

Q U I C K C H A N G E

Screenplay
By

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Based on the Novel by
Jay Cronley

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON (BEGIN MAIN TITLES)

A man with a gun speaks to the mirror.

MAN

Are you talking to me?

We draw nearer slowly. He's wearing an undershirt. Because the apartment is dark we've yet to see his face.

MAN

Are you talking to me?

Now we see him. He's a CLOWN. His nose is a red ball. He sneers beneath a painted smile. He squints his happy-painted eyes. He stows the gun in his polka-dotted pants. Then he whips it out again.

CLOWN

That's real funny, man. . . 'Cause I thought I heard you talkin' to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY BUS - AFTERNOON (CONTINUE TITLES)

The Clown -- GRIMM -- sits in the back of a bus, gripping a dozen balloons marked UNITED WAY.

He has completed the clown ensemble with an orange wig, floppy shoes, red suspenders, a speckled bow-tie and a big-buttoned shirt.

He stares straight ahead as two Boys in Rambo outfits wage war in the filthy, littered aisle. An Old Woman listens to a bombastic call-in Disc Jockey on her radio:

BOMBASTIC D.J. (V.O.)

Listen: If Clint Eastwood was chief of police, we wouldn't have this kind of crime problem!

EARNEST TEENAGER (V.O.)

(nervous, diffident)

But -- he's not really a policeman. He's just an actor.

BOMBASTIC D.J. (V.O.)
(piously indignant)
Hey! moron! If that's some kind of a
crack about the President of the United
States, I'm not gonna tolerate it!
(he cuts off the call)
Buddy Van. You're on the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK/STREET - LATE AFTERNOON (CONTINUE TITLES)

The TRI-CITIES BANK is a high ugly fortress. Plate-glass windows stretch across its fancy facade. It's a big bank, a main branch.

Grimm approaches. His clown shoes slap against the sidewalk.

Five teenage Gang Members loiter near the bank entrance.

Grimm, not eager for trouble at the moment, knows he is a lightning-rod for abuse as he approaches, in costume.

GRIMM
(under his breath)
Oh, great.

A GANG MEMBER steps directly in front of him.

GANG MEMBER
What're you s'posed t'be?

Grimm lets him see just the top of the gun.

GRIMM
Narco, The Clown. You punks holding?

The kid sneers, then steps aside. Grimm continues forward, shoes flopping.

The bank has high double doors. The left door has the word "EAT" scrawled on it; the right door is open.

Grimm enters, muttering:

GRIMM
I hate this town.

He pulls the right door shut behind him; "ME" is scrawled on it.

As we read the two-word graffito, we END MAIN TITLES.

INT. THE BANK - LATE AFTERNOON

Entering, Grimm surveys the depressingly cheerful decor, the cameras overhead, the antiseptic atmosphere of steely inviolability.

It is 5:50 by the overhead clock: almost closing time on a Friday.

There are six Tellers; 10 customers; three bank VP's at their desks; and a single Guard, seated by the door. He is a mean old coot.

GUARD

Say. No soliciting in the bank.

He points to the United Way balloons. Grimm circles his arm around the old man, gently guides him off the stool.

GUARD

And don't tell me "It's f'r a good cause."

(with contempt)

Bozo.

Grimm gracefully urges the old coot toward the front door. He reads the name on his metal nametag: Hugh Estes.

GRIMM

That's Mister Bozo, okay? And I've got some bad news. . . I'm robbing the bank, Hugh. I want you to lock the doors for me.

HUGH

You think that's funny? What the hell kind of a clown are you?

GRIMM

The crying on the inside kind, I guess.

Without much effort, Grimm silently lifts the gun from the old man's holster as he guides him to the doors.

GRIMM (Cont'd)

Hugh? I've got dynamite taped all over me. I'll blow everybody up if you don't do what I say.

HUGH

(mocking)

Ooooh. I'm scared.

Grimm briefly pulls up the bright shirt of his clown costume to show Hugh a string of dynamite sticks girdling his midriff.

GRIMM

I've got a terminal disease. So it really doesn't matter what happens to me.

HUGH

(convinced; craven)
Please. I'm just an old man.

Panicked, Hugh yanks the door out of the hands of a Businessman who was about to enter, throwing him back onto the sidewalk on his ass. As Hugh locks the doors, the Businessman looks up to see:

A clown drawing shut the curtains. The clown waves.

Grimm turns back into the bank. As he flops forward, he pulls the pistol from his suit, waving it for all to see.

GRIMM

This is a robbery!

People look around, see a clown with a gun. Some are annoyed; one or two smile. But most are impervious: life in the big city. They go back to writing their checks or filling in their withdrawal slips.

To convince them, Grimm shoots his pistol into the air.

Screams. Some people drop to the floor. The bank V.P.'s punch alarm buttons under their desks.

GRIMM

Quiet! Put your hands on top of your heads! Everybody!

Tellers, Customers and VP's oblige -- all but a guy who has been standing at a table filling out a deposit slip.

He falls to his knees, screaming and sobbing.

GUY

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!
WE'RE ALL --

GRIMM

You idiot.

Grimm puts his .38 at the guy's temple and cocks it.

GRIMM (Cont'd)
Shut the hell up.

The hysteric is a dim but earnest person called LACKEY.
He has a full, bristly lumberjack's beard.

All watch nervously as Lackey manages to stop screaming.
He whimpers softly, instead.

Satisfied, Grimm moves toward the counter. He waves his
gun at the customers as he goes.

GRIMM
Don't anybody move.

A dog in a Lady's arms disobeys this command, wriggling;
Grimm gets a bead on the pup.

GRIMM
(to the dog, peevishly)
What did I just say?

All hold their breath, wondering if the guy is crazy
enough or low enough to shoot a dog. The dog settles
down.

GRIMM
That's better.

Grimm moves on, to the tellers' windows, where he scoops
up the money in the drawers and on the counter and stuffs
it into a Hefty bag.

BLUE COLLAR GUY
(emotional)
That's my money.

GRIMM
Don't worry. It's insured.

BLUE COLLAR GUY
She didn't give me no receipt yet.
How can they insure it if I don't
got no --

GRIMM
(aiming the gun at the Teller)
You -- Give him a receipt.

The Teller nods, takes up a slip.

GRIMM
(aiming the gun at the Blue Collar
Guy)
You -- Watch the double negatives, huh?

BLUE COLLAR GUY

Yessir.

GRIMM

(calling out)

Anybody else need a receipt? Last chance.

No takers. The Teller slides the receipt to Grimm, who hands it to the customer.

GRIMM

We're all going into the vault now.
Keep your hands on your heads.

PRINCETON, the head V.P., rises from his desk, hands on head. He manages a professional, reassuring smile.

PRINCETON

Do as he says, everyone. This will all
be over with, presently.

The Tellers come out from behind the counter as the VP's come out from behind their desks.

Everybody moves slowly toward the vault at the back of the bank.

Lackey mutters, almost weeping, as they move:

LANKY GUY

We're all gonna die in the vault. We're
going to the vault to die.

Others glare at him, nervously. . .

Meantime, we hear the sirens of what seem to be dozens of cars arriving out front. Flashing red lights play across the curtains. We hear muffled shouts and scuffling boots.

As customers and employees enter the vault, Grimm hands a Hefty bag to a Teller --

GRIMM

Put all the money in here.

He catches Princeton by the arm --

GRIMM

You're gonna make a phone call for me.
Presently.

Princeton nods. Grimm locks the barred door of the vault from the outside. Then he speaks to the hostages.

GRIMM

The police are gonna want me to let some of you people out of here when we start negotiating. As a show of good faith. The best way to get out is to keep calm. If they want proof I'm serious, I'll carve up the troublemakers first.

All are stunned. All are silent. Except Lackey.

LACKEY

Oh-Jesus-God!

Everybody shushes Lackey, as Grimm turns calmly, takes Princeton by the arm.

Princeton whispers to him as they move to the phone.

PRINCETON

Give up now. That's the only door.
(he points to the front door)
There's no way out, my friend.

Grimm hands Princeton the phone. As Princeton dials, Grimm pulls up his shirt to give Princeton a glimpse of the dynamite.

GRIMM

Tell 'em anybody gets near this place, I blow it up. If I don't hear from the man in charge in 15 minutes I send your thumb out through the night depository.
. . . And thanks. For calling me friend.

PRINCETON

(into the phone, blinking)
This is Princeton. Just listen: whoever's in charge has 15 minutes to call inside. Don't come near the bank! he's covered in dynamite.

Grimm grabs the phone.

GRIMM

Yeah, and I wanna speak to Mom. Let's see her call me stupid now.

Grimm hangs up the phone. Princeton is round-eyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - DUSK

The street is sealed off. Festive, unruly crowds rush

toward the bank from adjoining blocks, but are held at either end of the block by police barricades.

A Hotdog Vendor (a radio swinging from his concession cart blaring news of the robbery) races his cart like a rickshaw. . . We now see he is racing against Other Vendors with radios and carts; all are eager to get a good spot.

Across from the bank, SWAT cops in vests and helmets are in every doorway and on every rooftop.

On the street, the police chief, ROTZINGER, a man with character in his face, moves quickly, nodding as he goes.

He is being briefed by LT. JAMESON, his devoted right-hand man.

They're led to a make-shift command post which Cops are constructing around an already-existing telephone booth.

Reporters, including T.V. reporters with video crews, shout "Chief" and "Chief Rotzinger." But he concentrates on his briefing, and does not slow his pace.

As he moves, he is studying grainy photos of the clown pointing his gun, taken by the bank's overhead cameras.

Five SWAT cops rush by, to the bank side of the street.

Rotzinger arrives at the command post. He points at the phone, to which police technicians are attaching recording equipment.

ROTZINGER

Ready?

TECH

Another minute, sir.

INT. BANK - VAULT

A Teller is praying, silently. A bank V.P. is writing his will on a vest-pocket notepad.

A highly attractive if slightly brassy BLONDE HOSTAGE tries to calm Lackey.

BLONDE

Don't do this. It'll be okay.

But Lackey continues to mutter, gruffly imitating Grimm. It sounds more like a bad Nixon imitation.

LACKY

"I'll carve up the troublemakers first."

HUGH ESTES
Why don't you shut up.

The scene is tense but quiet. Then several hostages scream (and the dog barks) when they HEAR GUNFIRE.

INT. BANK

Grimm stands on a desk, shooting out the overhead cameras.

Every time he shoots, there are more screams from the vault, and the dog barks. Grimm is a bad shot. He has to fire many times.

GRIMM
(muttering)
. . .damn.. .gimme a break. . .

The phone rings. He gets down. He answers it.

GRIMM
Mom?

VOICE (O.S.)
This is Rotzinger.

GRIMM
. . .Who're you? Where's Mom?

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. BANK - DUSK

Rotzinger on the phone. We INTERCUT between Grimm and Rotzinger for the length of the phone call.

The five SWAT Cops, laden with hardware and equipment on their backs and in their belts, have begun silently to scale the side wall of the bank. Night is falling.

ROTZINGER
Chief of Police. Get your butt out here. Now!

GRIMM
If you raise your voice again, you're gonna get a hostage blown up. Y'know, I was in 'Nam with a jerk that sounded like you, with all the big-shot official orders.

At the mention of "Nam," Rotzinger knits his brow.

As Grimm and Rotzinger continue to speak, below, we see a series of quick shots that set the scene outside the bank:

Various police personnel listen in on headphones or ear-pieces to the call: Lieutenants in suits; Forensic Psychiatrists; a Sound Analyst in an open van; a Voice Analyst, next to the Sound Analyst. They have special tape recorders and equipment.

In the sky, Police and T.V. helicopters buzz by. . .

In the street, a van from the bomb squad pulls up.

In the street, the hot dog vendors busily unwrap packages of buns, pour relish from giant bottles. . .

In an adjacent street, a line of bulldozers are parked.

Rotzinger tries a more solicitous tone.

ROTZINGER (O.S.)

What's your name, son? What shall I call you?

GRIMM (O.S.)

Well I always liked the name Chip. Would you call me Chip?

Rotzinger blinks with distaste.

ROTZINGER

Okay. What was that shooting just now, Chip?

GRIMM

Oh, wait! Call me Skip!

GRIMM

(hiding his annoyance)
Okay, Skip. What was the shooting?

GRIMM

The cameras. I shot the cameras.
They were looking at me.
("to" a camera)
Quit lookin' at me!

Grimm takes a shot at the last remaining camera and scores a lucky bullseye. We hear screams and barking from the vault, again.

In the van, the SOUND ANALYST in headphones looks up from his tape recorder, very worried.

SOUND ANALYST
My God. He's barking.

ROTZINGER
(firmly)
For your own good, I'm telling you to come out of there, right now. We can be inside, on top of you, in a heartbeat. If you try to run, you don't get five feet before the sharpshooters turn you into smoke and rubble.

Grimm, unconcerned, begins to take the money out of the Hefty bag. He stacks it carefully on the desk as he speaks.

GRIMM
Mm-hm. Well, tell your men just one bullet could hit some dynamite and blow up the whole street. I planted it everywhere, you know: in the bank, on me, on the hostages. . .

Rotzinger signals the Sharpshooters to put down their guns.

Meantime, the five equipment-laden SWAT Cops have scaled the bank and are prying open the heating vents on the roof.

ROTZINGER
Don't you think I know how you plan to get outta there? You switch on a tape recorder, and I'm talking to a damn machine while you crawl out through a heating vent!

Hearing a weird cry from outside, Grimm carries the phone to the windows, peeks out through a gap in the curtains.

A Hot Dog Vendor makes a whining vociferous pitch --

VENDOR
Red hots here, get yer red hots --

. . .While a Rival Vendor tries to undercut him --

RIVAL
Hot dogs! Buy a dog 'n save a hostage.
Hot dogs here!

GRIMM
(under his breath)
I hate this town.

ROTZINGER

What?

GRIMM

(into the phone)

Not a bad plan, except I'd never be able to fit with all this money. Besides, I booby-trapped all the vents. I'd come out looking like raw hamburger.

Rotzinger waves to the SWAT Team Leader on the far side of the street, draws his finger across his throat, "Cut!".

The Team Leader doesn't understand.

On the roof, the SWAT cops are climbing into the vents.

Rotzinger is forced to cup the mouthpiece to speak to a Uniformed Cop.

Rotzinger watches as the Cop runs the message to the Team Leader who, in turn, uses a walkie-talkie to inform the cops on the roof.

They have folded themselves, head-first, into the vents. They pull out quickly. Some take bumps on the head; two crash, with a great rattle of hardware.

IN THE BANK, Grimm hears the crash. He has hung up the phone and is pulling adhesive tape out of a big dispenser.

OUTSIDE, Rotzinger uncovers the phone to speak to the clown, who, he assumes, is waiting on the line.

ROTZINGER

Let's make a deal, Chip -- er, Skip.

But the line is dead.

ROTZINGER

Shit.

He dials again.

INT. BANK

Grimm is laying long wide pieces of flesh-colored adhesive tape over the bundles of cash when the phone rings.

GRIMM

Mom?

We INTERCUT between Grimm and Rotzinger, again. Grimm continues to tape the money as he speaks.

EXT. BANK

ROTZINGER
It's Rotzinger.

GRIMM
(dejected)
Dammit.

ROTZINGER
I'd like to get those people out of there.

GRIMM
Fine. I want a city bus with a full tank of gas. I want a Harley Davidson XR-1000. I want two Jet Ranger helicopters, here on the street.

ROTZINGER
That's insane!

GRIMM
What did you say?

Rotzinger closes his eyes. Various police personnel listening in wince.

Rotzinger, a pro, quickly regains his equilibrium; he hangs tough.

ROTZINGER
I'll get you the choppers. I'll get you the bus and the Harley. I'll get you all of it. Just as soon as you give me the damn hostages.

GRIMM
(soaked in irony)
Yeah, that sounds good. I'm sure you won't harm me when I'm in here all alone.

ROTZINGER
No hostages, no helicopters.

GRIMM
It looks like we're in for a long night. Maybe a long month.

ROTZINGER
At least give me the women.

GRIMM
One hostage per demand.

ROTZINGER

One!? I've had just about enough of you and your comedy, clown. We're comin' in through the plate glass!

GRIMM

Okay, I'm gonna hang up now. I've gotta go kill everyone.

