

"PAYBACK"

"PARKER"

screenplay by
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based on the novel "The
Hunter" by Richard Stark

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

"Parker"

FADE IN:

EXT. CITYGATE BRIDGE - DAY

A cool, fall day in the city translates to freezing on the C-G-B. Cars rumble and roar in pummeling, uninterrupted streams. The wind howls, but the bridge defies it all.

So does the lone man walking across. PARKER. His own solidity and tension matching that of the bridge. One tough sonofabitch. Angry, too.

His worn, unpressed gray suit coat flutters behind him. Arms swing easy as he walks. Headed to the city. A bridge away from completing a journey back from the dead.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. SUBWAY HOLE - DAY

MOVE WITH Parker as he enters and starts down the steps. The sunlight disappears, replaced by fluorescents...

TURNSTILES

Parker moves forward. Without breaking stride, he swings himself up and over a turnstile, continues toward the platform and boards a waiting subway car.

It's doors slide shut and it lurches away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Downtown. Parker exits the station, blinking against the harsh light. He looks to his left, starts to his right.

A PANHANDLER

Seemingly fit, he sits on the sidewalk, his upturned hat set at his feet. The PEDESTRIANS are forced around him in a wide arc. Occasionally, one pauses to drop some change, a dollar bill into the hat.

Parker walks in this direction. He pauses alongside the panhandler, reaches into the hat, takes out \$1. \$2.

Realizing, the Panhandler lurches forward.

Parker casually pokes him in the throat with his middle and forefinger. The Panhandler sits back down, gasping.

Parker takes one last dollar, continues on his way.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIMY STOREFRONT DINER - DAY

At the counter, Parker finishes all but the crust of a piece of apple pie, then downs the last of a cup of black coffee. The COUNTER GIRL steps forward to refill it.

Parker covers the cup with a hand. No thanks. She can see he's a bastard, but maybe that's what she likes about him.

COUNTER GIRL

Can I get you anything else?

Parker looks to an open pack of Marlboros by the register.

PARKER

Bum me a cigarette.

She gets one, gives it to him. Parker twists off the filter, pats himself down for matches.

COUNTER GIRL

You can't smoke in here.

PARKER

Got a light?

She looks at him a beat, then flicks a lighter. She leans across the counter to get the cigarette fired.

PARKER

What do I owe you?

COUNTER GIRL

Two ninety-eight.

Parker stands, drops the three \$1's on the counter and starts out. At the register is a tray with PENNIES in it. Parker stops long enough to take two - his change. She watches him go, cursing him under her breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Packed with the lunch crowd. Parker stands out of the way. Watching faces. Men's faces. One after the next, he studies and then dismisses them. Then he spots...

EDWARD JOHNSON

Strolling along eating a pretzel. Nothing remarkable about him, except he looks, in general, quite a bit like Parker. Better dressed, used to smiling, but again, generally speaking, like Parker.

As Edward Johnson continues, Parker walks straight into him almost knocking him down.

PARKER

(sharply)

Watch it.

Stunned, Johnson mumbles an apology, but Parker continues, deftly sliding Johnson's WALLET into his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTER STREET BAR - DAY

The BARMAN and his ONE CUSTOMER look up from the bar as Parker strides in. Ignoring them, he pushes through the door into the men's room. It slams shut behind him.

MEN'S ROOM

Parker washes his face, smoothes his hair by running wet fingers through it. Reaching into his pocket, he puts on a tie. Wetting his fingers again, he strokes down his pants leg, forcing in the approximation of a crease.

Wetting a paper towel, he tries to rub a stain from his shirt. No go. He buttons his jacket till it disappears. He's no Rockefeller, but he doesn't look like a bum either.

He gets out the wallet. Thirty-five bucks, VISA CARD, gas card, social security card and a picture of the wife and kids. Parker reads the SS# to himself, closes his eyes, remembers it. Last, but not least, the DRIVER'S LICENSE.

The big difference between Parker and Edward Johnson is the open grin on Johnson's license photo. Parker studies it, turns to the mirror, smiles. It looks like it hurt.

He runs the license under the faucet, slaps on an electric hand dryer. He holds the license under the blower.

INT. CENTER STREET BAR - DAY

Parker exits the bathroom and heads for the door. The barman throws a dirty look his way.

BARMAN

This isn't a public toilet, pal!

Parker looks back, starts over. The barman grabs a nightstick from under the bar. Parker reaches into his pocket, slaps his TWO PENNIES down on the bar. The barman registers the look on Parker's face, backs against the bar.

BARMAN

Um, uh, that'll do fine.

Parker looks at him a beat longer, then strides out gone. The barman breathes a sigh of relief.

PATRON

(mocking)

Uh, that'll do fine.

BARMAN

Fuck you.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST BANK BRANCH - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Parker slides his license and VISA card in to a TELLER. The license is beat-up, but not ridiculously so. Anyhow, she only compares the two cards together, not to Parker.

As she punches a computer keyboard, Parker looks about the bank. The security cameras, the door to the vault, the height of the Plexiglas wall, the guard half-dozing by the door. We can see him think about it for a second.

The moment is broken as the teller smiles up at him.

TELLER

Mr. Johnson, I'll need the last four digits of your social security number.

Letting his thoughts die, he answers without hesitation.

PARKER

6-2-6-3.

It checks out. She slides back the credit card, license. For the first time we see Parker wears a WEDDING RING.

TELLER

Your cash advance limit is three hundred dollars.

As she begins counting out the cash...

INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

A CLERK looks on as Parker stands in front of a mirror in a new suit. He looks sharp, but not obvious.

PARKER
I'll take it.

CLERK
Excellent, sir. And how will
you be paying?

PARKER
(straightens his tie)
Credit card.

EXT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Parker exits in his new duds, carrying his old clothes and shoes in a clear plastic garment bag. He drops this in a trash barrel and continues on his way.

CLOSE ON A CREDIT CARD MAGNETIC STRIP READER

A hand swipes Edward Johnson's card through.

EXT. STEREO STORE - DAY

Parker exits carrying a VCR.

EXT. PAWN SHOP #1 - DAY

Parker enters with the VCR. A BUS wipes us to:

EXT. PAWN SHOP #1 - DAY

Parker exits without the VCR, but counting out \$100 cash.

INT. JEWELER'S - DAY

Parker points out the watch he wants.

EXT. PAWN SHOP #2 - DAY

Parker's pulling the watch off his wrist as he enters.

EXT. COMPUTER STORE - DAY

Parker exits with a portable computer in a carrying case.

INT. PAWN SHOP #3 - DAY

Parker waits across the counter as the BROKER looks the computer over.

BROKER

I'll give you eight hundred for it.

Parker looks through the glass counter at a row of handguns. There are two beefy looking .44 Magnum REVOLVERS both marked \$500. He taps his finger on the glass.

PARKER

Let me see these.

The broker unlocks the case, sets the guns on the counter. Parker picks up the first, feels the weight in his hand. Then he checks the action, slaps the cylinder open and shut. Finally, he shakes his head. No good.

As the broker puts it away, Parker tries the other. This one he likes better. Guy definitely knows his guns.

PARKER

Five hundred and the Magnum.

BROKER

(after a beat)

Deal. I'll have to see some ID though.

As Parker fishes out Johnson's wallet and license.

INT. STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

In a dark booth, Parker sits behind the remains of a big steak dinner. He counts his money on the table. As he sets down the last of the \$20's...

PARKER

Two thousand twenty.

Parker gathers the cash into a neat stack, ripples through it with his thumb, then stows it inside his suit jacket.

The WAITER steps over with his credit card.

WAITER

(annoyed)

I'm sorry, sir, this card's been canceled.

PARKER

Try it again.

The Waiter starts to say he won't, but the look Parker gives him shuts him up. He heads off to run it again.

In no hurry, Parker wipes his mouth with his napkin, stands and then strolls right out of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The street deserted. Then a burning coal, a puff of smoke rise from the shadowed entrance to a walk-down apartment. Parker is here. He's watching the building across the way.

A taxi pulls up and a girl gets out. LYNN. Looks a little drunk as she heads toward the building Parker watches.

INT. HALLWAY - BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Lynn comes off the stairs walks down to the door to her apartment. She unlocks it, steps inside.

As the door starts to close, Parker comes off the stairs after her. He's got the gun in his hand.

INT. FRONT DOOR - LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oblivious, Lynn clicks the door shut. She takes hold of the safety chain, poised to set it in place when...

The door SLAMS open. Lynn stumbles back, lands on her ass. Parker shuts it, steps past her and disappears inside.

MOVE WITH PARKER

As he quickly searches the apartment for anyone else.

LYNN

It takes a moment to get her bearings, but Lynn's about to go for the door. Then she realizes he's back, watching her. She knows him; she's scared to death.

LYNN

Parker...

(registers the gun)

Are you going to kill me?

Parker considers a moment, then shoves the gun in his belt.

PARKER

Get up.

She just blinks at him.

PARKER

Make some coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Parker sits at the table. Lynn's at the stove plunging the coffee grounds. She pours it black, brings it to him.

She sets it down, but as she steps back, he grabs her wrist, turns it to show needle track marks.

He looks at her; she looks away. He lets her go. She goes to the stove, keeps her back to him as he sips his coffee.

PARKER

Where's Val?

LYNN

Gone. Moved out two months ago.

PARKER

Where?

LYNN

I don't know.

Parker takes another sip, lights a cigarette.

PARKER

Who pays the rent?

LYNN

Val.

PARKER

Why?

LYNN

A pay off, I guess.

PARKER

You guess? Don't you know?

LYNN

She gets a good tight grip on the coffee pot.

KITCHEN

Turning, Lynn flings the pot at Parker. He just ducks under it as hot coffee and glass explode against the wall.

Lynn grabs a steel knife sharpening rod and continues the attack. The first shot catches Parker in a blocking forearm. As he catches hold of her, the second shot glances off the side of his head.

Parker staggers. She comes after him, whacks him across the back. Finally, he ties her up. As she struggles:

LYNN

You got a lot of nerve coming here high and mighty! Did you bring your whore with you? Did you?!

She gets an arm free, starts slapping him. He finally slams her up against the wall, hands just beneath her throat. She settles a bit, starts to cry.

LYNN

I'm glad you're not dead. Isn't that stupid?

Parker reaches into a pocket, pulls out a dog-eared PHOTOGRAPH. We don't get a good look, but it's him and a semi-focused GIRL in a compromised position.

He holds it in Lynn's face. Anger rising, she spits at it.

PARKER

Look at the date. Look at it!

The photo has one of those in-camera imprinted dates in the corner. As Lynn focuses on it...

PARKER

Before we met, baby. Think about it.

As Lynn realizes, goes slack. Some big mistake has been made here, but we have no idea how big.

LYNN

Oh my god... Oh god...

Parker releases her. Turning his back, he leans against a chair. She watches him, fear now replacing anger.

LYNN

What are you going to do, Parker?

Parker flings the chair against the wall, wheels to her.

PARKER

I'm going to get my money back!

(realizes)

You mean what am I going to do to you?

(after a beat)

It depends on you. Where's Val?

LYNN

I told you I don't know. I don't even know if he's in the city.

PARKER

What about the syndicate? Did Val buy his way back in?

She looks away, nods.

PARKER

How do you get your pay off?

LYNN

Messenger. The first of every month. He brings an envelope with cash in it.

PARKER

First is tomorrow. What time?

LYNN

Around noon.

(re: photo)

Who was she anyhow?

PARKER

I drove her. I was her minder.

LYNN

I was never a whore, Parker. You know that.

PARKER

No. You sold my body instead.

INT. LYNN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lynn enters in front of Parker. She watches as he tears the phone cord from the wall. He goes to the dresser where a cell phone rests. He picks it up, smashes it to pieces.

Then he starts going through drawers, the closet. She just watches. Finally, he goes back to a WOODEN BOX on the dresser. Opens it to reveal a tourniquet, syringe, spoon, candle and HEROIN.

PARKER

Cold turkey, Lynn. You're cleaning up.

She leaps forward, tries to take it away. Parker shoves her back on the bed.

PARKER

Now, save me the trouble of tearing the room apart.

She knows exactly what he means. She stands, points back where she was just sitting. Parker reaches under the mattress, pulls out a CHROME .38.

She looks at the gun, back to him. There's something significant about this gun.

PARKER

A year down in Costa Rica.
That's what I figured that money
was going to buy us.

Said with disgust in her and himself. Parker strides out.

HALLWAY

Parker closes the door. Tipping over a bookcase, he wedges it between the door and the wall, locking her in.

BEDROOM

Listening to the sound, Lynn slides off the bed to the floor, quietly crying to herself.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scalding, but it suits Parker just fine. He closes his eyes, leans forward and lets the stream pound the back of his head and neck, the welts from Lynn.

His body is hard, rangy. On his right bicep: U.S.M.C. On his left upper back, the milky scars of two BULLET WOUNDS.

