

"THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE"

Screenplay by
Paul Monash

From the novel by
George V. Higgins

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARTRIDGE'S HOUSE - MORNING

A

An attractive looking middle-income group house, set amongst trees. The front door opens and SAMUEL T. PARTRIDGE, Dartmouth '59, wearing a well-cut topcoat, leaves his home and walks along the pathway towards the garage.

EXT. ROAD OPPOSITE PARTRIDGE'S HOUSE - MORNING

B

A gold Cadillac convertible is parked on the road, partly hidden from the house by trees. Sitting behind the wheel is SCALISE. He checks his watch, an Omega Chronolog with a sweep stopwatch second hand and three smaller sweeps. He makes a note on a small piece of paper.

EXT. PARTRIDGE'S HOUSE - MORNING

C

Mr. Partridge backs his Mercedes out of the two-car garage. We catch a glimpse of a three year old stationwagon in the far side of the garage. The Mercedes backs into the road and drives off past the house to the left.

EXT. ROAD OPPOSITE PARTRIDGE'S HOUSE - MORNING

D

Scalise starts the engine of the Cadillac but instead of following the Mercedes, he turns right in the opposite direction.

MAIN TITLES BEGIN

INT. PARTRIDGE'S MERCEDES - MORNING

E

Partridge drives quietly to work.

EXT. MERCEDES - MORNING

F

The Mercedes comes up a side ramp and joins a stream of traffic on the main road.

EXT. SCALISE'S CADILLAC - MORNING

G

The Cadillac is travelling reasonably fast through a small suburban town.

NOTE: OMIT SCENE G, on page 1.

OMIT SCENES H and I

EXT. MERCEDES - MORNING

J

The Mercedes pulls up and is held up at some lights in a small suburban town.

OMIT SCENES K and L

EXT. SOUTHSORE BANK - DEDHAM - MORNING

M

Partridge's Mercedes turns the corner in front of the Southshore Bank and pulls into his normal parking place. We can clearly see his name on a placard. He gets out of his car and walks towards the front entrance of the Bank. When he reaches the front door he looks around and then rings the bell. The door opens and he enters the Bank.

EXT. SOUTHSORE BANK - DEDHAM - MORNING

N

ARTIE VAN sitting in his own buick, looks down at his stop watch, makes a note on a pad and then smoothly drives away from the Bank.

TITLES END

OMIT SCENE 1

INT. WALDORF CAFETERIA - NIGHT

2

EDDIE COYLE goes directly to the counter, picks out a piece of custard pie and some coffee.

JACKIE BROWN glances at Eddie, then away. Jackie is about twenty-six.

Eddie moves along the counter, pays.

Eddie sits down, facing Jackie, bites into his danish, washes it down with coffee. As he does so:

JACKIE

I can get you pieces probably by tomorrow night. I can get you, probably, six pieces. I got more now, but I promised some of this lot.

EDDIE

I don't know as I like that. Buying stuff from the same lot as somebody else, it worries me.

JACKIE

Yeah well, I understand.

EDDIE

You don't understand the way I understand. I got certain responsibilities.

JACKIE

Look, I tell you I understand. Did you get my name or didn't you?

EDDIE

I got your name.

JACKIE

Well, all right.

EDDIE

All right, nothing. I wished I had a nickel for every name I got that was all right. Look at this.

(extending his
left hand)

You know what that is?

JACKIE

Your hand.

EDDIE

I hope you look closer at guns
than you look at that hand.
Look at your own goddamned hand.

JACKIE

Yeah.

EDDIE

Count your fucking knuckles.

JACKIE

All of them?

EDDIE

Count as many as you want. I got
four more. One on each finger.
Know how I got those? I bought
some stuff from a man that I knew
his name, and it got traced, and
the man I bought it for he went to
M C I Walpole for fifteen to twenty-
five. Still in there, but he had some
friends. I got an extra set of knuckles.
Shut my hand in a drawer. Then one
of them stomped the drawer shut. Hurt
like a bastard. You got no
idea how it hurt.

JACKIE

Jesus.

EDDIE

What made it hurt more, what made it
hurt worse was knowing what they were
going to do to you, you know? There
you are and they tell you very matter
offact that you made somebody mad, you
made a big mistake and now there's
somebody doing time for it, and it isn't
anything personal, you understand,
but it just has to be done. Now
get your hand out there. You think
about not doing it, you know? I was
in Sunday School when I was a kid
and this nun says to me, stick out
your hand, and the first few times I
do it she whacks me right across the
knuckles with a steedge ruler. It
was just like that. So one day I says,
when she tells me "Put out your hand,"
I say, "No." And she whaps me right
across the face with that ruler. Same
thing.

(continued)

EDDIE (continued

They put your fingers in the drawer, and then one of them kicks it shut. Ever hear bones breaking? Just like a man snapping a shingle. Hurts like a bastard. Had a cast on for a month. When it gets cold, I still can't move them fingers.

JACKIE

Jesus.

EDDIE

I don't know who you been selling to before, but the fellow says you got guns to sell and I need guns.

JACKIE

You can't trace these guns. I guarantee it.

EDDIE

You better, or neither one of us will be able to shake hands.

JACKIE

Look, these guns are okay. They're new. Test firing's all they ever had. Brand new. Air weights. Shrouded hammers. Floating firing pins. I can get you four-inchers and two-inchers. You just tell me what you want.

EDDIE

How much?

JACKIE

Eighty.

EDDIE

Eighty? You ever sell guns before? I'm talking about thirty guns here now.

JACKIE

You want a discount? I can sell thirty tomorrow without even seeing you. I can't get my hands on them fast enough. I'd bet if I was to go down to the Shrine there and go to confession I'd get three Hail Marys and the priest'd ask me confidentially if I could get something
(continued)

JACKIE (continued)
light he could carry under his coat.
People are desperate for guns. I had
a guy ask me seriously, could I get
him a few machine guns.

EDDIE
What color was he?

JACKIE
He was a nice fellow.

EDDIE
I never been able to understand a man
that wanted to use a machine gun.
It's life if you get hooked with it.
The best all-around item is the four-
inch Smith. You can lift it and
she goes where you point it.
I'll go fifty.

JACKIE
Bullshit.

EDDIE
Look, I want thirty pieces.
I'll go fifteen hundred.

JACKIE
Split the difference. Eighteen.

EDDIE
I'll have to see the stuff.

Jackie smiles.

JACKIE
Sure, okay.

Eddie takes another sip of coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. DILLON'S BAR - NIGHT - DILLON

3

Listening for just a few moments, before hanging up. Dillon is a little older than Eddie Coyle, a good deal thinner. He is a neat man. The sleeves of his white shirt are rolled precisely one quarter of the way up his hairless forearms. His hair is neat; his face without stubble or shadow. His disposition seems neat too; his face can manage a small neat smile, but his eyes don't change.

Dillon walks along behind the bar. It is a blue collar bar, advertising specials, featuring the chintzy displays of beer companies, trinkets. All the customers are male. The booths are covered with formica, the seats vinyl. And it is not a noisy bar: conversation rarely peaks, no juke box.

Dillon stops to face ARTIE VAN (Arthur Valantropé). Artie is heavy, has a dark heavy beard which he can't shave often enough. He is wearing a turtle-necked, ribbed dark orange sweater.

DILLON

Seen the Scal?

ARTIE

I see him, I don't see him.

DILLON

Coyle's looking for him.

ARTIE

Say where he is?

DILLON

Waldorf.

Artie finishes his drink, goes to a pay phone at the rear. He takes out his wallet and a folded notebook, cheap, and picks out a number. Then he dials. Artie turns so that he can keep his eye on the action in the bar (and protect himself from anyone coming up and listening.)

ARTIE

Eddie? S'me, Artie Okay, all right, I'll tell him. You're sure now, you're not gonna change your mind, are you? Okay.

Artie hangs up.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - BLOSSOM STREET - NIGHT

3A

Artie Van and Phil Kenney are sitting in a car opposite the Holiday Inn.

POV - EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

3B

A burgundy colored Chevrolet with New York plates pulls up in front of the Inn. There are already several other cars parked there. A middle-aged couple get out of the car. The doorman comes forward to assist them. He unloads their luggage. The man gives the doorman his keys and a dollar tip. The doorman gets into the car, moves it forward and then gets out of the car. Meanwhile a porter has loaded the luggage onto his cart and he and the couple disappear into the Inn. The doorman takes the keys of the car and puts them on a board in his glass office to the side of the Inn entrance.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

3C

A man stops his car outside the Inn. The doorman comes forward to assist him. In the foreground Phil walks casually past and we pan with him to the doorman's glass office. He pauses at the door.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

3D

The doorman is assisting the man with a suitcase into the Inn. Phil slips quickly into the doorman's office, takes the key of the New York Chevrolet and walks straight over to the car, gets into it and drives off. At this moment the doorman comes out of the hotel, gets into the new car and backs it into a position beside the hotel.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

3E

Artie Van, having seen the mission successfully accomplished, pulls his car out into the traffic.

OMIT SCENES 4 THROUGH 9

EXT. EDDIE'S STREET (Fayette Street) - DAY

10

An ochre school bus stops outside Eddie's house to pick up his kids, two boys and a girl. It is a street of frame duplexes. This is a low-income neighborhood. Eddie comes out of the alley between houses, hauling out a can of rubbish which he sets down in its place near the front of the house, not far from the spot where his black Cadillac is parked. The eldest child, a daughter, kisses Eddie on the cheek and then boards the bus. Eddie turns to go into the house.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE- DAY

11

Sterile. The necessary furniture, including the necessary TV set. It's all run down; even the TV set is old. Eddie hasn't scored for quite some time.

Eddie goes into the kitchen where his wife, SHEILA, is drying dishes. Eddie washes his hands and dries them on a door towel during the following dialogue.

EDDIE

You didn't say anything to the kids, did you?

SHEILA

About what?

EDDIE

About that trouble there.

SHEILA

No, why would I?

(turning)

Why?

EDDIE

Well, they were a little funny toward me this morning, I thought.

Eddie opens the refrigerator, selects some ham from a glazed A&P wrapper, a pickle and a tomato.. Also in the refrigerator we can see a carton of milk, an open carton of plastic orange juice, some beer cans and various other articles of super-market food that belong to the family. During the following dialogue Eddie takes a swig of milk and makes himself a sandwich. This is his breakfast.

SHEILA

You're imagining it, Eddie. What do you want for breakfast?

EDDIE

Nothing. I got to go somewhere, meet someone.

SHEILA

All right.

EDDIE

My lawyer, the goddamned harp. He's got oatmeal for brains. If I had time, I'd have someone write up papers for me. Incompetence of counsel, you know. Wouldn't let me take the stand there. I know a feller could do that but he's in the bucket.

Sheila turns away from him; she's heard this before.

SHEILA

My mother said she'd move in,
take care of the kids while I
work.

EDDIE *the hell*

Work? What are you talking about?

SHEILA

You don't want us to go on
welfare, do you?

EDDIE

Look, Sheila.

He gets up, crosses to the sink, puts his arms around
her.

EDDIE

Now listen, I'm going to be all
right in New Hampshire there.
This feller I'm seeing today, he
can square it. And then we're
getting out of here.

(turns her around)

Have I ever lied to you? Have I?

SHEILA

(he has, but:)

I'm not complaining.

Eddie moves over to his wife. She looks around at him.
He knows she understands him so well. Caught again.

He brings her close, begins to kiss her urgently. She pushes at him for a moment.

SHEILA

Eddie....Migod....Eddie...it's the morning.

But he is thrusting at her, with desperate urgency, and she is feeling it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - CAR PARK - DAY

11A

Starting close on a Massachusetts license plate, the camera pulls back and reveals the burgundy colored Chevrolet (the numbers have been changed.) Phil, who is driving the Chevrolet, has just passed through the entrance gate of the car park. The gate swings down. In the background we see Artie Van walking away from the car park. He approaches the same gold Cadillac convertible which is parked on the main road that leads to the airport. He gets into the car.

INT. SCALISE'S CAR - DAY

11B

Scalise is sitting behind the wheel.

ARTIE VAN

I parked it as close to the others as possible.

He hands Scalise his parking ticket.

SCALISE

What row, what number?

ARTIE VAN

Row J, number 7.

Scalise writes the information on the back of the parking ticket.

SCALISE

With Phil's car that's going to do us. They'll be safe enough there 'til we need them. When I drop you off I want you to call Donnie and see what the fuck he's doing. We're ready to go.

ARTIE VAN

He thinks he's special cuz he's tied in.

SCALISE

I don't give a shit what he is. He
was set weeks ago, I need him here.

Phil arrives at the car and gets in beside Artie Van. He hands
his parking ticket to Scalise.

PHIL

Row Q, number 5.

Scalise gives him the pencil and returns the ticket.

SCALISE

You write it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

11C

The Cadillac pulls away.

OMIT SCENES 12 THROUGH 16

INT. DONNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

17

Faint light filters into the bedroom through drawn curtains.
Two forms in the bed, just lumps under covers. The bedside telephone
rings and rings. The form farthest from the phone urges itself
up, sprawls over the other (muffled complaint) form, reaches out
for the phone, picks it up.

DONNY

Yeah....What time is it?

Donny snaps on the light. We see that the bedroom is furnished
in slick modern; we see that a young chick has been sleeping
with Donny; we see that Donny is in his late twenties, and he
has smooth good looks - not so smooth now. As he talks into
the phone, he hauls the covers off the chick.

DONNY

I can't come up today, he knows that.

(slaps chick awake)

C'mon, get up, get up.

(into phone)

Look, I gotta get out my lines.

I gotta settle the NFL, and I got the
Bruins playing tomorrow. Christ,
he knows that.

Continued.

DONNY (continued)
(pushing chick up)
I said get up!

She scrambles out of the bed, naked, goes into the bathroom.

DONNY
Artie, I'll be up there when
I'm needed, just like I said ...
Fuck him!

Donny slams down the phone.

EXT. DESERTED QUARRY - DAY

18

His tapedeck blaring, Jackie Brown swings his Roadrunner off the road into a rest area.

Only one car is parked in the rest area, a gold Karmann Ghia coupe. Jackie brings his Roadrunner to a halt some yards behind the Karmann Ghia. He sets his parking brake, leans back, listening to the tapedeck but keeping his eyes on the Karmann Ghia.

After a while, Jackie sees the right directional signal of the Karmann Ghia flash twice.