ROTZINGER

Don't bust my chops, wise guy! It's gonna take some time. It's not that easy to find two Jet Cruisers this time of night. Or pilots willing to fly out an armed felon.

GRIMM

I don't need a pilot. You've got 30 minutes to meet the first demand. What's your number, out there?

ROTZINGER

(reading it off the phone)
578-4941. Just don't do anything rash. Or you're dead with everybody else!

Grimm hangs up.

Rotzinger hangs up. He moves along the street, giving commands to his lieutenants as he goes.

ROTZINGER

Do what he says: the choppers, the bus, everything. Set 'em up out here as they arrive.

JAMESON

Is it a diversion? Or is he crazy?

ROTZINGER

He's not crazy. He'll come out of the bank with a few hostages also dressed as clowns. They'll make a run for one of the choppers, assuming we'll be afraid to shoot down a hostage.

COP

Are we?

ROTZINGER

He said no pilots. That means he's gonna fly it. Prob'ly learned how in Nam.
(he points to the Sharpshooters)
They'll get a bead on whichever clown

ROTZINGER (Cont'd)
takes the controls, and take him out
before he even leaves the ground.

ANOTHER COP
What if he uses the bus or the bike?

ROTZINGER
Would you? . . . Just ignore the chopper
and ride that bus like the wind? . . .
Still: we'll doctor the gas in the
bike and hide a man on the bus trained
in hand-to-hand.

(he looks at the bank, shakes his
head almost pityingly)
Why don't they ever see it? It's easy
getting in. There's no way out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VAULT

Through the bars of the vault door, we see Grimm approach-
ing, from far across the marble-floored bank. He adjusts
something under his clothing.

Princeton turns away from the bars, whispers to the other
hostages.

PRINCETON
Here he comes. I think he's gonna
let one of us go.

HUGE ESTES
Oldest first!

AGGRESSIVE YUPPIE
That makes sense. Let's save the one
who'll die first of natural causes.

HUGH ESTES
You little prick.

LACKEY
(holding his stomach)
I'm gonna vomit.

BLONDE
(of Lackey)
We'd better get him out, first.

ALMOST EVERYBODY
No way!/T'hell with him!

The hostages all quiet down as Grimm approaches. He unlocks the bars and enters.

The Aggressive Yuppie steps forward, crisp and confident.

AGRESSIVE YUPPIE

It's been decided. I'm the first to go.

GRIMM

Who decided it?

YUPPIE

I did.

GRIMM

You did? What is this? Nazi Germany? It's not your decision, Mr. Adolf Hitler. Mr. Josef Stalin. Mr. Benito Mussolini.

Grimm stares at the Yuppie, who smiles weakly. Hugh Estes snickers.

GRIMM

Mr. President for Life "Baby Doc" Duvalier. Mr. Stongman Moamar Kadaffi.

Grimm looks away. The Yuppie is relieved that's over with. But then Grimm looks at him again.

GRIMM

Ms. Imelda Marcos, Dragon Lady.

Grimm looks away, then back again, then away, then back again, torturing the Yuppie.

Finally, he calls back deeper in the vault, to the Teller to whom he gave the Hefty bag.

GRIMM

You got my money ready, back there?

TELLER

It's here.

Grimm passes close to Lackey, who stares in terror. Lackey's head suddenly disappears down out of frame. We hear a retching noise.

GRIMM

You son of a bitch. You're the kind of person who gets innocent bystanders killed.

Lackey looks like he's going to do it again.

GRIMM

If you do that again, I'm gonna
kill some people.

Everybody watches poor wide-eyed Lackey. He covers his mouth with his hand. It really looks like he's going to do it, again. The hostages are holding their breath.

The steady chopping beat of a helicopter begins to be heard. Grimm cocks his head.

GRIMM

They're meeting my first demand.

(he looks at the Yuppie)

To show this communist dictator here how
our system works --

(he looks at everybody)

I'm gonna let you people choose the
first to go.

Everybody points at Lackey, with his hand over his mouth.

ALMOST EVERYBODY

Take him!/Let him go first!

Grimm looks at Lackey with distaste as the helicopter grows louder and louder.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The helicopter makes a great rumble in the nighttime sky.

The Crowd cheers at the unusual sight of a street-landing. The Hot Dog Vendors' umbrellas bend straight back in the wind.

Rotzinger stares hard at the door of the bank.

It comes briefly and barely ajar. Lackey stumbles out.

He kisses the ground (to the crowd's renewed cheers) and stumbles across the street, into the helicopter's "prop wash." It blows so hard he holds onto his beard, as if it might fly off.

The T.V. Reporters are all but bursting the police barricades in their excitement.

INT. BANK

Grimm, laying the adhesive tape over new bundles of cash on the desks, watches the live coverage on a T.V. We watch the T.V. screen with him:

Lackey is dogged by Reporters while being led by the Cops. The camera work is jostled and hand-held: we see Lackey half from behind.

LACKEY (ON T.V.)

. . .the stink of death was in the air. He said he knew how to make men sit up and bark. . .

Lackey puts his head into his hands and sobs heavily.

GRIMM

Oh, don't exagerrate or anything, Brainiac.

As Lackey is led away, beyond a barricade, the camera swings back around to a reporter of the vapid Eyewitness News variety.

REPORTER (ON T.V.)

And so we have our first report from from inside the bank -- Our first description of this clown at whom no one. . .is laughing.

GRIMM

Now that's original.

Having placed tape over the last bundle of cash, Grimm heads back toward the vault, again.

INT. VAULT

The hostages murmur nervously among themselves.

BLUE COLLAR GUY

(looking out into the bank)
Quiet. Here he comes, again.

Grimm unlocks the door, enters the vault. He circumnavigates the tiny room with cocky deliberation, holding his gun behind his back, making everybody nervous.

GRIMM

Who's next, I wonder.

Grimm passes is in front of the Yuppie, who holds up something: a shiny car key.

GRIMM
What's this?

YUPPIE
I want you to have it. It's just a gift, okay? The key to my car. A black BMW 721. Don't let this influence your decision. It's a nice car. . . About \$49,500, with options.

GRIMM
Is that the convertible?

YUPPIE
No.

GRIMM
(disappointed)
Oh.

Grimm thinks about it. He takes the key, as if doing the Yuppie a favor.

GRIMM
Yeah, okay. Thanks alot.

He moves on. The Yuppie closes his eyes, horribly upset.

Grimm stops in front of the attractive Blond.

GRIMM
Hello, pretty lady.

He stares at her. She is tense. Very tense. They are face to face. Everyone else watches, tensely.

GRIMM
Y'know, I'd like to do some things to you nobody ever did to my mom. And she was a total slut.

She almost whispers, but her words are unmistakable.

BLONDE
You pig.

A Teller catches her breath. Princeton shakes his head.

GRIMM
What was that?

BLONDE

Nothing.

GRIMM

Pig, huh? I think the lady protests too much. . . Or maybe you're just afraid. . . To party with a real man.

BLONDE

(emotionally)

A real man who has to use a gun? Who has to dress up and keep people prisoner? You're not a man. You're a coward!

Princeton shakes his head with regret. The Blue Collar Guy winces with regret.

Grimm is breathing heavily, almost hyperventilating. He grabs his head. He seems to be having a full-fledged B-movie nervous breakdown. He twists himself, revealing the dynamite under his shirt. . . It terrifies the hostages.

Princeton steps forward.

PRINCETON

She -- she doesn't speak for the rest of us, Mr. Clown. We think you're brave. Very brave. And very manly.

BLONDE

(to Princeton)

You creep. I don't believe this.

PRINCETON

Why don't you send her out now. You don't need this kind of aggravation.

Grimm mutters incoherently into his hands. . .

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK

A Nurse hands Lackey a cup of something hot as Rotzinger walks him to an area in front of the crowd barricades, where three or four ambulances, dozens of Cops, and various Doctors, Nurses and Paramedics are waiting to receive hostages.

THE CITY BUS pulls up behind them. People cheer again. The horn is honked. To make a path for the bus, the Cops part the crowd. It swells up and around the ambulances, so that there is a general chaos around Lackey and Rot-

zinger.

Rotzinger leaves Lackey in the care of another cop and hurries back toward the bank.

EXT. BANK

Rotzinger moves toward the command post, being briefed by Jameson as they move.

JAMESON

The Green Beret is stashed in the luggage compartment over the driver's seat.

Cops now unload a Harley from the bus.

JAMESON (Cont'd)

The bike's got exactly enough gas to carry it half a mile. We have sharpshooters stationed a half mile in any possible direction. . .

They have arrived. Rotzinger dials the phone.

ROTZINGER

Any word on the second chopper?

JAMESON

About half an hour. Did the hostage give you a description of the suspect?

ROTZINGER

Yeah. He said he looked like a clown.

INT. BANK

Grimm answers the phone. We are very close on him.

GRIMM

Thank you for using A. T. and T.

ROTZINGER (O.S.)

(into the phone)

Your bike's out here and so's your bus. In plain view. You owe me two more hostages.

GRIMM

Alright. Gimme a few minutes. Lemme know when the other chopper gets here.

Grimm hangs up.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Rotzinger looks at his watch, then at the door of the bank.

ROTZINGER
(mumbling)
C'mon, already.

The crowd watches too, their excitement building.

The door opens, again.

INT. BANK

We watch the hostage release on Grimm's T.V., as we did when Lackey came out:

The bank door opens a little wider and the Blonde exits. Her dress is torn at the neck.

Catcalls and whistles issue from the crowd. Cops rush forward to greet her, blocking the T.V. cameras' shots.

After a long beat, the third hostage emerges from behind this screen of cops so that we can't quite see who he is.

He looks like a NERDY GUY. His pants are belted too high. There are more catcalls and whistles from smart-asses in the crowd.

Rotzinger waves back the cameras as he meets the second and third hostages.

EXT. BANK

Outside, we still move with the T.V. cameras, bumping along with a handheld camera, seeing Rotzinger and the hostages from behind.

ROTZINGER
Keep your distance! Keep back.
(to the hostages)
You people alright?

BLONDE
Can we keep moving? He's peeking at us through the curtains.

EXT. STREET

At the command post, we're ON ROTZINGER as he listens

keenly to the Nerdy Guy. He has a high, whiny voice.

NERDY GUY (O.S.)

The man is an animal. Ripping out phones. Urinating on desks and chairs. You see what he did to Miss Cochran's dress!

Rotzinger, a gentleman, averts his eyes from the dress.

ROTZINGER

Is the strain beginning to show on him?

REVERSE:

THE NERDY GUY IS GRIMM, no longer a clown, but still disguised, with a nerdy white-guy Afro, a filmy moustache, and nerdy eyeglasses (gray on top, clear on the bottom).

GRIMM

(still with the whine)

"If I can sleep ten days and nights in a rice paddy, I can certainly last in this lousy bank." That's what that animal said.

As Grimm speaks, the Blonde -- PHYLLIS -- notices a remnant of his colorful clown make-up just behind his left ear -- vivid enough to give them away in a second, if noticed.

PHYLLIS

(under her breath)

Oh my God.

She tries to make eye contact with Grimm. He doesn't see her.

GRIMM

Of course he used a more vulgar word than "lousy." The man's an animal. He said to Miss Cochran here, "Up your butt with a coconut" -- and I think he was prepared to do it! . . . Except he had no coconut, to my knowledge.

ROTZINGER

(indulging him, after his ordeal)

No coconut, huh. . . What about dynamite? Did you see any?

GRIMM

Plenty! Everywhere! On him! On us! And some of the hostages were strapped

GRIMM (Cont'd)
to tables. You know, as shields? What
an animal!

They hear the rumble of the second chopper. Rotzinger
looks up.

Phyllis takes the opportunity to signal Grimm, pointing
behind her own ear and widening her eyes. He quickly
wipes the make-up off with the back of his sleeve, then
rolls up the sleeve -- just in time. Rotzinger looks at
him, again.

ROTZINGER
(to Grimm and Phyllis)
I want you to see the doctors over
there, alright? Just as a precaution.

GRIMM
The key is: he's an animal.

ROTZINGER
That much is clear, sir.

GRIMM
(whining especially obnoxiously)
Oh, so I'm repeating myself! Why don't
you throw me back in there with him!

We watch as Phyllis and Grimm are led into the chaos of
the crowd beyond the barricades. The crowd begins to
cheer as

THE SECOND HELICOPTER descends dramatically, stirring up a
great wind, chopping the air rhythmically, ripping the um-
brealla off a Hot Dog Vendor's cart.

INT. BANK

We MOVE slowly, smoothly through the darkened bank, toward
the ringing phone.

No one is there to answer it. . .

INT. VAULT

The ringing-ringing-ringing phone echoes through the bank.

It is hard on the hostages, whose nerves are frayed by
now, anyway.

After several rings:

PRINCETON
Why doesn't he answer?

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK

Rotzinger holds the phone, listens to it ring and ring and ring.

He hangs up. Rotzinger and Jameson exchange a sober glance.

Rotzinger stares at the phone.

ROTZINGER
(to Jameson)
It's 8:48 now. If he hasn't called back at nine, we're moving the bulldozers in.

Jameson nods, gravely.

The Sound Analysts look at each other. The Forensic Psychiatrists look at each other. Everybody looks at the phone.

Time stretches. Rotzinger looks to Jameson, Jameson looks to Rotzinger.

Jameson looks at his watch. Rotzinger looks at his watch.

The phone rings, with an exaggerated loudness. Rotzinger picks it up, coolly.

ROTZINGER
This is Rotzinger.

GRIMM (V.O.)
Have you got Prince Albert in a can?

ROTZINGER
Answer the phone when I call.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7 - 11 STORE - NIGHT

Grimm is in a payphone outside a convenience store. He no longer wears the Afro, the moustache or the glasses. His trousers are worn at the more customary level.

GRIMM

Jesus, get off my back. Let a person live.

We see that someone is with Grimm: the attractive, brassy Blonde, PHYLLIS, except that she isn't brassy anymore, and she isn't a blonde. She stands behind Grimm, her chin nestled at his neck, her arm wrapped around him, the hand clutching a bottle of champagne; her other hand is near the front of his pants. She whispers in his ear.

PHYLLIS

Is that a fortune in your pants, or are you just glad to see me?

Meantime, we hear Rotzinger on the line:

ROTZINGER (O.S.)

We've got another chopper here. You owe me a hostage.

GRIMM

Not until I check out the pilot.
Send him in here.

As we hear Rotzinger, V.O., we Angle On a Chevy sedan across the 7-11 parking lot:

LACKEY, his lumberjack beard removed, sits behind the wheel, chin on hand, elbow on top of the steering wheel, watching Grimm with adulation.

ROTZINGER (V.O.)

Pilot?!

GRIMM (O.S.)

Mm-hm.

ROTZINGER

You son of a bitch. You said no pilot.
We already sent the pilots away!

GRIMM

I'm not gonna stand in this bank and get insulted by you. Get one of 'em back.

Grimm is just about to hang up the phone, but --

He winces when a CAR HORN IS HONKED. We JUMP CUT to

LACKEY, whose elbow has slipped off the top of the steering wheel and on to the horn.

Lackey pulls his elbow off as we JUMP CUT to

ROTZINGER who knits his brow as he hears the horn -- as a barely audible squeak.

ROTZINGER
What was that?

It hasn't lasted two seconds.

Grimm tries to recover the advantage. Phyllis no longer enfolds him in her arms; the celebratory mood has passed.

GRIMM
What was what? . . . Don't try to change the subject! No pilot, no hostage. Got it?

ROTZINGER
I want hostages! It could take time to find another pilot!

GRIMM
That's not my problem!

Grimm hangs up the phone. He looks over at the car.

GRIMM
My problem is you, Lackey.

As Phyllis follows Grimm to the car, she throws the unopened bottle of champagne in a garbage can.

At the car, Grimm puts his head at the driver's window. Phyllis keeps walking, to the passenger-side front door.

Lackey is cowering, inwardly.

LACKEY
Grimm, it was an accident.

GRIMM
They would've waited forever to go into that bank.

Lackey nods. He looks fleetingly at Phyllis for support. She has climbed onto the passenger seat. She sits, chin on palm, staring forward.

LACKEY
It was an accident, Grimm. . . Take the money off my body. Just drop me here.

GRIMM

I could've called 'em from anywhere in the world tonight. Just to tell 'em I was still in the bank.

