

"THE DRIVER"

by
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FINAL
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For of the soul the body form doth take;
And soul is form and doth the body make.

Spenser.

THE DRIVER

Lives alone.
Chauffeured getaways for 12 years.
Best Wheelman in the city.
Works off the street.
Never asks a question.
Always wears a dark suit.
And never wears a tie.

THE DETECTIVE

Lives alone.
Fifteen years a cop.
Best arrest record in the city.
Works off the street.
Asks a lot of questions.
Always wears a dark suit.
Always wears a tie.

THE PLAYER

Lives alone.
Doesn't own anything.
Doesn't like to answer questions.
But does like to take a chance.
She almost makes a living at it.
Wears dark colors.
Treats everyone like a stranger.

"THE DRIVER"

FADE IN

THE CITY - DAY 1

Late afternoon.
Cloaked in orange-brown.

FREEWAY 2

Line on line of automobiles.
Insects on a slow march.

CUT TO:

HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY A-2

An elevator door opens.
The Connection steps out.
A tall young woman with slicked-back hair.
Looks at the door numbers as she comes down the hallway.
Stops at 2502. Presses the buzzer.
After a moment the door swings open.
The Connection stands facing the Player.
Brunette; mid-twenties.
A simple cut to her clothes.
Carefully groomed; a suggestive face.
She stands aside as the Connection enters.

HOTEL ROOM B-2

Modern furnishings.
Twenty-fifth floor.
The Connection walks to the middle of the room.
Then turns back to face her.
Takes a roll of money out of her jacket.
Holds it up between them.

CONNECTION

All straight about tonight.

PLAYER

I just walk outside and take
a look.

CONNECTION

Whoever you see, you say it was
somebody else.

PLAYER

If anybody asks.

CONNECTION

If anybody asks. Chances are
nobody will.

The Player takes the money from her hand.
Counts the roll.

PLAYER

Five hundred short.

CONNECTION

You get the rest after you deliver.

PLAYER

I guess I have to trust you.

CONNECTION

Yeah, you do. And you can. But
as soon as I walk out of here
you're never going to see me again...
Don't worry, you'll get your money.

X

She smiles.
Opens the door.

PLAYER

Money, money, money.

CONNECTION

Makes it all go round. Greases
the skids...And nobody I ever knew
had enough.

She turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

ALLEY - AFTERNOON

3

A Plainclothesman standing by himself waiting.
Red hair; tight, narrow build.
After a few moments a dark Van pulls up next to him.
He walks around to the back.
The rear doors open.

INSIDE THE VAN

4

Radio, desks, cots, kitchen area.
The Van is driven by a Plainclothesman.
Gold; his fillings glint when he smiles.
Which isn't often.

THE DETECTIVE

5

Wearing a black suit.
Drinking a Pepsi.
Sitting on his cot.

DETECTIVE

Here's my new man.

He smiles at the Red Plainclothesman.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

How's it feel to be here.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Fine. Real good.

Stands up.

Stretches.

Walks toward the Red Plainclothesman.

Steps down out of the Van.

His action pulling the Red Plainclothesman along with him. X

DETECTIVE

That's a good answer...Now answer this. How come I got stuck with you.

The Red Plainclothesman smiles.

Nervously.

DETECTIVE

Let me set you straight. I don't like new men...They make mistakes.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

I haven't made any yet.

DETECTIVE

Yes you have. You're new. That's a mistake. And you talk too much. That's a mistake...That's the first thing you can learn. When you're talking you're not thinking. Only talk when you have to.

Looks over at the city street beyond.

DETECTIVE

The man you're replacing was with me five years. He was good.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

I run a special detail here. Best arrest record in the city. That means we don't make mistakes. Can't afford them. Remember that.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

Remember something else. I'm not here to teach you but you're here to learn. Now help yourself to a cup of coffee.

Pause.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN
I don't think you and I got off to a
very good start.

He heads toward the Van.
The Detective looks at him.
Smiles.

CUT TO:

UNDERGROUND AUTO PARK - NIGHT

6

The Driver comes out of a third tier elevator.
He glances around.
Parked cars line each side of the aisle.
He studies them.
Approaches a late model LTD.

Looks it over.
Tries the door.
Locked.
Removes the tool from his pocket.
Twists it against the lock.
The door swings open.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

7

Slow easy movement.
Pulls the ignition wires free.
Wraps the tool with the ground wire.
Touches the hot wire to the tool.
Engine kicks over, accelerates to life.
Seat belt snapped into place.
Seat adjusted.
The LTD pulls away.

THE DRIVER

8

City street slipping by at a modest speed.
His eyes search the mirror.
Makes a sharp left.

CUT TO:

STREET - NIGHT

9

The LTD appears.
Glides over the blacktop.
Parks.
The Driver honks the horn.
The Connection comes down a stairwell.
Carries a small package.
Torn open by the Driver.
A set of license plates.
The Connection smiles.
Gets a roll of greenbacks.

CUT TO:

POKER PALACE - NIGHT

10

The Friday Night full room.
Every table crowded with five dollar players.
Security Guards at the exit points.

AT ONE TABLE

11

The Player.
She calls for three cards.
Glances at the wall clock.
Touches her chips.
Studies the faces of the others around the table.
Doubles her bet.

CUT TO:

STREET - NIGHT

12

Near the Poker Palace.
The LTD appears.
Parks next to the curb.

THE DRIVER

13

Turns off the headlights.
Checks his watch.
Glances at Casino entrance.

CUT TO:

POKER TABLE

14

The Player and one Opponent.
All other hands have folded.
She raises, he calls.
Shows her cards.
Aces and eights.
Beaten by a straight.
She rises.
Pulls her coat over shoulders.

CUT TO:

STREET

15

A police cruiser glides past.

THE DRIVER

16

Pays no attention to the Black and White.
But he saw it.
Reaches over,
Snaps on his portable cassette player.
Western music,

X
X

CUT TO:

THE PLAYER

17

Now at the cash window.
Turns in her chips.
Collects some money.
Starts toward the lobby.

CUT TO:

THE DRIVER

18

Waiting.
The tape continues to play.

CUT TO:

LOBBY

19

The Player enters a bank of wall phones.
She dials.

CUT TO:

STREET

20

A phone within a booth begins to ring.
Twenty yards past the parked LTD.

THE DRIVER

21

Glances at the phone booth.
It continues to ring.
He turns off the cassette player.

CUT TO:

THE PLAYER

22

Crosses the lobby.
Passes a Security Guard.
Looks back into the Casino.
Everybody doing what she likes to do.

STREET

23

The Driver looks at his watch.
Starts the engine.
Snaps on the headlights.
Pulls the LTD smoothly forward.
Makes a sharp left.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR

24

The Player heads down the passageway.
Toward the rear exit.
A Security Guard lowers the chain.
Lets her pass.

X

CUT TO:

LTD

The Driver turns again.
Heads straight for a high wooden wall.
Guns the engine.
Tears forward.
Bounces up the sidewalk.
Smashes through the wall.

ALLEY

26

The LTD comes roaring forward.
Slides to a stop in the cul-de-sac at the Casino's rear exit.

THE DRIVER

27

Swings the back door open on the wheel side.
Then waits.
Very calm.

POKER PALACE

28

The Player walks through the rear exit.
Two Patrons leaving at the same moment.
They see the Driver parked on the sidewalk.
The Driver and the Player look at each other.
A long stare.
He turns his eyes away.
The two Patrons approach from behind.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR

29

Near a stairwell.
Two men wearing masks.
Each with a gun.
One with a plastic bag stuffed with greenbacks.
The Security Guard goes for his pistol.
Too late as Blue Mask smashes him with an automatic.
Then smashes him again.
The guard falls.
Green Mask covers the corridor behind.
Then the two men bolt toward the rear exit.

CASINO

30

Green Mask and Blue Mask run through the doorway.
Shove the Player and the patrons aside.
Jump into the LTD's rear seat.

THE DRIVER

31

Slams it into gear and stomps on it.
The LTD spins a perfect circle.

Cont.

Wheels smoking.
But no movement forward.
When the nose is pointed back down the alley...
The Driver lets off it a little.
Finds traction, then guns ahead.
The LTD rubbers back through the now open fence.
Hits the cross alley at sixty.

X

THE PLAYER

32

And the two patrons still standing at the rear entrance.
Alarm bells sound.
She watches the car disappear into the night.

CUT TO:

LTD

33

Ripping down the alley.
The Driver holding it at eighty.

DRIVER

You were late.

The two men pull their masks off.

GREEN MASK

Those people get a look at you.

The Driver doesn't answer.
Eyes searching the alley ahead, then his mirror.

X

FIRST CORNER

34

The LTD roars by.

INSIDE THE CAR

35

Second corner coming up.

A BLACK AND WHITE

36

Rounds the corner, tears into the alley.
Red light flashing.
Tires screaming.

LTD

37

Driver's eyes to the mirror.

BLUE MASK AND GREEN MASK

A-37

Looking at the police car through the back window.

GREEN MASK

Jesus Christ.

THE DRIVER

B-37

Floors it...
Now doing his job.

THE POKER CHASE - PART I - NIGHT

38

Black and White pulling after him...
The Driver suddenly eases back to 65.
His LTD makes a hard right down another narrow alley.
Black and White now screaming close behind.
A slow left, bringing the police car yet closer...
Long straight.
LTD still easing off.
Cross street at the end of the alley.
Police almost alongside, guns leveled.
Both cars nearing the top of the alley, then start a right.
Driver braking with his left foot...
Punches the accelerator halfway through the turn.
Rear wheels losing their grip...
Slam sideways into the Black and White.
Kicking it hard into the wall of a building.
The Black and White bounces away, snakes, loses ground...
Then again heads after...
The Driver straightens out the LTD and floors the accelerator.
Blasts up the narrow cross street.
Four way junction.
The LTD rushing toward a stop sign.
A big Dumpster sweeping through the intersection.
The Driver swerves behind it, jumps the curb, then bounces
back onto the pavement.
The Black and White can't make it.
Hits the truck.
Finished.
A second Black and White appears.
Closes in with the LTD.

Cont.

A quarter mile straight with the cars weaving bumper to bumper.

Another alley intersection.

The Driver brakes hard, crosses into the opening -- as if to make a left.

Then he gives the wheel a hard pull, brakes and accelerates the LTD through a 180-degree skid on the front wheels.

The Black and White swerves to avoid the spinning car and heads off left down the alley.

The LTD, now pointed in the opposite direction, accelerates away...

CUT TO:

THE BADGE - NIGHT

39

A bar.

Dark interior, pools of light.

Frequented by off-duty cops.

Cops are never off-duty.

Split, the bartender, is polishing glasses.

She stacks each of them into a pyramid.

THE DETECTIVE

40

Standing alone.

Shooting a game of pool.

Banks in a two-carom shot.

DOORWAY

41

The Red Plainclothesman enters.

Moves across to the Detective.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

210 in progress.

DETECTIVE

Where.

Knocks in the seven-ball.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Southside. Near Lincoln.

DETECTIVE

Casino.

Cont.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You called it.

Ten-ball, side-pocket.

CITY STREET

42

The Detective and Red Plainclothesman emerge from the bar.
Black Van parked nearby.

INSIDE THE VAN

43

Gold Plainclothesman seated.
Snaps to an alert position as the Detective and the
Red Plainclothesman enter.
Radio spitting out news of patrol cars heading for the
Poker Palace.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Four units on their way.

DETECTIVE

It's him.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Same goddamn stunt he pulled six
weeks ago.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You guys want to tell me who we're
talking about.

DETECTIVE

Shut up. I want to hear this.

The Gold Plainclothesman catches his counterpart's eye.
Points to a photograph above the Detective's desk.
Radio continues to chatter.
The Red Plainclothesman stares at the 8 x 10 of the
Driver.

CUT TO:

THE POKER CHASE - PART II

44

The LTD roars down the busy street.
Straddles the double line.
Blue Mask and Green Mask look back at two police cars
close behind.

Cont.

Traffic squeals to a halt as the three cars plow through a stop sign...
Next intersection, the Driver makes an early turn.
Weaves through a gas station.
He passes a row of pumps.
Sends a wheel over a rubber water hose.
Breaking off the nozzle.
Water lashes across the forecourt.
At the far end of the pumps, he clips a fender against a rack of oil cans.
Sends them flying.
Exiting the station he smashes through a tire display.
Spinning them in all directions.
His LTD snakes back onto the road.
The first Black and White skids through the water.
Hits a gas pump.
Crashes into the service building.
The second Police car makes it past the water.
Hits the tires but keeps going.
The Driver checks his mirror.
Sees the Black and White pull onto the road behind him.
He makes a fast left through the oncoming traffic.
Accelerates up a long street.
Buildings on one side, factory yards on the other.
Ninety miles an hour and increasing.
The Black and White screams after the LTD.
At the far cross street two more police cars pull into view from either direction.
They stop nose to nose, blocking the street.
Blue Mask and Green Mask look at the Driver.
Glance back at the Black and White closing behind.
The Driver brakes.
Sends the LTD through a gate entrance into an industrial area.
Races past long lines of parked compact imports.
Beyond, a concrete ramp leads down to a railroad yard.
The three Police Cars turn into the entranceway.
The LTD skids along beside the tracks.
The Patrol Cars close the gap.
The Driver passes the line of compacts.
Checks his mirror.
Sees one Black and White crossing the central island trying to follow.
He snaps off his lights.
Roars back toward the lines of compacts.
On the road a Black and White screams past.
Brakes and skids to a halt.
The two others roar by to circle the enclosed area.

