns and draws the curtain behind her.

56 INT. CONFESSIONAL

56

She kneels, crosses herself. We can just make out the shadowy figure of a man.

A beat.

SHAKKA

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

Then, from the other side of the grille:

WULFGAR'S VOICE

(in German)

Bitch -- Where the hell have you been?

SHAKKA

(in German)

I thought it better to take the train.

She looks over her shoulder in irritation.

SHAKKA

(continuing)

You must be out of your mind to meet here. Right in the middle of the Law Courts -- Police Headquarters -- Did you have to pick Ste. Chapelle?

WULFGAR

If you are Wulfgar, where else?
...I go where I want.

He lolls back in the priest's cubicle.

CONTINUED

WULFGAR

All the police of London, every gendarme in Paris -- All the police of the world look for me, I go where I want. To hell with them.

(down to
business)

Now, my payment from Mercer, let me have it.

Shakka takes an envelope out of her purse, slips it through the grille.

Wulfgar opens the envelope and takes out an airline ticket. He looks at it in disbelief.

WULFGAR

A ticket to Madrid?...Fifty pounds -- What is this? -- Does Mercer joke with me?

He is tense now, all the ease gone.

SHAKKA

Mercer sent me...The bombing and Police assassinations were acceptable -- But the killing of his courier will not be forgotten.

WULFGAR

(irate)

Forgotten? -- Recognition, audacity, that is what I give them, and their movement could use more. They must understand only violence commands attention. They need heroes ---

SHAKKA

There'll be no more money from these people ---

WULFGAR

...A month ago they begged -- You pleaded with me to help their cause -- And now they pay me nothing.

SHAKKA

A month ago you hadn't left a member of the Underground dead in London...

CONTINUED

SHAKKA (Cont'd)

You were working for the Underground.

WULFGAR

...He brought police to my door.

SHAKKA

I repeat...You were working for the Underground. Kenna was one of them. It just isn't done, to kill your own people.

WULFGAR

Kenna wasn't one of our people. I have no people. He jeopardized the security of his own movement. What does he mean to you, or me? -- He was a fool.

SHAKKA

A fool with your picture in his pocket.

Wulfgar looks up sharply.

SHAKKA

You see, he had brought your new passport. Very careless.

Wulfgar is lost in thought.

WULFGAR

I am never careless.

SHAKKA

...Interpol has your photo now. And that has made you unemployable.

Shakka pauses as she hears footsteps passing the confessional...they pass.

WULFGAR

Have you seen Raddad? What help do my desert friends need this week?

SHAKKA

He thinks you are a dead man soon.

CONTINUED

WULFGAR

They all need my help -- Need someone who believes in their causes.

SHAKKA

Raddad says you have no cause.

WULFGAR

That is not so!

SHAKKA

Raddad brought up the time in Algeria you ransomed hostages instead of killing them -- that made you a mercenary, not a terrorist, with few ideals that could not be bought.

WULFGAR

I am finished here -- Let these fools fail...They will hear of me.

SHAKKA

But you can't show your face -- How can you work for anyone?

Silence from the grille.

SHAKKA

Wulfgar?

The only answer is silence -- but the CAMERA PANS FROM Shakka to the priest's cubicle -- empty. Only the ticket to Madrid lies on the floor, fluttering slightly in the breeze from the open door.

DISSOLVE THRU TO

57

OMITTED

57

57-A

EXT. SLUM STREET - NIGHT - DA SILVA

57-A

crouched behind a parked car. A slum street, night. He is in a dark jumpsuit. His face is blacked with dark greasepaint, the whites of his eyes shining with tension. In his hands he holds a short barreled pump shotgun.

CUT TO

A darkened Warehouse across the street.

CUT BACK TO

57-A CONTINUED

57-1

DA SILVA. He slips quickly across the open space to the next car. When he gets there he looks first to one side, and:

DA SILVA
(into Walkie-
Talkie)
...Set?

CUT TO

FOX, also dressed for action, behind another car. He nods, and:

FOX
(into miniature
Walkie-Talkie)
...Set...You ready?

DA SILVA (V.O.)
...I'm free for the evening.

CUT TO

DA SILVA dashes up the steps, pushes open the outer door, hits the floor, and --

CUT TO

CLOSEUP - DA SILVA in the dark vestibule. He catches the outer door just before it bangs into the wall. Then he takes a flat burglar's strip from his pocket and silently... gently...shimmies open the inner door. He looks behind him. Fox is there on his belly. Silently Da Silva motions that he will go on, Fox will stay. He pushes the inner door gently open. More darkness inside. WE HOLD as Da Silva bellies quietly through the door.

CUT TO

THE STAIRS - DA SILVA is moving up on his hands and knees, pausing at the slightest creak.

CUT TO

On the third floor landing is a heroin factory...Several WOMEN and MEN measure, cut and bag the powder as four heavyduty BODYGUARDS look on.

CUT TO

57-A

CONTINUED

57-A

The first landing, as Da Silva gets there. He looks up at the next flight of steps, pausing to catch his breath. It is hard work. As he starts up again:

CUT TO

The next landing. Da Silva comes up, then waits again. Now he pulls himself silently to his feet, sliding, uncoiling like a snake to flatten himself against the wall beside an office door.

CUT TO

A series of flash-glimpses: the tense faces of Fox and Da Silva. Da Silva tenses -- and in one explosive movement kicks the door in with a crash...He and Fox fly in, catch everyone off-guard...Da Silva fires several blasts into the ceiling and plaster rains down on the heroin and the lawbreakers...the shots also break small steam and water pipes that spray on the heroin workers.

DA SILVA

...Bang -- You're all dead!

An ugly, hip BODYGUARD snarls at the cops.

BODYGUARD

...How much you pigs want?

Fox tosses Da Silva his shotgun...Fox elbows the bodyguard and slams him face down into a pile of heroin.

FOX

...I want all the brothers back
you wasted on this shit!

Fox yanks the bodyguard up and heaves him to the floor...
Da Silva and Fox exchange looks of admiration.

58
thru
61

OMITTED

58
thru
61

62

EXT. FASHION DESIGNER SHOP - NIGHT - DA SILVA

62

pulls over in an unmarked car...Deke, still dressed from the raid, enters the designer's beautiful shop...He has wiped some of the blackface off, but several smudges remain.

63

INT. DESIGNER'S SHOP - NIGHT - DEKE

63

ASSISTANT

May I help you?

DA SILVA

No, I don't think so...I'm looking for Irene.

ASSISTANT

Could you have an appointment?

Da Silva moves to the rear of the shop...He sees Irene putting the finishing touches on a model draped with her newest design...He approaches her and stands behind her back.

DA SILVA

Excuse me, Miss.

Irene turns and rises...she is shocked by his disheveled sight.

IRENE

Deke, what are you doing here?
(smiles)

You're going to get me in trouble.
Did you dress like that to embarrass me?

DA SILVA

I didn't think about it -- Me and Willie just got back from the Bronx.

IRENE

What for?

DA SILVA

Working a heroin bust.

IRENE

...I wouldn't have come along but I was a little busy.

Several EMPLOYEES are now curiously looking at Da Silva.

IRENE

Do you think you might be drawing attention over here?

Da Silva looks at the staring employees.

CONTINUED

63

CONTINUED

63

DA SILVA

...It's your imagination.

IRENE

Please, Deke, could you tell me
what you want so I can finish here.

Deke whispers in her ear.

DA SILVA

...I was wondering if later
there'll be some room in your bed?

IRENE

Look, we can't talk now...you'll
get me in trouble.

Da Silva starts to walk away.

DA SILVA

Then, let's go outside and talk.

IRENE

I can't.

DA SILVA

Then we'll talk here.

64

thru
67

OMITTED

64

thru
67

67-A

EXT. DESIGN SHOP - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

67-A

Irene and Deke step outside...it is freezing...He gives
her his coat.

DA SILVA

Look, what do you want from me?

IRENE

What?

DA SILVA

I keep coming around for nothing
-- I don't know what you want.

IRENE

Deke, you'd never like living
with me again -- you wouldn't.

CONTINUED

67-A CONTINUED

67-1

DA SILVA

I could handle it -- Maybe I made mistakes.

IRENE

It wouldn't be the same way -- things are different.

DA SILVA

I could handle it.

IRENE

No, you couldn't -- I'd want some nights out alone, with my friends -- You hate my friends.

DA SILVA

Are you getting cold?

IRENE

A little -- Look, I just couldn't live cooped up, waiting to see if you'd ever come home -- People grow.

DA SILVA

(smiles)

Don't talk about growing -- You like beards, so I grew this -- Y'know, I'm trying, what about you?

IRENE

...If you could just get off the streets -- Why do you have to do these things? -- Can't you transfer?

DA SILVA

I can't.

IRENE

Why the hell can't you change?

Deke shrugs and looks around.

DA SILVA

I'm tryin'...Can I come over? -- If you don't want me to, just say it.

CONTINUED

67-A CONTINUED - 2

67-A

IRENE

I don't want you to.

They arrive at her building.

DA SILVA

Let me put it another way -- May
I spend the night?

IRENE

...No.

DA SILVA

...Really?

IRENE

...Good night.

Da Silva turns and heads down the block.

DA SILVA

...I won't be back.

He pauses and takes out a small bunch of flowers from
inside his jacket.

DA SILVA

...They were for you...they need
water.

(exits)

68

INT. PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE - PARIS - DAY

68

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

of facial parts -- noses, ears, jaws: a department store,
supermarket of faces. As WE MOVE TO another nose now ---

GHISELIN (o.s.)

Now this one would definitely com-
plement your facial structure.
Notice the lines, heavy, strong.

WULFGAR (o.s.)

Not for me.

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Wulfgar, Shakka and DR. GHISELIN in
the doctor's consulting room in Paris. The office isn't
exactly a pesthole, but you'd never mistake it for the
establishment of the classiest nose-bobber in Paris
either. Ghiselin is a good match for his office: competent

CONTINUED

enough but with an ineffable air of seediness about him. Wulfgar continues to go down the row of pictures.

GHISELIN

(in French)

Perhaps a more flaring nostril then?

WULFGAR

Not for me.

GHISELIN

What do you want?

WULFGAR

(in French)

You will make my nose smaller --
And do something with my chin and
jaw.

GHISELIN

Yes, of course.

WULFGAR

And my eyes -- They can be made
blue with lenses?

Ghiselin runs a sculptor's finger under Wulfgar's eyes.

GHISELIN

Well, we could help you with that ---

WULFGAR

Just be quick.

GHISELIN

Look, my friend, you'd better re-
sign yourself. This is an operation,
not a makeup job.

WULFGAR

How long?

GHISELIN

Six weeks, at least. You'll be
swollen, the skin will have to
heal. There will be some discom-
fort ---

Wulfgar spies another picture.

CONTINUED

mm

#00718

33

68

CONTINUED - 2

68

WULFGAR

Wait...

INSERT - PHOTO OF ANOTHER NOSE

thinner, smaller....

WULFGAR (o.s.)

-- How about this one?

WULFGAR AND GHISELIN

GHISELIN

(a little
startled)

Please, exactly what do you want?

Wulfgar taps the photo.

WULFGAR

(dry)

...I want to be a different man.

SHAKKA

(hard threat)

...And you have never seen him
before, Doctor.

CUT TO

69

thru
77-B

OMITTED

69

thru
77-B

78

INT. JFK IMMIGRATION - DAY

78

The usual endless line of PASSENGERS waiting to go
through Passport Control.

- TRAVELING SHOT -- STARTING NEAR ONE OF THE BOOTHS, WE MOVE
SLOWLY BACK along the people in the line -- absolutely no
one we recognize.

Suddenly we STOP, then MOVE BACK AGAIN until we reach the
second businessman, the one with the briefcase. As he
takes off his hat, zoom into his face. Blond, smooth

CONTINUED

78

CONTINUED

78

hair. No beard. No glasses. Chiseled nose. And in an astounding double take we realize it is Wulfgar.

79

INT. PASSPORT BOOTH - DAY - WULFGAR

79

steps up to the desk to take his turn, presents his passport. The IMMIGRATION OFFICER takes it, checks the picture against Wulfgar's face, then the name against the list of undesirable aliens.

The officer hands back the passport with a smile.

OFFICER

Welcome to the states -- Next.

79-A

OMITTED

79-A

80

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT - A DIZZYING SHOT

80

from the top of the Queensboro Bridge, LOOKING UP First Avenue; a clever shot, too, because we might get a glimpse of the tramway car from Roosevelt Island gliding past, especially clever because that isn't our focus, we are looking at something down there on First Avenue -- the milling crowd on the sidewalk.

We start down toward the crowd. It is that babbling rite of spring which happens nightly outside a popular, but not overly-large disco: SINGLES and MINGLES sniffing at each other. As WE GET CLOSER:

81

SWING OUT TO INCLUDE WULFGAR, a short distance up the block, sauntering along toward the crowd, head high, shining, hair combed, dressed for the hunt.

81

82

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

82

A multi light phantasmagoria inside, the nightly throng jammed against the bar, and grinding to the beat on the dance floor. Wulfgar works his way in, signals the BARTENDER. Then, armed with his drink, he carefully surveys the crowd. Wait a minute. His eyes have caught something.

PAN TO a pretty woman with one of those automatic vacant smiles that either belong to a toothpaste ad or an airline stewardess.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

82

WULFGAR

waving to the bartender again. Then, armed with two drinks, he starts through the crowd.

PAN TO the girl, moving ahead of him, her rear caught right in the crosshairs. And:

MATCH CUT TO

82-A
thru
83-A

OMITTED

82-A
thru
83-A

83-B

EXT. STREET - EASTSIDE - DA SILVA

83-B

dressed as a sexy hooker, moves invitingly along a dark street. He swings his butt and acts drunk. Two Hispanics follow closely...Fox is across the street out of sight... the Muggers quicken their gait, likewise Da Silva.