LACKEY

(nodding)

Throw me out of the car. Run me over.

GRIMM

I could've called 'em from anywhere in the world tomorrow, just to tell 'em I was still in the bank.

Lackey nods.

LACKEY

Just shoot me. Shoot me now.

GRIMM

"The perfect crime." You've heard about it, you've read about it, and tonight, we almost saw it.

Lackey drops his head into his hands, full of shame.

PHYLLIS

Shoot him, throw him out of the car, then run him over.

Grimm takes out his gun. Lackey looks up. He blinks. He is not really ready to die; he looks like he might throw up.

GRIMM

Do I look like a criminal to you?

He spins the chamber of the gun. Empty.

GRIMM

I hate violence. I hate crime, for that matter.

(to Phyllis)

Does that sound hypocritical?

PHYLLIS

Hypocritical how exactly?

Grimm opens the back door of the sedan, climbs into the backseat.

GRIMM

Let's get to the airport.

Lackey, eager to please, starts the car and tears out of the parking lot with a terrible squeal, burning rubber.

GRIMM
Better speed up. One or two cops
might not notice us.

LACKEY
(choking up)
I'm sorry Grimm. I'm so sorry.

Lackey slows down. Sobbing and moaning. Phyllis looks at Grimm.

The car passes out of frame, going perhaps 15 MPH.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK

Rotzinger stands over the Sound Analysts in their open van. They play a tape of Rotzinger's last conversation with Grimm.

ROTZINGER
There! You hear it? Kind of a beep.

It is played back again.

LIEUTENANT
Could be a horn. Clowns carry horns
don't they? Little rubber ones?

COP
Sometimes their noses are horns.

The Cop squeezes his own nose, beep beep.

As we hear Grimm on the tape -- "What was what? etc." -- the Voice Analyst watches the polygraph-like read-out of Grimm's vocal patterns.

VOICE ANALYST
(pointing at the print-out)
I can tell you this: his vocal pattern
changes right after the beep, here: he's
more tense.

ROTZINGER
I wanna know exactly what beeped. Can
you isolate that noise with this piece
of equipment?

SOUND ANALYST
I can try.

ROTZINGER
Fast. . . Because I'll tell you what I
think it was, goddam it. And it wasn't
his fucking nose.

Everybody is listening.

ROTZINGER
It was a car horn.

Everyone knows what this would mean. They are stunned and
silent.

Rotzinger jumps off the van. He walks away. He looks at
the bank, standing alone and upset.

The camera tilts up to show the panorama behind him: what
looks like 1,000 cops, with all their vests and helmets
and guns and gear. . . there are sharpshooters on every
rooftop, searchlights and helicopters in every corner of
the sky. . .

Rotzinger stares grimly at the bank, already suspecting
the worst.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIMM'S CAR/STREET - NIGHT

Phyllis and Lackey (in the front seat) and Grimm, sitting
forward in back, drive at the speed limit through a non-
descript neighborhood.

PHYLLIS
Just how much time did we lose, ex-
actly? When "Dr. I.Q." hit the horn?

Grimm is adjusting a packet of bills -- forty or fifty
thousand dollars -- that is taped to his side but slipping
slightly. Having secured it, he brings the shirt back
over it.

GRIMM
A lot. . .

Phyllis hits Lackey, hard.

LACKEY
Ow.

GRIMM

But then again, we've got a lot. Proper planning. That's the key.

He looks at his watch. It's 9:35.

GRIMM (Cont'd)

They can't storm the bank till they feel sure I'm really gone. When they do, there's a period of chaos before they round up all the hostages, take names and statements, and realize some are missing. Also, one or two of the others might wander off, like that crotchety pensioner-guard. It's definitely 10:30 by then. More likely eleven.

PHYLLIS

Our plane is taking off --

GRIMM

(nodding)

And they're still a long way from guessing who we are.

Two City Workers with heavy-metal haircuts and stoned-out faces are changing street signs while listening to objectionable throbbing music at very high volume.

A Woman screams at them from her window in a brick apartment tower.

WOMAN

Shut! Up! Shuddup-shuddup-shuddup!

GRIMM

(carefree, this time)

I hate this town.

Phyllis holds up a brochure with a color cover photo of an island paradise.

Grimm smiles. Phyllis smiles. They share a smile.

LACKEY

This \$50,000 in my shorts is kinda lumpy.

He raises his left buttock.

PHYLLIS

Matches your head.

GRIMM
Y'know what? I think we should stop
the car, get out, and just hug each
other. . . We've got the time.

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

A burned-out lot, strewn with debris. Lackey pulls over.
They climb out of the car.

Phyllis hugs Grimm. She whispers in his ear.

PHYLLIS
I always knew a guy's brain could be
a turn-on. But yours -- I'm over-
whelmed.

GRIMM
(nodding)
It's a big, important organ. . . You
were great back there. It was an
honor being called "pig" by you.

PHYLLIS
Remember the night when you first de-
scribed the plan?

He remembers.

PHYLLIS
I'm even more excited now.

GRIMM
That's impossible. Physically impos-
sible.

But Lackey is waiting. He taps Phyllis's shoulder, cut-
ting in. He hugs Phyllis. Then he hugs Grimm. As he
does so

An open "party car" enters the street, blaring Salsa mu-
sic. It is overflowing with drunken yelping teenagers who
toss lit firecrackers into the street.

GRIMM
On second thought, maybe this is a
bad neighborhood for getting in touch
with our feelings.

PHYLLIS
. . . With a million bucks in our
jockey shorts.

They get back into the car, start up again.

But as they drive, Grimm is thinking. He knits his brow.

GRIMM

The funny thing is -- it shouldn't be. . . A bad neighborhood.

(he turns to Lackey)

Did we miss the expressway?

LACKEY

I didn't see it. . . Should I go left?

GRIMM

No, I think that takes us back to the bank.

PHYLLIS

You think?

GRIMM

Everything seems changed since I scouted escape routes. . .

PHYLLIS

(dubious)

Changed?

(it hits her)

Wait a minute. They were working on the street signs back there.

LACKEY

Wow! That's bad luck!

PHYLLIS

(half-accusingly)

Things aren't going to Hell. Are they Grimm?

GRIMM

Don't be silly.

(to Lackey)

Turn it around.

As Lackey swings the car around, he rolls over some garbage and glass in the street. We hear an enormous CRASH of breaking glass as we

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - NIGHT

We watch from inside the bank as the plate-glass windows are knocked down by bulldozers.

Instantly, dozens of SWAT cops swarm over the fresh rubble

and into the room in helmets and vests, weapons drawn.

They jump about, taking up position, eyes peeled, ears cocked.

Rotzinger enters, in just his suit, crunching over debris on the floor, eyes peeled. We see what he sees:

AN EMPTY BANK. No people. No people by the counter. No people by the safe-deposit boxes. No people by the automated cash machine. No people by the new accounts desks. No damn people.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Music blares. Grimm must shout as he speaks to the two

CITY WORKERS with heavy metal haircuts and beady stoned eyes. Their heads bob as they speak.

Their yellow-and-orange city-pick-up is filled with fluorescent cones and street signs. Phyllis and Lackey stand with Grimm.

GRIMM

So where's the expressway?

CITY WORKER

(shrugging)

Dunno, dude.

GRIMM

And you work for the street department?

OTHER WORKER

We just put up the signs, man. We don't, like, memorize them.

They laugh, heads bobbing.

Across the street, the Woman still shouts.

WOMAN

Shuddup!

BOTH WORKERS

(in perfect unison)

Shuddup! Shuddup!

CITY WORKER

(for emphasis)

Shuddup!

Grimm holds up two separate signs, both grimy. One says EXPRESSWAY. The other is an ARROW.

GRIMM

Let's just walk through this, okay?

They nod.

GRIMM

Did you just take these down?

CITY WORKER

Dude: you know we did!

GRIMM

Okay. So, now, which way was the arrow pointing?

OTHER WORKER

(getting annoyed)

That was like an hour, two hours ago, Herr Commandant.

CITY WORKER

And this witch has been screamin' at us the whole time.

OTHER WORKER

At least her baby shut up. Yo!

GRIMM

Lemme try this: will you be putting up a new sign?

One of them looks over a clipboard with their orders.

CITY WORKER

Not tonight. Tonight's just takin' shit down.

GRIMM

So, basically, you guys don't know anything that's not on the clipboard.

CITY WORKER

Why should we?

GRIMM

What about the names of the streets?

They shake their heads.

GRIMM

North, South, East and West?

OTHER WORKER
We're not gettin' paid to know that.

GRIMM
Famous people?

WORKER
Like who?

GRIMM
Charles Manson.

OTHER WORKER
Dude was crazy!

GRIMM
Hey! Don't you ever talk about Charlie
that way. Now we have to call him and
tell him about you two.
(turning to Phyllis and Lackey)
Ready? Family?

We hold on the Workers blinking, worried, as Grimm,
Phyllis and Lackey head back to the car, climb in.

LACKEY
(starting the car)
They seemed like nice guys.

They pull out. Phyllis mutters softly, with horror.

PHYLLIS
"Tonight's just takin' shit down."

GRIMM
I'm glad this happened. I really am.
Because, through proper planning, we've
got the time. And this was just a last
little reminder of why we had to pull
this thing:
(turning to Phyllis)
We don't like it here.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK - NIGHT

The Cops are tearing the place apart -- dusing for finger-
prints, going through the books, overturning furniture,
taking up segments of the floor.

The hostages are being led out of the vault by solicitous cops and medical personnel.

YUPPIE

You mean you let that maniac go?!

T.V. Reporters stand taping "remote segments" in the area across the front of the bank.

A couple of unbelievably Filthy Men in overalls traipse across the bank, dripping muck on the marble floor; they are positively Dickensian.

T.V. REPORTER

Behind me you can see some of the city workers ordered to the scene by police who believe the culprit may have escaped by sewer. . .

We now note they are dragging wet wrenches and plungers.

As a City Engineer spreads a map on a desk for Rotzinger, the Chief watches passenger-worthy police vans pull up before the bank. He speaks to Jameson.

ROTZINGER

We'll take their statements in the vans to save time.

(peering out at the dark street)
He's getting farther away every second.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/GRIMM'S CAR - NIGHT

They are not getting farther away every second. Phyllis sits unhappily in the moving car, arms folded over chest.

PHYLLIS

It's getting worse out there. We're even more lost.

Outside, the streetlights are shot out. The buildings are crumbling.

A couple of men without shirts are jousting with broomsticks. Other men without shirts egg them on.

GRIMM

That looks like fun.

LACKEY

How come none of the men wear shirts
in this neighborhood? It's bad luck.

PHYLLIS

(a frank accusation, now)
Things are going to Hell now. Aren't
they.

GRIMM

Knock it off. We'll hit a familiar
street soon. . . What's perfect is --
it's easier to rob a bank here in Sodom,
U.S.A., than it is to find a major ex-
pressway.

LACKEY

We wanna go south. I'd stake my life
on it.

PHYLLIS

In this neighborhood, you already have.

A smiling, whitebread JOE AVERAGE drives in the opposite
direction in a spotlessly clean Ford.

GRIMM

Maybe Steve Garvey here can help us.

Lackey honks the horn and waves.

Joe Average stops his car, and rolls down his window.

LACKEY

Can you help us find 580?

JOE A.

(he flashes an avuncular smile)
I sure can. I've got a map in the
old trunk.

He gets out of his car, trots eagerly to the back.

Grimm grabs his door handle, ready to get out.

GRIMM

Oh, wait a second. This guy's friendly
as hell.

PHYLLIS

So?

GRIMM

So he's definitely a dangerous felon.
Probably a serial killer.

LACKEY

Maybe he's just from out of town.

Phyllis peers forward, shielding the reflection on the windshield.

PHYLLIS

He is. He's got Iowa plates.

GRIMM

Where did the Clutter family live?

PHYLLIS

Kansas.

GRIMM

(he thinks it over)
Okay.

He opens the door, gets out.

Grimm gets out as Joe Average spreads the map on the car.

GRIMM

You're a lifesaver.

JOE

Oh, say: I'm glad to help. . . Now,
here's where we are now. That's if
I'm readin' this darn thing right.

Joe laughs. As they read the map:

GRIMM

You're a long way from Iowa.

JOE

Iowa? Oh. Stolen car. Reach, fucker.

He jabs a gun into Grimm's ribs, and pushes him back toward the car.

GRIMM

Y'know, it's people like you who make
hitchhiking so iffy nowadays.

Joe grinds the gun into Grimm's ribs, speaks through gritted teeth.

JOE

Shut up, funnyman.

Joe marches Grimm back to Grimm's car, where he makes sure Phyllis and Lackey see the gun aimed at their friend.

They come out with their hands up.

JOE

Let's have the wallets, suckers.

Joe comes around behind Lackey and removes the wallet from his rear trouser pocket -- next to which we plainly see bunched up packets of bills inside the pants -- the lumpy 50,000 Lackey complained of earlier. Joe doesn't see it.

He comes around to Grimm. Because Grimm is standing with his hands in the air, the 40 or 50,000 Grimm re-taped to his side in the car slides down and bunches up where he tucks in his shirt as Joe takes his wallet. The money is so plainly visible we can see a president's face pressed up against the shirt material.

But Joe so eagerly empties the wallet, he doesn't notice.

GRIMM

Leave me a couple of dollars for the bridge, would'ya?

He doesn't.

GRIMM

Well that's great. Now I'm penniless.

JOE

Boo-hoo-hoo.

(he turns to Lackey)

Open the trunk.

He puts the gun on Lackey. Lackey opens the trunk. Joe takes out one, two, three suitcases.

JOE

Gimme a hand here.

Lackey helps him put the bags into the Ford trunk.

JOE

Back in the car.

They climb in. He flings the map at them.

JOE

Pleasure doin' business with ya.

Joe drives off.

Grimm, Phyllis and Lackey sit there for a long beat, just staring. A long beat. Then:

GRIMM
Well, that figures.

PHYLLIS
Now can we go to the airport?

GRIMM
In these clothes? The clothes we wore
out of the bank?

PHYLLIS
You know, if we hadn't wasted all that
time hugging each other, we could've
changed our clothes before he stole them.

Grimm refuses to be provoked.

GRIMM
Mm-hm. Listen: we got lost. Then we
were mugged. It's not our fault. It
happens to people here every day. It
makes people insane. Makes 'em stupid.
But we're not stupid.

His gaze travels involuntarily to Lackey.

Lackey, listening earnestly, nods.

GRIMM (Cont'd)
Our rationality is our edge in this hell-
hole. And we're not gonna do anything
stupid. Ever. Okay?

PHYLLIS
Okay.

GRIMM
(he turns to Lackey)
Now let's go.

Lackey starts the car. Grimm opens the map.

GRIMM
Straight ahead.

They seem to be a unified force, again.

PHYLLIS
What about when he honked the horn?
Wasn't that stupid?

GRIMM
Yes. Yes it was.

Phyllis hits Lackey.

LACKEY

Ow! . . .Grimm, make her stop it!

GRIMM

(to Lackey)

Just don't worry about it. When I hit you, start worrying.

(to Phyllis)

Lay off him. It was an accident.

PHYLLIS

So was Chernobyl.

GRIMM

Hey. Did Lackey irradiate anybody?

LACKEY

I enjoyed the hugging, Phyllis. I think you did, too.

GRIMM

(with less conviction)

I'm glad that son of a bitch mugged us. I really am.

(he consults the map again)

Anyway, who's the sucker: he got \$29 and missed 999,971. We'll go to K-Mart and buy new clothes. Sky's the limit.

PHYLLIS

K-Mart? You said we should see as few people as possible.

GRIMM

This is necessary.

PHYLLIS

No it isn't.

(she takes the map)

We can stop by my apartment. I've got some old clothes there. Turn right at the light.

GRIMM

Better. . .I thought you cleared out your apartment.

PHYLLIS

I left an old box full of clothes. Haven't you ever done that?

LACKEY

(pretty sure of himself)
Your clothes, Phyllis? Because, if
Grimm and I dress as women, it's bound
to attract attention.

Phyllis looks at Lackey a beat, just to see if he's
kidding.

PHYLLIS

Some of them were men's clothes.

GRIMM

Whose?

PHYLLIS

Barry Myers. A guy I should've married.
A guy who wasn't certifiable.