Cont.

The Driver high speed drifts the LTD into the aisle.
Snakes up between the parked cars...
The Driver turns the LTD back between the lanes...
The first Black and White comes through the opening.
Trapped...the LTD now sealed up inside the enclosure of
parked cars.
The Driver eases the LTD into a vacant stall.
The Police Car moves away from the entrance...
Starts driving through the lanes.
Searching.
Wait.
The Black and White turns into the LTD's lane.
Starts toward it.
Comes abreast it.
The LTD rockets forward, smashes into the Black and
White.
Wedges it between two compact cars..
The Driver hits reverse.
Pulls away from the damaged police car.
He drives backward down the lane.
Then accelerates toward the entrance.
Blocked by the remaining two Black and Whites.
Smashes through a fence.
Skids away down a side street.
A moment later the second Black and White emerges through
the hole.
Then the third.
They follow.
The Driver pulls the LTD through two power turns.
Narrow street.
He skids to a halt.
Makes a U-turn.
He starts back.
The two Black and Whites turn down toward him.
All three cars racing forward.
The Driver points the LTD straight at the two-abreast
Police Cars.
Turns his lights back on.
Blue Mask and Green Mask screaming in fear.
Forty yards.
All cars are doing seventy.
Then the Police drivers lose their nerve.
Swerve their Black and Whites away from the oncoming
car.
Miss the LTD by inches.
One Black and White bounces over the sidewalk...

Cont.

Rips through a tall fence into an industrial yard.
 Finally smashing into the front of a wooden shed which
 disintegrates on impact...
 The second Black and White slides into a parked
 truck.
 Turns over.
 The Driver makes a turn at the top of the street and is
 gone.

OUT 45-
52

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE VAN - NIGHT 53

The Detective staring at the radio.
 A report of losing the LTD coming over.
 The Detective looks at the Red Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE
 Poker Palace first. Call in.

Looks at the Gold Plainclothesman.
 Smiles.
 The Gold Plainclothesman moves into the cab of the
 Van.
 Kicks the engine over.

CUT TO:

WRECKING YARD - NIGHT 54

A Camaro parked along the otherwise deserted roadway.
 Lights of the city beyond.
 The LTD pulls up, stops.
 Blue Mask and Green Mask climb out.
 Head for the Camaro.

THE DRIVER 55

Gets out of the car.
 Takes a ball-peen hammer out of his coat pocket.
 Walks around the LTD, breaking out the windows and
 headlamps.

Cont.

Throws the tool inside.
Attaches hooks from an overhead crane to the LTD's roof.
Hits the button.

THE LTD 56

Lifted off the hillside.
Carried out over yard.
The Driver hits a second button.
The LTD crashes a hundred feet below.
Becoming one of the myriad abandoned vehicles.

THE DRIVER 57

Walks without a backward glance to the Camaro.
Blue Mask completes the count.
Four piles of cash.

BLUE MASK
Twenty-three five.

Puts a rubber band around one stack.
Hands it to the Driver.
Holds a stack up to Green Mask.

BLUE MASK
Yours...mine, and one for our
partner.

Puts rubber bands around the final pile.
The Driver pockets his cash.
Starts to move away.
Blue Mask opens the passenger side front door of the
Camaro.

BLUE MASK
Hey.

The Driver turns back.

BLUE MASK
You sure those people didn't get
a look at you.

GREEN MASK
We want to keep you healthy for
the next time.

The Driver looks at him a moment.

Cont.

DRIVER

There isn't going to be any next time.

Pause.

DRIVER

You were late.

Turns and walks off.

OUT 58-
61

CUT TO:

CITY STREET - DAY

62

Coming to life in the morning sun.
Peeling Victorian townhouses.
Now sectioned into apartments.

ROOM

63

Immaculate.
Beige walls, beamed ceiling, hardwood floor.
Sparsely furnished.
Bed, table, chair, lamp.
Each piece of dark, textured wood.
No wall hangings.
Simple kitchen area.
No books, newspapers, or magazines.
All things in their place.

THE DRIVER

64

Lying across the bed.
Fully dressed.
Arms behind his head.
Listening to his tape deck.
Cowboy song.
Sudden knocking at the door.
The Driver snaps off the cassette.

CORRIDOR

65

Red Plainclothesman and the Detective.
The door swings open.
They show their badges.
The Driver steps back and they enter.

APARTMENT

66

The Driver walks back to his bed.
Sits on it.

DETECTIVE

After we search the place you
come with us.

The Red Plainclothesman begins the search.
Detective standing in the middle of the room.
A long moment.
Close looks at the Driver.

DETECTIVE

I've been waiting to meet you for
quite a while...Yes, sir...A whole
lot of people seem to think you're
good. Real good...That little job
you pulled off last night convinced
me it was time to pay you a visit.

X

Cont.

No response.

DETECTIVE

Yeah, you're right. Talk's cheap.

The Detective looks the room over.

DETECTIVE

You don't live too high...Nice place but a bad neighborhood. The kind of money you make you could afford a lot more.

Picks up the tape deck.
Snaps it on.
Hears a few bars.
Snaps it off.

DETECTIVE

Cowboy.

Pause.
And a smile.

DETECTIVE

Too bad you didn't get around to hanging a few pictures up, Cowboy... while you had the chance.

The door opens.
Gold Plainclothesman walks in.
Watches the search in progress.
Looks around the room.
Puzzled expression.

DETECTIVE

What's your problem, sport.

X

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Feels like I been here before.

The Detective stares at him.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

This is a lot like your place.

The Detective looks back at the Driver.
A smile on the Driver's face.
The Detective turns and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

67

The Driver standing motionless against a brick wall.
Gold Plainclothesman near him.

AROUND THE CORNER

68

The Detective standing alongside the Woman.
And the two Patrons from the Poker Palace.
Black Van parked nearby.

PLAYER

How long will this take. I've
got somebody to meet.

X

She looks away as the Red Plainclothesman approaches.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Anytime you're ready.

The Detective stares at the Woman.

DETECTIVE

All right. Here we go. All
we need is a little cooperation.

X

FIRST PATRON

That's what we're here for.

The group starts forward.

ERICK WALL

69

The Gold Plainclothesman hits a switch.
Blinding white lights snap on.
Headlights from the Black Van.
The Driver caught in their glare.

THE DETECTIVE

70

Leans forward.
Watches the Patrons as they stare at the Driver.

FIRST PATRON

Kind of looks like him to me.

DETECTIVE

How sure are you.

FIRST PATRON

I don't know. Could be him.

The Detective turns to the Second Patron.

DETECTIVE

How about you.

SECOND PATRON

I didn't get that good a look.
She saw him best.

Looks at the Woman.
She shakes her head.

DETECTIVE

You sure.

PLAYER

Yes.

X

THE DRIVER

71

Sees the Woman and the Detective in silhouette.
Narrows his look.

BEYOND THE LIGHT

72

The Detective turns to the Player.

DETECTIVE

Take your time. There's no way
he can get to you.

She looks steadily at the Driver.
Knows it's him.

PLAYER

It wasn't him.

DETECTIVE

You're sure.

PLAYER

Yes.

DETECTIVE

You're sure.

X

She stares directly into the Detective's eyes.

PLAYER

It wasn't him.

The Detective turns to the Patrons.

DETECTIVE

What about you two. You aren't going
to tell me you need guide dogs are you.

X

SECOND PATRON

Didn't get that good a look. Sorry.

Cont.

FIRST PATRON

Maybe. I don't know. I couldn't swear to it. Like he said she got the best look.

The Detective stares at the Player.
Then at the Driver.
Turns and walks away.

THE BADGE - NIGHT

73

A few customers.
The Driver seated at a small table.
Gold Plainclothesman opposite from him.

The Detective enters, carrying a manila folder.
Red Plainclothesman following.
The Detective stares at the Driver.
Then begins walking in a slow circle around the table.
It's his bar, and he's going to have a little fun.

DETECTIVE

What kind of car do you drive when you're not borrowing somebody else's.

DRIVER

Don't own one.

DETECTIVE

Ain't that funny. Don't own a car. And I keep hearing how you like driving real fast.

DRIVER

Never had a ticket.

DETECTIVE

Lucky.

Looks at the Gold Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

Cup of coffee.

Served up.
Steaming in the white mug.

DETECTIVE

You do any honest work.

DRIVER

Unemployed.

Cont.

DETECTIVE
Welfare case.

DRIVER
I don't qualify.

DETECTIVE
How do you get by.

DRIVER
Scrape through.

DETECTIVE
Little here, little there.

DRIVER
That's right.

Swirls the hot coffee.

DETECTIVE
Figure on working soon.

DRIVER
My line of work is hard to come by.

DETECTIVE
Depends on where you look.

DRIVER
Depends on who you are.

The Detective raises the dossier.

DETECTIVE
A lot of these criminal types
think they're cowboys, think
they can ride around and do
whatever they want...

No response.

DETECTIVE
I respect a man that's good
at what he does.

No response.

DETECTIVE
I'll tell you something else.
I'm good at what I do.

Cont.

The Detective smiles.

DETECTIVE

Now, last night...you've got a bad memory about last night.

DRIVER

I remember everything.

DETECTIVE

Alone in your room.

DRIVER

Yeah.

DETECTIVE

You can do better than that.

DRIVER

I don't have to.

The Detective lifts his coffee cup. Suddenly pours the steaming contents on the Driver's hand. The Driver rises, faces the Detective. His good hand held ready.

DETECTIVE

Go ahead. Let one go. Cost you two years.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

You grab a steering wheel in the next couple of weeks, your hand's going to hurt a little... And that'll make you think of me.

Driver still ready to throw a punch.

DETECTIVE

You going to let it go.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

You know what I'm going to do. I'm going to catch the cowboy nobody's ever caught...Yes sir, cowboy desperado...Now get out of here, Driver. I'm sick of looking at you.

X

Cont.

The Driver stares at the Detective.
 Then walks toward the open double-doors.
 Detective watching him go.
 Finally looks across at his Plainclothesmen.

DETECTIVE

We're out of here.

X

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You mind telling me where.

DETECTIVE

Yeah, new boy, I do...I think
 maybe I've had enough talk to
 last me awhile.

X

They move toward the back.

CUT TO:

WRECKING YARD - NIGHT

74

X

The Black Van driving up.
 A crane lifts the LTD off the pile of autos.
 Swings it across and deposits it in a clear area.
 The Detective and his Plainclothesmen get out of the van.

THE DETECTIVE

75

Walks over to the LTD.
 Opens the passenger side door.
 Reaches inside, sees the Blue Mask and the Green Mask.
 Looks on the floorboard, finds the gloves and the Driver's
 tool.
 Takes out a handkerchief.
 Lifts the tool.
 Looks at it.

CUT TO:

CITY STREETS - NIGHT

76

The Player walks toward her hotel.

Feels a presence.
 Looks up, sees the Driver.
 Long wait.

PLAYER

I didn't think you'd be the
 one to pay me.

Cont.

No response.

PLAYER
Kind of taking a chance aren't you.

DRIVER
I can pay you here if you want.

Wait.

PLAYER
Come on up.

HOTEL ROOM

77

Door opens, lights go on.
The Player leads the Driver inside.

PLAYER
Have a seat.

He doesn't sit.
Prowls the room.
Stops at the window overlooking the city.
The Player moves into the open kitchen area.

PLAYER
Want some wine.

Pours herself a glass.
Then runs some water into a large pitcher.

DRIVER
No thanks.

She moves back from the kitchen.
Begins watering the plants.

PLAYER
I've been paid to do a few things
before, but this is the first
time I was paid to be an alibi.

Wait.

PLAYER
You going to ask me why I did it.

No response.
He crosses to a fruit bowl on the table.
Picks up a lemon.

Cont.

PLAYER

I've got a friend that pays
the rent.

The Driver lifts a paring knife.

PLAYER

Lives out of town.

Halves the lemon.

PLAYER

Visits me once or twice a
month...Lately the checks
haven't been so regular...
I need the money.

He bites the lemon.

PLAYER

Maybe you shouldn't bet on me...

He sets down the knife.

PLAYER

I might change my mind...I
might remember what you looked
like...A thousand dollars
doesn't buy you the whole world.

She turns from one of the plants.
Gives him a long look.

PLAYER

That should give you something to
worry about...Do you worry much.

She again turns her back.
Now watering a planter box along the window.
Then the phone rings.
She lifts the receiver.