DA SILVA

(into hidden
microphone)

...It's going down -- You ready?

Fox stiffens and stands in the shadows.

FOX

...Ready.

Da Silva quickens the pace...the Muggers move closer... One of the Muggers starts to reach into a rear pocket for a gravity knife...a glint of the blade is seen...the tension is really building...Fox moves forward.

FOX

They're gonna hit. Get ready!

DA SILVA

Ready!

FOX

Now!

At the very last second, an unmarked car veers to the curb with a pair of plainclothesmen inside.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(tough)

Da Silva!

CONTINUED

83-B CONTINUED

83-B

From across the street, Fox tenses.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

They want you and Fox at Headquarters.

The Muggers flee...Fox runs across the street yelling.

FOX

(angrily)

What the hell are you guys doing?
He was trolling them for two
blocks ---

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

That ain't our problem.

DA SILVA

'Ain't your problem?' -- What is
it? -- What do you want here?

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(gets out)

Hey, who you mouthin' off to?

FOX

I'm talking to you -- Don't come
around here again when we're working
detail, understand? You blew
our cover in this neighborhood --
I don't care who told you to.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(gets out)

Who you bullshittin', Fox?

The plainclothes cop shoves Fox...Da Silva shoves the
cop against the car.

DA SILVA

You want to say something to me?

FOX

Forget him, Deke...

(to cop)

Go drink your coffee, man.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(inflamed)

We don't like your glory boy crap,

CONTINUED

83-B CONTINUED - 2

83-B

PLAINCLOTHESMAN (Cont'd)

Da Silva -- Both of ya, nobody likes
ya hero crap routine here.

Da Silva starts for him again...Fox separates them.

FOX

Just get the hell out of here.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(to partner)

C'mon, Mac -- They make anybody a
sergeant these days -- Kiss my ass,
glory boy!

The plainclothesman throws some paper out of the window
and drives away...Da Silva leans under a streetlight and
reads.

DA SILVA

Damn!

FOX

What?

DA SILVA

We've been transferred -- Let's
get back, we'll get out of this.

84

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - EVENING

84

The disco girl -- whose name is PAM, naturally -- and
Wulfgar taking in the splendors of Sixth Avenue in the
fifties. Suddenly Wulfgar stops, looking at a building.

WULFGAR

ABC. Television, no?

PAM

Television, yes.

(pointing)

And that's CBS, and Radio City is
right through there.

WULFGAR

The news is here?...

(looking at her)

You know -- I never asked what you
do.

CONTINUED

PAM

Besides dancing alot, I fly for American -- I'm Pam, fly me.

(embarrassed)

...It's an airline joke, sort of -- Don't get me wrong, I don't fly the plane, I'm just a stewardess, or flying waitress like some people call us, but I'd rather dance than do any of it...How about you?

WULFGAR

Me?

An easy smile. He loves this.

WULFGAR

I am an international terrorist wanted by the police in half the countries in Europe.

PAM

...Sure.

WULFGAR

...Sure.

PAM

(laughs)

...You're not serious?

WULFGAR

Of course not.

PAM

(beat)

Well, you're original, I'll say that --

(a smile)

-- Do you want to see any more wonders of Manhattan?

WULFGAR

(beat)

Yes, of course -- You're very pretty.

PAM

(insecurely)

...Sure.

CONTINUED

WULFGAR

Of course, you must know this --
very beautiful.

PAM

(won over)

...Thank you, that's nice.

CUT TO

The top floor of a midtown Precinct House, just as the door of an office opens and a harried Lieutenant, named MOONEY, starts down the stairs. Da Silva catches up to him. They travel down the battered stairs while talking.

DA SILVA

Lieutenant?

MOONEY

(keeps moving)

Right here.

DA SILVA

(waving the
transfer orders)

I just got the latest orders from
the Captain ---

MOONEY

Look, Da Silva, I don't want no
operas, I'm a little rushed right
now.

DA SILVA

Yeah, well, we're a little rushed
in the Bronx too -- C'mon, Mooney,
for six months I've been walking
around in drag -- Now we're pulled,
and nobody knows what for.

MOONEY

(swinging around
the landing)

First, you don't know me well
enough to call me Mooney -- But I
know you, Da Silva, you're the
gung-ho Lone Ranger of Jerome Avenue.

CONTINUED

84-A

CONTINUED

84-A

MOONEY (Cont'd)

Well, you can forget all that. We have been asked to cooperate with a special Federal-State unit -- and we will. You and Fox have been assigned to the A.T.A.C. Group.

DA SILVA

What?

MOONEY

You heard.

DA SILVA

(suspiciously)

What's A.T.A.C.?

MOONEY

The Anti-Terrorist-Action Command.

DA SILVA

C'mon, terrorism is either hijacking, or hostages which if F.B.I. -- What do they want with me and Fox?

MOONEY

Your military records had something to do with it...Look, how many times have you been hospitalized this year, ten? -- Consider this Squad a vacation from Decoy.

DA SILVA

I don't need a vacation.

MOONEY

C'mon, Da Silva, you're the only cop I know who likes getting attacked -- Look, they need someone who knows all the local rat-holes, and you're nominated -- If anything goes down here, you're the man.

DA SILVA

Where'd all this come from?

MOONEY

From the Commissioner, and he got

CONTINUED

84-A CONTINUED - 2

84-f

MOONEY (Cont'd)
it from Washington -- There's a specialist coming in from Europe, Interpol, to help organize the whole thing in conjunction with Federal funding, and this Department will extend every courtesy. Understand?

DA SILVA
I understand they're raping old ladies on the Grand Concourse, and we can't get an extra guy, but somebody from Europe comes over and they hand him our town.

MOONEY
'Our town' -- It's not your town, Pal, you work for it...Da Silva, want it straight? -- You're a cop, and you'll go where you're assigned. Alright? -- You and Tonto be here tomorrow morning at eight sharp -- End of talk.

Mooney leaves, and Da Silva heads off into the opposite direction...Da Silva moves to Fox who is in an unmarked car.

FOX
You sure showed him -- Masterful.

85
thru
87

OMITTED

85
thru
87

87-A INT. DESIGN SHOP - NIGHT

87-A

Deke and Irene move towards her Drafting room...There are hundreds of sketches on the walls.

IRENE
Do you know where you're being transferred?

She sits behind a drafting board and puts the finishing touches on a new design.

DA SILVA
Something called the A.T.A.C. Squad.

CONTINUED

87-A

CONTINUED

87-A

IRENE

Sounds like fun...Maybe it's a
safer detail...When do you start?

DA SILVA

...There's this specialist from
Interpol due in tomorrow...You
don't need to know this.

IRENE

Why'd they pick you and Fox?

DA SILVA

The Lieutenant said they need some-
body who knows all the local rat-
holes.

IRENE

You must be flattered.

DA SILVA

Yeah, very -- Listen, how are you
doing here? Any problems? Anybody
stealing your pencils?

IRENE

Everything's fine, officer --
(looks at watch)
Oh, I have to run.

DA SILVA

...Date?

IRENE

Business dinner.

DA SILVA

How about later tonight?

IRENE

Don't you have a full day ahead
with this new Squad? ---

87-B

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - DEKE AND IRENE

87-B

step outside.

DA SILVA

Who's this guy you're going out
with?

CONTINUED

87-B

CONTINUED

87-1

IRENE
(flags a cab)
Just a friend.

DA SILVA
Friend?

IRENE
...That's all.

DA SILVA
...Hope you don't do anything.

IRENE
What do you mean?

DA SILVA
You know what I'm saying.

IRENE
We're divorced.

DA SILVA
Yeah...In some ways ---

Da Silva looks at her for a moment and heads off down the street.

CUT TO

88

EXT. SHABBY STORAGE WAREHOUSE - MANHATTAN - DAY

88

It is over on Tenth Avenue in Manhattan's freight district. A delivery truck is backed up to the loading platform; otherwise there is nothing to distinguish it from the equally shabby buildings nearby. But now as we BEGIN TO MOVE UPWARDS:

CUT TO

89

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

89

A HIGH LEVEL SHOT

and suddenly there on the roof is an elaborate aerial.

CUT TO

90

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

90

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

CONTINUED

and that is just what it is, a vast echoing, vaulted storage space. But in the middle of all the dinginess stands a shiny new piece of electronic equipment, a large cabinet full of tubes and dials so arcane that we can't even tell what it is. And, starting with that cabinet, we begin a LONG,

TRACKING SHOT

PAST more equipment being set up and installed. Some of it we can even recognize -- Tv monitors, consoles of radios, a telex, teletypes, more banks of computers with tape wheels; plus a swarm of workmen in a quiet, purposeful bustle. Hartmann's voice can be heard now, and finally we COME UPON him in the center of all the gadgetry, facing a group of fifteen or twenty MEN, Da Silva and Fox among them...Da Silva wears glasses.

HARTMANN

There never has been anything like this setup before, not all in one place.

(pointing to
various machines
as he goes)

Direct telex to Interpol in Paris and all of Western Europe. High-frequency radios with long gain antennae, four mobile units, two on wheels --

(pointing to two
trucks parked in
a corner of the
vast space)

-- Plus one helicopter and another moored at the Battery.

(as he continues)

DA SILVA AND FOX are among the men. Da Silva has a wordless expression on his face. It is the kind of expression that needs no words. He shakes his head slightly.

HARTMANN

(moving on to
the other equipment)

Plus computer banks which give us total information -- retrieval on every known terrorist in the world.

CONTINUED

HARTMANN (Cont'd)

Soon there will be centers just like this in Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas -- and Washington, of course ...Some of you men must be wondering why you were "selected". Simply, it was for your uniqueness, field record, courage, etc...In England we have a code name for your personality types, 'Dragons'.

(smiles)

So, you 'Dragons' are to be indoctrinated in counter-terrorist technique that shall prepare you to confront the terrorist on equal terms.

Fox and Da Silva in the group. A blunt expression on their faces.

FOX

(to Da Silva)

What are we doing here, Brother Dragon?

HARTMANN

(eyes him)

The A.T.A.C. Squad, or Anti-Terrorist-Action-Command, has been formed because of a serious lack of ruthlessness on the part of the Police -- It is almost bland, as a matter of fact.

The group shifts uneasily...Hartmann pulls down a chart showing a variety of police weapons.

HARTMANN

First lesson -- threat equals firepower...Terrorists, though relatively few in number, rely on massive firepower, fragmentation, grenades or other improvised explosive devices --

-(points to the chart)

Law enforcement officials, on the other hand, are poorly armed, indoctrinated in the use of non-deadly force and, to the greatest extent, are not proficient in using what they do have...I want to explore

CONTINUED

HARTMANN (Cont'd)

this in some depth. The firearms: Most law enforcement officers throughout the world are issued a .38 Special revolver, or 9 m.m semi-automatic pistol. These firearms, in relationship to a "kill capability" on a scale of one to ten, are about a three -- And the ball ammunition issued by the Department is rated about two --

(lightly)

So, if you're going bear hunting, I don't recommend this weapon.

No one smiles.

DA SILVA

It does the job for us.

HARTMANN

For your needs, sir, but not for ours...Firearm training, as taught by the Department is about 98 percent worthless against a terrorist adversary.

FOX

Why?

HARTMANN

Department policy -- Reluctancy to fire -- Police public relations, civil rights, human rights, safety orientation, which is necessary when dealing with civilians, but it's catastrophic when dealing with the terrorist...The most import rule is that hesitation kills -- One must take the hesitation out of the cop. Hesitation kills.

DA SILVA

Can I ask you something?

HARTMANN

Of course.

DA SILVA

Do you know if the suspect is even in the city?

CONTINUED

HARTMANN

The information gathered and collated in Interpol computer banks support this -- Europe's uncomfortable for him -- South America has enough revolutionaries, and if you wanted worldwide media coverage, United States, where else?

DA SILVA

But still, the computers are only guessing, right?

HARTMANN

Yes, in a way -- But there was also a plastic surgeon murdered in Paris recently -- the method and calibre of bullet used is the same that Wulfgar has used in similar assassinations -- So, gentlemen, on top of everything else, he may now look quite different.

FOX

What about the possibility that he could've retired, or gone into hiding?

HARTMANN

Sergeant Fox, isn't it? -- In answer to the possibility of Wulfgar's retirement, sir, he is only beginning---

DA SILVA

(leans over)

...Don't start trouble, okay?

Fox laughs.

INSERT - BLACK AND WHITE STILL PHOTOGRAPH

of a large public reception hall strewn with luggage, bodies, dazed faces, blood-spattered walls. There is an instant's absolute silence; then ---

CONTINUED

HARTMANN (over)
(dry, matter-
of-fact)
Lod Airport, Tel Aviv, April 5,
1972.

And with the photograph, we have begun

A CRAM COURSE ON WORLD TERRORISM

conducted by Hartmann. This sequence should give the feeling of intense days and long, bleary nights in and around the warehouse that has been set up as the Command Center. While Hartmann continues, the pictures and sometimes brief newsreel clips click up one after another on an enlarged computer readout screen. It is essential that the pictures be cold and utterly matter-of-fact -- as is Hartmann's voice now over the picture of the Lod massacre.

HARTMANN (over)
Twenty-six passengers dead, seventy-eight wounded. One terrorist taken prisoner.

CUT TO

A STILL CLOSEUP of two bullet-riddled helicopters filled with slumped figures.

HARTMANN (over)
September, 1972, Munich Olympics.
Eleven athletes, one German policeman killed, five terrorists. Three others captured...later released.

THE NOW FAMOUS PHOTO OF THE LONE SKI-MASKED GUNMAN leaning out of the Athletes' quarters in Munich.

HARTMANN (o.s.)
One of the few known extant photographs of Wulfgar.

A BURNING PAN AM 707 standing on an airport ramp.