GRIMM

Yeah? When did Barry Myers ever tape
\$300,000 to your naked body in the lobby
of a bank? Erica Jong never even
dreamt of that one, babe.

Both of them seem a little turned on, again. They are
looking at each other.

PHYLLIS

Forget what I just said. Okay?

GRIMM

(with gentle disdain)

Barry Myers.

(to Lackey, but holding Phyllis' gaze)
Turn on the radio. Let's see what the
cops know so far.

Lackey flicks on the radio. Buddy Van, the bombastic
disc jockey, is raving --

BUDDY VAN (V.O.)

-- do the Contras dress like clowns and
rob banks? I don't think so!

GRIMM

Try 101.

As Lackey hits the radio button, we

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - NIGHT

The hostages are being led out of the bank, now, in a single file line.

We Angle On Rotzinger, who is on the phone, annoyed, not to say inwardly enraged.

ROTZINGER

(into phone)

Mayor -- Mayor Lampwick, you're gonna have to let me do my job on this one.

(listening)

We don't have the manpower. I told you.

He looks up at a framed photo of "MAYOR ROGER LAMPWICK" on the wall (so labeled), at the bank's groundbreaking ceremony:

The Mayor is a smiling, seventyish B-movie-actor type, with dyed red hair. Rotzinger sneers at the photo.

ROTZINGER

(into the phone)

Well you do whatever you think is necessary. I'm a little busy here.

He slams down the phone, moves to Jameson.

They follow the hostages toward the exit.

JAMESON

What'd the Mayor say?

ROTZINGER

I tried to explain since the manpower reduction (in other words, since his budget cuts) we don't have the men to cover all three airports, the bus depots, the train station. I said unless he was willing to ask a Federal agency for assistance, we'd have to get lucky soon.

JAMESON

What'd he say?

ROTZINGER

Said we were all better off with the Federal Government off our backs. Wanted to tell me a story about a woman on welfare driving a Cadillac in California.

(hiding his annoyance)

He also said he'll appoint Buddy Van to my job if I don't nail the clown tonight.

JAMESON
Buddy Van? The disc jockey?!

Rotzinger nods.

JAMESON
That's insane!

We hold for another moment on Lampwick's smiling actorish picture, as they exit the bank.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

ROTZINGER
The whole city's insane. It hurts me to say that.

Rotzinger and Jameson watch as the hostages are loaded into the vans. The Yuppie watches in horror as his car is yanked up brutally by a rusty towing hook.

ROTZINGER
How much experience did Lampwick have when he got elected? host of the matinee movie on W.B.I.G.

The dog is being loaded into a van by a Cop; the dog snarls, snaps and bites the Cop's hand.

Jameson is upset by the news Rotzinger just delivered.

JAMESON
It isn't right, Chief. You work 80 hours a week. You've worked your way up through the ranks --

ROTZINGER
(waving him off)
It just doesn't matter. Not anymore. People can't remember the difference between public service and public relations.

He looks out into the littered street. . .

ROTZINGER
Buddy Van should have the job. It's the Buddy Van Decade.

JAMESON

No, sir. We have to catch the clown. We have to!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR/STREET

ON GRIMM as they drive through a nice residential neighborhood.

GRIMM

Look at these great buildings.

We see a row of turn of the century apartment houses. All are striking, except the one that has been turned into a condo ("The Nouvelle Versailles - Bachelor Units \$425K and Up") which has been horribly, pretentiously remodeled.

Near the end of the street, they are renovating another building: a huge pile of plaster and stones sits in front of it, mounted on boards and scaffolding. Grimm points.

GRIMM

Y'know Lampwick gives tax breaks to guys who gut beautiful old buildings and make 'em ugly. The uglier they are, the bigger the tax break. It's computed on a special ugliness scale.

PHYLLIS

Here we are.

She nods at her apartment building.

LACKEY

Is there parking around here?

PHYLLIS

Is the Pope Protestant? Park by the hydrant there.

LACKEY

Hold on --

PHYLLIS

We won't be long.

Lackey still isn't convinced. Phyllis lifts her skirt slightly to reveal \$20,000.

PHYLLIS

I'll pay the ticket.

Lackey parks. They get out.

ON: the automatic door locks as they snap shut.

CUT TO:

INT. PHYLLIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grimm stands in Barry Meyers' sports jacket as Phyllis finishes hemming Barry's pants. We see money taped to his legs, stuffed in his boxers, so that they resemble adult diapers. Phyllis has already changed clothes.

So has Lackey, who is looking out the window, scratching his butt. We hear a siren in the distance.

LACKEY

Sure would be less itchy if there were no terrorists and no X-ray machines and we could just carry the dough in a suitcase.

GRIMM

I knew there was a reason I hated terrorists.

(to Phyllis)

This is a nice jacket. How come Barry didn't take it with him?

PHYLLIS

He was too rich to care.

GRIMM

Really? That rich?

PHYLLIS

(sewing)

Mm-hmm.

The siren's getting closer.

LACKEY

There's smoke across the street.

GRIMM

Well -- how did he get this money? Capitalist-pig-landlord type?

LACKEY

Black smoke.

She smiles, hands him the pants.

GRIMM

Terminally boring banker type?

He pulls the pants on. The siren enters the street.

LACKEY

Oh no.

Grimm turns to see as he hitches up the pants.

GRIMM

Cops?

LACKEY

Fire engine.

GRIMM

Christ. The hydrant.

Grimm grabs the car keys from a fold in Lackey's old pants on the floor, hurries toward the door.

But the door opens.

An unpleasant couple stands on the threshold with some ugly Gucci luggage.

MAN

(smugly)

We're the Edisons. This is our apartment, now.

PHYLLIS

The place is still mine till midnight.

But Grimm takes her arm; what's the point of fighting?

GRIMM

We're leaving now --

But Lackey, by the window, looks down into the street.

LACKEY

Oh no!

(shouting)

HEY! DON'T!

LACKEY'S POV:

A Fireman is taking an ax to their illegally parked car, to open the window. He can't hear Lackey.

Panicked, Lackey picks up Phyllis's clothes box, draws it back, intending to smash the window.

LACKEY

Don't!

GRIMM
(to Lackey)
Don't.

MR. EDISON
(outraged)
Don't!

The Fireman breaks the driver's side window -- CRASH -- as
Lackey breaks the apartment window -- CRASH --
Grimm and Phyllis join him at the window, look down.

PHYLLIS
Talk about overkill.

GRIMM
I can still drive it.

MR. EDISON (O.S.)
(behind Lackey)
Turn around nice and slow.

Lackey and Grimm turn around: Edison is holding a gun on
them. Phyllis's attention remains riveted to the scene
down below.

GRIMM
(he nods)
This was predictable. . .Y'know, Edi-
son, hand-gun studies prove you're much
more likely to kill or maim poor Mrs.
Edison with that thing than an actual
malefactor.

EDISON
Shut up!

MRS. EDISON
Hal -- these people aren't criminals --
Your instructor said --

EDISON
Quiet -- how do we know who they are?

GRIMM
(finishing his thought)
Especially someone who's as likely to
get me in the foot as in the balls --

Edison, nervous, hand shaking slightly, readjusts his aim.

EDISON

You don't fool me. That's just your fear talking.

GRIMM

That's true. I mean, when was the last time somebody held a gun on me.

PHYLLIS POV:

The Fireman sets the car in neutral, and rolls it out of the way. It does something spectacular and Rube-Goldberg-like: on the right side it meets the curb and rises, then flips onto its side, rolls twice, into the street, landing on its hood.

By now it has reached the planks laid down near the building under renovation, so it slides toward the building on its hood until it meets the scaffolding which holds plaster and stones.

It upends the scaffolding. The stones and plaster rain down on the car, and crush it flat as a pancake.

PHYLLIS

(turning around)

They totalled the car.

Grimm, at gunpoint, isn't allowed to look at her.

GRIMM

With the ax?

PHYLLIS

No.

GRIMM

Oh. Kind of a Rube-Goldberg-flies-up-a-ramp-flips-onto-its-back, gets bombarded-by-rocks-kind-of-a-thing?

PHYLLIS

Yeah.

GRIMM

(nodding)

That figures.

MR. EDISON

Shut up! Get down spread eagle on the floor! All of you!

As they oblige:

GRIMM

Now what're you gonna do? Execute us?

MR. EDISON

You've got alot of opinions for a common vandal.

GRIMM

We'll make restitution, all right?
500 bucks.

Edison is thinking about it.

MRS. EDISON

That seems fair, Hal.

MR. EDISON

No!. . .Go next door and call the cops.

Mrs. Edison heads for the door --

GRIMM

Wait a second --

Mrs. Edison stops on the threshold.

EDISON

(to Grimm)

You keep quiet!

(to his wife)

Don't listen to him. Go!

Mrs. Edison goes out the door.

PHYLLIS

(calling after, a warning)

Don't go next door!

The sincerity of Phyllis's warning causes Mrs. Edison to come back.

PHYLLIS

It's Nordquist. He has a pit bull.

He wears a dirty robe all day long.

He's always trying to lure me in
there for a Brandy Alexander.

Grimm seems disgusted by all of this, but especially by the type of cocktail.

GRIMM
He is?

EDISON
Quiet.

MRS. EDISON
I'm not going there.

EDISON
(he thinks)
Then go across the hall.

Mrs. Edison looks to Phyllis automatically for the low-down.

PHYLLIS
That's Cornblau. She won't answer the door. She's 95 or 100. She won't even let the roach guy in. Which is a big mistake.

MRS. EDISON
Really?

PHYLLIS
Don't ask.

Mrs. Edison doesn't move.

EDISON
Don't tell me you're afraid of a 100 year old woman!

MRS. EDISON
What about the roaches?

EDISON
Just go! We've got squatters here!

Mrs. Edison goes out.

GRIMM
You're hard, Edison.

We hear Mrs. Edison knocking politely across the hall. Lackey whispers to Grimm.

LACKEY
What'll we do about the car?

GRIMM
Forget it. We'll take a cab.

EDISON
Quiet. No codes.
(calling to his wife)
Knock hard! She's old!

Mrs. Edison pounds across the hall. The pit bull next door barks. It echoes piercingly through the paper thin wall.

EDISON
(wincing)
So this is what you get in this neighborhood for \$1290 a month.

GRIMM
If it's any consolation, we were paying 860.

EDISON
(sickened)
What?!

As Grimm and Edison talk, we hear Mrs. Edison continue to pound. The pit bull barks. The voice of the guy next door (Nordquist) now also booms through the wall.

NORDQUIST (O.S.)
Shuddup, Butch! Shuddup!

EDISON
(muttering, despondent)
. . .860. . .

Edison, unmanned, lets his shooting arm sag. . .Grimm consults his watch, goes in for the kill.

GRIMM
(still consolingly)
Hey, there's a housing shortage. You were lucky to get it.

EDISON
(eager to believe it)
You think so? With the shortage?

GRIMM
(nodding)
We just bought a place. In Vermont. A colonial, loaded with charm, this whole place wouldn't fit in the closet. Guess how much. Guess.

EDISON
(softly; in pain; to his wife)
They were paying 860.

MRS. EDISON
There's a shortage, Hal. we're lucky
to have it. Did you tell them about
the two-bedroom?

He shakes his head. She explains.

MRS. EDISON
It was the last place we saw before
we took this one. A two-bedroom for
1150. Naturally, we rushed over.
There was a crowd waiting -- couples,
people with children. . . Two bedrooms
are popular at that price. We waited
three hours. . .
(she draws breath; emotionally)
It turned out to be a studio with a
mattress on the bathroom floor.

PHYLLIS
(muttering with disgust)
. . . bastards. . .

MRS. EDISON
(nodding, sympatico)
I'm a country girl, originally. You?

PHYLLIS
No, but the city never used to be like
this. Really.

MRS. EDISON
(nodding)
So they tell me. . . You wouldn't know a
good dry cleaners in the neighborhood?

PHYLLIS
Kelsey's is good, on the corner. But
Kelsey'll keep a certain per centage of
your panties. You just have to accpet it.

GRIMM
You went to this guy?

PHYLLIS
He does the best work. His clothes
were the fluffiest.

GRIMM
The fluffiest?

PHYLLIS

You see what I've become? You don't know what it is to be a woman in this town.

MRS. EDISON

Tell him, sister.

Mrs. Edison is noting Kelsey's name on her Gucci notepad.

EDISON

Why're you writing it down?

MRS. EDISON

Don't be naive, Hal.

PHYLLIS

See what we're leaving behind?
(touching Grimm's hand)
What you're taking me away from?

GRIMM

If Hal ever lets us go. . .

EDISON

(to Mrs. Edison)
They're moving. To Vermont.

MRS. EDISON

That's right! Get out while you can. . . We'll think of you sometimes.

She smiles down on them, beaming but sad, like a mother who is sending her boy off to college.

A KNOCK on the door.

PHYLLIS

(bitter, defeated)
Cornblau called the cops. We'll never get out, now.

Grimm, Phyllis, Lackey and Mrs. Edison all look accusingly at Edison and his gun.

Edison hesitates. Then he puts the gun away.

EDISON

Alright. Get up.

As they get to their feet, the door opens.

A FIREMAN stands on the threshold.

PHYLLIS
The lowest: arrested by firemen.

FIREMAN
(to Lackey)
That your car?

GRIMM
It's mine. It was, anyway.

FIREMAN
(he calls into the hallway)
Officer Greely? In here.

Now a cop enters. Lackey blinks nervously.

LACKEY
It's all my fault! Spare them!

OFF. GREELY
(whipping out his citation book)
What?

GRIMM
No. I parked the car, Earl, and I'll
pay the ticket.

OFF. GREELY
Ticket's \$400. Plus a \$200 towing fee.

MR. EDISON
Over two months rent, for you.

GRIMM
What was burning, anyway?

OFF. GREELY
Somebody burned pork chops.

GRIMM
My car was destroyed because of a pork
chop?

OFF. GREELY
A few pork chops. Wise guy. But it
could of been a helpless little girl
burning up in there, with her adorable
doggy and her tiny newborn kitten. It
could of been, and you'd of killed 'em.

He goes back to his writing.

GRIMM
It could've been a Nazi war criminal.
Ever think of that?

LACKEY
What's happening with the bank job?

OFF. GREELY
Who knows. The clown's prob'ly in
Monte Carlo by now. The man is an ab-
solute genius.
(he turns to Grimm)
Here pinhead. Here's your ticket.

He tears it off the pad.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Police headquarters is a stone fortress, defaced by
graffiti. A drug-buy takes place in its shadows.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LARGE ROOM

Rotzinger, reading through a small stack of cards, walks
through a room where all the former-hostages sit on fold-
ing chairs, speaking to Cops who take notes.

A cop, Officer Jakes, walks alongside Rotzinger as he
reads the cards.

OFFICER JAKES
Those are the names, numbers and pre-
liminary statements of the hostages.

Rotzinger, reading, knits his brow.

ROTZINGER
"Clown seemed harmless until he harrassed
blonde hostage."

OFFICER JAKES
Yessir. Apparrantly he made sexual over-
tures --

ROTZINGER
(looking around)
Where is she?

OFFICER JAKES
Huh?

ROTZINGER

The blonde. I don't see her. I talked to her myself, when she first came out.

OFFICER JAKES

All the hostages are here, sir.

ROTZINGER

(looking around, more upset)
No. . . And where's the whiny guy?
"He's An Animal"? The one who came out with her? They were the second and third to get out --
(it hits him)
Oh, Jesus. . .

He moves swiftly to a nearby desk, seizes a telephone, dials it. As it rings, he speaks to Jakes.

ROTZINGER

The lumberjack-looking-guy. The first one.

OFFICER JAKES

I -- I guess in all that chaos of the choppers and the bus, a few wandered away. But we got everybody's name and telephone number!

ROTZINGER

(into the phone)
Call the T.V. stations. Get me news footage of the three hostages who were released.

He hangs up. He looks across the desk to Jameson, who is interviewing Hugh Estes. Estes is telling a fish story.

HUGH

. . .then I wrestled him to the floor, but he got a kid in his sights, so I had to let up. That's when he cold-cocked me.

ROTZINGER

(to Jameson)
Meet me in video room in ten minutes. We're gonna put out an A.P.B. on the bank robbers.

JAMESON

Robbers? Plural?

