

T H E M E C H A N I C

an original screenplay

by

Lewis John Carlino

Second Draft 10/1/71

FADE IN:

TITLES AND CREDITS

The music is vary baroque and formal; something with harpsichord, cello, flute, .. each instrument taking its turn accompanying, then leading. Lots of soft grace notes. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY over a large bulletin board on which are pinned the following items: In the center of the board is the picture of a man. Around the picture are arranged charts, matching time of day to activity, history of habits, medical history, idiosyncrasies, detailed schematic drawings of rooms, with distances between certain points carefully measured. Lines are drawn between various items to indicate relationships between them. Notes are scribbled as well, with arrows pointing to various information. There are incomplete sketches showing streets, doorways, the arrangement of furniture in an apartment. As the CAMERA MOVES, we have the feeling some careful and meticulous architect has painstakingly assembled the detailed blueprint of this man's life. As the TITLES and CREDITS END, we

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

- 1 CAMERA is FRAMED on ARTHUR BISHOP. He is a man about forty-five, lean, hard, in top physical shape. There is a peculiar quality about his movements. In all he does, there seems to be a careful, premeditated pattern. We have the feeling, watching him, that each gesture, each activity, is part of a neatly ordered and disciplined life. He is in the process of focusing a Questar Astronomical Telescope. Fixed to the back of the scope is a 35MM motorized Nikon Camera. CAMERA to Bishop's POV through the scope, to:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

- 2 The apartment directly across the street, on the same floor as Bishop's hotel room. The LENS FOCUSES, then the SCOPE MOVES, examining the apartment. It SCANS the living-room/bedroom combination for a moment, then PANS to the kitchen. The SCOPE is switched to HIGH MAGNIFICATION, as it FRAMES the controls of the kitchen stove.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

- 3 CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop's hand as he makes a notation as to the make and model number of the stove.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

- 4 The SCOPE PANS BACK to the bedroom/living-room. The walls are lined with books. There are papers, files, stamp catalogues everywhere. The occupant is obviously an avid collector. The SCOPE SCANS the room, establishing a straight line from the bed to the stove in the kitchen, then MOVES to the bookcase. Again the SCOPE is switched to HIGH MAGNIFICATION, onto a book, standing on the shelf, its cover facing the window. Throughout this examination the CAMERA HAS BEEN CLICKING, momentarily OBSCURING our vision. The SCOPE HOLDS on the book for a long moment, then establishes a line between the book and the bed, PANNING BACK and FORTH several times. Over this entire sequence we have heard Bishop's soft, breathy whistling of the main title theme.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

- 5 Bishop takes a final picture, then disassembles the scope and carefully replaces it in its leather case. (Note: This scope is a very small Catadioptric type, with incredible magnification for its size, e.g. 1600 MM.) Bishop places the case into a briefcase, makes a final notation, then leaves the room.

INT. BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

- 6 On Mulholland Drive. Impeccably furnished in luxurious, elegant modern. The walls are painted white and are covered with prints and paintings: Goya's Chistos de Guerra, Soutine, Bacon, reproductions of Bosch triptychs. There are some excellent pieces of statuary. Bishop is seated on the couch, his coat still on, studying the bulletin board we saw in the titles. The board is made so it slides into a panel in the wall. His right hand kneads a ball of wax as his eyes move over the notations and diagrams. CAMERA INTERCUTS between his eyes and the board. He continues to softly whistle the theme.

The pictures he took in the previous sequence are now added to the board. There is also a cutaway diagram of the stove pilot-light assembly. Bishop's eyes come to rest on the diagram, then a faint smile as he takes his coat off, moves to the board and begins writing the following notes: They are written as if they were numbers in a column of figures:

"Stove-sulphuric acid (timed).
Pilot-Cellulose expansion.
Book-nitrogen tri-iodide (friction detonation-ignition).
Tea-pantopan 1/2 gr. each bag.
Book to window-establish level for ignition.
Walk - 4 to 5 PM
Set-up - 4:30 PM (4 minutes, maximum)."

6 CONTINUED:

At the bottom of this column of notes he draws a total line and below that he writes:

"Paper fire -- rapid and total incineration."

He stands back from the board, then sits once more and continues to study his handiwork.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF APT. HOUSE - DAY

7 CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop's wrist watch. It reads: "4:05."

CAMERA to a larger ANGLE to include Bishop watching the front door of the apartment. A moment, then a man emerges. CAMERA CLOSE on his face. It is the same face in the picture pinned to Bishop's board. The man is about fifty, very slight, a look of nervous apprehension about his eyes and mouth. He cases the street, then begins his walk. Bishop passes him and enters the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

8 Only the briefest moment in front of the door. The proper pick, a quick turn, and Bishop enters the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

9 Bishop moves swiftly, but without hurry. He knows exactly what he's doing. Everything has been worked out in detail. CAMERA FOLLOWS him to the kitchen. He pops a stick of gum in his mouth, then takes a small tool kit from his pocket. He removes the valve to the stove pilot-light, then takes a small bottle of clear liquid from his pocket. With an eye dropper, he withdraws a small amount of liquid from the bottle and places it on the needle valve. He reassembles the valve. Now he moves the stove out from the wall slightly, takes the gum from his mouth and shapes it into a small ring. He sticks the ring onto the main gas inlet pipe to the stove. From another small bottle, he withdraws a small amount of sulphuric acid and fills the reservoir formed by the gum. The acid, mixed with glycerin does not smoke. Bishop replaces the stove, then opens the cabinet above the stove and takes out a box of tea bags. He opens the box, counts the remaining bags, withdraws them and replaces them with an equal number he takes from his pocket. He walks into the bedroom. He takes the book from the shelf and opens the cover.

9

CONTINUED:

From a small plastic envelope, he squeezes a brownish paste onto the inside of the cover. He closes the cover of the book carefully, and replaces it on the shelf. He places a thumbtack into the shelf, directly in front of the book, ties a string to the tack and draws the string taut. He places a small bubble level on the string, about halfway between the book and window, facing the hotel across the street, then raises and lowers the string until the bubble in the level centers. He makes a small mark on the window with a yellow crayon, then retrieves the string, level and thumbtack. A quick look around, CAMERA INTERCUTTING from his eyes to the room. All seems to be in order. He listens for any sound in the hall, then exits quickly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

10 Bishop sits at the window, watching the street below. He looks at his watch. It is five-seventeen. A slight frown ...a tightening around the lips. Then the expression relaxes as Bishop sees his man round the corner and enter the apartment. From his briefcase, Bishop takes a pair of binoculars and trains them on the window of the man's apartment. A few moments, then the man enters. This sequence, from now on, is seen as Bishop sees it; through the binoculars. The man takes his coat off and walks to the kitchen. He lights the burner under a kettle of water, opens the cabinet over the stove, takes a tea bag and places it in a cup.

INSERT OF BISHOP

with the binoculars glued to his eyes. There is no emotion registered.

The man walks into the bedroom, searches the shelves for a book, then selects one. It is alarmingly near the one Bishop has prepared with the explosive. A moment, then the man goes into the kitchen and pours hot water into his cup, then takes his cup into the bedroom. He sits on the bed, props the pillows behind his shoulders, then begins sipping his tea and reading. CAMERA INTERCUTS between Bishop and Bishop's POV of the man, through the binoculars. In a few moments, the narcotic in the tea takes effect. The man grows drowsy and finally drops off to sleep. Bishop lowers the binoculars and sits back in his chair. He looks at his watch, then takes a ball of wax from his pocket and begins kneading it slowly. The sky is quickly darkening.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 SAME NIGHT
Bishop looks at his watch. It is eleven o'clock.

INT. KITCHEN OF APARTMENT - NIGHT

12 CAMERA CLOSE on the pilot-light of the stove. A small amount of white foam begins to ooze from the jet. A moment, the foam increases and the pilot-flame finally goes out. CAMERA CLOSE on the pipe behind the stove. As the sulphuric eats slowly through the pipe, a thin wraith of smoke rises.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

13 Bishop looks at his watch. It is one-thirty A.M.

INT. KITCHEN OF APARTMENT - NIGHT

14 The acid finally eats through the pipe. The sudden hissing sound of gas escaping.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

15 Bishop looks at his watch. It is five-forty-five A.M. He puts the ball of wax into his pocket, goes to the closet and takes out a thin rectangular case. He opens the case and withdraws a high-powered air-rifle, with telescopic sight. He assembles the rifle, inserts a CO2 Cartridge, then loads the rifle with a single lead pellet. He places the rifle on a tripod and aims it at the window of the apartment. CAMERA to Bishop's POV of the window. Once more the breathy whistling, as he adjusts the scope. First the yellow mark is found and FOCUSED SHARP, the yellow mark is put OUT OF FOCUS until the book, directly in line with it, becomes SHARP. A slight adjustment for parallax, then the CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop as he lets the breath out of his lungs with a long steady exhalation. The finger squeezes slowly and there is a soft pop.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

16 INSERT: The window suddenly pierced with the pellet.

16 CONTINUED:

INSERT: The book as the pellet hits it.

INSERT: The book exploding.

Now the second explosion as the accumulated gas is ignited. And with this second explosion, the room is suddenly transformed into a roaring inferno.

(NOTE: The explosion should be filmed twice. The first time with a high speed camera set directly in the center of the explosion. We see the body of the man lifted from the bed and torn to pieces by the impact of the first blast, then the second blast from the kitchen demolishes all that's left of the apartment and the conflagration begins. There is a strange, poetry of motion in this violence as all is slowed down.

Over this sequence...Bishop's face superimposed, so we get the feeling this is how he is seeing it, savoring it, in his mind's eye. The repeat of the sequence, at normal speed, follows.)

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

17 Bishop is seated on the couch. The remains of the materials that were pinned to the bulletin board are burning in the fireplace. Silence, except for the sound of Bishop's shallow breathing. His eyes are glued to a large Bosch print. In the print: twisted bodies being tortured, demons; half animal...half man...fish with human faces. A long moment, the CAMERA INTERCUTTING between Bishop's face and the figures in the print. Suddenly, and with seemingly great effort, Bishop turns his eyes from the print, gets up and walks to the phone. He dials.

BISHOP

Arthur Bishop. Anything?

SERVICE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, Mr. Bishop. A Mr. McKenna called a number of times. Nothing else.

BISHOP

Thank you.

He hangs up. He takes off his coat and starts for the bedroom when the phone rings. Bishop picks it up.

BISHOP

Hello?

17 CONTINUED:

McKENNA (O.S.)

Arthur! It's Harry. I've been trying to get you for three days.

BISHOP

I've been away...

McKENNA (O.S.)

Didn't you get my messages?

BISHOP

Yes.

McKENNA (O.S.)

Well for God's sake, why didn't you...?

BISHOP

(flatly, no trace
of emotion)

What is it?