HARTMANN (o.s.)
(continuing)
December, '73. Fiumicino Airport,

CONTINUED

HARTMANN (Cont'd)
Rome. Grenade attack, thirty-one
passengers burned to death.

BLACK AND WHITE: TWO STRETCHERS being loaded into an
ambulance.

HARTMANN (o.s.)
December, '75, OPEC Raid, Vienna,
three dead ---

THE SHATTERED FACADE OF ARDING & HOBBS. Ambulance,
smoke, destruction.

HARTMANN (o.s.)
Arding and Hobbs in London, November
...Nineteen dead. And most recently

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF THE STREET OUTSIDE THE FLAT IN LONDON;
The bodies being loaded into the ambulance, the Chief
Inspector with that angry gesture at the camera as he gets
into his car.

HARTMANN (o.s.)
Cheyne Walk, London, four dead.

The last of the pictures fades now, to be replaced by

A CLOSEUP OF WULFGAR

HARTMANN (o.s.)
A worldwide network of terrorism,
and the man who runs like a thread
through the majority of all of it,
code name, Wulfgar.

The streets are deserted...Wulfgar stands on a corner look-
ing down the block. His eyes pan back and forth across
the street, then up to the highest point of each building.
Then his body becomes rigid, his jaws clench...He eyes
his watch...A CLOSEUP of the sweeping second hand -- the
sounds of several explosions shattering glass fill his
imagination. He shakes and lunges against the wall and
flattens out.

WULFGAR

...Now!

CONTINUED

91

CONTINUED

91

THE STOREFRONT SHOPS AND OFFICES

explode in a chain-reaction type of effect...flames and debris blow violently across the street, as though fired from a cannon...Wulfgar briefly inspects his damage... And flees as sirens fill the night.

92

INT. DISCO (XENON) - NIGHT

92

Wulfgar is in a booth with Pam. The music throbs.

WULFGAR

Are you enjoying yourself?

PAM

I love it here.

WULFGAR

Have some more champagne -- I'll just be a moment.

Wulfgar stands and heads downstairs...Pam stares at the laser show overhead.

92-A

INT. DISCO - DOWNSTAIRS

92-A

Wulfgar is on the phone in a quiet phone booth in the Men's Room.

WULFGAR

...And the destruction of several buildings in your so-called Financial Center is only a warning -- there's no security -- Wulfgar will strike next in the International community. There is no security...You may print that.

(hangs up)

93

INT. XENON DISCO - NIGHT

93

Wulfgar walks casually into the bar and dancing area. He goes to a table where Pam is waiting.

CONTINUED

PAM

(knowing look)

Bet you didn't wash your hands ---

WULFGAR

(helpless smile)

There are times when you are positively psychic. Just had to make a quick call. Business.

PAM

(a wicked grin)

Yeah. What's her name?

WULFGAR

(mock sigh)

It's hopeless to deceive you.

CUT TO

Groups of fire trucks and Police vehicles are stationed along the bombed-out area...Police have set up barricades ...On hand are several TV mini-cameras. MEN from the A.T.A.C. group move around the area.

FOX

Ever seen anything like it?

DA SILVA

...No.

Da Silva and Fox go over to Hartmann who is inspecting a used timing charge.

HARTMANN

(politely)

It appears the suspect has not retired, Sergeant Da Silva.

DA SILVA

Why now? -- Why not during the day when the place is wall-to-wall people?

HARTMANN

It is his method.

DA SILVA

What method?

CONTINUED

94

CONTINUED

94

HARTMANN

The instillment of fear...Since his announcement, the U.N. delegates are screaming for protection, and Wulfgar knows they would...But it is all part of the act of terror, gentlemen.

Da Silva looks at the area, and his face shows real concern.

CUT TO

95

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

95

A giant BLACK AND WHITE BLOWUP OF THE OLD WULFGAR fills the screen...Other old slides of Wulfgar flash on the screen.

HARTMANN (o.s.)

His real name is Hamar Reinhardt. Born Frankfurt, Germany, 1946; educated Paris and Patrice Lumumba University, Moscow; financed currently by...no one. Since the London incidents, he has become persona non grata in revolutionary communities. What makes him most dangerous is that he feels he must prove himself as invincible as always. Not to us, but to the international terrorist network. So he may strike anywhere. Without warning. The one thing he does want is...press coverage. The media is their voice.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL DA SILVA sitting among the others in the group at the warehouse, staring at the photo on the screen. For the first time the two men, one the photograph and the other in the flesh, confront each other.

HARTMANN

His pattern is that he immediately makes female contacts to establish safe houses for weapons. He also has a weakness for fancy food, expensive clothes, and the nightlife.

CONTINUED

FOX

I listen to his readout M.O., I
don't see how he gets away with it.
He lives off women, likes to party,
likes to mouth off like announcing
he's going after the U.N. next.
The whole thing's amateur time.

CLOSEUP - HARTMANN

HARTMANN

(sharply)

A nineteen-year-old amateur named
Gavril Princip stood on the wrong
corner in Sarajevo and shot an
archduke -- which merely started the
First World War. Princip died --
but so did ten million others. And
Wulfgar is much the same ---
(as he continues)

CUT TO

INT. SUBWAY - DAY - A SWAYING CAR

on the BMT. Wulfgar is hanging onto a strap, peering
uncertainly at the map. A TRANSIT COP passes him.
Wulfgar and the cop eye one another. They both smile and
the cop moves on.

HARTMANN (o.s.)

-- He has no network, no real organ-
ization, he improvises. Half the
time he makes it up as he goes along.

The subway stops. Wulfgar steps off.

HARTMANN (o.s.)

(continuing)

-- But he manages to succeed where
others have failed ---

EXT. STREET - DAY - WULFGAR

coming up the subway steps onto Sixty-sixth Street.

HARTMANN (o.s.)

And if he has changed his face, he

CONTINUED

97

CONTINUED

97

HARTMANN (Cont'd)
will be more dangerous than ever.

Wulfgar is heading for one store in particular.

HARTMANN (o.s.)
Still, it's virgin territory for
him, he has a lot to do before he's
ready ---

98

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - HARTMANN AND THE GROUP

98

HARTMANN (o.s.)
-- And so do we. In seventy-two
hours I expect each of you to know
every detail of his past operations.

A slight murmur from the men, but Hartmann goes right on.

HARTMANN (o.s.)
We must make use of every bit of
time we have. I assure you Wulfgar
isn't wasting his.

99

EXT. PUERTO RICAN GROCERY SHOP - DAY - WULFGAR

99

100

INT. PUERTO RICAN GROCERY SHOP

100

in the Seventies -- a Puerto Rican Grocery -- as Wulfgar
enters and approaches the PROPRIETOR.

WULFGAR
I'll have the special Cuban melon.

PROPRIETOR
(a man with no
warmth in his face)
Don't sell melon.

WULFGAR
(a little puzzled)
Didn't I read your ad in the Personal
Column? 'The fruit is ripe --?'

PROPRIETOR
I don't advertise.

CONTINUED

WULFGAR

(pause; shrugs)

Sorry. My friend, Wulfgar, must
have given me the wrong address.

PROPRIETOR

Stop.

Their eyes meet.

CUT TO

Two rooms in a newish building in the East Sixties, one of those dormitories for the airline crowd. The room is full of posters and souvenirs from the American Airline route -- leis from Hawaii, chopsticks from Disneyland. A piece of paper dangles prominently from the ceiling in the middle of the room. There is the sound of a key in the lock -- And Wulfgar enters, carrying the bag from the grocery store. He pauses to look at the dangling piece of paper -- It is a note: "ERICH -- BACK ON THE RED-EYE FLIGHT FRIDAY."

Wulfgar bends quickly to the sofa, pulls his suitcases from underneath, unlocks it, opens the top. (From this ANGLE WE CANNOT SEE what is inside.) Next, he takes something from the grocery bag. It is green and round like an avocado, but there the resemblance stops because it is a hand grenade. The grocery bag is full of them. As he begins to place them carefully in the suitcase ---

HARTMANN (over)

All right, Fox -- the mortar.

FOX (over)

(as though his
attention had been
wandering)

...Wait, I know.

HARTMANN (over)

(patiently)

Where did he use the mortar?

The grocery bag beside Wulfgar is empty. Now he takes a tourist map of Manhattan, also a small notebook and pencil from the case, then closes the lid, shoves the case back under the sofa, all but one end which he fails to see is protruding slightly. As he turns for the door ---

CONTINUED

mm

#00718

56

101

CONTINUED

101

FOX
(thinking)
Wait a minute ---

HARTMANN (over)
Do you know, Mr. Fox?

On his words:

CUT TO

102

INT. THE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

102

in the warehouse. Hartmann is quizzing the group, all of whom are beginning to look a little bleary; they have obviously been at it night and day. Da Silva draws on several photos of Wulfgar, changing the face.

FOX
It was the Orly Raid.

HARTMANN
(nodding)
Try to stay with us, men -- time is short.

DA SILVA
Very short.

HARTMANN
Something to add, Da Silva?

DA SILVA
It means we better learn what he has done before he does what he's going to do....

HARTMANN
What's that mean?

DA SILVA
It means we can't catch him sitting in here -- logical procedure.

HARTMANN
When you have been exposed to extensive training in counter-terrorist technique, then you'll be ready for the street...A more logical procedure.

103 EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

103

a forest of flags and flagpoles.

TILT DOWN TO REVEAL:

outside the NBC offices across from the skating rink at Rockefeller Center. Wulfgar, the notebook and pencil in his hand, is looking at the entrance to NBC. Then he turns, critically surveys the throng around the skating rink. He shakes his head.

WULFGAR

(muttering as he
crosses out some-
thing in notebook)

Too many people....

104 EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

104

Hartmann is present...An Israeli INSTRUCTOR is present. Da Silva, Fox and ten Command TRAINEES are standing with .45 pistols in their hands...Hartmann watches Fox walking towards the firing range...the five targets in the human form are turned sideways, a quick-kill drill.

INSTRUCTOR

This is a quick-kill drill....seven-
tenths of a second to react.

The targets spin around. Da Silva glances at Fox, then listlessly takes his place on the firing line.

105 EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY - STREET LEVEL

105

Wulfgar, still looking up, with the notebook. He looks at the series of doors behind him. Then he crosses out something else in the notebook, again muttering to himself, this time something we do not catch.

ELDERLY MAN

(standing next
to him)

Beg pardon?

WULFGAR

Too many elevators.

106 INT. KARATE CLASS - DAY

106

CONTINUED

106

CONTINUED

106

The Command Group is undergoing a karate-kill course... The Instructor is present... Everyone viciously attacks his partner... Da Silva, playful, touches Fox in the stomach with his forefinger... In mock pain, Fox nearly doubles over... Hartmann sees this, but says nothing.

HARTMANN

One must not render the opponent
helpless, he must take his life...
There are no human rights.

CUT TO

107

INT. TAXI - DAY - TRAVELING

107

up First Avenue in the Thirties, the tower of the U.N. Secretariat Building looming up ahead.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

WULFGAR inside a taxi, staring thoughtfully, turning his head to look as the taxi passes U.N. Plaza, and:

CUT TO

107-A

THE U.N. ENTRANCE - DAY

107-A

All the SECURITY GUARDS seem to jump out at us, every entrance, every door.

CUT TO

108

OMITTED

108

108-A

INT. BUILDING - (KNIFE COMBAT)

108-A

The A.T.A.C. MEMBERS are at a knife combat class... The group, with their knives, imitates the INSTRUCTOR.

INSTRUCTOR

(lunges forward)

Now straight penetration! -- Thrust!
Thrust! -- No hesitation! Do not
hesitate!

110

THE AERIAL TRAMCAR - DUSK

110

from Roosevelt Island seen from underneath, bliding onto its station a block away, and:

TILT DOWN TO:

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

WULFGAR'S TAXI from the rear, going on by. Wulfgar has turned in his seat and is peering up out of the rear window at the tramcar. HOLD ON his thoughtful face staring out the window as the taxi disappears on up First Avenue.

CUT TO

111
thru
116 OMITTED111
thru
116

117 INT. PAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - PAM

117

in robe and slippers, shagging a towel over her wet hair, coming out of the bathroom in her apartment. Half-blinded by the towel, she stubs her toe, gasps in pain. Then, glancing down, she sees the edge of Wulfgar's suitcase sticking out from beneath the sofa...She mutters something very unladylike under her breath, then moves on, hobbling a little to favor the sore toe.

But almost irresistibly she stops again, her eye drawn back to the suitcase...Pam tugs the case out. It takes both hands. She tries the catch; locked. No, wait, one side seems a little loose. She jimmies it once, then once more -- No, the other side holds firm. With a small sigh of frustration, she gives up. Rising erect on her knees, she half-pushes, half-lifts the case to get it into position to shove back under again. Too heavy; won't budge. Taking a deep breath, she gives the biggest yank she can and the weight of the case itself breaks it open, and with a clatter of metal, Wulfgar's entire arsenal spills out onto the floor around her.

Not just the grenades but blocks of plastique explosive, fuses, a Russian Kalashnikoff submachine gun, revolvers, boxes of shells, the utterly cold reality of gunmetal, the ugly look of violence.

CUT TO

PAM

For an instance she is simply frozen at what she sees...she starts to pack it away -- Some sixth sense beyond terror cuts through to her brain. Suddenly she freezes...Wulfgar, still wearing his coat and holding the notebook, standing behind her.

CONTINUED

117

CONTINUED

117

WULFGAR

(quietly)

Let me help you.

PAM

(frightened almost
beyond words)Oh, God, I didn't mean anything.
I couldn't help wondering ---

WULFGAR

I know.

(softly)

Come.

PAM

(backing off)

No. Please. I won't tell anybody.
You don't have to worry, I won't
tell a soul. Please don't hurt me,
please ---

WULFGAR

You mustn't be worried ---

He holds out his hand to her, almost a gentle look in
his eyes.

WULFGAR

There's only a better life ahead.