HUGH
(nodding, unfazed)
They all cold-cocked me.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

THROUGH a series of CUTS and DISSOLVES, and to high-energy MUSIC we watch as Grimm, Phyllis and Lackey traverse the city streets, seeking a taxi. The vivid if shabby remnants of an older, more colorful, more ethnically alive city seem to be giving way -- everywhere -- to the cold modern generic kind of real estate developments that characterize the 1980's: a tiny Irish bar is dwarfed by an office tower -- till the bar is destroyed by the wrecker's ball; a garbage truck pulls away from a curb to reveal a fashionable sidewalk cafe (in a rubble strewn street) packed with young bankers and brokers, seated cheek-by-jowl, while still more bankers and brokers wait in line; Sharpstein's Corner Deli is closed for good (only the sign remains) and is undergoing a minimalist white-on-white renovation as it becomes "Le Croissanterie;" an old-fashioned city mutt looks up from his slumbers to see half a dozen nervous pedigreed pets being led by a professional dog walker; and so on. . .

Through all of this, Phyllis, Grimm and Lackey try, without success, to hail a succession of passing taxis. As the music ends, we CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The robbers walk quickly backwards, eyes peeled, looking for a taxi. One enters the street.

GRIMM/LACKEY/PHYLLIS

Taxi!

He's OFF DUTY. He passes. They keep walking.

PHYLLIS

Why is this happening to us? What did we do?

GRIMM

It's nothing unusual, don't you see that? We lost our car because it's easier to rob a bank here than it is to find a parking space.

PHYLLIS

We were just mugged at gunpoint twice.
That's not unusual?

GRIMM

There was only one real mugging. The
second was an episode of vigilantism
stemming from our parking problem.

LACKEY

Couldn't we phone for a cab?

GRIMM

Is that a joke?

PHYLLIS

(bitterly)

How come you haven't said you're
glad the car was destroyed.

GRIMM

Don't make me point out who suggested
we park by the hydrant.

PHYLLIS

I thought at least you were a gentleman.
(she consults her watch)
It's 11:06. We'll never make the flight!
We'll have to take a boat to Fiji, like
Thor Heyerdahl.

A second cab flies down the street.

GRIMM

Taxi!

LACKEY

\$10, 000 for a taxi!

PHYLLIS

And a blow job!

LACKEY

Two blow jobs!

The cab speeds up. Grimm winces.

GRIMM

Let's keep calm, huh? I booked another
flight. To Tahiti. Just in case. One
A.M. Even if it takes us half an hour
to get a cab, we've got an hour and a
half to get to the airport.

PHYLLIS
You didn't tell me this.

GRIMM
I never -- ever -- thought we'd need it.

LACKEY
I don't know anything about Tahiti.

GRIMM
What do you know about Fiji?

LACKEY
Nothing.

PHYLLIS
Did you book another flight after that?

GRIMM
Yeah, K.A.L. flight double-oh-seven.

PHYLLIS
Did you or didn't you?

GRIMM
We have to make the one A.M.

PHYLLIS
Why? Do they know about us yet? Is that possible?

GRIMM
They will soon. They'll know it was the first three hostages, yeah. Rotzinger'll figure it out.

ON Lackey: very scared.

LACKEY
I can't go to prison, Grimm. That's the place where --

He can't say it. . .

GRIMM
Don't worry about it: we were disguised.

PHYLLIS
Who's Rotzinger?

GRIMM
He's your Chief of Police.

PHYLLIS

I thought you said everybody in the Lampwick Administration was one of his brain-dead cronies from his "Mid-Day Movie" days on Channel 5.

GRIMM

Yeah, all except Rotzinger. He's the one good apple who spoils it for all the rotten ones. The decent son of a bitch.

Lackey blinks fearfully, speaks with deep dread:

LACKEY

The place where men love men.

Phyllis freezes in her tracks. She stares Grimm in the eyes.

PHYLLIS

I can't believe I ever let you convince me this was a sane thing to do. And please spare me your crap about how you're sane but the city's insane. Because you don't really have to rob a bank, y'know: you can just move. Ever think of that?

GRIMM

Why should I have to move to some shit-kicker town and live like a dog for the rest of my life because the city went south on me? . . . I killed myself, baby: 80 hour weeks -- it was like volunteer work in the Department of City Planning. I don't even wanna talk about the pay. Day in, day out, dreaming up inspired ways for this city to save itself. Nobody had ideas like me. I hate to have to be the one to always say it, but they were beautiful ideas, brilliant ideas -- more brilliant than this bank job --

PHYLLIS

That wouldn't be hard --

GRIMM

I never complained. I was happy. Yeah. It was like restoring a painting one layer at a time: the streets. The sewers. The schools. The statues. The landmarks. The libraries. The parks. . . And then?

LACKEY

Then what happened, Grimm?

GRIMM

Then came Lampwick. He threw it all out. All my plans, down the toilet, so he could help his old pals erect lovely toxic shopping malls and elegant carcinogenic condos, which was supposedly gonna generate employment, yeah right. Employ this, Mr. Mayor.

(he makes the appropriate gesture)
. . . Okay, so I robbed a bank. So I took a million, I admit it. Was anybody killed? Anybody injured? The money's insured, isn't it? And when they realize it wasn't a junkie with a homemade 9 m.m., but a hip, attractive trio of funsters lookin' to get over, they're gonna say, "Yeah, that was a fun robbery. And a victimless crime." And I can live my life with a modicum of dignity, which is all I ask. Just a modicum.

PHYLLIS

Mm-hm. Do you think prison is dignified?

Lackey blinks with fear at the very mention of the word.

LACKEY

(under his breath)
Prison.

He drops to his knees and screams at the sky in a fervent, desperate prayer.

LACKEY

Please, God! We need a cab! One lousy rotten cab!

GRIMM

Don't play hard to get or anything.

A cab screeches to a halt.

LACKEY

(emotionally)
It's a Miracle!

They climb in, Lackey in front, Grimm and Phyllis in back.

GRIMM

That only took 18 minutes. We picked up twelve minutes, there.

LACKEY

(pulling shut his door)

Hit it. To the airport, please!

The CABBIE smiles. The car pulls out. The Cabbie has has a swarthy wide-eyed face that might be Mediterranean, Eastern European, Arab, Hispanic or some combination thereof. His car is like a shrine, with lots of cheap bright ornaments, stars, icons and pictures of dark holy men in beards. A shrine to what God or gods, and in which religion, is anybody's guess. An American flag flies.

The car radio is playing Buddy Van's radio program.

CALLER (V.O.)

I mean, was the clown such a bad guy, Mr. Van? He was courteous, he didn't hurt nobody. From where I sit, he ain't such a bad guy.

BUDDY VAN (V.O.)

Well from where I sit, I'd like to hang him and THEN pull his pants down, just to humiliate him. And I will, when I'm chief of police!

Buddy Van cuts to a commercial. He has upset Lackey.

LACKEY

How could he say a thing like that?

Grimm indicates Lackey should be quiet -- in the presence of the Cabbie.

The Cabbie speaks. His accent is too thick even to place.

CABBIE

War do?

His smile is rigid and fixed -- the perpetual smile of the totally confused.

Grimm sits forward.

GRIMM

What? What was that?

LACKEY

I don't know.

(to the Cabbie)

What'd you say?

CABBIE

War do?

(turning back to Grimm)

War do?

PHYLLIS

Oh perfect. He's asking where to.

GRIMM

He means which airport, that's all.

(to the Cabbie)

Arthur Godfrey International, please.

The Cabbie smiles and nods.

Phyllis nods, relieved.

GRIMM

Who but Lampwick would name an airport after Arthur Godfrey. . .

Phyllis tenderly takes Grimm's hand.

PHYLLIS

(sincerely)

And who else would throw out all your brilliant plans for urban renewal?

GRIMM

Oh. . . Maybe I got a little heavy out there.

PHYLLIS

No, I like it when you're righteous and indignant. There're sides of you I don't know yet.

They move closer -- about to kiss. . .

GRIMM

Well now we're gonna have the time to learn all my sides, and yours --

But as their lips are about to meet the Cabbie turns around in his seat again.

CABBIE

War do?

Phyllis instantly pulls away from Grimm.

Lackey is getting more and more panicked.

LACKEY

The fucking airport! Where's your god-dam driver's licence.

GRIMM

Easy, Lackey. He may be foreign.

Grimm reaches into his vest pocket and finds the airline ticket folder. It shows a map to Arthur Godfrey International Airport. He slides out the tickets and hands the folder -- which also has their flight number, in grease pencil written on it -- to the Cabbie.

GRIMM

See?

The Cabbie nods. He asks (in pantomime) to hold on to the folder. Grimm nods, sits back.

PHYLLIS

Barry Myers had his own driver.

Grimm whispers to her fiercely. As they whisper, below, in the background, we hold on Lackey and the Cabbie.

GRIMM (O.S.)

I don't wanna hear any more about this guy. You think you're making things any easier?

PHYLLIS (O.S.)

What's the difference? Why don't we just turn ourselves in now? Beg for the death penalty.

Meantime:

CABBIE

(to Lackey)
War do?

LACKEY

Huh?

EXT. STREET

The cab skims through an intersection with a red light --
Back in

THE CAB --

Lackey is completely freaked out -- eyes shining as he stares at the Cabbie, as Grimm and Phyllis continue to whisper fiercely in the back seat.

LACKEY
(dangerously calm and quiet)
You don't even understand colors, do
you?! You don't know red from hell!

Lackey stares, eyes shining.

CABBIE
Rod Frumell?

That does it. Lackey nods calmly. Calmly, he seizes the door handle of the moving cab, throws open the door, pedals his feet like he's riding a bicycle, and STEPS OUT OF HE CAB --

The Cabbie screams in horror.

EXT. STREET -

Lackey flies at thirty miles an hour to the street. His feet hit the ground and he bounces up onto the sidewalk where he smashes into a newspaper rack.

GRIMM
(to the Cabbie)
Stop!

PHYLLIS
(to the Cabbie)
Go!

The Cabbie stops the cab with a screech. He mutters in his unknown and unknowable tongue as he backs up the car. Lackey has jumped in front of an all-night market that is a teenage nightspot, so that a crowd has already gathered around him.

As Grimm approaches, he has to fight his way through the crowd.

VARIOUS VOICES
Righteous, man!/Un-fuckin-believable!!/
Guy must of wanted a paper real bad./
That's a bad place to bleed from.

Lackey bleeds from the forehead.

Grimm kneels by Lackey takes his pulse.

GRIMM
Lackey? Lackey?

A bystander calls eagerly to his Date, who has gone to get refreshments inside the market.

BYSTANDER

Hey, Linda! hurry up! I think this guy's dead!

INT. MARKET

The Korean owner speaks on the phone as he rings up three bottles of Scotch and four bottles of Bourbon for a Kid who is also buying a copy of Penthouse.

KOREAN

(into phone)

You hear me? Is dead man! Send squad-car, now!

EXT. STREET

Grimm kneels over Lackey.

The Cabbie, outside the circle formed by the crowd, shifts his eyes, moves furtively back to his cab, gets in, and drives off.

Grimm, getting worried, looks up at Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

I really liked him. I mean, I did.

CUT TO:

INT. DATA ROOM - POLICE H.Q. - NIGHT

There is much activity in the room -- the feeling of an investigation in full swing.

The former hostages are still being interviewed, a few at a time, at desks.

A Policewoman stands over a computer which is printing out information, reading it as it comes. . .

Jameson gives Rotzinger a police sketch. It looks like a generic lumberjack -- all beard.

ROTZINGER

(looking at the drawing)

This is perfect. If you wanna pick up Paul Bunyan.

JAMESON

Based in part on our own descriptions.

ROTZINGER

(nodding)

The clown was no clown: knew we'd be too concerned with the perpetrator inside to see much more than a blond or a beard or a nerd.

They now join a Police Artist who reviews the footage of the hostages leaving the bank on a T.V. hooked up to a VCR, but it is too distant, jostled and hand-held to be of much use.

ARTIST

This isn't any help either, sir.

A LIEUTENANT approaches him.

LIEUTENANT

Princeton, the bank manager, says there were no disgruntled bank employees he can think of. . .What about disgruntled city employees?

ROTZINGER

Fine, you wanna interrogate me first, or should I interrogate you.

LIEUTENANT

(taking his point)

Yessir.

The POLICEWOMAN approaches with a computer printout.

ROTZINGER

What've you got, so far?

POLICEWOMAN

Involving two men and a woman, here's what comes up: 2200 hours: a car containing two men and a woman crashed into the lobby of the Pierce Hotel. The passengers fled before we got there.

ROTZINGER

(to a Cop)

Dispatch a car to the Pierce.

The Cop picks up the phone.

ROTZINGER
(to the Policewoman)
That's it?

Her teletype begins churning in the distance.

POLICEWOMAN
Something coming in now.

She hurries off.

Rotzinger despairs. He expels air, takes a seat by a big map of the city.

ROTZINGER
You realize they're probably somewhere in the Third World by now. Laughing. Drinking. Buying real estate.

JAMESON
(soberly)
Yessir.

ROTZINGER
(he looks at the map)
All we've got going for us is the city. Our only hope is that they're enmired in the same shit you and I have to wade in every day. . . Why is it I even want this fucking job? So Buddy Van can't have it, I guess.

JAMESON
(sadly)
Yessir.

The Policewoman is standing over him, again, with a new readout.

ROTZINGER
Something?

POLICEWOMAN
(reading)
A taxi carrying two men and a woman created a scene when one of the men leaped from a moving taxi and crashed into a newspaper rack.

ROTZINGER
(keenly)
Jumped form a moving cab?
(to Jameson)
That's panic. That's somebody on the lam. Goddam if this doesn't sound

ROTZINGER (Cont'd)
like the guy who hit the car horn.
When was this?

POLICEWOMAN
23:35. Just came in. We're not even
on the scene yet.

ROTZINGER
(getting up, grabbing the readout)
It's them.

Jameson looks skeptical. Rotzinger is sure.

ROTZINGER
(matter of fact, even calm)
It's them.

He charges out the door, calling to the Policwoman.

ROTZINGER
Send all nearby units to the scene.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We hear sirens, far off. Grimm kneels over Lackey.
Phyllis bites her lip, fretfully.

GRIMM
Lackey? Lackey?

Cars overflowing with teens pull up by the sidewalk as the
word spreads about the accident.

EXT. CAB

The Cabbie has switched off Buddy Van in favor of some
wild Eastern-sounding music, zithery and strange. He has
tears in his eyes, mutters guiltily in his own language.

He shakes his head, decides to face the music. He swings
the cab around wildly, almost hitting a second cab head on
(the driver screams obscenely) and all the icons, medals,
beads, pictures and flags in the car swing, clank and
tinkle madly as he screeches up the street.

EXT. STREET (OUTSIDE CONVENIENCE STORE)

Grimm watches intently as Lackey begins to come to.

LACKEY
Mrs. Rasmussen? Could me and Tommy
have another bowl of Malt-O-Meal?

GRIMM
(whispering)
Lackey? It's Grimm. Mrs. Rasmussen is
in prison.

LACKEY
Oh.

He waves Grimm closer, so Phyllis can't hear; evidently
he has something personal and profound to say. The sirens
grow ever-louder.

LACKEY
Grimm? What does "modicum" mean?

Two cars attempt to get close to free show at the same
moment. They crash. The Drivers -- bull-necked youths,
one wearing a POLY TECH jacket and the other a TECH POLY
jacket -- start a shouting match that threatens to turn
uglier.

The crowd is torn as to which spectacle to watch: Dying
Man or Angry Brutes.

GRIMM
Do you remember what happened?

LACKEY
That cabbie didn't know red from
hell, Grimm. . .Are you gonna hit
me now?

GRIMM
No, Lackey. . .But if your leg is
broken, we'll have to destroy you.
. . .Do you think you can get up?

Lackey steels himself. The siren's are getting louder.
With Grimm's help, he rises slowly to his feet. The crowd
sighs, disappointed.

TEENAGER
Let's go watch the other one!

As Lackey and Grimm slowly rise, they are trampled by
teens hurrying to see the angry drivers.

GRIMM
(from the ground)
Y'know, Lampwick's right: the young
people are this city's future.

Phyllis helps them up.

Lackey is ambulatory, but limps.

PHYLLIS

Count to ten, backwards, Lackey.

GRIMM

Wait. Better ask him something he knew before the accident.

