

'RUN!'

Screenplay

by

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based on a screenplay by

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and

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SECOND DRAFT

(revised)

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1. INT. HARVARD LAW SCHOOL DORMITORY. STUDENT ROOM. NIGHT

We are looking down onto the floor of the room. A pack of cards is being expertly shuffled, four hands are dealt. The game is poker. An overhead light casts a circular pool of light defining the area of play.

CHARLIE (o.s.)
Five card stud. Deuces wild.

PETE (o.s.)
Anybody know what they're doing for
an internship this summer?

BRETT (o.s.)
Yeah, I'm thinking about legal aid.

CHARLIE (o.s.)
Legal aid? You gotta be kidding.

BRETT (o.s.)
Maybe the public defender's office.

As we PULL BACK WIDER, we see four GUYS sitting on the floor. They're second year law students, in their early twenties. Empty beer bottles everywhere. Overflowing ashtrays. Mess. It's a heavy, late night session.

CLOSE ON CHARLIE

The dealer, CHARLIE FISHER, is handsome, open-faced. with an essentially likeable quality, in spite of an element of cockiness. He's an achiever - he wouldn't have made it this far if he wasn't - and he likes to affect a hard-boiled attitude to life, but somehow in his case charm conquers all. With his winning smile and disarming eyes, he's the kind of guy who regularly gets away with murder - and who's never short of friends.

At this moment his pile of chips is noticeably larger than anyone else's.

CHARLIE
Get real, Brett. What's the idea of
sweating blood in this hole for
three years so you can be poor for
the rest of your life?

The players ante up, tossing plastic chips into the pot - a kitsch, fifties bowl in the form of a reclining nude, a tacky leftover from some Jayne Mansfield merchandising. BRETT is earnest, myopic, wearing a 'No Nukes' T shirt.

CHARLIE (contd)
This is Harvard Law School, man.
You're one of the one per cent who
made it this far -

2. Contd.

BRETT

What does that mean? I can't practice criminal law? Where does it say that?

CHARLIE

Why would you want to? Spend your life plea bargaining slimeballs out of jail? It's not Clarence Darrow any more. It's a goddamn snake pit out there.

PETE

You should feel pretty comfortable, Charlie.

The others laugh. Charlie grins.

CHARLIE

Listen, I'm just a realist. The legal system's fucked. Does anybody here seriously believe in Justice?

PETE

You're not a realist, you're a cynic.

CHARLIE

What's the difference?

PETE

You don't know? That's why you're a cynic.

CHARLIE

I'd rather be a cynic than a fool. Your bet, Tod.

Tod tosses three bucks' worth of chips into the pot. The others follow suit.

CHARLIE

Feeling lucky, are we?

TOD

Put up or shut up, Charlie.

Charlie grins and tosses in his three dollars. Tod places two of his cards face down on the floor.

TOD

Hit me.

CHARLIE deals two cards. The hand progresses, the dialogue playing alongside the continuing mechanics of the game.

2. Contd.

CHARLIE

The difference between you and me
is I see things the way they are.
Today's lawyer is basically just
another entrepreneur.

BRETT

(studying his hand)
So what are you planning to do? Take
over your dad's Hyundai dealership?

CHARLIE

It's Suzuki, if you want to get it
right. And that isn't exactly what
I had in mind. I'm talking corporate
law. That's where the real juice is.

BRETT

One.

He places his discarded card face down and Charlie flips
him another. Charlie studies his own cards.

PETE

Four.

CHARLIE

Four?

PETE

Deal me the damn cards, OK?

Charlie gives him four.

CHARLIE

(casually)
I'm cool. I'm staying.

Exclamations of surprise at Charlie not taking another card
- 'What's he got?' - 'Bluffing, the guy's bluffing'. Tod
stares at Charlie. Charlie smiles back. Tod tosses in five
chips.

TOD

Five.

PETE

I'm out.

BRETT

And me.

CHARLIE

(to Tod)
Your five. And raise you... ten.

1. Contd.

Tod stares him out, trying to determine whether he's bluffing. We SEE Tod's hand - it's a good one, full house, kings on tens.

TOD

I'll see you.

He puts in the extra ten, more or less cleaning himself out. The other leans forward as Charlie theatrically spreads his hand on the floor. It's a full house - kings on jacks. Gasps of amazement. Tod looks sick.

CHARLIE

Well, whaddya got?

TOD

Fuck! I don't fuckin' believe it!

He throws down his hand.

TOD

Kings on tens.

PETE

Oh, man! That's tough.

Charlie has a big shit-eating grin, as he scoops the pot.

CHARLIE

Incredible, huh? I am never this lucky!

PETE, TOD, BRETT

(they groan in unison)

You are always this lucky!

2. INT. HARVARD LAW SCHOOL. LECTURE HALL. DAY

PROFESSOR CORMAN, a young-looking forty-year old, stands at a dais in front of a class of some fifty STUDENTS. He's a good teacher, the kind who knows how to hold the attention of a young audience and make what he has to say interesting, even inspirational.

CORMAN

'Habeas Corpus'. Translated from the Latin - 'Thou shalt have the body'. The prisoner must be brought before a court to determine whether the restraint on his liberty has just cause... Some of you may be thinking our present system goes too far in protecting the rights of the offender. A guy hires himself a

2. Contd.

CORMAN (contd)

lawyer and he's back on the streets
in a matter of hours - maybe even to
re-offend that same day... I'd just
remind you of the old saying:

'Better a hundred guilty men go free
than one innocent man is wrongly
convicted...' Can we still afford
that luxury, you may ask?

(he looks around the room for
telling effect)

Can we afford not to, is my answer.

We PAN ACROSS the rows of faces before him, coming to rest
on Charlie, Pete, Brett and Tod. They are all four dozing
fitfully.

3. EXT. HARVARD LAW SCHOOL. CAMPUS. DAY

Our foursome are walking along after the lecture. They have
a seriously frazzled look about them.

BRETT

Man, not another friggin' paper!
It's President's Day weekend - we're
due some serious R and R. Jesus,
we only just got through a week of
mid-terms!

CHARLIE

(philosophically)
It's good for the soul, Brett.

BRETT

You don't have a soul, Charlie.

CORMAN (o.s.)

Mr Fisher..?

Charlie turns to see Professor Corman some ten yards
behind.

CORMAN

Got a moment?

CHARLIE

(stopping)
Sure, Mr Corman... Later, guys.

PETE

What's that on your nose, Charlie?

CHARLIE

(instinctively feeling it)
What?

3. Contd.

PETE
That brown stuff.

CHARLIE
(grins)
Fuck you.

TOD
Don't forget the party. Blair's
place. Bring your own booze.

CHARLIE
I'll be there. But later. I gotta
work at the garage tonight.

TOD
I don't know why you don't quit that
job. The guy works your tail off.

CHARLIE
I need the money, that's why. My
dad's a great believer in the work
ethic. I don't get the kind of
allowance you guys get.

The others make violin sounds in mock sympathy.

ROB
That why you steal us blind at
cards?

CHARLIE
(grins)
The way you play you might as well
be blind.

With that parting shot, he walks off to join the professor.

CUT to:

4. EXTREME CLOSE UP - A SET OF PORSCHE CAR KEYS

The keys dangle enticingly, glinting in the light. We HEAR a VOICE OFF-SCREEN, Armenian-accented, gruff. The delivery is deliberate, each worded emphasised for clarity.

MARDOSIAN (o.s.)

Mr Jordan's not expecting the car in Atlantic City till tomorrow, you got a whole day to get down there - so act responsible, okay?

5. INT. MARDOSIAN'S GARAGE. WORKSHOP. EVENING

A pair of legs stick out from under the engine of a gleaming black convertible Turbo Porsche. We hear Charlie's muffled reply.

CHARLIE (o.s.)

Yes, Mr Mardosian.

JOE MARDOSIAN is a stubby, unshaven man in his fifties, chewing on an equally stubby cigar.

MARDOSIAN

How are you gonna act?

CHARLIE (o.s.)

Responsibly.

MARDOSIAN

You bet your ass.

Charlie shoots out from under the car on a little wheeled tray. He's wearing coveralls, his hands are all greasy.

CHARLIE

You can absolutely rely on me.

5. Contd.

MARDOSIAN

I'm counting on it. Guy breaks down hundreds of miles from home, doesn't have to be a tragedy. I promised him we'd have his baby fixed and delivered to his door by the end of the week - and I ain't about to break no promise.

He tosses Charlie the keys. Charlie catches them right in front of his face.

6. INT. MARDOSIAN'S OFFICE. EVENING

The office is glassed off, overlooking the workshop. Mardosian studies Charlie with gruff affection before handing him an envelope.

MARDOSIAN

There's two hundred in cash. You pay for your gas, what's left is yours. It shouldn't take more than a couple tankfuls, so there's a nice profit for you - so long as you don't put your foot through the floor.

(with a twinkle)

The more gas you burn, the less you earn.

Charlie backs away towards the door.

CHARLIE

(gravely)
That's poetry, Mr Mardosian.

MARDOSIAN

Get outta here!

CHARLIE

I'll call you tomorrow to confirm delivery.

MARDOSIAN

You do that.

Charlie exits. Mr Mardosian yells after him.

MARDOSIAN

And Charlie!

Charlie pokes his head back in the room.

CHARLIE

Yes, boss?

6. Contd.

MARDOSIAN

Stay away from them casinos. I know you college kids think you play a mean game of poker, but those guys 'll have the skin off your back.

CHARLIE

Shirt.

MARDOSIAN

What?

CHARLIE

I said sure.

MARDOSIAN

Don't be a smart-ass all your life.

7. EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS. BOARDING HOUSE. DAY

Charlie emerges from the house with a suitcase, a tennis racquet and a pile of heavy legal books tied together with string. We TRACK him back to the Porsche, parked outside. Tod, Brett and Pete stand ogling the car. They look rough, greatly the worse for drink - like they've been partying all night. They're still swigging from bottles of Becks.

PETE

How much would one of these suckers set you back - fifty grand?

TOD

You kidding? A rag-top? How about seventy?

PETE

No shit?

Charlie nonchalantly opens the trunk and stows his gear. The others gawp in disbelief. Charlie grins.

CHARLIE

Dream on, guys.

TOD

Where d'you get the car, flash? I know you won big the other night, but it wasn't that big.

Charlie shuts the trunk and goes towards the door.

CHARLIE

I'd love to stop and talk, guys, but I gotta pick up a girl in New York and be in Atlantic City by tonight.

7. Contd.

He gets in the car and slots on his shades.

TOD
Atlantic City?

PETE
Seriously, man - what's the deal?
You got it from the garage, right?

CHARLIE
The truth?
(he leans forward
conspiratorially)
Strictly confidentially, I met this
girl - this older woman, as a matter
of fact. She was so... so - well, I
guess grateful is the only word -
she gave me the car.

All three stare at him, not sure whether to believe him or not. Brett, the drunkest of the three, shakes his head emphatically.

BRETT
You're full of it, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Am I?

He grins, as if to say: 'but you never know, do you?'. Brett suddenly loses balance, tripping on the curb. He lunges over the hood, slurping beer on the paintwork.

CHARLIE
(alarmed)
Hey, Brett, give me a break. I spent
half the night polishing her.

The others look at each other and grin, simultaneously seized by the same notion. They start shaking their bottles with demonic energy. Charlie jumps up in horror.

CHARLIE
No! Not..

They release a stream of foam, showering the car's shiny paintwork.

CHARLIE (contd)
... on the car!

Another jet catches him full in the face. He stands there, wet and bedraggled. The others fall about laughing.

CHARLIE
How could you do that?

8. EXT. CAR WASH. DAY

The Porsche churns through a car wash.

9. EXT. GAS STATION. DAY

The Porsche turns onto the street, the top already going back down on automatic.

10. EXT. HIGHWAY 95. DAY - HELICOPTER SHOT

The Porsche roars along the highway. It's a gloriously sunny January day. There's hardly another car on the road.

11. INT/EXT. PORSCHE. DAY - TRAVELLING

Charlie's hair is flattened by the slipstream. Loud ROCK MUSIC on the car stereo competes with the rushing wind.

ANGLE ON SPEEDOMETER

The needle registers 135 m.p.h... 140... 150!

Charlie grins with the sheer exhilaration of it all.

CHARLIE

Man, this is great! This is fucking
far out!

He finally eases off the accelerator and the needle slips back to the seventies. He reaches for the car-phone and dials. He turns down the stereo, but still has to shout.

CHARLIE

Hello, Joanne?

12. INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT. DAY

JOANNE is a pretty, waspy, slightly vapid twenty-year old, in the living room of an expensive apartment that looks like it belongs to her parents.

JOANNE

Charlie! Where are you?

BACK to CHARLIE (etc)

CHARLIE

I'm about fifty miles out of Boston!
I'm on a car-phone, the car's got a
phone.

JOANNE

When do you think you'll get here?

12. Contd.

CHARLIE

Around four. So, you looking forward to our naughty week-end?

JOANNE

You are such a romantic, Charlie.

CHARLIE

It is the honeymoon suite. Actually, it's not exactly the honeymoon suite - but it's the next best thing, the guy promised.

(anxiously)

Listen, did you square it with your parents? What did you say to them?

JOANNE

They think I'm staying with one of my roommates from Brown.

CHARLIE

Stop it, you're making me feel guilty.

JOANNE

(sexily)

You are guilty. Guilty as sin.

(grins suggestively)

Not yet...

JOANNE

What about your parents?

CHARLIE

No problem. They're on a cruise somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary.

JOANNE

How convenient. By the way, I'm not on the pill.

CHARLIE

Oh. You mean..?

JOANNE

Figure it out, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(man-of-the-world)

Sure, don't worry, I'll take care of it.

13. EXT. HIGHWAY 95. DAY

The Porsche roars up and past, stereo blasting away.

14. INT/EXT. PORSCHE. DAY - TRAVELLING

Suddenly the engine starts to splutter. Charlie frowns. He turns off the stereo and pumps the accelerator. The engine recovers briefly, then splutters and stalls. He shifts into neutral and tries the starter. Doesn't work. He drops back into gear hoping the car will jump-start. No dice.

CHARLIE

Oh, shit! Oh, fuck!

An airhorn sounds right behind, startling him. The radiator grill of a giant Mack truck fills his rearview mirror.

CHARLIE

Alright, alright, I see you!

15. ANGLE ON HIGHWAY

Charlie steers the Porsche into the side, coasting to an ignominious halt on the hard shoulder.

16. ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Charlie lies back in his seat, soaking up the sun. A battered old tow truck pulls up.

17. EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY

The Porsche speeds along the highway - though not under its own power. It's hooked up to the back of the truck.

18. INT/EXT. TOW TRUCK. DAY - TRAVELLING

The DRIVER of the tow truck grins unsympathetically.

DRIVER

Your nearest Porsche dealer is at
Douglasville - that's about forty
miles.

CHARLIE

(dismayed)
Forty miles...?
(an anxious beat)
Do you take credit cards?

DRIVER

Plastic's just fine with me.

18. Contd.

Charlie looks gloomily out the side window, the bloom already fading on his great adventure.

19. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DOUGLASVILLE. DAY

The truck enters the city limits. A sign reads:

Douglasville
pop:45,000

Like Brockton, Revere or Lynn, Massachusetts, Douglasville is typical of the mid-size New England city, a semi-industrial mixed bag of old and new. Charming residential areas are juxtaposed against bleak, sooted neighbourhoods. The traditional industries which built the town - paper mills and shoe manufacturers - have mostly shut down, leaving high tech firms to fill the gap. There's new money here, a swelling population of Yuppies - so that while some of the older downtown stores are barely hanging on, there's a glittering new mall just south of town.

20. EXT. PORSCHE GARAGE. SERVICE BAY. DAY

The Porsche's hood is up. Charlie and the MECHANIC - a fifty year old New England native with Scots-Irish shrewdness - stare at the engine.

CHARLIE

She just died on me with no warning.
Must be the fuel pump.

MECHANIC

Well, it could be your fuel pump.
But there again, it could be your
generator, your points, your
alternator...

CHARLIE

Trust me, it's the fuel pump. I
serviced the car only yesterday.

MECHANIC

You serviced the car?

CHARLIE

I work in a garage. Part-time. I'm
delivering the car to its owner.

MECHANIC

(grins)

Why didn't you say you were in the
trade? Okay, so it's the fuel pump.
I'll have it ready for you in the
morning.

20. Contd.

CHARLIE

Please, I'm supposed to be in Atlantic City tomorrow. Help me out, will you? How long's it gonna take to fit a new pump? Two hours?

MECHANIC

I got three customers waiting for their cars ahead of you.

CHARLIE

Listen, you want to lend me your tools, I'll fix it myself.

MECHANIC

No can do.

CHARLIE

I'll pay you anyway. I'll do the job and you can charge me as if you'd done it. That's reasonable, isn't it?

MECHANIC

(chuckles)

I'm sorry, I don't operate that way.

CHARLIE

Oh, shit, now I'm gonna have to spend the night in a motel. I'm supposed to be meeting up with this girl in New York, I just got through two weeks of exams - I'm stir crazy, man! If I can at least make it to New York tonight, my plans won't be totally blown. I just can't believe there's not something we can work out here.

MECHANIC

(holding up his hands)

Okay, okay, enough already. I get the message.

(he smiles, taking pity on him)

Here's what I'll do. Seeing as you're more or less in the trade - I could have it done by six. It'll cost you some overtime, mind.

CHARLIE

It's a deal. Whatever it takes.

21. EXT. PORSCHE GARAGE. PARKING LOT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY

Charlie is in a booth in the parking lot. The dealership's located in a modern industrial estate - in the middle of nowhere.

CHARLIE

(flustered)

I don't think you're being very fair, Mr Mardosian. I checked everything very thoroughly - the fault must have developed on the way down... It'll be ready at six. I should still be able to make it to Atlantic City by tomorrow...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Charlie dials another number.

CHARLIE

Hi, Joanne...? Bad news, I'm afraid...

22. A BATTERED TAXI

pulls up opposite the phone booth. Charlie is now standing outside the booth, leaning against it, soaking up some more sun.

LOUIS, a black cabby originally from Jamaica, pokes his head out the window.

LOUIS

You call a cab?

23. INT/EXT. CAB. DAY

Charlie gets in back. Louis turns round and grins at him - a row of gleaming gold teeth.

LOUIS

Having trouble with your car?

CHARLIE

Fuel pump.

LOUIS

Where to?

CHARLIE

Maybe you can tell me? I am absolutely starved. Where can I get a decent meal around here? And I'm not talking MacDonalds.

23. Contd.

LOUIS
You from out of town?

CHARLIE
Boston. I'm on my way to Atlantic City.

LOUIS
Atlantic City? You a gambler?

CHARLIE
(suavely)
Sure. Who isn't?

Louis has a thought - a sneaky thought.

LOUIS
Well, there is a place. Real nice.
It's a little ways out, but believe me, man, it's worth the trip.