INT. LYNN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lynn's got the shakes as she finds a pair of steep platforms in the closet. She twists back a heel to reveal a second syringe & smack kit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The sounds of traffic outside. Parker's asleep on the sofa. The Magnum and .38 on the coffee table beside him. He stirs, wakes with a start, remembers where he is.

INT. HALLWAY - LYNN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Parker pulls away the bookshelf, knocks once.

PARKER

Lynn?

No answer. He enters.

LYNN'S BEDROOM

Lynn in bed wearing a pretty nightgown. A tourniquet and syringe hang from her left arm. Parker stares from the doorway, knows she's dead.

Finally he steps over, turns her head toward him. Her eyes are open in death. He wipes them shut with his hand.

Parker slowly twists off his wedding ring. He pulls the syringe from her arm, pins the ring to the wall with it. Then he moves around the bed, lies down beside her.

Hands behind his head, he stares at the ceiling. As he remembers, it starts with a phone ringing, voices.

LYNN'S VOICE

Val wants to talk to you.

Lynn's body leaves frame as the camera moves in on Parker.

LYNN'S VOICE

Sorry, baby. Want me to tell him to call back?

As Parker's thoughtful face fills frame.

PARKER'S VOICE
Give me the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's Lynn's bedroom, but the way it used to look. Back in the old days, when she cared how it looked, when she wasn't on the junk. Wearing just jockey shorts, Parker hangs up the phone, stands there thinking.

Lynn, moonlit in bed, sleepy but gorgeous, looks to Parker's back. No bullet scars there...yet.

LYNN
So? What did Val want?

PARKER
He's got a line on a job.

LYNN
You're thinking about it or you wouldn't have gotten out of bed.

PARKER
He wants to buy his way back into the syndicate... Val's a coward. Needs to be around other cowards. He can't hack it as an independent.

LYNN
Stop thinking about Val. Come over here and think about me.

He looks at her, feels sudden desire like a worm twisting low in his belly. He stops thinking about Val, doesn't see the come on.

Parker moves toward the bed. She rises to meet him. As they fall back on the bed...

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

A BRIEFCASE. Handcuffed to a ponytailed Chinese COURIER who exits a bank with a Chinese BODYGUARD, a DRAGON TATTOO on his neck. They get in a sedan with a Chinese DRIVER.

As they pull into traffic...

WHIP PAN TO:

ACROSS THE STREET

Parker sits at a lunch counter. He's been watching the Chinese through the glass.

With him, all nerves and slick good looks, is VAL RESNICK. He wolfs Chinese food.

VAL

Same crew. "The Chows." Twice a week. Tuesday and Friday. Always between 11 and 12. Always the same route back to Chinatown.

PARKER

How much in the case?

VAL

Anywhere from three hundred to half a mil.

PARKER

How much do you need, Val?

VAL

We split it 50-50 --

PARKER

No. How much do you need to buy your way back in?

VAL

What do you mean? You mean the syndicate? I, uh... A hundred and thirty.

Parker stares across at the bank. Val chews his bottom lip, worried. Parker doesn't say anything for too long.

VAL

(back to selling)

Beauty of the Chows is they won't go to the cops. They keep things in house. They --

PARKER

You notice anything about those guys, Val?

VAL

They looked nasty. Probably all kung fu motherfuckers.

(a beat)

Why? Did I miss something?

PARKER
They didn't wear their seatbelts.
(a beat)
We hit 'em on Friday.

Parker turns, starts away. Val looks after him, smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

We hear a radio voice talking "a beautiful Friday morning."
A primer gray '74 Chevy Nova rolls down the street.

CHEVY

Parker behind the wheel. Val beside him. Neither says a word. The inside of the Chevy has been caged with WELDED STEEL BARS. Like the inside of a stock car.

Parker's eyes narrow at something ahead. As Val hastily yanks on his seatbelt...

EXT. STREET - DAY

The sedan with the Chinese is coming down the street in the opposite direction. 35 mph. The Chevy maybe 40. As they near each other...

Parker swerves the Chevy directly into the sedan's path.

Head-on. CRASH! The collision is brutal.

Only a moment passes before Parker's climbing out of the Chevy. BOLT CUTTERS in hand, he heads for...

THE SEDAN

The Chinese are bloody, moaning messes. The driver's dead.

Parker leans in where the rear passenger side door has popped up and nearly off.

As he sets the boltcutters on the courier's handcuff chain, the bodyguard begins fumbling for his shoulder holster.

Then Val is there. He grabs the bodyguard by the back of his tattooed neck, begins violently and excessively slamming his head into the front dash.

Parker cuts the chain.

STREET

Val gets in a few last, unnecessary shots as Parker strides from the sedan with the briefcase.

A third car pulls up with Lynn driving.

Parker gets in the driver's side. Lynn slides to the middle. Parker reverses hard back, pulls alongside Val who still slams the guy's head. Finally, Val hurries over laughing. Parker gives him a look then tears away.

The rubber-neckers are only just arriving.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Lynn's car is parked inside. Parker smokes a cigarette, Val licks his lips in anticipation as Lynn counts out the take. As she finishes...

LYNN

One hundred and forty grand.

VAL

A piece?

LYNN

Total.

Val blinks at Lynn in disbelief.

VAL

Seventy grand... That's not enough.

PARKER

Is for me. I'm taking the next six months off.

Lynn starts to scoop up Parker's share into a bag.

Parker keeps an eye on Val, obviously doesn't like the way he's acting. As Val paces...

VAL

I'm up short. Sixty short. Fucking slants. We should've hit them Tuesday... Fuck.

PARKER

An independent gets what he takes and takes what he gets. Rule number one, Val.

Val stops pacing, eyes Parker.

VAL

Yeah. Rule number one.

PARKER

Put it in the car, Lynn.

As she crosses back behind him with their share, Parker keeps his eyes on Val who's looking twitchier than ever. Parker isn't shy about resting his hand on the revolver shoved into his belt.

PARKER

Something wrong, Val?

VAL

No. Everything's cool. It just isn't enough.

PARKER

It never is. Good luck, Val.

(eyes on Val)

Open the garage door, Lynn.

A beat. Parker hears a revolver cock back behind him.

GARAGE - NEW ANGLE

Lynn points a chrome .38 at Parker's back. Surprised for the first time in years, Parker glances back.

LYNN

Sorry, Parker. But none of it is enough.

Parker stares back at Val who smiles, then shrugs.

VAL

I kinda figured it wouldn't be.

BOOM! BOOM! Lynn starts firing.

Hit twice in the back, Parker goes down. The next two shots miss, slam the wall.

PARKER

His back already crimson. Lynn's feet step past him. Val's feet step up to him.

Sunlight streams in as the garage door is opened.

Parker just manages to look up as Val kneels beside him.

VAL

Bet you got a lot of questions
rattling in your head.

A car door opens, slam. The engine turns over. (Lynn).

Val pulls a creased PHOTO from a pocket, holds it in front of Parker's face. It's him, half-dressed, asleep in bed with a half-naked unidentified WOMAN. (We see it better this time; the photo Parker showed Lynn.)

VAL

Lynn did not understand. But
they never do, do they?

Val flicks it at him, rises. Parker's eyes slowly follow.

Val smiles down, kicks him in the head into...

BLACKNESS

Over it, we hear a dull BOOM, BOOM...

CUT BACK TO:

PARKER

Sits up in bed. Still alongside Lynn's dead body. The booming is someone knocking on the front door. Parker looks at a clock on the dresser. A little before noon.

ENTRYWAY - LYNN'S APARTMENT

Shoving the Magnum in his belt, Parker looks through the peephole.

PEEPHOLE POV

On a PUNK MESSENGER. He wears a dangling EARRING, has a GOLD BAND clipped through his nostril. He knocks again.

PUNK MESSENGER

I don't got all day, Miss Parker.

INT. FRONT DOOR - LYNN'S APARTMENT

Parker opens the door. The Punk Messenger's surly smile turns to an unsure frown.

PUNK MESSENGER
Uh, is Miss Parker here?

PARKER
Mrs. Parker.

The Punk Messenger tries to peer around Parker.

PUNK MESSENGER
Whatever.

PARKER
No. Not whatever. Mrs. Parker.
I'm her husband.

PUNK MESSENGER
Is she here?

PARKER
Come on in.

PUNK MESSENGER
No, I --

Parker grabs a handful of shirt, flings him inside.

ENTRYWAY

Mouth open wide, hands splayed, the Punk Messenger slams face first into the wall.

BUILDING HALLWAY

Parker checks to make sure there's no one else out here riding shotgun. Then he steps back in the apartment, closing the door behind him.

ENTRYWAY

Recovering, the Punk Messenger draws a holstered GLOCK.

Parker slaps it out of his hand.

Parker spins the Punk Messenger, jams him face-first against the wall. With his free hand, he pats down his pockets to find an envelope of cash and two balloons of heroin.

Parker waves the envelope in his face.

PARKER
How much?

PUNK MESSENGER
(surly)
Two grand.

PARKER
(re: balloons)
And in here?

PUNK MESSENGER
Heroin.

PARKER
I know what it is. What's it
worth?

PUNK MESSENGER
(surlier still)
Five grand. Maybe six.

Parker tosses the pickings on a side table, goes through
more pockets, finds cigarettes, a lighter and a wallet.

He lights up, checks the Punk's wallet. Pocketing a few
\$20's, he turns the Punk around.

PARKER
Tell me where Val Resnick is.

PUNK MESSENGER
Fuck you.

PARKER
Wrong words.

Parker reaches up, tears the nose ring out, right through
the nostril. As the Punk Messenger writhes...

PARKER
(looming)
Val Resnick.

PUNK MESSENGER
I never heard of him.

Parker grabs hold of the bloody nose, straightens the Punk
Messenger up. He's starting to realize his plight.

PARKER
Then who gave you the envelope?

PUNK MESSENGER
Please. They'll kill me.

Parker pulls him closer.

PARKER

What do you think I'm gonna do?
Worry about me.

PUNK MESSENGER

Stegman. Arthur Stegman.

PARKER

Where do I find him?

PUNK MESSENGER

South End Taxi. Farragut Road.
Let go of my nose.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH END TAXI - DAY

A white, clapboarded shack with a big plate-glass window in front. Half-a-dozen cabs parked around. Parker steps up, heads for the front door.

INT. DISPATCH DESK - SOUTH END TAXI - DAY

A railing around a RADIOMAN at the two-way. It's slow because he's reading the paper. There's a ratty couch on one wall and a closed door leading to a room in the back.

The radioman looks up as Parker enters.

PARKER

I'm looking for Arthur Stegman.

RADIOMAN

He ain't here. Maybe I can help you.

PARKER

You can't. Where do I find him?

RADIOMAN

I'm not sure.

PARKER

(stepping closer)

Take a guess.

RADIOMAN

What?

PARKER

About where he is. Take a guess.

Parker stops across the rail from the radioman. The radioman is just starting to think he may be looking at real trouble.

PARKER

Is he home?

RADIOMAN

Go fuck yourself.

He goes back to reading his paper. Parker reaches out, pulls down the paper till they make eye contact.

PARKER

You're making a mistake, pal.

The radioman stands, looms above Parker. He's a big man. They go nose to nose as the radioman leans in.

RADIOMAN

You're the one who's making the mistake, pal.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - SOUTH END TAXI - DAY

SIX MEN sitting around a table playing poker. One of them is a big cop (DET. HICKS), the other a FLORID-FACED MAN who sits in the best chair. They look over as the door opens and radioman steps in. Parker's behind him.

Radioman clutches his ear. Blood runs down the side of his head. Chastened, we can only guess what happened.

RADIOMAN

(to florid-face)

There's someone here to see you.

PARKER

I'm looking for Stegman.

FLORID-FACE

Who the hell are you?

PARKER

My name's Parker.

Det. Hicks rises, gut spilling over a Brooks Bros. suit. A BADGE and GUN on his belt. Referring to radioman:

HICKS

Yeah? Well, Parker, that looks like assault to me.

A smaller, hard-faced man also rises. He sports a badge and gun as well. This is DET. LEARY, Hicks' partner.

LEARY

I got a feeling he's the kind
who likes to resist arrest.

As the other men (tough-looking drivers) rise, Parker reaches into his jacket.

PARKER

You boys don't want to play with
me. I'm a sore loser.

Hicks and Leary exchange a look, are about to draw iron.

FLORID-FACED

Fuck no! Not in here! Jesus,
guys! He just wants to talk!

(to Parker)

Am I right? Did I call it?

PARKER

You Stegman?

FLORID FACE/STEGMAN

Maybe. What do you want?

PARKER

Your boy didn't make his
delivery.

Parker tosses the heroin balloons on the table. Stegman scoops them up, obviously not something he wants to share with the others. Especially Hicks and Leary.

HICKS

Whoa, Art...

STEGMAN

(standing)

Deal me out.

(to Parker)

We'll talk outside.

LEARY

Artie, you're a dealer.

STEGMAN

Forget about it.

Hicks and Leary laugh. Stegman starts for the door, passing Parker who's still watching the others.