PLAYER

Hello...No, I don't think...

Hangs up.
Looks at the Driver.

PLAYER

He's on his way up to see me.

CUT TO:

GLASS ELEVATOR - NIGHT

78

Moving upward.
Attached to the side of the hotel.
The Detective looks out over the city.

HOTEL ROOM

79

The Player opens the door.
Sees the Detective.

DETECTIVE

Mind if I come in.

PLAYER

I don't think I have a choice.

She stands aside, lets him pass through the doorway.
The Detective eyes the room, moves to the window.

DETECTIVE

Nice place. Nice view.

PLAYER

You didn't come by for that.

He moves to the fruit bowl on the kitchen divider.
Picks up the lemon.

DETECTIVE

Okay. You saw the man that drove
the car. And you saw the man up
against the brick wall. You know
they're the same person. But you
won't identify him.

Sets the lemon down.

DETECTIVE

Are you afraid of him.

PLAYER

No.

HOTEL BEDROOM

80

Shadow crossed.
The Driver sitting on the Player's bed.
Listening through the open doorway.
Very calm.

HOTEL ROOM

81

The Detective picks up the paring knife.
Quarters the remaining half-lemon.

DETECTIVE

Are you afraid of me.

PLAYER

No. I just don't like you.

DETECTIVE

Got a reason.

He turns and faces her.

PLAYER

Try this one. You chase people.
Put them in jail.

Wait.

PLAYER

You seem to enjoy it a little
too much.

DETECTIVE

You're wrong. I don't have any
feelings about it. If I did I
wouldn't be so good at catching
people.

Bites the lemon.

PLAYER

You don't ever fool anybody, do you.

DETECTIVE

What's that mean, sweet pea.

X

PLAYER

About being a cop. People could
spot you a mile off.

DETECTIVE

How do you figure.

PLAYER

The way you look around. Only
cops and little kids stare all
the time.

DETECTIVE

That's real clever. Real clever...
Where'd you learn it.

No response.

THE DRIVER

82

Listening.

The voices audible in the room beyond.

Shadows from the Player and the Detective loom on the wall
behind.

DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Some guy.

PLAYER'S VOICE

If you think so.

DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Probably the same guy that pays the bills here.

X

No response.

HOTEL ROOM

A-82

The Detective steps toward her..
On the hunt.
But with a smile.

DETECTIVE

How old are you.

No response.

DETECTIVE

Twenty-three years old. I looked it up.

PLAYER

What else did you check.

X

DETECTIVE

For a girl your age you sure been around the track a few times... Led a real active life.

She speaks very quickly.

PLAYER

Get out.

DETECTIVE

We got something to talk about first.

He reaches into his pocket.
Pulls out a snapshot of the Driver.

DETECTIVE

You sure that's not the man.

She looks at the picture.
Smiles.

PLAYER

I'm sure about two things...that's not him.

DETECTIVE

What's the other.

PLAYER

I don't like you.

A long moment.

DETECTIVE

Maybe you ought to be afraid of me. I ran a make on you.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

Clean. No record.

He walks toward the door.
Stops, turns back.

DETECTIVE

All except for that one scrape you got into...that was real nasty, wasn't it. You remember, the one that got swept under the rug.

Smiles.

DETECTIVE

If your memory gets any better give me a call.

Walks out.
Shuts the door.

HOTEL ROOM

B-82

The Player turns toward the bedroom.
The Driver appears in the archway.
Long moment.
He smiles.
Then crosses the room.
Stops at the door.
Puts a roll of greenbacks on the table.

DRIVER

You earned it.

PLAYER

I just saved you again. That costs more.

He puts down some more bills.

Cont.

PLAYER

No guarantees.

DRIVER

Never has been.

Opens the door.

PLAYER

He might still be down there.

The Driver looks at her.

Shuts the door on his way out.

CUT TO:

PARKING LOT - NIGHT

30

Outside an all-night supermarket.
A Mustang pulls into a vacant stall.
Lights go out, engine remains running.

83

BEHIND THE WHEEL

84

Fingers; long dark hair, broken nose, easy smile.

NEXT TO HIM

85

Another hard guy -- twenty-five years old.
Wears heavy glasses.
Been a pro for eight years.
In the back another street-wolf; bad teeth, animal elec-
tricity.
Glasses slips a .45 from his coat pocket.
Checks the action on the automatic.

GLASSES

You ready.

TEETH

Yeah, yeah.

GLASSES

Hit it.

Fingers socks it into low, pulls forward.
Teeth and Glasses lift their hats, pull down stocking masks.
Teeth now has a .44 in his hand.
The Mustang arrives directly at the supermarket entrance.
Glasses and Teeth jump out of the Mustang.
Enter the supermarket.

FINGERS

86

Lights a cigarette.
Takes a drag.
Doesn't look into the supermarket window.
Takes another drag.
A Woman with a dog on a leash passes in front of him.
Ties the dog to a pole.
Enters the market.
Several cars lazily enter the parking lot.
Takes another drag.
Turns on the radio.

Pop song.
A car swings past the Mustang.
Another drag.

GLASSES AND TEETH

Exit the far door of the supermarket.
Glasses carrying two large paper bags.
The dog begins barking at them.

FINGERS

Nervous behind the wheel.
He kicks the Mustang into gear, screams down toward them.
Skids to a stop.
The alarm bell begins to ring.
Glasses jumps inside the Mustang.
Fingers sits frozen.

TEETH

Drive it. Drive it. Move you
son-of-a-bitch.

Teeth leaps on the doorsill...
Leans across the roof line.
Several patrons begin to run outside of the building.
Teeth fires three blasts.
The bullets smash high into the supermarket's massive front
windows.
Glass shattering, falling.
Patrons slump to the ground in fright...
The Mustang suddenly rockets forward.

GLASSES

Pulls Teeth inside the moving car.
Door slammed shut.
Teeth points at the bags.

TEETH

Twenty grand.

GLASSES

Big weekend.

Fingers squeals the Mustang out of the lot.
Fishtails in onto the street.
Loses control.
Narrowly misses an oncoming truck.
Slides back on his side of the road.
Sideswipes a moving car.
The Mustang now doing 90.
Slides awkwardly through a left turn.
Disappears into the black.

OUT 90-
93

CUT TO:

CITY STREET - DAY

A-93

The Mustang abandoned at the side of the road.
Hood pulled up.
Windows broken out.
The Black Van rolls up.
The Detective and his two Plainclothesmen get out.
Look at the Mustang.

DETECTIVE

Well, well, well. What about this.

X

Smiles.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Punks.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You know who they are.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Yeah. We know.

Looks at the Detective.

DETECTIVE

These boys are starting to be
a problem. We better bring them in.

The Gold Plainclothesman brightens at the prospect.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Yeah. I might enjoy that.

The Detective continues to smile.

DETECTIVE

We might even make them help us
with our work.

Walks back to the Van.

CUT TO:

BACK ALLEY - DAY

B-93

The Detective appears through a doorway.
Stands and waits a moment.
Rumbling sound.
He turns and sees the Black Van bouncing down the alley.

Cont.

Stops in front of him.
He pulls open the back door.
Glasses is handcuffed to an overhead bar.
The Red Plainclothesman beside him.

DETECTIVE

Well, well, well. Look what the
van drug in. X

Looks at the Red Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

What kind of piece was he carrying.

The Gold Plainclothesman walks down from the cab.
Hands the Detective a pistol.

DETECTIVE

.44. Nice gun.

Glasses avoids his stare.

DETECTIVE

Let me see your eyes...I guess
I better make that your eye.

Pushes his head up.

DETECTIVE

That supermarket is going to
get you ten years.

GLASSES

I don't know about any supermarket.

The Detective smiles.

DETECTIVE

Yes you do. X

Wait.

DETECTIVE

Come on inside. I'll buy you a
beer.

Starts back through the doorway.

CUT TO:

THE BADGE

C-93

No customers.
The Gold Plainclothesman shoves Glasses into a chair.
The same one they used with the Driver.

The Detective has drawn a draught beer from Split.
He brings it over.
Sets it in front of Glasses.

DETECTIVE

There you are. Drink up, pal.

The Red Plainclothesman is a little nervous.
Doesn't like the way things are going.

DETECTIVE

This is your lucky day. I'm
feeling generous...I'm going to
give you a choice.

The Detective takes the gun from his Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

You and your bunch do one more.
A bank. Nice big one. For free...
But you need a new driver.
Somebody good.

X

GLASSES

Bust me for a big one, just as
well bust me for this one.

DETECTIVE

I already got you...the only
thing I want is the wheelman
you're going to hire. I'm
going to let you guys go free,
keep the money, and put your
new Driver in jail.

X

GLASSES

I don't work with cops.

DETECTIVE

Excuse me, oh, I'm sorry to hear
that.

X

Nods at the Gold Plainclothesman...
Who immediately kicks Glasses in the shin.
Very hard.
After a moment the Detective moves close to Glasses.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

Now you in a mood to have your
beer and get along and stop acting
like a moron.

X

Glasses nods.

DETECTIVE,

Good. That's good.

Glasses looks at his gun, still being held by the Detective.

DETECTIVE

I'm going to give you a bank.
Cash on hand, two hundred thousand.
That's bait for the man you're
going to hire. He knows banks.

Wait.

GLASSES

And I give you the drop point.

DETECTIVE

You're getting smarter all the time.

GLASSES

You get your man, take the money
back. We drive away.

DETECTIVE

See how simple it is.

GLASSES

How much time.

DETECTIVE

I like giving people a goal.
You've got a week. You don't
have it set up by then...

GLASSES

Ten years.

DETECTIVE

That's the choice. Ten years
wearing a number or trust me
and walk away.

The Detective ejects the shells from the pistol onto the
floor.

Then hands Glasses his gun.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

I better pick up the wheelman
you've been using. Put him on
ice.

GLASSES

I can use him inside. He's all
done with driving. He went shaky
on us.

DETECTIVE

Suit yourself. One more thing.
Nobody needs to know about this...
Do they.

A long look between them.
Then the Detective and his Plainclothesmen walk out.

CUT TO:

BACK ALLEY

D-93

The Detective and the two Plainclothesmen walking toward the
Black Van.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You're getting in a little deep
on this one.

DETECTIVE

That's my business.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Setting up a bank job isn't part
of taking the oath.

DETECTIVE

We're going to get the money back,
jerk-off. And we're going to nail
someone who's never been caught.
Public service.

X

The Red Plainclothesman gives him a look.

DETECTIVE

How many banks in this city get
hit every month.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Fifteen, on an average.

They arrive at the Van.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

And how many jobs end up with a collar.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

On an average, maybe eight, nine.

Opens the Van's door, enters.

DETECTIVE

We're going to raise the average.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Try to sell that downtown.

The Detective turns back to him.

DETECTIVE

I've sold it to myself...that's enough...I want that cowboy.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You want to play it your way, fine. But I'm only in it for the win. This doesn't work, I'll take your badge.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

Oh really...You know I might have to investigate you. Might be something in your life I should know about. You might be a fruiter... That's not so good if you're a cop. Maybe it's something else. Maybe you took a bribe...I wonder how much it was...You know, things like that.

X

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Investigate me all you want. You'll be disappointed.

DETECTIVE

I don't think I'll take your word.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

I got a wife and kid. Eight years of service and working on a pension. I'm not going down on your ship... Think about it.

Cont.

DETECTIVE
I already have, doubter.

X

They enter the Van.
Door slams shut.

CUT TO:

THE DRIVER'S ROOM - NIGHT

94

Western music on the cassette.
A knock.
He gets off the bed, opens the door.
The Player.
He stands aside.
She enters.
Looks around.
Moves to the window.
Gazes out at the city.

DRIVER
You want to tell me how you
found this place.

PLAYER
I just asked a few questions.

Breathes on the window glass.

PLAYER
Not that many drivers work in
this city.

He takes a rye bottle from the table.
Goes to the sink.
Pours two glasses.
She draws a circle on the fogged glass.
Marks a triangle within the circle.
He hands her a glass.

PLAYER
You ever get caught...on one
of your jobs.

DRIVER
Not yet.

She walks over by the radio.

PLAYER
Cowboy music.

Cont.

A moment.

PLAYER

Always tells a story. Drunks,
whores, and broken hearts...
What's your choice.

She turns.

DRIVER

Never was much for drinking.
Don't know any whores.

PLAYER

That leaves a broken heart.

DRIVER

Hasn't happened yet.

She moves to the bed.
Sits on it.

PLAYER

What do you think I'm after.

Takes a sip.

DRIVER

I don't know. Maybe you want
to talk.

PLAYER

You're not the kind that people
come to for conversation. X

DRIVER

Maybe you're looking for a
fast ride.

PLAYER

Maybe. Maybe tonight I'm curious.

DRIVER

Don't plan on anything steady.

PLAYER

I don't make plans.

Cont.

Wait.

PLAYER
I need some money.

Wait.

DRIVER
I don't make loans.

PLAYER
You want something for a guarantee.

Wait.