Jackie gets out of his car, walks to the Karmann Ghia, leans down to the open window. Behind the wheel is a pale bearded blond.

JACKIE
Good thing you told me you
got a new car. I wouldn't
have figured you for this.

Jackie walks around the car, gets in.

INT. KARMANN GHIA - DAY

19

As Jackie closes the car door.

JACKIE

What happened to the Three-ninety-six?

BEARD

Bills're eating me up.

JACKIE

Went like a bird with a flame up its ass, though.

BEARD

I can't swing it. I got to get married and settle down. I can't swing it no more.

JACKIE

You been doing okay off me.

BEARD

Shit, last six months I got you for thirty-seven hundred dollars. I spent that easy. I got to stop hacking around. I keep on, I'll be looking out from inside. You still ride?

JACKIE

No, that was before I heard about making money. You got the stuff?

BEARD

I got two dozen.

He wrenches his body around, lifts a labeled shopping bag out of the luggage bin behind the seats.

Jackie opens one of the bags and professionally checks one or two of the guns for quality and the numbers for accuracy.

BEARD

Most of them are four-inchers.

JACKIE

Four-eighty. Right?

BEARD

How come it's right, four-inchers?
Six months ago you used to piss
and moan I brought you anything but
two-inchers.

JACKIE

I got a better class of trade.

BEARD

You hooked in with the Mafia or
something?

JACKIE

Tell you the truth, I don't know.
There's this heavysset guy, looks
like a Mick, he'll take anything I
can deliver. Never seen such a man
for guns. Four-inchers, six-inchers,
mags, forty-ones, forty-fives, forty-
fours, you name it. He just keeps
bringing the bread, it's okay with
me.

BEARD

You do all right off me.

JACKIE

I give you twenty dollars apiece
for iron that costs you nothing.

BEARD

You do all right. You do better.

JACKIE

Don't hassle me. I know what you're
dumping the money on. I know all right,
but as long as you can function, it's
okay with me. But you get my ass in
the gears, I'll turn up the flame under
yours. You could do ten years for what
you're doing all by yourself. What
you're doing for me is a sideline, but
it's a damned good sideline, and don't
you forget it. I got a phone too and
I can call the cops in Springfield just
as fast as you can call them in Boston.

He hefts the bag, opens the car door.

JACKIE

I'll see you next week. I want at
least two dozen.

Jackie gets out of the car, walks back to the Roadrunner, while the Karmann Ghia slips into a U-turn, and races off.

Jackie stows the package in the trunk of the Roadrunner, gets into the driver's seat, turns on the ignition. The tapedeck blares as he starts out of the rest area.

EXT. ROAD NEAR SOUTHSORE BANK - DEDHAM - DAY

19A

An armored truck of the Brinks variety (the name is not important, but the size is) drives along the road and then turns into the road in front of the bank revealing the bank to us. The truck pulls up in front of the bank and the guards get out, behaving as they do and going through the complete precision routine of taking a large sum of money from the truck to the bank. As the man comes out of the back of the truck carrying two bags containing money, we

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD OPPOSITE SOUTHSORE BANK - DEDHAM - DAY

19B

The gold Cadillac is waiting at the curb.

EXT. SOUTHSORE BANK - DAY

19C

The men carry the money inside the bank, while one of the guards remains outside and keeps watch.

CLOSE - UP - GOLD CADILLAC - OPPOSITE SOUTHSORE BANK - DAY

19D

We clearly recognize Scalise. He puts on a pair of hornrimmed glasses and reaches down into the car.

EXT. SOUTHSORE BANK - ENTRANCE - DAY

19E

The men come out of the bank and get back into the armored car which pulls away from the bank.

INT. SOUTHSORE BANK - DEDHAM - DAY

19F

The bank is going about its usual business. Through the front door of the bank comes Scalise, wearing a hat pulled down over

his face, the hornrimmed glasses and a cigarette in his mouth.
He approaches the bank teller.

INT. SOUTHSHORE BANK - CLOSE-UP BANK TELLER - DAY

19G

She looks up from her work.

INT. SOUTHSHORE BANK - REVERSE OVER BANK TELLER'S SHOULDER
TOWARDS SCALISE - DAY

19H

SCALISE

Have you got change for ten?

She nods, takes his \$10 bill and begins to count out the single dollars. Meanwhile, Scalise checks the vaults, checks the cameras, and checks the number of people. He thanks her for the change and leaves, noting the position of Mr. Partridge's office.

OMIT SCENES 20-25

EXT. HOUGHTON POND - DAY

26-27

Eddie is waiting in the shadow of the deserted concession building. In the distance he hears a car approaching. A special looking Camaro drives across the deserted car park and stops beside Eddie's old Cadillac. A figure gets out of the car, checks around, locks his car and walks towards the concession.

EDDIE

That's a pretty nice machine you got there.
Anybody I know?

FOLEY

I don't think so. Fellow out in the western part of the state was using it to transport moon. Poor bastard. Paid cash for it and got hooked on his first trip.

EDDIE

Sometimes they get away with it.

FOLEY

I didn't know that was in your line.

EDDIE

Well, it isn't, but you hear things from time to time. People're careless.

FOLEY

I know. Like last week I heard you're coming up for sentencing in New Hampshire.

EDDIE

I was thinking, you might want to go up there with me for the weekend. You're still interested in machine guns, I suppose.

FOLEY

Yes, indeed. I've always had a strong interest in a machine gun or two.

EDDIE

That's what I was thinking. I said to myself, Old Dave is reliable, he remembers his old friends.

FOLEY

Just what old friends, for example?

EDDIE

Well, I was thinking, for example, maybe the U.S. Attorney up there in New Hampshire.

FOLEY

You thought I might enjoy a chance to talk to him.

EDDIE

I figured it was worth asking.

FOLEY

It's a long way to go. Still, if I had a strong reason.

EDDIE

Well, I got three kids and a wife at home, and I can't afford to do more time, you know? The kids are growing up and they go to school and the other kids make fun of them and all. Hell, I'm almost forty-five years old.

FOLEY

That's your strong reason. I need one for me. What are they holding over you, about five years?

EDDIE

My lawyer guesses two or so.

FOLEY

You'll do well to get out with two. You had about two hundred cases of Canadian Club on that truck, the way I remember it, and none of it belonged to you.

EDDIE

I keep telling you, it was a mistake.

FOLEY

You made a mistake like that before.

EDDIE

Look, I was minding my own business and getting along the best I could and this fellow called me up, knew I was out of work, and he asks me would I drive a truck for him. That's all there was to it. I didn't know that guy from Burlington from Adam.

FOLEY

I can see how that would happen. Man like you lives in Quincey, Massachusetts, must get a lot of calls to drive a semi from Burlington to Portland. I'm surprised the jury didn't believe you.

EDDIE

My stupid lawyer didn't let me take the stand. Anyway, I was wondering if maybe there was a way to handle it.

FOLEY

Like me saying hello to somebody.

EDDIE

Actually, something a little stronger. I was thinking more in terms of you having the prosecutor tell the judge how I've been helping my uncle like a bastard.

FOLEY

Well, I would, but then again you haven't been.]

EDDIE

I called you a few times.

FOLEY

You gave me some real stuff too. You tell me about a guy that's gonna get hit, and fifteen minutes later he gets hit. You tell me about some guys and a job, but you don't tell me til they're coming out the door with the money. That's not working for uncle, Eddie. You got to put your whole soul into it. Hell, I keep hearing that you're maybe mixed up in something that's going on.

EDDIE

Like what?

FOLEY

Oh, well, I wouldn't confront a man with something I heard. You know me better than that.

EDDIE

Well, suppose we were to talk about machineguns.

FOLEY

Just to change the subject.

EDDIE

Suppose you had someone who put you onto somebody selling machineguns? You wouldn't want him going to jail, would you? Would you want a fellow like that, that was helping you like that, would you want him to go to jail and embarrass his kids and all?

FOLEY

When's it supposed to come off?

EDDIE

How much are you interested?

FOLEY

Let me put it this way. If I was to get my hands on the machineguns and the fellow who's selling them and whoever's buying them, I wouldn't mind saying to someone else that somebody was helping uncle. Do you need anything else?

EDDIE

I need a good leaving alone. I don't want anyone following me around.

FOLEY

Okay, we'll do it your way. You call me when you get something, if you do, and if I get something I'll put it in front of the U. S. Attorney. If I don't, all bets are off. Understood?

Eddie nods and gets out of the car.

Foley drives off, as Eddie moves down the line of cars.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT

28

A five-year-old Cadillac, one fender dented, comes past Dillon's, rounds a corner, turns up an alley, and parks behind Artie Van's Pontiac.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

29

Eddie Coyle gets out of the Cadillac, goes to the trunk, unlocks it, takes out the labeled shopping bag of guns which we have seen Jackie Brown acquire from the Beard. Eddie closes and locks the trunk of his car, goes to the Pontiac. The trunk of the Pontiac is unlocked. Eddie opens it, places the shopping bag inside, closes the bag.

Then he enters Dillon's saloon through the rear door.

INT. DILLON'S SALOON - NIGHT

30

Eddie comes into the saloon, moves between the booths and the bar, passing Artie Van, who doesn't yet see him. Eddie takes up a somewhat isolated position at the front corner of the bar.

Now Dillon moves behind the bar, to serve Eddie. As he passes Artie, Dillon nods, almost imperceptibly, calling Artie's attention to Eddie.

Artie gets up and goes out, through the rear door, while Dillon pours a whiskey for Eddie.

DILLON

You're not looking too good.

EDDIE

It's gonna be three to five, looks like.

DILLON

What about the appeal?

EDDIE

Lost the appeal. Lost the motion for reconsideration. Got to surrender up there for execution of sentence in a week or two.

Dillon serves him another drink.

EDDIE

Shit, the wife's got to go on welfare. How do you think that feels, your wife and kids going on welfare like niggers? Dillon, you got to do something for me.

DILLON

I'm doing everything I can.

EDDIE

I stood up...

DILLON

You're a stand-up guy.

Eddie finishes his drink. Dillon pours him another.

EDDIE

Christ, I wish I never did that job for you.

DILLON

Look, so do I, I wish it never happened. But that don't help. It looked like a pipe, you know that. You said so yourself. You told me you needed the dough. And you got it up front.

EDDIE
Well, I did, yeah.

DILLON
So you would've gone in on
something else, you didn't do
that.

EDDIE
(tentatively)
Yeah.

DILLON
You would. You would've.
You know it.

He walks away from Eddie.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EDDIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

31

Eddie comes barreling through the dark empty
streets, jams on the brakes as he turns into
his own driveway. He jams the car to a stop.

Inside the house, a bedroom light goes out.

Eddie heaves himself out of the car, stumbles
to the front door. He fumbles out his keys,
drops them, gets down on his hands and knees,
feeling for them. ~~As~~ still on his hands and
knees he begins to pound on the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEHIND PARTRIDGE HOUSE - DAY

32

Or, rather, morning. Hazy autumn light, diffused,
as though from no single source. Autumn songbirds
chirping.

The pale green Plymouth which Phil had delivered is

parked in the driveway behind the Partridge house. We can make out ~~the~~ men in the front seat of the Plymouth. There is something vaguely peculiar about them.

As we move in on the Plymouth we can see that there is something specifically peculiar and sinister. Because we cannot see the faces of the two men: their faces are covered with nylon masks, cut from pantyhose. And they are sitting very very still -- waiting.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCH (R.C.) - DAY

33

We see the church at a distance. A dark coated man comes out of the church, putting on his hat. It is only when we go closer that we recognize him as Dillon.

INT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - DAY

34

A closet door swings open in an upstairs bedroom. SAMUEL T. PARTRIDGE takes out a suit jacket, puts it on, examining himself briefly, then walks past the rumpled bed, and out into the hall.

A day like any other day for Samuel Partridge, as he goes down the hall, comes to to the head of the stairs, descends to the lower floor.

There he walks into the family room, where the table is set for breakfast. But no one is seated at the table. Instead, his wife is sitting in the Boston rocker. His two children, little girls, are standing close together, next to the rocker. Their faces are blank.

Now Partridge sees them: three men sitting on the couch. They wear identical blue nylon windbreakers and they have ski masks pulled down over their faces. Each of them holds a revolver.

DAUGHTER

Daddy, Daddy.

She takes a step toward Partridge, stops, as:

SCALISE

Mr. Partridge. We are going to your bank, you and I and my friend here. My other friend will stay here with your wife and children, to make sure nothing happens to them. Nothing will happen to them, and nothing will happen to you, if you do what I tell you. If you don't, at least one of you will be shot. Understand?

Partridge's face is outraged, but he swallows phlegm, and articulates:

PARTRIDGE

I understand.

SCALISE

Get your coat.

Partridge's wife is crying. He kisses her on the forehead.

PARTRIDGE

Don't be afraid, everything will be all right.

He kisses each of the children.

PARTRIDGE

Do what Mummy tells you. It'll be all right. They don't want to hurt us. It's the money they want.

SCALISE

He's right. We don't get any kicks from hurting people. Nobody does anything silly, nobody gets hurt.
(To Partridge; indicating Donnie)
Give him your car keys.

Partridge fishes them out of his pocket, hands them to Donnie, his hands shaking.

SCALISE
(motioning)
Let's go to the bank, Mr. Partridge.

They go out through the rear door, two masked men and Partridge, while the third man, Donnie, remains behind, revolver in hand, facing the family.

EXT. BEHIND PARTRIDGE HOUSE - DAY (MORNING) 35

Partridge is flanked by the two bank robbers as they walk to the Plymouth.

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY 36

Partridge gets into the rear seat, between the two men who have taken him from the house.

PHIL
You sleep late, Mr. Partridge.

PARTRIDGE
I am sorry to inconvenience you.

SCALISE
You're probably a brave man. Don't try to prove it. We don't plan to hurt you or anyone else unless you make us or somebody fucks up.

EXT. GOVERNMENT CENTER TRAM STATION - DAY

37

Dillon comes out of the station and heads off across the square towards the far side of City Hall, which rises like a modern cathedral in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHSORE BANK - DEDHAM - DAY - WEBBER

38

Webber is seated behind the wheel of a grey Mercury. He sees:

ANGLE ON PARTRIDGE'S MERCEDES ARRIVING, turning into the parking lot. Webber gets out of the car and moves towards the public phonebooth.