STEGMAN
Come on, you.

EXT. SOUTH END TAXI - DAY

Stegman exits, followed by Parker who's just stuck the Magnum back in his jacket. They cross to the sidewalk.

KIDS play across the street.

Hicks stands watching them from the shack picture window.

STEGMAN
You can start talking any time.

PARKER
I'm looking for Val Resnick.
You're going to tell me where he
is.

STEGMAN
No. Even if I knew, the answer
would still be no. Where'd you
meet up with my delivery boy?

PARKER
At his drop.

STEGMAN
Is he dead?

PARKER
No. But she is. Oded on that
garbage you've been sending.

STEGMAN
So what do you care?

PARKER
I'm her husband.

Stegman registers the gonzo look in Parker's eyes.

STEGMAN
You're gonna fucking kill me.

PARKER
Watch your mouth. There's kids
around here.

Stegman doesn't know what to say to that. Parker's scary.

PARKER
Where's Val?

STEGMAN

I don't know. That's the truth.

Parker just stares at him.

STEGMAN

This stuff gets delivered to me, too. Last night. I won't see anyone again till next month.

PARKER

Why all the trouble?

STEGMAN

He's scared of the girl. Of Lynn. That's how it looks to me.

PARKER

He must've left you a way to get in touch with him.

STEGMAN

No. He said he'd see me around.

Parker continues staring at him. Stegman glances back to see if Hicks is still watching. He's gone. Stegman starts to unravel just a little.

STEGMAN

Look, I don't know nothing about this. I know Val from the old days. Three months ago he shows up and asks me to do him this favor. I pick up an extra three C's a month. What the hell?

Parker's answer to what the hell is to just stare at him.

STEGMAN

Now you come around and talk about killing me. That much a buddy of Val's I'm not. He's in the city. That's all I know.

PARKER

How do you know that?

STEGMAN

He said so. When he came around. Said he squared himself with the syndicate. Said he was back in the big time. Back for good.

Parker takes a step forward, almost whispers:

PARKER

You tell him Parker's back, too.
Tell him Parker's back and he
wants his money.

Parker starts away leaving Stegman rattled.

STEGMAN

When would I tell him?! Aren't
you listening to me?!

Parker continues walking. Stegman watches after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OAKWOOD ARMS - DAY

Respectable looking. Understated wealth. Eleven stories
high with two L-wings jutting back. A CAB pulls up and a
chick named PEARL gets out.

A blonde Asian hooker, Pearl's wears a conservative coat.
The 5-inch steel stiletto heels give her away. Follow her
past the DOORMAN, through the revolving doors and inside.

INT. LOBBY - OAKWOOD ARMS - DAY

TWO TOUGH, but reasonably respectable looking MEN sit
reading the paper in the lobby. They both look up as Pearl
enters. More than checking her out: it's their job.

The MANAGER watches from the desk as she steps over.

INT. 7TH FLOOR APARTMENT - OAKWOOD ARMS - DAY

Dean Martin on the stereo. The phone rings. A man in a
dragon kimono, his back to us, steps over to answer it.

MAN

Talk to me.

MANAGER'S DESK

There's a young lady to see you,
Sir. Her name is Pearl.

The man turns into profile. It's Val. A big grin.

VAL

She's got two bad habits, but
I'm only interested in one of
them. Send her up.

INT. LOBBY - OAKWOOD ARMS - DAY

The Manager hangs up the phone, looks at Pearl.

MANAGER
Apartment 718, Miss.

She turns on her heel, heads for the elevator. The two tough men exchange a knowing look, go back to their papers.

INT. 7TH FLOOR APARTMENT - OAKWOOD ARMS - DAY

The phone rings again. Val steps in to answer.

VAL
Send her up. What's the problem?

VOICE
Val, it's Haskell. Sorry to call you at home, but --

VAL
Don't be sorry, sweetie. Just don't call.

VOICE
I thought it might be important.

There's a knock at the door.

VAL
Shit. Hold on a second.

Val sets the phone down, opens the door.

SLAP! Pearl backhands him across the mouth. As she tugs on the black leather glove she's just put on.

PEARL
(Chinese Reflection)
On your knees, you bitch. I want satisfaction.

VAL
I'm on the phone, Pearl.

She slaps him again.

PEARL
You call me Mistress Pearl, you piece of dog shit.

He hits her back. Hard enough to knock her down.

VAL

I'm on the fucking phone!

Val stomps over, picks the receiver back up.

VAL

Make it quick.

VOICE

I got a call from the cab guy out in Brooklyn. He wants to get in touch with you.

VAL

Did he tell you what it was?

VOICE

He said to tell you Lynn was dead. He said some guy had come around talking mean and wanting you. That's all he said. I thought you ought to know, Val.

VAL

You did right. I want to talk to the son of a bitch.

VOICE

Stegman?

VAL

No, President Clinton. Of course Stegman. Varrick's, by the bridge. Twenty minutes.

Val hangs up the phone. Concern creases his face.

DEAN MARTIN

(on the stereo)

That's amore....

As he turns, Pearl is there. She knees him in the groin.

EXT. VARRICK'S BAR & GRILL - EARLY EVENING

Under the Cross Street Bridge. A neighborhood place.

INT. VARRICK'S - EARLY EVENING

Stegman sits nervous in a booth, with a pitcher of beer and two glasses. He looks up as Val arrives.

STEGMAN

Hey, Val. I was just --

VAL

What did he look like?

STEGMAN

Uh, um, dark hair, blue eyes, a
real Cro-Magnon looking bastard.
Said his name was Parker.

The name hits Val like a bag of rocks. Reeling, he sits.

VAL

No... It couldn't be.

Stegman pours Val a beer, slides it over.

STEGMAN

I'll tell you something, I
wouldn't want him after me.

VAL

(looks over)

What am I, a nobody?! I got
friends! All I have to do is
point! I pick up the phone, say
his name and he's a dead man!
And this time he stays dead!

Patrons all around start to look over.

STEGMAN

Keep it down, Val. Huh?

Val tries to get a grip, tries to calm himself.

VAL

What did he say about me?

STEGMAN

He said you owed him money.

VAL

Not why? Nothing else?

STEGMAN

Nothing. But I got the feeling
he'd like to kill you.

VAL

Parker... Christ...

(a hard look)

What did you tell him?

STEGMAN

Nothing. What could I tell him?

VAL

You tell him about the money?
The heroin?

STEGMAN

He had it with him. I just told
him I delivered it.

VAL

You didn't tell him nothing
else?

STEGMAN

I don't know nothing else.

Val doesn't quite believe him.

VAL

You gave him something. A name
maybe. Someone who knows where
to find me.

STEGMAN

I swear, Val. On my mother I --

VAL

(grabs him)
Fuck your mother!

STEGMAN

Take it easy, Val. Easy.

Val stares at a MAN looking over from the next table.

VAL

The fuck are you looking at?!

Val goes after the man, but Stegman gets between them,
holds Val back.

STEGMAN

Val, no! Forget it!

Val eases off. The MANAGER steps over a bit tentative.

MANAGER

Is there some trouble here?

STEGMAN

We're just leaving.

Stegman pulls a wad of cash from his wallet, throws a few bills on the table, smiles nervously at Val.

STEGMAN

It's on me, Val.

VAL

You see me reaching for my
fucking wallet?

EXT. VARRICK'S BAR & GRILL - EARLY EVENING

Val and Stegman exit. They're met by TWO of VAL'S GOONS who wait by a car. Val eyes Stegman harder than ever.

VAL

If you didn't give him any names, why didn't Parker kill you?

STEGMAN

(shrugs)

I don't know. He must've believed me.

VAL

Wish I did. You told him I was in town, didn't you?

STEGMAN

(finally; sheepish)

I had to give him something.

Val looks to his goons, raises his eyebrows. They know what he wants. They grab Stegman from either side, force him to the ground.

STEGMAN

Val, I -- Please! Val!

They force him flat by the curb. Jerking an arm up behind his back, they shove his mouth over the curbstone.

VAL

I want you to find him. Find Parker.

STEGMAN

(eating curbstone)

I wouldn't know how. Give me a break.

As he struggles, Val rests his foot on the back of Stegman's head. Stegman's pleas go garbled.

VAL

I am giving you a break, you
cocksucker.

Val applies just enough pressure to crack one of Stegman's
teeth, then eases off.

STEGMAN

I'll try. I'll try. I don't
know how the hell I'll do it,
but I'll try.

VAL

Good boy.

Val nods to the goons who jerk Stegman to his feet.
Stegman spits out a chipped tooth as Val looks up and down
the street trying to reassure himself.

VAL

There's one of him. I got the
whole Outfit on my side. What
can he do?

STEGMAN

Nothing, Val. Nothing.

But neither of them sound too sure.

CUT TO:

INT. POPEYE'S BAR - NIGHT

Parker sits across from a skanky looking HOOKER. Too much
make-up on too many miles.

PARKER

I'm looking for a girl.

HOOKER

What do you think I am, big boy,
a watermelon?

PARKER

She goes by the name Rosie.

Parker shows the hooker the photo. Parker and a woman.
He's folded it over to take himself out of the shot.

HOOKER

A hustler? I don't know them
all, baby. Besides, she's out
of focus.

PARKER

She'd work by telephone. She wouldn't be freelance. She'd be connected with the syndicate.

HOOVER

One of Star's girls. I wouldn't know her. Out of my league.

PARKER

You might know people who do.

Parker counts \$1000 onto the bar. Her eyes widen.

HOOVER

Why are you looking for her?

PARKER

(flat)

I'm her brother. I got cancer. I want to see her one last time. You know how it is.

The hooker unfolds the photo to reveal Parker.

HOOVER

Yeah. Right.

(a beat)

Got a cigarette?

Parker fishes out a pack, hands her a butt.

HOOVER

Your sister sounds expensive. Try Andre, the night concierge at the Regal Hotel.

She reaches for the dough. Parker covers it with his palm.

PARKER

Andre's not the name I'm looking for.

HOOVER

It's the only one I got.

He leaves her \$100, takes the rest of his cash and splits. She watches after him, finishes her drink, then his.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - OAKWOOD ARMS - NIGHT

Val enters from the street. He heads over to the two tough men sitting in the lobby. As they look up.

VAL
I'm expecting trouble. Dark
hair, tough looking, a real one
man son of a bitch. Keep your
eyes open.

1ST TOUGH MAN
Sure, Val.

Val starts for the elevators, then stops and looks back.

VAL
Either of you guys see Phil come
through here tonight?

2ND TOUGH MAN
He's upstairs, Val. Been
upstairs all day.

INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - OAKWOOD ARMS - NIGHT

Val pauses at the door to 312, knocks. After a moment, the
door opens an inch to reveal a girl's BLUE EYE, strands of
BLONDE HAIR.

VAL
Hi.

She doesn't answer.

VAL
Um, I want to talk to Phil.
Tell him Val Resnick.

The eye looks Val up and down. We just catch red lips as,
with disdain:

GIRL'S VOICE
I'll tell Phil you're here.

The door closes, leaving him in the hall. Val waits,
fumbles for a cigarette.

The door opens again, this time all the way. Val just
catches a glimpse of someone moving away.

GIRL'S VOICE
Come in.

INT. APARTMENT 312

Val follows her in. She walks ahead across the living room, amusing in a red bra and pink toreador pants. More upscale than Val's Pearl. Her back to him.

GIRL
Close the door. Phil will be
out in a minute.

Val watches her ass.

VAL
Do I know you?

REVERSE ANGLE

As she crosses the living room. ROSIE. Barely five feet tall, delicately boned, but tougher than she looks. She may be the girl in Parker's photo. Without looking back:

GIRL/ROSIE
I don't know. Do you?

Rosie disappears into a bedroom. Val still watches after her as he closes the door, mumbles grumpily to himself:

VAL
Know I've seen that ass before.

Sticking the cigarette in his mouth, Val pats himself down for a light, can't find one.

He looks up as PHIL enters.

Middle-aged, obviously superior to Val in the organization, Phil wears nothing but a pair of gray slacks. A lipstick smudge is clearly outlined against the skin of his chest just under the left nipple.

PHIL
How ya doing, Val? Want a
drink?

VAL
Sure. Thanks.

Val follows Phil to the bar. Phil pours two glasses of scotch, hands one to Val, watches as he gulps.

PHIL
You look nervous. Something
wrong with the operation?

VAL

No, no, nothing like that.
Everything's smooth as silk.

PHIL

What then?

Val knows what he's asking is big.

VAL

I was wondering if you could set
me up an appointment with Mr.
Fairfax?

Phil raises an eyebrow, then shakes his head.

PHIL

Mr. Fairfax is down in Florida.

VAL

Mr. Carter then.

PHIL

Mr. Carter... Nothing but the
best, huh, Val? Sure it isn't
something I can handle?

VAL

It isn't Outfit business. Not
directly. But I need to speak
to Mr. Fairfax or Mr. Carter.

PHIL

I'll see what I can do. But I
have to know what it's about.

Val drops his cigarette, picks it back up.