DRIVER
Price is too high.

PLAYER
You sure.

DRIVER
Yeah. I'm sure.

A long moment.

DRIVER
Nothing personal.

She smiles.

PLAYER
See you around.

Walks out.

CUT TO:

THE WHEEL - DAY

95

A bar.
Dark interior, pools of light.
Frequented by the criminal type.
A few hours after the starting gun.
Noonday tipplers going about their task.
The Driver walks in.
Crosses to the rail, stands next to the Connection.

Neither of them looks at each other.
Bartender arrives.

Cont.

DRIVER

Coffee.

Served up.

The Driver puts a dollar on the counter.

Crosses to the back of the room.

Seats himself at a small booth.

The Connection continues drinking at the bar.

Finishes her glass, then walks back to the Driver's booth.

Sits opposite from him.

THE CONNECTION

How'd the girl work out.

DRIVER

She did her job.

THE CONNECTION

Who'd you use to pay her off.

DRIVER

Did it myself.

Smile from the Connection.

THE CONNECTION

That's not like you...

Wait.

DRIVER

Tell me why I'm here.

THE CONNECTION

Some people want to meet you.

They work out of downtown...Done a

few jobs. Smash and grab.

DRIVER

Shooters.

THE CONNECTION

Yeah.

DRIVER

You know I don't like guns.

He takes a sip.

Cont.

THE CONNECTION

They're looking for bigger things
...say they're onto something
special.

DRIVER

They know my price.

THE CONNECTION

Everybody knows your price.

She smiles.

THE CONNECTION

I just got a message they wanted
to meet. Paid me three hundred
just to get to you.

DRIVER

You did.

Pushes his cup back.
Gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

UNDERGROUND AUTO PARK - NIGHT

96

An orange Mercedes Sedan comes gliding up.
Circles the concrete enclosure.
Fingers behind the wheel.
The Driver appears next to a pillar.

INSIDE THE MERCEDES

97

Glasses and Teeth in the backseat.
Fingers brings the Mercedes to a stop.

Both car doors on the passenger side open.
Fingers smiles at the Driver.

DRIVER

How you been.

FINGERS

I'm okay.

Cont.

GLASSES

You two know each other.

FINGERS

A few years back we worked a two-car job.

TEETH

Old friends.

Big smile.

DRIVER

Let's get started.

GLASSES

We heard about you. Want to do some business.

DRIVER

You already got a driver.

X
X

Fingers looks over to the Driver.

FINGERS

I lost the feel for it.

Wait.

FINGERS

I'm going to work inside again.

TEETH

He don't have the balls for driving anymore.

The Driver looks at Teeth.

DRIVER

I don't like that kind of talk.

TEETH

What's the last job you did.

The Driver says nothing.

GLASSES

You work for a piece. Right.

X

Cont.

DRIVER
And a guarantee.

TEETH
Wheelmen don't get guarantees.

DRIVER
I do...ten thousand up front
against fifteen percent.

GLASSES
Five thousand against ten percent
of the take.

DRIVER
I don't bargain.

TEETH
How do we know you're that
good.

The Driver looks at Fingers.

DRIVER
Move over.

Fingers looks at him, then slides over.
The Driver gets in.
Checks the clutch and brake pedals.
Snaps the safety belt into place.

DRIVER
I'll give you a ride.

Socks it into gear.
Explodes the Mercedes across the concrete.

THE EXHIBITION - NIGHT

98

Comes down to the next aisle in a broadside drift.
Tires howling.
Roars up the one-way aisle.
Going the wrong direction.
Swerves to avoid an oncoming car.
Horns blare.
The vehicles close on one another.
Then the Driver flicks the wheel over, skids the car off
the aisle.
Speeds up a ramp.
Hits the second level.

Cbnt.

The Driver accelerates down the lane between parked cars.
 Drives hard toward the end wall a hundred yards away.
 Halfway there he's doing 70.
 He pulls the hand brake, spins the wheel.
 Covers the rest of the distance to the wall sideways.
 Stops twelve inches from it.
 Slams the car back into gear and rockets away.
 At the next corner he snaps the Mercedes into a hundred
 and eighty degree spin.
 Tires blackening the floor.
 The car crabs backward the last few feet.
 Hits a parked car, losing a taillight.
 The Mercedes accelerates away again, moving out toward the
 center of the parking lot.
 Races along a row of concrete pillars. X
 He approaches a pillar with pipework running down it.
 The Driver eases the car toward it.
 A shriek of metal as the passenger door handle is torn off.
 A U-turn at the far end of the lane costs the car the other
 taillight.
 Another burst of speed sends the Mercedes past a nearby
 pillar.
 The rear bumper crashes to the floor.
 Then the Driver weaves the car up between the pillars,
 clipping them neatly as he goes.
 Two more door handles hit the ground.
 Beyond the last pillar the Driver slams the brakes and
 brings the car to rest against a parked van.
 Headlamp glass tinkles down.
 Repeats the process for the second light.
 He drops the shift into reverse, heads back in and out of
 the pillars toward the exit.
 The front fender catches on the first pillar and is smashed
 in.
 The Mercedes broadsides into the next pillar flattening a
 door.
 The Driver shifts into first and sends the car forward to
 the adjacent upright.
 He hits it sideways, accelerates and spins around, crumples
 the whole side of the car.
 The same thing is repeated against the other side.
 Heads for the street. X
 Exit corridor straight ahead.

ON THE STREET

99

X

They hit the pavement at speed. X
 The Mercedes swerves past an oncoming cement truck.

Cont.

Slides to the opposite sidewalk.
Straightens out.
The Driver sees a logging truck parked near an alley.
Looks at the four-foot-high clearance between the arms
of the truck.
He swerves the Mercedes straight at the vehicle.
Passes right under it.
Just flattens the roof out a little.
The Driver looks around to the Teeth and Glasses behind
him.
Ashen faces.
Nothing to say.
Small smile from Fingers.
The wrecked Mercedes screams to a halt.
Neatly parked.
The Driver turns off the key.

GLASSES

You're crazy.

DRIVER

Better change the plates before
you take it out again. People
might be looking for you.

Opens the car door.

GLASSES

Hey.

The Driver looks back at him.

GLASSES

We'll make your deal.

DRIVER

I don't work with people like
you.

Looks at Teeth.

DRIVER

Or him.

Gets out and walks away.

CUT TO:

CITY STREET - NIGHT

100

The Black Van parked near a taxi stand.

INSIDE THE VAN

101

The Gold Plainclothesman is seated, relaxed posture.
The Red Plainclothesman enters the back door.
Opens a beer.
Walks back outside.

CAB OF THE VAN

102

The Detective leaning against a fender.
Having some coffee.
The Red Plainclothesman moves next to him.

DETECTIVE

Well here's my friend the new
boy. God's gift to the question
mark. How you doing, new boy.

X

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

I'm doing fine.

DETECTIVE

No worries.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Only thing I'm worried about is
you.

DETECTIVE

Really. Isn't that too bad. I
might lose some sleep about that.
You better tell me all about
whatever it is that's giving you
all this trouble.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

The plan of yours for our friend.
It's taking a little long to set
up.

The Detective sips his coffee.

DETECTIVE

Got to have patience, every job
has its problems.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Maybe you just figured it wrong.

Tugs on the beer.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

I'll help you a little more with your education. This is the quiet part of the hunt. Trap's all set and the cowboy's out there someplace. Wouldn't be any fun if the cowboy walked right in. Too easy. The best part about our job is that it's just a game, us and them.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Maybe me and you.

DETECTIVE

Forget it, fungo. You're not in my league...But I'm a generous type, I'm going to help you learn to be a better cop. First thing to do every morning is read the sports page. It's the only part of a newspaper that's any good. Winners, losers, the score, how it happened. But our game is a lot better than the one ballplayers get. They don't retire us after ten years.

X

Another sip of coffee.

DETECTIVE

But you have to be a player. A real player. Not just filling out a position.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

I guess you figure you're a winner.

DETECTIVE

That's right. And I figure you're a loser...But you want to be a winner.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

And you'll show me the way.

DETECTIVE

Sure. If you don't turn into a complete asshole first.

X

The Detective smiles.
Finishes his coffee.
Walks to the rear of the van.

OUT 103

CUT TO:

FLIGHT OF STEPS - NIGHT

104

Closed off from the city.
Glasses moves upward.

ROOM

105

Glasses walks in and flips on the light.
Teeth sleeping in bed with a seventeen-year-old girl.
They begin to awaken.
Glasses pulls their covers away.
Slaps Seventeen's behind.

GLASSES

Get out for awhile. We got
to talk.

She rises, puts on a robe and goes through the door.

TEETH

Yeah.

GLASSES

This job. It's a lot of money.

TEETH

You worried...We'll get it.

GLASSES

Not the way a cop I know has
got it figured.

X

Wait.

GLASSES

It's a setup. One of us is
on the take.

X

Wait.

TEETH

Guess I better take care of it.

GLASSES

What are you going to do.

TEETH

What are you, crazy. I'm going
to kill him.

GLASSES

It's me.

Wait.

Cont.

TEETH

You better tell me about it.

GLASSES

There's a cop that's got his boot
in me...They want that new driver.
Made a deal. We do the bank. He
doesn't bust us. Just that Driver.
We walk away. He gets nailed. And
we don't keep the money.

Teeth smiles.

TEETH

They got it all worked out.

Pause and a smile.
He's turning a lot over.

GLASSES

Maybe we better give them what
they want. And something else...
we give them something else and
keep the money.

Seventeen walks back in.

SEVENTEEN

I'm sleepy.

GLASSES

This is business.

SEVENTEEN

It's cold out there.

Teeth throws a pillow at her.
Hard.

TEETH

Get out.

Seventeen gives him the bullshit sign.
Walks out.

CUT TO:

CITY STREET - NIGHT

106

Midnight hour.
The Driver entering his apartment house.

STAIRWELL

107

The Driver moving upward.
Cat meowing.

LANDING

108

Naked light bulb.
The Driver digs for his key.
Cries of the cat.

TEETH

109

Suddenly appears behind him.
Big grin.
The Driver looks at him.

TEETH

Say hello.

Wait.

TEETH

I just came here to talk.

DRIVER

The bank.

TEETH

You got it.

DRIVER

I gave you an answer.

TEETH

We need you. You're valuable.

DRIVER

Go home.

Teeth pulls out a pistol.
Points it at the Driver.

DRIVER

I don't like guns.

TEETH

How many big offers you get.
We're talking lots of money.

DRIVER

Maybe you better use it.

Cont.

Teeth shoves the pistol against the Driver's face.
Half cock to full cock.

TEETH

I just want you to be reasonable.
Be friendly. Do things my way.

X

A moment.

DRIVER

Go ahead and pull the trigger.

The gunman smiles.
Then lowers the gun.

TEETH

You're crazy. I just wanted
to show you I mean business.
Just want to talk...We'll talk
a little more, then I'll go.

Keeps his smile going.

DRIVER

You only got one problem.

TEETH

Tell me about it.

DRIVER

How you're going to get
downstairs.

The Driver gets one off.
Hits him full in the face.
Teeth catapults backward into the stairwell.
The Driver steps on the gun, kicks it across the corridor.

DRIVER

Get up.

Teeth rises.
Furious.

TEETH

You do anything else, I'll
come back and kill you.

DRIVER

No, you won't.

Cont.

The Driver knocks him down again.

DRIVER
Maybe I should break your arm.

Teeth no longer furious.
He starts looking for a way out. X

TEETH
I'm just trying to do a job.

DRIVER
So am I.

TEETH
No more.

DRIVER
Get up.

TEETH
I can't.

DRIVER
Yes, you can. Think about
your arm.

He rises.

DRIVER
Go home.

TEETH
Just wanted to talk to you.

DRIVER
You did.

Teeth moves down the stairwell.
The Driver watches.
Turns and goes inside the building. X

CUT TO:

THE BADGE - DAY

A-109 X

A few patrons enjoying a midday belt.
Both Plainclothesmen at the rail. X
Mulling over their draughts.

THE DETECTIVE

Alone at a booth.
Having a Pepsi.
Reading the paper.
After a moment he looks up.
Sees Glasses enter.
Moves across to him.

GLASSES

Let's talk.

DETECTIVE

Go ahead.

Keeps reading the paper.
Glasses hesitates.
Then sits down.

GLASSES

Listen...We're having a little
problem with your boy.

Pause.

GLASSES

He's not too hot on working with
us.

DETECTIVE

Yeah. I can understand that.

Keeps reading.

GLASSES

We came at him a couple of different
ways.

DETECTIVE

Uh-huh.

Keeps reading.

GLASSES

Look. I don't know what to do
...I'm doing my best to make
things work...

DETECTIVE

You know what to do.

Cont.

Pause.

DETECTIVE

And you did it.

Looks up from the newspaper.

DETECTIVE

You came to me and asked me to
save your ass...It's okay sport,
I'll give you a little help.

Stands.

Finishes his Pepsi.

Rolls up his paper.

Walks out.