EXT. SOUTHSORE BANK - PARKING LOT - DAY

38A

Partridge's Mercedes parks at his normal place. The car is driven by Phil. Artie Van sits beside him.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTRIDGE'S MERCEDES - DAY

38B

Artie Van and Phil put on their masks and stocking hats again. Scalise, who sits up from the back seat, does likewise.

SCALISE

Now I'm going to take off your blindfold
Mr. Partridge. Sit up on the seat.

He helps Partridge as he struggles up from the floor of the car. Scalise removes Mr. Partridge's blindfold. Partridge looks around at the masked faces.

SCALISE

Mr. Partridge, do you see the men in that
phonebooth?

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONEBOOTH - DAY

38C

Webber is now in the phonebooth, his back firmly towards us, the receiver in his hand. He's dialing a number.

PARTRIDGE (VOICE OVER)

Yes.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

38D

SCALISE

When he gives me the signal I'll know he's made contact with our friend at your home. You will then walk to the front door of your bank, ring the bell in the usual way, go into the bank, tell your people what's going on. When you will open the back door and let us in. If that door is not opened in exactly three minutes after you leave this car, you know what will happen to your family and we will leave immediately in a car you've never seen. Do you understand?

PARTRIDGE

Yes, I understand.

Scalise looks towards the man in the phonebooth.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONEBOOTH - DAY

38E

The man still has his back to us. It is impossible to recognize him. He's waiting. No signal.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

38F

All inside the car wait impatiently. Scalise looks at his watch.

EXT. PHONEBOOTH - DAY

38G

The man's gloved hand presses it's palm against the glass of the booth, fingers spread. He makes this movement three times.

EXT. MERCEDES - DAY

38H

The car door opens, Artie Van leans forward without getting out and Mr. Partridge begins his walk. We track in front of him on his face, which shows the strain of the ordeal he's going through. He looks towards the phonebooth.

EXT. PHONEBOOTH - DAY

38I

The man in the booth can plainly be seen to have the phone up to his ears and to be revolving as Mr. Partridge walks, so as to be unrecognizable.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

38J

The three masks watching Mr. Partridge's progress.

INSERT - Scalise's watch: 30 seconds gone.

POV - FROM MERCEDES

38K

Partridge nears of the corner of the bank. We can see clearly that the blind in front of the Drive-In Window is down with the windows closed.

EXT. SOUTHSORE - BANK - DAY - CLOSE-UP on Partridge

38L

Partridge walks over to us and turns to walk the few steps up the path towards the entrance to the bank. He looks hesitantly towards the parked Mercedes and then rings the front doorbell three times, in quick procession.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

38M

The masks watching. Artie looks to Scalise and then back to Partridge.

POV - Partridge still standing outside the door.

INSERT - Scalise's watch: 1 minute gone.

EXT. PHONEBOOTH - DAY

38N

Webber on the phone, without mask. Can not resist a guarded look over his shoulder towards Partridge.

EXT. SOUTHSORE BANK - DEDHAM - DAY - FRONT DOOR

38O

A face peeks through the curtains at Partridge. The door opens, the man seems satisfied. Partridge enters the bank.

EXT. BANK - DAY - LONG SHOT

38P

Showing clearly the geography of the front of the bank, the Mercedes and the phonebooth. No movement.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

38Q

The masks waiting. Scalise checks his watch.

INSERT Scalise's watch: 1 minute, 35 seconds gone.

SCALISE SCALISE

Back up so we can see the door.

Phil starts the engine of the Mercedes.

INT. SOUTHSHORE BANK - DAY

38R

The Mercedes backs inconspicuously to the other side of the parking lot.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

38S

The masks waiting.

POV - BACK DOOR - SOUTHSHORE BANK - DAY

38T

In the foreground, the main road has occasional traffic. The men wait. Webber waits. The watch ticks on. The bank remains still. When the watch reaches 2 minutes, 37 seconds:

POV - BACK DOOR - SOUTHSHORE BANK - DAY

38U

The door slowly opens and we see Partridge standing in the doorway.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SOUTHSHORE BANK - DAY

38V

The Mercedes swings around towards the rear of the bank and parks near the back door. The three men quietly and efficiently leave the Mercedes and enter the rear door of the bank.

INT. SOUTHSHORE BANK - DEDHAM - DAY

39

The robbers take up their positions quickly, wordlessly. Only Scalise speaks, emphasizing with the gun.

SCALISE

Stay right where you are, don't press no buttons, calm down, keep quiet, no one gets hurt.

The bank employees freeze. Scalise turns to Partridge.

SCALISE

Tell them to sit down on the floor.

PARTRIDGE

Please sit down on the floor.

The bank employees sit down, awkwardly.

SCALISE

Tell them the rest.

PARTRIDGE

When the time lock on the vault opens, these men will take what they came for. I'll leave with them. We will return to my house.

SCALISE

Keep on.

PARTRIDGE

There is another man at my house, with my family. We will pick him up and leave. This man has told me no one will be hurt if no one interferes. I have to believe him. So, everyone cooperate and don't set off any alarms.

SCALISE

Let's go to the vault.

Partridge and Scalise go to the vault. Scalise keeps his gun close to Partridge's head.

SCALISE

What time does it open?

PARTRIDGE

Eight-forty-eight.

The small clock set into the steel door of the vault. It shows eight-forty-six.

EXT. GOVERNMENT CENTER - CITY HALL - DAY

40.

The small unrecognizable figure of Foley appears between the archways.

EXT. GOVERNMENT CENTER - DAY - CLOSE-UP DILLON

40a

He sees the man for whom he's been waiting. We feel a pre-arranged meeting is about to take place.

INT. BANK - DAY

41

A tableau. Everyone in the bank seems frozen into the same positions as before, as though we had taken a still photograph. The gun is still at Partridge's head. If anything has changed it is the sweat on Partridge's face; the sweat is profuse.

SCALISE

When the fuck's it open?

As though in answer, there is a dry snap inside the door.

The clock shows eight-forty-eight.

PARTRIDGE

That's it.

SCALISE
(gesturing)

Open it.

Partridge begins to turn the wheel.

SCALISE

When you get it open, move toward the desks there, so I can watch you and the rest of them at the same time.

Partridge opens the vault door. Two of the men converge on the vault. Each of them produces a bright green plastic bag from his windbreaker and shakes it out, while Partridge moves the side of his desk, stands there.

The men go into the vault. Scalise covers the employees and Partridge. His revolver is steady now. It is all going with practised efficiency.

The two men emerge from the vault, place the now stuffed green plastic bags on the floor. One of them produces another bag, shakes it out, goes back into the vault.

All is silent.

Partridge looks at the photograph of his wife and children, a summer lakeside photo, on his desk. He is perspiring now.

The masked men comes out of the vault, with the third plastic bag partially full.

SCALISE

THERE's going to be some shooting but no one's going to get hurt. I'm going to have to take out those cameras you got there.

PARTRIDGE

Why do you bother? They're for people who cash bad checks. Why take the chance? If you think this place is soundproof it isn't. You start shooting and you will bring somebody for sure.

SCALISE

Helpful, aren't you?

PARTRIDGE

You said you'd use that thing and I believe you. Those cameras haven't seen anything I haven't seen. Just a bunch of frightened people and three men with masks over their faces. You got to kill all of us, too.

SCALISE

All right.

He motions to Partridge with the revolver.

SCALISE

You and I are going out and getting in the other car and go. Tell them what to do.

PARTRIDGE

When these men leave get up and take your usual places. Open the doors and pull the curtains. Start to do business. You have got to give these men at least an hour. For God's sake give them the time.

Scalise points to the vault door and one of the men swings it shut.

Two of the men pick up the plastic bags and disappear into the corridor leading to the back door.

EXT. BACK DOOR - SOUTHSORE BANK - DAY

42

Webber has parked his car against the wall of the bank on the opposite side of the door from the Mercedes. He has also brought up a second car that is now parked opposite the back door. Two men emerge from the bank with the green plastic bags. They throw them in the nearest car in which Webber is sitting. He's now wearing a mask. Artis Van jumps into the car with Webber. The car starts to move out. The second of the two men that came out of the bank moves over to the far car, starts the engine and the car glides forward to take its position at the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTHSORE BANK - DAY

43

Scalise nudges Partridge with his car.

SCALISE

Okay, let's go.

Partridge starts out, pauses to:

PARTRIDGE

Please remember what I've said. Everything depends on you to see that no one gets hurt. Please.

As he turns to go out:

SCALISE

You keep a tight asshole,
Mr. Partridge.

They exit.

The people on the floor sit motionless for some moments.
Then a woman begins to cry.

GOV. CENTER

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

44

We see Dillon and Foley in the bleak cold Common.

DILLON

I knew this guy, met him when
I was in Lewisburg on that federal
thing back there. Not a bad guy,
we strike up a friendship. His
wife was a Jehovah Witness, something
like that. But it didn't do anything
to what she liked to do, and from
what he was telling me she liked to
do that pretty often. Like, a couple
of times a night. In Lewisburg he
was telling me he was saving it up,
no hand-gallops for him, because
when he got home he was going to have
to account for every ounce. So I
get out first, and I come back here.
I let him know where I am. So when
they parole him, he goes home to his
wife and she's living with her mother
now, and her and her mother they
really start peddling Jesus to this
guy and he ain't getting much else
but the sales talk. So he comes to
me. I had some room. I was separated
from my wife and I had some room. I
let him stay with me. And naturally
it's just a matter of time the parole
officer makes a report and says he's
missing visits, which is true, and he
isn't staying with his family, which
is true, and he's consorting with a
known criminal, which is me and which
is true. Drinking, too. I forgot that.
So, you see, like I'm telling you,

(continued)

DILLON (continued)
those two women preached the poor
bastard right back into the can.
A man gets desperate.

FOLEY

Sure.

DILLON

Now look, it isn't that I don't
trust you or anything. But what
you got in mind, if I do that I'll
just have to spend the rest of my
life, you know? Being somewhere,
hiding out. And you cannot hide
out, is all, you just cannot hide
out.

FOLEY

Okay, I understand the position
you're in. You can't talk about
the Polack, you can't talk about
the Polack. It's all right.

DILLON

Thanks.

FOLEY

Screw. We've been friends
for a long time. I never asked a
friend yet to do something he really
couldn't do, when I knew he couldn't
do it. The whole town's buttoned
up on this grand jury anyway. I
never seen things so quiet.

DILLON

There isn't much going on.

FOLEY

You guys must have taken up circle-
jerks or something. They ought to
run one of those grand juries every
three weeks or so. It sure puts you
guys in a closet.

DILLON

Fuck you.

FOLEY

By the end of the week, Artie
Van't going to be shining shoes
or selling papers or maybe pimping
or something. You ought to get
unemployment.

DILLON

Cut it out.

FOLEY

All right. That was a cheap
shot. I apologize. But
there isn't anything going
on.

DILLON

There's something going on.

continued on page 38.

FOLEY

Bunch of the boys getting together
to watch dirty movies?

DILLON

You want the truth? I don't know
what it is. People're sort of
avoiding me. Guys calling up
asking for guys that aren't there.

Foley passes him a folded bill.

FOLEY

Here's twenty. Who's calling up?

DILLON

Remember Eddie Fingers?

FOLEY

Feller that got his hand busted
up? Who's he looking for?

DILLON

Jimmy Scalise. Know him?

FOLEY

I heard he was down in Florida getting
some sun. Does he find him?

DILLON

I dunno. I'm just a messenger
boy.

FOLEY

They give you numbers.

DILLON

Telephone numbers. I got a liquor
license. I'm a law-abiding citizen.

FOLEY

You work for a guy that's got a
liquor license. Ever see him -
You're a convicted felon.

DILLON

You know how it is. I work for a
guy with a liquor license. I
forget sometimes.

A tram is rumbling in.

FOLEY

Want to forget this?

DILLON

I'd just as soon.

They rise.

FOLEY

You ought to get yourself a car.

DILLON

I don't drive. I could afford a
car I wouldn't be taking twenty
a week from you.

He goes into the tram.

The doors slide shut behind Dillon.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

45

The green Plymouth crawls to a halt on a country lane.

Inside the car, Partridge is crouched in the rear, again
blindfolded.

SCALISE

Put your hands on the seat and
get yourself sitting up.

Partridge goes so, while Scalise opens a door of the car.

SCALISE

Now come on.

He takes Partridge's arm, helps him out of the car.

SCALISE

I'm going to point you, and you'll start walking. You'll hear me get back in the car. We'll have the windows down and the guns on you. You just keep walking, because we got a rifle too, and we can pick you off if you stop. Count to one hundred, slowly. That's when you'll be safe.

(gentle push)

Start walking, Mr. Partridge.

Partridge begins to stumble across the field.

Scalise gets into the car. The car doesn't move until Partridge is well into the field. Then they race off.

Partridge trips, falls. He lies still for some seconds. Then he takes off the blindfold, and peers back. The car seems to be gone.

Partridge rises, and begins to run, stiffly, toward the empty road.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

46

In the corridor three or four groups of lawyers and clients, lawyers and detectives. The feeling of a marketplace. The Court has just broken for the day. Deals are being worked out. Foley's boss, a very savvy greyhaired Chief Investigator named WATERS, stands outside the empty Courtroom with a mug of coffee, a folder of papers under his arm. During the scene Waters and Foley go back and sit in the empty courtroom while they talk.

FOLEY

You remember Eddie Fingers? Eddie Coyle?

WATERS

He the bank robber? The one from Natick?

FOLEY

That's his sidekick. Artie Van. Eddie doesn't rob banks.

WATERS

They branch out. What about him?

FOLEY

I had this call from Coyle so I went out to see him.

WATERS

What'd he want?

FOLEY

He's coming up for sentencing in New Hampshire.

WATERS

He wants some references. What's he got to trade?

FOLEY

He was offering to peddle me a guy with machine guns. That bastard, he's about this high in the bunch but he gets around more than any man I ever see. One day he's here, the next day he's there. You'd think he was a fuckin' stray dog. I wish I had a line on half of what he's doing.

WATERS

Does he work anywhere?

FOLEY

Yeah, he's a night expediter over at Arliss Trucking, but you just try to find him there. He works about as much as Santa Claus. My friend says he's been looking for Scalise.

WATERS

I thought Scalise was pretty much of a hit man.

FOLEY

I don't know too much about Scalise. My friend runs a saloon and I know he's got an undisclosed interest and he knows I know. He's a strange guy, I am always handing him twenty but I couldn't tell you how much good stuff he's given me.