CUT TO

118

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

118

A giant BLACK AND WHITE BLOWUP of an Arab face on the
computer screen.

FOX (over)

Raddad. Leader of the radical
Black September Wing of the P.L.O.
Planned Munich Olympic attack.

CUT TO

A quarter face, fuzzy BLACK AND WHITE BLOWUP of Shakka
Kupor comes up on the screen.

FOX (over)

Shakka Kupor, OPEC Raid, Vienna ---

CONTINUED

118

CONTINUED

118

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

HARTMANN AND THE GROUP

still slogging away. The hours and the pressure have begun to tell. The men are all but exhausted, tempers are frazzled.

CLOSEUP - DA SILVA

drawing on another photo of Wulfgar...he has four altered photos on his desk.

FOX

-- Embassy attack, Stockholm.

Pause.

HARTMANN

(sharply)

And?

FOX

And what?

HARTMANN

What did she do in the OPEC raid?

(remorselessly)

Okay, once again -- she shot a policeman in the neck from point blank range -- she kills without provocation...She's a known associate of Wulfgar....

FOX

Man, we've gone over and over this for days now....

HARTMANN

And we'll continue until it's second nature.

DA SILVA

Isn't this overkill?

HARTMANN

Overkill?!

DA SILVA

That's right, overkill -- His cover's always some woman who's

CONTINUED

DA SILVA (Cont'd)

clean -- As soon as he loses one, he looks for another. We know his M.O., we know what he wants -- the only question, when, method, opportunity, motive?

Hartmann wheels sharply on him.

HARTMANN

(voice rising)

Once and for all, will you forget that Police Academy nonsense? This is a terrorist! -- He does not think like a criminal, he wants to be a hero. -- And you want to deal with him like a mugger...Get inside the man's head, dammit!

DA SILVA

If you haven't been able to catch him, what makes you think we can?

For the first time, now we sense Hartmann's anger building, slipping out of control.

HARTMANN

The chances are you can't -- But we will attempt it anyway -- Gentlemen, don't you still understand what real terror is? The very act of terrorism destroys the basis of the social doctrine by which we all live -- That is that no man shall live with a gun held to his head.

DA SILVA

We understand that -- But how can we accept the fact that wants us to also become assassins. The only difference between him and us will be the badge.

HARTMANN

We are in TIGHTER now as the intensity builds:

HARTMANN

For Christsake, man, to combat

CONTINUED

HARTMANN (Cont'd)

violence, you need greater violence!!
...To defeat a violent people, you
must be trained to react to a given
situation with ruthless, cold-blooded
violence as well!

DA SILVA

Some of us don't have the killer
instinct.

HARTMANN

We all have it! -- It's simply a
matter of pushing the right button.
You must develop split personali-
ties, as an operational requirement
-- Overtly calm, yet, when posed with
an imminent threat, triggered to re-
act with extraordinary intensity!!
(very intense)

And, if we're very lucky, somewhere
in that impossible, impregnable,
irrational chain of events, there
will be one moment when he will be
vulnerable. One moment when his
concentration slips, when the eye
wanders, when the gun drifts a hair
off the target, one -- brief --
critical -- moment -- and that is
when you must do it.

CUT BACK TO

DA SILVA, FOX AND THE GROUP

FOX

Do what?

HARTMANN

Take him.

Pause. Da Silva looks at him, a little shocked.

DA SILVA

Take him? You mean open fire?

HARTMANN

(evenly)

There is no other way.

CONTINUED

DA SILVA

If we miss? Dead hostages.

HARTMANN

Hopefully not.

Hartmann shrugs helplessly; Da Silva's voice is flat.

DA SILVA

That's an unacceptable risk.

HARTMANN

(harshly)

There's a U.N. Benefit at the Whitney Gallery next week. Those people are hostages already -- It is our responsibility to try and stop him.

DA SILVA

It's not our responsibility to be part of an accidental homicide.

HARTMANN

(blowing at
last)

For Christsake, Da Silva, get rid of that beat-cop mentality!

(slips out before
he can stop it)

Your wife left you for it, isn't
that enough?

Dead stop. Da Silva turns as though he had been slapped.

HARTMANN

How did I know that? -- Because I made it my business to know the backgrounds of all you men, because they are weapons against yourselves, because I knew it would hurt you... And if there is any way, Wulfgar will know it too...He will know the background of all of you men...What's valuable in your lives -- Make you live in fear...You people just don't realize the extent of the underground in your own city, do you?...It is the technique of terror...How do you like it?

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED - 5

118

Da Silva slowly steps forward, flips the doctored photos of Wulfgar on Hartmann's desk and exits.

CUT TO

119 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

119

Later in the warehouse, the end of the day's session. MEN are pulling on their coats, leaving. Da Silva stands with Fox.

FOX

Go back in there, Man -- If you leave, the rest will want out.

DA SILVA

What do you think? -- Think he's right?

FOX

...Yeah...C'mon, he's an old man, this is his life.

Da Silva moves away and towards Hartmann who's alone, slumped wearily at a desk far across the room. WE GO WITH DA SILVA as he walks slowly over to the desk. Hartmann watches him coming.

DA SILVA

I don't think I want that transfer.

HARTMANN

I'm glad -- Christ, I'm just embarrassed to death...You men must think I'm mad.

DA SILVA

...No, it's just all this goes against everything we've ever been taught.

Da Silva turns to go...He picks up those photos, he had been doctoring, of Wulfgar.

HARTMANN

It's a mindless violence we deal in, Da Silva.

DA SILVA

(pauses)

Why do you do this?

CONTINUED

119

CONTINUED

119

HARTMANN

Same reason you do -- I suppose
we all want to be remembered for
something.

DA SILVA

Yeah...But I still don't know if I
can take that shot with innocent
people around.
(exits)

CUT TO

119-A INT. DA SILVA'S APARTMENT

119-A

Da Silva's humble dwelling is a typical bachelor mess...
He sits at his desk...On the above wall are photos of
terrorist activities...Also a large collection of altered
drawings of what Wulfgar might look like now...Also, on
a pegboard are news clippings reporting his acts of
heroism...And lastly, a large photo of Irene and him...
He is on the phone.

DA SILVA

Just be alittle more careful.

120 INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

120

She is freshly out of the shower...she has a robe on
and a towel around her head...she looks beautiful.

IRENE

You still haven't told me why.
(tightly)

I want to know why...Can't you tell
me?

120-A INT. DA SILVA'S APARTMENT

120-A

DA SILVA

Irene, just do me a favor. Don't
meet any new people right now, all
right?

IRENE (v.o.)

All right -- all right.

CONTINUED

120-A CONTINUED

120-

IRENE (Cont'd)

Deke, can you come over tonight?

DA SILVA

(smiles; finally)

I'll be there.

He hangs up and the phone instantly rings.

DA SILVA

...Yeah -- What stewardess? So
call Homicide.

121 INT. PAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

121

Mooney behind Hartmann, and the Homicide Squad is going through its routine -- Prowling the apartment, dusting for prints, marking an outline around the white-sheeted figure on the floor. One of Pam's hands protrudes pathetically from beneath the sheet.

MOONEY

Just hold your water, Da Silva --
If you guys down at the Command
Center haven't heard of this girl,
maybe it's time you did...We're
not sure who her boyfriend was,
but we've been going through her
souvenirs -- It's like a road map
of every dancing place in town.

DA SILVA (v.o.)

...So?

MOONEY

Nothing unusual, except one thing
that don't belong, a map of the
Wall Street area -- the street that
was bombed was circled...You and
Fox hit all the places she might
have hungout -- Somebody might have
a bead on this girl.

122 EXT. EASTSIDE STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

122

Da Silva and Fox trudging through the singles crowd on
the First Avenue sidewalk, and:

122-A INT. PUNK ROCK CLUB (MUD HUT) - NIGHT 122-A
Da Silva and Fox show the picture to BOUNCERS. The
Bouncers shake their heads.

122-B EXT. NEW YORK CLUB - (COPACABANA) - NIGHT 122-B
Outside another disco. Again, another BOUNCER is handing
back the photo with a negative shrug. The first creases
of disappointment are beginning to line the faces of Da
Silva and Fox.

123 OMITTED 123

123-A EXT. FUNHOUSE - NIGHT 123-A
Fox and Da Silva show pictures at the door -- no luck.

123-B and 123-C OMITTED 123-B and 123-C

123-D EXT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT 123-D

At last, Da Silva and Fox inside the disco splendor of
Studio 54...The massive dancing arena is packed. The music
pounds steadily as the light show is visually astounding...
Da Silva and Fox elbow their way through the crowd...They
are approached by the MANAGER of the disco and a large
BOUNCER...We see Fox hand him a photo.

They carefully watch the Manager's face as he studies the
photo.

MANAGER

We've gotta lot of pretty chicks
floating in and out of this place
each night. They all look the same
after awhile.

DA SILVA

Look again.

The Manager holds up the photo...Fox pulls out a lighter
and illuminates the picture.

MANAGER

Don't remember her.

CONTINUED

123-D CONTINUED

123-

MANAGER (Cont'd)
(to Bouncer)
Do you?

BOUNCER
(looking)
Yeah, she's been here.

DA SILVA
When?

BOUNCER
Maybe a coupla weeks ago.

FOX
Do you remember who she was with?

BOUNCER
...I think a guy with blond hair
-- Dressed rich.

FOX
Has he been here tonight?

BOUNCER
I ain't seen him.

DA SILVA
We want to look around awhile ---

MANAGER
(to Bouncer)
Mike, go with them --
(to Da Silva and
Fox)
Don't hassle anyone, okay?

CUT TO

124-A FOX and DA SILVA walk around the dance floor following
Big Mike.

124-A

CUT TO

124-B ON THE DANCE FLOOR are a variety of people, ranging
from the very conservative to the utterly outrageous.

CUT TO

124-C FOX and DA SILVA look at one another, then follow Mike

124-C

CONTINUED

124-C CONTINUED

124-

up an iron winding staircase to the second level. The lights make it look like a journey into Dante's Inferno....

CUT TO

124-D A GIANT MOON drops slowly down and a huge coke spoon is inserted into the moon's nose...From way above, a snow-fall begins on the dancers.

124-I

CUT TO

124-E DA SILVA and FOX are awestruck. They move ahead, eyeing the dancers below...They look at several people working a large assortment of levers and lightswitches that make the lights pulsate with each beat of the music.

124-E

CUT TO

124-F DOWN BELOW several employees are working the cables that lower a variety of bizarre backdrops onto the dance floor.

124-F

CUT TO

124-G DA SILVA, FOX and BIG MIKE move past the disc jockeys and another electronic control board.

124-G

CUT TO

124-H BELOW THEM, WULFGAR passes and heads around the dance floor in pursuit of a pretty blonde.

124-H

CUT TO

124-J DA SILVA and FOX are finally at the very top of Studio 54, which is nearly five stories above the dance floor...They survey the minute figures swirling around in the ocean of colors....

124-J

DA SILVA

What do you think?

BIG MIKE

I don't think he's here.

DA SILVA

Thank's anyway.

Big Mike lumbers away...Fox turns to Da Silva.

CONTINUED

124-J CONTINUED

124-

FOX

Let's get something to drink.

CUT TO

DA SILVA and FOX stand at the bar with their beers, their shoulders slumped in discouragement...Da Silva strokes his head and looks around...A couple of girls eye the two cops and smile.

FOX

Definitely gonna take my pension
and retire here.

Da Silva takes out a pocket-sized copy of the photo of Wulfgar, and begins to mark on it with a pencil...He places it on the bar...He is very serious.

DA SILVA

Hartmann says you can't tell plastic
surgery much, not after awhile --
But for the first few months after
the operation, the skin looks waxy
-- Shines, and the nose is suppose
to be tender as hell ---

Da Silva begins to erase features on the photo.

CUT TO

CLOSEUP OF WULFGAR'S PHOTO

FOX (v.o.)

What you erasing?

DA SILVA (v.o.)

...I carry four mug shots of this
guy -- each one touched up differ-
ently.

(erasing on
photo)

On this one, suppose he had this
done...took this off...and pulled
this in...thinned this...

(showing the
photo to Fox)

He could look something like that,
couldn't he?

A crude alteration of the photo with a smaller nose, no
beard, bigger eyes.

CUT TO

124-J CONTINUED - 2

124-

FOX nods and sips his beer.

FOX
I guess so. Why?

CLOSEUP - DA SILVA

DA SILVA
(tapping photo)
Because I think that --
(looking
across room)
-- is standing over there.

Across the room at a table near a bank of speakers --
WULFGAR and the BRUNETTE. The view is somewhat obstructed
by a cluster of plants and many crossing people...Fox turns
back casually, the tension gone.

FOX
No, man.

DA SILVA
Why?

FOX
He's too good-looking....

DA SILVA
If the man had surgery, it stands
to reason he would have wanted to
look better than before.

FOX
How can you say that?

DA SILVA
If you were ugly, would you want
to be made uglier? -- Not with
his ego.

FOX
...Who would be hustlin' after just
killing his last woman? -- Let's
walk around and enjoy the view.

DA SILVA
What are you doing?

CONTINUED

124-J CONTINUED - 3

124-J

FOX

Tryin' to talk you out of hasslin'
somebody before you know who the
player is.

DA SILVA

I know what I'm doing.

FOX

Man, you're ready to jump on any-
thing.

DA SILVA

Look, you wanna go play with the
women, go on -- I'm working here.

FOX

Hey, I don't need to hear this.

CUT TO

WULFGAR AND THE BRUNETTE

who is just getting up to go to the Ladies' Room.

CUT BACK TO

AT THE BAR - DA SILVA is still looking at the subject.

DA SILVA

Look, why don't I just check?

FOX

How're you going to check? -- Ask
him if he had his face done?

DA SILVA

I've got another way.

FOX

...What?

DA SILVA

...Squeeze his nose.