24. TRACKING SHOT. LOUIS' CAB. DAY

Travelling along a secondary road out of town. The strip is lined by various unglamorous businesses - used car dealerships, discount shoe stores and the like.

25. EXT. 'DOMINICK'S CABIN' PARKING LOT. DAY

The cab pulls into the large, half full parking lot of a big, rambling, one story establishment, windowless, with a small wooden sign reading 'DOMINICK'S CABIN'.

CHARLIE
(dismayed)
This is it?

LOUIS
I know it don't look like much from the outside.

26. EXT. RESTAURANT ENTRANCE. DAY

Charlie and Louis stand in front of the massive oak door. The door appears to be locked.

CHARLIE
Thank you, but it really isn't necessary for you to wait.

LOUIS
No sweat, man.

26. Contd.

Charlie glances up at a small security camera mounted on the wall.

ANGLE ON TV MONITOR

The above scene as it appears through the camera. A VOICE comes over the entry speaker.

VOICE

Who is it?

Louis turns to face the camera.

LOUIS

It's me, Louis. Got a customer for you.

The door releases with an electronic buzz. They enter.

27. INT. 'DOMINICK'S CABIN'. FOYER. DAY

Inside, it's dark and gloomy. To the left, a long mahogany bar with a TV playing quietly at one end. There are about a dozen customers at the bar, nowhere near capacity. To the right is the restaurant proper, deep red leather booths with crisp white tablecloths set with silver, the old-fashioned elegance of a high class steak house. No one is eating. The MAITRE D' approaches warily, almost suspiciously, eyeing Charlie up and down.

MAITRE D'

May I help you, sir?

CHARLIE

Yes, I'd like to eat, please.

The maitre d' still appears uncertain. Louis intercedes, drawing him aside confidentially with a low whisper.

LOUIS

This gentleman's on his way to Atlantic City. His car's gone and conked out on him.

(winks)

Guy drives a Porsche.

Charlie's beginning to feel this isn't such a great idea.

CHARLIE

Look, if I'm too late..?

The maitre d' smiles ingratiatingly. .

MAITRE D'

Please, follow me.

27. Contd.

LOUIS

(beams)

Enjoy your meal! I'll be back for you at five-thirty.

28. INT. 'DOMINICK'S CABIN'. RESTAURANT. DAY

We FOLLOW Charlie and the Maitre d' through the restaurant, past the empty tables and down some steps towards an archway. Charlie seems puzzled.

CHARLIE

Um..? Is the restaurant closed?

MAITRE D'

We have a running buffet in the back.

As they pass the archway, a large door opens and four people - two couples - come out. They're laughing and one of the men is counting a thick wad of bills.

MAN WITH CASH

Hell, Harry, all you had to do was follow my lead and quit making those hardway bets!

The maitre d' grins at Charlie with easy bonhomie.

MAITRE D'

Step this way, sir.

29. INT. THE BACKROOM. DAY

The maitre d' ushers him into a low-ceilinged room, as large as the restaurant itself, filled with craps and blackjack tables with a couple of roulette tables near the rear. True to his word, there's a longe buffet along one side. Off to the left is another room full of slot machines and to the right a series of smaller, private rooms.

CHARLIE

Holy shit! How do you do it..?

The words die on his lips, frozen by the maitre d's tight little smile. He stands there, waiting for something.

CHARLIE

Oh - I'm sorry.

He digs in his wallet and gets out a five dollar bill.

29. Contd.

MAITRE D'

Thank you sir. Enjoy yourself. And good luck.

30. INT. THE BACKROOM - ANGLE ON BUFFET

Charlie helps himself from the buffet, piling his plate high.

He wanders amongst the GAMBLERS with his plate, munching away. There are games of craps, roulette, blackjack in progress. He comes to rest alongside one of the craps tables. He stands watching the game, intrigued.

31. INT. SLOT MACHINE ROOM. DAY

Charlie plays one of the machines. He repeatedly strikes out, till he has no change left. He hits the machine in disgust. He drains his bottle of beer and walks away.

32. INT. 'DOMINICK'S CABIN'. CORRIDOR. DAY

Charlie comes out of the backroom and walks towards the rest rooms down the narrow corridor.

Half way along, a pleasantly attractive girl, aged about twenty-four, comes out of the ladies' room. She's wearing some kind of uniform, short-skirted and tight-waisted, displaying her figure to advantage. The name 'KAREN' is on a little badge on her chest.

There's a pay-phone on the wall half way between them, narrowing the corridor even further, so that one of them must wait to let the other pass.

KAREN

After you.

CHARLIE

(exaggerated politeness)

No, after you.

He stands aside like Sir Walter Raleigh with his cloak.

KAREN

(amused)

Thank you.

For a brief moment her face passes close to his. He stares at her, clearly smitten.

CHARLIE

You're beautiful... Karen.

32. Contd.

KAREN
(passing on)
And you're very fresh.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry, it just slipped out. I
couldn't help myself.
(calling after her)
It was entirely spontaneous.

KAREN
Yeah, sure.

She disappears up the corridor with a little laugh. He
watches her go, smiling to himself.

CHARLIE
This gets better and better.

33. INT. MEN'S ROOM. DAY

Charlie stands at the urinal. From behind the closed door
of one of the stalls comes the unmistakable sound of
someone snorting cocaine.

The door opens and DENNY HALLORAN stumbles out. He's a
coarse-looking thirty-five, showing the effects of too much
nose powder - casually but expensively dressed in a bad
taste Miami Vice style which looks ridiculous on his six
foot tall, 235 pound frame. But there is a kind of animal
sexuality about the guy that might be attractive to a
certain kind of woman.

He glares at Charlie, who finds himself staring at the man.

DENNY
(belligerently)
What are you looking at?

CHARLIE
(turning away)
Nothing.

DENNY
Good.

Denny splashes some cold water over his face and exits. We
HOLD on Charlie.

CHARLIE
Friendly fellow.

He shakes himself off.

33. Contd.

CAPTAIN (v.o.)
Would you care to buy some chips,
sir? We take Visa and Mastercard.

34. INT. BACKROOM. CASHIER'S ALCOVE. DAY

Charlie is back in the gaming room, standing opposite the cashier's alcove. He deliberates a moment, then takes the envelope containing his gas money out of his jacket.

CHARLIE
No, I'll pay cash.
(to cashier)
A hundred, please.

He puts down his money and the FEMALE CASHIER pushes chips out of the cage onto the counter in front of him.

CAPTAIN
What's your pleasure, sir. We have
craps, roulette, blackjack...

CHARLIE
Yeah, I saw. You wouldn't happen to
have a poker game going?

35. INT. POKER ROOM. DAY

There are three tables, only one of which is in action at the moment.

Karen, the dealer presides over the table where four other people - TWO MEN, an ELDERLY WOMAN, and Denny from the men's room - sit smoking and drinking. The captain steers Charlie to an empty chair.

CAPTAIN
Do you mind if this gentleman joins
your game?

Mumbles of assent round the table - 'Sure', 'Why not?', etc. Charlie sees Karen and blushes.

CHARLIE
Oh-oh.

KAREN
Hi.

She gives him an amused smile. He sits nervously, with an uneasy glance towards Denny, who ignores him. The captain exits.

35. Contd.

CHARLIE

Hi, my name's Charlie.

KAREN

That's Bob.. Hal... Barbara... and
Denny.

Mumbled hellos from the group. The two men, middle-aged and
overweight, nod pleasantly enough. Denny, seated next to
the dealer, grunts non-committally.

KAREN

Straight poker. Nothing wild. Any-
thing opens. Hundred dollar limit.
A buck ante. Any questions?

CHARLIE

Does a flush beat a full house?
(they stare at him)
Just kidding.

BARBARA

(drily)
Too bad, I thought we had a live
one.

Her voice crackles from a lifetime of booze and cigarettes.

SAME SCENE - A SHORT TIME LATER

The stacks of chips in front of all the other players have
dwindled, while Charlie's is noticeably larger. Smoking,
sweating, Denny tosses three blue chips into the pot and
looks challengingly across the table at Charlie.

DENNY

Call.

Charlie spreads his cards across the table.

CHARLIE

Straight, Jack high.

Denny angrily throws down his cards.

DENNY

That's your fourth fucking pot in
twenty minutes!

CHARLIE

Incredible, huh? I am never this
lucky.

35. Contd.

He rakes in his winnings, beaming with innocent pleasure. Denny glares at him with naked hatred, as Karen shuffles, starts to deal a new hand. Her movements are practised and professional. She catches Charlie's eye and gives him a little smile - evidently enjoying Denny's discomfiture.

DENNY

(not seeing this)

Come on, Karen, bring me luck.

He rests his hand on her thigh. She stops dealing.

KAREN

Do you mind?

He keeps his hand there with an catfish grin. Karen still isn't dealing.

DENNY

(chuckles)

Just testing.

KAREN

I'm waiting, Denny.

Charlie clears his throat.

CHARLIE

Um, I think the lady would appreciate it if you removed your hand.

Denny stares at him coldly. The others exchange anxious glances.

DENNY

(ominously)

You're living dangerously, my friend.

But he removes his hand all the same.

KAREN

Thank you.

She continues to deal the cards.

36. EXT. DOMINICK'S CABIN. EVENING

The sun is lower in the sky. Louis' cab pulls into the parking lot and waits.

37. INT. POKER ROOM. EVENING

About an hour has elapsed. Charlie's stack has grown even higher. Denny is playing more wildly, desperate to break him. He tosses ten blue chips into the pot. The captain is back in the room, watching discreetly from the sideline.

DENNY

(sweating)
A hundred.

BARBARA

A hundred...? Hell, I fold.

HAL

I'm out.

BOB

Same.

Charlie hesitates.

CHARLIE

I call.

He adds his chips to the pot.

DENNY

(triumphantly)
Read 'em and weep.

He lays down his cards, one at a time: a flush, jack high.

CHARLIE

Man, you really had me sweating that time.

He lays down his hand: a flush, ace high.

CHARLIE

I was worried you had a boat.

He rakes in the pot. The other players sit in stony silence, waiting for Denny's reaction. Suddenly he snatches the deck from Karen's hands and shreds the cards.

DENNY

(bellows)
NEW DECK!!

The captain materializes at his shoulder with a fresh deck, which he unwraps and hands to Denny.

CAPTAIN

(softly)
Keep cool, okay, Denny?

37. Contd.

DENNY

You want cool, shove an ice-cube up
your ass!

The captain recoils to a safe haven. Charlie glances
uncertainly at the other players, looking for some reaction
to this intolerable display. Everyone steadfastly avoids
his gaze.

DENNY

(shuffling cards)
I'm dealing. Any objections?

He looks challengingly round the table. Nobody protests. He
starts to deal.

DENNY

Deuces wild.

CHARLIE

I thought the rule was nothing wild?

DENNY

I just changed the fucking rule.
Ante up. Five bucks.

He tosses five white chips onto the table.

BOB

I'm out.

DENNY

You're in. Ante.

He throws the man a card. Charlie steals a glance at his
wristwatch.

INSERT - WRISTWATCH

5:35.

BACK TO SCENE

Charlie picks up his cards.

CHARLIE

I'm afraid this is my last hand.

DENNY

Horseshit.
(tosses chips)
Fifty to open.

KAREN

It's not your bet, Denny. You're out
of --

17. Contd.

DENNY

Shut the fuck up!

She looks at him, thinks about saying something, then thinks better of it.

BARBARA

I'm out.

She throws in her hand and concentrates on her drink. The others see that she got away with it, and so:

HAL

(tossing his cards)
I've got shit.

BOB

Same here.

Charlie looks at his cards, then up at Denny.

CHARLIE

(reluctantly)
I'll see you.

He adds his chips to the pot.

DENNY

So? How many you want?

Charlie clears his throat.

CHARLIE

One.

Denny freezes to glare at him, then deals him a card. He deals himself two. We SEE his hand - three eights and a pair of fours.

DENNY

So, bet.

CHARLIE

How's another fifty?

DENNY

It's shit, that's what it is.
(quickly checks his chips)
I bet it all. A hundred and forty big ones.

CHARLIE

I guess you raised the limit, too?

DENNY

Yeah. To one forty.

37. Contd.

He slides his remaining chips into the pot. Charlie hesitates.

DENNY

You folding?

CHARLIE

No, I'll call.

He counts out his chips and adds them to the pot. Denny slowly spreads his cards on the table for everyone to see.

DENNY

Full house. Eights over fours. Beat that, asshole.

He is already reaching for the pot when Charlie spreads his own cards on the table. three sixes, plus a wild deuce. Karen can't help smiling.

CHARLIE

(calmly)

Four sixes... Deuce wild.

DENNY

(staring in disbelief)

I know the fucking deuce is wild!

An absolute pall settles over the table as Charlie rakes in his winnings. Ashen-faced, Denny rises abruptly.

DENNY

Deal me out - I'll be back in a minute.

(to Charlie)

You - stay right where you are!

He exits the room.

CHARLIE

Am I being paranoid or doesn't he like me?

KAREN

You should get out now while you've got the chance. He can get real crazy when he's like this.

CHARLIE

Why? We're all grown-ups here, aren't we?

KAREN

Listen, kid, you think you're awful smart but you're not. You don't know what you're getting into.

37. Contd.

There's something about the way she says it that finally gets through to Charlie. The alarm bells start ringing inside his head. He looks at the other players, who nod in agreement.

BOB

She's right. Denny can be a mean sonovabitch when he wants to be.

CHARLIE

Okay. If you say so.
(he checks his watch)
I gotta be going anyway.

He stands up, filling his pockets with chips.

38. INT. MEN'S ROOM. EVENING

Alone, Denny pigs out on coke, spooning the stuff into his snorting nostrils.

39. INT. CASHIER'S ALCOVE. EVENING

Charlie stands in front of the cashier, watching her count out his winnings.

40. INT. CORRIDOR. EVENING

Denny comes banging out of the men's room and rolls along the corridor towards the backroom.

41. INT. CASHIER'S ALCOVE. EVENING

The cashier pushes a pile of notes from under the grill.

CASHIER

Seven hundred and twenty-two dollars.

CHARLIE

(delighted)
Thank you, ma'am.

CASHIER

It's a pleasure.

But just as he pockets the cash:

DENNY (o.s.)

What the fuck is going on here?

41. Contd.

Charlie wheels round to be confronted by Denny, all but breathing fire by this stage.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, but I have to go now.
I've a cab waiting outside.

DENNY

(shaking his head)
No, no, no. No way. You gotta be a sport, pal. You gotta give us a chance to win some back.

CHARLIE

Some other time. Look, today you lost, tomorrow you win. That's the way it goes.

DENNY

(grabbing Charlie's arm)
You calling me a loser?

His voice takes on a lethal edge. Suddenly he's upping the stakes. All around, people fall silent, sensing violence.

CHARLIE

(calmly)

Look, we were in a game of poker, luck was on my side, and I happened to win. Nothing personal. It doesn't make me feel like I'm a better man or anything. I respect you and I have no desire to make you feel bad or rub your nose in defeat... I'm sorry, I don't mean defeat, that's the wrong choice of word, what I meant was...

(he flounders, feeling himself getting in deeper and deeper)
Would you mind letting go of my arm?
Let's be reasonable about this.

Denny stares at him for a beat, as if he's a creature from another planet.

CHARLIE

I think I should warn you, I was on my high school boxing team.

Denny smiles, releases his grip, half turns as if to walk away - then suddenly:

WHOOOMP!

41. Contd.

He drives his fist into Charlie's stomach. He staggers back into the cashier's cage, surprised and hurt. But as Denny launches a follow-up punch, he manages to sidestep out of the way, causing Denny to smash his fist against the iron bars of the cage.

DENNY

Motherfuck!

He wheels round to face Charlie, rubbing his knuckles ruefully. Karen bursts onto the scene, pushing past the gawping gamblers.

KAREN

Denny, for Chrissakes, stop it! Both of you, stop!

DENNY

(bellows)

Stay out of it, Karen!

He circles Charlie balefully. Charlie looks really frightened now, glancing anxiously towards the exit.

Suddenly Denny charges at him wildly, like a crazed bull. Charlie feints to the side, and Denny's momentum carries him crashing head first onto the marble ledge of the cashier's cage, his skull cracking sickeningly. He slumps motionless to the ground. There is a GASP of horror all around.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Captain stands there, frozen. Slowly, Karen approaches. She crouches down by Denny's side. His eyes stare vacantly, a small trickle of blood already oozing from his left ear.

KAREN

(unnecessarily)

I think he's dead.

Her eyes meet Charlie's. Ashen-faced, he stands in the entrance to the alcove, staring in disbelief.

KAREN

(whispers)

Better run, Charlie.

CHARLIE

It was an accident. For Christ's sake, call the police! Get an ambulance! Why isn't anybody doing anything?

There's a deathly silence.

41. Contd.

CAPTAIN

(quietly)
You poor fucker. You sure as hell
picked the wrong guy.

CHARLIE

He picked me! I didn't pick him. You
saw what happened. There are
witnesses....

His voice dies in his throat as the captain advances,
flanked by two stony-faced BOUNCERS.

CAPTAIN

You'll have to talk to Mr Halloran.

They position themselves between him and the exit door.

CHARLIE

Who the hell's Halloran? -- I'll
talk to the police!

CAPTAIN

Sorry.

They continue to advance. Bouncer#1 goes to draw a gun.

CHARLIE

(seeing this)
Okay, okay, I'm coming.

The bouncer's hand comes back out of his jacket, empty.

CAPTAIN

That's better. Come quietly and
nobody gets hurt.

Suddenly, Charlie's legs seem to give and he sinks to his
knees, crouching on the floor.

CAPTAIN

Get up.

CHARLIE

(trembling voice)
I'm sorry, I'm a little upset. It's
the shock.

He glances at something off-screen. The captain stares down
at him with contempt. And now we see: behind Charlie, on
the wall - a fire extinguisher. With a sudden movement, he
grabs the extinguisher and fires a jet of foam at his
assailants. As they stagger back, Charlie barrels past them
and out the door.

42. INT. DOMINICK'S CABIN RESTAURANT. EVENING

Charlie sprints through the restaurant, screaming at the top of his voice.

CHARLIE

Call the police! Somebody call the police!

He barges past the astonished maitre d', sending him flying, and on out the door.

43. EXT. DOMINICK'S CABIN. EVENING

Charlie bursts out of the building. He looks around desperately and sees Louis' cab. He runs towards it. We TRACK with him, a crazy HAND-HELD, lurching SHOT.

44. INT/EXT. LOUIS' CAB. EVENING

Louis is slouching behind the wheel, obliviously listening to loud REGGAE MUSIC. He doesn't realise what's happening until Charlie wrenches open the side door and barges across the front seat.

CHARLIE

Drive!

Before Louis has a chance to react, Charlie shifts the car into gear and stomps on the accelerator, grabbing the steering wheel.

LOUIS

What the fu -- ?