WATERS

You hear anything about Artie Van and Scalise?

FOLEY

Not together, no.

WATERS

I was wondering, do you think Artie and Scalise made that withdrawal from the bank?

FOLEY

It's a thought. I just wonder where Eddie fits in.

WATERS

Maybe he's arming some wise guys. He's done it before. This friend of yours, that runs the saloon. Is this the same saloon that we talked about putting a wire on a few weeks back?

FOLEY

That's the one.

WATERS

O.K. You write it up, I'll present it to the attorney.

FOLEY

Maybe we should talk about it some more.

WATERS

You asked for it. It won't do any good in your head.

FOLEY

By the time I get through writing it up, it'll all be over with.

WATERS

That's what you get when you get to be an expert, Kid. Or maybe you'd rather go back on the pussy posse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREETS (MEMORIAL DRIVE AND RIVER) - DAY

47

Jackie Brown is driving the Roadrunner. The skyline of Boston can be seen at a distance across the river.

THRU WINDSHIELD

A tan Microbus is parked beside the river, near a boathouse.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

48

Jackie drives to the Microbus, parks behind it. He gets out of his Roadrunner and inspects the Microbus. The interior is dark. Flowered curtains cover the windows behind the front seat. Jackie moves around the Microbus. It seems deserted. He turns around, begins walking away.

ANDREA'S VOICE

(from inside the Microbus. We see no one.)
Hey, you. Man. Are you selling something?

Jackie stops walking, but doesn't turn.

JACKIE

That depends.

ANDREA'S VOICE

Wait a minute.

Jackie turns now, but doesn't walk back to the bus. He waits near his Roadrunner. Finally Pete's face appears at the driver's window.

PETE

Are you the guy?

JACKIE

No, I'm a Narc.

PETE

Don't hassle me, man. Are you the guy we're looking for?

JACKIE

That depends. That depends on what you're looking to do.

PETE

Wait a minute.

His face disappears for some moments, reappears.

PETE

Hey, come to the back door.

Jackie walks slowly to the back door. It is opened by a thin girl with short fair hair.

JACKIE

Who the fuck're you?

PETE

Cool it, man. That's Andrea.

JACKIE

I don't give a shit who she is. I understood there was going to be somebody here that wanted to do business.

PETE

Well, that's us. I'm Pete.

JACKIE

Okay. I'm Jackie. What the hell is Andrea doing here?

PETE

This is Andrea's. Andrea's got the money. Andrea wanted to see you.

JACKIE

What about?

Andrea hesitates, looks toward Pete.

ANDREA

How do we know who you are?

JACKIE

You don't.

PETE

You could be a cop.

JACKIE

I could be J. Edgar fuckin' Hoover. Now what do you want?

ANDREA

We understood you could get us some machine guns.

JACKIE

Look, you want to burn your fucking bra, all right. What the fuck do you want with a machine gun?

ANDREA

We're going to rob a fucking bank.

Jackie looks them over, carefully and quietly, before:

JACKIE

I can get you five machine guns by Friday. M-sixteens. Three hundred and fifty dollars apiece. You want ammo, it's extra.

ANDREA

How much extra?

JACKIE

Two hundred and fifty dollars for five hundred rounds.

ANDREA

That's two thousand dollars.

JACKIE

I make that.

ANDREA

Be here Friday night with the stuff.

JACKIE

Half now. Machine guns're a hot item. A grand in advance.

Andrea and Pete look at each other. Then:

PETE

I don't like that.

JACKIE

I don't give a good fuck what you like. I got two problems selling machine

(continued)

JACKIE(continued)
guns to people like you. The first
is selling machine guns. That's life
in this state. The second is selling
to people like you. You aren't honest.
You know where I'm going to be , and
what time, I'm liable to lose my
machine guns.

ANDREA
Give him a thousand dollars, Pete.

Pete disappears into the Microbus.

ANDREA
Bastard. Fucking bastard.

JACKIE
Life's hard, lover, life's very hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - ^{DAY}~~NIGHT~~

50

Several of the lanes are in action. As this is a weekday, the
place is not that full. There is a small bar/cafe to one side of the
hall and in it sits Eddie Coyle,

his mouth tight with impatience as he sees Jackie come through the main door. Jackie sees him and crosses over to join him.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

51

Jackie sits facing Eddie.

Eddie is drinking beer from a large plastic cup and, as usual, is taking his food on the run. He has a half-finished hot dog and sauerkraut.

EDDIE

You owe me ten more guns. I need them fast. When am I going to get them?

JACKIE

I don't know. I got you the first batch when I said, I was ahead on the dozen. These things take time.

EDDIE

Time is what I haven't got. I'm getting pressure. Tomorrow night I've got to see the man. I need the guns.

JACKIE

I can't get them for you by tomorrow night.

EDDIE

Sonofabitch. I got to have the stuff tomorrow night.. I got a long ride and I got to have the stuff with me when I make it.

JACKIE

No day. No day, no way. No can do.
I told you I get quality. Takes time.

EDDIE

Tomorrow night.

JACKIE

You aren't buying a fucking loaf of bread.
I got a thing set up that works pretty good,
dependable stuff that won't get anybody in
trouble. I'm not going to screw it up because
your people've got hot drawers. You'll
have to tell them that.

EDDIE

You tell them.

JACKIE

The stuff'll come. What's the big emergency
anyway?

EDDIE

One of the first things I learn is not
to ask a man why he's in a hurry. All
you gotta know is I told the man he could
depend on me because you told me I could
depend on you. Now one of us is going to
have a big fat problem. Now let me tell
you something else, kid. That's another
thing I learn. When one of us is gonna have
a problem, you're going to be the one.

JACKIE

You finished? You fucking finished?

EDDIE

I'm not finished. I'm telling you this:
I'm getting old you hear. I spent my whole life
sitting around in one crummy joint after another with
a bunch of punks, and I'm drinking the beer and
eating the hash and watching other people take
off for Florida while I got to sweat how in the
hell I'm going to pay the plumber. I done time
and I stood up, but I can't take no more chances.
Next time it's going to be me that's going to
Florida. So you listen, you're still a kid and you're
going out and coming around and saying; "Well,
I'm a man, you can take what I say and it'll
happen. I go through." Well, you're learning some-
thing too

(continued)

EDDIE(Continued)

my friend, and I advise you, you better learn it now, because when you say that, when you get me out there all alone on what you say, well, you better be there in back of me. Because once you say it's going to happen, it's going to fucking happen, and if it doesn't you got your thing caught in the zipper but good. Now I don't want talk and shit from you. I want ten guns from you, and I got the money to pay for them, and I want them tomorrow afternoon the place where we were before and I'm going to be there and you're going to be there with those goddamned guns. Because if you're not I'm going to come looking for you and I'll find you too, because I'm not going to be the only one that's looking and we know how to find people.

JACKIE

I've got to go to Rhode Island tonight. I'll be back late. I got to see some people, late tomorrow afternoon. Can I meet you early someplace tomorrow so I can get free by, say, 3:00? Because you're coming up faster than we said, you know. And I got other people to see too.

EDDIE

Tomorrow afternoon's OK?

JACKIE

Have the money. I work this fast I'm going to need money fast.

EDDIE

No sweat, I'll have the money.

OMIT SCENE 52

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

53

The Roadrunner is speeding along an interstate (divided) highway.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT (MOTION)

54

CUT TO PAGE 56

A PALE KID, about eighteen, is seated next to Jackie, his white face barely visible in the light coming from the dashboard.

PALE KID

Look, I don't know if they'll still be there, I mean it's almost 10:00 and I don't have no way to check with them.

Jackie doesn't answer.

PALE KID

We were supposed to be there by 8:30.

JACKIE

Listen, I've been on the goddamn road all day, one thing and another. By the time I get fuckin' home tonight it'll be morning, so get off my ass.

They drive in silence.

PALE KID

We better kick it along.

JACKIE

With what I'm packin', legal limit all the way.

PALE KID

I always wanted to see how much one of these could do. Has it got the magnum mill?

JACKIE

Hemi. Three-eighty-three hemi. And you can have one. Just get me, say, another twenty-five, thirty of those M-16's.

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

55

The Roadrunner turns off the highway, doubles through quiet streets.

OMIT SCENE 56

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

57

The Roadrunner turns left, onto a narrow old iron bridge down a steep hill. Overhanging evergreen branches brush the roof of the car.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT (MOTION)

JACKIE

WHERE the fuck're you taking me?

EXT. DESERTED CHOCOLATE FACTORY - NIGHT

Jackie's car edges across the bridge. The iron gates that lead from one side of the factory to the other stand open, a padlock and chain hanging loosely on one of the gates.

PALE KID

Take a left here. You go up about a hundred yards and you come to a clearing. That's where they are.

Jackie

Jackie looks intently at the kid, and at the chain and padlock, then noses the Roadrunner into the dirt parking area in front of the building.

PALE KID

You got to go up the hill.

JACKIE

Get out.

PALE KID

No, up the hill, there.

Jackie removes a chrome-plated forty-five automatic that's been tucked down beneath his seat, and levels it at the Kid.

JACKIE

Right, get out.

The Kid opens the door.

JACKIE

Go up the hill there and get your friends and the rifles and come back down here and we'll do business. Here, not there.

PALE KID

Why?

JACKIE

Because I think you need exercise. And because I like noonlight. And because I'm not so fucking stupid I'm gonna drive this car into the woods to find two other

606 moving
606 1st
606 2nd
606 3rd
606 4th
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606 60th

Huh?

PALE KID
(scared)

JACKIE

The fucking goddamn bullets. I told you I could use five hundred rounds. Where the fuck is it?

PALE KID

Oh, we couldn't get no ammo.

JACKIE

You couldn't get any. You can steal the goddamned guns right out of stores, but you can't get any bullets. What the hell do I do with guns and no bullets? I can't get that stuff outside.

PALE KID

We'll get it for you. Honest. It's just, the kid that was going to get it for us, he gets sick and he wasn't on duty when we came up. We didn't want to take chances on someone else. You know?

Jackie swivels the forty-five and studies the kid. Finally:

JACKIE

All right. I'm gonna be nice to you. I oughta keep back something for this putting me in the ditch with the ammo. But fuck it, my big weakness is I'm a nice guy.

(handing him a packet)

Now you get the rest of the stuff and you call me. Okay?

PALE KID(taking money)

O.K. Thanks a lot.

10/12/72

61.

big girl
Jackie
JACKIE

Get me that ammo. And get me more guns.
I'll make you rich.

He guns the motor, spins the car around, and whips up
the dirt road.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. COOPERATIVE BANK PARKING LOT THROUGH GLASS DOOR
OF THE BANK - DAY (MORNING)

62

In West Marshfield, Massachusetts, Nancy, a pretty and pert
nineteen-year-old, parks her car in it's accustomed space
at the Massachusetts Bay Cooperative Bank. Nancy is an
assistant teller, and she still enjoys the job. It shows
as she walks to the front door. She greets two ladies
who are standing with children and strollers outside the
bank waiting for the bank to open. Nancy tries the front
door. It's locked. She moves to the doorbell and rings it.

INT. COOPERATIVE BANK - DAY

63

The door is opened by a big man, the assistant branch manager,
VERNON, a former college football player.

VERNON

Come in, Nancy.

NANCY

Vern...?

He is locking the door behind her.

VERNON

Stay cool, Nancy. We're being robbed.

NANCY

You're kidding me.

VERNON

No.

He takes her arm, walks her toward the cloakroom.

NANCY

They're really here?

She hesitates, seeing the masked men standing in the corri-
dor near the coat closet.

NANCY

Migod, Migod....

Vernon is helping her off with her coat. Scalise, masked, comes up, his gun pointed.

SCALISE

Get to work, sweetie. You too, Romeo.

Nancy walks towards the teller's cages, while Vernon hangs up her coat. Scalise swings from watching her.

SCALISE

Nice piece of ass. You ripping off some of that?

Vernon stares at him for a moment. Scalise gestures impatiently.

SCALISE

I don't care what you're doing, just get the hell over there.

Vernon crosses to his desk. He sits down, tensely. His left foot moves slowly to the left under his desk, and remains poised over a silent alarm button. He seems about to hit it when the branch manager's door is opened by the manager, HARRY BAYLISS, an elderly man, who comes out followed by two masked and armed men. They move toward the vault, one of the men keeping his revolver pointed directly at Bayliss. One of the men from the corridor joins them. Bayliss faces into the bank. The safety lock clicks. Two of the men stick their guns in their belts, remove green plastic bags from under their coats. One of them opens the vault, and they both enter. During this:

BAYLISS

May I have your attention? I want to remind you not to attempt anything courageous or foolish. It would come to the same thing. I want you to remember that these men have someone at my house, and they say that he'll kill my wife if anything goes wrong. I believe them. It's not at all unusual. I've been held up four times in thirty-six years, and I can tell you the important thing is not to panic and not to try to resist.

10/12/72

63.

The three women in the bank nod, and Bayliss looks directly at Vernon, whose foot still hovers over the alarm button. Finally, Vernon nods assent, but his foot remains in place. He glances at Nancy and finds her glancing at him. We sense he is going to be a hero.

One of the men emerges from the vault with two bulging plastic bags. He goes inside again, leaving the bags.

SCALISE

That's right. No one will get hurt.

BAYLISS

Keep the shades drawn until nine-fifteen. Then let people in, and do the best you can to appear calm and natural. For my sake, you must not alert anyone until ten o'clock.

The men are coming out of the vault, with more plastic bags.

SCALISE

(to Bayliss)

Tell them the rest, quick.

BAYLISS

If anyone wants a large amount of currency, tell them the time lock is stuck and I've gone to get assistance. Is that clear?

The tellers, and Vernon, nod. Scalise prods Bayliss.

SCALISE

Let's go.

Bayliss and Scalise walk quickly to the rear door, and go out. At the vault, one of the men sticks his revolver in his belt, and both men stoop to pick up the green plastic bags.

Now Vernon lets his foot fall on the alarm button. The motion is almost imperceptible, but the man with the gun (WEBBER) still in his hand points it at Vernon.

WEBBER

What did you do?

Vernon swallows.

WEBBER

I said, what did you do?

VERNON

Nothing.

WEBBER

You hit the alarm. You stupid fuck,
you hit the alarm.

VERNON

I didn't.

WEBBER

You lying bastard. I told you not to
do that, and you did.