VAL

There's this guy; he's got it
out for me. I thought he was
dead and all of a sudden he's
around. He's looking for me.

PHIL

And what is it you want? You
can't handle this guy yourself?
(smiles)

Why not just beat him up like
one of your whores?

VAL

I just need help finding him.
That's all.

PHIL
Who is he? An organization boy?

VAL
No. He's a heister, a hijacker.
He's an independent.

PHIL
An independent, huh? Tough boys
some of them. He's got a string
with him?

VAL
No string. He's a loner.

Phil looks at him a moment, decides.

PHIL
I'll talk to Carter. In the
meantime, stick close to your
room. Okay?

VAL
Thanks, Phil.

PHIL
Now, if you'll excuse me...
(re: bedroom)
I've got a little something.

VAL
Oh, sure. Sure thing.

Val starts for the door, realizes he's got the empty glass
in his hand. He detours back to the bar, smiling quickly
at Phil who stands there in the middle of the room waiting
for him to go. As Val finally exits...

CUT TO:

INT. CONCIERGE DESK - THE REGAL HOTEL - NIGHT

ANDRE (re: name tag) stands across the desk from Parker.

ANDRE
Prostitution is illegal. And
you're speaking Greek.

Parker puts his \$1000 down on the counter.

PARKER
You got the Sultan of Oman in
the honeymoon suite. He wants
the best professional lay money
can buy. Who do you call?

ANDRE
(snotty)
The police.

Parker grabs one of Andre's ears, starts to pull. As Andre winces in pain...

PARKER
Use words like police and you
might make me mad.

Parker pulls harder. Andre rises on his tiptoes.

ANDRE
Usually these matters are
conducted with more discretion.

PARKER
I gave discretion up for lent.

With his free hand, Parker grabs hold of Andre's nose.

ANDRE
(gasping)
What was the name again?

PARKER
Rosie. Just a small little
thing. Maybe thirty, but looks
like she's nineteen.

ANDRE
And who should I say is looking
for her?

Parker releases him.

PARKER
Parker.

Andre picks up the phone dials. Turning his back, he speaks low. Finally he turns, holds the phone out.

ANDRE
She wants to talk to you.

PARKER
(takes phone)
Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Who the hell is this?

PARKER
It's Parker, Rosie.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Try again, honey, Parker's dead.

PARKER

I used to drive for you.
Provide a safe work environment.
Remember that flat we got on the
Cross-Bronx Expressway?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Parker?

As Parker slides a \$100 over to Andre...

CUT TO:

EXT. 298 COYLE STREET - NIGHT

A 5-story brownstone. Parker heads up the steps.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - 298 COYLE STREET - NIGHT

Before Parker can reach it, the door opens and Rosie steps out. The girl from Phil's apartment.

Two steps and she's thrown all of herself into an embrace. She holds an open beer bottle in either hand. Parker doesn't quite know how to react.

ROSIE

Welcome back to life, you lovely
bastard.

PARKER

Where'd you hear about it?

ROSIE

People who know were talking.
Plus I heard your wife was back
in town alone.

PARKER

She's dead.

ROSIE

I'm sorry, Parker.

PARKER

Why?

He takes a beer from her, heads inside.

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A funky, but enjoyable touch in the decorating department. Rosie follows Parker in. Without bitterness:

ROSIE

Surly Parker. You're the same as ever.

Parker stops short at a FEROCIOUS GROWL. Standing across from him in the bedroom doorway is one ugly PIT BULL.

Rosie steps up, clinks his beer bottle with hers.

ROSIE

Meet the nastiest damn dog who ever lived.

He looks like he's going to go for Parker's throat.

PARKER

What's his name?

ROSIE

"Parker"...

As he deadpans, she whistles, clucks her tongue. "Parker" settles down on the floor.

ROSIE

Took over your job after you left. He's just as tough, but he won't leave me.

Rosie's eyes twinkle at him as she takes a sip of beer.

Parker steps over to a row of PORCELAIN FROGS on a credenza. As he looks at them:

PARKER

I want to ask a favor.

ROSIE

A favor? Maybe you're not the same as ever.

PARKER

I'm looking for someone. A syndicate boy.

ROSIE

The Outfit, baby. We don't say syndicate anymore.

PARKER

I don't care what you call it.

ROSIE

Don't get touchy, Parker.
What's his name?

PARKER

Val Resnick.

ROSIE

Oh, that sonofabitch.

PARKER

So you know him?

ROSIE

Saw him for a second yesterday,
but I met up with him once a few
years ago.

(a bad memory)

He can't use Star's service
anymore because he beats up the
girls. Almost killed one.

Parker looks back over at her.

PARKER

You can find out where he is?

ROSIE

I suppose he's at the hotel.

PARKER

What hotel?

ROSIE

The Outfit hotel. They're all
there.

PARKER

What's the address?

Rosie looks at him a beat.

ROSIE

We're friends, right? But I'm
an employee, too. The Outfit
wouldn't like me telling you
where the hotel was.

PARKER

Look, I --

Rosie starts toward him.

ROSIE

How strong are you, Parker?
Personally, I think you're the
strongest man I ever met. But I
wonder if it's enough.

PARKER

Enough for what?

ROSIE

If I know you, you want this
Resnick for something he won't
like.

PARKER

I'm going to kill him.

ROSIE

There, that's something he won't
like. And what if it goes
wrong, and you get grabbed, and
they ask you where you found out
about the hotel.

PARKER

I wouldn't give you up. You
know that already, so why talk
about it?

ROSIE

But, Parker, what if they ask
you hard?

PARKER

I got it from a cab dispatcher
named Stegman.

ROSIE

What do you got against this
Stegman?

PARKER

Nothing. But it's believable.

ROSIE

The Oakwood Arms. Union and
17th.

(a wry smile)

I'm so good I'll even call one
of the girls and find out what
suite he's in.

She disappears past him into the bedroom. "Parker" takes
up position there.

Parker takes a cigarette from a pack on the table. Twisting off the filter, he lights up. "Parker" growls, eyes Parker. Parker eyes the dog back.

Rosie reappears in the doorway by the credenza. She crouches, pats the dog.

ROSIE

Careful, boy, he'll bite you back.

(looks to Parker)

Would you have ever come back if you didn't need something?

Parker doesn't answer, just waits. Finally...

ROSIE

Suite 718.

Parker memorizes it, heads for the door.

PARKER

Thanks.

ROSIE

(irritated)

All this time and you don't even pretend to ask how I've been.

Parker pauses at the half open door, looks back.

PARKER

You need any cash or anything?

Insulted, she picks up one of the frogs, hurls it at him. Parker catches it.

ROSIE

Get yourself killed, prick. I ought to tell you're coming.

Parker steps over to her, sets the frog on the credenza.

PARKER

You don't want to do that.

That said, Parker leaves. Rosie picks the frog back up, wings it against the closing door. SMASH!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OAKWOOD ARMS - NIGHT

A DOORMAN in a blue uniform patrols the sidewalk. He nudges a butt off the curb with the edge of his shoe.

A cab disgorges Pearl the dominant/submissive hooker from earlier. The doorman grins at her as she heads inside.

SIDEWALK - ACROSS THE STREET

Parker walks along, eye-balling the Oakwood.

PARKER'S POV

The doorman out front.

The tough guys sitting in the lobby. Now there are FOUR. Val's two thugs have joined the party.

An OLDER HOOD steps out looking prosperous. He's followed by a younger hood looking cautious. Cautious scans the street as his boss gets into a limo.

PARKER

Stops, pretends to read the menu outside a restaurant. Again, eyes the Oakwood. The buildings on this side of the street; an upscale JEWELRY STORE in particular.

Parker then looks back at the menu: sirloin steak.

EXT. RESTAURANT

A beat. Through the glass, we see Parker being seated. A window table. As he looks back across at the Oakwood...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DOORMAN

Yawning. Leaning back against the wall, he checks his watch. It's 1:45 AM.

CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

We're inside the display case for just a moment before a man looms forward off the sidewalk. Parker, swinging a TIRE IRON. As the glass explodes...

THE DOORMAN

Steps out to the street, peers down at the ringing alarm. Parker's nowhere in sight.

A moment passes and he's joined by the four Outfit Lobby boys and the NIGHT DESK MANAGER. We hear a siren approach.

As a cop car streaks by, the Outfit guys shake their head, smirk at such a petty crime.

INT. LOBBY - OAKWOOD ARMS - NIGHT

As the tough guys return to their seats, one of them looks about on a coffee table, by an ashtray.

TOUGH ONE
Alright, which one of you guys
took my goddamn Kools?

As all deny it, the elevator numbers start up b.g..

INT. ELEVATOR - OAKWOOD ARMS - NIGHT

Parker lights a Kool. The elevator button glows at 7. Suddenly, the elevator stops at 3. Parker just stands there, cool, as the doors open and a HOOD steps in.

He presses 9. The doors close. The elevator starts up. A beat before the Hood glances at Parker. Parker glances at him. As the Hood realizes that something is wrong...

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - OAKWOOD ARMS - NIGHT

The doors open. Parker exits. We don't see the Hood. As Parker heads off, the doors start to close, then jerk open. WIDEN TO show the Hood unconscious on the elevator floor. As the doors close again, bang open against his head...

CUT TO:

VAL RESNICK

Sleeps fitfully. The girl Pearl snores in bed beside him, one of her eyes black. Suddenly, Val wakes with a start. He lays there a moment, wipes a hand across his sweaty face. The last 24 hours haven't been easy for him.

Val sits up on his elbows, looks over at Pearl, sighs. Then he sees something else, squints into the darkness.

Across the room, a coal burns red, disappears. Val squints. A beat and then the coal burns again.

Someone's sitting there smoking a cigarette!

PARKER'S VOICE
Seventy thousand dollars, Val.
That's what you owe me.

Val's hand darts to the night table, frantically casts about on top. He accidentally switches on a tabletop stereo. More Dean Martin.

PARKER'S VOICE
Your gun's not there.

Parker switches on a light. Val blinks, cringes like he's been hit. Parker has Val's 9mm and his own Magnum.

Parker stands, starts over. He shoves the 9 milli in his belt, aims the Magnum. Val nearly jumps out of his skin.

VAL
Oh, Jesus. Oh, Parker.

Pearl stirs, wakes up. As she gasps, Parker registers her black leather corset, a set of handcuffs and a cat-o-nine tails on her dresser.

PARKER
You're a pro. Keep your mouth shut, you'll walk out of here.

Pearl nods, actually seems excited by the situation.

Parker looks to Val who's pushed back against the headboard.

PARKER
My seventy grand. I want it.

VAL
I don't have it right now,
Parker. I --

PARKER
Where is it?

VAL
I had to pay the Outfit a
hundred and thirty grand. I
gave it all to them.

Pearl's eyes register the dollar amounts discussed.

PARKER
It's the same Outfit here as it
is in Chicago, right?

VAL

Sure. Coast to coast, it's all the same.

PARKER

Tell them you gave them money that wasn't yours. Tell them you want it back.

VAL

Parker, I can't. I --

Parker sets the barrel of the gun, against Val's forehead, pins him back against the wall.

VAL

You'll kill me whether I get the money or not.

As Parker cocks back the hammer...

VAL

Okay, I'll get it. I'll get it. I just need a couple of days.

PARKER

Tomorrow. Noon. Say it.

VAL

It sounds crazy, Parker, but no hard feelings. I did what I had to. You gotta appreciate that.

Parker raises the pistol ready to whack Val with it.

PEARL

No... Let me.

Parker lowers the pistol, shrugs.

Before Val can react, Pearl grabs, swings the handcuffs. One of the steel bracelets catches Val across the side of the head. He writhes in pain.

Parker steps back out of the way as Pearl slips the bracelets around her fist. She starts hooking shots into him, viciously beating the crap out of him.

PEARL

I love you baby. Love you big time.

Val tries to cover-up, but to little avail. He finally slides to the floor, lands in a heap.

Pearl moves to follow, but Parker waves her off.

PARKER

(to Val)

Noon tomorrow. You and the money be at the payphone on 7th and Franklin.

As Val nods, Parker takes out the photo Val showed Lynn: Parker and Rosie. Parker shows Val.

PARKER

Where'd you get it?

VAL

(bleary)

Hooker. High class. Had it on her shelf. I recognized you. Swiped it case I could use it.

Parker understands, then returns the favor of the kick Val once gave him. Val flops over unconscious.

DEAN MARTIN

Ain't that a kick in the head!

Pearl watches Parker in open admiration.

PEARL

I got a few minutes..

PARKER

So go boil an egg.

Parker's gone. Pearl looks down at Val, sighs...

INT. LOBBY - OAKWOOD ARMS - NIGHT

The four guys read magazines, yawn. Elevator doors open and Parker strides out, walks right past them. As tough one looks up, he's already out the doors.

TOUGH ONE

Who was that?

As the others shrug, go back to reading...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMPTY ANTEROOM - CARTER INVESTMENTS - DAY

Val enters, face bruised, a hitch in his stride. There's two sofas, a table and a stack of magazines.