CHARLIE

Get outta here!! Drive!

The cab burns rubber out of the parking lot. Louis looks into the rear view mirror.

45. REAR VIEW MIRROR - HIS POV

The captain and the two bouncers run out of the restaurant and stare after the wildly careening cab.

46. INT/EXT. LOUIS' CAB. EVENING - TRAVELLING

Louis fights for control of the steering wheel, pushing Charlie away.

LOUIS

What the fuck are you doing, man?

46. Contd.

CHARLIE

This guy, Denny - we got into a fight. He fell and hit his head.

LOUIS

Denny? Not Denny Halloran?

CHARLIE

He's dead.

LOUIS

Sweet Jesus!

CHARLIE

They won't call the police, they want to call some guy - Halloran, that's it.

LOUIS

Holy mother...

He jams on the brakes. The car skids to a halt, then makes a violent turn into a narrow side alley. It comes to rest with a bouncing lurch. Louis looks absolutely terrified.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you doing?

LOUIS

Get out! NOW! GO!

CHARLIE

No! Take me to the cops!

LOUIS

Fuck the cops! Don't mess with 'em.
Don't mess with nobody, you hear?

There is a sudden WHINING HORN. Louis looks back towards the main road.

LOUIS

Down! Get your ass down!

47. EXT. ROAD. EVENING

A Silver Buick sedan overtakes another car at high speed and hurtles past the entrance to the alley, down which the cab is clearly visible. The Buick tears up the road in the presumed direction of the cab.

48. EXT. ALLEY. EVENING

Back in motion, the cab speeds away through the alley and cuts across the next road into another side road.

49. INT/EXT. LOUIS' CAB. EVENING - TRAVELLING

Scrunched down in the passenger foot-well, Charlie stares up at Louis in bewildered terror. Louis drives like a fiend - his fear is contagious.

CHARLIE

For Christsakes, what's going on?

LOUIS

You're in deep shit, that's what, and I'm right in there with you. You got to get out of here fast, run like hell!

CHARLIE

But I haven't done anything wrong.

LOUIS

(angrily)

You think that was just some neighborhood game you stumbled into back there? A set-up like that? I could end up dog meat for helping you.

His eyes flick fearfully between the rearview, the street, and Charlie still crouched in the foot-well. He finally clambers back into the seat.

CHARLIE

Who is Halloran, anyway?

LOUIS

Michael Halloran. They used to call him 'Mad Mike', before he got to be such a bigshot. That was his place, that was his game. Shit man, this is his town. And Denny was his only son.

CHARLIE

But it was an accident. There were witnesses. I can explain everything to the police.

LOUIS

Oh yeah? How're you gonna tell which ones work for him?

CHARLIE

You're not serious?

49. Contd.

LOUIS

You'd better believe it. This town stinks to its rotten core.

CHARLIE

There are laws. There's such a thing as 'habeas corpus'.

LOUIS

Habeas my ass! You'll end up a corpse if you don't wise up.

50. EXT. STREET INTERSECTION. EVENING

The cab screeches to a halt at an intersection not far from the Porsche garage.

51. INT/EXT. LOUIS' CAB. EVENING

Louis leans across Charlie and opens his door.

LOUIS

The garage is right around that corner. Get your car, get outa town. It's your only chance.

CHARLIE

I don't believe this is happening.

LOUIS

Get going!

CHARLIE

What if my car's not ready?

Louis looks at him balefully.

CHARLIE

Dogmeat?

LOUIS

Primo.

CHARLIE

(panicking)
I'll give you five hundred dollars to drive me to New York!

LOUIS

My ass worth more than that. Now, git!

51. Contd.

He pushes him out the car and takes off in a cloud of dirt. Stunned, Charlie watches him go, then sets off in the direction of the garage. He breaks into a trot.

52. EXT. PORSCHE GARAGE. EVENING

Sweating profusely, his breathing labored, Charlie enters SHOT. He looks around to check the coast is clear, then crosses the street towards the garage.

53. EXT. PORSCHE GARAGE. PARKING LOT. EVENING

The Porsche sits in the parking lot, ready to go. Charlie approaches warily. He tries the door. It's locked.

SUDDENLY there's the SOUND of screeching tires in the parking lot beyond. Charlie darts down behind the Porsche. Slowly, his head re-emerges - his EYES bulging with fear.

HIS POV

There, in the lot, stands the silver Buick. Two MEN get out and enter the garage office. Something about these guys tells you they belong in your worst nightmare. SAMMY, the little one, is thin, ferret-like. His partner, MARV is an obese, hulking killer. A THIRD MAN is visible at the wheel of the Buick, its motor still idling menacingly.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

By crouching low and ducking down behind the parked cars, he makes his way back towards the street.

54. INT/EXT. BUCK SEDAN. EVENING

The DRIVER, a mean-looking fucker with shades, sits impassively at the wheel. In the rearview mirror, we SEE Charlie's head bob up and down behind parked cars as he makes his escape.

55. EXT. PORSCHE GARAGE. EVENING

Marv and Sammy emerge from the office. Marv pats the mechanic on the back and slips him a bill. Sammy looks up across the lot. His expression freezes.

HIS POV

Charlie has reached the street. He looks to the left and then to the right.

55. Contd.

Sammy and Marv start to run towards him across the lot. Seeing this, the driver of the Buick slams into gear and screeches into motion.

Charlie takes one look over his shoulder and bolts across the street - into the path of an oncoming bus!

THE BUS SWERVES

to avoid Charlie. Its brakes lock up and it starts to skid - right towards Marv and Sammy!

SAMMY

Jee-zus!

They hurl themselves out of the way, as the bus mounts the sidewalk and careens over the lot, sideswiping the Buick and crashing into the Porsche, which EXPLODES in a fireball!

56. EXT. NARROW ALLEY. EVENING

Charlie is running down an alley on the opposite side of the street. He turns at the sound of the impact.

CHARLIE

Holy shit!

57. ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

The two hoods look up to see Charlie disappearing down the alley, running like crazy.

The Buick's front is all mangled. The driver tries to re-start the car, without success.

CLOSE ON SAMMY

SAMMY

Aw, fuck!

CRASH CUT TO:

58. A MECHANICAL RABBIT

as it flies out of the starting shed at a hundred miles an hour, accompanied by the LOUD CLANGING of a STARTING BELL.

59. ANGLE ON STARTING GATE

The gate raises up and a half dozen GREYHOUNDS bolt after the rabbit at the speed of light.

60. EXT. RAYNHAM PARK DOG TRACK. NIGHT

The greyhounds charge after the simulated rabbit into the first turn of the professional dog track, accompanied by the frenzied VOICE of the RACE ANNOUNCER and the CHEERING CROWD.

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)
... and it's Aladdin by a nose,
leading from Scarlet O'Hara...

61. ANGLE ON THE RAYNHAM PARK CLUBHOUSE

It's an enclosed seating area, three stories high, a block long, with towering plate glass windows providing the patrons with a panoramic view of the track. Inside are bleacher seats to accommodate a thousand people; we can SEE about half that number cheering the finish of the race.

62. ANGLE ON FINISHING LINE

The leading dog streaks over the line and falls on the now stationary rabbit.

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)
...Yes, it's Aladdin... followed by
Excalibur, with Scarlet O'Hara for
the show...

63. EXT. CLUBHOUSE. NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS up to the top of the building to a separate penthouse suite, glowing eerily behind a fifty foot wide window of tinted glass.

64. INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT

The room is long and narrow, eerily quiet. Gilt-framed oil paintings of champion greyhounds adorn the wood-panelled walls. A row of TV screens monitor images from the security cameras below, flickering soundlessly. A mahogany bar runs across the rear of the suite. The faint sound of the track filters through the thick plate windows and is absorbed by the deep pile carpet.

A MAN sits in a leather swivel chair, apparently alone, in a pool of light. He's staring at something he's holding in his hand.

HIS POV - A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

A smiling, fresh-faced Denny, belying the image of the coke-fiend bully we saw.

64. Contd.

MICHAEL HALLORAN's face is impassive. He is 50 years old, hard and lean, rather distinguished-looking in a well-cut suit.

Now we SEE, behind him, two GOONS, holding themselves stiffly at a distance, trying to make themselves invisible. You could hear a pin drop. There is a knock at the door. Halloran doesn't react.

ANGLE ON DOOR

One of the goons, FINNEY, moves soundlessly over the carpet to open the door. He confers in a whisper with an invisible interlocutor outside.

Finney approaches Halloran and bends low to murmur in his ear.

FINNEY

Excuse me, boss. The chief's outside.

Halloran just nods. He gets up, moving towards the bar, on which he places the photo of his dead son.

ANGLE ON DOOR

The door opens and Chief of Police TOLLAND enters. Another uniformed COP stays outside in the hall. Tolland is about the same age as Halloran, but there the physical resemblance ends. He is about twenty pounds overweight and balding, his uniform rumpled - a complete contrast to Halloran's manicured elegance. In fact, there's something seedy and shabby about the man.

TOLLAND

Mike, we gotta talk.

He gestures awkwardly towards the two goons. Halloran nods. The goons leave. There's something on the chief's mind, but he doesn't seem sure how best to say it. He's clearly no match for Halloran's icy personality.

TOLLAND

You've got to know how sorry I am about Denny. He was a great kid, a fine boy. And we're gonna find his killer, don't you worry about that. The guy's gonna get what's coming to him.

Still Halloran says nothing. His continued silence unnerves the Chief.

64. Contd.

TOLLAND

I'll come straight to the point, Mike. The word on the street is you've offered fifty grand for the guy's head. Now is that true?

HALLORAN

(angrily)

You just stick to your business, Chief.

TOLLAND

Do I bother your gambling joints, your track here? No, I don't.

HALLORAN

And I keep the drugs and the hookers the hell off the streets! So what's your problem?

TOLLAND

My problem - -

HALLORAN

Jesus, I built this fucking town! It was a fucking hole in the ground before I came along - it was a fucking toilet! You wouldn't even have a goddamn police force if it wasn't for me - just a guy on a horse picking his nose!

TOLLAND

Have you finished? OK? May I speak? My problem is, I can't allow you to tear up the town looking for revenge.

HALLORAN

Can't allow me? Can't allow me? Am I hearing straight?

TOLLAND

You don't own this town, Halloran, whatever you think.

Halloran suddenly grabs him by the throat, bringing his face real close to his own.

HALLORAN

Maybe not. But I sure as hell own you.

(he gives him a sinister smile)
You've been on the take for years, Chief. It's time to give a little something in return.

64. Contd.

TOLLAND
Can't do it.

HALLORAN
I want his head.

TOLLAND
It's not possible. You're asking too much.

HALLORAN
You've got a son? Right? You've got a son.

TOLLAND
(quietly)
Yes, I've got a son.

HALLORAN
A son is a very precious thing to a man.
(with a chilling undertone)
I'd hate for you to go through what I'm going through now.

TOLLAND
Mike, please. Don't.

Halloran smiles a tight, sinister smile.

HALLORAN
I think you get my meaning, Chief.

65. EXT. RAYNHAM PARK DOG TRACK. NIGHT

Chief Tolland comes out of the clubhouse building and strides to his parked cruiser. He's in a foul mood, the rage of a man forced to confront his own weakness. Two other officers, LIEUTENANT MARTINS and SERGEANT HALSEY are standing alongside another cruiser. Martins is young, in his late twenties. Halsey is black and forty-five, with a completely bald head.

TOLLAND
Let's go.

MARTINS
We just got a report on the suspect, Chief. Turns out he's a Harvard man. Second year law student. Father owns a Suzuki dealership in the Boston area.

TOLLAND
So?

65. Contd.

MARTINS

He seems an unlikely murder suspect.
The guy's record's clean as a
whistle. Not even a parking ticket.

TOLLAND

(impatiently)

There were witnesses.

MARTINS

Not exactly impartial.

TOLLAND

Look it, Lieutenant, this isn't
some deadbeat who got killed, it's
Mike Halloran's son!

MARTINS

Yes, Chief, that's the point I'm
trying to make. Don't you think we
should -- ?

HALLORAN

(exploding)

Don't argue, Lieutenant, just get in
the goddamn car.

Tolland gets into his car and slams the door. Halsey and
Martins exchange a significant look, before getting into
their own car with a resigned shrug.

Tolland takes off, burning rubber. The other two follow.

66. EXT. DOUGLASVILLE. STREET INTERSECTION. NIGHT

A relatively busy area of downtown Douglasville. There's a
phone booth on the corner.

ANGLE ON PHONE BOOTH

Charlie is standing in the lighted booth.

CHARLIE

... no, I want the Chief of Police.
I'm not talking to anybody except
the Chief...

(he waits anxiously)

Is that the Chief of Police..? Oh,
thank God! I'm the guy they're after
for killing Denny Halloran, only I
didn't kill him, it was an accident,
it was self-defence, and now the
guy's father, apparently he's some
kind of gangster...

67. INT. STATION HOUSE. TOLLAND'S OFFICE. NIGHT

CLOSE ON TOLLAND. He listens grimly.

TOLLAND

Where exactly are you now?

BACK to CHARLIE (etc):

CHARLIE

I'm in a phone booth, on the corner
of -

(he opens the booth door to see)
- 7th Street and Lincoln Avenue.
Outside the Pizza restaurant...

TOLLAND

Stay right there. I'm on my way.

He hangs up. Guilt written all over his face.

68. EXT. PIZZA HUT. NIGHT

Charlie huddles in the restaurant entrance, waiting,
keeping a wary eye on the street, hunched against the cold
night air.

CHARLIE

(mutters)

Damn, it's cold!

After a moment a MAN enters the phone booth and dials a
number.

Further up the street, an unmarked car slowly approaches.
It pulls up next to the phone booth.

Charlie watches in horror, as two of Halloran's GOONS drag
the caller out of the booth and bundle him into the trunk
of the car! The car takes off at speed.

CHARLIE

(stunned)

Jesus H. Christ! This is not
happening. The Chief of Police!

69. ANGLE ON CHARLIE RUNNING

He runs for his life - to or from what, we don't know.

70. EXT. BUS STOP. NIGHT

A city bus is about to pull away from the stop. Charlie
makes it just in time, banging on the doors as they close.
The doors re-open and he clambers on board.

71. INT/EXT. BUS. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

The bus moves off. Charlie stands, panting, in front of the DRIVER.

CHARLIE

Does this bus go anywhere? I mean, does it go out of town?

DRIVER

(shakes his head)
This is a city bus.

CHARLIE

Oh, Jesus...

He stands there, rubbing his face in confusion and despair.

DRIVER

Stops at the terminal. You can catch a Greyhound from there.

CHARLIE

That's great. Thank you! How much is that?

DRIVER

Sixty cents.

Charlie pays and makes his way to the rear of the bus. The driver eyes him suspiciously in his rearview mirror.

Charlie sits at the rear of the bus, staring straight ahead, trying hard to appear relaxed and normal. He doesn't notice when, a few moments later, the front of a police car noses into view, as it pulls up alongside the bus.

72. INT/EXT. PATROL CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

The driver, SMITHY, and his partner, O'ROURKE, crane their necks to get a better look at Charlie in the window of the bus. O'Rourke checks him against a photograph taken by the security cameras at Dominick's cabin.

O'ROURKE

That's him all right.

Smithy goes to pick up the radio mike, but O'Rourke takes it out of his hand and hangs it back up.

O'ROURKE

You don't really want to call in, do you?

SMITHY

Are you crazy? This is major. The guy's a murderer!

72. Contd.

O'ROURKE

It's an awful lot of money.

SMITHY

We'd never get away with it. Would we?

O'ROURKE

Depends. If no one saw us arresting him...

73. INT/EXT. BUS. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Charlie turns towards the window and sees the two cops looking up at him. He immediately turns away and stares straight ahead, pure animal terror in his eyes. After a moment he can't resist taking another look.

The patrol car is no longer there.

74. EXT. BUS. NIGHT

The bus ambles through the night, the patrol car hard on its tail.

75. EXT. BUS STOP. NIGHT

The bus slows down. The doors hiss open.

76. INT/EXT. BUS. NIGHT

Charlie watches over his shoulder, as:

HIS POV

The patrol car overtakes the stationary bus and takes the next right.

Hardly able to believe his good fortune, Charlie heads for the exit at the rear of the bus.

77. EXT. BUS STOP. NIGHT

Charlie alights from the bus. The bus moves off. He looks around:

HIS POV

Over on the opposite side of the street is a large bowling alley.

77. Contd.

He hurries across the street and disappears into the building - unaware that the patrol car has simply circled the block and now pulls up in the next street along.

ANGLE ON PATROL CAR

Smithy and O'Rourke watch Charlie enter the bowling alley, trying to figure out their next move.

78. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. NIGHT

It's league night. The place is packed. Every alley has a TEAM of GUYS in uniform bowling shirts, with legends like 'Hammer Paper and Pulp' and 'Tommy's Texaco'. COCKTAIL WAITRESSES hustle grimly with trays laden with long-necked beer bottles.

Charlie comes in and is stunned by the blast of heat and cigarette smoke, and above all the NOISE of bowling balls rumbling down the alleys and crashing into the pins.

ANGLE ON BAR

He goes up to the bar and puts a dollar bill on the counter.

CHARLIE

Could you give me some change?

The surly-looking BARMAN takes the bill and hits the cash register. While he waits, Charlie glances up at a TV on a bracket above the bar, its volume turned down. It's a news report, a lead story about Gorbachev. The barman comes back with four quarters.

CHARLIE

Thanks. Where's the phone?

BARMAN

(unhelpfully)

Next to the men's room.

CHARLIE

(patiently)

Where's the men's room?

BARMAN

(nods)

In the back.

Charlie goes off in the indicated direction. The barman turns away, just in time to catch a full-screen image of Charlie on the TV - the same shot taken from the security cameras. The image cuts to a FEMALE REPORTER standing outside Dominick's Restaurant.

78. Contd.

The barman reaches for the phone behind the bar.

79. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Charlie is on the pay-phone, waiting for his call to be answered. He taps a quarter impatiently on the metal phone casing. He hangs up in frustration.

CHARLIE

Where the hell are you, Joanne..?

80. EXT. BOWLING ALLEY. NIGHT

The patrol car is still there, covering the building. Suddenly Smithy sees something.

SMITHEY

Look!

THEIR POV

The silver Buick sedan cruises past the entrance and pulls into the parking lot.

O'ROURKE

(furious)

Shit! We're fucked!

81. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Charlie dials another number. This time it's answered.

CHARLIE

Tod? It's me!

82. INT. FRAT HOUSE. NIGHT

Tod is on the other end. There's a wild party going on in the B.G. Loud rock music blasts over giant speakers. Tod sways drunkenly.

TOD

Who?

BACK to CHARLIE (etc):

CHARLIE

Me - Charlie!

TOD

Charlie?

82. Contd.

CHARLIE

I'm in deep shit, man. You gotta help me!

TOD

What's that? Charlie? I can't hear you.