Vernon half-rises hands spread.

VERNON

Honest, I...

WEBBER

You stupid fuck!

The revolver kicks hard against the man's bent right arm. The slug catches Vernon in the belly and he reels backwards in his chair. A second slug hits him just to the right of the center of his chest and tips him over the right arm of the chair, the innocent protesting look still on his face. Nancy is screaming. The other man rushes over, slaps her across the face.

SECOND MAN

The rest of you get in the vault.
Get in that ~~goddamned~~ vault!

The tellers begin to scramble. The Second Man pushes Nancy, the last, hard.

SECOND MAN

Get in the fucking vault!

He slams the door behind them, spins the wheel, picks up the bags of money. The other man (WEBBER) meets him in the corridor to the rear entrance.

EXT. COOPERATIVE BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

64

The two men run out of the rear exit of the bank. There are two cars, side by side, a green Pontiac and a white Plymouth. Bayliss is in the Pontiac with Scalise (masked). The two men hurl the bags of money into the white Plymouth.

WEBBER
(shouting)

Bingo. For Christ sake, Bingo!

INT. PONTIAC - DAY

65

Scalise brings up his revolver and whacks Bayliss at the base of the skull. As Bayliss sags, Scalise rips off his ski mask.

SCALISE

I'll get him. Same place. Go!

EXT. COOPERATIVE BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

66

The two men back the Plymouth around, ripping off their ski masks. They leave the parking lot swiftly, but without peeling rubber. The Pontiac comes out of the parking lot, taking another direction from the Plymouth. It goes at moderate speed to the first corner, turns, is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTH STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

67

Eddie Coyle is driving his Cadillac through central Boston. He turns into a huge parking garage, takes a ticket and starts up the ramp.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

68

Eddie Coyle spins up the ramp.

EXT. UPPER LEVEL, PARKING GARAGE - DAY

69

Eddie comes onto the upper level.

THRU WINDSHIELD -

Artie Van standing near his car looks out over the edge of the parking garage.

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Eddie Coyle drives up beside Artie. Artie Van comes to meet him.

EDDIE

Christ, Artie, what happened?

ARTIE

Somebody got stupid and somebody got nervous and shot him.

EDDIE

Jesus.

8/28/72 GG.

ARTIE
That's how it goes.

EDDIE
They'll have the FBI and everyone.

ARTIE
Not on that bank. No Federal
Insurance. SP only. We're okay.

EDDIE
Jesus, I dunno.

ARTIE
When do you see the man?

EDDIE
In a while.

ARTIE
Okay.

Artie hands him a roll of bills.

ARTIE
Make sure it's right.

EDDIE
(moment)
You're gonna go again?

ARTIE
We talked it over, and we can make
one more move.

EDDIE
Jesus, I dunno about that.

ARTIE
Well, you just get the guns.
Next week I'm going South and
get some caramel candy.

EDDIE
Fuck you. You know where I'm
going.

ARTIE
I told you not to go for that. But
you wouldn't listen.

EDDIE
It looked like a pipe.

ARTIE
You didn't listen. You want to set up
a hit, Dillon's your man, but he was
eight minutes behind on that truck.
Well, it's too late now.

EDDIE
Looks like it.

ARTIE
(rising)
Bring the guns to Scal.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEDHAM SHOPPING CENTER- DAY

70

Jackie Brown brings the Roadrunner slowly into the Dedham Shopping Center. Carefully he chooses a place in the middle of a row of cars and kills the engine.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR.- DAY

71

Jackie looks at his watch. Then he opens the glove compartment and takes out a cassette. He puts it into the tape deck and leans back, closing his eyes, to listen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY

72

A different song is playing when there is a rap at the window. Jackie opens his eyes and swings his head around. Eddie Coyle is there, with a cart full of shopping bags. He motions Jackie to get out of the car.

EXT. DEDHAM SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

73

Jackie gets out of his car.

EDDIE
Where are they?

JACKIE
In the trunk.

EDDIE

Put the guns in the bag and put the bag in the cart.

JACKIE

Where's the money?

EDDIE

Right here.

He hands a roll of money to Jackie.

EDDIE?

You wanna count it?

Jackie stuffs the money into a pocket.

JACKIE

No time. I got to be at the Ashmont railroad station at four-thirty. Let's get going.

EDDIE

Fine with me.

JACKIE

What's in the bags?

EDDIE

Three of them're full of bread, the rest have got meat, potatoes and some beer and vegetables, that kind of thing.

JACKIE

What are you giving me?

EDDIE

The bread. Man can always use a little bread. Feed the goddamned pigeons or something. Go find some squirrels. Squirrels love bread.

JACKIE

Your wife make you do the shopping too?

EDDIE

My friend, you don't have much time and I'm kind of in a hurry myself. I don't

have time to explain married life to you, and besides, you wouldn't believe me anyway. Let's stick to business.
(suddenly)

Jesus!

Inside the trunk is a cardboard with five M-16s lying across a bed of newspapers.

JACKIE

Don't get your bowels in an up-roar.
They're for somebody else.

He starts fishing out handguns from under the newspapers stuffing them into a shopping bag.

EDDIE

For Christ sake, hurry up, will you.
Those look like fucking army guns.

JACKIE

Want to see one?

EDDIE

No. Fill the goddamned bag.

Jackie puts the shopping bag full of sidearms into the cart.

EDDIE

Put a couple of loaves on top.

Jackie does so.

JACKIE

Okay. You got nine thirty-eights and one three-fifty-seven there. Good stuff. I hope you appreciate what I did for you.

EDDIE

My friend, your name is in
that great golden book in the
sky. I'll be in touch.

Jackie shuts the trunk and watches Eddie push the cart down the parking lot, at last disappearing behind a truck. Then he gets into the Roadrunner, starts the motor, and tools through the parking lot. When he passes the truck, he sees Eddie straightening up from the trunk of his Cadillac. His legs hide the license plate. Eddie turns and looks at him, without any sign of recognition.

Eddie watches Jackie drive out of the parking lot. He takes a little time before he crosses the lot to a row of telephone booths. One of them is empty, and Eddie goes in.

Eddie deposits a coin, dials a number.

EDDIE

Foley there. Dave Foley...No,
I don't care to give my name.
Stop horsing around and give me
Foley.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHMONT RAILROAD STATION - DAY

74

Jackie Brown eases into the parking lot at the Ashmont railroad station. He drives slowly through the lot, looking for the tan microbus. Having circled through the lot without finding it, Jackie parks near the station.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY

75

Duplicating his actions in the previous scene, Jackie places a cassette in the tape deck of the Roadrunner, leans back to listen to it. For a moment he takes off the sunglasses, rubs his puffy eyes; Jackie is tired. Then he replaces the sunglasses, slides down, closes his eyes.

EXT. ASHMONT RAILROAD STATION - DAY

76

Another car slides into a parking space a few lanes from Jackie. It is the green R-T Charger. In it are Foley and another detective from the Treasury Department named MORAN. They look over to Jackie.

ANGLE ON JACKIE

Jackie seems out of it.

FOLEY AND MORAN

Moran turns to Foley.

MORAN

We could take him now.

FOLEY

We could. We could also do what we're supposed to do, which is wait and see who comes up to buy the stuff.

ANGLE ON JACKIE

Jackie looks absolutely peaceful.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Near the entrance to the station, two men, their backs to the Roadrunner, are conversing. One is named SAUTER and the other is named FERRIS, and they are Massachusetts State Policemen, in plainclothes, of course.

FERRIS

What do you say we take him out?

SAUTER

And have Foley shoot us? Calm down, will you.

A blue Skylark convertible passes them, pulls in about six lanes from Jackie Brown.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY

77

Jackie's calm is undisturbed.

INT. SKYLARK - DAY

78

Inside the convertible are two plainclothesmen. The driver, black, is named AMES; the passenger is named MORRISSEY.

AMES

I think that's Foley over there.
The green Charger. That him?

MORRISSEY

That's him.

AMES

Okay, you keep your eyes on him.
I'll watch the Roadrunner. When
Foley moves, tell me.

They settle down.

SEVERAL ANGLES - WAITING

Jackie Brown is now the focus of attention from three different points of view. And he seems completely unaware of this; his only point of concentration, if any, appears to be the music from the tape deck.

EXT. ASHMONT RAILROAD STATION - DAY

79

Now the tan microbus comes into the lot. It turns up the first lane and comes down the second, at perhaps ten miles an hour, jerking along when the engine needs revs, speeding up and slowing down again.

The watchers notice it.

The curtains shift slightly as the microbus slows momentarily behind the Roadrunner, then moves along to the next row. The driver finds a space and swings the bus in.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY

80

Jackie Brown has seen it.

JACKIE'S POINT OF VIEW

Jackie watches the driver, Pete, get out of the lefthand door, Andrea comes from the right. They pause to talk behind the bus, then walk toward the Roadrunner.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY

Jackie closes his eyes.

SEVERAL ANGLES

All the detectives narrow on Pete and Andrea as they move toward the Roadrunner. The detectives are itchy.

AMES

There they are.

Morrissey twists his body in order to pick up two Remington short-barrelled twelve-gauge pump guns from the floor in the back. From his jacket, he takes ten double-0 buck shotshells and starts feeding them into the magazines.

INT. FOLEY'S CAR - DAY

81

In the Charger, Foley and Moran sit with their shotguns cradled in their laps.

FOLEY

Recognize them?

MORAN

Look like they blow pot.

FOLEY

They're after machineguns, remember.

MORAN

Bastards all look alike.

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY

82

Sauter watches over Ferris' shoulder.

SAUTER

Look at them, goddamned militants. Somebody's crazy, them or us, but somebody's definitely nuts.

EXT. ASHMONT RAILROAD STATION - DAY (AT JACKIE'S CAR)

83

Pete is knocking with his knuckles against the window of the Roadrunner. Without any indication of haste, Jackie cranks the window down.

JACKIE

Yeah?

PETE

Hate to bother you, but don't
we have some agreement and all?

JACKIE

Yeah.

PETE

Well?

JACKIE

Well, what?

PETE

Well Christ, what. Are we going
to do something?

JACKIE

Sure.

ANDREA

What the hell is going on here?

JACKIE

Look around.

Andrea looks around, briefly, then turns on Jackie.

ANDREA

What the hell did you bring us
into a whole goddamn mob of people?
Is this some kind of joke?

JACKIE

No, ma'am. I plan to sit here for
about two hours. In the meantime,
if every car I saw when I came in
here doesn't leave, I'll know it.
Around six-thirty I'll know if
you're trying to tip me in.

PETE

Look...

JACKIE

If you're all right, we'll go where I'll tell you and I'll give you some machine guns and you'll give me some money, and that'll be that.

PETE

We just stay here and sit?

JACKIE

I don't care what you do.

PETE

Shit!

ANDREA

He's right. No, he's very right.

JACKIE

Why don't you go, get something to eat?

ANDREA

He's right. You're right.

PETE

Okay, we eat and come back. What then?

JACKIE

If everybody that was here waiting for trains isn't waiting for trains when you come back, we go some place. If there's somebody here, then we don't.

ANDREA

Ammo. We get some ammo too.

JACKIE

I don't have any.

ANDREA

You promised it.

JACKIE

I'm working on it.

ANDREA

You bastard, this is a trick.

JACKIE

You think so? Then get in your goddamned bus and get the fuck out of here, no questions asked. Do what you like, you don't hurt my feelings none. Around six-thirty I'm going somewhere else.

PETE

Give us back the money, you fuck.

JACKIE

You made a deal. You want to back out, back out. No refunds.

Pete splays his hand angrily against the half-opened window. Jackie is impassive. Andrea grabs Pete's arm.

ANDREA

Leave it. Pete.

(to Jackie)

We'll be back.

Jackie cranks up the window, leans back, as Pete and Andrea walk toward the microbus, close together, talking earnestly.

SEVERAL ANGLES (INTERCUT)

The detectives have been watching all this, puzzled.

POINT OF VIEW

Now they see Pete and Andrea get into the microbus and drive off.

INT. FOLEY'S CAR - DAY

84

Foley hits the steering wheel.

FOLEY

Damn!

MORAN

Maybe they're coming down back
of his car.

EXT. ASHMONT RAILROAD STATION - DAY

85

But the microbus heads out of the parking area.

ANGLES

All the detectives look frustrated and uneasy and uncertain.

INT. FOLEY'S CAR - DAY

86

MORAN

Think quick. Is there anything
we can bust them on?

FOLEY

No, not a goddamned thing.

MORAN

So we got two possibilities. He's
still here. We can wait and bust
him if he tries to leave, or we can
wait and maybe bust them all if they
come back....

FOLEY

Or they'll come back and go someplace
else and we lose them in the traffic.

MORAN

Right. Three alternatives. What do
we do?

FOLEY

If we blow it, five machine guns go into the movement. How do we account for that?

MORAN

With our ass.

FOLEY

Lemme think.

MORAN

It's your party.

ANGLES

The other watchers hold their positions.

INT. FOLEY'S CAR - DAY

87

Foley makes up his mind.

FOLEY

We take him.

He touches the emergency flasher button on the dashboard.

EXT. ASHMONT RAILROAD STATION - DAY

88

ANGLE ON FOLEY'S CAR

The turn signals blink four times.

SEVERAL ANGLES (INTERCUT)

On the station platform, Sauter and Ferris remove thirty-eight calibre Chief's Specials from their holsters, put them in their outer pockets, and start up the parking lane in front of the Roadrunner.

Ames hits the ignition of the Skylark, puts it into reverse, backs out of the parking lane, and drives the convertible slowly down the lane toward the Roadrunner.

Jackie Brown is blissfully unaware.

Foley and Moran get out of the Charger, putting on raincoats. They reach into the Charger, take out the shotguns, put them under the raincoats. Each inserts his right hand through the lining of the raincoat and holds the shotgun flat against his body as he walks toward the Roadrunner. They pause while a small group of commuters walk past. Behind the Roadrunner, they separate. Foley stays put, while Moran walks up two car-widths and stops.

Ames brings the Skylark to a halt perhaps four feet behind the Roadrunner. He puts it in Park, gets out, the shotgun in his hands, while Morrissey, also carrying a shotgun, gets out the other side. Morrissey leans against the door of the Skylark, holding the shotgun against his body. Ames levels the shotgun across the hood of the Skylark.

A couple of commuters stop to gape at them.

COMMUTER

Hey, what's going on?