CUT TO

THE MOST DELIBERATE WALK IN HUMAN HISTORY: From Wulfgar's
table we can see Da Silva threading his way across the
dance floor. He moves steadily toward Wulfgar...For the

CONTINUED

124-J CONTINUED - 4

124-J

first time he is aware of Da Silva: Just a flicker of his eye, nothing more...Da Silva, still walking, walking, a pleasant smile on his face. The overhead lights flash furiously.

Wulfgar just now realizes that the man with the funny smile may be coming his way...The sound fades from the room -- The only sound Wulfgar hears is an insane whine filling his head.

DA SILVA

Closer...closer...the cuts start to go like lightning now, so fast they seem almost a series of stills...On Da Silva the sounds are the super sounds of the disco...Wulfgar, alert but not yet worried, just a quizzical look and:

Da Silva is almost there, his hand beginning to come up, and Wulfgar has a crease of concern in his brow...the overhead lights go into a frenzied strobe effect.

Da Silva reaches his hand out, and Wulfgar has an incredulous look beginning on his face, watching the hand, and:

CUT TO

WULFGAR -- With a great animal howl, he explodes up and backwards, shoving the edge of the table into Da Silva at groin level, everything going smash with a terrific clatter, Da Silva with his mouth open looking for air... The lights go to a flashing and swirling red.

FOX charges across the room.

WULFGAR wheels, grabs a heavy metal wine stand from behind his table and catches Fox against the neck. Fox is down...Wulfgar charges across the dance floor and into the exit doors. He is outside. The throbbing sound of the music leaves, and now it's only the real sounds of the streets.

125

OMITTED

125

126

INT./EXT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT

126

Da Silva and Fox grope to their feet. They somehow shake free, and are after Wulfgar.

127

EXT. STREET - FOOT CHASE

127

Wulfgar is in full tilt. Traffic screeches around him... He glances back over his shoulder at Fox and Da Silva, slipping through oncoming traffic like broken field runners.

CUT TO

WULFGAR

in a tight running curve, cutting around the corner, and:

DA SILVA AND FOX

getting ready to make the turn, too.

128

OMITTED

128

129

WULFGAR is running at a good clip. Up ahead is the entrance to a subway station still under construction. Wulfgar cuts right into the entrance. He blows right past the CONSTRUCTION WORKERS who yell and pursue.

130
thru
132

INSIDE THE TUNNEL, WULFGAR charging down the ramp to the first underground level, right past another startled worker...the workers yell and pursue...Wulfgar fires a pistol at them and continues to sprint into the shadowy tunnel...the construction workers freeze with fear...Da Silva and Fox cut into the tunnel, and tear down onto the first level, pausing to look hastily around, then speeding full-steam past the startled construction workers:

130
thru
132

WORKERS

-- What the hell you guys doing!?

133
thru
135

DA SILVA AND FOX racing on down the tunnel, and Wulfgar, running, running. There is the first hint of a noise approaching, and Da Silva and Fox come sprinting down the tunnel like a giant banshee straight from hell, and shots are fired and Da Silva dives for the wall, flattening as the bullets rip holes in the concrete pilings.

133
thru
135

CONTINUED

136 WULFGAR fires off six more shots and drops his empty 136
pistol and sprints away...He speeds past the construction
debris.

137 THE VIEW DOWN THE TUNNEL -- there are bright lights. 137
thru WULFGAR pauses to catch his breath...the view down the thru
141 tunnel again...Wulfgar has a perplexed frown on his face, 141
and Da Silva and Fox outlined in pursuit.

142 WULFGAR curses and heads for the light...it is a complex 142
subway station...Wulfgar sprints into the station area...
For a brief moment, he attempts to get his bearings...He
heads down a winding corridor....

143 FOX AND DA SILVA are closing in rapidly -- Wulfgar shoves 143
people aside as he races down a flight of steps and onto
a loading platform.

144 DA SILVA AND FOX also go down the steps and onto the 144
platform....

145 ...He draws his pistol and aims at Wulfgar's fleeing 145
form.

DA SILVA

Wulfgar!!

Several people scream and lunge for any form of protection
...Wulfgar, in one swift movement, pulls out a combat knife
and grabs a woman by the hair and uses her for a shield...
With the knife at her throat, he slowly backs into the
subway car.

For Da Silva and Fox, it is a moment of truth. Da Silva has
Wulfgar clearly in the pistol's bead.

FOX

(strained)

...Should we do it?

DA SILVA

-- We can't.

CLOSEUP - WULFGAR

in the pistol's open sight.

CONTINUED

145

CONTINUED

145

FOX

Should we take the shot!?

CLOSEUP - DA SILVA'S FINGER

tightening around the trigger...He looks hard at the screaming hostage and Wulfgar.

At the last moment, Da Silva lowers the pistol, unable to endanger the hostage's life.

The subway doors begin to close....

146

WULFGAR roughly shoves the hostage forward as he steps backwards towards the closing door...He never removes his eyes from Da Silva and Fox...The few people aboard are paralyzed with fright....

146

147

With the hostage freed, Da Silva and Fox run forward and lunge onto the rear of the departing train.

148

WULFGAR sees this and heads towards the next car...Da Silva tries to open the car's door...It is locked...He jerks with all his might, but to no avail. As the train picks up speed, Fox and Da Silva are having a difficult time maintaining their balance...He shoots the lock three times...The door opens, and Da Silva and Fox take off in pursuit...Wulfgar is nearly three cars ahead...He tries to get past a GUY reading a newspaper at the door.

148

WULFGAR

(almost coolly)

...Move, please.

MAN

What?

A CLOSEUP of a razor-sharp knife secretly opening in his hand.

WULFGAR

...Move, please.

MAN

Yeah -- sorry.

CONTINUED

148

CONTINUED

148

WULFGAR

(to himself)

...Fool.

149

thru

153

WULFGAR flees to the next car...Da Silva and Fox start into the next car...The people all look terrorized...The train is slowing down...Da Silva catches a glimpse of Wulfgar two cars ahead...The train is at a near stop...Fox and Da Silva fling open the next car door, desperately trying to get at their foe...The doors open...Up ahead Fox and Da Silva see Wulfgar move out of the car. Fox and Da Silva start out, bump into several oncoming PASSENGERS...They race outside...At the top of the stairs, they see a pair of feet disappear from view...

149

thru

153

DA SILVA

(to Fox)

I'll take him around this way!!

They split up, Fox is trying desperately to catch up with Wulfgar...He blazes down the corridor and turns a blind corner.

With terrifying ferocity, Wulfgar whips his positioned knife across Fox's face...Fox drops and screams...Wulfgar flees...Blood pours from Fox's neck.

FOX

Deke! Deke! Oh, God!

Da Silva circles around behind and finds Fox writhing in pain...Several TRANSIT COPS are there.

FOX

...Don't let me die, Man -- Get him.

DA SILVA

Get help here fast, goddam it!

(to Fox)

You'll be okay...I'm gonna kill that motherfucker! Son of a bitch!

(screams)

I'm gonna kill you, ya mother-fucker! Ya fuckin' dead, hear me?! You're fuckin' dead!!

154 THE SUBWAY TRAIN pulls away...Flattened against the outside of the front motorcar is Wulfgar...His hair blows wildly as he disappears into the darkness of the tunnel. 154

155 INT. PUERTO RICAN GROCERY - NIGHT - WULFGAR 155
hobbles in and goes quickly past the proprietor.

PROPRIETOR
What's the matter?

WULFGAR
Close the store.

Wulfgar goes directly to the basement door and descends the steps...Halfway down, he hears a familiar voice.

SHAKKA (o.s.)
The police have made you, Wulfgar.

ON WULFGAR'S STARTLED LOOK, PAN TO REVEAL SHAKKA, standing at the rear of the dimly lit basement.

WULFGAR
Shakka?

156 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 156

SHAKKA
(continuing)
By now every delegation at the U.N. has it, too.

WULFGAR
It does not matter.

SHAKKA
No longer.

WULFGAR
I was wondering when you would come here -- Have you talked much with Raddad?

SHAKKA
(in German)
Raddad is beginning to pay attention. He's not ready to take you back yet, but he wanted you to know....

CONTINUED

156

CONTINUED

156

Exhausted, Wulfgar sits on the makeshift bed.

WULFGAR

Soon he'll beg -- But, how did they trace me so soon? -- This I don't understand....

SHAKKA

You must know.

WULFGAR

Know what?

SHAKKA

Hartmann....

WULFGAR

Hartmann here?...You're just in time...I need all the information I can get on the U.N. personnel -- wives, children, everyone. Hartmann's people, too. Especially the name of the bastards who chased me tonight.

He reclines and closes his eyes.

SHAKKA

I will get a list of Hartmann's staff from the Libyans.

156-A OMITTED

156-A

156-AA INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT - DA SILVA

156-AA

is walking towards the exit door with the DOCTOR...
Da Silva is bloodstained on his suit and shirt.

DOCTOR

He was damn lucky he's got good reflexes -- He...

(points)

...caught the blade on the jawline and bone, so no real vital damage was done -- Loss of blood was heavy, though.

DA SILVA

Can I see him?

CONTINUED

156-AA CONTINUED

156-A

DOCTOR

He's under heavy sedation...
Tomorrow's good, though.

DA SILVA

...Thank's again.

DOCTOR

Sure -- And he's in better shape
than you think -- Take care.

Da Silva's jaw tightens as he walks the last few steps
and exits the hallway.

156-B INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DA SILVA

156-B

trudges down the hallway and knocks on Irene's door...
It opens. Irene is dressed in a beautiful bathrobe...
Deke keeps his overcoat on to hide the blood on his suit.

IRENE

I wasn't sure if you'd ever show
...Come in.

Da Silva enters.

IRENE

Want me to take your coat?

156-C INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT

156-C

Da Silva follows Irene across the living room.

IRENE

Would you like anything to drink?

DA SILVA

Whatever you've got.

IRENE

Good, I'm one step ahead of you.

She gestures towards a bottle of wine and a pair of
glasses on the coffee table.

IRENE

Italian wine, of course.

CONTINUED

156-C CONTINUED

156-C

DA SILVA

Of course.

Da Silva sits.

DA SILVA

(distantly)

Why the hospitality all of a sudden?

IRENE

We all have our moods -- You look tense. Everything alright?

DA SILVA

(sips the wine)

...It's good.

IRENE

I've been thinking that maybe we've both been living separate long enough -- That it might be nice to see if we've changed.

DA SILVA

(drinking)

...Changed?

IRENE

Yes, more compatible -- Do you think we are?

DA SILVA

...How do you plan to find out?

Irene leans over and kisses him...He doesn't fully respond...She takes his hand and guides him from the couch towards the bedroom.

As Irene continues to lead him, he pauses at the bedroom door.

IRENE

What's the matter?

DA SILVA

...Not now.

IRENE

Not now?

DA SILVA

Not now.

CONTINUED

156-C CONTINUED - 2

156-C

IRENE

I don't believe you -- You're doing it to us again -- Where's your mind this time? On the street again?

DA SILVA

...I had him....

IRENE

Who?

DA SILVA

The terrorist -- I let him go -- I had the shot. What he does now is on my head.

IRENE

Maybe you better go.

Da Silva stares at her for a moment and turns to move away.

IRENE

Why, Deke?

DA SILVA

No, not 'Why, Deke?' -- Sometimes it's, 'Why you?' -- Why can't you understand what goes on out there just once.

IRENE

I understand -- It's the same thing all over -- It's what broke us up in the first place -- It's a job, Deke, you don't bring it to bed.

DA SILVA

...It's not a job, it's a war.

IRENE

It's a goddam job! Why don't you wise up.

DA SILVA

Wise up to what? What?

CONTINUED

156-C CONTINUED - 3

156-C

IRENE

That nobody cares -- It's news for a minute, then gone -- Show me what you have for nine years!

He moves closer to Irene.

DA SILVA

Y'know...you always talk about change -- I see how you've changed and I can accept it -- But I can't accept the way this city is changin'. How can you?

IRENE

No! What really makes me mad is that everything out there counts, in here nothing! You're a cold bastard, Deke.

DA SILVA

You have no idea about anything, do you? No idea, do you? Everything is for you! For you! About you! There's a maniac out there planning on killing alot of civilians... And you people make me sick -- because our lives are getting cheaper, the whole damn city is dying, the whole fucking world is coming apart and all everybody wants to do is get laid.

IRENE

What am I suppose to do, say I'm sorry for having my feeling's hurt?

DA SILVA

I've asked to come over a hundred times -- You had a hundred excuses -- You don't think I feel that?

IRENE

I wasn't ready.

DA SILVA

I can understand that.

IRENE

Can you?

CONTINUED

156-C CONTINUED - 4

156-C

DA SILVA

...Yes -- And tonight I'm not
ready -- Now can you understand it?

They stare at each other for a long moment and Da Silva
leaves.

156-D INT. PISTOL RANGE

156-D

Da Silva turns on the lights and jams clips into a pair
of .45 automatics...He takes the two pistols out on the
firing line...The targets automatically turn, and he
rapid fires all the rounds in one blazing burst...the
targets spin wildly...Da Silva looks through the clearing
smoke, then starts to reload the weapons...His eyes re-
flect his commitment.

156-E SHAKKA gets out of a cab and enters an elegant apartment
building...She wears a sandy blonde wig.

156-E

156-F INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

156-F

Shakka exits the elevator and travels down the hall and
knocks on an apartment door...It opens. A well-dressed
SWARTHY MAN of forty opens the door and hands Shakka an
envelope.

SHAKKA

It all here?

MAN

...What you'll need.

CUT TO

157 INT. PUERTO RICAN GROCERY - BASEMENT - NIGHT

157

Wulfgar scans several pages of data collected by Shakka
...With his glasses on, he appears like a college student.

WULFGAR

...This is all?

SHAKKA

Yes.

WULFGAR

...Then we are ready.