CHARLIE

(shouting)

I said, I'm in deep shit! This is serious. Can you turn the goddamn music off?

TOD

Are you coming over? It's a hell of a party!

CHARLIE

(losing it)

Listen, dickhead, I am running for my life here! I can't get hold of my parents, they're on a fucking boat somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico - I need you, man, there's no one else...

83. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. ANGLE ON BAR. NIGHT

Two unmistakable figures stand talking to the barman. One is short and ferret-like, the other tall and fat.

84. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

At last Charlie seems to be getting somewhere. He enunciates every syllable with exaggerated clarity.

CHARLIE

OK, now listen carefully. I'm in a bowling alley, in a place called Douglasville, off Highway 95. I'll wait for you here. Pick me up outside at eleven o'clock...

85. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. ANGLE ON BAR. NIGHT

The barman nods in the direction of the rest rooms. Sammy sets off in that direction. Marv puts a large bill on the counter, which is instantly palmed by the barman. Marv takes up position guarding the door.

86. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

The corridor is deserted. No sign of Charlie.

87. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. MEN'S ROOM. NIGHT

Charlie splashes his face with warm water, grateful for the opportunity to get himself cleaned up.

CHARLIE

Okay, stay cool. Help is on its way.

He hits the automatic drier and lets a hot jet of air stream over his face, his reflection weirdly distorted in the machine's chrome finish.

88. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Sammy comes round the corner towards the pay-phone, just as Charlie exits the men's room! For a split second they stare at each other, then Charlie bolts back inside - as Sammy sprints after him along the corridor.

89. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. MEN'S ROOM. NIGHT

Charlie turns the locking button on the door handle and looks around wildly. There's a window high up on the wall - if he can just climb up the side of one of the stalls, he might be able to get to it.

ANGLE ON STALL

Charlie clambers up from the bowl onto the side, which sways under his weight. He leans across towards the window and manages to get it open, just as:

ANGLE ON DOOR

Sammy tries to kick down the door from the other side. When that doesn't work, he fires several (silenced) shots at the lock. He bursts into the room, waving his gun.

HIS POV

The window gapes open. The CAMERA jerks to the left to reveal Charlie crouched on top of the stall. With an animal SCREAM, he launches himself through the air.

Sammy is too startled to react before Charlie lands squarely, feet first, on his chest, sending him crashing back against the floor, momentarily stunned.

90. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Charlie picks himself up off the floor and runs back down the corridor.

91. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. NIGHT

He barrels into the main area by the lanes and stops dead in his tracks:

HIS POV

Over by the door, Marv stands guard.

Charlie turns in the other direction, bumping into a WAITRESS carrying a tray full of drinks. The tray and the drinks go crashing to the ground. All heads turn - including Marv's!

For a split second time stands still - and then, as Marv heads towards him, Charlie dashes desperately onto the nearest lane, dodging a fifteen pound ball which hurtles down the alley, snapping at his ankles. When he reaches the end he slides on one knee, like a base runner into home plate, straight into the pins.

He knocks them all down and manages to squeeze himself into the crawlway inside the machinery behind the lanes, just before the pinspotter arm plunges down.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The BOWLER whose pins Charlie knocked down grins at his BUDDIES.

BOWLER

I figure that counts as a strike!

Just as Marv arrives alongside. He takes a long hard look at the narrow exit the other end, then sets off after Charlie.

92. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. BEHIND THE LANES. NIGHT

Charlie drags himself on his elbows along the crawlway behind the lanes, dodging the lethal balls that are once again crashing into the backstop - not to mention the even more dangerous pin-spotting machinery.

93. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. NIGHT

Marv reaches the end of the lane and hurls himself through the gate, sliding on his belly like an over-sized pumpkin.

KER-R-RUMPH!

93. Contd.

Pins fly every which way as Marv's head, followed by his considerable bulk, concertinas into the narrow exit space.

He's wedged tight! He can't move! His legs wave helplessly as the pin-spotting machinery clamps down on him. He groans with pain, cursing furiously.

The crowd applauds ironically, roaring with laughter. Sammy arrives on the scene, takes one look at what is happening, then sets off down the neighbouring lane.

94. INT. BOWLING ALLEY. BEHIND THE LANES. NIGHT

Charlie is nearing the end of the crawlspace when SUDDENLY bullets start WHINING around his ears! - pinging viciously off the metal pin-spotting arms all around him. He turns to see Sammy at the other end of the tunnel, taking shots at him through the forest of machinery.

ANGLE ON SAMMY

Sammy tries to get a bead on Charlie. But no sooner does one set of arms go up than another comes down, so that his line of fire is constantly obstructed.

Charlie reaches the end of the crawlspace, bullets ricocheting all around him. He spins on his belly, out of the line of fire.

Sammy curses furiously.

95. EXT. REAR OF BOWLING ALLEY. NIGHT

Charlie comes crashing out of a rear fire door and into a narrow alley running alongside the parking lot. We TRACK BACK in front of him as he literally runs for his life.

96. EXT. BOWLING ALLEY. STREET. NIGHT

As he hits the sidewalk, he runs across the road towards a narrow alley on the other side of the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING across the hood of the patrol car towards the alley. The car takes off with a SQUEAL of burning rubber.

97. EXT. NARROW ALLEY. NIGHT

Charlie sprints down the alley. As the patrol car swings into the mouth of the alley, he is suddenly silhouetted against its headlights.

97. Contd.

The patrol car races along the alley, so close to the walls on either side that sparks fly.

Charlie is on his last legs as the car's front fender nudges the backs of his calves. The car screeches to a halt and O'Rourke jumps out, holding his gun in both hands.

O'ROURKE

(bellows)

FREEZE!

98. INT/EXT. PATROL CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Smithy and O'Rourke drive along in silence. The RADIO crackles.

DISPATCHER ON RADIO

Car seventeen, come in... Seventeen, why don't you answer...? All cars, anyone seen Smithy and O'Rourke...?

ANGLE ON BACK SEAT

Charlie is hunched awkwardly on the floor, hands cuffed behind him, separated from them by a grill.

CHARLIE

Am I under arrest or what?

O'ROURKE

(grimly)

Shut up.

CHARLIE

Why haven't you read me my Miranda rights?

O'ROURKE

(to Smithy)

This kid is beginning to get on my nerves.

CHARLIE

This isn't some banana republic - this is the United States of America. You can't get away with this. There'll be an investigation.

(hope fading fast)

Guys, I can't believe there's not something we can work out here...

O'Rourke sighs, reaches under the dash and gets out a roll of heavy duty tape.

99. EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA. NIGHT

The patrol car cruises slowly down the street, past deserted looking warehouses in a seedy, run down area of town.

Up ahead, on the corner of a side alley, a car is parked. A silver Buick sedan. The patrol car turns into the mouth of the alley and stops. Sammy and Marv get out of the Buick.

100. CLOSE ON AIRLINE BAG

A HAND unzips the bag to reveal it bursting with cash.

WIDER ANGLE

The bag is on the hood of the patrol car. Sammy counts out the money in bundles of a thousand, watched by O'Rourke and Smithy, who holds the handcuffed Charlie, his mouth taped shut, the tape wound right round his head.

SAMMY

... forty-five, forty-six...

Charlie's eyes express horror and disbelief at what he's witnessing. He looks long and hard at Smithy, who turns away uncomfortably.

SAMMY (contd)

...forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty.

O'ROURKE

Okay. We're in business.

He starts to stuff the cash back into the bag. Smithy undoes Charlie's cuffs. Marv gets his arm in a vice-like grip, jamming a gun into his side. O'Rourke zips up the bag.

SUDDENLY the group is illuminated by a powerful spotlight from the other end of the alley. The two cops freeze. Marv and Sammy duck down by the side of the patrol car, with Charlie in between them.

HALSEY (o.s.)

Smithy, O'Rourke - is that you?

REVERSE ANGLE - A POLICE STATION WAGON

has pulled up at the opposite end of the alley. Its driver, SERGEANT HALSEY, directs the spotlight down the length of the alley. Halsey is on his own.

HIS POV - THE FAR END OF THE ALLEY

100. Contd.

The Buick is parked out of sight. All he can see is the patrol car, with the two cops standing guiltily in front.

HALSEY

Why have you guys been off the radio for the last forty-five minutes?

O'ROURKE

(under his breath)

Fuck, it's Halsey!

(shouts down the alley)

We were away from the car, sarge!

We thought we saw the suspect in one of the buildings!

SAMMY

(whispers anxiously)

Is he with us?

O'ROURKE

You kidding? Halsey's the original holy roller. Guy thinks he's Wyatt fucking Earp.

Charlie reacts to this piece of information. Meanwhile, Marv has seen the airline bag still up there on the hood. Gingerly, he reaches up a hand to pull it down out of sight.

HALSEY

You better call in.

O'ROURKE

Sure thing, sarge.

Simultaneously, profiting from Marv's distraction, Charlie seizes his moment and breaks away. He starts to run crazily down the alley towards Halsey, weaving from side to side and waving his arms frantically, unable to cry out on account of the tape.

O'ROURKE

What the fuck - ?

HALSEY

Who's that?

O'Rourke reaches inside the car and turns the headlights on full beam.

O'ROURKE

(excitedly)

It's the suspect, sarge! He's got a gun!

100. Contd.

Halsey puts a hand in front of his eyes, temporarily blinded.

At the same time O'Rourke pulls a gun from an ankle-holster and takes a bead on Charlie.

SAMMY

(hisses)

The boss wants him alive.

O'ROURKE

Can't risk it.

HALSEY'S POV

Charlie runs towards him, silhouetted against the light, zig-zagging like crazy.

Halsey gets out of the station wagon and crouches low, drawing his revolver. SHOTS ring out, from the other end of the alley.

ANGLE ON O'ROURKE

blasting away.

SMITHY

Watch out man, you'll hit the sarge!

O'Rourke ignores him and continues firing. Meanwhile, Mary grabs the airline bag. He and Sammy back away towards the Buick.

SAMMY

Let's get the fuck outa here!

ANGLE ON HALSEY'S STATION WAGON

A bullet smashes the spotlight.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

Bullets whine all around him. He's getting closer and closer to the end of the alley.

ANGLE ON O'ROURKE

taking very careful aim.

Halsey has his gun pointed straight at Charlie, when he realises he isn't armed. Puzzled, he straightens up - into O'Rourke's sights - and catches a bullet snack in the chest! He slumps forward, dead.

Charlie sprints out of the alley and runs around the back of the station wagon, clambering into the passenger seat.

101. INT/EXT. POLICE STATION WAGON. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Crouching low, bullets thudding into the station wagon, Charlie puts his foot down hard on the accelerator, slamming the car forward.

102. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The station wagon tears away up the street.

103. EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

O'Rourke jumps into the patrol car, behind the wheel, yelling at Smithy to get in the other side. They roar off down the alley, passing Halsey's lifeless body and running over it for good measure. Smithy stares back over his shoulder.

SMITHY

(distraught)

You killed him, man. You fucking killed him!

104. INT/EXT. POLICE STATION WAGON. NIGHT

Charlie hangs a sharp left, almost losing it in the bend. He tears at the tape around his face.

105. EXT. SIDE STREET. NIGHT

The station wagon speeds away up the unlighted street. After a moment, the side lights go off and it's lost in the darkness.

106. INT/EXT. PATROL CAR. NIGHT

O'Rourke and Smithy cruise the streets hopelessly. There are few cars around, none of them the station wagon. Smithy is on the verge of panic. O'Rourke is icily calm. He reaches for the radio.

O'ROURKE

This is car seventeen.

SMITHY

(terrified)

What are you doing? What are you gonna tell them?

DISPATCHER ON RADIO

Come in, seventeen. Long time no hear.

106. Contd.

O'ROURKE

This is seventeen, requesting immediate back-up! An officer has been shot and killed, repeat, an officer has been killed! Suspect answers description of man wanted for the Halloran murder. Last seen heading west on Huntington in a hi-jacked police vehicle.

SMITHY

(whispers)
Are you crazy?

O'ROURKE

(grimly, to Smithy)
Just pray Halloran's goons get to him first. Or it's you and me for the shredder, pal.

The dispatcher's voice keeps droning in the background.

DISPATCHER ON RADIO

What's your position, seventeen?

SMITHY

You killed Halsey. I wanted no part of it.

O'ROURKE

(gripping his arm)
We're in this together - I sink, you sink!

DISPATCHER ON RADIO

Come in, seventeen.

O'ROURKE

We want this guy dead. Understand?
Dead!

Smithy nods mutely.

107. EXT. ANOTHER AREA OF TOWN. NIGHT

The abandoned station wagon is parked down a side street. We PAN away to discover Charlie loping along the sidewalk. He tries the doors of parked cars along the street, eventually finding one that's open - an old Pontiac.

108. INT/EXT. PONTIAC. NIGHT

Charlie crouches under the steering wheel, fiddling with the wires to the ignition. The starter motor turns and the engine fires into life.

109. INT. STATION HOUSE. TOLLAND'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Tolland and Martins are exchanging heated words.

MARTINS

I just don't buy it, Chief. This is not a guy who goes around shooting cops.

TOLLAND

I don't give a flying fuck what you do or don't 'buy', Lieutenant. Two of my officers saw Fisher pull the trigger, and that's good enough for me. So if you don't mind, would you kindly get your ass out of my office and this maniac off the streets - before someone else gets killed?

109A EXT. RAYNHAM PARK DOG TRACK. NIGHT

The track is deserted, the clubhouse in darkness, save for the penthouse, which is illuminated across the entire width of its plate glass window. We can just make out an angry, gesticulating figure.

109B INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT

It's Halloran. He's on a cordless phone. Finney lurks silently in the shadows.

HALLORAN

You fucked up good, Sammy, real good! Now a cop's dead and all kinds of shit's gonna come down. How could you lose the guy, for Chrissakes?

109C INT/EXT. SILVER BUICK. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Sammy listens on the car-phone. Marv drives glumly, as they cruise the streets.

SAMMY

With respect, boss, we didn't have him to lose. We were in a negotiation, it was the cops had him. They lost him.

109C Contd.

BACK to HALLORAN (etc):

HALLORAN

Sammy, there's one thing I never want to hear. You know what that is, don't you?

SAMMY

Yes, boss. Excuses.

HALLORAN

So don't insult my intelligence, OK? Just find him - before the cops do. If this guy shoots off his mouth to the wrong people, we're so far up shit creek they never even heard of paddles.

He hangs up. Back in the car, Sammy turns to Marv, glum-faced.

SAMMY

I don't think he loves us any more.

110. INT/EXT. PONTIAC. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Charlie drives grimly, eyes fixed on the road ahead of him, listening to a news bulletin on the car radio. He's on a highway out of town.

RADIO

... and reports are just coming in of the fatal shooting of a police officer in the downtown warehouse district. Police were attempting to arrest Charles Fisher, wanted in connection with the murder of local businessman Denny Halloran, when the incident occurred. Chief Tolland cautions that Fisher is armed and dangerous and should on no account be approached by members of the public...

CHARLIE

(dumbfounded)

Incredible. Absolutely, fucking incredible.

There is a sudden WHIRRING SOUND. Instinctively, Charlie ducks down, as a low-flying helicopter flashes across his windscreen.

110. Contd.

CHARLIE
You gotta be kidding me!

CUT to:

111. EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER. NIGHT

Beaming down a powerful searchlight, the police chopper swoops low over the highway and across the neighboring fields.

112. CLOSE ON CHARLIE

The numb terror of the hunted animal. He's never felt more alone in his life.

He sees something ahead:

113. TWO POLICE CRUISERS

have pulled across the highway, mounting a road block, their blue lights flashing soundlessly. Several cars are backed up, waiting to be checked. POLICE OFFICERS move down the line, probing with their flashlights.

114. EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT

Charlie slows down, pulling into the side. He kills his lights. Suddenly his chest heaves and a choking sob escapes him. After a few moments of self-pity, he pulls himself together.

CHARLIE
(sternly admonishing)
Come on, Charlie, get a hold of
yourself. Have you got the right
stuff or what?

He puts the car into gear and does a U-turn, crossing the central divide, and heading back into town.

LONG SHOT of the above - POV from road block.

115. EXT. ROAD BLOCK. NIGHT

One of the police officers manning the road block has noticed the above manoeuver. His suspicions aroused, he runs to his cruiser and sets off in pursuit.

116. INT/EXT. PONTIAC. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Charlie drives back towards the town. He peers through the windshield at the passing streets.

CHARLIE

Now where was that damn bowling alley?

(he looks at his watch)

A quarter of eight. If I can just stay out of sight for the next couple of hours till the guys get here...

A bar of light flashes across his face, reflected from the rearview mirror. He looks up into the mirror and SEES a set of headlights approaching at speed. Something tells him this is not good.

CHARLIE

Oh, shit.

He hits the accelerator.

117. EXT. DOUGLASVILLE STREET. NIGHT

The Pontiac speeds past, followed after a moment by the police cruiser.

118. EXT. STREET CORNER. NIGHT

The Pontiac comes screeching round the corner and immediately hangs a sharp left down a narrow sideroad. Charlie kills the car's lights.

Seconds later, the cruiser executes the same turn, only to continue on past the sideroad without seeing him.

119. INT. PONTIAC. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Charlie drives on grimly down the dark sideroad.

CHARLIE

I gotta get rid of this car.

120. EXT. ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT

The Pontiac lurches out from the sideroad onto a busier street. There are gas stations, eateries, a supermarket - and a large shopping mall.

121. CHARLIE'S POV - AHEAD

A line of cars waits to enter the parking lot of the gleaming new mall complex.

122. EXT. DOUGLASVILLE SHOPPING MALL. PARKING LOT. NIGHT

Charlie joins the line entering the mall. He takes a ticket and the automatic barrier rises to let him through.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Charlie parks the Pontiac and gets out. He looks around warily.

HIS POV

The shopping mall is brightly illuminated in the darkness. There's a neon sign displaying the movies currently showing in the multiplex theater inside.

We PAN from the busy entrance to the street beyond. At that moment the police cruiser passes, blue light flashing soundlessly. It disappears up the street. We PAN back to the movie theater sign.

Charlie has an idea. He starts across the parking lot towards the mall.

123. INT. DOUGLASVILLE SHOPPING MALL. FIRST LEVEL. NIGHT

The mall is a modern, hermetically-sealed, climatically-controlled, three-story architectural triumph of chrome and glass. Bloomingdale's anchors one end of the mall, Sears the other. In between there's everything from hardware to Hermes.

The shops in the center section face onto a common courtyard, a vast open atrium. On one side of the atrium are escalators leading from the ground floor to the second level. The movie theater complex is on the second level. Another set of escalators - connecting the second and third levels - is on the other side of the atrium, forcing shoppers going from the top to the bottom to walk halfway around the middle level, the better to encourage impulse buying.

The CAMERA PANS from the upper level, past the second level, and down to the lower level, coming to rest on the south entrance. A group of shoppers is filtering through the door. Among them, trying desperately to look inconspicuous, is Charlie.