McKENNA (O.S.)

I gotta see you.

BISHOP

(pause)

Yes...okay....

McKENNA (O.S.)

NOW! Please!

BISHOP

An hour.

McKENNA (O.S.)

Art, I've got big trouble...

BISHOP

An hour.

He hangs up.

INT. HARRY McKENNA'S HOUSE - DAY

18 Somewhere is Bel Air. A rambling Tudor Mansion. HARRY McKENNA sits in his living room, dressed in his robe. He is thin. His eyes are set in deep, dark sockets. He sits in a large gold and damask chair. On the table, beside him, several bottles of pills, a pitcher of water and a glass. Bishop sits across from him sipping a drink, nodding attentively, gravely, from time to time as McKenna speaks.

18 CONTINUED:

McKENNA

It just doesn't make any sense.

BISHOP

Harry...I understand they made that agreement a long time ago. Junk was to be franchised out to leave the central people clean. Investigation couldn't....

McKENNA

Franchise to who? Independent operators... Indians..no system...no control...no one has a face. I've got a district. I'm responsible. I've got a source from China. Comes through Guatamala, all processed. Pure! I thought when I showed them the figures...

He shakes his head.

BISHOP

What?

McKENNA

Nothing! They said I broke the agreement. Day before yesterday they stopped answering my calls.

BISHOP

What can I do?

McKENNA

Call. Say a few words in my behalf.

BISHOP

I wouldn't know who...

McKenna puts a slip of paper in his hand. Bishop reads the names and numbers, then looks up at McKenna.

BISHOP

Why should they listen to me? I'm not part of that.

McKENNA

Your father was! A very important part. His brains put most of it together for them. They still talk about him like a patron saint. You've got his name. They'll listen.

(a silence)

Please, Arthur. It's all I've got.

18 CONTINUED: (2)

Bishop reads the names on the paper once more, then puts the paper in his pocket. McKenna's body goes slack with relief.

McKENNA

Thanks.

BISHOP

Save it.

McKENNA

For who? How many friends do you think I have right now?

A silence. McKenna looks at him for a long moment, as if studying him, then suddenly laughs.

BISHOP

What's funny?

McKENNA

I was thinking of that fishing trip me, you, and your father took to Canada. You were about eight, right?

Bishop nods.

McKENNA

You fell out of the boat...couldn't swim...your father said you were gonna learn...fast!

(laughs)

My God, you looked like a drowning rat...splashing around. Not a word, though...you wouldn't yell for help or anything...just kept looking at your father...splashing...swallowing water. And he wasn't making a move. Remember?

Bishop nods.

McKENNA

I finally had to grab you by the hair and pull you in. A drowned rat. He laughed like hell.

He laughs, then a silence.

BISHOP

That was a long time ago, Harry.

18 CONTINUED: (3)

McKENNA

Everything is, now.

STEVE McKENNA enters. He is in his early twenties, long hair, dirty clothes, amulets and beads; all the appurtenances, mannerisms, and attitudes of the freak drop-out. But there is something else, something in his face...his look, that arrests Bishop immediately. It's as if he is looking into a mirror, at himself. not the physical self, but a reflection of soul. There is that same aloofness, the same cold, almost passive regard of all things, the same essence of selfness and superiority. For Steve, as well, a strange sort of connection takes place. It is as yet undefined, but very present in the room.

McKENNA

My son, Steve, Arthur.

(to Steve)

This is Arthur Bishop.

STEVE

(shaking hands)

Hya.

Bishop nods. Steve turns to his father.

STEVE

I need some money.

McKENNA

I just gave you...!

STEVE

That was three days ago, Pop. Look, I've got to have a thousand.

McKENNA

If you hate the establishment so much how come you keep bumming from it?

STEVE

(glibly; walking to his father and putting his arm around his shoulder)

I don't think of you like that. You're my father. My asking you for money is good for you. It increases your sense of power...establishes my ties to you... my dependance on you. It flatters you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4)

STEVE (Cont'd)

because it reaffirms you as my source and my sustainer. You love my asking. Oh you bitch and moan, but you dig it where you live. I get it when you check out anyway. I should think a father would be proud to see his son enjoy the fruits of his labor.

(holds out his hand)

A thousand!

McKENNA

(to Bishop)

Fast huh?

STEVE

Chromosomes will tell.

BISHOP

(to McKenna, smiling)

He's got a point.

STEVE

Thank you, Mr. Bishop.

McKenna reaches into his pocket and peels off ten one-hundred dollar bills.

STEVE

(taking the money)

I think that's really far out...my father gets up tight because I ask him for the money he steals from other people.

McKENNA

All right, Steve.

STEVE

(still to Bishop)

See, the problem, Mr. Bishop, is that my father doesn't get the chance to express his real self to people, nowadays.

(indicating the house,
the furnishings)

All this gets in the way. All the style is gone...all the old pizazz...all the class.

He takes a cigar from the humidor and puts it into his mouth.

18 CONTINUED: (5)

STEVE

(his gangster imitation)

Watta ya talkin'. I spent a lotta bread
fa dis front. Doncha like the neighborhood?

Bishop cannot help but smile at Steve's antics. McKenna
grows more upset.

STEVE

Listen a'me, kid. Tink I wanna see you
live my kine a'life. Scams, doublecrosses.
I took da hard knocks so you could get
better.

McKENNA

That's enough, now!

STEVE

Got to get a little of that ole
Americana back into your life, Pop...

McKENNA

I mean it, Steve!

STEVE

Okay, okay, don't get excited. Bad
for you. Just take your little nitro-
glycerin, there and put it under your
tongue so it will make all the veins
big and fat and all the blood can go
where it's supposed to go.

(turns to Bishop)

Glad to meet you. Drop in any time.

(his gangster imitation
once more)

Any friend a'da boss...etcetera, etcetera,
etcetera.

He walks out of the room. There is a long silence. McKenna
is pale, drained. He takes a nitroglycerin tablet from one
of the bottles on the table, next to him, and places it
under his tongue. Bishop looks at his watch.

McKENNA

I know you have to go. I...I'm
sorry for all that...

BISHOP

(standing)

Forget it.

18 CONTINUED: (6)

McKENNA

I...I...just can't understand him. It's
as if he...

(he sees Bishop's
impatience)

Okay, okay, call me when you know
something.

BISHOP

(nodding)

Take care of yourself.

McKENNA

Me? What else could happen?

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

19 CAMERA is on the movie screen. A war film is in progress. The screaming of bombs, explosions, soldiers being torn apart by mortar fire, cut down by machine guns, etc. The CAMERA INTERCUTS between Bishop's face and the screen, counterpointing the strange contrast between the violence taking place on the screen and Bishop's passive, almost benign expression. The CAMERA now to Bishop's POV as the silhouettes of a boy and girl, sitting in the row in front of him, come together. The boy's arm moves around the girl's neck. They move closer together and kiss. Their heads move back and forth, connecting, then separating. Each time they separate, the horror and violence on the screen is seen between their silhouettes. Bishop watches, fascinated, for a few moments as the couple continues. Things become more involved. The bodies do not separate any more. The sounds of heavy, rapid breathing and faint moaning. Bishop gets up and leaves the theater.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT

19A A Saturday night. Bishop walks quickly through the crowds of street people, freaks, cops and straight tourists. Around him, the press of bodies. The CAMERA to his POV of highly animated faces; lips moving, kissing, laughing, hands waving, hands locked, arms locked, people hugging, relating, connecting. He moves along, among them, totally isolated, untouched. The sounds from the clubs, the porno movie houses, the visuals of these faces and hands and arms and bodies hammer away at him. He seems to be trying desperately to be in the center of it all, to touch it somehow, but with no success. People speak to him, but he does not answer. Their faces, their expressions and gestures seem to be magnified

19A CONTINUED:

to grotesque proportions. He moves more quickly now, as if to try to escape all this, turns, and suddenly finds himself in the darkened doorway of a Head Shop, staring at the display in the window. CAMERA to his POV of some beautiful posters speaking their eloquent message of love. Contrasted with these, are other items, smoking devices, jokes, tricks gag-type lingerie. The CAMERA INTERCUTS between the grotesque assortment of women's underwear; bras with holes cut in the centers, pants with no crotches and snappy gags printed on them. Bishop tears away from the store and rushes once more, into the crowd, losing himself to CAMERA.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

20 He drives up, gets out of his car, walks to his door, unlocks it and enters.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21 He stands in the middle of the room, undecided about something, then he reaches into his pocket and takes out the slip of paper McKenna gave him. He reads the names and numbers, then walks to the phone. He is about to dial when the door chime rings. Bishop goes to the door and opens it to reveal a postal MESSENGER, holding a large bown manilla envelope.

21 CONTINUED:

MESSENGER

Arthur Bishop?

BISHOP

Yes.

MESSENGER

Special delivery, certified. Please sign here.

Bishop signs the receipt and the messenger hands him the envelope.

BISHOP

Thanks.

MESSENGER

Right.

Bishop closes the door, walks to the couch and sits. He looks at the envelope for a long moment, then opens it. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on his hands as he extracts a sheaf of papers, and examines each page. The headings at the top of the pages read:

DAILY SCHEDULE, MEDICAL HISTORY, RESTAURANTS
(with layouts of rooms) TRANSPORTATION, HABITS,
RELATIONSHIPS, HOME DIAGRAM, ACCIDENT HISTORY,
AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Bishop studies each page. As he lifts the last page, an eight by ten photo of Harry McKenna is revealed. CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop's face. A faint tightening of the muscles, then the traces of an ironic smile at the edges of the lips. He lifts the picture closer and studies McKenna's face, then gets up, walks to the wall, opens the panel and slides out the bulletin board we saw earlier. He then goes to the stereo complex, puts on a cassette (again the baroque theme), returns to the bulletin board and begins pinning pages to it. Once all the pages and the photograph have been pinned, he takes a marker pen from a drawer near the couch, picks up his ball of wax, then stands in front of the board studying it. Now, as one hand kneads the ball of wax, the other draws lines and arrows between the pages to indicate certain corresponding factors. Brief notes are jotted. The music continues, full volume as he works at the board. The muscles of his face spasm with excitement. His eyes dart quickly from page to page. He is in his element.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 SAME - DAWN

The CAMERA is CLOSE on the bulletin board, criss-crossed with lines. A large arrow points to the word "MEDICAL". CAMERA to Bishop. He nods slightly, looking at the word, then goes to the tape deck and turns it off. He turns and looks, once more at the word.

INT. UCLA MEDICAL LIBRARY

23 Bishop is at the reference desk.

LIBRARIAN

Yes?

BISHOP

I'm looking for anything you might have on exudative endocarditis.

LIBRARIAN

Yes.

She goes through a file catalogue on the counter and locates a card.