AMES

(without looking)

U. S. Treasury. Insurance cashed
cheap. Move on.

The commuters scurry.

In front of the Roadrunner, Sauter and Ferris part, drawing their revolvers, holding them at their sides, taking positions slightly in front and slightly at angles from the Roadrunner.

The commuters watch from a discreet distance. Others begin to key in on the scene, holding their breaths.

Foley approaches the Roadrunner from the left rear, Moran from the right rear. Foley brings the shotgun out from under his raincoat, lifts it slowly to the level of the windowsill, while Moran stops two paces from the Roadrunner tucks the stock of the shotgun in at his waist with his right elbow, grips the pump action with his left hand, brings the muzzle up to point at the window.

Jackie Brown opens his eyes lazily as Foley knocks on the window.

Foley makes a cranking motion with his hand.

Keeping his cool, Jackie lowers the window.

JACKIE

Yeah?

FOLEY

Shutup and hold still, or I'll blow your fucking head off.

JACKIE

Holy shit.

FOLEY

United States Treasury. You're under arrest. Come out slow and easy and keep your hands in plain sight.

Jackie looks off and see Moran. Then he sees Sauter and Ferris, in front of the car, handguns pointing at him through the windshield.

FOLEY

Get out of the car.

He reaches in, lifts the door lock, and opens the door from the outside.

FOLEY

Get out.

Jackie slowly swings his legs out of the car, keeping his hands in careful sight.

JACKIE

Hey now, hey.

Foley grabs him, turns him around.

FOLEY

Put your hands on the roof of the car. Move your feet back.

JACKIE
(complying)
What's this all about?

Moran, Sauter and Ferris now come around the Roadrunner, stand with their weapons pointing at Jackie. Ames and Morrissey hold their previous positions. Moran hands his shotgun to Sauter, who lets the hammer down on his Chief's Special and levels Moran's shotgun. Moran removes his wallet from his hip pocket and extracts a plasticized card. Meanwhile, Foley removes a citizens band radio from his raincoat pocket.

MORAN
(reading)
You are under arrest for violation
of a federal law.

FOLEY
Tell him. Tell him we got
the man in the place where
he was supposed to be, and
tell him we want a warrant
to search the goddamned
car. We're coming in.

JACKIE
Now listen..

MORAN
(right thru)
Before we ask you any questions,
we want you to understand your
rights under the Constitution
of the United States.

But Jackie's attention is focused on Foley. Moran goes right on with the ritual reading.

MORAN (continued)
You do not have to answer any
questions. You have the right
to remain silent. If you answer
any questions, your answers may
be used in evidence against you
in a trial in a court of law.
Do you understand what I have
read to you?

JACKIE

You knew it. You knew I was going to be here.

FOLEY

Sure. Ames, have Morrissey bring my car in. Keys under the seat. Turn around and hold out your wrists.

JACKIE

(during this)

That fucking bastard.

FOLEY

(cuffing him)

What fucking bastard?

JACKIE

Oh no, oh no, I'll settle that myself.

Jackie Brown stops, looks at him, tightens his lips, half-smiles contemptuously. His fear has subsided; his anger is controlled.

Moran looks at Foley, who turns, starts the motor, and pulls out of the space, forcing some onlookers to jump aside hurriedly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

89

Eddie Coyle drives his old Cadillac into a trailer park in a depleted sandpit. He picks his way through the trailer park to a large trailer equipped with wrought iron railings. Light glows through the curtained windows of the trailer.

Eddie gets out of the Cadillac stiffly, walks to the steps, and rings the doorbell of the trailer without climbing the steps. The curtain of the door window moves slightly and Wanda peers out. Then the door is opened partly.

WANDA

Yes?

EDDIE

I brought some groceries for Jimmie.

WANDA

Is he expecting you?

EDDIE

He told me to come up here and all. I just drove about two hours. I hope so.

WANDA

Just a minute.

She closes the door. Eddie waits in the chill dark for some seconds, until the door opens again, and Jimmie Scalise's face appears.

SCALISE

Who is it?

EDDIE

(impatiently)

Coyle. I brought the groceries.

Scalise swings the door open. He is wearing a tee-shirt and a pair of slacks.

SCALISE

Hey, Eddie. Okay. Bring it in.
I'd help you but I'd freeze my
ass off.

EDDIE

It's okay.

He returns to the Cadillac, opens the trunk, takes out the shopping bags, and delivers them to Scalise at the door of the trailer.

SCALISE

Come on in.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

90

Eddie follows him into the trailer. The living room contains a couch and a black leather chair. A portable color television set shows picture, but the sound is off. A commercial on Hawaii or a similar airline commercial for hot places is on the screen.

SCALISE

This is Wanda. Wanda, meet Eddie.

WANDA wears a flowered tee-shirt and wheat-colored jeans. She is heavy-breasted and her jeans are very tight.

WANDA

Hi, Eddie.

SCALISE

Tell him what you do, honey.

WANDA

You tell him.

SCALISE

She's a stewardess.

EDDIE

No Kidding.

SCALISE

Yes indeed.

(he pats her ass.)

Wanda, get the man a beer.

Eddie offers the heavier bag he still holds to Scalise. Scalise takes the heavier bag from Coyle and leads him into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - TRAILER - NIGHT

90

He puts down the bag and from under some bread takes out a gun and examines it.

SCALISE

They look pretty good.

EDDIE

They oughta. I hadda go eighty a piece for them. I got eight of them. Five Smiths, two Lugers, and a Python. Looks just like a cannon, you could hold up a bank all by yourself with that thing.

Eddie looks around the Trailer.

EDDIE

This is pretty nice. I been on ice coupla times, but never as good as this.

SCALISE

I'm not on ice. I rent this place. I'm a bulldozer driver, y'know, seasonal work. The owner understands. He thinks I'm the greatest thing since sliced bread.

Scalise is hiding the guns in a cupboard in the bedroom. Eddie indicates the living area with a nod of his head.

EDDIE

That's nice too.

SCALISE

(rubs his crotch)

Very warm there. She don't wear no pants. Now and then I just come up

SCALISE (continued)
behind her and reach right down here.
She comes off like she was on electricity.

EDDIE
Jesus.

SCALISE
It's a great life if you don't weaken. It's
a great life.

Scalise leads Eddie back into the livingroom.

INT. LIVINGROOM - TRAILER - NIGHT

90A

Wanda gives Eddie a glass of beer.

WANDA
That's pretty nice meat you brought.

SCALISE
(to Eddie)
Hey, thanks. How much I owe you?

EDDIE
It comes, all told, it comes to forty-
five hundred.

WANDA
My God, that's a lot of money for
some meat.

SCALISE
Shut up, Wanda.

WANDA
A comment.

SCALISE

Shut up.

WANDA

(to Eddie)

You know my friend here, I think. Very large gangster type.

SCALISE

I told you, shut up.

WANDA

Fuck you. I heard you talking about me, I was out there, I heard you. What business of his is it, I wear pants or not. What am I, something you brag about?

SCALISE

You got this trouble?

WANDA

(right through)

My kid brother talks about his goddamned Mustang the same way you talk about me. 'I just reach down there every so often and set her off.'

Scalise is laughing at her.

WANDA

For Christ sake. I thought we were friends. I thought we liked each other. Shit.

SCALISE

(to Eddie)

You got this trouble?

EDDIE

Yeah. Different, but the same. Hasn't everybody?

WANDA

Fuck you too.

SCALISE

I'll be Christ if I know what to make of it.

EDDIE

I don't think they got enough on their minds.
You know, hacking around all day. They
stand around there thinking.

WANDA

I work. I probably do more than you bastards
put together.

SCALISE

Shut up.

WANDA

I earn my keep.

SCALISE

I told you to shut up.

WANDA

I told you to go fuck yourself, big shot.
How would you like it if I was to tell
girls what you like to do with.....

SCALISE

(rises and slaps her across the face)
I told you to shut up. That's what I want you
to do. Shut fucking up.

WANDA

No, you wouldn't like that. You better
sleep with both eyes open tonight, because
maybe I'll decide to hit you with a hammer, you
bastard.

Scalise laughs at her as she goes out of the living room, shutting
the folding door to the sleeping area behind her. Before she is
gone:

SCALISE

Three years of Boston U, believe it?

EDDIE

No kidding.

SCALISE

You ever get laid without a lot of goddamned talk?

SCALISE(continued)

Hey, the money. What did you say it was?

EDDIE

Forty-five hundred. And I'll throw in the steaks.

SCALISE

Okay.

He takes a wad of bills out of his pocket and starts to count out the money. We see the money clearly. Coyle watches him and checks him as he counts it during the following dialogue.

EDDIE

You gonna need any more guns?

SCALISE

I can use anything you can get. We're going to need at least five Monday, maybe more, do the job right. And I like to have a couple of extras in the car. So if you got to use one on the job you can wipe it off and heave it down the river and everything goes right, we'll probably be dumping the whole eight Monday night.

EDDIE

When do you want them?

SCALISE

I'll give you a call and you can come and meet me. When I call you, I'll tell you where I'm going to be. You going to be around?

EDDIE

I got that thing coming up in New
Hampshire.

SCALISE

I hope you're all right.

EDDIE

Me, too. Me, too.

Scalise watches through the curtained window as
Eddie goes to his Cadillac. Then he crosses to the
folding door. His face is set, hard, as he pulls
it open.

CUT TO:

8/28/72

94.

EXT. CENTRAL BOSTON - NIGHT

91

Eddie Coyle's old Cadillac is parked behind an all-night diner. Foley drives up in his Charger, parks near the Cadillac, gets out, and goes into the diner.

INT. DINER- NIGHT

92

Eddie is at the far end of the counter. He watches Foley approach. Foley takes the stool next to Eddie. There are only a couple of other men in the diner, at the other end of the counter, orders a coffee.

EDDIE

(nervously)

Well? How'd it come out?

FOLEY

It went fine, just fine. He had five M-16s, just like you said.

A look of relief, almost pleasure, comes over Eddie's face.

EDDIE

Now that does it?

FOLEY

Does what?

EDDIE

(frowning)

You said you needed a reason. That time we talked about this New Hampshire thing, and you said you needed a reason.

FOLEY

Oh, that.

EDDIE

You gonna come up there with me now and tell them what a nice guy I am?

FOLEY

That truck thing. The booze.

EDDIE

Hey, Dave, don't jerk my chain, okay? You know what I mean. You gonna go through for me?

FOLEY

I already made the call.

FOLEY

I called the U. S. Attorney up there and told him you were instrumental in bringing about a major arrest...

EDDIE

That's right, that's it.

FOLEY

He said -- he's pretty mean, that guy up there-- he said, "Well, that's a start, anyway."

EDDIE

What does that mean?

FOLEY

Well, he asked, "Is he working on anything else for you? I'd like it better," he said, "if he was working on something else for you".

EDDIE

Something else!

FOLEY

You know how it is, Eddie, it's one thing to just go and trade one guy for another one, but when you got a guy that's joined up, that's going to be sending you more stuff...

EDDIE

Shit.

FOLEY

Look at it his way. The man's in a different district...

EDDIE

Shit, shit.

FOLEY

His guys grabbed you fair and square. And you didn't plead out on him, you made him go through a trial, you wouldn't play ball.

EDDIE

He wanted me to fink out on the guys that stole the stuff.

FOLEY

You can't blame him for that, can you? And you wouldn't tell him. So he convicted you, and now he's got you in the box, and somebody calls from another district and says, "Coyle did me a favor, leave him go." It's only natural the man's going to say, "What did he do for me?"

EDDIE

Look. Look, I can't give him the guy he wants in New Hampshire. If I do that, I'm dead, is all there is to it. He can't ask me to go out and commit suicide for him.

FOLEY

He's not asking you for anything.

EDDIE

I give you the guns...

FOLEY

That was your idea.

EDDIE

You were the one that said it. You said you hadda have a reason. So I give you a reason.

FOLEY

And I went through. I made the call. You just don't like what the call got you. I can't help that, Eddie.

EDDIE

So what do you want, Goddamn it?

FOLEY

The man up there, he said he'd like it better if he could go into the judge and say you'd made one good case for uncle and were working on some others. It'd show you'd rehabilitated yourself.

EDDIE

You're telling me I gotta turn stoolie permanent. Permanent Goddamned fink.

FOLEY

You don't have to do anything you don't want to do except be in Federal District Court in New Hampshire for disposition on a charge of stolen goods. Anything else you do is because you want to.

EDDIE

It ain't right. It ain't right, Goddamn it. You set me up.

FOLEY

Look, Eddie, you go some place and have yourself a glass of beer and a long talk with yourself. The only one fucking Eddie Coyle is Eddie Coyle. You wanted a call. I made the call. You gave me a grab to make the call. You want something else, you start thinking about how to get that.

(getting off stool)

I can certainly understand a man that don't want to rat on his friends. But you gotta understand the position I'm in. All I can give you is what I tell you I can give you, and I gave you that. What you do next is entirely up to you.

EDDIE

I should've known better than to trust a cop. My own Goddamned Mother could've told me that.

FOLEY

Everybody oughta listen to his mother.

He rattles some change on the counter.

FOLEY

You know where to reach me if you want to talk.

Eddie watches Foley saunter out. Eddie could murder Foley -- but he can't.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - NEAR BOSTON - NIGHT

93

A car is parked on the inside lane of the freeway, its lights blazing. Light morning traffic speeds past ignoring it. A car gets trapped behind the parked car, the driver angrily blowing his horn as he escapes into the center lane, swearing at the other driver who sits motionless in the car. A police car passes, pulls into the inside lane and reverses back up the road in front of the parked car. A policeman gets out of the car and walks over to speak to the driver.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

94

The driver is Wanda, slumped forward over the wheel. We see the policeman through the windshield approach the window. He taps on the window. Wanda doesn't move. He tries the door, it's locked, so he bangs on the window again.

Wanda slowly raises her head and looks at him.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

95

CLOSE-UP through the glass window. Wanda's face is cut and bruised from a bad beating.

POLICEMAN

Can I help you, lady?

WANDA

You sure can.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHORE DRIVE - DAY

96

The shore area south of Boston. It is morning: first light. Two cars are driving along the shore drive. One is a tan Chevrolet sedan; in it are Jimmie Scalise and Arthur Valantropo (Artie Van). The other is a Plymouth Fury, driven by one of the robbers, the youngest, named DONNIE. They pull up beside each other at a stop sign, the Plymouth closer to the side of the road. Donnie gives the Chevrolet a thumbs-up sign and makes a right turn, while the Chevrolet proceeds along the shore drive. One of the other bank robbers, Webber, is parked in a blue Le Sabre. In the rear view mirror, he sees the Chevrolet pull up behind him. Then he gets out of the Le Sabre, locks it, and walks to the Chevrolet.