158 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

158

In the U.N. Secretariat Building. The senior OFFICIALS of a dozen different delegations (and each with his little corps of assistants), some White, some Black, some Yellow, the FRENCH AMBASSADOR prominent among them, are all seated around a large table -- and all shouting at Hartmann, who sits silently at one end.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR
(pounding
for order)
Please, gentlemen. Please.

Some semblance of quiet is restored.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR
(turns to
Hartmann)
Are you trying to tell me that you
can give us no guarantee at all?

HARTMANN
None. Not if you go to that
Benefit tomorrow night.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR
But that's preposterous. As Head
of the French Mission to the United
Nations, and Chairman of the Com-
mittee on Delegate Security, I must
insist on some sort of assurance ---

HARTMANN
The man does not permit assurance.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR
This is absurd.

HARTMANN
I can vouch that this man is not
an absurdist. He is a terrorist,
simply. And he has announced you
as his target. We now have his
description, and if he chooses to
try something at the Art Benefit...
(quietly)
...We will be ready for him.

CUT TO

159

OMITTED

159

159-A EXT. WHITNEY MUSEUM - NIGHT

159-A

Outside the beautiful facade is a line of limos and several high-powered arc lights that sweep the skyline.

TILT DOWN THE FACADE TO:

A steady stream of people moving through the door, and:

PAN TO:

ONE OF THE MEN we have seen before in Hartmann's group leaning against a pillar to one side of the main entrance. casually -- but carefully -- watching the crowd, and:

160 JUST INSIDE THE ENTRANCE, a mini-cam rigged on another pillar and:

160

161 THE MONITORS inside the mobile unit, each one displaying another angle of the foyer, the aisles in the balcony, and:

161

162 THE MAGNIFICENT RED-CARPETED MAIN LOBBY and Grand Staircase, as the AUDIENCE streams up toward the auditorium, and:

162

163 FOX, with his jawline taped up, is halfway along the staircase, and:

163

164
and
165 OMITTED

164
and
165

165-A MANY DIGNATARIES drink champagne and admire the artwork.

165-A

165-B PEOPLE looking at the sculpture.

165-B

166 THE BAR in the mezzanine -- Another one of the group working with the bartender, and:

167 DA SILVA -- In the foyer on the balcony level, as the people move past him, and:

167

CUT TO

168 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BALCONY FOYER -- HARTMANN strolling among the incoming audience. Obviously they have the place covered like a tent. Distantly now there is the sound of applause.

168

169 THE EMPTY LOBBY -- vast, not a soul. Distantly there are the strains of music from the band playing in the center of the exhibition. 169

170 HARTMANN in the same balcony foyer, now empty. From the auditorium comes the muffled sound of the music. 170

171 DA SILVA strolls on his side of the balcony foyer, also empty. Now across the vast, vacant stretch of carpet on that level his eyes meet Hartmann's; Hartmann nods. Da Silva talks as he moves away. 171

DA SILVA

Hungry?

HARTMANN

...A bit.

DA SILVA

Chinese food later?

HARTMANN

...Look forward to it.

172 OMITTED 172

173 THE LOWER LEVEL just off the bar...Da Silva pacing. 173

CUT TO

174 HARTMANN still upstairs. Restlessly, he starts toward the balcony elevators and unclips the small Walkie-Talkie from his belt, presses the signal button, and: 174

175 DA SILVA receives a beep on his Walkie-Talkie. 175

DA SILVA

...Da Silva.

176 HARTMANN 176

HARTMANN

(into Walkie-Talkie)

Coming right down.

Faint sound of applause; he is at the elevators now.

HARTMANN

See anything?

177 DA SILVA

177

DA SILVA
(very dry, into
mike)

Eleven terrorists with paint brushes.

178 HARTMANN pressing the elevator button

178

HARTMANN
(into mike,
chuckling)
How delightful.

The elevator doors open, and:

THE ELEVATOR

Shakka is standing inside holding a revolver pointed straight at Hartmann's face. She simply looks at him.

FLASH CUT TO

HARTMANN staring, accepting.

FLASH CUT BACK TO

SHAKKA, pure stone, and:

179 DA SILVA on the lower level, holding the Walkie-Talkie. Over the receiver in his hand there is Hartmann's voice in one word: "Shakka..." and then the tinny sound of a gunshot. Just like that -- that simple. Before the sound has died away, Da Silva is running.

179

180 DA SILVA taking the steps of the grand staircase two at a time. On the levels above him we can see the other MEMBERS of the group beginning to converge.

180

181 OMITTED

181

182 ON THE UPPER LEVEL -- a circle of muttering people, as
and Da Silva heedlessly pushes his way through, and inside
183 the circle of people -- Hartmann is lying face down, half
in-half out of the elevator. Two of the men in the
group are already kneeling over him. Da Silva looks as

182

and

183

CONTINUED

182
and
183

CONTINUED

182
and
183

though he might go a little crazy.

DA SILVA

(low, but
commanding)

Don't turn him over. Don't turn
him over, I said.

Da Silva reaches under Hartmann to his neck. Then looks
up at Fox.

FOX

We got every exit covered ---

DA SILVA

(flat)

Forget it.

FOX

(astounded)

What do you mean 'forget it?'

DA SILVA

She's gone, forget it. This
isn't his big play, anyway.

FOX

How do you know?

CLOSEUP - DA SILVA

DA SILVA

(with growing
force as he
realizes it's
true)

Because I'm beginning to know how
the sonofabitch thinks!

POLICEMAN

(near Hartmann;
to the crowd)

Back up -- Go watch the other show
-- Back up!

184

EXT. SECOND AVENUE IN THE SIXTIES - LATER THAT NIGHT

184

RENE MARIGNY and his pretty wife, SUZANNE, are walking

CONTINUED

184

CONTINUED

184

briskly along. They carry souvenir programs from the Museum.

MARIGNY

I can't believe this could happen.
Let's get home.

RENE

We'll be there soon.

They have begun to climb a cement stairway now, and:

TILT SLOWLY ABOVE THEM TO:

An odd concrete superstructure rising right out of the sidewalk, more stairs and levels and strange machinery, as we CONTINUE TO MOVE UP PAST two huge counterweighted winding wheels over thirty feet across and set in their own chamber, then up still further to a broad platform with PEOPLE standing. It is the Second Avenue Terminal of the tramway from Roosevelt Island, where the Marigny's live. A sleek tramcar, like some huge toy, is just pulling away, and:

185

INT. THE COMMAND CENTER IN THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

185

Da Silva and the others sitting and waiting for something to happen. Da Silva looks from blank monitor to another -- And suddenly bangs his fist against the console in fury and frustration. Then he throws himself into a chair in front of the large readout screen.

DA SILVA

(to operator)

Punch it up, please.

FOX

Maybe we can jump his next move if
we can get on his wavelength.

DA SILVA

If you wanted to take hostages, and
needed a position immune from
counterattack, where would you go?

The face of Wulfgar appears on the screen, more professionally altered now from Da Silva's rough sketch. HOLD
...THEN:

- 186 EXT. TRAM STATION - NIGHT 186
- The Marigny's are in the line of passengers on the waiting platform at the tram station...PANNING ALONG THE LINE we see another COUPLE holding the same souvenir program. Blonde, thirtyish, obviously SCANDINAVIAN. And further along the line, another COUPLE with a program, both BLACK, the woman in a long African dress, all U.N. types. The two other COUPLES exchange glances with the Marigny's, and nod pleasantly.
- 187 EXT. TRAM STATION - NIGHT 187
- The tram car slides in and comes to rest. The doors open; only a few people coming over from the Island at this time of night. They step off the car and are quickly gone. The waiting passengers start to shuffle on, and:
- 188 INT. TRAM CAR - NIGHT 188
- Inside the car -- as it fills with the passengers. The CONDUCTOR stands at the control panel, clicking a counting device. When all the passengers are in, he picks up a Walkie-Talkie.
- CONDUCTOR
(into Walkie-Talkie)
Twenty-eight.
- 189 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 189
- Behind the viewing glass of the control room in the terminal, the Engineer nods, presses a button, and:
- 190 INT. TRAM CAR - NIGHT 190
- Inside the car a piercing electronic warning beep; the Conductor punches a button on the panel, and the doors slide closed. Then two more beeps, a slight jerk, and the car starts to move, and:
- 191 EXT. STREET TO TRAM - NIGHT 191
- The tram car gliding up and away on its cables into the night, and:

192 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT - DA SILVA

192

still facing Wulfgar's picture on the screen -- the
CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE SLOWLY into Da Silva's blazing
eyes, staring at the picture...staring...and:

FOX

Empire State Building? Too many
accessibilities.

DA SILVA

He would stay away from the U.N.
itself because they're prepared....
Where?

193 EXTERIOR (FROM BRIDGE) - NIGHT

193

A view of the tramcar from the side moving up, up on
its cables to run alongside the Queensboro Bridge, just
passing over the first support tower, now three hundred
feet above the East River, and:

194 INT. TRAM CAR - NIGHT

194

Inside the car -- The passengers; the French couple, the
Swedes, the Africans, the others, the Conductor. Subdued
chatter, swaying gently, swaying, and:

195- OMITTED

195

196 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

196

Da Silva's face back at the Command Center. We pick up
this shot from exactly where we were before, moving into
those eyes, closer, closer, and:

FOX

Christ! It'll take weeks to
eliminate all the places he could
go!

DA SILVA

Where would he be totally fortified?
-- Where do most of the U.N. em-
ployees live?

FOX

Roosevelt Island.

CONTINUED

196 CONTINUED

196

DA SILVA

Do most of them use that tram?

197 INT. TRAM - NIGHT

197

The control panel in the tram car. The finger pushes the stop button, and:

198 INT. TRAM - NIGHT

198

the Conductor turning in surprise to find Wulfgar's smiling face, a powerful compact automatic shotgun cradled in the crook of his arm.

WULFGAR

An unexpected stop.

(nods to Shakka)

199 OMITTED

199

200 INT. TRAM - NIGHT

200

The passengers look up in alarm -- Shakka jumps sharply to her feet, miniature machine gun in her hand, gasps, half-screams, then ---

SHAKKA

No excitement, no moves, no panic.
The car is now under the Wulfgar
Command. You will all remain as
you are.

(sharply to
Conductor)

Your radio, please.

As he hands it to her, she hands it to Wulfgar.

WULFGAR

This is Shakka. Do not underesti-
mate her because she is a woman --
She has no maternal instincts.

201 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

201

Da Silva's face again where we left it before, still MOV-
ING IN; And just when we are right into his eyes ---

201 CONTINUED 201

Da Silva jumping from his chair with an electric look,
and:

202 INT. TRAM - NIGHT 202

inside the motionless tram car -- the terrified passengers,
Wulfgar still on the Walkie-Talkie.

WULFGAR

(into mike)

...And certain representatives of
the United Nations are with me. I
will announce my terms for their
release when the proper authorities
are present to hear them. For the
time being then, I repeat; No
police interference. I will permit
news media, but no police, no one
on the bridge, no boats on the river.
Please, I am aware of every trick,
do not force me to prove it. Thank
you.

(pause; turning
to passengers)

We will now get better acquainted.

203 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 203

The Command Center now a bedlam of feverish activity;
The mobile communication units pulling out, Da Silva and
Fox and the others checking their weapons, dashing for
the door.

204 EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER PAD - NIGHT 204

Two SNIPERS enter the craft...The blades are turning and
it lifts off...Two other choppers lift off with SNIPERS.

205 INT. TRAM CAR - NIGHT 205

Inside the tram car Wulfgar is identifying the U.N. couples.
His manner throughout is pleasant.

WULFGAR

(courteously)

Mr. and Mrs. Sostrom?

CONTINUED

The Swedish couple rise; their faces pale.

WULFGAR

You have three children, correct?

MR. SOSTROM

How do you know this?

WULFGAR

One must always know the enemy --
Isn't that correct, Mr. and Mrs.
Ntembwe? -- Did I pronounce that
correctly?

NTEMBWE

(stepping forward,
the Black of course)

You are making a grave mistake. I
am from Nigeria, of the Third World.

WULFGAR

The Third World is a nation of
beggars who expect only pity...I
am sorry, you and your filthy
country mean nothing to me, Mr.
Ntembwe.

(turning to

Conductor)

The roof, open it.

The passengers look nervously at one another.

CONDUCTOR

(a brave front)

You can't open it out here.

SHAKKA

(smoothly)

...Open it now.

She simply looks at him. He wilts immediately and lowers
an emergency ladder and opens the escape hatch on the top
of the car.

WULFGAR

Mrs. Marigny, your husband is
First Assistant to the French
Ambassador, is he not?

CONTINUED

205

CONTINUED - 2

205

SUZANNE

...Please leave us alone -- we've
done nothing.

WULFGAR

(smiles)

You must be very proud of him,
Mrs. Marigny -- If you will climb
up there, please, and sit on the
edge.

(pointing to
the escape hatch)

MARIGNY

Take me, I'll do it ---

Wulfgar nods to Shakka -- Shakka calmly approaches and
strikes him across the face.

SHAKKA

...Please, do not make problems.
(motions again)

She stands and climbs up the ladder and sits on the edge
of the opening.

WULFGAR

Careful, I do not want you to
fall.

As Shakka takes up a position beneath his wife, revolver
drawn:

MARIGNY

What -- What is this? What is
going on?

WULFGAR

Life, Mr. Marigny.

206

OMITTED

206

207

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

207

Inside the helicopter the PILOT looks over his shoulder,
and the Police SHARPSHOOTER, with a marksman's rifle,
nods that he is ready.

208

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

208

CONTINUED

208 CONTINUED 208

Da Silva and Fox are in a patrol car, siren screaming, on their way through the Manhattan streets.