An unmarked door across the room. The smallest security camera above it. Val hesitates, checks his watch. 9 AM. He doesn't know whether to sit or what.

Then the door opens. A broad shouldered guy in a GRAY SUIT steps out. The door locks behind him.

GRAY
Can I help you?

VAL
I'm Val Resnick. I got an appointment with Mr. Carter.

GRAY
Yes. Turn around please.

Val knows why this is being asked.

VAL
Let me just tell you --

GRAY
Turn around.

Val turns, raises his hands as the man frisks him. He pulls a 9mm from a shoulder holster, a .38 from a holster in the small of Val's back, a .32 from an ankle holster.

GRAY
This isn't how Mr. Carter likes his visitors.

VAL
I know. But I'm in a little bit of trouble.

GRAY
Yes. Mr. Carter thinks so also.

Val blinks. That didn't sound good.

GRAY
This way.

Val follows Gray. The door is buzzed open.

HALLWAY

They walk past unmarked doors on either side, stop at a door at the end of the hall.

GRAY
Wait here.

Gray disappears through the door. Val stands, tests the tenderness of his swollen lip with his fingertips. The door opens. Gray holds it for Val.

GRAY

Mr. Carter will see you now.

INT. MR. CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. CARTER looks out a window with a telescope. Impressive, he conjures visions of Wall Street and high finance.

His back is to Val as he enters. Leaving them, Gray closes the door. Carter continues looking through the telescope.

Val stands there, realizes with a start there's another man in the room. A formidable looking man in a BLACK SUIT sitting in the far corner. He doesn't notice Val at all.

Phil from the Oakwood is also here. He stands behind the bar in the corner. Val smiles, nods to him. Phil smiles back, but it's unnerving.

CARTER

Look at this, Resnick.

Val steps to the window. The telescope points at a distant building. Carter steps aside. Val takes a peek.

WINDOW - TELESCOPE POV

A DENTIST'S OFFICE. There's a MAN lying back in the chair. The DENTIST looms over him, working on a tooth.

CARTER'S VOICE

Found it a week ago. Can't stop watching the son of a bitch.

The dentist steps away. The guy in the chair is Stegman! He looks in quite a bit of discomfort.

CARTER'S OFFICE

Val looks at Carter, isn't sure how to react.

CARTER

When you go Outfit, you go Outfit all the way. You do not farm your work out to scavengers. Understood?

VAL

Yes, sir.

CARTER

Sit down.

As Val moves for a chair, he kicks the tripod stand. Not knocking it over, but certainly losing the dentist's office. He mumbles an apology, finally gets to his seat.

CARTER

Phil, told me you have a problem you want help with. Is it your problem who poked a man's eye out at the Oakwood last night?

VAL

Yes, sir, Mr. Carter.

CARTER

There's an old expression which has always served me well. Don't shit where you live.

VAL

I'm sorry, Mr. Carter, it's just that --

Carter's not interested in what Val has to say.

CARTER

There are three ways to handle this situation. One, we could help you. Two, we could let you handle it yourself. Three, we could have you replaced.

Val can't help, but glance back at Black. At Phil.

CARTER

We have an investment in you, Resnick, of time and money and training. And after your mistake in Chicago, you did make restitution to the organization. Assisting you would be protecting our investment in you. That's always good business policy.

VAL

Thank you, sir, you won't regret it.

CARTER

I haven't decided yet. Perhaps I should know more. According to Phil, a man has come to town to kill you. You say that he is alone, that he is a professional robber. Is that right?

VAL

Yes, sir. He does payroll jobs, banks, things like that.

CARTER

What's his name?

VAL

Parker.

CARTER

What's his first name?

VAL

(thinks; realizes)

I don't know it, Mr. Carter. He never called himself anything but Parker.

CARTER

Why does he want to kill you?

VAL

Bad blood over a job we pulled.

Carter sits on the edge of the desk, smart as they come.

CARTER

Where did you get the one hundred and thirty thousand dollars?

VAL

Mr. Carter

CARTER

That's why this man is here, isn't it? The one hundred and thirty thousand dollars you paid us back?

VAL

Yes, sir. But only seventy thousand of it was his.

CARTER

We never asked you where you got the money, Resnick. It wasn't our business. You owed us a debt and you paid it, and we gave you a second chance. Now it appears that it is our business after all.

Mr. Carter steps over to the telescope, begins scanning for the dentist's office.

CARTER

Where did you get the money?

VAL

A -- a heist. A holdup, Mr. Carter.

CARTER

And who was held up?

VAL

A Chinese gang, sir. The Chows.

CARTER

Yes, I know them. And this man Parker, he was part of the gang that performed the holdup?

VAL

Yes, sir.

CARTER

And you took his share, is that it?

VAL

Yes, sir. I thought he was dead, sir.

Mr. Carter finds his dentist, focuses.

CARTER

I see...

Mr. Carter steps to his desk, presses a button. The door opens and Gray appears.

Val looks to Gray, then Black, knows the moment is here.

Carter sits, thumbs a file marked: Resnick, Val.

CARTER

Do you know your value to the organization, Resnick? You're a sadist. You lack compunction. That comes in handy. But now you've allowed an area of your personal life to become a possible danger to us.

Gray and Black close in a step.

CARTER

A man in our organization has to be tough, self-reliant. Were you to handle this problem on your own, you'd leave little doubt you were the kind of man we want.

VAL

(eager)

I want to handle it myself, Mr. Carter.

CARTER

Until this matter is settled, you will move out of the Oakwood Arms. I don't want anymore unpleasantness at the hotel.

VAL

Yes, sir...

Carter walks Val to the door.

CARTER

Now, apart from money and manpower, is there anything we can help you with?

Black and Gray laugh at their boss' wit. Val does, too.

CARTER

(pauses at door)

This time, Resnick, don't think he's dead. Know he's dead.

VAL

(exiting)

I will, Mr. Carter. Thank you, Mr. Carter.

EXT. ROOSEVELT CIRCLE - DAY

As Val exits Carter's building and heads over to a BLACK SEDAN. His two thugs seen earlier wait.

VAL
Let's go, fellas.

Thug one hands him the car keys.

THUG 1
Sorry, Val, we're reassigned.

The two of them start away. Remembering something Thug 2 returns, reaches into the car, and removes the cell phone.

VAL
Go ahead! After last night I'm safer without you!

They leave Val quite alone. Cursing under his breath, he steps over to a corner PAYPHONE, dials.

VAL
(into phone)
They cut me loose, Pearl. Just like I thought they would. Did your friends make it to town?
(listens; then:)
Okay. Mistress Pearl. Look, I'm not in the mood to fuck around.

CUT TO:

ELECTRONIC CLOCK - CITY SQUARE

It goes from 11:58 to 11:59.

WHIP DOWN TO:

EXT. PAYPHONE - 7TH AND FRANKLIN - DAY

Val waits, holding a satchel. Stegman arrives huffing and puffing, mouth half-stuffed with cotton wadding.

VAL
Where the hell have you been, Stegman?

STEGMAN
Dentist. I just got your message. What're we doing here?

VAL
Waiting for Parker to call.

Stegman eyes the satchel.

STEGMAN
That the money he wants?

Val doesn't answer. He keeps his eyes peeled on the surroundings, looking for Parker. Stegman looks about.

STEGMAN
Got the boys stationed out there?

VAL
There ain't no boys. Outfit cut me loose.

STEGMAN
You mean it's just you and me?

Val doesn't answer. The clock changes to 12:00.

The payphone on the end begins to ring. Val answers it.

VAL
(into phone)
It's Val.

PARKER'S VOICE
You got the seventy grand?

VAL
I got your money right here. It was never personal, Parker. I had to protect the investment I had in myself. You can appreciate that, right?

PARKER'S VOICE
Bus terminal on 14th street. Be out front in ten minutes. Hands where I can see them.

Click. The line goes dead. Val looks to Stegman.

VAL
14th street bus terminal. Let's go.

Val starts away. Rubbing the side of his jaw, Stegman doesn't move.

VAL

Come on.

STEGMAN

(shakes his head)

If the Outfit cut you loose, you
don't scare me anymore. Good
luck, Val.

Stegman starts to back away...

VAL

Why you little...

As Val steps forward, Stegman turns and bolts.

VAL

(watching)

I need back-up! I'll fuck you
for this, Stegman!

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS TERMINAL - 14TH STREET - DAY

A passing bus reveals Val waiting outside. Across the
street in a parking lot, he sees Parker walking toward him,
Magnum held to his side.

Val gulps, but doesn't move

STREET

As Parker crosses, a CAR comes out of nowhere.

Parker twists back. The car brakes just before it reaches
him, but all the same...

WHAM! Parker goes over the grill, slams the windshield.

The car brakes hard, spilling Parker back across the hood
and down to the pavement.

VAL

Is pleased, but not that surprised at the sight.

PARKER

As he groans in a heap, cars doors open. Several sets of
feet cross toward him.

Parker's head is jerked back. Mouth bloody, he stares up at three Chinese faces. CHOWS. One is the ponytailed courier from the heist with Val. He looks back at an arriving fourth and fifth members of the group:

One is the neck-tattooed Chinese bodyguard, his face permanently smashed in from Val.

The other is Pearl, Val's Chinese hooker.

PEARL

He Parker shit for brain.
That's him.

The courier backhands Parker across the mouth.

CHINESE COURIER

Money or balls?!

PARKER

Wha...

The Courier spins, kicks Parker across the mouth.

VAL

Watches, hiding behind the row of payphones, enjoying every moment.

STREET

The other two Chinese jerk Parker back up.

CHINESE COURIER

Money or balls?!

Parker focuses on him, recognizes him.

PARKER

I worked for it. It's mine.

They jack his arm up behind his back. It hurts.

PARKER

I don't have it.

CHINESE COURIER

Balls!

As the other two spread-eagle Parker, the courier pops a WICKED-LOOKING SWITCHBLADE. He starts pulling down Parker's pants. Ready to emasculate him on the spot.

VAL

Smiling until he realizes...

THE TATTOOED BODYGUARD

Has spotted him, stares right at him. As he takes a step forward.

STREET

Val disappears back into the crowd.

As Parker twists and turns, sirens and cherrylights. An unmarked police car rolls from the far end of the street.

The Chinese, ending with Pearl, each take a shot at Parker, then pile into their car and tear away.

Parker tries to stand, but has trouble even lifting his forehead off the tar. Blood runs from his ears.

The unmarked pulls up. Doors open and close.

Suddenly, there's an officer on either side of Parker. We don't really see their faces.

COP ONE'S VOICE

Easy, mister.

PARKER

I'm okay...

COP TWO'S VOICE

Who were they?

PARKER

Don't want to press charges...

As Parker tries to rise, cop one forces him back down.

Parker looks up and sees Dan Hicks from the card game at Stegman's. With him is Pat Leary.

HICKS

Our buddy Stegman says you got a line on a load of cash, Parker.

LEARY

Quarter of a million.

PARKER

It's seventy thousand.

Leary pokes him with his nightstick.

LEARY

What do you take us for, idiots?
No one would go through all this
for seventy grand.

VAL

Further down the street, but still watching as...

STREET

The cops lean on Parker.

HICKS

We don't like trouble, Parker.
And you look like trouble.

LEARY

We found a dead girl. Full of
heroin.

HICKS

There were signs of a struggle.
Coroner's not so sure it was an
OD.

LEARY

We got a witness. Guy with only
one nostril.

Parker looks back and forth between them.

LEARY

Don't worry, Parker, we're going
to give you immunity.

HICKS

Room to operate. A get out of
jail free card.

LEARY

All you got to do is get the
money. We can help you though.

HICKS

It would be against the law.

LEARY

You understand, Parker?

PARKER

It's my money.

Hicks pokes him with his nightstick.

HICKS

No, it's ours.

The cops start away, leaving him.

LEARY

(over his shoulder)

We'll keep in touch.

They get back in the unmarked and pull away. Parker is left all alone. He looks down to his hand; he holds Det. Hicks' BADGE.

Parker tries to stand, falls back on his ass. Finally, he gets back up. He scoops up his Magnum from the gutter, pockets it.

Hailing a cab, he climbs in, rolls out.

VAL

Dumps his satchel in the trash, hails a cab of his own.

CUT TO:

EXT. 298 COYLE STREET - DAY

The cab pulls up. Parker gets out, limps painfully across to and up the steps of Rosie's building.

We stay at the curb as the second cab pulls up. Val watches (too far way to make out details or listen in) as Parker presses a button on the buzzer board. He says something into a speaker, then gets buzzed in.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A BOTTLE OF RUBBING ALCOHOL - BATHROOM

Rosie grabs it, exits.

INT. KITCHEN - ROSIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rosie enters, heads to the kitchen table where Parker sits by a big vase of SUNFLOWERS, pulling off his shirt. The top of his shoulder bears a BLOODY CREASE, his chest and back, deep, dark BRUISES. As she sees it...