The two Plainclothesmen turn and look at Glasses.

CUT TO:

ROOM - DAY

110

Driver lying across his bed.
Doorway open.
Cassette tape playing.
Western music.
Suddenly the Detective appears.

DETECTIVE

I can't stay away from you,
can I.

A moment.

DETECTIVE

Guess I'm just a real friendly
guy.

Walks in.

DETECTIVE

Friend of yours told me where
you'd be in the middle of the
day.

X

The Driver sits up.
Shuts off the tape.

DRIVER

I don't have any friends.

DETECTIVE

That's right. No friends, no
steady job, no girl friend...You
live real cheap and you don't ask
questions.

Prowls the room.
Driver watching his movements.

DETECTIVE

You got it down so tight there's
nothing left. Real sad song. Only
one thing. Sad songs aren't selling
this year.

X

Wait.

DETECTIVE

Maybe you do have one friend.
Maybe I'm your friend...Here,
I brought you a present.

Holds out the tool.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

Found it on the floorboard of
a Ford some Cowboy boosted.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

Keep it. Save yourself the
trouble of making another one.

Smiles at him.

DETECTIVE

You know, I kind of like chasing
you. X

DRIVER

Sounds like you got a problem. X

DETECTIVE

Yeah. And I got an answer. You
get out of my town or else you
don't take any more work...You
go on another job, I'm going to
nail you. Right to the wall... X

The Driver stands.

DRIVER

You might be getting a little
too big. X

DETECTIVE

I'm better at this game than you
are. You play against me, you're
going to lose.

The Driver moves very close to the Detective.

DETECTIVE

You win, you make some money. I
win, you're going to do fifteen
years. What about it, Driver.

DRIVER

I been thinking about quitting.
Maybe I ought to go out with a
bundle.

Long moment.

DETECTIVE

You think you're up the mark.

Cont.

DRIVER

I'm just thinking about your size.

A long moment.
Then the Driver holds out his hand.
Smiles.
The Detective hands him the tool.

DETECTIVE

See you around, Driver.

The Detective turns and walks out.
Shuts the door behind him.
The Driver walks back to his bed.
Turns on the tape deck.
Looks at the tool.

CUT TO:

THE WHEEL - NIGHT

111

Crowded.
The Connection at the rail.
The Driver walks in, stands next to her.
The Bartender looks at both of them.

DRIVER

Coffee.

THE CONNECTION

Once more.

Both served up.
The Driver and the Connection don't look at each other.
Lazy number on the jukebox.
A young Man is dancing by himself next to the Wurlitzer.
The Driver turns, watches him step off his coke.
The Connection remains facing the bar mirror.
The Driver sips his coffee.

THE CONNECTION

You don't usually change your
mind.

DRIVER

Maybe I need a job.

THE CONNECTION

Maybe.

Pause.

Cont.

THE CONNECTION

But I'm not too sure you been acting like yourself lately. Paying off that card player was a real stunt.

Pause.

THE CONNECTION

You must have liked the way she looked.

DRIVER

I like the way you look when you're talking about banks.

THE CONNECTION

Downtown. Broad daylight. Two-way traffic. Hour after the cash truck makes a drop. Big money. Straight muscle inside...They aren't going to give me any more than that until you've got a deal.

DRIVER

Yeah.

He turns.

OUT 112

TABLE

A-112

Glasses, Teeth and Fingers seated. The Driver walks over. Turns a chair around. Leans on it.

GLASSES

Glad you changed your mind.

Smiles.

DRIVER

My price is double.

GLASSES

That's thirty percent of the take.

TEETH

Too high, Driver.

Cont.

DRIVER
Special price since I'm working
with second raters.

The Driver looks at Glasses.

GLASSES
We'll do it your way.

Checks around.
Fingers nods.

TEETH
Shit.

DRIVER
Yes or no.

GLASSES
I'm the boss. I said yes.

DRIVER
I want to hear him say it.

Wait.

TEETH
Yeah. Okay.

The Driver stares at Teeth.

DRIVER
One more thing. You're not
coming.

Wait.

DRIVER
I don't work with anybody that
puts a gun in my face. I don't
like guns.

Wait.

GLASSES
You don't give many choices.

DRIVER
That's right.

Glasses looks at Teeth.

Cont.

GLASSES

It's a two-man job inside. You
get your cut later.

TEETH

I don't like it.

DRIVER

That's the whole idea.

Turns and walks out.

THE CONNECTION

B-112

Still at the rail.
She watches the Driver leave.
Turns her look to Glasses' table.
Smiles.

CUT TO:

BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

113

The Detective leaning against the ledge.
Staring out over the city.
Glasses emerges from the stairwell.
Moves to the Detective's side.

GLASSES

We got him.

DETECTIVE

When.

GLASSES

Next Friday.

Still looking at the city.
Wait.

GLASSES

You better keep up your end. Any
sign of cops there's going to be
a lot of shooting in that bank.

DETECTIVE

You like it up here.

GLASSES

It's a little high for me.

DETECTIVE

Sit down.

Cont.

The Detective shoves Glasses up on the building ledge.
Puts his hand on Glasses' coat front.
Speaks very calmly.

DETECTIVE

I don't want any shooting. I
don't want anybody hurt. I just
want him. You got me. X

GLASSES

Yeah. I hear you. Don't get
rough. We're in this together.

He nudges Glasses backward.
Next to the building ledge.

DETECTIVE

We're not in this together. We're
just working together...The only
thing I need to know is the drop
point. That way I get the man I
want. And the money. X

CUT TO:

HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 114

Glass and concrete.
Suspension elevators.
Multi-colored lights.
The Driver seated at the ledge near the fountain.

THE PLAYER 115

Approaches, sits down next to him.

WALKWAY 116

High above the lobby.
Gold Plainclothesman near a cement column.
Long lens on his Nikon, snapping them off.

FOUNTAIN 117

The Driver takes a matchstick out of his pocket.

DRIVER

I work tomorrow...I like to get
things right the day before.

Starts to chew it.

Cont.

PLAYER

What's that got to do with me.

DRIVER

Nothing. Just a feeling.

PLAYER

You think seeing me will bring you luck.

DRIVER

I don't believe in luck.

Wait.

DRIVER

I been thinking about that loan.

PLAYER

I still need it.

DRIVER

Give me a couple of days.

PLAYER

What made you change your mind.

Wait.

PLAYER

Afraid I'll go see that cop.

DRIVER

Maybe.

PLAYER

You two have some kind of a contest going.

He stands.

DRIVER

Sounds like you're getting interested.

She rises, moves around the fountain with him.
Pause.

Cont.

FLAYER

People playing for high stakes have
to be able to afford to lose.

X

DRIVER

No they don't. They just have to
be able to enjoy it.

X

FLAYER

It's just a game.

X

DRIVER

They used to have that cartoon.
The coyote was always chasing a
roadrunner. Never could catch him.

FLAYER

What's the point.

DRIVER

If they didn't have the coyote
there wouldn't be any cartoon.

The Driver smiles at her.
Walks away.

THE GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

118

still taking pictures.

CUT TO:

THE BLACK VAN - DAY

119

Back door opens.

The Detective at his desk.

The Gold Plainclothesman enters and hands the Detective
a large manila envelope.

He opens it; starts going through 8 x 10's.

Stops.

Stares at one.

DETECTIVE

Well, well, well. Looks what we
got here. Photographs...Hand me
some thumbtacks.

X

Cont.

The Red Plainclothesman looks up.
Then shuffles through a drawer.
Thumbtacks found and passed over.

BULLETIN BOARD

Above the Detective's desk.
A close shot of the Driver pinned up.
Then a photograph of the Driver talking to the Player.

CUT TO:

THE BADGE - NIGHT (FORMERLY SCS. 79-80) A-119

Crowded.
Jukebox blaring.
The Detective having a beer.
Reading the sports page.
A Hooker walks in, sits in a booth across the way.
The Detective folds up his paper, pays for his beer.
Looks at Split.

DETECTIVE

Ever see her before.

SPLIT

She was in last week. Got on the
muscle pretty good. She's looking
for action. But she doesn't want
to look too hard...That's her act.

X

DETECTIVE

Another new person...They keep
showing up.

X

Moves away.

BOOTH

The Hooker looks up as the Detective leans over the table.

DETECTIVE

Why don't you come on up to my
place. It's not very far from
here. I'll be your first trick
tonight.

HOOKER

You really come on strong.

X

DETECTIVE

That's right. You can help me
celebrate. I'm planning on a real
big day tomorrow...What are you asking.

X

Cont.

Pause.

HOOKER
Hundred bucks. X

DETECTIVE
This is downtown.

HOOKER
Fifty. X

DETECTIVE
You must think what you're selling
is made out of gold.

HOOKER
Maybe it is. Take it or leave it.

DETECTIVE
I'll take it. But on the house.
The practice will do you good.

Shows his badge. X

HOOKER
Shit. The only thing I'm trying
to do is make a living.

DETECTIVE
The only thing I'm trying to do
is have a little preliminary
celebration by getting my knob
polished. After that, you can
go make your living.

HOOKER
If I don't come across you bust me.

He smiles.

DETECTIVE
Like I said, real big day tomorrow.

HOOKER
No way I can win.

DETECTIVE
You got it. It's just how you
want to lose. One way is a little
more fun than the other...I hope. X

Cont.

HOOKER

Maybe I do need some practice.

She stands, he follows her to the door.

CUT TO:

THE WHEEL - NIGHT (FORMERLY SCS. 58, 59) B-119

The Driver walks through the door.
Traffic in the street beyond.

AT THE RAIL

The Driver is automatically served his cup of coffee by
the Bartender.

THE DRIVER

Takes his coffee to the back of the bar.
Racks up the pool table.
Starts shooting a game.

CITY STREET - NIGHT C-119

A Firebird rumbles up.
Black, with the Flying Tiger insignia on the hood.
A Kid gets out of the car.
Heads for the Wheel.

THE KID (FORMERLY SCS. 60, 61) D-119

Enters, looks around.
Sees the Driver.
Walks down the counter.
Approaches the table.
The Driver doesn't look at him.
Knocks in the seven ball.

KID

You want somebody to play with.

X

No response.

KID

I want to talk cars...
Ask some questions.

X

Pause.

Cont.

DRIVER

I don't like questions.

KID

What do you got against talking.

X

A long moment.

DRIVER

I don't know you.

Chalks the cue.

KID

I was just being friendly.

The Driver gives the Kid a long look.

DRIVER

You better tell me what you want.

KID

We're in the same business. You get some offers you don't feel like taking...Maybe you can send them my way.

X

Wait.

KID

It's not easy getting started. You know what I mean. Takes time to build a reputation...I'm not asking so much.

Wait.

DRIVER

See you around.

The Kid doesn't like the drift of things.

KID

Maybe you don't like thinking about competition.

DRIVER

I'll just tell you this once. Don't ever come around me again.

Cont.

He gets the message.
 Walks out.
 The Driver knocks in the ten-ball, side pocket.

OUT 120-
 123 X

CUT TO:

ALLEY - DAY 124 X

A Brown Camaro pulling into a driveway.
 Stops behind another car. X

THE DRIVER 125

Honks the horn.
 Takes some cash from his wallet.
 Watching as the Connection comes down the stairwell.
 Exchanges the money for a flat package containing number plates.

THE CONNECTION 126

Counts the money, looks at the Driver.
 Walks to another car.
 Takes a second package from the glove compartment.
 Smaller and bulkier, wrapped in the same brown paper.

THE DRIVER 127

Slits the paper open, checks the contents.
 Slides the package under the seat.
 Reverses the Camaro back onto the street.

CUT TO:

THE BANK - DAY 128

On one side a hardware store, boarded up.
 On the other side a parking lot.
 Across the street a poster-covered fence. X

OUT 129-
 147

CUT TO:

THE DRIVER 148

Turns the Camaro down an alley. X
 Drives slowly along the building site.
 Passes the bank, keeps going.
 At the end of the alley, makes a U-turn and stops.
 Looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE BANK

A-148

Glasses and Fingers both with guns extended.
 Both wearing stocking masks and hats.
 Patrons, Guards, Executives held at bay.
 Fingers carries a black satchal.
 They back toward the door.
 Turns and runs as they come through it.
 Glasses turns back and blasts the bank's door with three slugs.

UNDERGROUND PASSAGE

B-148

The two running men.
 Suddenly Glasses pushes Fingers against the wall.
 Shoves his pistol into Fingers' middle.
 Pulls the trigger.
 Grabs the bag and keeps running.
 Turns a corner.

PASSAGEWAY

C-148

Leading to the Alley.
 Glasses running.
 The Driver pulls up at the end of the passageway.

OUT 149-
 155

CUT TO:

BACK OF THE BANK

156

Glasses sprints across the sidewalk.
 Makes the car.

OUT 157

THE DRIVER

158

X

Looks at Glasses.

GLASSES
 I covered him going out the front.
 He's okay. Let's go.

Pause.
 Then The Driver floors the accelerator.
 Barrels up the alley.