209 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 209

The tram car from below, the faint hum of approaching engines, and:

210 INT. SECOND HELICOPTER - NIGHT 210

A view from inside the helicopter, approaching over the Queensboro Bridge; There is the Bridge beneath us, then, as WE COME OVER IT, the tram car, and:

211 EXTERIOR - AIR TO AIR - NIGHT 211

the first Police helicopter circling the tram car, the sniper alerted.

212 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 212

A view of the tram car from the pilot's angle: Wulfgar crouched.

213 EXT. TRAM STATION - NIGHT (MANHATTAN) 213

Da Silva and the rest of the team on the ground, pulling up near the Second Avenue Terminal in a screech of brakes. He and Fox dash for the stairs to the platform amid a beehive of Police activity; setting up barricades, ambulances arriving -- the works. Da Silva is pulling out some binoculars as he goes.

DA SILVA

Are there snipers in those choppers?

COP

Yeah.

DA SILVA

...Oh, Christ!

214 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 214

Inside the copter, the PILOT sees --

PILOT

Jesus, he's got somebody on the roof ---

215 INT. TRAM CAR - NIGHT 215

The view from inside the tram car. The chopper swings closer.

VOICE

...You are being ordered to release
all hostages at once.

216 INT. TRAM CAR - NIGHT 216

A flash look between Shakka and Wulfgar. Instantly she pulls the trigger.

CUT TO

217 EXT. TRAM - NIGHT 217

A LONGER SHOT of Suzanne Marigny's body tumbling off the top of the cable car and into space.

CUT TO

218 EXT. TRAM CAR - NIGHT 218

Da Silva lowering the glasses, turns in a quiet fury to Fox.

CUT TO

219 EXTERIOR - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT 219

Morning light; the sun is rising over Long Island City. It's going to be a beautiful day. Then in quick succession:

CUT BRIEFLY TO

220 EXTERIOR - DAY 220

The Queensboro Bridge beside the tramway. Empty; a Police barricade at the Manhattan end.

CUT BRIEFLY TO

221 EXT. 61st STREET - DAY 221

The intersection around the tramway terminal, nothing moving; 59th, 60th, all empty and still. Far up Second Avenue we can see a crowd of people lined up behind a Police barricade.

CUT BRIEFLY TO

222 EXT. 61st STREET - DAY

222

a line of limousines parked near the tram station, all with DPL plates. A knot of anxious DIPLOMATS. The French Ambassador among them, is huddled near the cars. And then finally the shot we have been waiting for ---

CUT TO

223 EXT. TRAM - DAY

223

The tramcar hangs motionless and gleaming in the morning sun. HOLD, then:

CUT TO

224 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

224

The control room of the tram station -- the Engineer, Fox, several other A.T.A.C. Squad members -- and Da Silva, still with the binoculars glued to the tramcar. He lowers them a moment, squinting into the sun, rubbing his tired eyes. He has obviously been up all night.

CUT TO

225 CLOSER SHOT - The crowd behind the barricade -- They are silent, staring upward.

225

CUT TO

226 DA SILVA in the control room. With him are several higher ranking POLICE OFFICIALS.

226

FOX

(looking back
from the crowd)

Look at them, waiting for another
body to drop.

A beep on the radio. Da Silva and Fox snap to attention, looking at each other.

WULFGAR'S VOICE

(over radio)

Good morning. This is Wulfgar
calling.

CAPTAIN

(carefully
into mike)

Yes, we hear you. This is Captain

CONTINUED

CAPTAIN (Cont'd)
Jergens of the New York Police.

WULFGAR'S VOICE
(over radio)
If the U.N. authorities are present,
I am ready to proceed.

CAPTAIN
(into mike)
They're here, all right. There's
only one problem.

A look between him and Lt. Mooney.

CAPTAIN
They don't want to hear your terms.
I have been instructed to ask first
if you will release the non-politi-
cal hostages.

CUT TO

holding the Walkie-Talkie.

WULFGAR
(laughing,
into radio)
Do you think I am a child?

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
(over radio)
How do we know they're alive?

WE ARE MOVING from one haggard passenger to another, end-
ing finally on the stunned face of Marigny.

WULFGAR
(into radio,
impatiently)
I assure you, Captain, we waste
time ---

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
(over radio)
The U.N. won't negotiate until you
let someone come out there and see
for himself.

CONTINUED

227

CONTINUED

227

A look between Wulfgar and Shakka.

WULFGAR

(into radio)

One man?

CUT BACK TO

228

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

228

Da Silva, Fox, Captain Jergens and Lt. Mooney in the control room at the station.

CAPTAIN

(into mike)

Just one.

WULFGAR'S VOICE

(over radio)

He will deliver my terms?

CAPTAIN

(into radio)

If you like.

WULFGAR'S VOICE

(over radio)

Send him at night...No heroes,
please -- I will kill them all.

CUT BACK TO

229

INT. TRAM - DAY - WULFGAR

229

in the tramcar.

WULFGAR

(into radio)

And, Captain, tell him to bring a
copy of all the city's newspapers.

On his words, Da Silva goes right to Mooney and draws him aside.

DA SILVA

I'd like to be the one who goes.

MOONEY

Going for another citation, Da
Silva? You wanted off the Squad,
remember?

CONTINUED

229

CONTINUED

229

DA SILVA

Why don't you get off my back? --
You got somebody better, send
him.

MOONEY

Da Silva?

Da Silva turns.

MOONEY

Don't get him mad, play down,
understand? -- Play down.

CUT TO

230

EXT. TRAM STATION - NIGHT

230

An upper level of the tramcar station -- tucked away in
the angle of the concrete. Da Silva is hooked to a
cable and balancing on two others.

ENGINEER

Now, there's always a certain
amount of sway -- it gets pretty
windy out there. There's no way
this thing can actually come off.

DA SILVA

(muttering)

You're sure?

ENGINEER

No one's been that far out -- But
it's pretty safe.

FOX

Keep cool...He might get on you.
Keep cool.

DA SILVA

...Yeah.

Suddenly he is standing on two cables, and below that
there is only air, then the paving bricks of Second
Avenue about a hundred feet down, and:

231

THE VIEW FROM BELOW - NIGHT - as he moves out from
the station and on toward the East River...The Police have
a pair of incredibly powerful spotlights following Da
Silva and illuminating the night.

231

232 CLOSER SHOT - NIGHT - DA SILVA on the cables alone in the air. There is the first sway as the wind over the river hits him --- 232

DA SILVA

Oh, God!...

CUT TO

233 THE VIEW FROM THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT - as Da Silva slides by on the cables, and: 233

CUT TO

234 DA SILVA - NIGHT - the wind really blowing, and the cables are bucking like crazy. Da Silva's face; he is scared to death, and no wonder, because this next is the part of the shot that really knocks us on our fanny, as we: 234

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- first, the bridge behind Da Silva, and then further back to show how far and up and out Da Silva is; the river, the city skyline, the distant Police spotlight -- and against all of it that small dot of a solitary man moving against the skyline....

CUT TO

235 THE VIEW FROM INSIDE THE TRAMCAR - NIGHT - looking toward Da Silva as he approaches, a little figure inching along the upper cables, and: 235

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- WULFGAR -- watching out the window. He turns, nods crisply to Shakka.

SHAKKA

(motioning with
gun for passengers
to move)

This end -- Move.

CUT TO

236 CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT - cautiously now Da Silva reaches back, unbuckles one of the safety belts, squirms gingerly to a sitting position. 236

CUT TO

237 The view down to the top of the tramcar and below that, zero, nothing. The river and the lights from several 237

CONTINUED

237

CONTINUED

237

passing tugboats...Everything is bucking around like crazy in the wind.

CUT BACK TO

Da Silva carefully, so carefully steps onto some rungs at the side of the tramcar beam, and starts down. Step by step. Now he is putting his first leg in through the open hatch, and:

CUT SHARPLY TO

238

INSIDE THE TRAMCAR as Da Silva's legs come through the hatch. Shakka tenses, her miniature machine gun at a hostage's head. Da Silva's feet are just touching the floor now, and -- Wulfgar explodes into view, shoves him roughly toward one wall.

238

WULFGAR

Hands on the window. Quick.
(frisking him
roughly, but
thoroughly)

Now -- at last -- they face each other.

WULFGAR

You are Sergeant Da Silva?

DA SILVA

That's right.

WULFGAR

...You've made things difficult,
Da Silva -- Have my demands been
met?

DA SILVA

Before negotiations continue, all
non-U.N. personnel must be released.

WULFGAR

(crazed)

I command here, not anyone else!
Me, Wulfgar, I give the orders!!
I decide who goes, who stays, who
dies -- Don't they know who I am?

DA SILVA

(pause)

The famous Wulfgar...How are the
hostages?

CONTINUED

WULFGAR

(indicating the
weary passengers)

All alive -- And you have had enough
time to see I cannot be reached here
-- this is really why you came...Let
us not waste my time.

CUT TO

Da Silva's face reveals that Wulfgar is totally correct.

WULFGAR

You people are never prepared.

(handing him a
few sheets of
paper)

These are the terms for their
release. The following declaration
to be published in the Times and
Washington Post, and read over all
networks.

DA SILVA

We don't control the press.

WULFGAR

(snaps)

I want a 747 jet and a dark window
bus to the airport by four a.m.

(calmly hands
over another
slip of paper)

The following comrades are to be
released immediately...And the
departure arrangements. The dead-
line is six o'clock tonight.

DA SILVA

(looking at
papers, con-
cerned)

Rome, Munich -- These men are in
prison all over Europe. This can't
be set by six o'clock.

WULFGAR

(yells)

...Six. Do you understand?!

CONTINUED

DA SILVA

(very softly)

These U.N. representatives need
time to decide...May we please
have until the morning?

WULFGAR

(after a moment)

Four a.m., no more...I have brought
this city to its knees then.

Wulfgar takes the automatic shotgun that is cradled in
his arm and rapidly blows out four windows...the
hostages scream in terror.

WULFGAR

(calmly)

Tell them.

DA SILVA

He has brought the city to its
knees.

Wulfgar is ready for Da Silva to leave, but Da Silva does
not move, simply stares at him.

WULFGAR

(grinning)

You leave now, Da Silva -- Oh, you
will drive the bus.

DA SILVA

(still staring)

...Why do you do it?

WULFGAR

A fool would not understand ---

DA SILVA

Why did you kill the woman?

WULFGAR

(simply)

...I wanted to, and what I want
I do...Death? Nothing...All that
matters is what happens in the end.

DA SILVA

What?

CONTINUED

WULFGAR

...Harmony.

Da Silva stares at him in disbelief...Wulfgar smiles.

WULFGAR

Police are weak -- Say it.

DA SILVA

Police are weak.

WULFGAR

Tell them I control their lives,
the Police are cowards. Tell them!

DA SILVA

...The Police are cowards ---

WULFGAR

Now go.

Da Silva starts toward the exit door.

WULFGAR

...Crawl!

Da Silva freezes.

WULFGAR

Down...crawl!

Wulfgar grabs a woman's face and brings it into contact
with the muzzle of his shotgun.

WULFGAR

Crawl like a dog.

Da Silva reddens with rage.

WULFGAR

...She will die.

Da Silva starts to bend.

WULFGAR

Crawl away.

(to hostage)

This is your police.

Da Silva kneels down and crawls towards the rear of

CONTINUED

238 CONTINUED - 4

238

the car...heading in the direction of the exit hatch.

WULFGAR

...How is your wife? Irene is her name?

Da Silva, halfway out of the hatch again, he freezes.

DA SILVA

Okay -- We don't get along -- You want her number?

WULFGAR

...We have it.

Wulfgar and Da Silva lock eyes in a deathlike expression
...defeated, Da Silva exits.

CUT TO

239

THE VIEW FROM THE UPPER PLATFORM of the tramcar terminal looking out along the cable. The DIPLOMATS are waiting, their faces strained with anxiety. Fox is there as well. Far off along the cable out in space, we can see the sled inching in toward us. HOLD as it grows larger, then

239

CUT TO

240

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE UPPER PLATFORM as the sled slides in. There is a moment while Da Silva is unbuckled and climbs off. Then he hands the papers containing Wulfgar's demands to the Captain. COMMISSIONER BYRON steps forward.

240

COMMISSIONER

What is he asking for, Captain?

CAPTAIN

(indicating
papers)

He wants these other terrorists released, a bus to the airport, and a 747 with enough fuel for somewhere in the Mediterranean, Commissioner.

The lower level of the platform outside the control room. The diplomats come down after Da Silva.

CONTINUED

FRENCH AMBASSADOR

What did you tell him?

DA SILVA

I didn't tell him anything --

(a tense beat)

I implied we would agree.

SWEDISH AMBASSADOR

(after a look
of relief among
the diplomats)

I would hope so.

NIGERIAN AMBASSADOR

Thank God!

Da Silva says nothing.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR

(turns to the
other diplomats)

We must call Washington, we need
some real authority.

COMMISSIONER

(pleasant,
but firm)

The authority is in the hands of
the local police. Sorry. Of
course, you could always ask the
U.N. to override me -- I assure you
we will save them.

DA SILVA

And what if you save them, what is
that, a victory?

Lt. Mooney steps closer.

MOONEY

What the hell does that mean, Da
Silva?

DA SILVA

Where does it end?

MOONEY

It ends with us getting the people
out.

CONTINUED

DA SILVA

I thought the same way a week ago,
but who are going to be the next
ones to be taken? He called us
cowards...he's right.

MOONEY

Drop it.

DA SILVA

Why don't you all admit that you
don't know how to handle this...
Words won't do it, Mooney.

COMMISSIONER

What do you think is the right
procedure?

DA SILVA

To fight violence we need greater
violence.

Fox sticks his head out of the control room.

FOX

Lieutenant -- We just got another
buzz from Wulfgar. Now he wants
the President to read his state-
ment on the networks...He'll get
in the plane, but he won't take
off until it's confirmed.

There is a look among the men that says it is preposterous.