LIBRARIAN

Here we are. C seven four four J.
I'll show you.

Bishop follows as she leads him to the stacks. She runs her finger over a line of books and locates the one she's looking for. She hands it to Bishop.

LIBRARIAN

I think you'll find this one the most comprehensive.

BISHOP

Thank you.

The Librarian walks back to the counter. Bishop sits at a table and begins reading. CAMERA CLOSE on his eyes, darting across the page. He reads very quickly.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

24 Bishop at the board, writing: "Dilation of the ventricles... syncope cardiac spasm then no muscular spasms...inadequate ventilation (LUNGS GO) Prognosis..."

The phone rings. Bishop picks it up.

24 CONTINUED:

McKENNA (O.S.)

Arthur?

BISHOP

Yes, Harry.

McKENNA (O.S.)

Anything?

BISHOP

Not yet.

McKENNA (O.S.)

It's just that I....

BISHOP

Harry, take it easy.

(looks at the board)

I'm working on it.

McKENNA (O.S.)

Okay, Arthur, okay.

BISHOP

I'll be in touch soon as I hear.

McKENNA (O.S.)

Right.

He hangs up. Bishop goes back to the board and continues writing. The next words are placed after the word "prognosis" "UNFAVORABLE. DEATH MAY OCCUR ON SLIGHT EXERTION." He stands back from the board and stares at these last words.

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY

25 A dirt road leads from the beach to the cliff above. The road incline is very steep for about one hundred and fifty yards. At the end of the road, at cliff level, Bishop's car is parked. CAMERA PANS from the car down the road to Bishop, on the beach below. CAMERA TO A CLOSER ANGLE as Bishop looks up at the car. A moment, then he begins to run up the road toward the car. Both sides of the road are lined with heavy brush. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Bishop runs. Gradually, he begins to run out of breath. His breathing becomes more labored. When he reaches the car, his chest is heaving. He takes his pulse. Satisfied with the count, he gets in his car. One look down the road to the beach below, then he drives off.

INT. BISHOP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

26 Bishop in bed, reading. One hand kneads the ball of wax. He cannot keep his concentration on the book. He becomes aware of the silence surrounding him. He tries to read again, but it is hopeless. He gets up and walks to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

27 From the medicine cabinet he takes two tranquilizers and two Gelusil tablets. He swallows the tranquilizers and chews the Gelusil, the latter making his lips white in the process. He looks at himself in the mirror. His breathing is rapid, shallow. He exits the bathroom to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

28 Bishop begins to slowly pace, glancing from time to time from the board to the paintings on the wall. Added to the board are the notations: "Hill, his car...22-250 (Silencer) ...foam rubber (to finish.)"

The face of Harry McKenna smiles at Bishop from the photograph. Complete silence except for the sound of Bishop's rapid and shallow breathing. The silence is shattered by the ringing of the phone. Bishop lets the phone ring three times, then picks it up.

BISHOP

Yes?

The voice we hear will be the same for all calls Bishop receives giving him the go-ahead for the hit.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Bishop...?

BISHOP

Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)

We would like you to go ahead any time.

A click on the other end. Bishop hangs up. A moment, then he dials.

McKENNA (O.S.)

Hello?

28 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Harry, I've made arrangements for a meeting.

McKENNA (O.S.)

What did they say?

BISHOP

They want to talk. If they're willing to do that, I think you're all right. Tomorrow night, eleven. I'll take you. We'll have to use your car. Mine's in the shop. Transmission trouble.

McKENNA (O.S.)

Sure. Sure. God bless you, Arthur. It looks like it's your turn to pull me into the boat.

BISHOP

Eleven.

McKENNA (O.S.)

I'll be ready.

Bishop hangs up. He looks at the board for a moment then walks to it and draws a connecting line between the words "Hill" and "Death may occur on slight exertion." He then walks to the couch and lies down. His breathing is normal, the lines of tension in his face have disappeared. His body relaxes.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

29 McKenna's car leaves the main road and starts down to the beach.

INT. McKENNA'S CAR - NIGHT

30 Bishop is driving. McKenna is next to him.

McKENNA

Nothing else?

BISHOP

No. Just I was to leave you here and wait at the top of the hill....

30 CONTINUED:

McKENNA

Couldn't you tell anything by his voice? I mean, the tone...

BISHOP

Harry, relax...

McKENNA

Sure, sure...like you say, if they're willing to talk...

The car arrives at the bottom of the hill. McKenna gets out.

BISHOP

(pointing to the road at the top of the hill)

I'll be parked right there.

McKENNA

Don't you think...

Bishop pulls away, leaving McKenna standing alone. McKenna watches the car climb the road, then stop at the same spot where Bishop parked earlier. A moment, then the car lights go out and all is dark.

CAMERA to INTERIOR of car. Bishop takes a special 22-250 target pistol from the holster under his shoulder, checks the magazine then affixes a silencer to the barrel, opens the car door, and moves out into the night.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

- 31 CAMERA CLOSE on McKenna. He paces, waiting for contact. Some long moments pass. He grows more and more apprehensive. No sound but the quiet whisper of surf. The faint sound of a twig cracking, o.s. McKenna freezes and turns toward the sound.

McKENNA

Hello?

Silence. He listens for a long moment, his heart beating rapidly. The waiting, the darkness, and silence, is quickly unnerving him. He resumes pacing, glancing from time to time at the silhouette of the car at the top of the hill. Another sound; a twig cracks, then the sound of a body brushing against some undergrowth.

31 CONTINUED:

McKENNA

(freezing)

Hey...I'm here...cut it out huh?

Let's talk...

(silence)

Look, let's cut the games. I got a lot to tell you...

Suddenly a flash, the sound of a silenced pistol. The ground is kicked up at McKenna's feet.

McKENNA

(backing away)

Hey wait! Don't. You said we were gonna talk. Please...

Another shot...closer.

McKENNA

No...!

BISHOP (O.S.)

(shouting to McKenna
out of the darkness)

The car, Arthur...RUN...it's a set-up!
Run!

McKenna seems frozen for the moment. He looks at the car at the top of the hill.

McKENNA

I can't....I....

Another shot.

BISHOP (O.S.)

Run, Arthur! I'll try to get behind him.
RUN, RUN!

McKenna starts to run up the hill toward the car. The sweat is running down his face. Bullets are kicking up sand all around him. CAMERA TRACKS with him as he runs.

McKENNA

(to himself)

I can't...I can't...Oh God....God...
God.... I can't...

BISHOP (O.S.)

Keep going...!

31 CONTINUED: (2)

McKENNA

(still to himself)

I can't...you know that...! Oh please
....please...

He reaches the car, his chest heaving, gasping for breath, unbearable pain in his chest. One hand claws at his heart while the other opens the door. He manages to heave himself into the driver's seat. His breath is failing, his eyes are wide with the knowledge his death is upon him. He reaches for the ignition. The key is missing! Now his breathing is totally out of control. Violent muscle spasms of the heart. He groans in agony as the pain worsens. Suddenly he looks up to see Bishop standing near the window. He holds the pistol in his hands. CAMERA INTERCUTS their eyes as McKenna realizes Bishop has been his attacker.

McKENNA

You?

Bishop nods.

McKENNA

That's the way it is, huh....?

Bishop nods. McKenna's face is bathed in tears. Another spasm, driving pain through his chest.

McKENNA

Oh...oh...God...help me...finish it,
Arthur...Please...please...you owe me...
I can't....I can't stand...

Bishop nods, puts the pistol back into the holster, then from around his waist he takes a wide strip of foam rubber. He opens the car door. A moment where their eyes connect, then Bishop moves quickly, wrapping the foam around McKenna's head and face. Bishop's left arm goes around McKenna's neck while his right hand pinches his nostril together and covers his mouth. Muffled cries under the foam. A brief, feeble struggle as McKenna's arms try to disentangle. A moment, or two more, and McKenna is dead. Bishop's expression is calm. He releases McKenna, unwinds the foam. His movements are careful, unhurried as he checks McKenna's pulse, then examines his face and neck for any tell-tale marks. There are none. He smooths out McKenna's clothes and arranges the body in a natural position, over the steering wheel. He wipes off the ignition key and places it in the ignition. He turns on the ignition, but does not start the motor. A final check, then satisfied, Bishop closes the door. With

31 CONTINUED: (3)

some brush he erases the footprints to and from the car, then walks down the road a short way to where his own car is hidden in the brush. He gets in and drives off, onto the main highway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

32 Bishop stands in front of an apartment door. His hand presses a button at the side of the door. The door opens to reveal a GIRL, quite beautiful, in her mid-twenties, dressed in a robe. Her face registers shock and surprise. She throws her arms around him and hugs him tightly.

GIRL

I had a feeling.....!

BISHOP

(almost sheepishly)

Can I come in?

She smiles and pulls him inside.

INT. GIRL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33 Beautifully furnished. The door closes behind them. A long kiss, then she holds his face in her hands. Silence. The CAMERA CLOSE on their faces as she searches his eyes, then kisses them.

GIRL

It's been so long....

Bishop nods. She pulls away, getting herself together. She wipes her eyes.

GIRL

I said I wasn't going to do this...
Had it all rehearsed. Go to the door.
There you are. I smile...very poised...
as if I'd seen you just yesterday. Sorry....

She goes to a side table and pours two brandies. Bishop looks around the apartment. Then takes off his coat.

BISHOP

Nothing's changed.

The Girl joins him on the couch and hands him his drink.

33 CONTINUED:

GIRL

(a deep sadness)

It never does.

They clink glasses and drink.

GIRL

Okay...I think I've got it together...

A silence. She studies his face.

GIRL

How are you?

BISHOP

All right.

GIRL

You lost some weight.

Bishop nods. He sips his brandy.

GIRL

I wrote you a letter.

BISHOP

Oh?

He gets up and begins to move about the apartment.

GIRL

Couldn't mail it. Didn't know where.

BISHOP

I've been moving.

Another awkward silence.

GIRL

It's true, you know? I can tell when you're near.

BISHOP

(a forced smile)

ESP.

GIRL

A little more personal than that, I think.

He continues to pace.

GIRL

What's the matter?

33 CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

(turning to her)

I've been here about three minutes and so far you've managed about one recrimination a minute. I stay away too long... My behavior and our relationship doesn't change. I keep my life so much a secret to you, you can't even send me a letter. Did you just say all that, or is it my imagination?

GIRL

I said them.

(a silence; she
shakes her head)

I can't seem to feel anything but a deep hurting when you're not here. And...I guess, when I see you, I have to hurt back.

He moves about the apartment nervously. Something continues to bother him. The Girl watches him as he stalks around, examining pictures, objects. He walks to a painting of a nude and stares at it.

BISHOP

You actually wrote a letter?

The Girl goes to a desk, opens a drawer, takes out the letter and returns with it to the couch. Bishop remains with his back to her. She begins to read the letter, falteringly... in a soft whisper.