OUT 159-
 162

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE PASSAGEWAY

A-162

Fingers leaning against a wall.
Bleeding.
A Bank Guard appears...
Sees Fingers.
Raises his pistol.

FINGERS

Fires.
Hits the Guard in the thigh.
Knocking him over with the impact.
Fingers hesitates, then limps out the front entrance.

OUT 163-
166

CUT TO:

MULTI-STORY CAR PARK - DAY

167

Thirty cars parked on the roof.
Beyond them, half a mile away, skyscrapers.
Train yards in the other direction.
Beside the ramp, the Black Van.

THE DETECTIVE

168

Seated in the Van with the Red and Gold Plainclothesmen.
Reports of the robbery coming over the radio.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN
Never thought I'd be sitting here
hoping this cowboy makes it.

Smiles.

DETECTIVE
You are. And he will.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN
No doubts.

DETECTIVE
About our desperado.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN
About your badge.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

You are such an asshole...Look,
don't push me anymore. And keep
your mouth shut. I want to hear
every minute of this.

The radio reports continue.

CUT TO:

THE DROP POINT - DAY

169

A line of deserted warehouse sheds.
Raised loading bays.

Pavement in front of them, bordered by a fence.
Beyond, a slope strewn with junk.

OUT 170 X

THE BROWN CAMARO

171 X

Appears at the end of the sheds.
Pulls up in the third bay.
Next to a pickup truck.
Oversize engine.
Oversize tires.

GLASSES

172

Gets out of the car.
Takes the black bag.
Walks around to the far side of the Pickup.

GLASSES

You're pretty good.

He drops the bag on the hood of the car.
The Driver starts to get out of the Camaro.

GLASSES

Only made one mistake.

THE DRIVER

173

Now standing by the car.
Looks up.
Glasses has the .38 leveled at him.

GLASSES

You been set up.

Wait.

DRIVER

By a cop.

GLASSES

You got it. He's waiting at the
wrong place. Me and my friend
don't feel like showing...Guess
you both got set up.

Wait.

GLASSES

You should have tried carrying a
gun...

X

Pulls back the hammer.
Smiles.
Even as the Driver shoots him.
Firing through the Camaro's side windows.
Glasses can't believe it.
His shot gone wild.
He stands there smiling, bleeding and dying.
Then falls down.
The Driver looks over the drop point.
No one in sight.
Gunshots drowned by freeway noise.
He walks to the far side of the Pickup.
.357 slack by his side.

GLASSES

174

Still alive but going.
Looks up at the Driver.
Slowly lifts the .38.
The Driver kicks it out of his hand.
Smiles down at him.

DRIVER

You shouldn't believe everything
you hear.

THE DRIVER

175

Picks up the black bag.
Throws it onto the cab of the Pickup.
Starts the engine.
Pulls around Glasses' body.
Drives off.

CUT TO:

ROOFTOP CAR PARK - DAY

176

The Detective leaning against the railings at the rampway.
Looks at his watch.
Then to the level below.
Walks down.

AISLEWAY

177

The Red Plainclothesman waiting.
Gold plainclothesman nearby.
The Detective steps beside him.

DETECTIVE

Might as well go get some coffee.

Wait.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Tough doing business these days.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

I'll put out an APB for all of them.

DETECTIVE

No you won't.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

What the hell are you talking about.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

It's simple. It's not easy making deals with low lifes. They're not reliable. But we got some moves left. Just makes the game more interesting.

X

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

I've been watching your moves so far. I'm not all that impressed.

The Detective looks at the Gold Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

You hear that. We got a mutiny here.

X

Smiles.

Looks back at the Red Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

You're still on my team. I'm still the manager. You do what I tell you.

X

A moment.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Suit yourself.

They turn and walk down the rampway.

CUT TO:

THE DROP POINT - DAY

(FORMERLY SC. 182)

A-177

A motorcycle appears.

The Rider masked, dressed in dark leathers.

He brings the bike through the first loading bay.

Sees Glasses' body.

Pulls to a stop by the Camaro.

Snaps up his visor.

Teeth looks down at Glasses.

Long moment.

Teeth kicks the bike back into gear.

Drives off.

Tires squealing on the concrete.

CUT TO:

TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

178

X

Passengers waiting on benches.

Newsstand to one side.

Ticket counters in the distance.
Beyond them travelers moving onto the concourse.

THE DRIVER 179

Stops by the doors.
Looks across the station lobby.
Black bag at his side.
Two Patrolmen walk toward the train platform.
Arriving passengers stream toward the Driver.

MAIN CONCOURSE 180

Train pulling up.
Sandwich counter to one side.
Opposite two rows of luggage lockers.

THE DRIVER 181

Arrives at the lockers.
Moves along them until he finds two vacant cubicles.
Keys within the locks.
Puts a quarter in the left one, swings the door open and slides the bag inside.
Locks it and pockets the key.
Another quarter goes into the adjacent empty locker.
Puts the second key in his wallet.
Stops at a phone booth.
Feeds a dime into the slot, dials.

OUT 182-
184

CUT TO:

HOTEL DORAN - NIGHT 185

Peeling walls.
Linoleum curling on the floor.
Frizzy Blonde behind the register.

THE DRIVER 186

Walks over to the desk.
Paper bag under one arm.

DRIVER
Single room. Two nights. Maybe
three.

Cont.

Puts the money on the counter.
Takes a room key.

DRIVER
I'm expecting someone. If she
shows, send her right up.

He walks toward the elevator.

Cont.

FRIZZY

You want a TV, it's a dollar extra.

Ignores the question.
Moves to the stairwell.

X

FRIZZY

Guess you don't want no TV.

Shrugs.

HOTEL ROOM

187

The Driver looks around.
Narrow bed.
Radio in the headboard.
One window, chair, and wardrobe closet.

BATHROOM

188

He goes over to the basin.
Puts a carton of beer in it.
Dumps a bag of ice around the cans.
Leaves another six-pack on the floor.
Walks back out into the bedroom.

THE DRIVER

189

Leans across the bed and turns on his cassette player.
Western music.
Sits on the bed.

CUT TO:

HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

190

The Driver now lying on the bed.
Footsteps in the corridor.
A knock at the door.

DRIVER

Yeah.

The Connection closes the door behind her.
Looks around the room.

THE CONNECTION

How did it go.

DRIVER

One of them tried a stunt.
Got blown up.

Cont.

Then the Connection walks over to the bathroom.

THE CONNECTION
You got something to drink.

DRIVER
In the basin.

The Connection opens a bottle of beer.
Calls back over her shoulder.

X

THE CONNECTION
What about the other two.

DRIVER
Haven't seen them.

The Connection walks back into the room.
Pulls up the chair.

THE CONNECTION
You better stay out of sight for
awhile.

DRIVER
There's a cop that wants to put
this one on me. The money's hot.
I want to trade it in.

The Driver gets off the bed.
Stands at the window.

THE CONNECTION
Wait a few weeks. Things might
cool down.

DRIVER
Tomorrow.

THE CONNECTION
What's the rush.

DRIVER
I'm teaching somebody a lesson.

Wait.

THE CONNECTION
If you make me move that fast the
exchange rate's four to one at best...
And I'll have to use people from out
of town.

X

Cont.

Pause.

THE CONNECTION

And people from out of town aren't so reliable.

DRIVER

I'll take it...Tomorrow, four o'clock. Train station. Sandwich counter by the lockers.

THE CONNECTION

I don't like it...One more thing, I'm not going to get killed for you.

DRIVER

I didn't think you would.

Wait.

THE CONNECTION

I'll set it up but they won't do it if you're there...Tomorrow you'll be hotter than the cash.

DRIVER

I'll get somebody.

The Connection goes over to the door. Starts out.

DRIVER

Keep your eye out for the other two. They'll know I've got their money.

THE CONNECTION

I told you, I'm not going to get killed for you.

The Connection looks at him. Then walks out.

CUT TO:

HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

191

The Driver drops a dime in the pay phone. Dials.

Cont.

DRIVER

I think you better come on over
tomorrow afternoon. I'll play
you some cowboy music...Downtown.
Hotel Doran. Room 37.

Hangs up.
Goes back to his room.

HOTEL ROOM

A-191

The Driver sits on the bed.
Snaps on the tape deck.
It's been a long day.
Tomorrow is going to be longer.
He leans back, stares at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

THE CITY - DAY

B-191

Late morning traffic.
Few pedestrians amid the street noise.

CUT TO:

STRIP JOINT - DAY

192

The Detective and his two Plainclothesmen at the bar.
Above them, on a raised platform, three nude girls.
Two of them dancing, the third lying on some pillows.
Motown filling the room.
The music ends.
Scattered applause.
The girls gather their clothes and walk off.
Music starts again.
The Detective beckons to the Bartender.

DETECTIVE

Two more.

Whistles from the audience.
The Detective looks over to the dais.

SEVENTEEN

193

Comes out from behind a curtain.
Platform shoes, G-string.
She starts moving between the tables.

BAR

194

Two beers put down on the counter.
The Detective drops a bill beside them.

BARTENDER

On the house.

The Detective pockets his money.
Turns to the two Plainclothesmen.

DETECTIVE

Okay. Get them out of here.

The Red Plainclothesman goes to a table.
Speaks to a customer.
The man hurries out.
Across the way the Gold Plainclothesman chases out
a couple more patrons.

The Detective crosses to Seventeen.
She's seen him.
Waits quietly.
The Detective passes the couple on the way.
Shows them his badge as he goes by.
They get up and head for the exit.
Music still playing.

DETECTIVE

Come on over.

She walks slowly toward him.
Wearing a robe over her dancing clothes.

X

THE DETECTIVE

195

Now seated at a table.
Seventeen stops opposite him.

X

DETECTIVE

Sit down.

She does.
He puts a picture of Teeth in front of her.

Cont.

DETECTIVE

Where is he.

SEVENTEEN

I don't know.

DETECTIVE

How much do you make here.

SEVENTEEN

None of your business.

DETECTIVE

You want me to ask him.

Detective looks across to the Bartender.

SEVENTEEN

About six hundred.

Wait.

SEVENTEEN

A month.

DETECTIVE

How do you make the rest.

Both Plainclothesmen return.
Stand nearby.

DETECTIVE

Where is he.

SEVENTEEN

I don't know.

The Detective turns to the Red Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

Book her. Prostitution.

SEVENTEEN

I been out of that for a year now.
You know that.

DETECTIVE

Get dressed.

SEVENTEEN

I haven't seen him.

A moment.
Then she breaks.

SEVENTEEN

He was supposed to come by this evening. Didn't show up.

The Detective puts a picture of Fingers in front of her.

SEVENTEEN

His friend's got a place.

X

Wait.

DETECTIVE

When I walk out of here, you'll start calling people.

SEVENTEEN

No, I won't. You can trust me. I'm straight. I don't want any hassle.

He stands.
Looks at the Gold Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

Book her. Prostitution.

The Detective starts out.

SEVENTEEN

Prick.

CUT TO:

HOTEL DORAN - DAY

A-195

The Player moving up the stairwell.
Knocks on the door to Room 37.
It swings open.

HOTEL ROOM

B-195

She enters.
He walks away from her.
Starts washing his face and hands in the basin.

PLAYER

You moved.

Cont.

DRIVER

Just temporary.

Looks back at her.

DRIVER

I've got people looking for me.

She smiles.
Moves to the window.

PLAYER

What about my loan.

DRIVER

Forget the loan.

Begins drying himself off.

DRIVER

I want you to take a chance on
making twenty-five grand... Things
go right, about half an hour's work.

PLAYER

I like the rate.

Wait.

PLAYER

What are the odds of pulling it
off.

DRIVER

About fifty-fifty.

Pause.

DRIVER

At best.

Pause.

DRIVER

But that's one of the reasons
you're going to like doing it.

PLAYER

You're starting to figure me out.

Cont.

DRIVER
I'm working on it.

PLAYER
You're going to end up disappointed.

Pause.

PLAYER
Besides, I thought you didn't like taking chances.

DRIVER
Figuring you out doesn't mean I'm leaning in your direction.

She looks very steadily at him.

PLAYER
Yes it does...I thought you were going to play me some music.

She lifts the tape deck.
Snaps it on.

CUT 196-
197

CUT TO:

POOLROOM - DAY

198

Eight tables.
Benches by the walls.
Mid-afternoon crowd.

THE DETECTIVE

199

Walks over to the bar.

DETECTIVE
Seen your friend lately.

Shows the picture of Fingers.

ATTENDANT
Not since last week...Who's asking.

The Detective shows his badge.

Cont.

DETECTIVE
What's over there.

BARMAN
Nothing. Men's room out of order.
You want to take a whiz there's a
head in the corridor.

DETECTIVE
We're going to look around.
Looks at the Gold Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE
Don't let anybody walk out.
The Detective and the Red Plainclothesman move away.

THE DETECTIVE 200-
201
In the passageway leading to the men's room.
Tries a door.
Shoves it.
Nothing but black.
He reaches in for the light.
Gun ready.
The light goes on revealing a narrow room.