123. Contd.

He heads for the escalators, passing an electronics store displaying TV sets. At that moment, the image over all their screens changes to a large close up of Charlie, as another news bulletin is flashed over the air. He does a horrified double take. He hurries on by, keeping his head down.

124. INT. THE MALL. ANGLE ON ESCALATORS. NIGHT

Charlie makes his way up the escalator to the second level, shielding his face from view.

125. INT. SHOPPING MALL. FIRST LEVEL. NIGHT

On the first level, hidden behind a flower cart, stands a gung-ho SECURITY GUARD named BILL, a geeky-looking guy much too thin for his own gun belt, with 'Front Line Security' logoed on his jacket. He whispers urgently into his walkie-talkie.

BILL THE GUARD

I tell you, it's him! He's heading up the escalator to level two!

126. INT. MALL SECURITY OFFICE. NIGHT

The SECURITY BOSS is a black man named ROLAND. He's staring at a bank of closed circuit TV SCREENS. On one of them WE SEE Charlie heading up the escalator.

SECURITY BOSS

I'm calling the cops! Don't go near this guy, Bill!

127. INT. MALL. FIRST LEVEL. NIGHT

Bill whispers urgently back.

BILL THE GUARD

I can handle it.

SECURITY BOSS (o.s.)

Don't be an idiot!

Bill switches off his walkie-talkie. He runs towards the up escalator, drawing his gun.

128. INT. SHOPPING MALL. SECOND LEVEL. NIGHT

Charlie reaches the second level and heads towards the movie theater.

128. Contd.

Moments later, Bill arrives at the same spot. He looks around, sees Charlie and exits FRAME.

129. INT. SHOPPING MALL. ANGLE ON MULTIPLEX. NIGHT

There is a short line waiting to buy tickets for the next performance. Charlie takes his place, staring down at the floor.

The CAMERA TRACKS towards him. SUDDENLY a Police Standard Smith & Wesson .38 is jammed right up his nostril.

BILL THE GUARD

(in a voice that cracks)

Freeze, motherfucker!

Instinctively, Charlie grabs the gun and shoves it upward. The gun FIRES, sending a bullet into the glass roof of the atrium. The noise in the enclosed space is deafening.

Nearby, a WOMAN SCREAMS. All around, mall PATRONS dive for cover.

Bill and Charlie struggle over the gun. Bill FIRES again, sending a bullet into a drinking fountain, which starts spraying water. Charlie bends the skinny guard's arm back, forcing him to give up the gun. He shoves Bill, who lands with his butt on the floor. He cowers, thinking Charlie's going to kill him with his own gun. Charlie turns on him, anger succeeding fear.

CHARLIE

You asshole! You could have killed me with this thing!

BILL THE GUARD

Don't shoot me, please don't shoot me!

CHARLIE

Jesus, tough guy, what happened to 'Freeze motherfucker'? Why would I want to shoot you?

He shoves the gun into his waistband and runs back towards the down escalator.

130. INT. SHOPPING MALL. FIRST LEVEL. NIGHT

Charlie reaches the first level and heads for the exit at the opposite end of the mall.

HIS POV

130. Contd.

Two more SECURITY GUARDS are running towards him, guns drawn.

Charlie has no choice but to bolt up the escalator back to the second level. Shoppers passing him on the way down cower and scream in terror.

131. INT. MALL SECURITY OFFICE. NIGHT

Roland is shouting into his walkie-talkie.

SECURITY BOSS

The suspect is loose in the mall and he's got a gun! Get everybody out of here now!

132. INT. GENERAL VIEW OF MALL. NIGHT

Shoppers flood the exits, as overhead a female voice comes on the p.a. system - calmly, as if announcing a bargain:

FEMALE VOICE (p.a.)

The Galleria is now closed due to a police emergency. Customers in the central mall are requested to proceed at once to the nearest exit.

133. TWO QUICK ANGLES

Bloomingdale's at the north end of the mall and Sears at the south: big steel mesh gates - gates that close these stores off from the rest of the mall at night - are being lowered rapidly at all levels.

FEMALE VOICE (p.a.)

Shoppers at Bloomingdale's and Sears are requested to remain where they are until evacuated by police. We repeat: the mall is closed due to a police emergency. Thank you for shopping at the Galleria.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

In the act of running towards Sears, he sees he won't make it before the gate comes down. He reverses direction, slowing his pace to blend with the other shoppers.

LADY SHOPPER

(to Charlie)
What's happening?

133. Contd.

CHARLIE

I think it's a bomb scare.

LADY SHOPPER

Oh my God.

She hurries on, outpacing him in her panic.

Charlie passes a women's clothing store, which appears to be deserted. He has a sudden idea and darts inside.

134. EXT. SHOPPING MALL. NIGHT

A dozen POLICE CARS have arrived outside, sirens wailing. Cops steam towards the main entrances - but the flood of people rushing to leave prevents them getting into the mall itself.

135. INT. THE MALL. SECOND LEVEL. ANGLE ON ESCALATORS. NIGHT

The panicked escape continues.

136. INT. THE MALL. FIRST LEVEL. NIGHT

The south entrance has been cleared. A few straggling shoppers are held back to allow a SWAT team into the building. They run in step, six fully-armed, flak-vested killing machines, toting pump action shotguns.

Roland, the security boss, leans over the second level railing.

SECURITY BOSS

He's up here!

The SWAT team set off up the escalator in perfect lockstep.

137. INT. THE MALL. SECOND LEVEL. NIGHT

It's almost deserted. The remaining employees hurriedly lower the security grills in front of their stores - including the women's clothing store we saw Charlie enter.

138. INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE. NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS away from the closing grill and around the deserted store, ending on a clothing rack. The rack is semi-enclosed, set against the wall, like an open closet. There, hidden amongst the dresses, a pair of EYES stares out.

139. INT. THE MALL. SECOND LEVEL. NIGHT

Breaking up into pairs, the SWAT team combs the second level.

140. INT. MALL SECURITY OFFICE. NIGHT

The security boss stands looking at the bank of TV screens with a youngish police officer, LIEUTENANT MARTINS. The mall on all levels is completely deserted, except for SWAT men and uniformed cops moving systematically through the building.

SECURITY BOSS

I could have sworn...

MARTINS

Could he be in one of the department stores?

SECURITY

It's possible. If he made it before the security gates came down.

MARTINS

Even if he did - I've got men on every exit. The whole area's sealed off.

141. INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE. CHANGING ROOM. NIGHT

Charlie stands precariously on a chair, pushing open one of the ceiling panels. He places a large shopping bag into the cavity above, then hauls himself up after it.

142. INT. CEILING CAVITY. NIGHT

He finds himself in a crawlspace some four feet high, containing all the ducts, pipes and cables that service the mall. He carefully replaces the ceiling panel and starts to crawl away on his belly, pushing the shopping bag in front of him.

143. INT. SEARS. MAIN EXIT. NIGHT

A line of shoppers file out, under the watchful eye of two cops.

The last remaining stragglers exit, leaving behind an empty store.

144. INT. SHOPPING MALL. NIGHT

Police DOG-HANDLERS roam over the deserted mall with their fierce-looking Dobermans.

145. EXT. SHOPPING MALL. ROOF. NIGHT

Several officers fan out over the roof. A police chopper hovers in the sky above.

146. INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE. NIGHT

The security grill has been raised. One cop inspects the clothes racks, poking into the cavities with his night-stick.

ANGLE ON CHANGING ROOMS

Another cop goes along the row of changing rooms, pushing open the doors and checking they're empty. He pauses in front of a mannekin displaying sexy lingerie.

1st COP

(grins)

Hey, Bernie - you should take this home for your old lady! Do wonders for your sex life.

2nd COP

What sex life?

147. EXT. SHOPPING MALL. PARKING LOT. NIGHT

The mall has been evacuated. A crowd gazes on, held back by police.

Lieutenant Martins stands in earnest conversation with Chief Tolland, Roland, the security boss, and the mall's GENERAL MANAGER.

MANAGER

(heatedly)

I do understand your problems, Lieutenant, you don't seem to understand mine. We've already lost thousands of dollars of business - and now you're asking to close the mall indefinitely!

MARTINS

I didn't say indefinitely, I said until we find the guy.

147. Contd.

MANAGER

Can you tell me when that'll be...?
No, you can't. You can't even
guarantee he's still in there.

They look at the Police Chief, who considers for a moment.

TOLLAND

Okay, here's what we'll do. You can
re-open the mall, but we'll maintain
our surveillance. We'll keep any
disruption to a minimum.

Martins looks annoyed, but holds his tongue.

148. INT. SHOPPING MALL. MAIN ENTRANCE. NIGHT

The doors open as a crowd of shoppers pours back into the
mall.

FEMALE VOICE (p.a.)

We apologize to our customers for
any inconvenience caused by our
closure, due to circumstances beyond
our control. As a courtesy to
shoppers, we will remain open until
midnight.

149. INT. REST ROOM. STALL. NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS UP from the toilet to a pair of legs coming
down through a panel in the ceiling. These legs are wearing
stockings and have high heels on the end of them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

It's Charlie! He drops down on the floor. He's dressed in
drag, complete with wig, floppy hat and make-up.

ANGLE ON REST ROOM

Charlie peers cautiously over the stall door. The rest room
appears empty. He emerges, clutching the shopping bag - now
containing his own clothes. He goes and checks his
appearance in the mirror, adjusting his wig - which looks
like it came off a dummy. He's quite a sight - a cross
between Tony Curtis in 'Some Like it Hot' and Anthony
Perkins in 'Psycho'. Then he sees it, reflected in the
mirror:

HIS POV

A men's stand-up urinal. He's in the wrong place!

149. Contd.

He grabs his shopping bag and heads for the exit - just as a mean-looking BRUISER comes through the door.

CHARLIE

(high falsetto)

Excuse me.

The guy gives Charlie the weirdest look as he rushes past.

BRUISER

(shaking his head in disgust)

Fuckin' fruit!

150. INT. SHOPPING MALL. FIRST LEVEL. NIGHT

Large in FOREGROUND, a cop stands guard, alert to every movement in the mall. Behind him on the down escalator, we can see Charlie.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

We hold him in TIGHT CLOSE UP as he descends. He tries to look as inconspicuous as possible - no easy task.

HIS POV

The faces of those patrons ascending on the opposite escalator. An attractive young woman is looking in the opposite direction. She half turns towards him. It's Karen, the girl from Dominick's Cabin. She stares at him curiously, but doesn't seem to recognize him.

ANGLE ON KAREN

As they pass, she turns back. Charlie is staring after her. She turns away again, still puzzled.

Charlie reaches the bottom of the escalator and hurries towards the exit.

151. ANGLE ON MAIN ENTRANCE

Another cop stands by the doors, watching people as they leave. There's a steady stream of shoppers coming and going. Charlie lurks by a trash bin, watching the exit. Surreptitiously he drops a lighted match into the bin and walks away. Smoke begins to filter up through the top.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE'S LEGS

As he walks towards the exit, one of his stockings has come loose and is beginning to roll down his leg towards his ankle. Suddenly a woman SCREAMS!

151. Contd.

Flames are shooting up from the trash can. Black smoke billows out. Charlie carries on walking towards the exit, every sinew in his body tensing up. As he walks faster, so does his precarious control over his high heels diminish. His ankle turns and the heel of his left shoe shears off. He hobbles on unevenly, eyeing the cop on the door out of the corner of his eye.

The cop is distracted by the commotion around the flaming trash can. A SECURITY GUARD is rushing towards the fire, extinguisher at the ready.

Charlie slips past, undetected.

152. EXT. MALL PARKING LOT. NIGHT

Charlie moves away into the parking lot. But he's still not out of the woods. Ahead, the police are checking all cars as they leave the precincts of the mall.

Charlie ducks down behind a parked car, as a searchlight sweeps over the parking lot.

153. ANGLE ON CHARLIE

Cold, stiff and hungry, he crouches on the ground between the cars, watching the mall entrance.

In the BACKGROUND a silver Buick cruises silently around the parking lot.

154. INT/EXT. SILVER BUICK. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Sammy and Marv drive in silence, their radio tuned to the police frequency.

155. EXT. PARKING LOT. ANGLE ON CHARLIE. NIGHT

The Silver Buick passes right behind him. He doesn't see it.

156. INT/EXT. SILVER BUICK. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Sammy peers out the side window. From his POV we see the row of parked cars in which Charlie is hiding - but Charlie is shielded from view.

157. ANGLE ON CHARLIE

He's still looking towards the mall entrance.

157. Contd.

HIS POV

The Buick passes across his line of vision.

Charlie ducks down out of sight. After a moment, he raises his head cautiously.

At last - Karen is coming out of the mall. Meanwhile the Buick disappears into another area of the parking lot.

Charlie crabs across the alleyways between the parked cars in the direction towards which Karen is heading. He stalks her across the lot, getting nearer and nearer.

158. EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT

Karen approaches an orange Suzuki jeep. She puts down her shopping and gets out her keys. She opens the door.

159. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT

As she gets in the driver's seat, Charlie bursts in through the passenger door. She almost jumps out of her skin. He jams his captured gun into her ribs.

CHARLIE

(grimly)

Be quiet and I won't hurt you.

KAREN

You!

She lunges for the door. He grabs her back.

CHARLIE

Don't do it. I swear, I'll use it if I have to. I am absolutely desperate.

KAREN

Please, why don't you just take the car?

CHARLIE

They're checking all the cars. I need you to drive.

KAREN

Don't do this, I'm begging you.

CHARLIE

Don't argue! Just do as I say.

160. EXT. MALL PARKING LOT. NIGHT

The Suzuki backs out of its space and makes its way towards the exit.

161. INT/EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Terrified, Karen drives. Charlie is no longer in the front. His voice comes muffled from underneath the rear seat, which is folded down on top of him.

CHARLIE

I've got my gun poked through your seat. It's pointed right at your spine.

KAREN

(shaking)
I know, I can feel it!

162. EXT. ENTRANCE TO MALL PARKING LOT. NIGHT

The Suzuki waits in line to exit the parking lot. It moves up to the barrier.

A COP shines a flashlight into the car's interior. Karen sits grimly at the wheel. We feel that at any moment she may attempt to make some sign to the cop.

As if reading her thoughts, Charlie digs the gun harder into her back. She grimaces ever so slightly, but keeps her mouth shut.

Seeing nothing unusual, the cop waves her on. The Suzuki turns onto the road and disappears into the night.

163. INT/EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Charlie emerges from under the rear seat. He climbs into the front seat next to Karen.

CHARLIE

Okay, where do you live?

KAREN

Oh, no - no. No way. Just let me out. You take the car, do whatever you have to do, only leave me out of it.

CHARLIE

And have you call the cops - or worse, Halloran?

163. Contd.

KAREN

Why would I do that? I know you didn't mean to kill Denny.

CHARLIE

You're just saying that so I'll let you go.

KAREN

No I'm not. You probably didn't mean to kill the cop either.

CHARLIE

I didn't kill him. He was shot by another cop.

KAREN

(stunned)
Another cop?

CHARLIE

Yeah, another cop. Half the cops in this town are on the take, or didn't you know? You work for Halloran, for Chrissakes.

KAREN

Look, I do my job. I keep my eyes and my mouth shut.

CHARLIE

But you believe me, don't you? I mean, do I look like the kind of guy that goes around shooting cops?

She looks at him, sizing him up.

KAREN

OK, I believe you. Now will you get out of my car?

CHARLIE

Then why won't you help me?

KAREN

(angrily)
What do you expect me to do? Why should I risk getting myself killed?

CHARLIE

(quietly)
Because you're the only hope I've got.

163. Contd.

KAREN

(softening)

Look, I'm sorry. I'd like to help you, but... I'm sorry. I just can't.

CHARLIE

(grimly)

Well right now you're between a rock and a hard place, lady. I'm sorry to ruin your day, but I'm not about to go away.

She suddenly pulls on the wheel and cuts across to the side of the road, pulling up with a screech of brakes. Charlie bangs into the dash.

CHARLIE

(angrily)

What are you doing? Trying to get us both killed?

KAREN

Okay, let's get it over with.

She closes her eyes, as if waiting for the bullet. He looks on, helplessly.

KAREN

Well, what are you waiting for?

CHARLIE

Just drive, will you?

She stares back at him defiantly.

KAREN

I'm sorry, I know you've got some real serious problems and you're probably a nice guy --

CHARLIE

Then help me. My buddies are coming to pick me up from the bowling alley at eleven. It's nine now. Just let me lie low at your place for an hour or two - and I'll be out of your life for ever, I swear.

She considers for a moment. She can't help feeling sorry for him.

KAREN

That's it? That's all?

CHARLIE

That's all. I promise.

164. EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The Suzuki approaches a compact single story house on the outskirts of town. The car turns into a little driveway and parks along the side of the house, which backs onto open fields.

165. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT

The front door opens and Karen steps inside, followed by Charlie. He has the shopping bags in one hand, the gun in the other.

HIS POV

A great gray shape leaps out of the darkness and lands on top of him, knocking him back on his butt.

CHARLIE

Jesus!

KAREN

(screams)

Don't shoot! Here, Bono!

She flicks on the light to reveal a great big Golden Retriever standing over Charlie's spreadeagled body. In her next movement, Karen stomps on Charlie's gun hand.

CHARLIE

Ow!

He sits up, nursing his hand, with the gun still in it. He puts it down on the hall table.

CHARLIE

Why did you do that?

KAREN

(nervously)

I thought you were going to shoot him.

CHARLIE

Jesus Christ - shoot him? You're talking to one of the world's great dog lovers. I've had dogs ever since I was a kid.

KAREN

I'm sorry... I didn't ask you to kidnap me.

She is staring at him. His hat has gone flying, his wig has slipped. He looks so comical, sitting there in the dress and the grotesque make-up, that despite herself she begins to laugh. So hard, she can't stop.

165. Contd.

KAREN

If you could see yourself...!
(wheezing)
Did you ever see that movie
'Psycho'...?
(she tries to control it)
I'm sorry, I'm really sorry.

CHARLIE

(mortified)
Glad you haven't lost your sense of
humor.

Woofing excitedly, BONO the dog goes up to Charlie and
slurps his tongue all over his face. Karen bursts out
laughing again.

CHARLIE

At least someone likes me round
here.
(petting the dog)
Bono - what kind of name is that?

KAREN

You know, the guy in U2.

CHARLIE

Oh, him. Right.

166. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The room is interestingly furnished, with second hand
bric-a-brac, nothing expensive, but put together with
style. There's a dressmaker's dummy, with a half-finished
jacket pinned onto it. Karen watches as Charlie sits on the
sofa, phone in one hand, spooning baked beans out of a can
with the other. He dials a number.

CHARLIE

Yes, Boston - the Federal Bureau of
Investigation... I guess the general
number... thank you.

He jots down the number.

KAREN

(apprehensively)
What are you doing?