NIGERIAN AMBASSADOR

Commissioner, you have no options.
There's only one thing you can do.

The Commissioner looks at Da Silva and realizes he is
right.

climbing into the mobile unit parked near the tram
station. Mooney is waiting inside. Da Silva goes immedi-
ately to a gun rack filled with high-powered rifles. He
tosses one to Fox and takes one himself.

CONTINUED

241

CONTINUED

241

FOX

I don't think you should do it.

DA SILVA

It's all right.

FOX

Man, he wants you -- When that bus gets to the airport, he's gonna waste you.

DA SILVA

Willie, I'm going to beat this guy, understand?

FOX

You're gonna die, man.

DA SILVA

I can always count on you cheering me up.

MOONEY

Da Silva, if you screw up, I'm gonna have to come down on you, because they'll come down on me.

Da Silva nods, and the car pulls away.

CUT TO

242

INSIDE A TRANSIT AUTHORITY GARAGE WORKMEN are rigging blinds to cover the windows, and:

242

CUT TO

243

AN AIRPORT TRACTOR is backing up slowly, while a mechanic hooks the long towing bar to a nose wheel. As the tractor starts forward, PULL BACK TO REVEAL it is towing a 747 out of a hangar at JFK Airport, and:

243

CUT TO

244

INSIDE THE TRAM CAR - TWILIGHT - the silent hostages. Wulfgar stares out the window. He slips another speed pill into his mouth. HOLD, then:

244

MATCH DISSOLVE TO

245

WULFGAR - FULL NIGHT NOW. He stares into the darkness

245

CONTINUED

mm

#00718

113

245

CONTINUED

245

and for the first time rubs his tired eyes.

CUT TO

246

THE TRAM CAR - NIGHT - hanging silent against the bridge and the night. But we are moving, dropping, and:

246

SWOOP DOWN below the bridge to a spot on the Manhattan bank on the downtown side. From this position the tramcar is out of sight. Fox and a group of men in flak jackets and hard helmets are standing near a waiting motor launch. A small outboard is also tied up nearby. The men are all heavily armed. They huddle around Fox.

FOX

You don't look at the hostages,
you don't look at them. All we
want is one moment when those guns
aren't pointed at somebody's head.
One split second.
(pauses)

They nod.

FOX

Okay, let's do it.

CUT TO

247

OMITTED

247

248

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CHANNEL - NIGHT - the outboard turns off to one side; the launch continues on, and:

248

249

S.W.A.T. TEAM MEMBER - NIGHT - coasting in to the base of a steel structure in the river and tying up. As he steps out and looks up:

249

PAN TO REVEAL one of the support towers of the tram cable. It reaches above us out of sight into the darkness.

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO

250

OMITTED

250

251

INSIDE THE TRAMCAR - NIGHT - WULFGAR looks at his watch, then impatiently out the window of the car. But he is looking out the other side toward Roosevelt Island.

251

- 252 THE ROOSEVELT ISLAND TERMINAL OF THE TRAMCAR - NIGHT - 252
A concrete station much like the one on the Manhattan side, but with a little Plaza for buses to pull up, one or two one-story city office buildings. Nothing moves.
- 253 WULFGAR - NIGHT - he looks restlessly at his watch 253
again. Now there is a sound of a distant engine.
- 253-A SNIPER - S.W.A.T. team sniper on the bridge's pillars. 253-A
- 253-B SNIPER -- further down another SNIPER -- he looks at the 253-B
tram through an infra-red lens.
- 254 THE ROOSEVELT ISLAND STATION AGAIN - NIGHT - the Transit 254
Authority bus with the shielded windows pulls into the Plaza and stops.
- CUT BACK TO
- 255 INSIDE THE TRAMCAR - NIGHT - almost immediately there 255
is a beep over the radio.
- FOX'S VOICE
(over radio)
The bus is there.
- WULFGAR
(into radio)
...I'm ready.
- There is that sharp electronic beep again, and:
- CUT TO
- 256 THE GIANT FLYWHEELS IN THEIR CONCRETE HOUSING - NIGHT - 256
Slowly now they begin to move, and:
- 257 THE TRAMCAR - NIGHT - With a slight jerk it starts to 257
move again.
- 258 INSIDE THE TRAMCAR - WULFGAR AND SHAKKA, both with their 258
guns at the head of a hostage, peering intensely out the window as the Roosevelt Island Station comes closer and closer...The wind through the blown-out windows blows

CONTINUED

258

CONTINUED

258

Wulfgar's and the hostages hair wildly. Wulfgar ties a looped rope around the neck of five of the hostages and forms them into a circle.

WULFGAR

Move around -- Move around me!

259

THE STATION - NIGHT - as the tramcar glides into a stop. Then, nothing. A long pause.

259

260

INSIDE THE TRAMCAR - NIGHT - WULFGAR peering out from inbetween the circle of hostages in every direction.

260

261

THE STATION - NIGHT - Only the Engineer in the control room.

261

262

THE EMPTY CITY OFFICE BUILDINGS - NIGHT - nothing stirring.

262

263

IN THE OTHER DIRECTION - NIGHT - THE EDGE OF THE RIVER - nothing there.

263

264

WULFGAR - NIGHT - He nods to the Conductor. He inserts the key in the slot; the doors open. A gesture from Shakka, and the passengers start out. Wulfgar and Shakka are completely encircled by the passengers -- the rope around their necks tightens as they move forward.

264

WULFGAR

Move slow.

SHAKKA

To the bus! Move!

265

THE PARADE OF PASSENGERS - NIGHT - SHAKKA in the lead holding her gun to the head of the Swedish diplomat, moving across the small Plaza toward the bus. As they go by the first office building, we MOVE RIGHT OVER THEM toward one of the vacant windows, and ---

265

266

INSIDE THE WINDOW - NIGHT - FOX and several of the group crouched out of sight below the sill, all but holding their breaths, and:

266

267 THE PARADE OF HOSTAGES - NIGHT - closer to the bus 267
now. Some distance behind them we can see one of the
support towers for the tram cable, and:

268 S.W.A.T. TEAM SNIPERS - NIGHT - tightening the sling on 268
their rifles, aiming downwards, and SWOOP BACK TO REVEAL
he is at the very top of that support tower, hundreds of
feet above the river, a giddy height.

269 THE BUS - and the hostages are filing in now. Shakka is 269
holding the Swedish diplomat and her protective circle
back while the others file in before her. On the other
side, Wulfgar is holding his automatic shotgun on the
Nigerian and his protective circle...The Driver of the
run is Da Silva.

270 FOX, his eye on the telescopic sight of his rifle, and: 270

271 THE VIEW THROUGH THE SIGHT - the crosshairs are right on 271
Shakka - but her pistol is pressed tightly against the
diplomat's head. Now the sight swings, and:

272 THE BEAD ON WULFGAR - but he is still aiming at the 272
Nigerian.

273 FOX - lowering his rifle in frustration. Now, he raises 273
it to his eye again, and:

273-A WULFGAR has Da Silva outside the bus...He moves his 273-A
protective shield cover and pats him down.

WULFGAR

Get on!

274 FOX - still waiting beneath the window, his forehead 274
rigid with tension, and:

275 THE PLAZA - most of the hostages are on the bus. Now 275
Shakka's hostage steps on, Shakka right behind him. But
as her foot is on the step:

276 FOX - shifting his aim from Wulfgar to follow Shakka. 276

277 SHAKKA, at the bus. She hesitates a moment, and: 277

278 THE VIEW OF HER THROUGH FOX'S SIGHT - For just a second 278
she looks over her shoulder right at him, her gun slips
about two inches to the right, and:

279 FOX squeezing the trigger, and: 279

FOX
(softly)
...Now.

280 SHAKKA drops in her tracks, the woman with the face of 280
stone going down like a stone, a bright blossom of
blood on her brow. And:

281 FOX shifting his aim immediately to Wulfgar, squeezing 281
the trigger again, but:

282 WULFGAR - and his reflexes are too quick, the bullet 282
ricochets harmlessly off the bus, and Wulfgar has his
gun up now, and:

283 ALL HELL BREAKING LOOSE - twenty floodlights burst on 283
and illuminate the area. Before anyone can blink,
Wulfgar has fired his automatic shotgun. The Nigerian
is down, and he is swinging the shotgun over toward the
Swedish diplomat and his wife, firing.

284 INSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING - Fox and his men erupting 284
from the building.

285 WULFGAR - swinging the shotgun to deal with them now, 285
when from nowhere, Marigny, with the frenzy of a demon,
flings himself on Wulfgar. Wulfgar cuts him down, but
the second has cost Wulfgar precious time. He ducks
behind the edge of the bus, gets off two more bursts.
Da Silva gets off and tends to the critically wounded.

286 FOX - dashing for the other side of the bus, firing 286
as he does. Then an instant later, ducking out from
the bus again, just in time to see Wulfgar pulling the
pins on two grenades -- He tosses one at Da Silva. It

CONTINUED

286

CONTINUED

286

lands under the front corner of the bus, beneath the driver's seat...The front portion of the bus is ripped apart. Wulfgar tosses another grenade at the bus... Da Silva grabs for it and tosses it away...It explodes in mid-air...Da Silva and several other cops scurry to help the hostages to get free of the burning bus...Fox turns and pursues Wulfgar...Wulfgar turns and blows out several searchlights.

287

WULFGAR - dashing the last few feet down to the river at a dead run and diving in.

287

CUT BACK TO

288

DA SILVA runs as fast as he can to the river...he turns to several COPS...Mooney approaches Da Silva.

288

MOONEY

We found a lead on the dead girl.

289

DA SILVA rises and moves away as searchlights comb the choppy water of the river - Wulfgar has disappeared. HOLD, then ---

289

290

EXT. PUERTO RICAN GROCERY STORY - DAY - Several marked and unmarked police cars.

290

MOONEY

He might still have a key to her apartment. Anything that comes or goes -- You got it?

The two men in the other car nod and roar off.

CUT TO

291

INT. PUERTO RICAN STORE - BASEMENT - DAY

291

The place is swarming with cops...the owner is being led out in handcuffs.

BASEMENT

Da Silva, Fox and several cops are savagely rummaging

CONTINUED

291

CONTINUED

291

through all the belongings in the room.

FOX

We just about got this covered.

DA SILVA

...Keep looking. He had to leave something behind ---

Da Silva starts to check for loose floorboards. Another cop checks the floorboard.

COP #1

...Here!

Da Silva rushes over. He removes several more floorboards, revealing a small arsenal and several pages of names and data...Da Silva scans the list...almost in a panic, he drops it and goes upstairs.

FOX

What is it?

Fox picks it up and reads.

FOX

(low)

...Christ!

292

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY - DA SILVA

292

dials Irene's apartment.

293

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT/EVENING

293

Around the corner now comes Irene, carrying a bag of groceries. She stops at the door of her apartment house, fumbles for her key, then goes in. HOLD FOR A MOMENT on the closed door. Then ---

THE DOORWAY of a brownstone across the street - Wulfgar is standing in the shadows.

295

INT. IRENE'S LOBBY - NIGHT

295

Inside the Lobby - Wulfgar is in pretty sorry shape,

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mm

#00718

120

295

CONTINUED

295

bedraggled and oily from the river. Wulfgar feels around an inside pocket for a moment. Then his hand comes out holding a small burglar's shim. He enters the emergency staircase.

296

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

296

The chain is in place. Slowly, the door opens, the chain pulling silently taut. A hand comes in between the door and frame, faultlessly stretches a rubberband across the opening - One end around the ball at the end of the chain in the slot, the other hooked over the plate bolted to the door jamb.

298

FULL SHOT - NIGHT

298

The door closes. The release of tension immediately shoots the rubberband across the room - and it pulls the ball back toward the door jamb. When it comes to the enlarged hole where it is inserted into the slot, it trembles for just a second, then drops harmlessly out of the socket, allowing the door to be opened easily.

299

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - IRENE

299

standing, her back to us at her kitchen sink.

300

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

300

through the kitchen into the living room. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY; it is a small apartment, and we have a lot of time. The room continues to be empty, no one there - until we reach the shadows just inside the front door. Wulfgar is there, not moving, just waiting. Now his hand moves slightly, and:

CUT TO

301

CLOSEUP - HIS HAND - NIGHT

301

ever so slowly, ever so gently closes the front door.

CUT BACK TO

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

On tiptoe, holding his breath, he moves lightly through the living room without a sound. Finally he stands where he can see Irene's back. He takes another step. Irene

CONTINUED

301

CONTINUED

301

does not hear him, goes right on with the dishes. Another step. She still does not hear. And yet another step...He removes a double-edged knife...

Though Irene does not see it, Wulfgar's approaching figure is seen not too clearly in the reflection of a freshly washed wine glass.

The knife is about to be pushed into her back, but out of the soapy water a short barreled .357 Magnum rises. At the very last second, the pistol whips around and is aimed directly into Wulfgar's face.

CUT TO

WULFGAR'S EYES - NIGHT - widen in shock.

CUT TO

Irene is really Deke with a wig on, his eyes scream vengeance.

CUT TO

The next split second, crazed, Wulfgar lunges, and Da Silva empties all six shots from the Magnum into his body...Blood spatters on Deke's face...the incredible force tears Wulfgar's body to pieces and drives him spasmodically across the room and crashing backwards against the wall...The wall is pitted by the bullets... Da Silva continues to pull the trigger several more times on the empty pistol.

It is a FULL MASTER SHOT in the center of the room... Light angles in through the room directly in the center of the frame...Through the gunpowder haze, we see Wulfgar slumped brokenly against the far wall -- Directly opposite him on the far wall, Da Silva wearily leans and removes his wig...Total silence...Two men -- The victor and the slain...Without changing the angle, the bedroom door opens and Irene steps out, terrified...She looks at both men...She moves almost childlike to Deke and embraces him. He guides his arm around her while his mind tries to take it all in.

FADE OUT

THE END