The sirens are loud. Grimm looks at Phyllis. Phyllis looks at Grimm. Police cars enter the street. Lackey is sagging.

Policemen spill out of their cars. As the first order of business, they break up the fight.

GRIMM

Don't worry about it. You're doing fine.

He tries to go a little faster.

But as still more uniformed Cops get out of their car, the Cabbie comes guiltily out of his cab, hands up.

GRIMM

Oh, Christ. Prof. Henry Higgins is gonna spot us.

Grimm looks at the doorway of a dark building five feet from them. "SOCIAL CLUB," it says on a blacked out plate glass window. "PRIVATE" It looks deserted.

GRIMM

Can you make it to that doorway, Lackey?

Lackey nods. With Grimm's help, they move slowly to the doorway as Uniformed Cops watch the Cabbie, whose eyes search amid the crowd for Grimm, et. al.

Grimm pushes the door. It doesn't open. He forces the door. They nearly fall into:

INT. "SOCIAL CLUB" - NIGHT

A pit of doom. Two dozen desperate Men are huddled over blackjack tables in an ugly dark room with bare walls. Cheap music plays on a radio. It isn't turned in properly, but nobody cares.

A ferocious Bouncer/Bartender stands behind a dirty slab of concrete (the bar) sucking on a cigarette as he watches:

A Second Bouncer, who stands tapping a heavy lead pipe in his hand as he stands over a Loser who tries to write out a check with trembling hand.

But all look up and fall silent with the new arrivals.

A third bouncer called JOHNNY -- truly tough, with a terrible scar on his forehead (same spot from which Lackey was bleeding) walks heavily, unblinkingly toward Grimm, tapping a pipe in his thick palm.

PHYLLIS

Get us out of this. I mean it.

A Fourth Bouncer has stepped in behind them and looms there, also tapping a pipe. Thus, they are surrounded.

JOHNNY

You just made a mistake.

Lackey looks queasy.

GRIMM

We came about the money.

This stops Johnny for a moment. He eases back. But an accusing, disbelieving Voice is heard from the shadows.

VOICE (O.S.)

What money?!

Johnny is newly irate. He grabs Grimm's collar and twists it.

JOHNNY

What-fucking-money?!

Grimm cannot turn his head, but turns his eyes to Phyllis.

GRIMM

Oh boy. They're playing games.

VOICE (O.S.)

Johnny, tell that clown I never laid eyes on him before.

JOHNNY

(twisting the collar tighter)
Mr. Skelton never saw you before.

GRIMM

And I still haven't seen him.

GRIMM (Cont'd)
(loud enough for Skelton)
We want the money now. I have to say
it. You have to hear it. We each do
our part, understand? You think I'm
stupid enough to walk in here other-
wise?

A long silence.

SKELTON'S VOICE (O.S.)
(less fierce, thinking about it)
Come over here, Johnny.

Johnny fixes Grimm a look, releases him, and goes to
consult with Mr. Skelton in the darkness. We hear them
whispering.

PHYLLIS
I take back everything I said. I
think you're the most exciting male
in the universe.

Johnny comes back.

JOHNNY
Who sent you?

Now Grimm plays annoyed, his patience gone.

GRIMM
Don't play games.
(loud enough for Skelton)
Don't play games!

SKELTON emerges from the shadows, a compact but sinister
man with shiny lips and a black toupee.

SKELTON
Mr. Lombino didn't say nothin' to me
about no new bag man. What happened to
Mario?

GRIMM
Since when does a giant like Mr. Lombino
have to explain himself to you!

Skelton blinks, chastised.

GRIMM
I'm the new bag man. Mario got
out of hand.

He turns to Lackey, who has caked blood on his forehead.

GRIMM

You see what he did to Earl on a dare.

SKELTON

Same spot he done Johnny. He must like that spot.

GRIMM

The man is sick upstairs.

Johnny nods as he palpates his scar tenderly.

SKELTON

Okay. I'll give you the money.
Soon as I call Lombino.

Skelton watches Grimm carefully. Grimm doesn't blink.

GRIMM

Fine.

Skelton moves to the phone. He starts to dial.

GRIMM

Perfect. Just great.
(to Lackey)
I can hear Mr. Lombino now.
(condescendingly)
"Skelton called. To check on Chip."

SKELTON

(into phone, ignoring Grimm)
Mr. Lombino, please. Mike Skelton callin'.

GRIMM

"Guess Chip wasn't so hot."
(brutally now)
"Guess I better put Mario back on Skelton."

Johnny hates to hear this.

JOHNNY

Please, Mr. Skelton. I hated Mario.
The big bald sadist, wearin' his
stupid sunglasses at night.

Skelton is thinking about it. Johnny continues.

JOHNNY

Nobody'd be stupid enough to do this
for a couple hundred bucks! They got-
ta know Mario's gonna come after 'em
and pull their livers out.

Phyllis and Grimm look at each other out the corners of their eyes. Lackey whimpers softly.

Skelton hangs up the phone. He reaches under the bar and takes up an envelope.

SKELTON

Slow night. Two hundred even.

Grimm counts it.

SKELTON

I gotta tell you, I heard rumors Lombino was back in town, but I said, "No way. The man don't leave his haven in Nevada." But now that I see you, I know it's true. He come to put his house in order: to take care of Mario and whatever else needs takin' care of. And that's why he's the king. Protection, drugs, prostitution, contract killin', you name it: Lombino is king. You tell him Mike Skelton said so!

In an effusion of Mafia obsequiousness, Skelton plants a series of wet kisses on Grimm's hand, to show his fealty.

Grimm bears it with a small bland smile, hiding his revulsion.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

They hurry out of the club -- as much as they can, given Lackey's limp.

GRIMM

(holding up the hand Skelton
kissed)

Excuse me while I plunge this into a vat
of boiling alcohol.

PHYLLIS

I saw a mind working there. A fine
mind. A throbbing, muscular manly
mind.

But Grimm has seen something.

GRIMM

Save it. Don't look. Hurry.

PHYLLIS

Why? Are the cops still there?

GRIMM

Lots of cops. With the Cabbie from
Hell. . .

(saving the worst for last)
And I'd give odds that's Mario.

She looks. She sees the Cabbie amid several Cops and, a few feet away,

MARIO, a big bald bully in dark glasses. He chuckles derisively as he watches the Cops try to understand the Cabbie's incomprehensible testimony.

PHYLLIS

Oh no.

GRIMM

Told you not to look.

LACKEY

Leave me here. You'll never get away.
Mario will pull your livers out.

Mario consults his watch, begins heading for the club, walking slowly backwards, mindful he should get back to work (collecting protection money inside) but amused by the scene outside.

A BUS appears on the horizon. Grimm lurches toward the bus stop to wave it down, and Lackey is thrown to the pavement.

LACKEY

Ow!

GRIMM

It's a kneeling bus, Lackey. Can you
do it?

Lackey looks at the bus from the ground as it pulls to the curb. It seems too high, from his POV. A beat. Then it kneels. Lackey nods -- he can do it! Grimm and Phyllis help him up.

As they climb the bus steps, Mario walks slowly but inevitably backwards, toward the social club.

A newspaper delivery truck pulls up by the newstand. The Delivery Man looks with perplexity at the mangled newspaper stand. He shrugs his shoulders, and shoves in a new load of papers anyway.

The headline says:

B O Z O S O N R A M P A G E
Copycat Clowns Plague Our Town

Two grainy photos, taken by overhead cameras, show clowns robbing liquor stores.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

We see inside the bus from Grimm's P.O.V. as he climbs on. Intermixed with the ordinary sullen passengers, we see:

A black guy with three combs in his hair plays mumbly-peg in the back of the seat in front of him. A white guy with a shaved head mumbles to himself. Three guys in sunglasses play craps in the aisle. Another man appears at first to be wearing a print shirt -- but is shirtless and tattooed over every inch of his upper body. A pimp in a lame hat escorts two of his girls. . .

Grimm merely nods, forever expecting the worst.

GRIMM
Attica on wheels.

LACKEY
What's that smell?

GRIMM
Used wine.

He addresses the driver.

GRIMM
Do you go to the airport? Arthur
Godfrey?

LOU HEATHCOAT, the fastidious and incorruptable driver, holds a stopwatch.

LOU
Near the airport. . . You have exact
change, I presume?

Phyllis' eyes are riveted to the side window of the bus, through which she sees Mario coming within 15 feet of the club. 14 - 13 - 12 --

PHYLLIS
Give him \$1,000. Hurry.

The criminals in the back prick up their ears, murmur their interest ("Say what?!" "You hear that?!").

GRIMM

She's just joking, of course.

(to Phyllis)

You kidder. You nut.

(to Lou Heathcoat)

We have no money, it's true.

(taking off his watch)

But this thing's worth 50 bucks.

LOU

It's worth 150.

Grimm nods, encouraged.

LOU

If I thought you were trying to bribe me I'd eject you, now.

GRIMM

That's what I wanted to hear, before I entrusted my life and that of my close friends to you.

PHYLLIS

(watching Mario)

He's about to go in. "Drugs, prostitution, contract killing, Lombino is king."

LOU

I leave this stop in 82 seconds. I've never been late. Exact change, or off.

GRIMM

What's the fare?

LOU

(staring at his watch)

80 cents each. 73 seconds. . .

PHYLLIS

He's inside the club, now.

Grimm turns into the bus, waving the watch.

GRIMM

Okay, who wants to roll me this beautiful, fully functional Swiss watch against \$2.40 in change?

CRAPS PLAYER

You on, brother.

He throws down some coins. Grimm swoops down the aisle.

He kneels, picks up the dice, examines them.

CRAPS PLAYER
Board certifi'. Just like in Atlantic
City.

GRIMM
Mm-hm. And Robert Goulet is gonna do
his act right behind the driver.

The Craps Player just stares. We hear Phyllis.

PHYLLIS (O.S.)
They're telling him about it, now.

GRIMM
(rolling the dice)
Luck be a lady tonight.

CRAPS PLAYER
Fo!

LACKEY
What's that mean?

PHYLLIS
He has to get another four. If he gets
a seven first he craps out. Or if it
takes him too long to get a four, Mario
will come outside, and kill us.

LOU
Forty seconds. I'm like N.A.S.A.
Before all those crashes.

GRIMM
(rolling the dice)
C'mon, babies: Daddy needs a new
pair of shoes.

He rolls a five.

CRAPS PLAYER
(getting it, laughing)
Robert Goo-lay!

Phyllis watches the Cops and the Cabbie now that Mario is
inside.

The Cabbie is scanning the horizon keenly, looking for the
three of them. Phyllis kneels beneath the window-level,
grabbing Lackey --

PHYLLIS
Can't you kneel -- ?

He can't very well. Too much pain. He crouches, but he's still visible through the windows.

We hear Grimm addressing the dice ("How do ducks walk, two by two, c'mon number four" etc.) and the soft thud of the dice on the floor, O.S., over and over.

LACKEY
I can sit!

LOU
You can't sit! Not till you pay the fare. Twenty seconds.

Mario bursts out of the club, Skelton in tow.

PHYLLIS
(afraid)
Grimm? They just came out!

LOU
Fifteen seconds.

Skelton sees Lackey trying to kneel, points at him.

PHYLLIS
(really afraid)
Grimm?! He's seen us!

Mario rushes toward the bus!

Lou starts counting down like Mission Control, O.S.

LOU (O.S.)
. . .ten, nine, eight, seven. . .

LACKEY
Grimm said we didn't have to count backwards.

The Cabbie spots Lackey. He screams and points. The Cops also charge the bus, steps behind Mario.

LOU (O.S.)
. . .six, five, four. . .

Mario and the Cops converge on the bus --

LOU

. . .three, two, one, zero, that's it!

He jumps up, heads down the aisle for Grimm --

GRIMM

Come to Daddy, Little Joe --

Grimm rolls a four.

GRIMM

Yes! Let's go!

He kisses the dice, scoops up the change, brings it forward to the fare box.

He holds the coins out to spill them in just as

MARIO lurches through the door, angrily, his hand out-reached to grab Grimm.

But just before he does, the Cops -- who believe Mario is the one at whom the Cabbie has been pointing -- grab him from behind, pull him out of the bus.

GRIMM

Yeah, get your own change, bud.

Grimm spills his coins in.

Outside the bus, Mario flails his arms wildly, trying to break free of the cops. He gets a Cop in the nose.

The Cabbie, tugging on the coat of one of the Cops, yells insistently:

CABBIE

No! Ombuz! Ombuz!

He jabs his finger at the bus, but the cops are too busy restraining Mario to see the Cabbie, whose "words" mean nothing to them.

The bus doors close and the bus pulls away just as

ROTZINGER'S CAR squeals to a stop.

The Cabbie continues to dance around frantically while the Cops wrestle Mario to the ground.

Rotzinger and Jameson get out of the car. Rotzinger spots Mario.

ROTZINGER
Unbelievable.

JAMESON
You know him?

ROTZINGER
Mario Monetti. Bagman for Vince Lombino. A pitiless sadist.

Rotzinger speaks to one of the arresting Cops.

ROTZINGER
This the one who jumped from the cab?

The Cop nods, yes.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

OPEN ON a campaign poster overhead, which shows Mayor Lampwick shaking the hand of President Reagan: a pair of dyed-haired twins, face to face. Pan down to

GRIMM, leaning over the fare box, speaking to Lou, the driver.

GRIMM
Excuse me.

LOU
Get behind the white line.

GRIMM
When you say "near the airport" --

LOU
Point four eight miles.

GRIMM
And when do we get there?

LOU
Zero-thirty hours.

GRIMM
When is that? . . . In human time?

LOU
12:30.

GRIMM
Say you had to walk it --

LOU
With that injured individual?

In the rear view mirror we see

LACKEY: he has fallen asleep on Phyllis on the back seat. He sleeps like a baby, head fastened to her shoulder.

LOU
I can't give you a precise figure on that.

GRIMM
Well guess.

LOU
Twenty-one minutes.

GRIMM
Thank you.

Grimm moves back to the rear seat. He smiles politely at the human refuse on board.

GRIMM
Hi, how're you, nice to ride with you.
Like the lamé hat.

The guy with the combs in his hair is cleaning his nails with somebody's credit card. A dour woman squints at Grimm as he passes.

WOMAN
Quit mentally undressing me.

Grimm sits on the free side of Phyllis.

PHYLLIS
What'd he say?

GRIMM
His estimate -- which I go along with any day --

ON LOU -- wiping the rear view mirror clean with a crisp white handkerchief --

GRIMM
Gets us to the terminal at nine of one.

PHYLLIS
Nine minutes? We have nine minutes.
Is that correct. . . We once had

PHYLLIS (Cont'd)
three and a half hours, Grimm. Did
you know that?

He nods.

PHYLLIS
And a car. We had our own car and
three and a half hours.

GRIMM
Was that tonight? I can't remember.

PHYLLIS
And another thing: why were there so
many cops back there.

GRIMM
Oh, Rotzinger, I guess.

PHYLLIS
You guess. . .

The bus stops to take on a passenger -- a Wandering Gypsy
who looks like Willie Nelson, in dungarees and headband.
He smiles and holds a bag with a bottle of wine.

GRIMM
I like this guy.

He has a guitar suspended horizontally across his back,
which is wider than the doorway, and when it hits the
frame, he gets yanked back, striking an unpleasant chord.

He does it again, still smiling, oblivious.

LOU
I don't have time for this!

GRIMM
He doesn't have time for it.

Willie tries to enter a third and fourth time, but is pre-
vented from doing so by the horizontal guitar. The horri-
ble chord plays each time; but he just keeps smiling.

GRIMM
(calling out)
I'm a little disappointed in you, Lou.

When Willie steps back for another attempt, Lou closes the
doors on him, shutting him outside, and steps on the gas.
The passengers applaud, causing Lackey to stir.

LACKEY
You can't fire me! I quit!

PHYLLIS
(stroking his head maternally)
It's okay. Go back to sleep.

Instantly, he is asleep. Phyllis is embarrassed that Grimm has witnessed this tenderness. She tries to cover it.

PHYLLIS
He -- he wasn't really awake.

She finds herself stroking his head maternally, and pulls it away.

GRIMM
(nodding, unfooled)
Yeah sure. We all have our weak moments.

PHYLLIS
Yours was when you picked him for the job. I know you met him in the 4th grade. The problem is -- he never really moved on from there.