ROSIE

Oh my God, Parker. You need to see a doctor.

PARKER

Don't believe in doctors. Just clean it up.

Behind him she gets a clean napkin, dabs on some alcohol. Meanwhile, "Parker" strides in, nails on linoleum. He starts to lick Parker's hand.

ROSIE

He likes you.

PARKER

He likes the blood. Git.

"Parker" growls, backs out.

She sets the bottle on the table, steps up behind him. She can't quite bring the towel down on his shoulder.

ROSIE

(concerned)

This is going to sting.

PARKER

(losing patience)

Clean it up.

Rosie stares daggers at the back of his head. Grabbing the alcohol bottle, she SOAKS the towel, then presses it down hard on his shoulder.

Parker flinches, but doesn't say a word.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT ENTRY - 298 COYLE STREET - DAY

Val's been waiting, but can't wait any longer. Looking about, he heads up the steps, goes to the buzzer board. The name card is blank, but the button for apartment 212 has a BLOOD SMEAR on it.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROSIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Parker enters, buttoning his shirt. Following, Rosie leans against the door frame to the kitchen watching him.

ROSIE

You're welcome.

Parker doesn't respond to her sarcasm. As he shoves his Magnum in his belt, puts on his jacket...

ROSIE

You still haven't asked me how I've been.

PARKER

I'll see you around, Rosie.

Parker heads for the front door. As he opens it, Rosie moves around, intercepts him.

ROSIE

Goddamn it. I'm trying to tell you something.

PARKER

What?

For the first time Rosie looks embarrassed. Parker waits, but she doesn't say anything. Finally, he exits. As the door closes behind him.

ROSIE

(softly)

Try and stay alive, huh?

INT. HALLWAY - ROSIE'S BUILDING - DAY

As Parker steps off a landing and disappears down the stairs, the elevator arrives with an ominous DING! Before the doors open...

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROSIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rosie stands at a window, looking down waiting for Parker to pass by. But there's a knock at the door instead.

ROSIE

Parker...

Relieved, Rosie steps over, opens it to reveal Val.

He points a gun in her face, motions her to keep quiet.

VAL

(whispers)

I'm Val Resnick. Remember me?

She doesn't answer.

VAL

Parker...

She doesn't answer. He steps forward, sticks the gun in her face. She whispers back:

ROSIE

Parker's in the bedroom.

Val holds a handful of Rosie's hair as they edge toward the bedroom door, everything is whispered.

VAL

He hurt bad?

ROSIE

(nods)

Doctor should be here any minute.

VAL

Bullshit. He'd have to be dying before he'd call a doctor.

Rosie doesn't answer. Maybe he is dying. Heartened, Val holds her as a shield, gently turns the doorknob with his gun hand. They quietly enter:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

No windows, it's dark. There's a shape on the bed. Val eases Rosie a half-step to the side to get a clear shot.

VAL

Parker. Here I come, you sonofabitch.

All we see is teeth as "Parker" lunges off the bed.

Val falls back, takes Rosie with him.

"Parker" lunges for Val's throat.atches hold of a blocking forearm instead. As he digs viciously for the bone, Val screams, raises the pistol and FIRES.

The dog squeals, falls away to the side.

As Val rolls to his feet, Rosie comes at him with a bedside BASEBALL BAT. He ducks as she swings, taking out a table lamp.

As Val stumbles back, she tomahawks down. Just missing him, the bat digs into the wall plaster.

Val fists her forearm, slams her against the wall.

VAL
Where is he? Where's Parker?

She doesn't answer. Val grabs her flings her through the doorway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosie sprawls onto the floor. Val is right on her heels. He hauls her up by the throat.

VAL
Let's try this one. How do you know him?

ROSIE
He used to provide me with a safe work environment.

VAL
Some good he's doing you now, huh?

ROSIE
You got a reputation, you know.

VAL
Yeah? What's that?

All five feet two of her stands there defiantly.

ROSIE
An ugly pig who beats up women on account of he can't get it up because he's terrified of his own shadow.

VAL
Yeah? Then you must be the lucky girl.

Val backhands her...

Rosie sprawls out on the floor before the front door.

VAL
(realizing)
I knew I recognized that ass.

She looks back at him defiantly.

VAL

Sweetie, I am going to fuck you
six ways from Sunday.

As Val looms over her, the front door splinters inwards off
its hinges. Revealing Parker.

Without waiting an extra instant, he opens fire.

Val flies back bloody across the apartment.

Rosie looks up at him; he looks down at her.

PARKER

Forgot my cigarettes.

She manages a smile. Parker crouches by her.

PARKER

You in one piece?

Rosie nods. Parker sits her up. She watches as...

Parker walks to Val who writhes, a bullet in his shoulder.
Parker looms, aims the Magnum at his head. Val quiets.

PARKER

This syndicate. It's the same
here as Chicago, right?

VAL

Coast to coast, Parker. It's
all the same.

PARKER

Who's the boss here in the city?

VAL

They'll kill me, Parker.

PARKER

Not if you're already dead.

Parker rests his foot on Val's throat, presses enough to
give him a taste.

VAL

There's two of 'em. Mr. Fairfax
and Mr. Carter. They run the
whole town. Fairfax and Carter.

PARKER

And where do I find them, Val?

VAL
Fairfax isn't in town right now.

PARKER
Carter. Where's he?

VAL
Please, Parker. It won't do you
any good. We can work something
out --

Parker presses down again, longer this time. Just when it
seems like it might be too late, he releases him.

VAL
(gasping)
Frederick Carter Investments.
Address is in my pocket. I was
just there this morning.

Parker leans down, takes a SLIP OF PAPER with the address
from Val's pocket. He also takes a pack of smokes. Val
knows his time is short.

VAL
Parker, you gotta understand.
It was just --

Parker sticks a cigarette in his mouth.

PARKER
You got a light?

VAL
I, uh, I uh, no.

PARKER
Then what good are you?

BANG! Parker shoots Val dead.

Exiting the bedroom with a small bag, Rosie stops short at
the sight.

Finally, Val is dead. Parker stands, looks over at her.

PARKER
Is your name on the lease on
this place?

ROSIE
No. The Outfit. The Outfit
pays for everything.

PARKER

Good. You got someplace safe
you can go?

She looks down at Val's dead eyes, up to Parker's live
ones. As she nods...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT CIRCLE - TWILIGHT

Holding a newspaper under his arm, Parker arrives, checks
the address he took from Val. This is it. Parker slides
his Magnum into the paper, steps to a sidewalk PLANTER.

Just as he's going to stash the newspaper inside, he spots
an unmarked pulling up across the street.

Leary behind the wheel, Hicks beside him. They wave, wink
and smile at Parker.

UNMARKED

They look a little more serious when he starts toward them.
From here we see Stegman in the backseat cage.

HICKS

What are you up to, Parker?

PARKER

(re: building)

Our money's in there. You still
interested?

HICKS

Not in the dough. Just the boat
I'm gonna buy with it.

Leary chuckles at his partner.

PARKER

(re: Stegman)

What's he doing here?

STEGMAN

It's a ride along, Parker.

PARKER

You like being in a cage with no
knobs, no handles.

STEGMAN
(yukking it up)
It isn't to keep me in. It's to
keep you out.

LEARY
What're you waiting for, Parker?
Go get it. Go get our money.

PARKER
You guys do me a favor?

HICKS
We're here to help, buddy.

Leary really guffaws at that one. He freezes, they all do,
at the sight of the Magnum pointing through the window.
Parker pulled it from the newspaper. A beat, then...

PARKER
They're probably going to frisk
me. Mind holding this for me?

He plops the Magnum into Leary's hand. The detectives
breathe a sigh of relief.

LEARY
Sure, Parker.
(hefts it)
Hey... Nice balance.

Leary spins the cylinder, starts playing with it as Parker
heads off.

INT. EMPTY ANTEROOM - CARTER INVESTMENTS - TWILIGHT

Parker enters. He susses out the room, stares up at the
security camera over the unmarked door across the way.

Gray steps out. He has no idea who ~~Parker~~ is.

GRAY
Can I help you?

PARKER
Tell Mr. Carter the guy who
killed Val Resnick is here.

GRAY
I'm sorry. I don't know what
you're talking about.

PARKER

You don't have to. Just go tell your boss.

Parker sits down and starts to leaf through a magazine. Gray stares at him, but Parker doesn't look up. Finally, Gray disappears the way he came.

Parker looks genuinely interested in one of the articles. As he turns the page, Gray comes back.

GRAY

Mr. Carter will see you.

Parker sets down the magazine, stands.

GRAY

Turn around so I can frisk you.

Parker obliges, raises his arms. Wary, Gray pats him down. Finishing, he steps back, a little surprised.

GRAY

You're clean.

INT. MR. CARTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Carter sits at his desk. Black sits in his usual corner spot. Carter looks up as Parker enters followed by Gray. Carter motions to one of two chairs across from the desk.

CARTER

Please.

Parker sits. He starts to cross one leg over the other as Gray bends to sit alongside of him. Instead...

Parker rams the heel of his foot into Gray's face just above the nose. Gray and his chair clatter over backwards.

Parker surges, comes in low as Black stands, pawing at his hip for his gun. Parker drives his shoulder into Black's gut, then brings his head up sharply cracking his chin.

As Black falls, Parker tears a 9mm from his holster and wheels in time to draw down on Carter who's got a .32 halfway out of a desk drawer.

PARKER

Close it.

Carter lets the gun drop into the drawer, closes it. He looks from Black to Gray.

CARTER
My compliments. They're two of
the best.

PARKER
No. They lull too easy.
(sits down)
We can talk now.

CARTER
I think Resnick lied to me. He
said he shot you and took your
proceeds from a robbery.

PARKER
One part's a lie. My wife shot
me.

CARTER
Ahh, that I can see. There's
something you want from me?

PARKER
Val gave you people one hundred
and thirty thousand dollars.

CARTER
Paid us. It was a debt.

PARKER
Seventy thousand of it was mine.
I want it back.

Carter looks again at his men on the floor, back to Parker.

CARTER
You can't be serious.

PARKER
It's my money.

CARTER
Any debt Resnick owed you died
with him. We don't settle our
employee's personal debts.

PARKER
You people have seventy thousand
dollars of my money. I want it.

CARTER
You people? The Outfit is what
we prefer --

PARKER

I don't care if you call
yourselves the Red Cross; you'll
pay me my money.

A KNOCK on the door. They both look over as it opens and
Phil steps inside. He stops short at Parker's gun.

CARTER

It's alright, Philip. Close the
door and sit down.

PARKER

(pointing)

In that chair. On your hands.

Phil sits down on his hands. Carter looks to Parker.

CARTER

I'm sorry. I've forgotten your
name. Resnick told me, but --

PARKER

Parker.

CARTER

That's right. I won't forget it
again. The Outfit is not
unreasonable, Parker, but no
corporation in the world would
agree to what you're asking.

Parker has had it with Carter.

PARKER

What about Fairfax? Will he
give me my money back?

Carter is surprised at the mention of Fairfax's name.

CARTER

Resnick told you quite a bit,
didn't he? Fairfax would tell
you the same thing I have.
We're not authorized to --

PARKER

Who is? Who makes the decisions?

CARTER

A committee would --

PARKER
(standing)
One man, Carter. Go high enough,
you always come to one man.

Parker slides Carter's phone over in front of him.

CARTER
Yes. But if you're asking me to
call --

PARKER
I'm telling you to call.

CARTER
And what will you do if I refuse?

PARKER
Kill you and wait for Fairfax to
come back to town.

CARTER
And if I call, and this person
refuses, as I know they will?

Parker gestures toward the phone with the 9mm. Carter
picks it up, dials. After a moment.

CARTER
(into phone)
It's Fred Carter. I want to
talk to Bronson.
(after a beat)
I'm sorry to bother you, but
there's a problem. A man is in
my office with a gun. He says
he'll kill me unless the Outfit
pays him one hundred and thirty
thousand dollars that one of our
lieutenants stole from him.

PARKER
Seventy. I only want -- Let me
talk to him.

CARTER
(correcting Parker)
Her.
(into phone)
He wants to talk to you.

Carter holds out the phone, but Parker isn't going to
compromise his hands.

PARKER
Put her on speaker.

Carter clicks it over.

PARKER
How much is this guy Carter
worth to you?

Bronson responds. Indeed, an assured, discerning woman.

BRONSON'S VOICE
What do you mean?

PARKER
Either I get paid, or Carter is
dead.

BRONSON'S VOICE
I don't like to be threatened.

PARKER
I'm not threatening you. I'm
threatening Carter.

BRONSON'S VOICE
(laughs softly)
An audacious man. Who are you?

PARKER
My money. Yes or no?

BRONSON'S VOICE
No.

Parker looks at Carter. Carter goes for the gun in the
drawer. But Parker shoots him in the heart.

Phil reacts.

Carter blinks from the hole in his chest up to Parker.

CARTER
You don't get it, do you?

Carter slumps dead, slides out of the chair to the floor.