MEN'S ROOM 202
A row of urinals.
Three toilet stalls.
A grimy mirror above a row of basins.

THE DETECTIVE 203
Walks down the line of stalls.
Looks under the doors.
No legs.
He walks back toward the entrance.
Passes the basins.
Glances down at them.
Yellow porcelain.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN 204
Hand on his gun.
Opens the door to leave.

THE DETECTIVE

205

Stops beside him.
Looks down at the bin.
Crumpled white towels lying on the top.
He reaches deeper,
Pulls out a mass of bloody paper.

DETECTIVE

They must have moved him out.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

206

Walks out of the room.

THE DETECTIVE

207

Closes the door behind the Red Plainclothesman.
Stays inside.
Looks along the toilets.

THIRD STALL

208

Trouser leg appears.
Then another.
Covered in blood.

DETECTIVE

Throw the gun out. Then you
follow it.

He walks over to the urinals.
Very quietly.
Revolver loose in his hand.

FINGERS

209

Comes up over the top of the stall.
Automatic in both hands.
Firing as he moves.
Two bullets crash into the wall where the Detective had
been standing.

THE DETECTIVE

210

At the urinals.
Gun up.
Not firing.

FINGERS

Looks around.
Sees the Detective.
Swings the gun toward him.

THE DETECTIVE

Fires three times.
 Fingers twists, falls back into the stall.
 Then silence.
 The Red Plainclothesman runs back inside.
 Looks at the Detective.
 Sound of running footsteps.
 The Gold Plainclothesman appears.
 Sees the dead man's arm under the stall door.
 Finds the Detective's eyes.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You okay.

DETECTIVE

Never felt better...Now I'll tell
 you what you better do. Go on
 over to that hotel and keep an eye
 on our little foreign lady. She's
 a Player.

X

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You sure.

DETECTIVE

Yeah. It smells right.

X

OUT 211-
 212

CUT TO:

APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

213

Showing a few lights against the evening.
Row of Spanish houses opposite.
The Connection goes inside.

FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

214

The Connection steps out of the elevator.
Walks past two doors, reaches for her keys.
Music drifting from beyond.
Laughter from an apartment.
She stops at the last door.
Finds her key, goes inside.

APARTMENT

215

Two couches, one facing the window.
The Connection turns on the lights and double locks the
front door.
She walks over to the window.
Passes the couch.
Freezes.
Teeth lies stretched out on the sofa.
He raises his .38.
Eases himself up to a sitting position.

THE CONNECTION

I don't know where he is. I
haven't seen him.

The .38 moves away from her stomach.

THE CONNECTION

Just tell me what you want.

Wait.

THE CONNECTION

I just set things up. It's his
business what happens after that.

Teeth points the .38.

THE CONNECTION

If it was jewels or bonds, he
might come to me to sell them.
But with money he doesn't need
me.

Cont.

Teeth walks over and stands behind her.
Pushes her down onto the sofa.

THE CONNECTION

I won't see him until the next
one.

He opens her mouth.
Slips the barrel of the .38 inside.
Pulls the hammer from half to full cock.
Her eyes very wide.
A long moment.
Then he pulls the pistol out with a jerk.

THE CONNECTION

He's in a hotel. The Doran.

Wait.

THE CONNECTION

The money's in a locker at the
train station.

Teeth looking at her.

THE CONNECTION

Nine o'clock tomorrow. He's
trading for smaller bills.

The Connection pushes herself into a sitting position.

THE CONNECTION

That's all.

Teeth lifts a pillow.

THE CONNECTION

I warned him. I said I wouldn't
get killed for him.

TEETH

Sure.

Pushes the pillow over her head.
Shoves his pistol against it.
Pulls the trigger.
Twice.
Explosion of feathers.
Teeth walks out.

CUT TO:

OUT 216- X
217

TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

218

The Player paying off the cab.
Hurries into the station.

THE GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

219

Pulls into a parking bay.
Runs after her.

INSIDE THE STATION

220

Departing commuters making for the platforms.
The Player threads her way through the crowd.
Glances up to a clock.
Eight fifty-five.
The Gold Plainclothesman rushes through the swinging doors.
Stops in the echoing hallway.
She's disappeared.
He starts zigzagging his way through the crowd.
Scanning faces as he goes.

MAIN CONCOURSE

221

Four trains at trackside.
Another pulling in.
Lines of passengers curling away from the gates.

Cont.

The Player steps out of the hallway by the first platform.
Then walks over to the sandwich bar.
The Crowd streaming past.
Finds a row of vacant seats.
Orders a coffee.

THE GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN 222

Dodging through the crowd.
Gets to the first platform.
Checks the line of passengers.
Then moves to the next.
Nothing.
He starts back.

THE PLAYER 223

Waiting at the counter.
Coffee untouched.
Watches the crowd.
Her eyes stop on a Man standing at the far side of the counter.
He stares back.
Walks slowly towards her.

THE EXCHANGE MAN 224

Confident, careful.
Has the look of a cowboy.
Carries a tan suitcase.
Placing the suitcase on his lap, he sits beside the Player.

THE GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN 225

Moving back from the platforms.
Passes the sandwich counter.
Sees the Player.
He turns away quickly and makes for a phone booth.

THE PLAYER 226

Sips her coffee.
Eyes the Man beside her.
She takes a key from her purse.
Places it between them.
Covers it with her hand.

THE EXCHANGE MAN 227

Puts a ten dollar bill on the counter.
Calls over to the Waitress.

Cont.

EXCHANGE MAN

Check. Be right back.

He picks up the key.
Walks away from the counter.
Stops at the row of lockers containing the black bag.

THE GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

228

Talking into a phone.
And watching the Player across the concourse.
The Detective's voice responds.

DETECTIVE

She's just sitting there drinking
coffee...Nothing but a purse.

BANK OF LOCKERS

229

The Exchange Man scanning the numbers.
Finds the one he's looking for, inserts the key.
Drops the case into the empty locker.
Closes the door, puts a quarter into the slot and then
removes the key.

CUT TO:

THE BADGE - NIGHT

230

The Detective on the phone.
Having a beer.
The Red Plainclothesman sits alongside.

DETECTIVE

She hasn't talked to anyone...
No one gave her anything...No
one sitting beside her...

Wait.

DETECTIVE

Did he have a suitcase.

The Detective turns to the Red Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

We're in the game.

Cont.

He speaks into the phone again.

DETECTIVE

Stay where you are. He'll be back.

CUT TO:

TRAIN STATION

231

At the sandwich counter the Player waits calmly.
Hears a key click down beside her.
She looks around.
The Exchange Man slides back into the next seat.
He starts counting out his change.
The Player takes a second key from her purse.
Puts it on the counter.
Picks up the other key and places it back in her purse.
Takes a sip of coffee.
The Exchange Man picks up his change.
And the second key along with it.
Drops a quarter back on the counter.
Walks slowly back to the lockers.

THE GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

232

At the phone booth.
Trying to watch the Player through the crowd.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

No, I couldn't see anything.
All he did was collect the change
...Yeah, he's going back to the
lockers. About forty years old,
dark suit, black attache case...
no, all black.

THE PLAYER

233

Watching the Exchange Man.
Oblivious to the Gold Plainclothesman thirty yards behind her.
The Exchange Man stops at the locker.
Turns the key.
Pulls out the black bag.
Slams the door shut.
He glances back to the Player.
Then walks toward the platforms.
The Player starts away from the counter.

CUT TO:

THE BAR

234

The Detective still on the phone.

DETECTIVE

She walked past the lockers...
Yes, that's all right. Forget
her. Now listen. Follow him.
He's going to get on a train.
Stay with him until you see which
one. Call me back with that.

Hangs up.

Looks at the Red Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

Tie ballgame. Bottom of the
ninth. We got the winning run
on first.

X

CUT TO:

TRAIN STATION

235

The Gold Plainclothesman pushing through the crowd.
Catches a glimpse of the Exchange Man.
Then loses him again.
Turns up the last platform.
Train starting to move away.
He dodges past a luggage truck.
Sees a glimpse of the Exchange Man going through a carriage
door.
The Plainclothesman looks at the moving train.
Stands there watching it go.

CUT TO:

THE PLAYER

236

Now out of the main concourse.
Passes the ticket windows.
Heading for the main entrance.
Purse held under her arm.
Then a hand reaches out.
Grabs her purse.
She swings round.
Teeth standing there.
He turns and runs into the crowd.
The Player starts to follow.
Then she sees a uniformed Cop.
Twenty feet away.
On his beat.

Cont.

He's seen the purse snatch.
Plans on helping.
Starts over toward her.
The Player looks back into the crowd.
Then turns abruptly and walks out of the station.
The Cop stares after.
Turns away.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE STATION

237

Pickup by the curb.
The Player runs across the sidewalk.
Gets in beside the Driver.

PLAYER

A man grabbed my purse. He's
got the key.

The Driver looking at her.

PLAYER

He ran to the other side of the
station.

X

The Driver suddenly rams the pickup into gear.
Hangs a fast U.
Accelerates down the length of the station.

DRIVER

He'll figure I'm close. Won't
try for the bag yet. Probably
head for the far exit.

The Driver snaps the wheel.
Rubbens the pickup around the end of the terminal.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE TRAIN - NIGHT

238

City slipping by through the windows.
The Exchange Man takes a seat in a Pullman.
Black bag on his lap.

CUT TO:

THE BAR - NIGHT

239

The Detective and the Red Plainclothesman stare at the
telephone.
It begins to ring.

CUT TO:

TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

240

The Pickup coming around the far side of the station.
Starts cruising along the curbside.

CUT TO:

THE PLAYER

241

Scanning faces.
Line of cars picking up passengers.
Then Teeth crosses the sidewalk.

PLAYER

There.

The Driver floors the accelerator.

THE FIREBIRD

242

With the Flying Tiger on the hood.
Teeth climbs into the passenger seat.
Looks over to his wheelman.

THE KID

243

The one who approached the Driver in the Bar.
He was looking for work.
Found some with Teeth.
Now he's going to find out about competition.

TEETH

244

Looks back, sees the Driver.

TEETH

Go, go, go.

The Kid spins the wheel.
Swerves in front of the Pickup.
Fishtails toward the exit.
Both cars go broadside into the street.

THE KID CHASE - NIGHT

245

They race away from the station.
The Firebird pulls ahead.
Opens a big lead with the faster machine...
First corner.
The Kid takes his car into it wide.
Drifts through the bend, snakes away.
The Driver brakes late, goes through it tight, gains
twenty yards.

Cont.

Long straight.
Firebird now forty yards ahead of the Pickup.
Traffic lights a block down.
The Firebird makes them on the green.
Turns left, then takes a quick right.
The Driver goes through the lights as they change to red.
Follows the Firebird to the right.
Now thirty yards behind.
The Kid takes the big car down a city street.
Several fast turns.
The Driver shaves the gap between them with each corner...
Traffic streaming by.
Cross street coming up.
One way.
The Firebird slows then pulls into the cross traffic.
Without halting at the stop sign.
Wrong way on the one way.
Thirty yards back the Driver hurtles the Pickup after him.
Both cars full throttle.
They roar through the oncoming one-way traffic.
Weave in and out.
The Driver closes to ten yards.
Distance between them remaining constant.
The Kid swings the Firebird down a side street.
A long straight.
The Pickup now falling further behind.
Again thirty yards between the cars.
The Firebird makes a hard left.
Blasts through it.
The Driver approaches the turn.
Goes straight past it.
Teeth watching through the rear window.
Sees him pass by...
The Pickup going flat out.
Then the Driver brakes.
Skids the Pickup off the road.
He sweeps between the parking lot and an old building.
Crashes through a wooden fence on the far side.
Comes out into an alley.
Roars up to the street at the end.
Stops between the buildings that front onto the road...
A long moment before the Firebird glides into view.
The Driver floors the accelerator...
In the Firebird the Kid sees the Pickup at the same moment.
Tries to swerve.
The Pickup coming forward like a missile.
Crosses the first lane.
The Kid sees the Driver coming at him on an angle.
Can't believe it.
Slams his foot flat on the pedal.

Cont.