CHARLIE

(eagerly)
I don't know why I didn't think of
calling these guys before. They'll
come down and bust the place apart.
Halloran won't know what hit him.

156. Contd.

KAREN

(frightened)

Listen, this wasn't part of the deal. I have to live in this town. If Halloran ever finds out I had anything to do with - -

CHARLIE

He won't, trust me. I don't plan on hanging around, Karen - like I said, my buddies are on their way. No one's ever gonna know I was even in this house.

He starts to dial another number.

KAREN

Is it all right if I make some coffee?

CHARLIE

Of course - it's your house.

Karen goes to the kitchen, which is off the hall, opposite the living room.

167. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Karen glances back from the kitchen towards the living room.

168. HER POV - CHARLIE ON THE PHONE

CHARLIE

Hello, is this the FBI..? Yes, you can help me. My name is Charles Fisher and I'm calling from Douglasville, Massachusetts...

169. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

CHARLIE (contd)

No, I'd rather not give you my exact location, not until you hear me out and tell me what you're going to do about my situation...

He looks over to the kitchen, struck by a sudden thought.

CHARLIE

Excuse me, would you hold on a moment?

169. Contd.

He heads for the door, taking the phone with him.

HIS POV - KITCHEN

The back door out of the kitchen yawns open.

CHARLIE

(hanging up)

I'll call you back!

170. EXT. BACK OF KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Charlie bursts through the back door. There's a large penned in area for the dog, and beyond it:

HIS POV

Karen and Bono, running across the open fields, clearly visible in the moonlight.

CHARLIE

Shit!

171. EXT. FIELD. NIGHT - VARIOUS ANGLES

Hitching up his dress, Charlie runs barefoot after Karen. Eventually he catches her, some three hundred yards or more from the house, bringing her down with a low tackle. There's a loud ripping sound as his dress tears almost in half. They hit the ground and struggle in the mud.

Karen kicks and scratches, more than a match for him. She wriggles and squirms, as he tries to pin her down. He's somewhat handicapped by his desire not to hurt her, but she's giving it all she's got. She gets back on her feet and kicks him in the chest. He gasps in pain and grabs her leg. She goes down again.

The dog barks excitedly, thinking they're playing. As they grapple and writhe, there is indeed something almost sexual in their movements.

He finally manages to grab both her wrists and wrestle her onto her back. He lies on top of her with his body. She struggles furiously.

KAREN

Get off of me, you sonovabitch!

Their faces are almost touching. He stares down into her eyes.

CHARLIE

Give up?

171. Contd.

She spits into his face and brings her knee up into his groin. He gasps in pain and relaxes his grip. She breaks away and starts to run back to the house. He dives after her. She clunks him in the eye with her elbow.

CHARLIE

Aargh!

He finally overpowers her through sheer mass. She lies there, still and exhausted.

CHARLIE

(gasping for breath)

What the hell were you trying to do?

KAREN

I was trying to get away! What do you think, you moron?

CHARLIE

Why?

KAREN

Why!?! I'm scared.

CHARLIE

So am I! How do I make you understand? I'm not going to hurt you, I'm not some psycho - I'm fighting for my life here!

He gets up, hauling her to her feet.

KAREN

Okay, I'm sorry. I won't do it again. I am, I'm sorry.

They set off back to the house, followed by Bono.

CHARLIE

I sure hope so. Jesus, my eye!

KAREN

(proudly)

Looks like you're gonna have a real shiner.

CHARLIE

Where d'you learn to fight like that?

KAREN

I grew up in a bad neighborhood with three brothers, OK? Shit, what would you know? You're just a spoiled Ivy League brat.

171. Contd.

CHARLIE

(indignant)
I am not.

KAREN

Yes you are. You go to Harvard. It said so on the news.

CHARLIE

All kinds of people go to Harvard. My dad's a self-made man. He doesn't give me an allowance - I'm working my way through college.

KAREN

Big deal. You're a yuppy.

CHARLIE

A yuppy? That's bullshit.

KAREN

(emphatically)
You're a yuppy.

She makes it sound like the ultimate insult.

172. INT. DOUGLASVILLE POLICE STATION. NIGHT

Chief Tolland is on the phone in his glassed-in office. Lieutenant Martins is in there with him. Tolland listens with a broad grin.

TOLLAND

(to phone)
Thanks again. Great work!

He hangs up.

MARTINS

What happened?

TOLLAND

Fisher just called the FBI in Boston and they've got a partial trace. Everybody who's not workin' road blocks, get them out to the west side of town. And get onto the phone company. We need a list of every subscriber with a 657 prefix!

Martins exits. Tolland opens a drawer in his desk and gets out his gun. He hurries out into the bullpen.

173. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Charlie sits on the sofa having his swollen eye bathed by Karen. He winces with pain.

KAREN

I'm sorry. Does it hurt that bad?

CHARLIE

Yes.

KAREN

Don't be a baby.

CHARLIE

I hate pain.

She smiles, with seeming affection. We feel that she really likes him. In any other circumstances...

174. INT. RAYNHAM PARK DOG TRACK. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT

Mike Halloran stands by the window looking out at the darkened track. Finney, is on the phone at the bar. He hangs up the phone and comes over to Halloran.

FINNEY

That was one of our friends on the force. They traced the guy to the west side of town. They're going house to house.

HALLORAN

Get all our people out there. Tell 'em to stay out of sight, but monitor the police radio. If the cops get Fisher, then our people move in and take him away.

Finney seems suprised his boss is willing to go this far.

FINNEY

That could bring down an awful lot of heat, boss.

Halloran gives him a look, and for the first time we get a glimpse of the extraordinary violence lurking behind the very cool exterior.

HALLORAN

We'll handle it. Do anything you have to do, anything, understand? I want him right here --

174. Contd.

He points to an imaginary spot on the floor in front of him.

HALLORAN (contd)

-- on his knees... before the night is out.

175. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Charlie is back on the phone to the FBI. Karen sits in the chair, on best behavior.

CHARLIE

... then these two cops try to hand me over to this guy Halloran in return for a hundred thousand dollars! But another cop comes along, there's a shoot-out, this other cop gets killed - and now the police are claiming I shot the cop, which is a complete fabrication..!

ANGLE ON KAREN

Reacting to this. Charlie is so patently sincere, it's hard not to empathise.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, I already explained, I'm just not prepared to say where I am. I can't risk falling into the hands of the local police... Of course it's within your jurisdiction - we're talking illegal gambling, organized crime, police corruption... Of course they tried to violate my civil rights. They tried to kill me!

He puts his hand over the phone and looks at Karen.

CHARLIE

He put me on hold. Wants to check whether it's their jurisdic -
(suddenly he has a horrible thought)
Shit!

He slams down the phone.

CHARLIE

That's bullshit! The guy was just playing with me, trying to keep me on the line while they traced the call.

175. Contd.

KAREN

Do you think they did? How long
does it take?

CHARLIE

I'm not sure. Five minutes?

KAREN

Now what?

CHARLIE

What time is it?

(checks watch)

Ten. My friends won't be at the
bowling alley for another hour.

SUDDENLY the doorbell RINGS. Karen and Charlie stare at
each other, frozen.

CHARLIE

(whispers)

Who could it be?

KAREN

I don't know.

OFFICER (o.s.)

Hello, anybody there...? It's the
police.

KAREN

The lights are all on. If I don't
answer, they'll be suspicious.

He grips her arm.

CHARLIE

It's my life.

KAREN

I know.

176. INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. NIGHT

Charlie crouches out of sight in the kitchen, while Karen
goes to the front door.

KAREN

I'm coming.

Just then Charlie sees:

SHOCK CUT - CHARLIE'S POV

176. Contd.

His revolver rests on the hall table in plain sight.

BACK TO CHARLIE

He starts to lunge for it, but Karen is already opening the door. Charlie dives back into hiding just in time.

ANGLE ON KAREN

The door opens to reveal a YOUNG PATROLMAN standing on the doorstep.

YOUNG PATROLMAN

Good evening, ma'am.

He shows her Charlie's picture.

YOUNG PATROLMAN

Maybe you've seen on the TV or the radio that we're out looking for this man?

KAREN

Yes, I heard about it.

From his hiding place, Charlie can't keep his eyes off the gun. It's right behind Karen. If the officer moves a fraction of an inch, he'll see it. If she turns around, she'll see it.

YOUNG PATROLMAN

We're going house to house in this area, asking if anyone's seen him or heard or seen anything suspicious. We know he made a phone call within the last hour from a phone with a 657 prefix.

Charlie waits, in an agony of suspense.

KAREN

(handing back the photo)
No, I'm sorry.

YOUNG PATROLMAN

I see you have a gun there.

Karen turns around and sees the gun for the first time, gleaming on the hall table.

KAREN

Yes, that's right - that's my gun.
I got it for protection.

176. Contd.

YOUNG PATROLMAN
That's very smart. You live here
alone, do you?

He smiles. He looks at her appreciatively, considering
whether or not it might be worth hitting on her.

KAREN
Yes...
(sensing this)
I mean, not all the time. My
husband's away a lot on business.
I'm expecting him back tonight.

YOUNG PATROLMAN
Well, if you see this man, don't
hesitate, let him have it.

KAREN
You bet.

YOUNG PATROLMAN
You have a good evening now.

KAREN
Thank you, officer.

The patrolman turns and goes. Karen closes the door.
Suddenly we see that she's shaking.

Charlie emerges from the kitchen. They stand looking at
each other, a foot apart.

CHARLIE
(noticing)
You're trembling.

She looks away. He reaches forward, placing his hands on
her upper arms, gripping her gently, as if to steady her.
She turns back to face him. They stare at each other for a
charged moment.

CHARLIE
Thank you.

KAREN
You'd better get out of here.

CHARLIE
(quietly)
Yeah.

177. EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE. STREET. NIGHT

A car glides past the house without stopping. The silver Buick sedan.

178. INT/EXT. BUICK. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Sammy and Marv cruise the streets, their radio tuned to the police channels, listening to the chatter concerning the search for Charlie.

179. EXT. GAS STATION. POLICE COMMAND POST. NIGHT

The command post consists of a police station wagon, a regular police car and the SWAT team's minibus parked near a bank of payphones at a closed gas station. A PATROLMAN mans one of the phones, with the line open to Headquarters. The SWAT team sit around cleaning their weapons.

Lieutenant Martins stands beside the station wagon. He has maps spread out on the roof. An unmarked police car pulls up and Chief Tolland bounds up.

TOLLAND

How's it going?

MARTINS

We're halfway through the house to house.

TOLLAND

What do you figure? Did we miss him somehow?

MARTINS

Could be. I think he's still in there.

Suddenly the patrolman on the pay-phone shouts over to them:

PATROLMAN

Lieutenant! Urgent!

Martins runs to the phone, listens for a while, then runs back excitedly.

MARTINS

We got 'im! They traced the call!
(picking up the station wagon's radio)

All cars, proceed at once to 1746
Freemont Road. Secure perimeter and
await the SWAT Team. Do not --
repeat, not -- use sirens or lights.

Tolland grabs the mike.

179. Contd.

TOLLAND
This is the Chief. Nobody makes a
move till I get there!

180. INT/EXT. BUICK. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Hearing this over the radio, Mary pulls on the steering wheel and shoots the car into a three sixty degree turn.

The Buick fishtails up the street in the opposite direction.

181. INT/EXT. PATROL CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Smithy and O'Rourke perform an identical maneuver.

O'ROURKE
Step on it! We gotta get that fucker
before anyone else does!

182. INT/EXT. TOLLAND'S CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Tolland drives, Martins sits in the passenger seat, in an unmarked police car. Martins watches the Chief out of the corner of his eye.

MARTINS
(casually)
Oh, yeah - the FBI are sending some
of their boys.

TOLLAND
Why would the Feds want to get
involved?

MARTINS
Fisher told them two of our men
tried to sell him to Halloran's
goons. Claims it was them who
killed Halsey. They got it all on
tape.

TOLLAND
I want this guy before they get
here, Tony. I don't want us looking
like we can't clean up our own back
yard.

MARTINS
What do you think? Do you think
there could be something in it?

182. Contd.

TOLLAND

I think it's horseshit, that's what I think.

MARTINS

(significantly)

You know Smithy and O'Rourke went out of radio contact for forty-five minutes last night?

TOLLAND

So we'll investigate. When all this is over. Right now we got other priorities.

183. EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Charlie and Karen creep out of side door of the house towards the parked Suzuki, followed by the dog. Charlie has changed back into his own clothes.

CHARLIE

Are you sure you want to do this?

KAREN

I know a back way. Take us right to the bowling alley. You'd never find it on your own.

CHARLIE

I'll understand if you don't.

KAREN

What are you gonna do, call a cab? Shut up and get in the car.

She lets in the dog and gets in the driver's seat. He gets up front with her. She starts the car. Instead of turning out onto the street, they go towards the fields at the back of the house, lights extinguished. The orange car still looks pretty conspicuous in the moonlight.

184. INT/EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

They drive slowly along a narrow, bumpy dirt track.

CHARLIE

Next time get a black car.

KAREN

It could be worse. I wanted yellow.

184. Contd.

CHARLIE

You should talk to my dad. He owns a dealership.

KAREN

No kidding? Do you think he'd give me a discount?

CHARLIE

(smiles)

Play your cards right.

He looks at her, then away.

CHARLIE

Do you think we might see each other again - when this is all over?

KAREN

What - like a date?

CHARLIE

Sort of. You don't really have a husband, do you?

KAREN

No.

CHARLIE

A boyfriend?

KAREN

Yeah. 'Fraid so.

CHARLIE

(disappointed)

Oh.

KAREN

He's sitting in the back of the car.

Charlie grins as he realises she's referring to the dog.

CHARLIE

He's a good-looking guy. But does he have my sense of humor?

She laughs easily.

185. EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE. FRONT ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Tolland creeps up on the house with the SWAT Team. He crouches down behind a tree, conferring with their SERGEANT.

185. Contd.

TOLLAND

(whispers)

Remember, he may have a girl in there with him, so I don't want you to take any chances. No warnings, shoot on sight.

SERGEANT

But Chief --

TOLLAND

Just do as I say. I'll take full responsibility. Now go!

186. INT/EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Karen smiles.

KAREN

I was only kidding you - about being a yuppy. I guess it's real interesting, studying to be a lawyer, something important like that?

CHARLIE

(unconvinced)

Yeah... I'm not planning to be a lawyer for the rest of my life. I'll spend a few years practising corporate law, learning how the system works - then start my own business.

KAREN

What a waste.

CHARLIE

(defensively)

It's not a waste. There are just better ways of making money.

KAREN

I'm not talking about making money, I'm talking about having a job that means something.

CHARLIE

The system's fucked. Excuse me, but it is. There's no such thing as justice any more - probably never was.

186. Contd.

KAREN

I'm not surprised, if every one has your attitude. No wonder the system's fucked! That's how guys like Halloran get away with it.

CHARLIE

(uncomfortably)

You work for the man.

KAREN

I don't have a choice, Charlie, I didn't get an education like you. God, why does everyone have to be so cynical these days?

CHARLIE

I'm not cynical, I'm just a realist.

KAREN

That's sad. It really is.

She looks at him with a little smile and nods as if to say 'I mean it, it really is sad'. He looks back sheepishly. She's hit home.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, maybe it is sad. The world's sad.

KAREN

That's too easy, Charlie. You know it is.

We HOLD his look. In spite of himself, knowing she's right.

187. KAREN'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT

All is quiet. SUDDENLY the front door explodes open and all hell breaks loose. Stun grenades crash through the windows, smoke bombs, you name it.

188. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The SWAT sergeant bursts into the room wearing a smoke mask and toting a pump action shot gun. He lets off three rounds in succession:

HIS POV

What looks like the standing figure of a man bursts apart under the impact. When the smoke clears, WE SEE it was only the dressmaker's dummy.

189. INT/EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Karen and Charlie hear the shots in the distance.

CHARLIE
Jesus, did you hear that?

190. EXT. SIDE STREET. NIGHT

The Suzuki emerges from the dirt track and onto the side road. It flicks on its lights and speeds off down the deserted road.

191. EXT. POLICE ROAD BLOCK. NIGHT

A whole range of police vehicles is parked at the end of the road leading to Karen's house.

Among them, Smithy and O'Rourke, anxiously awaiting news from the front.

SMITHY
What's taking them so long..?

They stare towards the house some hundred yards away.

O'ROURKE
(disbelievingly)
Would you take a look at that? Those
cocksuckers blew it!

THEIR POV

The SWAT Team dejectedly make their way back, empty handed.

192. INT/EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Karen sees something ahead.

KAREN

Get down, there's a car coming!

Charlie ducks down under his seat.

HER POV

A Mercedes speeds past in the other direction.

193. INT. MERCEDES. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

The car is filled with Halloran's GOONS. They are listening to the police channel. From their POV, the Suzuki flashes past. One of them, KIRK, we recognize from the earlier scene at the dog track.

VOICE ON RADIO

Suspect not at location. Suspect believed to be driving an orange Suzuki Jeep, license number PD2573. He may have taken a hostage. Repeat, possible hostage on board.

The DRIVER and KIRK look at each other.

KIRK

Jesus H. Christ, that was him!

194. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The Mercedes screeches to a halt and does a U turn, taking off after the Suzuki.

195. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Suddenly the highbeams of the Mercedes illuminate the interior of the Suzuki. Charlie turns to look.

KAREN

The cops?

We HEAR a SHOT and a bullet punctures the rear window and punches its way through the front windshield. Karen screams. The dog starts barking in terror.

CHARLIE

Worse!

She stomps on the accelerator as Charlie reaches for his gun.

196. EXT. MERCEDES. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Speeding after the Suzuki, the Mercedes hugs its tail. Kirk leans out of the passenger window and fires a burst with his sawn-off M-16 automatic rifle.

197. ANGLE ON SAMURAI - TRAVELLING

Pock marks rip across the rear panel of the Suzuki, bursting the exposed spare wheel. One end of the bumper comes loose.

198. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Charlie tries to pull Karen down behind the front seat.

CHARLIE

Scrunch down!

The car swerves!

KAREN

I can't!

Charlie leans back over the seat and squeezes off a shot at the Mercedes. The SOUND of the blast in the small enclosed car is unbelievable. He jumps out of his skin.

CHARLIE

Jesus!

199. ANGLE ON MERCEDES

Charlie's bullet smashes into the right side rear view mirror, inches from Kirk.

200. BACK TO CHARLIE

He fires again, but this time the revolver just clicks, empty.

CHARLIE

Goddammit...! Can't you go any faster?

201. ANGLE ON KIRK

He fires another burst of eight or ten shots.

202. INSIDE THE SUZUKI

The slugs tear into the Suzuki, ripping the headliner and the roof. There's another thwack, and Karen lets out a soft cry. A RED STAIN spreads from a hole in her sweatshirt just under her collar bone. The jeep suddenly weaves across the road.

CHARLIE

(anguished)
Karen!