GRIMM
Come off it. He was brilliant in the bank. Totally convincing.

PHYLLIS
Yes, as a panicky, complete idiot --

GRIMM
You know, it's hardest to play yourself.

PHYLLIS
He's been totally convincing in the role since we left the bank, too.

GRIMM
I'd like to see Miss Meryl Streep throw up on cue just once.

PHYLLIS
They should give him an Oscar: Special Achievement in Vomiting.

GRIMM
Come off it. You know you like him.

PHYLLIS
Really? Why would I do a thing like that?

GRIMM

Because his essential humanity shines through. His goodness. He's the child in all of us.

PHYLLIS

Don't get carried away. I like him a little bit. A tiny little bit.

GRIMM

See?. . . You like him alot. And you're not the pragmatic, hard-assed killer-bitch you pretend to be, either -- interested only in money or fantastic sex.

PHYLLIS

I am whenever I rob a bank --

GRIMM

-- Or else you'd be Mrs. Berry Meyers right now: rich, but trapped in a loveless, childless union. By the way: how do you feel about kids?

PHYLLIS

I think prison is a bad environment in which to raise them. Call me old-fashioned.

GRIMM

Don't sweat it. We're on our way to the airport --

PHYLLIS

To near the airport --

GRIMM

We're leaving the driving to Lou, Lackey's asleep and can't do anything wrong --

PHYLLIS

Except blurt out a total confession --

GRIMM

Do you think that would matter here?

PAN the motely crew on board. . .

GRIMM

For the moment, nothing can go wrong.

But there is a terrible beating on the window: "Willie Nelson" hangs onto the door of the moving bus, where he

has been hanging all this time.

Lou applies the brakes with a squeal. Lackey is thrown onto the floor, hard.

LACKEY

Ow!

PHYLLIS

(openly solicitous, now)
Oh, you poor son of a bitch.

She kneels by him, props him up, strokes his forehead. . .

Grimm moves to the front of the bus, where

Lou Heathcoat tries to evict "Willie Nelson." Willie has fitted himself snugly into the entrance-well by stretching himself diagonally across the doorway, jamming his feet.

He and Lou are involved in a tug-o-war over the guitar. Willie grips it tenaciously.

Grimm approaches, taps Lou on the shoulder.

Lou swings around. He's overwrought.

LOU

Behind the white line!

GRIMM

Listen, just forget it: I'll pay his fare.

LOU

Fine. . . Do you have exact change?

The Craps Player jiggles a fistfull of coins in the air, then points to the spot on his wrist where he would wear a wristwatch, if he had one.

Grimm looks back to Lou, looks at his watch: 12:22.

GRIMM

We're gonna be late because of you!

LOU

(his pride ruined)
I know. I could kill myself!

GRIMM

True, but it'd be simpler to let me pay the damned fare.

LOU
(through gritted teeth, half-mad)
I have standards!

Grimm blinks.

GRIMM
You better get a hold of yourself. . .
You're turning into the nightmare side
of Ralph Kramden.

Grimm kneels down by Willie Nelson. He gets as close to him as he can, face to face. It doesn't smell good, but Grimm is desperate. Willie is still tugging his guitar back and forth with Lou.

Grimm pushes something across the floor carefully at Willie, making sure none of the other passengers can see. He whispers, so they cannot hear.

GRIMM
This is a \$1000 bill. It's real. I
know how this city degrades the individual. It's appalling. Take the money. Please. And get the fuck off this bus.

Willie looks at the bill. He continues to grasp the guitar with one hand, fighting with Lou, as he examines the bill.

He pushes it into his pocket. He smiles. He releases the guitar. Lou flies backwards with a crash. The guitar plays the same horrible chord.

Willie gets up. He dusts himself off, tips his bandana to Grimm, and walks off the bus, with exaggerated dignity.

Lou closes the doors and drives on angrily.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOREAN CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Cop cars are parked, kids mill about. . .

INT. STORE - STOCKROOM

Rotzinger interrogates Mario, who is handcuffed and sits in a metal folding chair.

Jameson observes.

ROTZINGER
Is Lombino back? Or are you working
for the Clown now?

MARIO
Hey, I didn't do nothin'. . .What
clown?

Mario's denials sound like the standard lies; his ignorance of the clown sounds especially false although we know it to be genuine. Jameson shakes his head with disgust.

ROTZINGER
Oh, that's very convincing, Monetti.
Guess we should apologize and let you
go now.

MARIO
Right.

Two uniformed Cops, one named CORSO, push the handcuffed Cabbie into the room. The other is a big brute with a blackjack.

It is clear the Cabbie been brutally interrogated. His eyes shine with fear. He is covered in sweat.

CORSO
He's in on it, sir! He won't tell us
a damn thing!

ROTZINGER
You idiot! This man doesn't speak a
word of English!

He leads the Cabbie gently to a chair.

ROTZINGER
(to Corso)
Didn't I tell you to get an interpreter?

CORSO
I thought you said "interrogator."

The brute with the blackjack blinks. . .

The Cabbie spots Mario, shakes his head, speaks wearily.

CABBIE
No. Ombuz. Ombuz.

CORSO
That's all he says. We figure it's
either "ambulance" or "ombudsman."

CORSO (Cont'd)

But I don't even know what that means,
so why should he?

ROTZINGER

Gimme the keys to these cuffs. . .Get
him a soda inside.

(kneeling by the Cabbie, unlocking
the cuffs)

Probably left your own country to escape
just this type of persecution.

Rotzinger rises.

ROTZINGER

Get me a damned interpreter! Don't
you realize the robbers told this man
their destination?!

CORSO

Sir, we can't figure out what language
he's speakin'. Anyway, I'm sure he
didn't understand their destination.

Rotzinger is getting angrier and angrier.

ROTZINGER

(quietly)

Get me an interpreter.

Corso nods, hurries away.

Rotzinger turns to Mario, his anger unabated. He grabs
the big man's shirt collar, speaks through gritted teeth.

ROTZINGER

Who was the clown?! Tell me!

MARIO

What is this? Since when is it ille-
gal to run for a bus?

CABBIE (B.G.)

(nodding)

Ombuz, ombuz.

Rotzinger knits his brow. He looks from Mario to the
Cabbie then back to Mario.

ROTZINGER

(Keenly)

A bus?

MARIO
Yeah, since when is that a crime?

CABBIE
(nodding)
Ombuz.

Rotzinger points at Mario and the Cabbie shakes his head, no.

ROTZINGER
They're on a bus. They're on the god-dam bus.

The Cabbie nods, again.

Corso returns. Rotzinger speaks to him as he sweeps out of the room.

ROTZINGER
Continue the interrogations.

Jameson follows the chief out the door.

CORSO
(a light in his eyes)
Okay, now, you heard it. That time he definitely said "interrogate."

EXT. STREET/ROTZINGER'S CAR

PAN DOWN from the bus stop sign outside the store -- which shows the times for the #9 Bus -- to

Rotzinger, gripping his car radio mike, glancing up at the bus stop sign, as Jameson pulls the car away from the curb at high speed.

ROTZINGER
We will quietly pull over and board all number nine buses. We do not want another hostage situation.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A Number Nine bus hurtles down the street.

Inside, Lou, the driver, has a half-mad look after his encounter with Willie Nelson; he bears down heavily on the wheel, trying to make up for lost time.

He screeches to a stop at the curb, almost throwing over Lackey, Grimm and Phyllis who stand waiting to exit by the back doors. The bus kneels.

Phyllis leads Lackey down the stairs with necessary slowness.

LOU (O.S.)
Move it! Ta-day!

They are barely off the steps when the bus tears away and disappears from frame.

They stand for a moment on an inky street, eyes adjusting to the gloom. A bleak wind blows.

Lackey turns to Grimm.

LACKEY
Grimm? . . . Did I die?

GRIMM
I don't know.
(to Phyllis)
Did we?

They start to walk. Lackey is hobbling. As they move, a woman's voice becomes audible on the wind, calling out in a haunted, surreal, sing-song plaint:

VOICE (O.S.)
Flores! Flores para los muertos!
Flores! Flores para los muertos!

They are on a street of low warehouses.

Grimm consults his watch: 12:40.

GRIMM
The thing is, Lackey, we lost a little time on the bus. You think you could move any faster?

LACKEY
I can't Grimm. I'm sorry. . . You're gonna hit me now, aren't you?

PHYLLIS
(sweetly)
Nobody's gonna hurt you.

GRIMM
What is this? I haven't hit anybody since I was nine.

PHYLLIS

Yeah, but you threatened him, so just promise. He's been through alot.

GRIMM

I promise.

The haunted voice has been growing louder as they move --

VOICE

Flores! Flores para los muertos --

They begin to see the hunched-over woman up the block (from behind, in scarf and shawl) who is calling out.

An enormous rumble rends the sky. They duck.

A JET PLANE -- huge and close -- takes off just over them.

LACKEY

Was that our plane?

GRIMM

No. We won't be seeing ours for a few more minutes.

PHYLLIS

Where's the airport? How far? How long till we see it?

GRIMM

According to the driver, twenty-one minutes.

PHYLLIS

Twenty-one? Forget it!

GRIMM

He was guessing. He said he might be wrong.

PHYLLIS

Who, Casey Jones? I doubt it.

Now they draw parallel to the gnarled old Peasant Woman on the opposite corner, in shawl and moustache, gripping a "bouquet" of drooping daisies.

PEASANT WOMAN

Flores. Flores para los muertos.

GRIMM

Must be a lot of competition for that

GRIMM (Cont'd)
corner. . . Thank God she's not too
symbolic or anything.

LACKEY
What does it mean, anyway, Grimm?
"Florez pora lez mordoze."

GRIMM
Gee, Lackey, I don't know.

As Phyllis speaks, Grimm is signalling her No, no, don't
tell him, but she doesn't notice.

PHYLLIS
"Flowers for the dead," isn't it?

Grimm winces.

Lackey's eyes widen with fear. He drops to his knees as
he did in the bank. He is hysterical.

LACKEY
WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE! WE'RE ALL GON-
NA DIE! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE! (Etc.)

Grimm knows what must be done but has just sworn not to do
it.

GRIMM
Phyllis?

Phyllis slaps Lackey across the face. This produces the
necessary result: Lackey shuts up.

A long beat. Long enough for another airplane to pass,
huge and loud, above them.

Then it is quiet, except for Phyllis, who is quietly
crying and muttering.

PHYLLIS
. . . look what's become of us. . .
and we almost had it all. . .

Grimm starts to help Lackey up. . .

GRIMM
You gotta get up now, pal.

But Phyllis, still overwrought, grabs Grimm away from
Lackey.

PHYLLIS

Leave him alone!

Lackey falls flat on his face, sustaining his umpteenth injury. Phyllis and Grimm, in an angry tete a tete, do not notice.

PHYLLIS

It's twenty of one. It's time to plea bargain!

GRIMM

Are you finished?. . . Gloomy Gus?

Grimm, trying to retain whatever pitiful momentum they still have, reaches down to help Lackey up, again. But Phyllis keeps her angry grip on Grimm's arm.

Grimm, squinting at Phyllis, catches poor Lackey by the waistband of his trousers, and lifts him up at the waist like a long napsack.

As Grimm strides forward purposefully, Lackey's hands paw the ground, his legs fly and his feet grapple wildly for a foothold. . . Meantime:

PHYLLIS

(still gripping Grimm's arm)
There's something I want you to know.
Before we're arrested, so it's not
just sour grapes: I hate your guts.

GRIMM

(not slowing his pace)
Oh, stop it. What is hate but love.

Phyllis now notices Lackey's flying hands and feet.

PHYLLIS

Why are you putting him through this?

Grimm turns angrily toward Phyllis. Lackey falls again, "oomph."

GRIMM

Because! The plane could be late --
a cab might pass --

Lackey, meantime, wobbles pitifully to his feet --

LACKEY

(trying to be helpful)
Maybe the pilot overslept!

PHYLLIS

(to Grimm)

Yeah, friendly aliens might pass in
their mother ship -- Elvis's ghost
might give us a lift in his Cadillac --

They hear a heavy grinding noise. The three of them are
bathed in an intense white light.

It seems obvious they are having a close encounter. They
turn and stare awe-struck at the light. REVERSE ON:

A WAREHOUSE marked "Airport Maintenance Garage."

As the metal door rolls up and the flourescent garage
light floods the street, a tiny ancient Black Man in
overalls embroidered with the name ROY drives out of the
garage on a luggage caddy with five or six cars attached
to it.

The luggage cars are battered tin boxes with wheels on
them. The whole conveyance resembles an oversized kiddy
train.

The little "train" obtains a maximum speed of maybe seven
miles an hour.

Grimm digs into the cash in his pants, peels off a bill,
and approaches old Roy as his train chugs toward them.
Grimm waves the bill.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS/STREET - NIGHT

Rotzinger and Jameson stand alongside Lou Heathcoat's bus.
They interview the passengers. The car radio barks out
negative reports.

CRAPS PLAYER

Didn't see nobody like that.

He winks to his pal.

EXT. SQUADCAR

Corso's squadcar pulls up alongside Heathcoat's bus, si-
ren blaring. In the front seat, Corso and his Interro-
gator wear smiles. In the back seat, the Cabbie blinks
skittishly; Mario Monetti, beside him, has a swollen lip
and a purpled eye.

The Cabbie is fingering the flight folder that Grimm gave
him, with the map to the airport on one side, and the

flight information written on it in grease pencil on the other.

Corso jumps out and speaks to the Chief.

CORSO

Chief? You're gonna wanna hear this.

He whispers to the chief as he leads him to the squadcar.

Rotzinger sticks his head in the car. From his POV we see both Mario and the Cabbie. They look equally ill at ease.

Rotzinger's head comes out again after he has heard the information. He opens the front door of Corso's car.

ROTZINGER

I'll take your car. I want him with me.

He summons Jameson with his hand.

Jameson joins the chief. The two men get in the car, with the other two in back seat.

ON THE BUS,

another Cop interrogates Lou Heathcoat, who checks his watch.

COP

You're sure of this?

LOU

Sure I'm sure. A women and two men, one injured.

EXT. BUS

The Cop leads Lou down the steps.

COP

Where's Rotzinger?

CORSO

Goin' to the airport in a hurry.

COP

He already knows they're gettin' on a plane?

Corso nods.

LOU

(checking his watch)
I'm leaving in fourteen seconds.

EXT. SQUADCAR

Rotzinger's siren is blaring. He speaks on the radio.

ROTZINGER
Contact Bentley, Chief of Airport
Police out at Arthur Godfrey. Patch
him through to me.

Again we see Mario and the Cabbie, sullen seatmates. . .

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A jet plane screams across the sky. Crane down to:

Grimm, Phyllis and Lackey, each sitting in his or her own
little low-slung baggage car, like children on a train.

Chugging along the city street at a very slow speed, they
look silly.

They are drawfied by a V.W. which passes them at thirty-
five, and thus appears to roar by.

TEENAGERS IN CAR
(as they speed past)
Faggots!

Grimm leans over his car to give the old man another bill.

GRIMM
Think you can step on it, Roy?
Let's see what this baby can do?

ROY
. Hang on!

Roy puts it to the floor: the train goes 8 MPH.

GRIMM
(calling back to the others)
Anybody got any windburn lotion?

LACKEY
I don't feel good, Grimm.

GRIMM
C'mon, Lackey. Just think: this time
tomorrow, you'll be splashing in the
blue sea.

LACKEY
I doubt that.

GRIMM
Well, floating. Drowning. Whatever.

PHYLLIS
It's almost a quarter of. Where's the alleged airport?

LACKEY
I gotta get this money off my body.
I can't breath will this money all over me.

Grimm feels guilty.

GRIMM
Okay, alright. We'll buy a little duffel bag or something, and after we're past the X-Ray machine, I'll take the money off your body and stuff it in the bag, okay?

LACKEY
Promise?

Grimm nods.

PHYLLIS
Look!

The Arthur Godfrey International Airport dawns on the horizon, across a vast dark parking lot.

Lackey blinks back tears of joy. . .

EXT. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Perched in the vast dark parking lot is a lighted trailer marked AIRPORT SECURITY.

INT. TRAILER

Mario and the Cabbie are seated on a couch. Rotzinger and Jameson confer with the Chief of Airport Security, BENTLEY, and various other Airport Cops, one of whom holds a walkie-talkie, from which he gets a message.