GIRL

"My darling...you've just left and the silence...silence in this...

BISHOP

Can't hear you...

GIRL

(louder)

...silence in this room presses against my ears until I am deaf with it...

The CAMERA INTERCUTS between Bishop and the Girl, as she reads. She wipes the tears away from her eyes and continues.

33 CONTINUED: (3)

GIRL

"...and this is the way I live until you come to me again. And then you're here and there's no past; only the two of us. I flow into you and become part of you. I know these words hurt you because you can't give anything but the moment, but I have to write them now, because, somehow, my need for you must find it's voice."

CAMERA on Bishop's face. He winces with pain. His back is still to her.

BISHOP

Don't...

GIRL

(continuing)

"And you? What of your pain? I've known you so long and you've never once shared it with me. If you could only let me have one small part of the weight of it..."

BISHOP

Don't....please....

GIRL

(continuing)

"...even that would be a comfort to me when you're not here. I love you so much, my darling...I know...I...."

Her eyes flood with tears. She shakes her head, and holds out the letter to him.

GIRL

...can't....

Bishop turns and quickly moves to her, folding her against him, kissing her tenderly on the face and eyes.

BISHOP

It's all right. It's going to be all right.

GIRL

(hugging him tightly)

Oh, I love you....

33 CONTINUED: (4)

BISHOP

I missed you so much....

Bishop now roughly covers her lips with his own.

BISHOP

You...you...

The girl is now weeping and laughing, covering his face with kisses.

GIRL

Baby...love...oh, love...take us to bed.

He picks her up in his arms and carries her to the bedroom, the CAMERA FOLLOWING with them.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

34 They enter and Bishop places her on the bed. Their words are indistinguishable now as they meld into the sounds of their lovemaking. The room is dark. Their bodies are partially obscured from us. Mixed with the sounds from their throats, is the rustle of clothes as they undress. Finally, the texture of naked skin, flashing into light, then shadow, in the chiaroscuro of the room. Now the CAMERA CLOSE on their faces, their mouths hungrily finding each other, hands caressing, Bishop's fingers moving through her hair, eyes opening and closing, the sounds of heavy breathing.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 SAME - JUST BEFORE DAWN
A strange gray half-light. CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop's face as he stares at the ceiling of the room. The SHOT HOLDS for a long moment. His expression is dark, grim. He closes his eyes as if trying to blot out whatever picture is on the screen of his mind. CAMERA TO A LARGER ANGLE as he turns to look at the Girl at his side. She appears to be sleeping. Bishop gets up, slowly, careful not to disturb her, and dresses. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he walks to the dresser. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE as he opens a jewelry box on the top of the dresser. A slight metallic whirr; then soft tinkling music: The Blue Danube. The tune plays several times, then slows, then finally the movement comes to a stop in the middle of the tune.

35 CONTINUED:

Bishop places some bills in the jewelry box. As he does so, he hears the Girl move. He turns to look at her. CAMERA to his POV of the Girl. She is facing him, wide awake. Her face is changed, somehow. Her voice is tired, impersonal.

GIRL

It's a hundred more this time. It took a while to make up the letter.

BISHOP

Oh?

GIRL

All right?

BISHOP

Yes.

He puts the extra money in the box then closes it.

GIRL

Anything else?

BISHOP

I'll call you.

He goes to the door, then turns to her with an afterthought.

BISHOP

The letter was good. Try to think of something like it, again.

GIRL

Right. I will.

Bishop exits. CAMERA to the Girl. She yawns then stretches languorously, rolls over, hugs the pillow and closes her eyes.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

36 CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop's face as the sound of an organ playing the music for a requiem high mass explodes onto the sound track. CAMERA to a LARGER ANGLE to include the funeral services for Harry McKenna. This SHOT, from a HIGH ANGLE, to reveal the huge, empty, church and the tiny funeral party, made up of Steve McKenna, Bishop, the pallbearers and two other men. The coffin, flowers, all the appointments are very luxurious. The CAMERA now back on Bishop, then INTERCUTTING to Steve in the pew ahead of him. An exchange of glances. Nothing

36 CONTINUED:

definitive, just both of them very much aware of the other's presence. The service comes to a close and a choir begins to sing as the organ once more resounds through the empty church. The pallbearers stand, lift the coffin and walk down the aisle, toward the exit.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

37 The cortege of limousines pulls away from the church. Steve is alone in the car behind the hearse, then behind him, another car with the pallbearers, behind this car, another with the priest and the two men we saw inside the church. Behind this car, four more limousines...all empty. Bishop watches for a moment, then gets into his own car and follows.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

38 The party is gathered around the open grave. The PRIEST is just finishing the eulogy. All eyes are dry. It's obvious everyone's just going through the motions.

PRIEST

To his community and church he gave his resources, his faith, and his spirit. His good works comfort us in his going. We commit his remains to your earth, oh Father, and we pray you vouchsafe him eternal life. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.

A couple of men in the party join in this "amen." The Priest continues on in Latin. Steve watches a moment then walks to Bishop.

STEVE

Can you give me a ride home?

BISHOP

Sure.

They turn and walk to Bishop's car. CAMERA comes to rest on the Priest's face as he continues to mumble in Latin. His eyes glance toward Steve and Bishop. A flash of anger. Then the eyes roll backward and close in pious concentration. He drones on.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - DAY

39 Some moments of silence. Finally Steve speaks.

STEVE

How'd you like the grave speech?

BISHOP

How did you?

STEVE

I've always been interested in primitive rituals; you know, like tucking the dead away. There's a high comedy in it that's sort of refreshing. Blows my mind. Yes, I would say this afternoon, my mind was really blown. "We pray you vouchsafe him..." I mean how often in this workaday, humdrum world do you get to hear a word like vouchsafe?

BISHOP

You found it all funny?

STEVE

Refreshing. I mean to be able to be a spectator to all that naked hypocrisy.

(silence)

Harry McKenna; fixer, manipulator, extraordinaire, pusher, pimp, thief, arsonist...

BISHOP

You like him a lot, huh?

STEVE

(putting his hand
over his heart)

He was my kinda man.

BISHOP

You making moral judgments?

STEVE

Morality has nothing to do with it. It's the fraud...the sham of what I'm supposed to feel over his checking out.

BISHOP

You...don't feel any...grief?

STEVE

The only thing I feel right now is sure.

39 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

About what?

STEVE

That we are alone, my friend. In
our birth, our living and our dying.
Totally and for all time, alone. Can
you dig that?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

40 Bishop's car exits the freeway to Wilshire Blvd.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - DAY

41

STEVE

What I don't get is your connection
with my father.

BISHOP

There wasn't any...really. He worked
for my father a long time back. He
thought I could do him a favor.

STEVE

Your father was "in" then?

BISHOP

(a faint smile)
He was "in."

STEVE

Outasight!

BISHOP

You find that significant?

STEVE

Only that you should admit it.
(silence)

And you?

Bishop smiles and shakes his head "no."

STEVE

Yeah, but you got something going.

41 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

You think so, huh?

STEVE

It's all in the eyes, Mr. Bishop.

The way they look at everything.

Oh, yes...you're into something,
friend...and you've been there a
long, long time...

BISHOP

(smiling)

You're very sure of yourself.

STEVE

I live in my mind, Mr. Bishop.

BISHOP

I think I read that someplace, a long
time ago. Heidigger, Satre? One of
those existen...

STEVE

And so do you!

BISHOP

You keep saying.

EXT. McKENNA'S HOUSE - DAY

42 Bishop's car pulls up. The grounds are a shambles. Vans,
campers, choppers, parked on the lawn and in the drive.
Most of the lawn has been torn up by motorcycle tracks.
In front of the entrance, a gleaming white Lotus.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - DAY

43 Steve opens the door and starts to get out.

STEVE

Come on in and meet some of my people.

BISHOP

No thanks....I....

STEVE

Come on, man...I'll give you a tour.
It'll be a new experience.

43 CONTINUED:

A moment's hesitation.

BISHOP
(smiles)

Okay.

They get out and enter the house.

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - DAY

44 Jammed with freaks. The inside is a shambles as well. Wine spilled deliberately on the white rugs. Drawings on the walls. Furniture broken and lying askew. General mayhem. There is no music. Everything is strangely silent. Those who are not sleeping are eating bowls of jello. Very little conversation. What there is is very low key. Everyone is obviously spaced.

STEVE
(to Bishop)
Don't know if you ever saw the whole house. This is the living room. These freaks are living...

A GIRL approaches with two bowls of jello and spoons.

GIRL
Here y'are Steve...It's...it's so...

STEVE
Yeah, thanks...

Steve takes a bowl. Bishop is undecided.

STEVE
(indicating the contents
of the bowl)
Organic mescaline.

BISHOP
(with no embarrassment,
to the Girl)
No thanks.

GIRL
Oh, but it's so...

STEVE
(winking at the Girl)
He's already there.

44 CONTINUED:

GIRL

Oh, sure...sure...I dig...far out...
far far out...

She walks off.

STEVE

(to Bishop)

Come on. Wanna show you something.

Bishop follows as they weave their way through the bodies and climb the stairs to the main bathroom. Steve opens the door and they enter.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

45 Huge. White marble everywhere, Roman motif. Mirrors. Gold appointments. In the tub a BOY and GIRL of Steve's age. One reads TIME MAGAZINE, the other NEWSWEEK. The tub is filled with peanut butter. There are hundreds of empty peanut butter jars littered throughout the room. Steve breaks up with laughter at the sight that greets him.

STEVE

Hey...hey...HEY. HOW ABOUT THAT!

GIRL

Three hundred and twenty-four jars.
It was Cam's idea..

CAM

Yes...yes...

(in East Indian accent)

Everyone speak of the morass. Very...
very...very...good...to speak. Enlightenment...
social consciousness. But...but I say,
veryveryvery few people know what it
really is. This way you can physically
feel it as you intellectually perceive
it. It is the only way to become aware
of the principle of life. The individual
soul.

GIRL

The Atman.

CAM

(sniggering, in his
regular voice)

That's were it's AT, Man. In the Skippy's.

45 CONTINUED:

The Girl looks up at Bishop.

GIRL

Wow...look at him...look at that
face! Hey, have you ever faced your
face?

Bishop smiles. He has not been made uncomfortable by all this. Steve is about to say something when he is interrupted by another BOY.

BOY

Hey, Steve. Louise. Phone in the
study. Bummer.

Steve nods and Bishop follows him out to the bathroom.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

46 Steve and Bishop pass down the hallway to the study. Steve continues to spoon jello. They enter the study.

INT. STUDY - DAY

47 Steve walks to the desk. The phone is off the hook. Steve picks up the receiver and places it on a speaker cradle, then pushes the speaker button. He sits on the desk and continues eating his jello during the following conversation.