BRONSON'S VOICE
Carter? Carter?

Keeping one eye on Phil, Parker goes through the desk,
finds an address book. Opens it to 'F'. Fairfax and an
uptown address. Parker leans to the speaker.

PARKER

Call Fairfax. Tell him his partner is dead. Tell him unless I get my money, you two are next.

BRONSON'S VOICE

In 24 hours you'll be dead. Do you understand? Do you --

Parker hangs up. As Phil gulps...

EXT. UNMARKED - ROOSEVELT CIRCLE - NIGHT

Stegman sits up. Leary nudges Hicks as Parker approaches.

LEARY

I don't see any cash.

HICKS

They write you a check?

PARKER

Got the run-around. Now I have to see another guy.

STEGMAN

Damn shame, Parker.

(suppresses a laugh)

Don't let the bastards get you down.

HICKS

You're like a squirrel looking for nuts to get you through the winter. Don't give up.

As they bust out laughing big time, Parker takes a look around, sets the open newspaper on the open window by Leary. Leary wipes away a tear.

LEARY

Oh yeah...

He takes the Magnum, opens the cylinder and dumps out the shells. As he slides it onto the open paper:

LEARY

Nice roscoe, Parker. Heavy enough to be a nut cracker.

The trio lose it again. Parker closes the paper around the gun, starts away. If they annoy him, he doesn't show it.

HICKS
We'll be in touch, Rocky! Keep
up the good work.

As Parker continues off, Leary looks to Hicks.

STEGMAN
Rocky? Where'd you get Rocky?

HICKS
The squirrel in that cartoon.
Rocky and Bullwinkle.

The three really lose it this time.

Ahead, Parker hails a TAXI, gets in.

LEARY
Time for a pizza and a six-pack.
Your guy handle it, Steggie?

STEGMAN
Of course.

Leary reaches out the window, waves someone up from behind.
A second TAXI pulls out and alongside the unmarked. Driven
by Radioman (his ear heavily bandaged).

HICKS
(gesturing ahead)
Keep tabs on him.

Radioman nods, takes off after Parker's taxi.

EXT. STREET - NEAR ROOSEVELT CIRCLE - NIGHT

Parker's cab passes by. A beat and then Radioman follows.
Hold here as Parker steps out of a doorway. He deadpans
the street, then continues on his private way.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Val is still on the floor where we last saw him. A few
flies buzz. The door opens; Parker enters.

He opens the newspaper, drops the gun (now with Leary's
prints) at Val's feet, careful not to touch it. Then he
reaches into his pocket, takes out Hicks' badge.

Wiping it clean of prints, he places the badge in Val's
hand, closes Val's fingers around it.

As Parker picks up Val's .45...

CUT TO:

EXT. PEEP HOLE - DOOR - NIGHT

A WOMAN'S PROFILE leans into frame. She pulls back the cover looks out at...

PEEPHOLE POV

Parker. Standing in a hallway.

WOMAN

Wary, she asks...

WOMAN

Who is it?

A name we never get tired of hearing, but Parker says it like he's getting tired of saying it.

PARKER

Parker.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The woman leads Parker down, opens a bedroom doorway.

BEDROOM

Rosie lies curled up on the bed, her back to the door that Parker enters through. Rosie stares off in thought, her face bruised and swollen.

She looks up as Parker comes around, sits on the bed above her knees. He looks down at her. After a beat, she answers the question he hasn't asked yet.

ROSIE

I'm fine.

PARKER

Good.

A growling at the door. "Parker" stands there, his head wrapped in gauze.

PARKER

And the mutt?

ROSIE

He's fine, too. How about you?
Want to lie down a minute?

Parker shakes his head. For the first time, besides looking beat-up, Rosie looks vulnerable.

ROSIE

Could I hold onto you at least?

Parker nods. She wraps an arm around his waist, pulls herself to his back. She's trying not to cry.

ROSIE

Everything working out?

PARKER

(matter-of-fact)

Tomorrow I'll either have my
money or I'll be dead.

It's quiet a beat.

ROSIE

I get the feeling you're doing
this more for the mean hell of
it than anything else.

PARKER

It's momentum. Momentum and
balance.

ROSIE

I don't know what you mean.

Parker thinks a moment for the right words.

PARKER

Ever since Lynn, everything's
off. And it'll stay that way
until I get my money back.

ROSIE

I think I understand...

She squeezes him a little tighter, closes her eyes.

ROSIE

All these years, I don't even
know your first name. Even so,
I could love you, Parker.

Parker also closes his eyes a beat, but doesn't answer.
Rosalie slowly slides her hand away.

ROSIE

I watched TV all day. They had this baseball player on the news. He was getting old and his team got rid of him and no one else wanted him. They showed some old footage. He used to be beautiful... I guess that's what happens, huh?

Parker knows she's thinking about herself.

PARKER

Got to try and go out on top. Like Ted Williams. Hit a home run your last at bat.

(a beat)

You still got the car, Rosie?

Rosie looks at him a moment. Then she nods 'yes'.

PARKER

If it turns out I get my money, maybe you'd want to drive me somewhere.

Rosie sits up a little, looks at him.

ROSIE

Me drive you? It depends. Where are you going?

PARKER

Haven't decided yet.

They stare at each other. After a long beat...

ROSIE

Okay.

Parker reaches down, gently touches her cheek.

PARKER

Good girl.

With that, he holds out one of the ceramic frogs. As she takes it...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITYVIEW APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A towncar disgorges BODYGUARD ONE from the front passenger seat. He opens the back door for MR. FAIRFAX. Fit, tan, 50, Fairfax wears a tropical print shirt, a pair of khakis.

BODYGUARD TWO steps over from the front of the building.

BODYGUARD TWO
Good to have you back in town,
Mr. Fairfax.

FAIRFAX
Wish it was good to be here. I
was marlin fishing this morning.

As the hood pops on the trunk revealing a ton of luggage...

INT. LIVING ROOM - FAIRFAX'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Breathtaking city views. A FIGURE sits at the end of the room half-slumped unconscious in a chair. A big man, he's in shadows. Across the room...

Another figure sits in the dark smoking cigarettes, ten odd butts crushed out at his feet. Parker. He straightens at the scrape of a key in the lock. A door opens.

Lights come on. Parker sits against the wall by an open entry. Fairfax walks right in without seeing he's there.

The bodyguards follow, both carrying a couple of pieces of Fairfax's luggage.

Fairfax sees the big man in the chair. Is he asleep?

FAIRFAX
Walters! Wake up!

PARKER
Don't let go of the luggage,
boys.

All three look back over their shoulders at Parker, the gun in his hand. Only Fairfax turns.

FAIRFAX
Who are you?

PARKER
I'm the reason you're home early.

The bodyguards stand flatfooted, flustering. Not paid to look stupid. Parker stands.

FAIRFAX
You're Parker?

PARKER

(nods)

Keep that luggage up, boys. Up.
Drop below shoulder level and
your dead.

Like gymnasts on the rings, the bodyguards raise the
luggage to shoulder level. Fairfax is not amused.

FAIRFAX

What do you want me to do, a
handstand?

PARKER

Call Bronson. Get my money.

FAIRFAX

She let Carter die. She'll let
me die, too.

PARKER

With Carter she thought I was
bluffing. Come on.

Fairfax pauses to look at his bodyguards. The strain of
their predicament is not yet showing.

FAIRFAX

You two are fired.

Parker watches as Fairfax picks up the phone, dials.

PARKER

508. Bronson was at 212 this
morning.

FAIRFAX

She left town.

(a beat; into phone)

Tell Ms. Bronson it's Justin
Fairfax.

(another beat; then)

It's like this Ms. Bronson. I'm
standing in my living room.
There's a man named Parker here.
He says you'll have to pay him
sooner or later.

A pause. Fairfax studies Parker as he listens.

FAIRFAX

(into phone)

No, I don't think so. He's
hard, that's all.

(grim smile)
And judging by his tailor, he
doesn't give a damn either.

Fairfax listens again, then extends the phone to Parker.

FAIRFAX
She wants to talk to you.

Parker waves him off, clicks on the SPEAKER PHONE.

PARKER
It's Parker.

BRONSON'S VOICE
(amused)
I should probably just have you
shoot Fairfax, then hire you to
run the city for me.

Fairfax and Parker exchange a look.

BRONSON'S VOICE
You're an annoyance, Parker. A
mosquito. To get rid of you,
I'll swat you with a hundred and
thirty grand.

The amount is wrong again.

PARKER
You people aren't listening --

BRONSON'S VOICE
(finally angry)
You listen. I'm spreading the
word. If you see Parker, make
him dead. Don't go out of you're
way, just if you happen to see
him. You're marked. Do you get
what I'm talking about, Parker?

PARKER
You're the one who left town,
Ms. Bronson; you tell me

His body trembling, one of the bodyguards starts to lower a
suitcase. BANG! Parker fires a round through the
Samsonite. The bodyguard raises it back up.

BRONSON'S VOICE
Fairfax! Fairfax?

FAIRFAX

Right here, Ms. Bronson. He's just shooting holes through my suits.

BRONSON'S VOICE

Where do you want to pick up your money, Parker?

PARKER

Subway stop in Lincoln Heights. Five PM today. One man with cash in a blue backpack. I'll be on the platform. Send more than one, the mosquito will drain your blood.

BRONSON'S VOICE

What's the name of the stop?

PARKER

It's the end of the line.

BRONSON'S VOICE

For you too, Parker. Goodbye.

Bronson hangs up.

FAIRFAX

You're signing your own death warrant for a hundred and thirty grand? I don't get it. Is it the principle or something?

PARKER

No. It's just my money. And actually, it's seventy grand.

Parker starts out, exits.

Exhausted, the bodyguards drop the luggage to the ground, fall to their knees heaving for breath.

FAIRFAX

Well? Go after him!

But they're not going anywhere just yet.

EXT. CITYVIEW APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The unmarked is parked across from Fairfax's. Waiting for Parker. Leary sits behind the wheel. Hicks is in the backseat, mouth open, a stupid look on his face.

LEARY

I'll tell you, partner, not only
is this clown Parker not so
tough; he's not so bright either.

They both look over as TWO RAZOR-CLEAN DETECTIVES step up.
They got TWO UNIFORM COPS with them.

RAZOR-CLEAN ONE

Hicks. Leary. We're Holland
and Van Owen. Internal Affairs.

HICKS

You guys want to back off?
We're on stake-out.

At that the Hooker from Popeye's bar rises up into frame
from Hick's lap. Thus the stupid look on his face.

The I.A. boys pass a look. Razor-Clean Two holds a badge.

RAZOR-CLEAN TWO

Is this your badge, detective?
The one you reported missing?

Hick eyes them, then nods.

RAZOR-CLEAN ONE

Where exactly did you lose it?

INT. TAXI - FURTHER DOWN THE STREET - DAY

Radioman in front. Stegman in back. Watching as Hicks and
Leary are escorted into the I.A. car and driven off.

RADIOMAN

The hell's going on?

Stegman's at a loss till he sees: Parker watching from
across and up the street.

PARKER

He steps to the curb to hail a cab.

A beat before the taxi swings over. Radioman's half-turned
away, pretending to make a note on a clipboard. Stegman's
nowhere in sight. As Parker starts to climb in back...

000059

INT. TAXI - DAY

Stegman's crouched in the corner, .38 aimed at Parker who's half way in.

STEGMAN

Sit down, Parker. Close the door.

Stegman sits up as Parker slams the door shut.

STEGMAN

Set the roscoe on the floor.
Slow.

As Parker sets the .45 down, Radioman drives.

STEGMAN

(pleased with self)

I gotta get a tooth capped, Parker, but you're gonna get capped first. I'm gonna turn you in to the Outfit for a reward. Maybe they'll be so impressed, they'll ask me to join. I'll be on Easy Street. Medical. Dental. I'm gonna walk you right in. Parker on the hoof. Unless you get rambunctious. Then I'll have to take care of you myself.

Stegman points the .38 for emphasis. Like a snake, Parker grabs it right out of his hand. Stegman's eyes barely have time to widen before Parker begins slamming his face into the Plexiglass partition.

The cab stops short. A shotgun noses through the money slot at Parker.

RADIOMAN

Let him go!

Holding Stegman by the back of the neck, Parker hesitates.

RADIOMAN

Now.

Radioman chambers a round. Then, Parker sees something.

A BLACK BRONCO pulls up right alongside the passenger side.

Full of three Chows aiming grease-guns.

Radioman turns, fires wildly. The Chows unload on him.

With a foot Parker jams Stegman up against the window as a shield. He's torn apart as Parker scoops the .45, opens the door and kicks himself outside.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Chows are unaware. They blast away turning the cab to a big yellow sieve.

PARKER

Scooting under the cab, rolling under the Bronco. Aiming up with the .38 and .45 he opens fire.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

The driver Chow is drilled in the groin as shots tear up through the floor panel. The other two fire down through their own car.

PARKER

Safe under the drive shaft, the asphalt tearing up on either side of him. Finally the barrage stops.