The shock is too great and too sudden for her to feel pain. Losing consciousness, her hands drop from the wheel.

203. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The Suzuki, going seventy out of control, careens right into the path of the Mercedes.

There is a hideous screeching impact as the Mercedes slices off the jeep's wheel flares, mirror, door handle and most of its paint, before the driver slams on the brakes, sending the heavy sedan into a 360-degree spin.

204. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Charlie grabs the steering wheel and fights for control, the dog yelping and whining like crazy in the back.

205. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The Suzuki bounces off the curb and mounts the verge on two wheels, crashing into a tree with its roof.

206. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT

Charlie flings himself across Karen to protect her from the impact.

207. ANGLE ON SUZUKI

Kirk and the other goons leave the parked Mercedes and approach the wrecked Suzuki, which balances precariously on its side on two wheels, its engine stalled. Inside, it's completely still.

DRIVER

Shit, we weren't supposed to kill them.

KIRK

What's the difference?

207. Contd.

He advances with the M-16 at the ready.

208. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT

Charlie and Karen are crumpled up in one corner of the car, in the passenger footwell, she on top of him. Charlie is dazed, but tries to move. Bono whimpers in the back but appears to be unhurt.

KAREN
(barely conscious)
What happened..?

CHARLIE
Shh... Take it easy. You've been
shot. You need to go to the
hospital.

He looks up into the rearview mirror, where we SEE Kirk and the others advancing warily. Charlie extricates himself gently from under her.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna try starting the car. If I
can just shift my weight over to the
other side...

Sure enough, as he slides across to the driver's seat, the Suzuki's balance shifts.

209. EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT

The Suzuki rights itself with a bounce.

210. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT

Lurching against the seat, Karen moans with pain.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry!

Simultaneously, he tries the ignition. Miraculously, the engine starts. The wheels churn for a second or two on the grass, before finally gripping.

211. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Kirk and the other goons pull up in surprise. They fire off several shots at the retreating Suzuki, which tears away from them up the verge and back onto the road.

The goons run back to the Mercedes.

212. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Charlie drives like a man possessed, his attention divided between steering the car and Karen, slumped beside him on the passenger seat.

213. EXT. STREET INTERSECTION. NIGHT

The Suzuki takes a corner on two wheels and disappears from view, lights extinguished.

214. INT. MERCEDES. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

They drive in furious pursuit.

215. EXT. STREET INTERSECTION. NIGHT

The Merc reaches the same intersection, but there's no sign of the Suzuki. Kirk smacks the steering wheel in frustration.

KIRK

I don't fucking believe it. The sonofabitch got away again!

216. EXT. SUZUKI. NIGHT

The jeep rockets INTO VIEW from a darkened alleyway and turns onto a well-lit city street.

217. INT. SUZUKI. NIGHT

Charlie drives with his left hand, holding Karen close to him with his right. She is pale from loss of blood.

CHARLIE

(desperately)

Hold on... Please hold on!

He slows down.

218. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

A MAN is about to get into his parked car, when the Suzuki pulls up. The man looks amazed at the battered wreck, all shattered glass.

Charlie shouts through the broken passenger window.

218. Contd.

CHARLIE

Where's the hospital? I need the
goddamn hospital, for Chrissakes!
She's dying!

MAN

(taking in the situation)
Follow me!

He jumps in his car and drives off at speed, followed by
the jeep.

219. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Karen, strapped to a gurney, is being rushed to surgery by
four anxious HOSPITAL PERSONNEL. Charlie is running
alongside, holding her hand, whispering to her.

CHARLIE

Hang in there, Karen. You're gonna
make it, I promise... OK? That's a
promise!

He looks up at the DOCTOR: how much of this is true? The
doctor is impassive, refusing to commit himself.

Charlie stands back as they reach the operating room and
Karen is wheeled through the doors.

KAREN

(a throaty whisper)
Charlie..?

CHARLIE

Yes, I'm here, what is it?

KAREN

Run, Charlie... Run!

Charlie is left standing there, his hand outstretched,
staring numbly at the flapping doors, devastated at the
prospect of losing her.

CHARLIE

Please, God, let her live. I'll
never be cynical again.

A NURSE, wearing a sweater over her uniform, carrying her
purse and car keys - on her way home - sees Charlie with
his back to her, staring at the operating room doors. She
goes over and taps him on the shoulder.

NURSE

Excuse me, are you all right?

219. Contd.

Charlie spins round, startled. Even more surprised, the nurse gasps, dropping her keys - clearly recognizing him as the hunted killer. She backs away in terror.

Automatically Charlie picks up the keys to hand to her, but by then she's running away down the corridor.

CHARLIE

Hey!

He stands there, holding the keys.

220. EXT. HOSPITAL. EMERGENCY AREA. NIGHT

The Suzuki is illegally parked outside the emergency room. A patrol car draws up with a screech and two OFFICERS jump out.

It's Smithy and O'Rourke! They take one look at the jeep and run into the building.

221. INT. EMERGENCY ROOM. NIGHT

The nurse hurries in from the corridor, looking over her shoulder.

She almost collides with Smithy and O'Rourke on their way in.

NURSE

Officer!

O'ROURKE

We got a report of a gunshot wound.

NURSE

He's in there! The killer!

She points beyond the doors. They charge through into the corridor, drawing their guns.

NURSE

(shouting after them)

He's got my car keys!

222. INT. HOSPITAL GARAGE. NIGHT

Charlie holds up the keys to the light.

INSERT - THE KEYS

There are two of them. One square-headed, the other round. Stamped into the metal head of each is a simple logo: GM.

222. Contd.

Charlie lifts his eyes from the keys to the parked cars.
His face falls.

HIS POV

A concrete ramp leads upward to the roof from this, the first level of a four-tiered parking complex. Illuminated harshly by overhead lights, we see dozens and dozens of parked cars of every conceivable size, model and make - a large proportion of them General Motors.

CHARLIE

Great. That's a big help.

He tosses aside the keys and starts towards the parked cars.

223. ANOTHER ANGLE

Charlie lopes along from one car to the next, looking for a suitable car to hotwire.

224. ANGLE ON GARAGE DOOR

O'Rourke bursts into the garage, gun at the ready.

HIS POV

The deserted garage. No sign of Charlie.

225. ANGLE ON CHARLIE

He ducks down behind a parked car.

HIS POV

O'Rourke starts to search the first level of the garage.

BACK TO CHARLIE

He backs away up the ramp to the second level.

226. INT. GARAGE. SECOND LEVEL. NIGHT

Frantic now, Charlie runs along the rows of parked cars.

227. INT. GARAGE. FIRST LEVEL. NIGHT

The patrol car enters the garage, Smithy at the wheel. It cruises along the parked cars to where O'Rourke is standing.

227. Contd.

SMITHY

No?

O'ROURKE

(getting in)
Try the next floor.

228. INT. GARAGE. SECOND LEVEL. NIGHT

Charlie hears the sound of an engine, then sees headlights coming up the ramp, followed by the nose of the patrol car.

He sprints up the 'up' ramp to the third level.

229. ANGLE ON PATROL CAR

It reaches the second level and its headlights sweep the area. There are fewer cars parked here, making the search easier. The car makes a wide swing through and around the parked cars.

230. INT. GARAGE. THIRD LEVEL. NIGHT

Charlie is standing next to an old 60's Corvette, in pristine condition. He pulls back his foot and kicks in the side window.

CHARLIE

(with feeling)
Sorry, old girl.

231. BACK TO SMITHY AND O'ROURKE

They react to the unmistakable sound of shattering glass coming from the upper level.

O'ROURKE

Hit it!

The car does a violent U-turn and heads for the 'up' ramp.

232. INT. CORVETTE. NIGHT

Charlie crouches in the footwell, trying to hotwire the car. His hands are shaking and he's in a cold sweat.

233. INT. THIRD LEVEL. NIGHT

The patrol car glides along the rows of parked cars.

233. Contd.

O'ROURKE'S POV

inspecting the gaps between the cars, no sign of Charlie.

234. INT. CORVETTE. NIGHT

Charlie makes the connection - the engine ROARS into life.

The Corvette screeches in reverse from its berth.

235. INT. PATROL CAR. NIGHT

Smithy jams on the brakes. O'Rourke whips round and looks through the rear window.

HIS POV

The Corvette is racing for the 'down' ramp.

236. ANGLE ON PATROL CAR

Smithy slams the car into reverse and zooms back at top speed, the engine WHINING in agony.

O'Rourke leans out of the window losing off his revolver.

237. INT. CORVETTE. CHARLIE'S POV

The tail lights of the patrol car race towards him, accompanied by the flash of O'Rourke's revolver. It's a question of who will make it to the 'down' ramp first.

Charlie ducks down as the windshield cracks under the impact of a bullet. When he looks up again, it's to find himself mere yards from collision with the patrol car.

238. OVERHEAD ANGLE

As the gap between the two cars narrows, someone has to give.

239. CHARLIE'S POV

The patrol car is already passing the 'down' ramp, cutting off his escape. His only choice is either to ram the patrol car or throw a sharp left up the ramp to the next level.

240. ANGLE ON 'UP' RAMP

The Corvette does a ninety degree turn onto the ramp, its sliding tail sideswiping several parked cars.

The Corvette roars up and past.

In the BACKGROUND the patrol car overshoots the entrance to the ramp, slams on its brakes, then lurches forward - turning onto the ramp and screaming past CAMERA in hot pursuit.

241. EXT. GARAGE ROOF. NIGHT

Charlie roars around the perimeter of the parking lot as the patrol car swerves screechingly out from the 'up' ramp and onto the roof.

242. EXT. THE HOSPITAL. NIGHT

A dozen police cars, led by Chief Tolland's unmarked car, converge on the hospital entrance, cutting their wailing sirens as they slam to a halt. Tolland leaps out of his car, followed by Martins. They run up to a hospital SECURITY GUARD. Just then, there's an appalling crash, followed by the sound of screeching tyres, coming from the direction of the garage.

TOLLAND

(unnecessarily)

Where are they?

The guard indicates the garage.

GUARD

In there.

They follow his eyes to the roof of the garage. Beams of light from the cars' headlamps dance crazily across the sky. There is the SOUND of gun shots. Tolland turns to a nearby MEDIC.

TOLLAND

What news on the girl?

MEDIC

She's still in surgery.

Tolland looks grimly at Martins, shaking his head.

TOLLAND

Halloran's gone too far this time.
Way too far.

243. INT. HOSPITAL GARAGE. FIRST LEVEL. NIGHT

The Corvette races down onto the ground level, closely followed by the patrol car. The sides of both cars are crushed in, black smoke is now pouring from the belly of the Corvette - and still they continue their high speed duel, oblivious to the police arriving outside.

244. ANGLE ON CORVETTE

Charlie races for the main floor exit straight ahead. The patrol car pulls out from behind and tries to overtake.

245. INT. CORVETTE, NIGHT

As Charlie gives it all he's got, the patrol car inches level. O'Rourke leans out and takes aim.

Charlie ducks as the side window SHATTERS!

AHEAD, the exit races ever closer.

246. ANGLE ON THE TWO CARS

Racing towards CAMERA, the patrol car noses ahead in a last attempt to cut Charlie off from the exit. O'Rourke lets off two more rounds.

247. INT. CORVETTE. NIGHT

Charlie slams on the brakes.

248. ANGLE ON EXIT BOOTH

As the Corvette slews to a halt, the patrol car jams on its brakes and does a 360 degree turn, smashing into the exit barrier with its tail.

Charlie guns the Corvette back into life and takes off round the corner.

The patrol car burns rubber as it shoots off in pursuit.

249. EXT. HOSPITAL GARAGE. NIGHT

Outside, POLICE OFFICERS with shotguns come running to take up positions around the garage. Other cops move the growing group of BYSTANDERS back to a safe distance.

Tolland and Martins stare up at the garage, mesmerised by the sounds coming from within.

250. EXT. HOSPITAL GARAGE ROOF. NIGHT

Charlie reaches the roof a second ahead of the patrol car. With the extra room for manoeuver due to the dearth of cars, he sends the Corvette into a dangerous slewing sideways spin to reverse its direction and send it rocketing unexpectedly back towards the pursuing car.

251. INT. PATROL CAR. NIGHT

Panicked, Smithy swerves wildly to avoid the impending head-on collision.

SMITHY
Crazy son-of-a-bitch!

252. ANGLE ON CORVETTE

The battered Corvette slams head first into the side of the patrol car, knocking it backwards towards the safety barrier around edge of the roof.

253. ANGLE ON PATROL CAR

It flattens the barrier and slews over the edge, finally grinding to a halt - precariously balanced, it's rear-end dangling out into the night, half on, half off the roof.

254. INT. PATROL CAR. NIGHT

O'Rourke and Smithy stare downwards through their windows, petrified.

255. THEIR POV

The street, the cops, the bystanders, four stories below.

256. ANGLE ON CHARLIE

He climbs out of the smoking, demolished Corvette and walks towards the teetering patrol car.

At his approach, Smithy whispers through the side window.

SMITHY
(scarcely daring to breathe)
Give us a break, okay...? Just put
some weight on the front there.

CHARLIE
Sure thing. Anything to oblige two
upstanding officers of the law.

256. Contd.

HIS POV

The front bumper dangles from the chassis, one end resting on the ground.

Staring coldly at the two cops, Charlie rests his foot lightly on the bumper. It gives way completely and tumbles to the floor.

CHARLIE

Ooops. Sorry.

257. ANGLE ON PATROL CAR

So finely balanced is the car that the loss of the bumper proves crucial. It slowly teeters backwards - it could almost be slow motion - until its nose is pointing to the sky. Miraculously, it still holds, its front wheels catching on what's left of the safety barrier.

In desperation, Smithy and O'Rourke scramble forward, trying to redistribute their weight. But the sudden movement only makes matters worse. With a terrible screech of metal, the patrol car slides backwards and down through thin air. Charlie gives a little wave.

CHARLIE

Have a good flight.

258. ANGLE ON GROUND- FOUR STORIES BELOW

The patrol car plummets a hundred feet to the ground, where it EXPLODES in a giant fireball!

259. EXT. HOSPITAL GARAGE. ENTRANCE/EXIT RAMP - LATER

TWIN SEARCHLIGHTS light up the exit ramp, as a lone figure walks out, hands on head.

260. CHARLIE'S POV

The cops stand behind their cars, shotguns and rifles trained on this dangerous desperado.

Tolland stands in their midst, holding a bullhorn.

TOLLAND

Stop where you are and lay face down on the pavement!

261. ANGLE ON CHARLIE

Slowly, Charlie sinks to his knees, utterly drained, then forward until he's lying face down.

Tolland steps up and lifts him to his feet.

TOLLAND

OK, son, it's over.

He reads him his rights. Lieutenant Martins approaches. Tolland draws him aside, out of Charlie's earshot.

TOLLAND

I'm taking him to the next county.
Fuck Halloran! It may be the end of
me, but it sure as hell's gonna be
the end of him.

Martins grins delightedly.

MARTINS

Mind if I ride with you, Chief?

TOLLAND

It'd be a pleasure.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They lead Charlie towards the Chief's parked car.

CHARLIE

How's Karen? Is she going to be
all right?

TOLLAND

Her condition's stable. It's looking
good.

CHARLIE

Thank God.
(quietly, to himself)
Thank God.

The Chief opens the back door for Charlie. He and Martins get in the front. The car moves off.

262. INT. CHIEF TOLLAND'S CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Tolland slowly moves out through the diverging crowd.

CHARLIE

(grimly)
Where are we going? To Halloran? To
get your bag of money?

262. Contd.

TOLLAND

Relax. We're taking you out of here.

CHARLIE

Sure you are.

TOLLAND

Trust me.

CHARLIE

Trust you?. I don't think I'll trust
a cop again as long as I live...

(gloomily, to himself)

... however long that is.

263. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

As Tolland's car swings out the hospital gates and into the street, it passes a parked sedan on the opposite side of the road - the silver Buick.

264. ANGLE ON SILVER BUICK

Marv exchanges a look with Sammy. The car moves out into the road, following Tolland.

265. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. NIGHT

Tolland's car speeds along the road out of town, towards open countryside.

The Buick follows at a distance.

266. INT. BUICK. NIGHT. - TRAVELLING

Marv turns to Sammy.

MARV

What the fuck is he playing at?

SAMMY

I dunno. They ain't going to the station house, that's for sure.

MARV

(grinly)

The boss is gonna go bananas if we lose him again.

SAMMY

Who says we're gonna lose him?

267. INT. CHIEF TOLLAND'S CAR. NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Tolland glances in his rear-view mirror. He frowns as he sees headlights approaching.

MARTINS

What is it?

TOLLAND

I'm not sure.

INSERT - REAR-VIEW MIRROR

The Buick moves up to overtake.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Buick pulls alongside. Sammy stares across at Tolland for a brief moment, then:

268. EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT

The Buick lurches into the side of Tolland's car, swiping it off the road!

269. ANGLE ON CHIEF TOLLAND'S CAR

The car swerves into the side of the road, plows through a wire fence and smashes into a tree.

270. INT. CHIEF TOLLAND'S CAR. NIGHT

Charlie is thrown against the cage separating him from the front seat, bouncing off it like a rubber ball.

Up front, Martins hits his head a sickening blow on the windshield. Tolland is impaled on the steering column. He lets out an awful gasp and blood shoots out of his mouth.

271. EXT. ROADSIDE. NIGHT

The Buick pulls up beyond the wrecked police car. Marv and Sammy get out.

They approach the car. Steam pours from under its crumpled hood.

ANGLE ON TOLLAND'S CAR

Tolland sits back in his seat, eyes staring blankly - dead. Martins is slumped forward over the dash, motionless.

In back, Charlie stirs groggily. Marv opens the door and drags him out.

271. Contd.

ANGLE ON BUICK

Mary bundles Charlie into the trunk of the Buick. He gets in front with Sammy. The Buick takes off at speed and disappears into the darkness.

272. INT. GREYHOUND TRACK. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT

Halloran and Finney look up as:

The door opens and Sammy and Mary enter, carrying Charlie between them, legs trailing on the floor behind. They dump him on his knees on the very spot Halloran indicated earlier. Mary grips the back of his neck and forces him to look up at Halloran.

HALLORAN

Do you know who I am?

CHARLIE

(through clenched teeth)
Halloran...

MARY

Mister Halloran.

CHARLIE

Listen to me! I did not kill your son. It was an accident. He fell and hit his head - in any court of law they'd consider it involuntary manslaughter.

HALLORAN

Is that right? An accident?
Involuntary manslaughter? Now how about that?

He smiles expansively, spreading his hands. Finney grins.

HALLORAN

Then all this was a misunderstanding, right?

CHARLIE

That's ri--

Without warning, Halloran viciously lashes out with his right foot, driving his toe into Charlie's crotch. Charlie folds in the middle, as if bowing to the man, gasping in agony. Halloran grabs his hair and yanks him forward, so that he ends up face down on the floor. He takes a step back and slams another kick into Charlie's kidney. Charlie writhes on the floor.