SCALISE

Okay?

ARTIE

No tails or anything?

WEBBER

I was alone all the way from Fall River.
If they're watching me they're
doing it from an airplane. How
about Donnie?

SCALISE

He turned off up there. He'll be at
the bank. Hop in.

Webber gets into the rear of the Chevrolet, settling down,
as:

WEBBER

I wonder what the hell it was got
Dillon so stirred up.

INT. CHEVROLET - DAY

97

Scalise puts the car in drive and starts, while Webber reaches
under the seat, pulls out a paper bag from which he takes a
Python three-fifty-seven. He straightens up, loading the
revolver, while:

WEBBER

What was it with Dillon?

SCALISE

He was worried about Coyle.

ARTIE

Thinks maybe Coyle is swapping us for that
thing he's got going in New Hampshire, there.

WEBBER

(worried)

You think so?

SCALISE

No way. All he knew was we wanted guns.

ARTIE

Come on, soon's we pulled the first one,
Coyle knew. Didn't he ask me if we was
going to lay off now?

SCALISE

What could he tell them? He don't know
where we're going to be until we been
there. There's no way Coyle could set
us up.

WEBBER
(still worried;
seeking reassurance)
From what I know, Coyle's a stand-up
guy.

ARTIE
You're sure no one tailed you?

WEBBER
No one.

SCALISE
Well, we had no tail either. So
we're okay.

EXT. WHELAN HOME - DAY

98

Scalise turns the Chevrolet into a long curved driveway. After about a hundred yards, they come to a rambling, gabled house, set back comfortably from the sea. Scalise drives to a very quiet stop at the garage and turns off the ignition very slowly.

INT. CHEVROLET - DAY

99

WEBBER
This Whelan got any kids?

ARTIE
Grown up and moved away. Just him and his wife. Nice lady. Probably fix you breakfast while you're waiting for us.

WEBBER
I don't like this waiting stuff. I get nervous sitting around.

ARTIE
You got nervous in the bank too. Which is why Donnie's there and you're here this time.

WEBBER
Hey, look, I wasn't the only one nervous.
(to Scalise)
You hit that old guy a good whack, from what I read.

SCALISE
He must've had a thin skull.
C'mon, c'mon, let's make it.

They put on their ski masks. As they do so:

WEBBER

Well, don't go blaming me. He hit the alarm, didn't he?

ARTIE

Happens when you go in, okay, but not when you got the money. You don't shoot them when you already got the money.

WEBBER

They don't do what you tell them, you gotta hit them.

SCALISE

Shut up, both of you. Let's go to work.

EXT. WHELAN HOME - DAY

100

They all get out of the car very slowly and carefully close each door to the first lock of the latch. They look at each other first, then survey the area, then approach the house in single file, gingerly. Close to the back door of the house, Scalise and Artie hang back six or seven paces behind Webber, each with his revolver in his hand. Webber shifts his revolver to his left hand. Holding the gun toward the sky, Webber removes from his sleeve a thin metal spatula with a wooden handle. He moves from the grass on to the first of the steps leading to the back door. Scalise and Artie position themselves at angles to the steps.

Webber crouches at the screen door and peers at the area around the knob. Placing the spatula in his teeth, he works the handle of the door. It opens slowly, with no sound. Behind the screen door is a wooden door with small panes of glass set into it. Scalise, holding the screen door with his left hand, bends forward behind Webber to stare at the jamb near the knob.

SCALISE

(whispering)

How's it look?

WEBBER

(whispering)

Standard cylinder.

He straightens up briefly to peer in through the glass.

SCALISE

Chain lock?

WEBBER

No.

He sticks the Python in his belt at the hip. Then he works the blade of the spatula between the edge of the door and the jamb. There is a metallic sound. Webber exerts some pressure and the door swings open silently.

INT. WHELAN BACK ENTRY AND KITCHEN - DAY

101

The three men go into the back entry, brush past coats on hooks, open another door and enter the kitchen. Going through the kitchen, Scalise carefully pushes open the door at the far end, looks into the hallway, lets the door close slowly, and gives a thumbs-up signal to Webber and Van.

Artie Van pulls up a chair very quietly to the kitchen table and sits down, the revolver held loosely in his right hand. Webber eases down, settling his gun on the table.

WEBBER

What's the timing?

SCALISE

The old guy gets up first and comes down here, from what I could see. I don't know when the old lady comes down. We got to wait and find out.

Now they hear footsteps, on the floor above.

ARTIE

Two of them.

Steps on the stairs, descending.

SCALISE

Beautiful. Mum and Dad coming down together.

The three men pick up their revolvers, face the door to the hall.

They turn, abruptly, as the door from the rear entry opens. Two cops, Sauter and Ferris, are in the doorway, shotguns leveled.

Another sound, from the hall door opening. Foley and Moran, also with shotguns.

FOLEY

April Fool, motherfuckers!

For what seems like a long time, no one moves. Then the three men in masks slowly and carefully put their guns on the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLONY COOPERATIVE PARKING LOT - DAY

102

The Plymouth Fury pulls into the parking lot behind the Colony Cooperative Bank. Donnie is behind the wheel. He glances at his watch, takes the ski mask out of the glove compartment.

Now he sees the tan Chevrolet sedan come into the parking lot. The men in the car are wearing ski masks. Donnie frowns, something upsetting him, but then he slips on his own mask. The tan Chevrolet parks next to him. The masked men get out of their car, with a frightened-looking man between them. We recognize him as one of the cops. Donnie gets out of his car, gun in hand.

DONNIE

Scal?

SAUTER

(masked)

Get 'em up, you're under arrest.

The cops' guns are leveled at Donnie, but he starts shooting and cursing. The cops' guns crumple him; he kicks and stiffens, dead.

The cops --- Sauter, Moran and Foley --- take off their masks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

103

Eddie Coyle, putting on an old bathrobe, comes out of his bedroom and shuffles down the upstairs hallway. We hear agitated voices from the lower part of the house. Eddie descends the stairs and goes into the living room. His wife is there, drinking coffee and watching a soap opera.

EDDIE

Why the hell didn't you wake me up?

SHEILA

(looking at the screen)

Yesterday I got you up and you give me hell for not letting you sleep. Today I let you sleep and I get hell for not waking you up.

EDDIE

I gotta make some calls.

SHEILA

I know, I know. Go upstairs while
I make some calls. Sometimes I think
I must be married to the President
or something.

Sheila gets up, turns off the television set.

EDDIE

I won't take long, but I gotta do
this.

SHEILA

Call the President, call the Pope.

She goes out.

Eddie stares after her, then picks up the telephone. He dials,
holds. Then:

EDDIE

This is Eddie. Look I got to talk
to you. Could you meet me?
(pause while he listens)
Okay. Make it 12:30.

Eddie hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAM STOP - QUINCEY - DAY

104

A blue and white subway train, headed south, pulls up at the station. The doors wheeze open on four cars. Several passengers emerge, among them Dillon.

On the platform, Dillon reaches into the right hand-pocket of his topcoat, removes a pair of sunglasses, puts them on. The doors of the train wheeze shut. Dillon waits for the train to pull out.

Dillon walks south on the platform and starts up a flight of iron stairs. We see him through steel mesh as he mounts the stairs. He does not hurry.

At the top of the stairs Dillon turns left, now crossing over the southbound tracks. He climbs three stairs and turns south again, above the tracks and parallel to them. He climbs three more steps and turns to the east.

Through steel mesh, we see Dillon walk along the raised platform. He looks down, into the parking lot of a Gulf station.

From Dillon's angle, we see a Continental Mark IV. Lounging against the front left fender is a flashy MAN in a grey, raw silk suit. He should feel cold, but somehow he doesn't seem to.

Dillon goes down the stairs.

He crosses the parking lot to the Mark IV. The Man shifts his weight from the fender.

MAN

I was wondering if you could handle something for us.

DILLON

More than likely. Depends, I suppose. But more than likely.

MAN

This is pretty important. That's why I got in touch with you. The kid was pretty close to him, is why we're moving so fast.

DILLON

You're getting ahead of me. Who's the kid?

MAN

Donnie Goodweather. You gotta know him. The man treated him like a son, which some say he in fact really was.

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105 A.

DILLON

I never heard of him.

MAN

Well, you're going to. They got him this morning, up in Lynn.

DILLON

The man wants it done, I'm here to do it.

MAN

He'll be pleased.

DILLON

So what the hell is going on?

MAN

Seems Donnie was sitting outside the Colony Cooperative there, and instead of the people he was expecting to show up, it was cops. The next thing you know there's some shooting and the kid's dead on arrival. The man's very upset about it.

DILLON

Somebody else have a problem?

MAN

Jimmie Scal, Artie Valantropo, Fritzie Webber and Phil Kenney. They got bagged in a house in Nahant, there. Murder One, hearing this afternoon.

DILLON

I warned him.

MAN

Warned who?

DILLON

Jimmie Scal. Picked up something the other day, this guy we both know, me and the Scal, and he's coming up for sentencing, and it's almost a mandatory, y'know.

MAN

This guy. Anybody we know?

DILLON

Could be. We hadda break him up a while back. Set up Billy Wallace with a gun that had a history. I thought he learned his lesson. Fact, I even threw him a little work myself now and then.

MAN

Name of Coyle, isn't it?

DILLON
(nodding)

I had him driving a truck for me and a fellow up in New Hampshire there and he got hooked with it. Which is why he was coming up. I thought maybe he was figuring on dumping me, but he wouldn't do that without making a will, so I guess he dumped Jimmie and Artie instead. Bastard.

MAN
Scal gave his lawyer that name, Coyle, to give to the man. Coyle. Eddie Fingers. Right?

DILLON
You want him hit?

MAN
The man wants him hit. Tonight.

DILLON
I can't do it tonight. For Christ sake, it takes a little while, you know. I got to line things up, a car, and a place, and a driver.

MAN
The man says tonight.

DILLON
Christ, I hit a man, I do it right. I don't do it like some Goddamned kid caught his girl fucking somebody else.

MAN
He says tonight.

DILLON
He says, he says.
(pauses; calms himself)
Five Grand in front.

MAN
You'll get it when you do the job.

DILLON
You want me to make a hit on the cuff? Well, let me tell you something, it don't happen that way, and the man knows it. I'm beginning to wonder if he sent you.

MAN
Now look

DILLON

Now look nothing. I treat a man with respect, I expect him to treat me with a little respect. He knows how I work, what I do, that's why he wants me. I done the Polack and Jimmy the Whale for him, so he knows. So he knows with me it's strictly cash in advance, no money no hit. And no credit cards whatsoever.

MAN

Okay, okay, I'll tell him.

DILLON

I'll tell you what to tell him. You say: "Dillon's getting it ready, the car, the gun, the whole thing. He'll have it ready to go the minute you push the button."

MAN

The man isn't going to like that.

DILLON

He came looking for me. Now I had some hard things he asked me to do, and I did them, and nobody got hurt but the guy that was supposed to get hurt. And nobody on anything I ever did ended up on Death Row, which is more than I can say for some I know.

MAN

He knows you're good.

DILLON

I'll be at my place. We do this thing, we do it the right way, all right?

MAN

I'll tell him how you feel.

Dillon walks out of the parking lot and starts to climb the stairs of the Columbia Station.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON & BERKELEY STREETS (BOSTON) - DAY 105

Eddie Coyle, head down, hurries across the street, past the entrance leading up to the overhead tram way and into the Roosevelt Cafe.

INT. ROOSEVELT CAFE/BAR - DAY 106

Eddie goes in, looks down the counter, finally spots Foley sitting at the far end of the bar. Eddie goes over to him.

EDDIE

I thought about it, what we were saying, and I'm ready to deal with you.

FOLEY

That's your decision, Eddie.

EDDIE

That's my decision. But I don't want any surprises. I want to know just how far you'll go for me.

FOLEY

That depends on how far you go for me. You know that.

EDDIE

If I give you this, I can't do time. I mean, these guys have friends, and I wouldn't live to get out, y'know.

FOLEY

We can take care of you.

EDDIE

Okay. Then what about if I go West somewhere. Like Arizona, maybe. You'd have to help me with a new identity and all that. You know what I mean. You do it all the time.

FOLEY

It's been done. But I can't guarantee it. All I can promise, in all honesty, is to carry the ball for you as best I can. But you got to make it good.

EDDIE

You're not making it much of a proposition.

FOLEY

It's your proposition. I'm just here to listen, and so far you haven't told me anything.

Eddie chews on it, agitated, and finally plunges.

EDDIE

You want those guys who've been knocking over the banks?

FOLEY

Eddie...

EDDIE

How far would you go on that?

FOLEY

Eddie, last night I would have gone the distance. But that was last night.

Foley unfolds a newspaper, displaying the headline.

FOLEY

I guess you haven't seen the paper. You're too late, Eddie, it all happened without you.

Eddie grabs the newspaper from Foley, starts to read it in utter disbelief.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DILLON'S TAVERN - DAY

107

Eddie comes into Dillon's saloon, takes a stool, raises his right hand, lets it fall. Dillon pours him the double shot and sets a stein of beer before Eddie. Eddie, without a word, gulps down the whiskey.

DILLON

You making any money?

EDDIE

I wouldn't exactly put it that way. You was to ask me, I'd have to say, I'm not having a very good day.

DILLON

Why is that?

EDDIE

You heard what happened up in Lynn there?

DILLON

That was a rough thing. I understand that kid, there, that got killed, I understand he was in pretty good down in Providence, you know?

EDDIE

I didn't hear that. Gimme more whiskey.

Dillon pours.

EDDIE

That's about the only thing I didn't hear, though. It figures.

DILLON

Well, hell, it's not as though you did anything to make them fall. They were big boys. They knew what they were into.

EDDIE

(drinking)

Yeah. Course, this is the end of Artie Van. And Jimmie too, for that matter.

DILLON

You gotta look at it philosophically, you know? You win some, you lose some. They made, what, about a quarter of a mil in a month? Well, you know you're gonna get the fuzz mad, and they killed two guys, right? It's got to happen.