COP
They haven't boarded yet.

ROTZINGER
It's your airport. But I say the
safest way is let 'em board. The
most contained.

Bentley nods.

Outside, we hear a noisy luggage train passing. And on
the window shade we now see quite plainly the silhouettes
of our protagonists passing by at seven M.P.H.

BENTLEY
We've got men specially trained for
this, Walt: anti-terrorist personnel
who steal onto planes silently. . .

Rotzinger is shaking his head.

ROTZINGER
They're not terrorists. I'll go on
alone, with Jameson and one of your
men as backup.

BENTLEY
Your choice. We'll surround the
landing area for you.

Rotzinger nods. He consults his watch.

ROTZINGER
They should be boarding soon.

BENTLEY
Be careful, Walt. He's gotta be
desperate to get outta here at
this point.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERMINAL

The little train has pulled up near the buildings. Grimm
is giving some bills to Roy as Phyllis helps Lackey out of
his car.

Now Grimm joins them.

GRIMM

Roy's gonna get us the duffel bag. Also a wheelchair and a pair of skis to cover the limp.

LACKEY

Did you give him a few bucks, Grimm?

GRIMM

Try twelve hundred. It's scary. Roy's sixth sense told him we were in some kind of jam.

LACKEY

(earnestly)

ESP exists, Grimm. They proved it.

GRIMM

(letting it pass)

I'm gonna get the boarding passes. See you inside.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Grimm approaches a ticket counter clotted with angry and disorganized passengers.

GRIMM

Now what.

He moves toward the counter. There is a voice behind him.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Clown!

Grimm whirls around. It's just a guy in line; the epithet is coincidental.

GUY IN LINE

Get the hell back in line.

The guy is a bland but brutal businessman type, smooth-skinned, 55ish, squat but powerful, in expensive golf pants and a pastel-colored golf sweater.

Grimm ignores him, speaks to the ticket agent who is busy typing on his computer.

GRIMM

Is there a problem?

The Ticket Agent's name is MILT TUNE. He is an officious fellow with a silky well-groomed moustache and bleached hair.

TUNE

Too many passengers, I'm afraid.

The brutal businessman speaks again. His name is RUSS CRANE.

CRANE

You better be afraid! You little secretary, playing with your little typewriter there.

Tune pretends he doesn't hear. He continues to punch the computer.

CRANE

Nobody does this to Russ Crane. Nobody does this to Mrs. Russ Crane, you glorified stewardess, afraid to do a man's job!

Mrs. Crane, a tiny agreeable blonde next to the brutal bland Russ Crane, nods agreeably.

CRANE

(to his wife)

They're just gonna pull off the G.I.'s. That's what they always do when they overbook.

Mrs. Crane nods agreeably.

A quintet of G.I.'s look at each other forlornly, knowing deep down this is true.

MILT TUNE

(to Grimm)

Name, please?

EXT. TARMAC

Airport Cops fill in the area around the waiting jet, hiding themselves behind terminals, luggage carriers, etc.

INT. TERMINAL

The sad G.I.'s are led away by an Airline Agent who tells them they can take the next plane.

Grimm, boarding passes in hand, leaves the counter. He sees a pair of Cops patrolling the terminal, and waits till they have passed before approaching Lackey and Phyllis.

She stands behind an airport wheelchair, which Lackey sits in, his leg propped up, a pair of skis standing tall. He has a duffel bag in his lap.

GRIMM
(whispering)
They're looking for two men and a woman.
We have to split up.

PHYLLIS
I'll stay with Lackey.

LACKEY
(scratching at his chest)
No. The men's room! I'm suffocating!
You promised.

GRIMM
We still have to pass through the
X-Ray and get to the gate. There
isn't time.

LACKEY
But there's still time for a broken
promise, is that it? Like my broken
bones.

Grimm looks at Lackey but speaks to Phyllis.

GRIMM
See you on the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT

Phyllis passes under the metal detectors. A couple of Cops are scrutinizing the passengers, but they don't look twice at her.

When an airport Cop exits a little room off the corridor, we get a glimpse of Cops inside interrogating various passengers: a couple of nerds, a couple of blondes and a lumberjack.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - AIRPORT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON the closed door of a toilet cubicle. We hear a tearing sound.

LACKEY (O.S.)
Ow.

IN the cubicle, we see Grimm untaping the cash from Lackey's body, putting it into the duffel bag. He's nearly finished: the bag is full almost to bursting.

The duffel doesn't zip easily with all the money inside.

IN the bathroom, an Airport Security man takes a leak.

GRIMM (O.S.)

Put your hand here while I zip up.

AIRPORT SECURITY

I'm makin' a sweep of the premises in two minutes!

GRIMM (O.S.)

(gravel-voiced; butch)

Yeah. Thanks. We owe you one.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Phyllis boards the plane, alone. She is the last to enter.

Once Phyllis is inside, the STEWARDESS, an insolent scowling woman of 45 with short-cropped hair, looks at her watch, makes preparations to close the weighty door.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Grimm pushes Lackey's wheelchair down the corridor at a furious speed.

EXT. AIRPORT - TARMAC

At the top of the roll-away stairs, the Stewardess has the door of the jet halfway shut.

A Younger Stewardess next to her puts her hand on her arm and points to

GRIMM frantically pushing the wheelchair across the tarmac. At the base of the stairs, he helps Lackey out of the chair.

The Stewardess wants to close the door, anyway. The younger woman restrains her, as Grimm and Lackey climb the steps.

INT. PLANE

The Stewardess stands, hands on hips, inside the door.

STEWARDESS
(insolently, as she tears the
boarding passes)
You think you're late enough?

GRIMM
You must be from around here.

He picks up the bag and helps Lackey down the aisle, where they join Phyllis, seated near the rear.

EXT. PLANE

Rotzinger gets out of a luggage van near the front of the plane. Jameson and an Airport Cop stay in the cab. They synchronize watches.

ROTZINGER
Gimme three minutes before you come in.

INT. PLANE

Grimm is sitting next to Phyllis. He is having trouble fitting the bag under his seat. Phyllis leans close to his ear, speaking softly:

PHYLLIS
If you'll forget all the terrible
things I said, I'll forget all
the terrible things you said.

GRIMM
I didn't say any terrible things.

PHYLLIS
Okay, so is it a deal?

Lackey is sitting in the aisle seat just across from Grimm. The seats next to Lackey are occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Russ Crane.

Lackey, wincing, manages to push his seat back into a half-recline, which seems to give him some relief.

RUSS CRANE
Hey! put that thing into the full-up-
right in preparation for take-off!

LACKEY
Please, I'm in desperate pain.

Lackey blinks imploringly, closes his eyes.

At long last, Lackey enjoys a moment of relief. . .

Russ Crane leans silently across Lackey. Russ Crane finds the button on Lackey's armrest and pushes it -- throwing the seat into the full upright position.

LACKEY

Ow -- Jeezus!

Lackey comes all the way forward, smashing his head into the stowed tray table in front of him.

CRANE

And stow that tray table, too, bud!

Across the aisle, Grimm has still not managed to stow the bag.

The insolent Stewardess stands over him, a thin derisive smile on her lips, hands on hips.

STEWERDESS

(of the bag)

No way Jose! Into the closet.

Grimm redoubles his efforts.

INT. FIRST CLASS

The First Class door opens. The passengers look up. Rotzinger smiles blandly, passes through toward coach.

IN COACH

Phyllis and Lackey watch with concern as

Grimm tries to stuff the bag under the seat, under the Stewardess's relentless gaze.

STEWARDESS

What's in there, anyway?

GRIMM

Is that really a concern of yours, miss?

STEWARDESS

I've had just about enough of you and your lip.

She grabs the duffel bag. Grimm grabs it. She jerks it hard just as --

Rotzinger charges down the aisle, gun drawn --

The bag flies straight back into Rotzinger's balls. He doubles over.

Lackey spots him and jumps out of his seat, screaming.

LACKEY

Aaaaaaahhhh!

Lackey plows into the Stewardess, knocking her over, bouncing flat onto his back.

Grimm pops into the aisle to help Lackey (who lies dazed) just as

Russ Crane jumps out of his seat, screaming:

CRANE

You won't take me alive!

He kicks Grimm out of his way -- Grimm hits the floor.

GRIMM

Okay: this was unexpected.

Crane knocks the gun out of the hand of the Rotzinger, who is just now uncoiling himself --

The gun flies backwards up the aisle.

Passengers scream "Terrorist!" -- cower in their seats. One man claws at his oxygen mask.

The Stewardess rises to her feet, swearing at Grimm like a sailor.

GRIMM

(rising to his feet)

Hey. Save that filth for First Class.

Rotzinger slugs Russ Crane, who flies back into

Grimm who is thrown back into

The Stewardess. She is knocked out cold.

GRIMM

And that's my final warning.

Rotzinger scrambles for the gun, but

Russ Crane kicks it under a seat.

Crane and Rotzinger start wrestling.

The Young Stewardess watches -- dazed -- up the aisle.

GRIMM

Hey! wake-up! Call a cop!

She runs up the aisle.

Grimm, seeing that Rotzinger is preoccupied with Crane, tries to grab his bag back. He gets a hand on it when

Rotzinger rips the bag out of his hand.

Rotzinger hits Crane in the belly with Grimm's bag. The over-full bag nearly bursts with the impact.

Phyllis and Mrs. Crane jump up in their seats in tandem and scream (one over the bag, one over the husband).

Rotzinger draws back the bag and hits Crane again -- with such force the bag's sides puff out, showing us some money; we feel quite sure the bag will explode.

Phyllis and Mrs. Crane scream.

As Crane staggers backwards, Rotzinger draws the bag back for another blow (one which will surely burst the bag).

Grimm gets on his hands and knees behind the staggering Crane, who trips and falls backwards, flat on his back.

Rotzinger kneels and flips crane over, then handcuffs him, face down, hands behind back.

Jameson and the Airport Cop rush up the aisle, guns drawn.

ROTZINGER

(catching his breath)

Lombino, you son of a bitch.

The Airport Cop signals "OK" out the window. Suddenly, lights are thrown on outside on the field, revealing the dozens upon dozens of cops who come out of hiding.

Lackey blinks, nervously. Grimm whispers to Lackey.

GRIMM

(of Lombino)

It's the king. He came after the king, not us.

As Rotzinger speaks, below, many Cops -- airport and city -- crowd onto the plane, as well as airline and medical personnel, with a gurney, until there is quite a crowd.

Grimm grabs his bag.

ROTZINGER

Vince Lombino, A.K.A. Russ Crane, you are under arrest for the crimes of murder in the first degree, murder in the second degree, first degree manslaughter, arson, pandering, the illegal sale of weapons, the sale and possession of narcotic substances, assault with a deadly weapon, extortion, conspiracy and rape. You have the right to remain silent --

LOMBINO

Skip it.

City Cops lead Lombino toward the exit. Mrs. Crane follows.

EXT. PLANE

As Lombino stands on the top of the moving stairway with the Cops, they look down onto the tarmac:

Mario, in the custody of two Cops, stands beside the police car. The Cabbie is still with them.

Mario nods to confirm Lombino's identity for the Cops with him, and they signal the OK to the cops atop the stairwell with Lombino.

LOMBINO

(to the Cop next to him)
Tell that rat Mario he's a dead rat.

Meantime, next to Mario, the Cabbie shakes his head, no! no! when he sees who has been arrested. He thrusts the flight folder Grimm gave him at the Cops, and speaks in his tongue.

COP 1

What's he sayin'?

COP 2

Who knows.

INT. PLANE

Now Reporters and Photographers rush up the aisle, adding to the congestion.

Grimm tries to get poor wobbly Lackey back into his seat, but the way is blocked. . .

They load the unconscious Stewardess onto the gurney and roll her out. She mutters obscenely.

Rotzinger sees Grimm trying to get Lackey back to his seat.

ROTZINGER

Clear the way.

He takes hold of Lackey's arm. Lackey goes wide-eyed.

T.V. crews press into the crowd and light their bright lights. Lackey gets even more frightened.

Phyllis and Grimm exchange a worried glance.

ROTZINGER

(to Lackey)

Sorry if I scared you.

The Young Stewardess takes up the P.A. microphone, a row or two behind Grimm's seat as Rotzinger helps Lackey back to his seat.

YOUNG STEWARDESS

Please return to your seats. Complimentary beverages will be served when you return to your seats. (Etc.)

Meantime, Rotzinger dusts off Lackey's clothes as he eases him into his seat.

ROTZINGER

You okay?

Lackey nods, struggles to his seat.

Rotzinger turns to go, then turns back to Lackey.

ROTZINGER

Have we met? You look familiar.

Lackey freezes. He is completely panicked. He grabs the vomit bag.

Grimm must act fast. He seizes the mike from the stewardess. He speaks calmly, moves up the aisle microphone in hand:

GRIMM

(ad libbed)

May I say something? Fun-time is just starting, I know, but -- When we hit French Polynesia, and we're on the beach, and we're oiling up, and we're checking out the gals in the string bikinis and the studs in the European pouch suits, there's a certain citizen who's not gonna be there with us.

Grimm circles his arm around Rotzinger, who stares, red-faced, at the ground. Grimm guides him toward the T.V. cameras.

GRIMM

And he's a character with a couple of concrete cajones who just took on one of the bent-nose mob -- a major-mobster -- a present-day Al Capone type -- one on one. . . Why does he do it? Who knows. Not for bread.

INT. AIRPORT BAR/RESTAURANT

We watch Grimm and Rotzinger on the big color T.V. hanging over the bar, on a local station's live broadcast. Dozens of people are clustered beneath the set.

GRIMM (Cont'd)

(into Rotzinger's neck)

What do they pay you, wildman, if I may ask? About 40 K per annum?

Rotzinger nods sort of affirmatively. The people in the bar applaud.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE

We watch Grimm with Rotzinger on a dozen dollar-an-hour T.V. screens attached to plastic molded chairs in the waiting lounge. Dozens and dozens of travelers and airport employees watch them.

GRIMM (Cont'd) (ON TV)

People, this man is a local treasure. He's our Wrigley Field. Our Great White Way.

INT. AIRPLANE

We are back on the plane as Grimm serenades Rotzinger, gripping his neck affectionately in the crook of his arm.

GRIMM

(singing, to Rotzinger)
"Those little town blues
Are melting away
So make a brand new start of it
Chief Rot-zing-ger
You nab them in the air
You nab them everywhere
Oh we love you
Chief Rot-zing-ger!"
(general applause)
Men: shake his hand! Ladies: kiss
his lips!
(to Rotzinger)
I know you got work to do, so on behalf
of everybody --

Grimm shakes Rotzinger's hand and kisses his lips to joyous applause.

Rotzinger, blushing and mumbling into the carpet, acknowledges the crowd with a little Lou Gehrig gesture as he stumbles bashfully up the aisle and out of sight.

The noise of the applause gives way to

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The roar of the jet taking off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Rotzinger, a hero now, is photographed and cheered.

Meantime, a Man of the same swarthy mien as the Cabbie nods his head as he listens to the Cabbie: the Interpreter, at last. The Cabbie hands him the flight folder.

The Interpreter, in turn, speaks to a Cop, whose eyes light up, who takes the folder, and who pushes through the crowd toward Rotzinger. . .

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Lackey stretches out, asleep, on three seats, now that the Lombinos have been removed.

Phyllis sleeps on Grimm's shoulder. But now her eyes open and she sits bolt upright.

PHYLLIS

I despise you and everything you stand for.

GRIMM

Now what?

PHYLLIS

You never got the ticket folder back from the cabbie. Our flight number and destination are on it. They'll hunt us down and destroy us, thanks to you. I can't believe I ever let you touch me.

GRIMM

Are you finished?

PHYLLIS

What more is there to say?

GRIMM

Only that those tickets were from the first flight. The one to Fiji. . . So now: what more is there to say?

PHYLLIS

Nothing.

As she puts her arms around him and kisses him, we move past them to the plane window as we begin to hear MUSIC.

We look down on the city, benign at this distance, as we hear a medley of city songs, beginning with a reprise of "New York, New York," then "Chicago," "I Left My Heart In San Francisco," "I Love L.A.," "Meet Me In St. Louis," etc, as we

Roll End Titles and FADE OUT

THE END.