272. Contd.

HALLORAN

What do you take me for, you little fuck?

CHARLIE

Why don't you listen to what I'm -- ?

THUD! Another brutal kick drives the air out of Charlie's lungs.

HALLORAN

Because you're a dead man.

He regains control of himself, smoothing a stray corner of his hair back into place and readjusting the front of his double breasted suit so that once more it drapes perfectly.

HALLORAN

Take him up to the roof. He's so good at running, let's see if he can fly.

Marv's heavy jowls shake with laughter as he gets the message and chuckles. Sammy laughs too, as they hoist the semi-conscious Charlie to his feet and drag him out the door.

273. EXT. RACING TRACK. CLUBHOUSE ROOF. NIGHT

Overhead the Milky Way twinkles with crystalline clarity as the CAMERA PANS the sweeping expanse of the rooftop, right to left. Flat, it stretches uninterrupted - except for the penthouse - for a hundred feet in all directions. No guard rails, no barriers of any kind.

Marv and Sammy drag Charlie towards the edge.

MARV

Let's see if we can hit the finish line.

SAMMY

(chuckles)

You're on. On three.

Sammy grabs Charlie's ankles, Marv his wrists.

WITH CHARLIE - SLOW MOTION

Suspended belly down between the men, as they swing him first backward... then forward over the edge of the roof, the CAMERA capturing his dizzying, stomach-churning POV.

273. Contd.

SAMMY (v.o.)

One...

THE TWO HOODS

They swing Charlie out for the second time.

SAMMY

Two...

CHARLIE'S POV - SLOW MOTION

Again the dizzying POV, 300 feet down to the ground, then back over the roof again.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shooting up from below the edge, as the two hoods swing Charlie back for the last time..

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON CHARLIE

As he swings past Marv's bulging stomach he grabs the man's trouser pocket, just as...

SAMMY (v.o.)

Three!

... they release him!

R-R-R-I-I-I-I-P! Marv's pocket, followed by the entire leg of his pants tears away to the cuff, where it stops in a snarl of twisted fabric.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Charlie dangles over the roof, clinging desperately to Marv's shredded pant's leg. Marv himself has to steady himself to stop from following Charlie over the side, grabbing onto Sammy.

SAMMY

(panicked)

For Christ's sake, Marv! Get off of me!

Marv kicks crazily, trying to shake Charlie free, clinging for dear life onto Sammy.

MARV

Let go...! Goddamn...! Let go my fuckin' leg...!

But Charlie clings on, inching up the side of Marv's leg like a kid shimmying a drain pipe.

273. Contd.

SAMMY
(unsteadily)
Marv...!

MARV
You get the fucker off!

SAMMY
I'm trying, goddamnit! Pull him up!

MARV
Pull him up?

SAMMY
Yeah - then we can throw him down!

It's all so ugly, so... unprofessional - we can't help laughing.

Not so Sammy. Enraged, he draws back his leg and aims a kick at Charlie's head.

As he does, Charlie rolls out of the way, pulling both Marv and Sammy off-balance.

Sammy misses with his kick, the forward momentum propelling him over the edge. He falls to the ground with a blood-curdling SCREAM.

274. INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT

Hearing this, Halloran nods with satisfaction, staring out over the track below.

275. EXT. CLUBHOUSE ROOF. NIGHT

Marv recoils from the edge, dragging Charlie with him in the process. Charlie finally lets go of his pants leg and claws his way back onto the roof.

Marv falls backwards, flat on his butt, pants round his ankles.

Charlie gets up and sprints away across the roof.

Marv staggers to his feet.

276. EXT. CLUBHOUSE ROOF. ANGLE ON AIRSHAFT. NIGHT

Charlie huddles behind a metal airshaft near the far edge of the roof.

HIS POV

276. Contd.

Marv is approaching, drawn gun in one hand, holding up his pants with the other.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

He creeps around the airshaft to keep himself screened from Marv.

ANGLE ON MARV

Marv stands by the airshaft, inches from Charlie. Beyond him, the edge of the roof. He looks around in puzzlement.

With a sudden ROAR, Charlie launches himself at Marv, driving his shoulder into his hip. Marv goes flying over the edge, his gun emptying reflexively as he plummets to the ground.

277. ANGLE ON HALLORAN

Marv's body drops past the window in front of him. He turns to Finney, aghast.

HALLORAN

What the fuck is going on up there?

278. EXT. CLUBHOUSE ROOF. ANGLE ON ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH. NIGHT

Finney bursts out of the Announcer's Booth, gun drawn.

FINNEY

(calling into the darkness)

Sammy..? Marv..?

He spots Charlie just disappearing from VIEW down a ladder at the far end of the roof. He races after him.

279. ANGLE ON LADDDER

Charlie climbs half way down the steel ladder, then leaps the rest of the way onto a lower roof. He sprints towards a shed-like structure a short distance away and flings open the door to reveal wooden steps leading down.

As he steps through the door, slugs splinter the doorframe. He leaps for the stairs, tumbling headlong down a short flight.

280. ANGLE ON FINNEY

Firing from the rooftop. Seeing Charlie making his escape, he runs back towards the Announcer's Booth.

281. INT. STAIRWELL. NIGHT

Charlie hits the bottom of the flight of stairs. He picks himself up with a groan. There's a closed door facing him. He opens it and peers cautiously out.

282. EXT. CLUBHOUSE. NIGHT - CHARLIE'S POV

He finds himself looking out over the second level of the stand. We SEE the towering windows, the bleacher seats. He's on the emergency fire stairway at the rear of the building, with doors onto each level of the stand.

283. INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT

Finney bursts inside.

FINNEY

I lost him! He's headed downstairs!

Halloran moves quickly over to a bank of TV monitors near the bar. He presses an intercom button.

HALLORAN

Frank!

284. INT. GUARDHOUSE. NIGHT

FRANK, the guard, snaps to attention in his guardhouse by the exit from the clubhouse.

HALLORAN (v.o.)

The punk got away. He's loose in the building!

Frank opens a drawer and pulls out an Ingram M-10 machine pistol. He stuffs a spare clip in his belt and runs out.

285. INT. CLUBHOUSE. NIGHT

ANGLE ON BLEACHERS

Charlie huddles between the seats, eyes wide, listening to Halloran's voice over the p.a.

HALLORAN

Find the sonofabitch!

Charlie darts from concealment and races down one of the ramps to the first level, at the same time as:

Frank burst into VIEW on the opposite side of the first level of the stand.

285. Contd.

Charlie stands there, looking desperately for a way out of the building.

HIS POV - 2nd LEVEL

Looking up to the point where he entered from the back stairs on the second level. At that moment Finney comes through the door.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

Well and truly cornered.

286. EXT. ROADSIDE. NIGHT

All is still. Steam no longer emanates from the engine compartment.

After a beat, the passenger door swings open. A pair of legs slowly emerges. We PAN UP to Martins' face. He's bruised, bloody - but alive.

He sits on the edge of the seat, shaking his head clear. He takes one look at Tolland and sees that he's dead.

MARTINS

Fuck.

He exhales deeply and reaches for the radio.

287. INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE. ANGLE ON HALLORAN. NIGHT

Halloran is staring at the bank of TV screens.

HALLORAN

Frank! He's trying to make the south exit!

HIS POV - TV SCREEN

On one of the screens, Charlie is creeping behind a row of bleachers.

288. INT. CLUBHOUSE. NIGHT

Charlie starts to run as Frank spots him and opens fire. Bullets ricochet off the concrete floor all around him.

From above, Finney leans over and fires several shots with his revolver.

Charlie weaves desperately, leaping over the bleachers. The exit door looms ever nearer.

288. Contd.

ANGLE ON TV SCREENS

On one screen, Charlie running. On another, Frank.

BACK TO SCENE

Charlie is some twenty yards from the door.

HALLORAN'S VOICE (p.a.)

He's getting away! Why don't you
shoot, for Christ's sake!

FRANK

(shouting as he runs)
It's locked! Lemme get closer!

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

He reaches the door and throws himself against its
spring-latched handle. With a WHUMPH! - he staggers back.
Frank was right. He whizls round to see:

HIS POV - FRANK

Frank has pulled to a ragged halt some fifty feet away. He
lifts the Ingram. BRRRRRRRRRRRRRT!!!

Charlie throws himself behind a concrete pylon as slugs
thud into the locked door behind him. The instant the
fusillade ceases, he bolts across the twenty or so feet
separating him from the refreshment stand and dives over
the counter.

Frank sees him and calmly advances, pausing a short
distance from the refreshment stand, where he again opens
fire.

ANGLE ON REFRESHMENT STAND

Bullets rip through it. Mustard and ketchup splash onto
walls, glass shatters, buns and wienies fly through the
air.

Frank ceases fire and advances.

HALLORAN'S VOICE (P.A.)

Did you get him?

Frank makes a sign as if to say 'I'll check it out'. Finney
peers down from above.

289. INT. REFRESHMENT STAND. NIGHT

Frank steps behind the counter towards a stainless steel,
swinging kitchen door.

290. INT. THE KITCHEN. NIGHT

Large chromium bowls and appliances glisten dully in dim light emanating from 15-watt work-lights glowing here and there.

Charlie looks around desperately. There's no way out and no real place to hide. He looks over towards an out-sized refrigerator in the corner of the room.

ANGLE ON DOOR

It's suddenly kicked open and Frank enters quickly, sweeping the muzzle of the Ingram around the room. He doesn't see Charlie anywhere.

HIS POV

The refrigerator is wide open. Charlie's shoes peek out from under the bottom of its door.

FRANK

sprays the open door with a prolonged burst of automatic fire, just as:

CHARLIE

leaps out from behind a bacon slicing machine and brings an enormous frying pan down onto Frank's head with all his might.

Frank slumps to the ground. Ruefully, Charlie nurses his throbbing hand, still vibrating from the impact. He puts down the pan and picks up Frank's Ingram. He studies it ignorantly, trying to figure out how the damn thing works.

He goes to leave. As an afterthought, he reaches down and plucks the extra clip out of Frank's belt.

291. INT. CLUBHOUSE. NIGHT

Finney peers down anxiously from the second level tier.

FINNEY

Frank, you okay?

HALLORAN'S VOICE (P.A.)

(impatiently)

What's going on...? Did he get him?

FINNEY'S POV - REFRESHMENT STAND

It's completely still.

FINNEY

I dunno... I think so... Frank...?

291. Contd.

ANGLE ON STAND

A moment of stillness, and then Charlie explodes out from behind the counter, firing the Ingram wildly up towards the second tier as he sprints across the main concourse.

FINNEY

ducks down.

FINNEY

Jesus!

292. INT. CLUBHOUSE. NIGHT

Halloran stares in disbelief at the TV screens depicting the above.

HALLORAN

(to himself)

He got Frank!

Grabbing another Ingram, he runs out the room.

293. INT. CLUBHOUSE. NIGHT

Finney stands in front of the giant plate glass windows, staring out over the track.

HIS POV

We SCAN the big, empty space outside. No sign of Charlie.

Moments later, Halloran runs up to join him.

HALLORAN

Don't tell me you lost him.

FINNEY

He's out there somewhere.

They peer out at the track.

HALLORAN

(suddenly)

There!

He points through the glass.

FINNEY

(still peering)

Where?

293. Contd.

HALLORAN

(exasperated)

Jesus wept! I'll kill him myself!

He runs for the exit.

FINNEY

(dejectedly)

I'm sorry, boss, I just don't see him.

294. EXT. GREYHOUND TRACK. NIGHT

Charlie sprints across the track towards the starter's shed.

295. INT. STARTER'S SHED. NIGHT

Charlie bursts into the shed. He stares around wildly.

An ancient metal console bristles with an array of switches, levers and gauges - the apparatus with which the starter begins and controls the race. Here, too, is the mechanical rabbit. Idle now, it is 3 feet long and 10 inches high, made of solid steel, welded to a 12-inch length of metal pipe, the other end of which is bolted to the center of a greased metal track.

The metal track runs through an opening in the wall out onto the race track itself, where it does a complete circuit, before ending up back in the starter's shed where it began.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

He peers through the opening across the track and towards the clubhouse.

296. EXT. RACE TRACK. NIGHT - HIS POV

Finney and Halloran run towards the starter's shed.

297. BACK TO CHARLIE

He waits till they are within range, then gently squeezes the trigger of the Ingram. The hammer strikes repeatedly on an empty magazine.

298. FINNEY AND HALLORAN

instinctively dive for cover, then look at each other and grin, as they recognize the sound of the empty magazine.

299. CHARLIE

gets out the fresh clip and struggles to fit it into the gun. It takes him valuable seconds to figure out how to take out the used clip, then more time is lost as his shaking hand attempts to slot on the new one.

300. EXT. STARTER'S SHED. NIGHT

Crouching by the metal track, Halloran covers the aperture through which the rabbit exits, while Finney moves to the entrance to the shed.

301. INT. STARTER'S SHED. NIGHT

ANGLE ON CHARLIE

Almost weeping with frustration, he struggles with the mechanism, just as:

CRASH! Finney kicks down the door and charges into the room, gun blazing, just as:

CHARLIE

finally engages the fresh clip. The gun starts to fire uncontrollably, jerking his hand, shaking him like the proverbial dog being wagged by its own tail.

He struggles to force the gun towards Finney, the Ingram spraying bullets wildly in a sweeping arc that ends at Finney's chest - not before cutting the starter's shed almost in half.

FINNEY

recoils under the impact, his gun still firing - a look of mild surprise on his face at the mayhem Charlie is wreaking with the Ingram.

CLOSE ON CHARLIE

As the second ammunition clip expires in a series of hollow clicks, a bullet catches him in the shoulder, knocking him off his feet. He falls backwards onto the console, landing with a painful thud. He lies there, motionless, breathing in painful rasps.

302. EXT. STARTER'S SHED. NIGHT

Halloran approaches the aperture to the shed.

Inside the shed, all is stillness. Halloran undoes the safety on his Ingram and crouches to peer inside.

303. INT. STARTER'S SHED. NIGHT

Charlie lies there, groaning, at Halloran's mercy.

In the BACKGROUND, Halloran sees him, sees his defencelessness - and smiles. He goes to squeeze himself in through the aperture.

Charlie glances across to the starting lever, just out of reach. By a supreme effort, he stretches the extra six inches necessary to grasp the handle...

R-I-N-G!!! The starting gates jump open and the mechanical rabbit screams out onto the track at a hundred miles per hour.

304. EXT. STARTER'S SHED. NIGHT

Halloran is frozen to the spot as the:

STEEL RABBIT

comes straight at him like a rocket!

He tries to jump aside, but the rabbit buries itself in his stomach, almost tearing him in half.

The rabbit carries on round the track, dragging Halloran's body with it.

305. INT. STARTER'S SHED. NIGHT

Charlie lies on the floor in pain, losing blood.

There is an approaching GRINDING NOISE, and the rabbit reappears with its grisly burden, coming to a stop inches from Charlie's face.

After a beat of silence, FOOTSTEPS approach! Charlie closes his eyes, too weak to move. Resigned, finally, to his fate.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

The door creaks open to reveal Lieutenant Martins. He slowly enters the room, taking in the carnage all around him, gun at the ready.

305. Contd.

The CAMERA PANS from Finney, to Halloran, finally coming to rest on Charlie, who lies there, barely breathing.

MARTINS

(quietly)
Holy shit!

He walks towards Charlie.

CHARLIE'S POV

From where he lies, it looks like Martins is coming to finish him off.

CHARLIE

(hoarsely)
Get it over with.

Instead, Martins gets out his walkie-talkie.

MARTINS

Hi, this is Martins. I'm in the starter's shed. Get an ambulance up here fast!

Charlie looks at him, dumbfounded.

CHARLIE

Ambulance..?

MARTINS

We're taking you to the hospital, my friend.

CHARLIE

You mean, you're not..? You're...
a... good..?

He can barely get the words out.

MARTINS

(finishing it for him)
Cop..?

He smiles, taking off his jacket and spreading it over Charlie's shivering body.

MARTINS

Yeah, I'm a good cop. And you're a pretty good fugitive, I gotta hand it to you.

Charlie's face lights up with a slowly spreading smile of gratitude, before he finally passes out.

SLOW FADE

306. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY

Karen is packing her bags. Books are piled into crates, the bed has been stripped - she's leaving for good. Bono watches her mournfully from the bed.

As she reaches into the closet to get out a rack of dresses, her face registers a twinge of pain. It's the only evidence of her injuries, now almost healed.

The front DOORBELL rings. Bono jumps off the bed.

307. INT. HALLWAY. DAY

As she opens the door:

KAREN

You're early. I didn't order the cab till -

She stops in mid-sentence. Standing there, it's Charlie. He grins broadly.

KAREN

(pleased)
Charlie! What are you doing here?

CHARLIE

I heard you were leaving. I wanted to catch you.

Bono leaps up at him, barking excitedly.

CHARLIE

Hi, Bono!

KAREN

Yeah, I got a new job. In Atlantic City. Come in, I'll tell you about it.

CHARLIE

In a minute. I want to show you something.

He extends his hand. She takes it.

308. EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE. DAY

He leads her out of the house.

KAREN

What?

CHARLIE

Close your eyes.

308. Contd.

KAREN

(laughs)
What is it?

He takes her out onto the street. Standing there, gleaming new, is a bright yellow Suzuki Jeep.

CHARLIE

Okay. You can open your eyes now.

She opens her eyes and sees the car. Her face lights up.

KAREN

Charlie! It's... for me?

He nods vigorously.

KAREN

It's so... so... yellow!

She gives him a spontaneous hug. They both groan with pain.

KAREN

I'm sorry! Oohh!

They laugh, clutching their respective shoulders.

CHARLIE

Open it. Go on.

She steps forward and opens the car door.

HER POV

There on the seat, in a little basket, is the cutest Golden Retriever puppy you ever did see. She looks up at Karen with soulful eyes, wagging her little tail.

KAREN

Oh, Charlie... Charlie...

She gently picks up the puppy, nuzzling it against her face.

CHARLIE

You like her?

KAREN

She's so sweet!

He looks at her significantly.

308. Contd.

CHARLIE

I figured, if I was going to steal you away from Sono, he'll be needing some company.

They look at each other for a highly charged moment. His heart is thumping. She leans forward and kisses him, slow and gentle.

KAREN

How about a test drive?

CHARLIE

Sure. Where do you want to go?

KAREN

I figured... Atlantic City?

CHARLIE

I was hoping you'd say that. I got a couple of weeks free before I start my summer job...

(he smiles coyly)

... working in the public defender's office.

KAREN

(beams)

Are you serious? That's wonderful, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Well - I kind of made a promise.

He moves towards her. They kiss again, long and passionately this time.

SLOW DISSOLVE

309. EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT

As the sun sinks behind the distant hills, the Suzuki whizzes past and disappears into the distance.

SLOW FADE

THE END