STEVE

Yeah, Louise?

LOUISE (O.S.)

(voice somewhat slurred)

I told you I was going to do it.

STEVE

Right. You told me.

LOUISE (O.S.)

You're a son-of-bitch.

STEVE

Right. A son-of-a-bitch.

LOUISE (O.S.)

I took fifteen valium.

STEVE

Okay.

47 CONTINUED:

LOUISE (O.S.)

I've got everything I need; half a
gallon of Maneschewitz...ice cubes...
cigarettes, razor blades...the new
kind with the Crona Chrome edges.

First I thought I'd cut both wrists,
but I need one hand to drink and smoke,
right? How long does it take?

STEVE

I don't know.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Sure you do. You know everything.
You...

STEVE

Louise, you called me either because
you don't want to really do it and you
want me to save you, or you want to
lay the guilt of it on me. I'm not
buying either. You dig...

LOUISE (O.S.)

Here I go. The left one...

STEVE

Oh, shit!

He hangs up. A silence as Steve finishes his jello.

STEVE

Wanna come along?

BISHOP

No thanks...I...

STEVE

Come on, man. Aren't you interested?
Part of the tour.

A moment. Bishop nods.

STEVE

Right. I'll drive this time.

(as they exit
the room)

Man, everybody seems to be checking out
today.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

48 CAMERA on the white Lotus moving through traffic at high speed. Steve is dicing with a Jag, then executes a brilliant maneuver and moves into the clear.

INT. STEVE'S LOTUS - LATE AFTERNOON

49 Bishop looks at him. Steve smiles. Bishop nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREEWAY AND BEACH HIGHWAY - EVENING

50 A SERIES of DISSOLVES as Steve continues to display his prowess at the wheel.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - TRANCAS - NIGHT

51 The Lotus pulls up in front of the house.

INT. STEVE'S LOTUS - NIGHT

52 Steve turns off the ignition. A moment. Both are smiling.

BISHOP

You do that pretty good.

STEVE

I know.

They get out.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

53 Steve and Bishop walk to the front door. Steve unlocks the door and they enter.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF THE BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

54 Louise is seated on the floor, naked, propped up with some large pillows. There are candles burning around her. In front of her; wine, ice cubes, razor blades, cigarettes, and a bottle of capsules, all but empty. She is stoned. Steve and Bishop move to her. She looks at Steve, then at Bishop.

54 CONTINUED:

LOUISE

Who's he?

STEVE

Friend of the family. Thought you'd
already started.

LOUISE

I knew you'd come. I wanted you to
watch.

STEVE

Far out.

LOUISE

I just want you to promise to dress
me before the ambulance comes.

STEVE

Sure.

Louise picks up a razor blade.

STEVE

Hold it.

(indicating the wine)
Could I have some of that?

LOUISE

Son-of-a-bitch.

She puts down the blade and pours him a drink.

STEVE

(sipping)

Okay...

(offering Bishop wine)

...Mr. Bishop?

Bishop shakes his head.

Louise picks up the blade once more. CAMERA INTERCUTS the
eyes of these three people. She takes a sip of wine, then
holds the blade over the veins in her left wrist. She
looks at Steve.

LOUISE

You really don't believe it...

STEVE

Oh Baby...baby...I call you baby because
your innocence touches me...

54 CONTINUED:

With one quick short gesture, she draws the blade across the veins opening them. She lifts her wrist and stares at the incision, fascinated, as the blood runs quickly down her arm and drips off her elbow onto the rug.

STEVE

Wow...those are really sharp!

A scathing look from Louise. She picks up a fresh blade and repeats the gesture, opening her right wrist. A long silence and the life begins to flow out of her. CAMERA INTERCUTTING their eyes.

STEVE

Always said you had balls, Louise.

LOUISE

How long will it take?

STEVE

(he shrugs)

Mr. Bishop?

BISHOP

(to Louise)

How much do you weigh?

LOUISE

A hundred and twenty.

Bishop glances at the rate of flow at her wrists, then makes a rapid calculation.

BISHOP

Two and a half...three hours. You'll get cold first...then sleepy...

Steve registers surprise over Bishop's possession of this knowledge. They look at the clock. It reads ten-thirty.

LOUISE

(to Bishop)

You're a son-of-a-bitch, too.

STEVE

Er...Louisie, listen I didn't have anything to eat before I came. Whatta you got in the fridge?

She stares at him.

54 CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

Thanks.

He exits to the kitchen. Louise and Bishop exchange stares.

LOUISE

He'll stop it. I know he will. I
know he feels something!

CAMERA CLOSE on their eyes, INTERCUTTING.

DISSOLVE TO:

55

SAME NIGHT - LATER

CAMERA on the clock. It reads eleven-twenty. CAMERA to a LARGER ANGLE to include Steve, Bishop, and Louise. Bishop and Louise have not changed their positions. A large dark circle of blood surrounds her. Steve is on the couch reading Rolling Stone. Tears stream down Louise's face as she stares at him. A long silence. Finally she speaks in a whisper to Steve.

LOUISE

I know you...love...you'll

STEVE

Huh...what? I didn't hear you, babe...
what?

LOUISE

I said you'll stop it!

STEVE

If you don't care anything about your
life, why should I?

LOUISE

You do care...you do...you do...!

Steve shrugs and looks at Bishop. Louise's eyes go to the clock. Bishop's follow. Steve goes back to his paper.

DISSOLVE TO:

56

SAME NIGHT - LATER

The dark pool around Louise is larger. Now Steve is closer to her, watching, studying her. She is crying. She shivers.

LOUISE

I...I'm cold...getting cold....

56 CONTINUED:

Steve checks his watch. It reads eleven.

STEVE

Psychosomatic...you've got a whole hour and a half to go.

She holds out her wrists to him, pleading.

LOUISE

Please...

Steve just stares at her. CAMERA to Bishop watching, then back to Louise and Steve. She sobs heavily now, realizing he will not stop the bleeding.

LOUISE

Help me, Steve...I'm afraid...I'm afraid. I don't want to do it. Steve...

Steve gets up, goes to the bar, gets her car keys, returns to her and throws the keys in her lap.

STEVE

If you kick it you can make the Sheriff's Station in Malibu in about fifteen minutes.

The bluntness of this truth seems to have a sobering effect on her. She tightens her jaw, setting herself for the effort, struggles to her feet and staggers out the door. CAMERA remains on the faces of Steve and Bishop. A moment, then we hear her car start up, and pull away from the house, tires screeching.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

57 Steve and Bishop walking along the edge of the water.

BISHOP

These aren't your people. You don't have any people.

STEVE

You making moral judgments now?

BISHOP

Just an observation.

STEVE

I didn't see you making any lifeguard-type moves.

57 CONTINUED:

Bishop smiles. They walk in silence for some moments.
Bishop stops.

BISHOP

Would you have let her do it?

STEVE

What do you think?

(a silence)

You think that's...irrational?

Bishop smiles. He begins walking again. Steve continues with him. Some moments before his answer. He is picking his words carefully.

BISHOP

Most of what we call "irrational" just means someone is functioning alone, free, his thoughts, what he does, are outside of the rule book.

STEVE

I can dig it.

BISHOP

It takes a special kind of person to live like that. There's a very big tab that has to be picked up.

STEVE

Such as?

BISHOP

If your girlfriend hadn't changed her mind...if you had let her die... In a way you would have killed her...that choice would be against human laws and rules everywhere...that's exactly what would have made it completely free, and special. You take that freedom...and you pick up the tab. In this case that might have been...still could be...her life. That's what it takes to stand outside the rules.

STEVE

Wait a minute...hold it! You saying you have to go that far? Killing? Murder?

57 CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

(a short laugh)

Oh, baby...I call you baby because your innocence touches me. Murder is only a classification of killing. It means killing without license. Everyone kills. The difference is the license. Governments, police, the military...all have it because the rule book gives it to them.

STEVE

You haven't answered my question.

BISHOP

The only way to be outside of man's law... is to break his highest one.

(he smiles)

Well...it's not just that simple...

STEVE

Explain.

BISHOP

(looks at his watch)

Another time. I think I'll go home. Thanks for the tour...it's been... interesting.

He walks away from Steve, toward the house. CAMERA on Steve, watching him.

STEVE

Yeah...I would say that. I would definitely say that...

He runs to catch up with Bishop.

INT. GYM - DAY

58 At first, because of the CLOSE ANGLE, we do not know where we are. CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop as he advances menacingly toward a small man, with his back to him. Bishop holds a Samuri sword. A moment, then Bishop makes his attack. The small man does a graceful turn, catches Bishop under the arm, and throws him to the ground. This is the Japanese martial art of Aikido, where one blends with his opponent and uses his energy to unhinge his attack. One stands still and waits for the attack. There is no dragging or pulling, just smooth, simple, circular movements which turn the

58 CONTINUED:

attacker's attack-energy upon himself. Bishop gets to his feet and he and the small man bow to each other. Almost immediately, Bishop is attacked by two other men, holding knives, who have come up behind him. It takes only a moment, without shouts or gross acrobatics, for Bishop to subdue his attackers as the small man did him. All get to their feet and bow politely to each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UCLA TRACK - DAY

59 Bishop in sweat suit is running the track. He is not jogging, but moves along quickly at a steady lope. He is not tired or out of wind. A YOUNG BOY comes up alongside him and tries to get him to race. Bishop smiles and shakes his head. The Boy streaks out ahead of him. Bishop continues at his pace.

EXT. OUTDOOR RANGE - DAY

60 Empty save for Bishop and an ATTENDANT. Bishop is in the process of squeezing the trigger of a specially built, single shot, 308 Magnum target rifle. The Attendant looks downrange through a spotting scope at the target. A moment. Bishop waits for the wind to stop, then fires.

INSERT OF TARGET. Three centers and one hole at the ring.

A moment more, then the Attendant smiles and looks at him.

ATTENDANT

You cut the 9 ring.

BISHOP

Where?

ATTENDANT

Six o'clock.

Bishop registers disappointment.

ATTENDANT

I don't know how you do it. That's four in a row at a thousand yards.

BISHOP

(with a trace of anger
at himself, as he reloads)

Set up a clean target.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BISHOP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

61 He is lying awake, staring at the ceiling. A long moment, then the CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he gets up and walks to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

62 He turns on the light, opens the medicine cabinet and is about to reach for his tranquilizers and Gelusil, when he checks himself. He closes the medicine cabinet door and stares at himself for a moment, then turns quickly and walks back to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

63 He starts to dress.

INT. YMCA POOL - NIGHT

64 Bishop, alone in the pool, doing laps. He is to the point of exhaustion, but he drives himself on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

65 A tape is playing the Pasagalia and Fuge in D Minor. Bishop is in a chair working with stock sheets, trying to make various computations. His left hand works his ball of wax. He makes mistakes, erases them and begins again. Finally he drops the paper, unable to concentrate. With both hands, he squeezes the ball of wax as hard as he can.