A car door opens. Parker aims at a pair of COWBOY BOOTS stepping down. Screams in Chinese as the Chow goes down.

He lands looking straight at the barrel of the .38. As Parker fires...

INT. BRONCO - DAY

BOOM! The remaining Chow fires back into the floor, all the while looking frantically from left to right.

PARKER

Hand over fist, he pulls himself out through the back. Pops up, aiming the .45.

The last Chow looks back too late, slumps back as Parker nails him.

As onlookers scurry away, Parker rushes to the taxi.

TAXI.

Parker opens the door, hauls the dead Radioman out, dumps him on the street. Parker gets behind the wheel, tears away with Stegman dead in the backseat.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. TRAIN ENTRANCE - LINCOLN HEIGHTS - DAY

Time to get the money. An OUTFITTER stands just inside the turnstiles keeping watch.

Twenty feet behind him A DOOR. Transit Employees Only. It opens and Parker slips out.

The Outfitter stares out, puts a cigarette in his mouth, strikes a match. As he cups his hands for a light...

Parker is suddenly there, .45 in his back.

PARKER

One word...

The Outfitter freezes, stays that way until the match in his hand burns his fingers. He drops it, the cigarette hanging from his mouth.

PARKER

Back up.

They step back through the employee door.

A moment passes, then Parker exits alone. He takes a puff of the cigarette, then crushes it under his heel.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Neither subway or el. The tracks are at ground level with the station platform like a railroad depot. Except the tracks, one set on either side, come only as far as the platform; it's the end of the line.

PLATFORM

Two trains flank the platform. A sign reads: NEXT TRAIN with an arrow pointing to the left. Its doors open.

Two dozen people board. *000059* Only two remain behind:

A HEAVY WORKMAN sits on a platform bench reading the paper, a LUNCH BUCKET beside him.

At the other end, a BUSINESSMAN stands holding a cup of coffee. He stares out at the trains in the yards.

EXT. MEN'S ROOM - STATION - DAY

Next to, but out of sight of the platform. Through an archway, you can see train doors slide shut. Parker steps back, reaches the men's room door and enters.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

TWO GUYS, maybe college students, at the urinals. Parker takes the third spot. A low half-PARTITION between each.

They all face the wall. Then the two guys exchange a look, look over at Parker. BIG RUMBLE as the train leaves.

ANGLE ON PARKER TO REVEAL

Fly up, he holds the barrel of the .45 against the partition wall.

As the guy closest goes for a waistband gun, BOOM!, Parker shoots him through the partition. Down he goes.

The other guy starts to make a move, but is caught flatfooted. As he stares at Parker waiting to die.

PARKER

Put it away.

As we hear a ZIPPER closing...

EXT. MEN'S ROOM - STATION - DAY

Parker exits alone. He dumps a couple of Glocks in the trash, continues around a corner. Guy two doesn't follow.

EXT. BUSINESSMAN - PLATFORM - DAY

Still stands holding his coffee. "Pssst." He turns round.

Parker stands inside a support column, the .45 leveled.

BUSINESSMAN

(gulps)

You Parker!

Parker nods, gestures to the businessman's cup.

PARKER

Take a sip once in awhile. You wouldn't look so obvious.

The businessman looks at the cup in his hand. It's full.

PARKER

Where's the gun?

BUSINESSMAN

Shoulder holster.

PARKER

Hold the cup in your teeth, put the gun in the briefcase, put the briefcase on the ground.

The businessman reaches to a shoulder holster, does as he's told. All the while coffee sloshes up his nose.

HEAVY WORKMAN - PLATFORM BENCH

He looks over as the businessman approaches, a cup of coffee in either hand. He holds one out.

BUSINESSMAN

Guy says you should drink this.

WORKMAN

What guy?

The businessman's eyes flicker past the workman. Parker's back there. The workman knows enough to freeze.

BUSINESSMAN

(as he was told)

Right hand. Take the coffee.

The businessman hands it to him, left hand to right.

Sticking the .45 in the workman's back, Parker reaches, opens the lunch bucket. Only thing inside is a Luger.

Parker leaves it, closes it, takes a half-step back.

PARKER

Better hurry. You two are going to miss your train.

The other train's about to go. The workman stands, exchanges looks with the businessman. They start forward.

Cringing, expecting bullets in the back, they get on the train. Parker watches them; they watch him.

A few LATE ARRIVALS also board.

Finally, the doors close with a hiss; the train heads out.

Parker's all alone on the platform, till a WOMAN rushes out after the train. Dressed for work, in walking SNEAKERS, she curses her bad luck. As she settles down to wait...

Parker tucks the .45 inside his jacket, waits.

EXT/INT. TURNSTILES - TRAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Among others, Rosie enters. Wearing dark sunglasses, a baseball cap, her profile is low. A few people follow, then, a MAN with a BLUE BACKPACK.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Another train pulls in. Rosie arrives, passes Parker like she doesn't know him.

The man steps out, carries the backpack at his side. He looks around, spots Parker staring at him. He's a little surprised. But he buries it and starts down.

People board. So does Rosie with a backward glance.

Passing the Sneaker Woman who finishes her make-up, he finally stops across from Parker. The man sets the backpack on the bench. Turning, he starts away.

PARKER

Open it.

The man turns, looks back.

MAN

It's all there. A hundred and thirty grand.

Parker reacts to the amount.

PARKER

You dumb bastards. Open it.

The man shrugs, steps forward. As he bends to the backpack, Parker sees something beyond him.

THE SNEAKER WOMAN

Who was late for the train aiming a pistol at him.

PLATFORM

Parker brings up the .45; the man draws a gun as well.
He's ripped in the CROSSFIRE between Parker and the Woman.

People scream. Parker is hit in the side. He falls back,
ends up sitting on the platform.

ROSIE

On the train, reacting.

PLATFORM

From a sitting position, Parker fires one last time.

Sneaker Woman sprawls back dead.

More screaming. Clutching his gut, Parker gets to his
feet, opens the backpack. It's stuffed with...CASH.

ROSIE

Starts out, but the doors slide shut blocking her.

PLATFORM

Parker stumbles over to the door. As he tries to pry them
open, the train pulls out.

With Rosie helping from the other side, they get them apart
enough to shove the backpack through.

Then Parker falls. The doors close on his arm. As the
train picks up speed, Parker skids along the deck.

ROSIE

Parker!

Ahead, the train is passing just inside a steel I-BEAM
SUPPORT. Parker's going to get whacked hard.

Rosie sees it, does everything she can to get the door open
enough. As the beam looms...

She does it. Parker's arm jerks loose. As he tumbles to a
stop just in front of the beam, the train continues, taking
Rosie and the backpack with it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKERS - TRAIN STATION - DAY

Parker keys open a locker. Reaching in, he pulls out a second BLUE BACKPACK. What's going on? He heads out.

EXT. TRAIN ENTRANCE - LINCOLN HEIGHTS - DAY

Backpack in hand, Parker exits. Standing as straight as his wound will allow, he starts down the street like nothing happened.

INT. OUTFIT SEDAN - STREET - DAY

Val's thugs in front, Phil from the Outfit bored in back.

THUG ONE

(sitting up)

Hey, Phil...

Phil looks, sees what they see:

Parker. Walking toward them. He turns down a side street.

PHIL

How'd he make it...? Go.

Thug One starts the car, leans on the horn.

EXT. SEDAN TWO - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

Black and Gray (from Carter's office) look across, follow as Phil's sedan pulls out.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

A BUICK is parked, facing away. Parker climbs in.

INT. BUICK - DAY

The passenger seat is covered with a tarp. Parker sets the backpack on the center console, starts the engine.

Through the rear window, we see the Outfit sedans slide the corner in pursuit. Grimacing in pain, Parker takes off.

EXT. STREET ONE - DAY

The Buick roars past. A few seconds and it's followed by the Outfit sedans.

EXT. STREET TWO - DAY

A 4th CAR rolls along. The Chows.

CHOW CAR

Ponytailed Courier, tattooed Bodyguard and Pearl. They all whip a look over as the Buick tears by the other way.

As the Courier hits the brakes...

EXT. STREET TWO - DAY

As the Chow car slides into a 180°, it crosses the median heading ass first toward...

The Outfit sedans coming up hard.

They split, just miss it on either side.

As the Chows follow in a cloud of tire smoke...

EXT. STREET THREE - DAY

The Outfit sedans are closing.

Without warning, the Buick brakes hard, turns into a PARKING GARAGE. It snaps the entry arm off as it disappears inside.

The sedans brake hard, follow.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Nothing but squealing tires as the Buick corkscrews up through the levels. The sedans follow.

UPPER LEVEL

The Buick streaks by with back-up lights. As the car backs out, the sedans brake to keep from slamming it.

Horns blare. As the car pulls back in, a little distance in the pursuit.

BUICK

Driving with one hand, Parker pushes in the cigarette lighter, then unzips the second backpack. He pulls out a heavy BLACK CORD. The lighter pops. Parker pulls it, sets the end to the cord. As a fuse begins to burn...

The light of the roof shows ahead.

OUTFIT SEDANS

Up to speed again.

BUICK

Crossing the roof. Smoke pours from the backpack. Parker lets go of the wheel. One hand opens the door as the other pulls the tarp covering the front seat to reveal:

Dead Stegman!

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

The Buick crashes through the barrier, sails toward the ground below.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

As the sedans roar up.

EXT. STREET BELOW - DAY

The Buick bursts into flames an instant before it smashes into the ground.

After a beat, the Chows pull up, pile out. They can just make out a flaming figure behind the wheel. They open fire just to make sure.

EXT. ROOFTOP EDGE - DAY

Phil and the Outfit boys step up, look down.

THE CHOWS

Look up. A beat, then the Chows pile in, take off.

EXT. ROOFTOP EDGE - DAY

The Outfit boys watch them go.

THUG ONE

Think the money's gone?

BLACK

It's made of paper. Take a wild guess.

PHIL

You guys take one of the cars,
leave me the other. I've got to
make a call.

They acquiesce, head for sedan one. Phil pulls a cellphone
from his pocket, punches a number as they drive away.

PHIL

(into phone)

Parker's dead, Ms. Bronson.

BRONSON'S VOICE

Did you see the body?

PHIL

Yes, Ma'am.

(peeks over roof)

I'm looking at it now.

MS. BRONSON

Good. You move into Carter's
office on Monday, Philip.

PHIL

Yes, Ms. Bronson. Thank you.

The line clicks off. But instead of getting in his car, he
starts down a row of cars.

INT. 1974 PLYMOUTH ROADRUNNER - ROOFTOP - DAY

Parker sits low in the passenger seat, watches as Phil
heads in this direction. Parker grips the .45 in his lap.

ROOFTOP

It becomes obvious that each man knows the other is here.
As Phil nears, Parker watches out the window.

PARKER

You get your promotion?

PHIL

(nods; re: phone)
Just got the word. I assured
Ms. Bronson you were dead.

PARKER

Nice doing business with you.

Phil 'pockets' his phone, but his hand whips back out
aiming a little .32.

PHIL

I'd like the money, too, Parker.
It goes well with the promotion.

PARKER

It's mine. I'm keeping it.

PHIL

(aiming)
Is that so?

Behind Phil, the unmistakable sound of a shotgun shell
being chambered. Phil can't see, but...

Rosie steps up, sets the barrel of a sawed-off against the
back of Phil's neck. "Parker" growls beside her.

PHIL

Kill me and the Outfit'll know
you're alive.

PARKER

Let you go and they'll know the
same thing.

As Phil sweats...

PARKER

508 555-4356 and 212 555-7754.
Those are two of Ms. Bronson's
numbers. Say a word and I'll
drop a dime, tell her how you
IDed the body. Understand?

PHIL

I understand.

PARKER

If they ask, tell your friends
you got snugged.

That said, Rosie whacks him across the back of the head.
As Phil goes down...

ROSIE
That was my last at bat, Parker.

CUT TO:

INT. ROADRUNNER - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Rosie drives out, turns onto the street. She looks over at Parker: a beat-up, bloody bastard. "Parker" sits in back straddling the backpack which spills cash.

ROSIE
Got your balance back, Parker?

Looking ahead, he just nods that he does.

ROSIE
You remind me of a frog.

He looks over for an explanation, can't figure it.

ROSIE
No matter how many times I kiss
you, you'll never be a prince.

"Parker" growls as she leans across, gives Parker a kiss. He winces in pain. She echoes an earlier exchange.

ROSIE
You believe in doctors now?

Parker looks from her, to the beat-up "Parker."

PARKER
A vet. Get us both to a vet.

They pull onto the entrance for the Citygate Bridge.

EXT. CITYGATE BRIDGE - DAY

It's a jam coming in, but clear sailing rolling out. And the Roadrunner rolls. Rosie behind the wheel, driving Parker out of the city. He did what he came to do.

He looks across at the city skyline. It looks dull, gray, dying. Somewhere a horn blares. As they continue across the bridge and away...

FADE TO BLACK.

The End