EDDIE

Yeah, but they were set up. The cops were waiting for them right in that house. Somebody set them up. I'd like to know who that was.

DILLON

I imagine they would too.

EDDIE

Christ, I know Jimmie Scal, I know him pretty good. Well hell, you know that. I hate to see him take this one. He's in forever.

DILLON

I still say, they knew what they were getting into. Did anybody feel sorry for you?

EDDIE

No. You got a lot of fucking nerve asking me that.

DILLON

Well, you went through, didn't you? You didn't throw somebody else in. You were a big boy, and you gotta have respect for them, they're big boys too.

EDDIE

Yeah. Well, I'm all wrapped up now.

DILLON

You'll get two years, probably, so you do eight months, you do a third. That's no sweat.

The phone at the end of the bar begins to ring. Dillon takes a step toward it, pauses.

DILLON

Don't take it so Goddamned serious.

Dillon moves to the phone, picks it up.

DILLON

Yeah?...Yeah, I know who this is. Funny thing, he's in here right now. Putting on a big performance, how sorry he is, how pissed off he is they got set up. Almost enough to make me mad... No, not mad enough for that. You get a man up here this afternoon with an envelope... Well, maybe tonight. When you get the envelope here, I'll see what I can do.

Dillon hangs up, comes down the bar to Eddie. He puts fresh glasses in front of Eddie.

DILLON

That was a friend of mine, he tells me he can't go to the Bruins tonight. So how about you forget your troubles and come to the game with me, huh? We'll have some dinner, I'll take the night off, we see a good game, Rangers. Whaddya say?

EDDIE

Sounds good.

DILLON

Sure. Come back around six or so. I'd say stay, but the way you're going you won't be able to see the game or anything, you stay around.

Eddie gulps down the whiskey.

DILLON

We'll go have a little wine, a good steak, then we go to the game. I guarantee you, by the time you get home you won't have a care in the world.

EDDIE

I'll do it. I'll call my wife.

DILLON

Hey look, whyn't you forget that for once, all right? You never can tell, we might run into something and you wouldn't want to go right home, right? So why call her?

EDDIE

You're right, you're right.

(pushes back)

I got some things to do.

(going)

I'll see you back here around six.

Eddie goes out, just a little unsteadily, while Dillon wipes the bar where Eddie had been sitting.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

108

Foley and Waters are coming out of an elevator, and move down a corridor, as:

FOLEY

The girl's got a facial fracture, contusions, the usual junk. They can let her out in a couple of days.

WATERS

She's a stewardess, isn't she? Is she going back to work?

FOLEY

I think she's too frightened for that.

WATERS

She probably wishes she'd never talked.

He opens the door to an office.

INT. COURTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

108A

As Foley and Waters enter, we see Jackie Brown, manacled, seated in a chair, guarded by a plainclothesman.

WATERS
(to plainclothesman)
Okay.

The Plainclothesman exits, and Foley and Waters take up positions.

WATERS
What I'm going to talk to you about, I want you to give it some very serious thought. You see, we're trying to decide whether to hold you on a federal charge or turn you over to the State. You know the difference?

JACKIE
What's the difference?

WATERS
Just about a lifetime.

FOLEY
If the State convicts you, it's forever plus two years on and after. You never hit the street again.

Jackie looks from one to the other.

JACKIE
What about federal court?

FOLEY
You're looking at, maybe, five years.

WATERS
It depends on the judge. You'll get probably anywhere from two years minimum to five years. You could be out, if we go the federal route, in a year, year and a half.

FOLEY
That's if you come up on the federal charge. The State is different, just as we explained. Check it with your lawyer.

JACKIE

How do I go federal?

FOLEY

Well, you're a nice clean-cut gun dealer, and you'll probably still be one when you hit the street again, and we can use a nice clean-cut gun dealer. You get into a lot of things, you know.

JACKIE

I won't make no one for you.

WATERS

(to Foley; "admiring")

He's a stand-up guy.

FOLEY

Stand-up guys do a lot of time.

(to Jackie)

You can work with uncle and you'll be fine, or you go in knowing you'll never get another piece of ass in your life. How many guys'll stand up for you? Like how'd you get here anyway? Don't give me that you-won't-make-no-one shit. You're too smart for that.

Jackie stares at the floor for some time.

JACKIE

How much time did you say I'd have to put in?

WATERS

A year. Eighteen months. Something like that.

JACKIE

Well, I'd want to know, exactly.

FOLEY

Hell, we want you on the street, you understand that. We want you w here you can help us.

JACKIE

I'll think about it.

Foley opens the door to the outer office, where a marshall is seated. The marshall rises.

FOLEY

You do that, Jackie. It's your decision.
We've only presented the alternatives.

JACKIE

(going out)

I'll think about it.

He goes out. Foley closes the door behind him.

WATERS

He looks like the type that wouldn't
tell you if your coat was on fire.

FOLEY

Did I leave anything out?

WATERS

Blasphemy. I always wanted to charge
a guy with blasphemy. Is he going
to turn?

FOLEY

Not this time. He'll go through this.
But he'll get a little older, like
my friend Eddie Fingers, he'll get sick
of it, someday.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOSTON GARDENS - NIGHT

109

Bobby Orr swings the Bruin net, fakes the Ranger defense, quarters across the New York goal, fakes low and left and shoots high and right. Goal. Pandemonium. Almost fifteen thousand fans on their feet. Including Eddie and Dillon. They are hammering each other on their backs. The crowd subsides. Eddie and Dillon sit down. Next to Dillon is an empty seat.

DILLON

I can't understand where he is. That
Friend of mine I was telling you about?
He give me both his tickets. I invited
my wife's nephew. I can't understand
where he is. Loves hockey, that kid.

Eddie drinks beer from a paper cup. He is pretty loaded
already. The action is going on the ice again.

8/28/72

117.

Great game. DILLON

Great game. EDDIE

He finishes the cup, sets it down carefully under his seat.

Hey, how about some more? DILLON

I'll get it. EDDIE

Eddie gets up, squeezes along the file, goes down the aisle, passing the Kid (the car thief), who goes up the aisle, signals to Dillon, and moves along the file to him. The Kid drops into the seat next to Dillon.

That's his. DILLON

Where is he? KID

Gone for beer. DILLON

The Kid watches the action on the ice for a short time, then glances around, turns nervously to Dillon.

Jesus Christ, why'd you bring him here? KID

Because he's too smart to come out for any other kind of party, and because there's fifteen thousand people here watching the Bruins and they don't give a fuck about us, and now get the fuck out of his seat. DILLON

The Kid moves, leaving an empty seat between Dillon and himself.

WIPE TO:

Furious action on the ice. The crowd is on it's feet. Eddie too, a little unsteadily.

EDDIE

Gotta take a leak.

DILLON

Bring us back some beers.

He starts to reach for money.

EDDIE

I'll get them, I'm getting them.

He squeezes past the Kid, steadying himself with his hand on the Kid's shoulder. The Kid watches him go along the file, then turns toward Dillon. Dillon is looking at the game.

WIPE TO:

Eddie is coming back, carrying paper bags of beer. Some of the beer has spilled on his trousers.

DILLON

When you piss, you piss.

EDDIE

That's beer, Goddamn it.

He sits down, passing out the beer, while:

EDDIE

Hard to carry beer in a crowd like this.

KID

You're not supposed to have beer at the seams.

EDDIE

You want some beer or not?

He stares out towards the ice.

EDDIE

Where in hell's O'Reilly?

KID

He got five minutes, for roughing.

EDDIE

Shit, I missed that.

Bobby Orr is taking the puck down the ice, skating and faking beautifully.

EDDIE

Beautiful, beautiful. Can you imagine being that kid? What is he, about twenty-four? He's the best hockey player in the world. Christ, that Number 4, Bobby Orr.

The Kid glances over at Dillon. Dillon is measuring Eddie now.

EDDIE
(to Dillon)
What a future he's got.

Dillon doesn't answer.

WIPE TO:

The game ends. Boston has won. The crowd is pleased. They start to file out.

EDDIE
(to Dillon)
Great game. Great game.

Dillon helps him to his feet, hustles him along the file to the aisle. As they reach the aisle, Dillon takes Eddie by the arm.

DILLON
Hey look, I forgot to tell you. I got some girls.

EDDIE
Jesus, I don't know. It's pretty late.

DILLON
Come on. Let's make a night of it.

KID
I can't. I gotta get this car back. I got to go home.

DILLON
(to Eddie)
Where is your car?

EDDIE
South End. I was over there and I take the trolley in, when I come to your place. I never got back for it.

DILLON

Shit. These girls, I mean, they're absolutely alright. But there isn't any way. I mean, they're in Brookline.

KID

Hey look, I could drive you to his car and then go home. I got a test tomorrow, so I can't hang around much.

They go down the aisle, through the exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON GARDENS - NIGHT

110

A white Ford Galaxie sedan edges out from the Boston Gardens traffic.

INT.:GALAXY - NIGHT (MOTION)

111

The Kid is driving. Eddie is in the seat next to him, his head resting on the back of the seat. Dillon is seated in the rear, behind the driver.

DILLON

Eddie.....Eddie.....
(as Eddie stirs)
You all right?

EDDIE

Yeah, sure, beautiful.

DILLON

You gonna be alright to drive?

EDDIE

Yeah, yeah.
(his eyes close)
No sweat. Beautiful. Great night. Beautiful.

DILLON

More to come.

Dillon reaches down to the floor and gropes around until he finds a twenty-two magnum Amminium revolver. He picks it up and puts it on his lap.

KID

Where do you want me to go?

DILLON

Hey Eddie, you tell him, where's your car?

Eddie gives a grunt, starts snoring softly. K

KID

He's out.

DILLON

Go around the garden, head for the Expressway going South, in case he wakes up.

KID

Got it.

(half-turning)

I know what's going on.

DILLON

Good. I'm glad to hear that. But you just drive. I was you, I'd drive to Quincy and I'd pick roads where I could go pretty fast without making anybody suspicious. I'd come out on Morrissay Boulevard and I'd look for a white Galaxie in the parking lot of the Chalet Swiss Bowling Alley.

KID

I know them.

DILLON

Pull up beside the Galaxie and get out and get in it.

KID

Somebody said something about money.

DILLON

If I was you, I'd look hard for that Galaxie. You drive that Galaxie back to Boston and let me off, and if I was you I'd look in the glove compartment before I dropped that car off in the nigger district.

KID

Is it gonna be hot?

DILLON

Does a bear shit in the woods?

Dillon sits back, half-closing his eyes, resting, as the Kid drives.

WIPE TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

112

The Galaxie is on a two-lane road in a wooded area. No houses immediately visible. The car is going over sixty.

INT. GALAXIE - NIGHT

113

Inside the car, Eddie is sleeping, snoring heavily, drunk.

Dillon brings the revolver up, holds it about an inch behind Eddie's head, the muzzle pointing at the base of the skull behind the left ear. Dillon draws the hammer back. He fires.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

114

The car jumps forward, racing.

INT. GALAXIE - NIGHT

115

Dillon continues firing, double-action, until the revolver clicks on a spent round. Eddie is thrust against the frame between the double doors of the Galaxie.

The speedometer shows eighty-five.

DILLON

Slow down, you stupid shit. You wann get arrested or something?

KID

I got nervous.

(slowing down)

Christ, that was loud.

DILLON

That's why I use a twenty-two.

KID

It was loud enough.

DILLON

I ever let off a thirty-eight two-incher in here, you'd go right off the road.

KID

Is he dead?

DILLON

If he isn't, he's never gonna be. Now slow down and get off this road.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

116

The Kid turns the car into another road.

WIPE TO:

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

117

The Galaxie pulls into the dark parking lot of the bowling alley. The Kid brings it alongside the other Galaxie.

KID

Hey, that looks a lot like this car, in this light.

DILLON

You're learning. That's the idea. Cops've been seeing that car all night. Now they see one that looks just like it.

(leaning over to
push down on Eddie)
Help me stuff him down there.

The Kid helps, until Eddie is crammed on the floor.

DILLON

They won't search it for a coupla hours.

They get out of the Ford.

DILLON

Lock it. Keep the volunteers out.

The Kid locks the door.

They go to the other car, get in.

The motor kicks over, catching immediately.

KID

Not a bad car.

DILLON

Go back Memorial Drive and take the Mass Ave. Bridge. I gotta get rid of this gun.

The Kid drives out of the parking lot, leaving the other car behind, a kind of pale coffin for Eddie Coyle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON COMMONS - DAY

118

Foley and Dillon are sitting on a bench. Dillon is caught in the midst of conversation.

DILLON

There's this truck, it bothers me. I know that sounds kind of funny, because I suppose you would think that what would be worrying me would be the guys in the truck or some guy I don't even know watching me pretty close in the bar or something. But I have seen the truck. You put two guys in that truck and they could get the Pope. The only time I see an engine like that was in a Cadillac. So you don't, you aren't going to run away because that thing is going to run right away with you. And the windshield, it's got a crank on the passenger side and you can open it right up and run a deer rifle out there. Now you're on the Mystic Bridge and that thing wheels up behind you and the windshield's opening up, and I ask you, what're you going to do now?

(continued)

DILLON (continued)

You're going to make a good Act of Contrition, is what you're going to do. Sure I don't drive. Only time I'm on the bridge is coming home from the track on the bus. But you see what I'm getting at. These guys're serious. I know them very well. They got a truck for guys that drive cars, they got something else for guys that walk, like me.

FOLEY

Okay, okay. Look, did I ever tell you we could keep it neat and clean? I ever give you that line of horseshit?

DILLON

No. No, you always been on the level. I give you that.

FOLEY

Okay.

DILLON

But you see what I mean, you see the position I'm in?

Foley hands him a folded twenty. Dillon rises. Foley remains seated.

FOLEY

Have a nice day.

Dillon walks away along the avenues of the Common.

EXT. BOSTON STREET (TREMOUNT AND PARK STREETS, EXT. WALDORF CAFE) - DAY

119

People out shopping hurry towards the entrance to the Park Street tram stop. A man sells newspapers. Hare Krishnas sing and dance wearing saffron robes and tattered grey sweaters and sneakers with no socks. It's cold. Winter has come. The New England church stands opposite. The face that we pick out is now that of Dillon's as he crosses the road and goes down into the Park Street tram station.

FADE OUT

THE END

(MAIN TITLES will start to run after Dillon's final dialogue and will continue to run over the above scenes.)