INT. MARINELAND OF THE PACIFIC - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

66 The CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop as he walks through the crowd. Its obvious, from the way he moves, he's been here before. He makes his way to the large central tank of fish and peers in. The CAMERA to HIS POV. Schools of fish glide past. CAMERA INTERCUTS between the fish and Bishop's face. His concentration on the life in the tank is total, as if no one else were present. The fish continue to swim in front of him for several moments, then a lone grouper moves to the glass, close to Bishop's face. The sounds of the people around him gradually grow faint. As the CAMERA SHOOTs across the tank their faces on the other side are distorted by the water. Now superimposed over the grouper and the people's faces, are the images of the fish-human demons of the Bosch paintings. The sounds of the crowd grow fainter and finally diminish to silence as the images proliferate, melding and interchanging with the objective reality of what

66 CONTINUED:

Bishop is watching in the tank. Bishop becomes aware his hands are pressed hard against the glass of the tank. He takes his hands away and sees the outline of the moisture they have left on the glass. He takes out his handkerchief and wipes his hands. His breathing is rapid and shallow. He can't seem to get enough air. The sound track is utterly silent except for the sound of his rapid breathing and heart beat. The CAMERA CLOSER on the fish and the demons until it FRAMES just their eyes...then all the eyes merge into a great black orb of terror which moves in larger and larger circles, spinning...then total blackness..

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

66A Bishop is buttoning his shirt. A young intern is concluding his report. His attitude, his tone are perfunctory, mechanical, somewhat bored.

INTERN

Next of kin?

BISHOP

None.

INTERN

Anybody we could notify?

BISHOP

No.

INTERN

(peevied)

How about an acquaintance?

BISHOP

You finished?

INTERN

(writing)

There's a charge. You can take care of it at the cashier's window. One floor up. I suggest you make an appointment with your doctor...that is if you have a doctor.

BISHOP

(ignoring the jibe)

What do you think?

66A CONTINUED:

INTERN

What'd you feel before you passed out?

BISHOP

...couldn't seem to get my breath.

INTERN

Palms sweating?

BISHOP

Yes.

INTERN

Nausea, heart beating fast?

Bishop nods.

INTERN

Sounds like an AR.

A questioning look from Bishop.

INTERN

(proud of his newly
acquired medical acumen)

Acute Anxiety Reaction. Classic
neurasthenic pattern. See a doctor.
Have some tests. If they come out
negative, maybe you should see a
psychiatrist.

He writes out a prescription and hands it to Bishop.

INTERN (Cont'd)

This will help a little.

Bishop takes the prescription. A uniformed policeman enters
with a paper fastened to a clip board.

POLICEMAN

Need a signature, Doc.

The Intern signs the paper.

POLICEMAN

(to Bishop)

You were really out, there, for awhile.

BISHOP

Yeah.

66A CONTINUED:

The policeman exits. An awkward moment. Both Bishop and Intern seem to be waiting for the other to say something or make some move. Finally Bishop speaks.

BISHOP

Finished?

INTERN

That's all we do here.

BISHOP

Thanks.

He starts out of the emergency room.

INTERN

Cashiers window...

BISHOP

...one floor up. Yeah.

He exits, crumpling the prescription in his fist.

INT. BISHOP'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

67 Bishop is making himself supper. He takes various articles from cabinets and food from the stove and places them carefully on the table. The house is silent. The meal has been very carefully prepared, the table fastidiously set. When all seems right, he sits, pours some wine into a glass, takes a sip, and begins eating. The sounds of the bottle tinkling against the wine glass, the fork against the plate, the sound of his chewing, somehow magnified in the silence surrounding him. CAMERA to an EXTREME WIDE ANGLE to SHOW Bishop sitting alone at the table, facing a blank wall, eating his supper.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

68 Bishop watching the final moments of sign off on the television. The picture on the screen is that of a flag waving. The sound is the national anthem. The music ends and the picture goes to pattern. Bishop continues to watch the pattern, as if mesmerized, for some long moments, then turns the set off. Now the apartment is utterly silent, so silent in fact, that he begins to hear the sound of his body; his heartbeat, his breathing, the hum of his brain. He is totally and

68 CONTINUED:

desperately alone. He puts his hands over his ears, trying to shut out the sounds of himself. It doesn't help. He stares at the phone for a long moment, then goes to it and dials.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

69 Bishop emerges from the elevator and walks down the hall to a door. CAMERA CLOSE on his face. His lips are tight, his expression dark. He stands in front of the door, trying to make up his mind. Finally, he rings the bell. A moment, the door opens, revealing the same Girl he visited before. There are tears in her eyes. The game begins again.

GIRL

I can never get used to this...after all
this time...then you...really you...
Welcome home, dar.....

Bishop doesn't move. The Girl looks at him curiously.

Girl

Come in.

Bishop hesitates a moment longer, then enters.

INT. GIRLS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

69A Bishop goes directly to the couch and sits. The Girl sees his mood and makes her adjustment. She fixes him a drink and brings it to him. Silence as he drinks. He does not look at her. In the living room, strangely, an ironing board with an iron and several men's shirts on it. Bishop stares at them. The Girl watches him to see if he will respond to the idea, then begins her act.

GIRL

I...a...was just doing your shirts.

She gets up, goes to the ironing board and begins ironing. The image is somewhat ludicrous, but she sticks it out, trying to make it work for him.

GIRL

How're things at work?

BISHOP

Ok...

69A CONTINUED:

GIRL

There's a special on TV. The
American Wilderness.

BISHOP

...no thanks....

GIRL

You look tired. Aspirin?

BISHOP

I'm all right.

A long awkward silence. She continues to iron.

GIRL

You know, today I was thinking...
Wouldn't it be fun to spend Christmas
in the snow this year? Get a cabin up
at Arrowhead...just the two of us, snuggled
in...fire going...hot mulled wine...ummm...
all that beautiful white silence...and we'd
just make love till the snow melted.

She laughs. CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop as he grows more tense.
It is obviously not working.

GIRL (Cont'd)

How long has it been since we did that?
Three years...four! Wow. Remember
the fun we had. It was just after...

BISHOP

Forget it.

GIRL

Why? It'd be marvelous. Well...think
about it, anyway,... Will you, honey...
please...

BISHOP

(it's becoming too
grotesque for him)

Ok.

GIRL

Oh, listen, I ran into my old girl
friend, Janice, today and she asked about
you. "How's that lovely, lovely man of
yours, honey." Bitch. She always did have
the hots for you.

69A CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

Ok, cut it out.

GIRL

Well, it's true. Yeah, you kind'a went for her...

BISHOP

(dangerously)

Shut up! I'm telling you to shut up.
This is stupid...ridiculous!

He gets up, throws the shirts to the floor and knocks over the ironing board.

GIRL

(suddenly out of character)

Well, damn it...it wouldn't be if you helped it along a little!

A silence. Bishop seems to be frozen with the reality of this grotesque game. The Girl, sensing she must change her tack, moves to him. She stands in front of him, running her hands sensually over his body, then puts her arms around him and pulls him close.

GIRL (Cont'd)

I...I'm sorry, darling...Hold me...
Please...I've waited so...

BISHOP

(pulling her arms from him)

Let go...

GIRL

Please... No...

He puts his hand over her face and pushes her violently against the wall.

BISHOP

Get away from me...

He stands for a moment, looking at her, then takes some bills out of his pocket and throws them at her.

BISHOP

I...I'll call you...

69A CONTINUED: (3)

He exits quickly. CAMERA CLOSE on Girl, framing her momentary bewilderment. Then she shrugs, picks up the bills, looks at the ironing board, shakes her head and walks into the bedroom.

INT. GIRL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

70 CAMERA CLOSE on her face FRAMING her momentary bewilderment. Then she shrugs, taking it in stride, picks up the bills and heads for the bedroom.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOUSE - DAWN

71 Bishop drives up. Steve's Lotus is in front. Bishop walks to it and looks in. Steve is in the driver's seat, asleep. Bishop nudges him awake.

BISHOP

Waiting for me?

STEVE

Huh? Oh, yeah...yeah...

BISHOP

How long you been here?

STEVE

Since last night. About twelve.

BISHOP

Must be important.

STEVE

Yeah, it's important. You lay all that heavy free choice stuff on me and just when I'm in there, cooking... Look, man, I asked you to explain. You said "another time." Okay, this is another time.

A moment. Bishop smiles.

BISHOP

Come on in.

Steve gets out of the car, and walks with him into the house.

71 CONTINUED:

STEVE

You know what freaked me out? You're in the phone book.

BISHOP

What's so....?

STEVE

Didn't think you were the type. Yep... yepyp...you're a man of many surprises, Mr. Bishop.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

72 Bishop and Steve having coffee. Steve looks around the room admiringly.

STEVE

So this is what it looks like on the inside of your head.

Bishop smiles faintly.

BISHOP

How's Louise?

STEVE

Among the living. She's a professional survivor, that bird.

A long silence as they drink their coffee, CAMERA INTERCUTTING their eyes. Finally Steve speaks.

STEVE

Okay, can we get to it?

Bishop nods.

STEVE

You said it wasn't just as simple as knocking someone off. What did you mean?

Bishop thinks for a moment, shaping his answer.

BISHOP

The act must be an end-in-itself.

(indicates Bosch painting)

He didn't create that as a means to anything. The act is the pure expression of the man. Any other motive keeps it from being pure.

72 CONTINUED:

STEVE

The psychopath kills without motive.

BISHOP

(shaking his head)
He's driven, compelled, by his sickness.

STEVE

So it has to be done without motive,
license, or compulsion.

BISHOP

(nods)

That's what makes it seem irrational...

STEVE

And that's what makes it pure logic...
in its highest form.

BISHOP

...with a heavy price. If you make
your own law, you have to be absolutely
responsible for your acts.

STEVE

I am, now.

BISHOP

Are you? You really think you're the
kind of person we've been talking about.

STEVE

I know I am!

BISHOP

(smiles)

Really? Would you say I am?

STEVE

I...I don't know...

BISHOP

Would you believe me if I said I was?

STEVE

You'd have to prove it.

BISHOP

If I did, could you accept the responsibility
of that proof?

72 CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

Sure. Why not?

BISHOP

Check it out up there for a minute.

(he taps his temple)

This isn't freshman philosophy any more. This is for real, my friend. Can you dig it?

STEVE

(thinks a moment,
then very seriously)

I can.

Bishop stares at him, CAMERA INTERCUTS their eyes. Bishop's face seems somehow changed. It is mask-like. His eyes seem to be trying to penetrate Steve's skull as if to try to see his thoughts. The silence is heavy with tension. Bishop gets up, paces for a moment more, then turns and faces Steve.