Rubber burning onto the blacktop...
The big Firebird fishtailing down the road.
The Pickup following behind under control.
The tail of the Firebird swings in front of the Driver.
The Kid fighting the wheel.
Straightens the car up.
The Pickup stays close behind.
Both cars slide sideways and turn down another street.
Factories on either side.
Teeth reaches across in front of the Kid.
Tries a shot at the Pickup.
Slug creasing across the hood.
The Player screams.
Ducks.
Bullet hole in the windshield.
Suddenly a factory wall appears at the end of the street.
Dead end.
The Kid brakes.
Sends the Firebird into a wild spin.
Goes off the road.
Takes out a set of railings, arrives in a power depot...
The Pickup hangs a U.
Follows the Firebird around the back.
High concrete walls rising upward.
The Kid brings the smoking Firebird round the far end of the building.
Trucks parked in the back.
No exit.
The Pickup coming on behind.
To one side a wire swing gate blocks a service ramp.
The Kid smashes the Firebird into it.
Sends the hinges flying.
The Pickup roars after him down the ramp...
The Kid loses back end...
Smashes through wooden double doors into a huge warehouse.
The Firebird straightens, doesn't back off...
Noses for the opposite end of the building.
The Pickup follows at speed.
The back doors of the warehouse loom open...
The Kid hurtles the Firebird through and into the next warehouse...
Blazing down the aisles...
No doors at the end -- a sliding 180, and back down the aisle straight at the Driver...
The Pickup accelerates.
Another 180 by the Kid.
Then a hard right...
Crates flying, pillars smash at the fenders.
The Firebird comes up facing the open doors.
Full throttle for daylight.
But the Pickup appears from out of the shadows.

Cont.

Full throttle for the Firebird.
Teeth leans out the window.
Fires three shots.
The Kid panics.
Spins the wheel.
Sends the Firebird careening end over end after hitting a pillar.
Comes to rest after smashing into the wall near the entrance.
A finished car.

THE DRIVER

246

Slides sideways down the aisle.
Comes to a halt.
Pulls the .357 from under seat.
Looks at the Player.

DRIVER

Things go bad, you drive on out.

He steps from the Pickup.
Walks back toward the entrance.

THE KID

247

Dazed behind the Firebird's steering wheel.
Slowly coming around.
Teeth stays low, swings the door open.

TEETH

248

Climbs out of the car.
Crouches behind the door.
His .38 levelled through the window.
Pointed toward the aisle.
Then the Driver appears.
Running fast across an upper tier.
Teeth sends a shot past him.
Tries another.

THE DRIVER

249

Falls, rolls, comes up shooting.
His .357 roars three times.
Slugs ripping into the Firebird's door.
Then quiet.

THE KID

250

Lying on the front seat.
Unable to see the Driver or Teeth.
Doesn't move.

THE DRIVER

251

.357 levelled at the Firebird door.
Teeth's feet protruding beneath.
The .38 clatters onto the concrete.
Wait.
The Driver stands and walks down to the Firebird.
Sees Teeth.
Very dead.
Slumped against the exploded door.

THE KID

252

Looks up at the Driver.
Scared.

DRIVER

I told you I didn't want to
see your face again.

KID

I just did the driving. I got
no part of anything else.

X

DRIVER

Come on out.

The Kid climbs slowly out of the car.

KID

You going to shoot me.

Wait.

DRIVER

Start walking.

The Kid looks at him.
Smiles.
Moves toward the entrance.

THE DRIVER

253

Searches through Teeth's pockets.
Finds only a wallet.
He opens it.
Pulls out the locker key.
He wipes off the .357.
Throws it onto the Firebird's front seat.
Then looks toward the aisle behind.
Sees the Player standing there.
Moves toward her.

CUT TO:

THE TRAIN - NIGHT

254

Moves through a factory area.
Approaching the first stop.

BLACK VAN

255

Parked near trackside.

The Detective gets out, looks back at the Red Plainclothesman.

DETECTIVE

Hold everybody that gets off.
Check their baggage.

He walks toward the stopping train.

THE EXCHANGE MAN

256

Still sitting at the front of the sixth pullman.
Black bag still on his lap.
Groups of passengers standing in the aisle.
The train again begins to move.
The Exchange Man sees the Detective at the end of the passenger car.
Knows he's a cop on first glance.
The Detective moves up the pullman toward him.
Looking at baggage in the overhead racks as he comes.
The Exchange Man grabs his satchel.
Stands and moves out of the car.

SEVENTH PULLMAN

257

The Exchange Man dodges through the crowd.
Jostling passengers as he goes.
Black bag held tight in both hands.
He passes through the vestibule.
Arrives in the eighth pullman.
Slows to a walk, scans the passengers standing in the aisle.
Briefcases at their feet.
The Exchange Man puts the black bag on the floor beside them.
Picks up a brown briefcase.
Walks back down the passenger car.

THE DETECTIVE

258

Moves into the back of the seventh pullman.
Methodically checks the racks above the seats.
Looks below the seats before moving on.

THE EXCHANGE MAN

259

In the vestibule between the seventh and eighth passenger cars.
He looks down the train.

Cont.

Catches a glimpse of the Detective.
Then steps into the men's rest room.
Snaps the lock shut.

THE DETECTIVE

260

Squeezing through the passengers.
Sees a black bag propped in the luggage rack.
Middle-aged man below it.
He pulls out his badge.

DETECTIVE

Mind if I check that, pal.

Other passengers look around.

PASSENGER

There's only some papers in it.

The Detective takes the bag down, opens it.
Manila folders and some letters.
Snaps it shut.
Moves on.

VESTIBULE

261

Detective walking slowly.
Train slowing as it approaches the station.
He passes into the eighth pullman.
Stops.
Goes back to the men's rest room.
Tries the door.
Then hammers on it.

DETECTIVE

Open up.

Hammers on the door again.

DETECTIVE

Police. I'm checking the luggage.

VOICE

Just a minute.

X

Then the door cracks open.
A brown briefcase appears in the gap.
The Detective takes one look at it.

DETECTIVE

Okay.

Cont.

The door snaps shut.
The Detective rushes into the next pullman.
Train now entering the station.

THE EIGHTH CARRIAGE

262

Passengers collecting their briefcases.
Moving toward the doors.

THE DETECTIVE

263

Forces his way desperately through the crowd.
Gets blocked by the group of businessmen.

He looks down.
Sees another black bag.
Grabs it up from beside a Commuter.
Pulls it open.
The money stacked inside.
The Commuter turns to face him.

COMMUTER

What the hell do you think
you're...

DETECTIVE

This yours.

The Commuter looks down at a black bag.

COMMUTER

It's not mine.

He looks down at his feet.

COMMUTER

Hey, mine's gone.

DETECTIVE

Light brown briefcase.

COMMUTER

That's right.

The Detective races back down the pullman.
Swinging the black bag in front of him.
He stops at the men's rest room.
Tries the door.
Still locked.
Pulls out his .38, blasts the lock away.
In response three slugs rip through the door.
Tear it off its hinges.

THE DETECTIVE

264

Flat against the wall.
Then dives for the floor in front of the open door.
Sees the Exchange Man half out the window of the moving train.
Both men fire simultaneously.
The Detective's bullets send the Exchange Man all the way
through the window.
Through the window and dead.
The Detective rises.
Holsters his pistol.
Stares at the open window.
Then walks back down the aisle.
Still carrying the black bag.

CUT TO:

UNION STATION - NIGHT

265

Black Van parked at curbside.
The Gold Plainclothesman leans against a fender.

THE DETECTIVE

266

Emerges from the station.
Holding the black bag.
Walks over to the van.
Drops the bag on the hood.
Looks at the Gold Plainclothesman.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Time I got back inside, she
was gone.

Wait.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Did you nail him.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

Yeah. And I got what was
important.

The Detective starts unlatching the bag.

DETECTIVE

Count it.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

It looks about right.

X

DETECTIVE

Count it. All of it.

Cont.

The Red Plainclothesman shrugs.
Climbs back into the van.

CUT TO:

SIDEWALK - NIGHT

267

Detective and the Gold Plainclothesman waiting.
The Red Plainclothesman climbs back out of the van.

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Money's all here. Close to two
hundred thousand.

DETECTIVE

Dirty money for clean...

RED PLAINCLOTHESMAN

What's the exchange rate.

DETECTIVE

About four to one. Should be
fifty thousand back there in
the locker.

GOLD PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Let's start looking for him.
We find him with that key, any
jury will convict.

Smile from the Detective.

DETECTIVE

We can wait. He's going to
come and pick it up.

The two Plainclothesman start toward the station.

CUT TO:

THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

268

Door opens; the Driver and Player enter.
His clothes still muddy and wet.

DRIVER

We'll just be here a couple
of hours.

He pulls the curtains shut.
Kicks off his shoes.
Drops his jacket on a table.
Wait.

Cont.

DRIVER

I've got rye or beer.

PLAYER

Whiskey.

He walks into the bathroom.
Comes back in and hands her a glass.
Then sits on the bed.
Trousers still wet.
Sipping rye.

DRIVER

You don't have to stay.
Everything goes okay, I'll
get your money to you in the
morning.

PLAYER

I might as well see it through.

X

He looks over to her.

PLAYER

You're crazy...Put the key in
a safe deposit box for six months.
Then go get the money.

X

DRIVER

I'm on a streak. I want to
play it out. I'm going to get
it tonight.

The Driver gets off the bed.
Starts toward the bathroom.
Peeling off his mud-stained shirt.

PLAYER

I know all about streaks. Every
player says this time's different.

The Driver stops at the doorway.

DRIVER

Maybe you and I are alike.

Cont.

She walks over to him.

PLAYER

No. When I lose, I just go broke. You go to jail.

X

The Driver smiles.

PLAYER

If it wasn't for that cop I'd tell you to go ahead.

DRIVER

He's the reason I've got the rush on.

Wait.

PLAYER

You just want to make that cop choke to death. You don't care about the money.

DRIVER

I might even mail it to him.

PLAYER

Sucker's game.

DRIVER

Maybe.

A long moment.

PLAYER

You think maybe you could wait for a while.

He drops his shirt to the floor.
Moves closer to her.
Runs his hands through her hair.
Then kisses her.

CUT TO:

TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

269

A few cabs in front.
Occasional pedestrian waiting for a ride.
Very quiet.

A BUS

270

Cruises up the side of the station.
Passes the front entrance.
Goes down the far side, stops.

THE DRIVER

271

Steps out of the bus.
Followed by the Player.
And a few other passengers.

PLAYER

You okay.

DRIVER

Yeah.

X

Wait.
They look at each other.

X

X

DRIVER

I'll just be a couple of minutes.

He walks toward the station.

INSIDE THE STATION

272

A few passengers heading for the boarding concourse.
Newsstand and sandwich counter closed up.
No one else around.

THE DRIVER

273

Walking quickly toward the main concourse.
Glances to either side.
All the hallways empty.
He approaches the bank of lockers.

LOCKER 132

274

As the key goes in.
The door swings wide.
Suitcase resting there.

THE DRIVER

275

Pulls the case out and rests it on the ground.
Slams the locker shut.
He cracks the lid open.
Takes a long look.
Then closes and snaps the latches.
Turns back toward the entrance.
Stops.

THE DETECTIVE

276

Waiting by the entrance.
Plainclothesmen on either side.

THE DRIVER

277

Hesitates.
Looks evenly around the station.
A phalanx of uniformed cops.
Stretching across all the exits.
He looks back to the Detective.
Then walks slowly toward him.
Suitcase held at his side.

THE PLAYER

278

Waiting on the sidewalk outside.
Senses something wrong.
Walks over to the entrance.
Looks through the plate-glass doors.
Sees the uniformed Cops.
And the Driver walking toward the Detective.

THE DRIVER

279

Now in front of the Detective.
Gives him the black bag.
The Detective opens the satchel.
Empty.
Totally empty.
Not a penny in it.

DETECTIVE

What happened.

DRIVER

Maybe we both got swindled.

Wait.

DETECTIVE

They didn't even try to dress
it up.

DRIVER

A lot of crooks around these days.

The two men look at each other.

DRIVER

Some ways I feel as bad about
it as you do.

Wait.

DETECTIVE
Doesn't look like I've got
much of a case. How about that.

The Driver starts away.

DETECTIVE
Driver.

X

He turns back.

DETECTIVE
You want to keep this.

Holds out the black bag.

DRIVER
I don't want to touch it.

Walks away.

A moment.

Then the Detective faces the Red Plainclothesman.
Tries to hand him the empty satchel.

DETECTIVE
Get rid of this.

The Red Plainclothesman doesn't raise his hand to the bag.
Just stands there.

Long moment.

Then the Detective moves away.

Drops the bag into a waste receptacle.

Turns back, watches the Driver move through the exit.

OUTSIDE THE STATION

280

The Player on the sidewalk.

A black cab stopped beside her.

Engine running.

The Driver approaches.

Looks at the black cab.

Then looks at her.

PLAYER
Nothing in the bag.

Shakes his head.

PLAYER
It figured.

Cont.

DRIVER
Yeah. Sucker's game.

A long moment.

DRIVER
You were wrong. I am like you.
When I lose I just end up broke.

PLAYER
You both lost a lot more than
I ever do.

X

Then, for the first time, the Driver asks a question.

DRIVER
You're taking off.

Wait.

PLAYER
I've spent my whole life trying
not to break even.

She gives him one of those smiles.
He gives her one back, shrugs.

DRIVER
Take care of yourself.

She gets into the cab.
He watches as the taxi pulls off.
Keeps looking as it disappears into the night.
A moment.
Then the Driver feels a presence behind him.
Turns and sees the Detective.
They stare at each other.
For a long time.
Finally give each other small smiles.
Then the Driver turns and walks away.

FADE OUT

THE END