BISHOP

Ever hear the term "Mechanic"...used outside of its normal meaning?

STEVE

Yeah.

BISHOP

Where?

STEVE

My father used it. It's a...a...dealer... a guy who works game tables.

BISHOP

Anything else?

STEVE

Sure. A shooter...a hit man.

Bishop nods.

STEVE

So?

BISHOP

So. And there we are.

72 CONTINUED:

Steve stares at him, an expression of shock on his face.
He smiles.

STEVE

Oh, come on, now. You're putting
me on.

Bishop remains with his eyes fixed on him. His expression
is deadly serious. A silence. Steve realizes what has
just been confided to him is true. The smile leaves his
face.

STEVE

No, you're not, are you?

Bishop shakes his head.

STEVE

Whew...and there we are.

(a silence)

Why tell me?

BISHOP

Simple. I need an...associate. You
seem to have the aptitude.

STEVE

You really mean it!

BISHOP

(with some difficulty)

You see...I'm...not like you. I can't
live in my mind, alone. There's...
there's too much isolation. Friendships...
I mean close relationships, can't work.
People expect you to account. That would
change if someone were a part of what I
do. If you want to know the truth, I
was getting ready to call you.

STEVE

(thinks a moment)

If you do it for money, doesn't that
blow your purity theory?

Bishop smiles, shaking his head.

BISHOP

Money is paid, but that's not the motive.
I have enough of my own without that. You
do too, now, with what your father left.
No...the people I work for are just the
other side of a symptiotic relationship.
See any inconsistency?

72 CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

No.

BISHOP

I'll teach all I can. When you're ready, you solo. After that you can choose how you want it to go together. In?

STEVE

Do I have an alternative?

Bishop picks up his ball of wax from the table beside the couch and begins kneading it in his fingers.

BISHOP

There are alternatives to everything. But, as I said, the choices all have a price.

Steve watches Bishop's hand, caught, for the moment, by the steady movement of the fingers. Then he looks at Bishop, smiling.

STEVE

You've got a partner, Mr. Bishop.

BISHOP

"Associate." Okay?

STEVE

Okay.

Bishop drops the ball of wax on the table, turns and looks at Steve, studying him.

BISHOP

First thing...the costume goes...all of it...hair, too. You look like everyone else.

STEVE

(unflinching at
the order)

That's the deal, huh?

BISHOP

That's how it begins.

INT. GYM - DAY

73 Bishop and Steve in a Kendo match. Both wear padded garments and fight with large wooden swords. Both wear masks so we cannot see their faces. Bishop is in the process of working Steve over unmercifully. Three or four beautifully executed passes and Steve is on the floor. He tries to get to one knee, but Bishop slices at his knee cap, tapping it just enough for a momentary paralysis. Steve goes down in a heap.

STEVE

Okay, okay...man!

He takes off his mask. His hair has been cut. He looks very straight, and normal.

STEVE

(smiles weakly at Bishop)

I think I'm going to need a little more work on theory.

Bishop takes off his mask. He smiles and offers him a hand up.

EXT. SKY - DAY

74 A small two-passenger stunt-plane is doing a series of dizzying and difficult maneuvers. It finally rights itself and continues on level flight.

INT. PLANE - DAY

75 Bishop at the controls, smiling. Steve next to him, also smiling.

BISHOP

Keeps me sharp in a special way. Balance. Orientation! Big problem some times. Where was I...?

STEVE

Accidents.

BISHOP

Right. The National Safety Council puts out a handbook with accident figures. The Statistical Abstract is good, too. I try to never use a conventional weapon. Always the question of motive. The mark should terminate by accident, natural causes, or diasappear. You observe and you cross check all the information in the resume.

STEVE

What if there's nothing there to help you?

75 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Always something. Each man is vulnerable one way or another. The trick is to find that natural vulnerability. Natural!

STEVE

Do you know the reason for the hit?

BISHOP

No. I make that an absolute requirement.

STEVE

Ever made a mistake?

BISHOP

The coefficient of my survival is one hundred percent efficiency. Nothing less.

(then, as a sort of
challenge, indicating
the controls)

Want to take her?

Steve nods, takes the controls and puts the plane into an erratic dive-roll. Things are haywire for a moment, but Steve manages to right the plane, after a short struggle with the stick. His expression is dead-pan.

BISHOP

How long you been flying?

STEVE

'Bout twenty seconds.

Smiles are exchanged.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

76 Bishop watches as Steve comes up softly behind a block of wood, roughly the shape of a human head. On both sides of the block, where the ears would be, are circles of foam rubber. Steve advances, then suddenly and with great force, cups his hands, and claps them over the foam pads.

BISHOP

Good. Hard as you can without bruising.

STEVE

How does it work?

BISHOP

The vibration breaks the drums and causes internal bleeding in the brain.

INT. HANDBALL COURT - DAY

77 Bishop and Steve in a heated match, giving each other no quarter. As the scene continues, we see Bishop tiring slightly...very slightly...enough to give Steve the edge.

BISHOP
Winchester..three hundred magnum. One
hundred eighty grains.

STEVE
Okay.

BISHOP
Muzzle velocity?

STEVE
Three thousand seventy.

BISHOP
Drop at two hundred yards?

STEVE
Two point one inches.

Bishop misses and throws the ball to Steve.

BISHOP
Your serve. Game point.

Steve serves and they resume play.

BISHOP
At three hundred yards?

STEVE
Five point three inches.

BISHOP
One hundred and fifty grains at three
hundred yards.

STEVE
Wait...wait...three point five...

Bishop misses the ball.

BISHOP
Game. Very good. It's four point eight.

STEVE
You sure?

BISHOP
Want to lay a little money?

STEVE
Uh uh.

BISHOP
I appreciate the confidence. How about
two out of three.

STEVE

(serving)

I told you, you haven't got a chance.
I'm a genius at this.

He serves and the game resumes.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

78 Bishop and Steve eating.

STEVE

What's with the ball of wax?

BISHOP

Sometimes you have to hold the mark,
for whatever you have to do. It's
good preparation.

STEVE

How?

An empty heavy liquor pony glass is on the table in front of Bishop. He inserts his little finger and third finger into it, then slowly spreads the fingers until the glass shatters. Steve is impressed.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

79 Steve and Bishop playing Go. The Bach Brandenburg Concerto #6 is playing on the hifi. Both study the board. Steve moves one of his stones.

BISHOP

...My father was what they used to call
a "judge." He would settle arguments
on the council. Whatever he decided...
that was it. He had that kind of
impartiality... Some hot-head in Chicago
didn't like one of his decisions and put
out a contract on him.

(he smiles)

I was still in school. Took me seven
months to get the shooter. He was from
Topeka. Then I took care of the man who
issued the contract. From then on...

He shrugs and moves a stone. Steve stares at him.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

80 A sunny Sunday. Very pastoral. Children playing, people having picnics, the carousel turning. It's bright music filters over the scene. Bishop and Steve walking along one of the paths.

80 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

OK, now, the optic nerves,
starting with the oculomotoris...

STEVE

(without hesitation)
Chiasma...foramen opticum...Musculus
levator palpebrae superioris...

BISHOP

Ok, bones of the sacrum...

STEVE

Right. Top down: superior articular
process, body of the first sacral
vertebrae. Ala...then first...

BISHOP

Ok, Ok, the lad is quick...very
quick.

Smiles. CAMERA REVERSE ZOOMS and that are all but lost in
the large pastoral tapestry..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BISHOP'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

81 Bishop is slowly pouring a liquid over a brown-red paste-
like substance on some filter paper which has been placed
over a beaker. Other chemical beakers and jars on the
table.

BISHOP

First wash with alcohol...

He takes another beaker and pours.

BISHOP (Cont'd)

...then ether...

He takes the precipitate and carefully puts it into a small
vial, then fills the vial with water.

BISHOP

...and that's how you make nitrogen-
tri-iodide. As long as it's wet it's
safe. Once it's dry...well...a fly
landing on it will detonate it.

81 CONTINUED:

He tosses the vial to Steve who catches it, then looks at it, fascinated.

STEVE

Far out.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY ART MUSEUM - DAY

82 Bishop and Steve walking toward the exit, occasionally glancing at the paintings on the walls.

BISHOP

Gelatin.

STEVE

Nitro; 9.5, Guncotton; .5, Ammonium
Nitrate; 59.5, Woodmeal; 6, Ammonium
Oxalate 5, Sodium Chloride; 19.5.

They exit the building.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY ART MUSEUM - DAY

82A

BISHOP

Ammonium Nitrate Compound.

STEVE

Ammonium nitrate: 63.5, Sulfur
flour: 2, Charcoal flour: 18.5,
Ammonium sulfate: 7.5, Water: 1.
Copper sulfate: 7.5.

During Steve's dialogue, CAMERA has been INTERCUTTING between Bishop and a couple with two children, a short distance away. The husband is obviously harrassed. Both children are crying, their clothes covered with ice cream stains from the melting cones in their hands. The smaller child, in a stroller, is having a tantrum. The husband and wife argue while the wife tries to get the stains out of the children's clothing with her handkerchief. Steve notices Bishop staring at them.

STEVE

What's the matter?

BISHOP

(indicating husband)

Him!

82 A CONTINUED:

STEVE

What about....?

BISHOP

Let's say he's the mark. Want to try it?

Steve nods. They both look at the man now. CAMERA to their POV as the man they have just singled out tries to calm his child's hysterics.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

83 The bulletin board is out. Steve is seated on the couch studying the slips of paper pinned to the board. Bishop is pinning a paper to the board. At one corner is a picture of the man we saw at Marineland, obviously taken with a telephoto lens. Bishop stands back, studying the board.

BISHOP

Anything else.

STEVE

Not that I can think of.

Bishop goes to the hi fi and puts on a cassette; a woodwind quintet by Honneger. He returns to the couch and sits. Both sit in silence studying the board.

BISHOP

Whenever you get something...

Steve nods. The music continues. CAMERA to Bishop's face, then to Steve's. Several long moments, then a faint smile from Steve as something goes together for him.

BISHOP

What?

STEVE

The elevator at the factory.

BISHOP

How?

STEVE

He's the first one to use it in the morning. When he goes up on the roof to service the ventilating machinery,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

STEVE (Cont'd)

...it just falls. The thing is an antique. Accident. Company negligence.

Bishop shakes his head.

STEVE

What's the matter?

BISHOP

There's only one way that elevator could fall. Broken cable.

STEVE

Ok. So we weaken...

BISHOP

Sloppy. There's no way to fake stress damage without a lot of time and equipment. Any professional with half a brain could spot a tool or acid cut.

STEVE

So what? They couldn't tell who did it.

BISHOP

(suddenly tensing, his stare cold, hard.)

Don't you ever say "So what" when we're doing this. Don't you ever say that to me again!

STEVE

Ok, man...

BISHOP

We're talking about life and death, here. Not the mark's. Yours and mine! No investigations...no questions in that direction. You understand?

STEVE

I understand.

Bishop walks to the board and circles the words "Elevator" ... and "Roof."

83

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

You're close. It takes him about six minutes to service the roof equipment. Plenty of time for what has to be done.

(he points to sketches on the board as he speaks)

Utility closet next to the roof door. He goes out on the roof. I come out of the closet, close the elevator gate and send it down, then pick the gate lock and open it again. He comes back to the elevator. Only a push. That's all it takes. Then to the roof, next door, then down to the street. No problems, no mechanical malfunctions. No questions. Accident.

He picks up a booklet of accident facts published by the National Safety Council, and reads:

BISHOP

"In the ages between 45 and 64, of the total deaths by accident, ten thousand four hundred and thirty-one were from falls."

(he puts the booklet down)

Falls. From high places are very neat.

STEVE

Simple.

BISHOP

Sometimes they...

The door bell rings. Bishop opens the door to reveal a POSTAL MESSENGER with a large, brown, manila envelope. The same kind of envelope that McKenna's resume' came in.

MESSENGER

Arthur Bishop?

BISHOP

Yes.

MESSENGER

Got a special delivery certified for you.

83 CONTINUED: (3)

Bishop signs the receipt, then closes the door and walks back to Steve. A moment, CAMERA INTERCUTTING between the two of them.

BISHOP

(handing Steve the envelope)

Open it.

Steve opens the envelope and takes out the resume'. He studies the picture of the mark, then looks at Bishop, a faint smile on his face.

STEVE

And now we get in on, huh?

Bishop nods. His expression is dead serious.

EXT. RUSTIC CANYON, PACIFIC PALISADES - NIGHT

84 CAMERA IS SHOOTING through a pair of high powered binoculars as they examine the grounds around a large house in the bottom of the canyon. (The Huntington Hartford Estate) The binoculars stop on an electronic signalling device planted in the ground, then moves on and stops at several others which form a ring around the house. CAMERA to a LARGER ANGLE to include Steve and Bishop observing the estate from a hill, high above the canyon.

BISHOP

There's an electronic blanket all around the house. You couldn't get within a hundred yards without tripping it.

CAMERA BACK to POV through the binoculars. They SCAN the electrified fence around the estate and come to rest on the gate. A TV camera is trained on the area in front of the gate.

BISHOP (V.O.)

Write this. Camera at main gate.

The binoculars move to the house and the front door. Two cameras trained on the area in front of the door, pointed in opposite directions to give a wide field of view.

BISHOP (V.O.)

Two cameras at front door.

84 CONTINUED:

Binoculars move to door to frame two locks.

BISHOP (V.O.)

Double locks, on front door.

Binoculars now to the window of the living room. Inside we see a large MAN seated in front of a television set. He is using an ear plug to listen to the program, obviously not to disturb the other occupants of the house. Something funny is going on. He laughs and slaps the arm of his chair. We shall call this man "Number One." He is the larger of the two bodyguards guarding the Mark. The second GUARD we'll designate as "Number Two." CAMERA to an ANGLE to include Steve and Bishop.

STEVE

Looks rough.

BISHOP

(nods)

Come on. We've got some homework.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

85 The board is out and information concerning the Mark is pinned to it. There is a diagram of the house, with hallways and bedrooms indicated. There are time schedules and brief histories of the two bodyguards. The picture of the Mark is pinned to the upper right hand corner of the board. Steve and Bishop study the board in silence for a few moments.

BISHOP

He would check the cameras before opening the door. In the time it took for him to open both locks... I could get into position...

He moves to the time schedules.

BISHOP (Cont'd)

Ok...there's the two of them watching him all the time...except at night... they sleep in shifts. You got the time for Number One?

STEVE

(reading off a piece
of paper.)

Midnight to four in the morning.

85 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Ok... The housekeeper is off from
six pm Friday to Saturday noon.

A long moment of silence as he continues to study the board.
He shakes his head.. Something is bothering him. He turns
to Steve.

BISHOP

I want you to rent three different
kinds of cars from three different
companies.

STEVE

Why three?

BISHOP (Cont'd)

A Ford sedan... a VW....

The phone rings. Bishop picks it up.

BISHOP

Hello?

The voice is the same that gave him th go-ahead for McKenna's
killing.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Bishop?

BISHOP

Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)

We would like you to go ahead with
this one.

BISHOP

All right.

He hangs up.

85 CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

What's up?

BISHOP

(pointing to the
phone)

Reserve those cars.

He turns and studies the board as Steve opens the telephone directory.

EXT. WHOLESALE PRODUCE AREA, DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

86 The area is teeming with activity. Trucks arriving and unloading their cargos. Bartering going on over prices. Steve and Bishop are in a car, observing one of the larger warehouses. A short distance from the warehouse is a large, old building. A sign on it reads: "Allied Metal Finishing. Chromeplating and Anodizing." In an alley, alongside the building, is a loading dock. A MAN is wheeling a bin with metal parts in it, to be plated, into the building. CAMERA INTERCUTS Bishop's eyes with the foregoing, as he makes his observations. CAMERA BACK to the warehouse as Guards One and Two come out of the building, check the street, then nod to the MAN, standing just inside the doorway. He comes out of the building. This is the Mark. He carries a briefcase, is dressed in a sport jacket and cords... His whole appearance is very casual and loose. The three men walk to a Lincoln and drive off.

BISHOP

Ok.

Steve waits a moment, then starts the car and follows a safe distance behind the Lincoln. As they move past Allied Plating, the CAMERA once again INTERCUTS between Bishop's eyes and his POV of the building. He jots a note in a small notebook.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDENA CARD CLUB - NIGHT

87 Bishop and Steve observe the Mark and his bodyguards as they come out of the club. The Mark is obviously making collections. He carries his briefcase. The same care is exercised by the guards in checking the street before the three walk to the Lincoln and get in. Bishop looks at his watch, then makes a note. He nods to Steve who starts the car and follows. They are in a different car from the one in the previous scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN PEDRO WHOLESALE FISH MARKET - DAY

88 The Mark is joking with some FISHERMEN as he and his two guards walk to the Lincoln. He carries his briefcase.

INT. VW - DAY

89 Steve and Bishop observing from a distance.

STEVE

Looks like he has a lot of things
going for him.

BISHOP

(jotting a note then
looking at the guards)
Mostly those two.

STEVE

Man, they stick to him like skin.

BISHOP

(nods)
Professionals. They know what it's
all about.

The Lincoln pulls away. A moment, then Steve and Bishop follow.

EXT. EXPOSITION PARK - DAY

90 Bishop and Steve in a Plymouth sedan, following the Lincoln. The Lincoln pulls up near the croquet courts.

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

- 91 Steve and Bishop. Steve brings the car to a stop a good distance away. CAMERA to their POV of the courts. Mostly old PEOPLE playing. The movements are very slow, strange, almost a surreal kind of ballet of the aged. Those not playing are seated on benches around the court, smiling, observing, generally enjoying the sunshine and the roses. The Mark and Number One get out of the Lincoln and walk toward the courts.

BISHOP

This looks like it might be something.

He gets out of the car and into the back seat, and begins to assemble the Questar onto a tripod. He trains the telescope on the Mark and Number One as they walk toward the court. Because of the verticle angle of viewing, the telescope is hardly noticeable over the lower edge of the car window.

EXT. CROQUET COURT - DAY

- 92 The Mark and Number One approach an old GENTLEMAN who is just about to take a shot. The man is about eighty. He smiles, waves to them, then signals them to wait. He makes his shot, then has a word with his partner, an old WOMAN about his age. She smiles graciously and nods. The old Man walks to the Mark and Number One. Then he and the Mark sit on a bench and begin their conversation.

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

- 93 Bishop takes out a small pocket recorder and turns it on. He looks into the telescope. CAMERA to his POV through the telescope. It comes into FOCUS on the mouths of the Mark and the old Man. Bishop switches to higher magnification and the lips grow larger. Bishop reads them and dictates what's being said into the recorder.

CAMERA INTERCUTS between what Bishop sees and his own lips. CAMERA at first on old Man's lips.

BISHOP (V.O.)

...it comes across the border at one A.M.
I can have it to you by three A.M.,
tomorrow.

CAMERA on Mark's lips.

93 CONTINUED:

BISHOP (V.O.)

Bullshit. I need my sleep...I'm not...

CAMERA on the old Man's lips.

BISHOP (V.O.)

Day after, then ...

CAMERA on the Mark's lips.

BISHOP (V.O.)

No. Tomorrow's ok. How's it come?

CAMERA on the old Man's lips.

BISHOP (V.O.)

In a Chicken Lickin' truck, right to your place.

CAMERA on the Mark's mouth as it turns to Number One.

BISHOP (V.O.)

Ok, you check the goods when it comes, then wake me. I'll make the test...

The Mark's mouth turns back to the old Man.

BISHOP (V.O.)

Better not be crap.

CAMERA on the old Man's lips. He smiles.

BISHOP (V.O.)

You know where to find me.

EXT. CROQUET COURT - DAY

94 The Mark and Number One stand. Their business is over. Just as they are about to leave, the old Woman who was the old Man's croquet partner comes over to them.

MARK

(overly polite)

How are you, Miss. Nice day. Nice day.

The old Woman smiles and nods. Now the Mark, happy with his deal, in a spirit of generosity, decides to give the Woman a rose from the nearby patch.

94 CONTINUED:

MARK

I want you to have one of these.

He picks the rose with difficulty, driving a thorn into his finger in the process. A large sign reads "Don't pick the Roses". He hands the rose to the woman who smiles and accepts it graciously. The Mark and Number One head for the Lincoln.

MARK

(sucking his finger)

Son-of-a-bitch flower.

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

95 Bishop looks up from the telescope. He turns off the tape recorder. A faint smile.

BISHOP

That's what we need. They got to turn off that alarm system for that delivery.

He disassembles the telescope. Steve stares at him.

BISHOP

What's the matter?

STEVE

Where'd you learn to do that?

BISHOP

Tools of the trade, my friend. Tools of the trade.

He gets into the front seat.

BISHOP (Cont'd)

Phone booth.

Steve starts the car and they drive off.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

96 Bishop on the phone. Steve stands outside of the booth, listening.

96

CONTINUED:

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Allied Plating.

BISHOP

I'd like to talk to someone about a plating job.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

One moment.

A pause, then Bishop is connected.

FRANK (O.S.)

This is Frank.

BISHOP

(changing his voice
somewhat)Er...look...I got a bumper needs
rechroming. How long would it take?

FRANK (O.S.)

Two days.

BISHOP

That's good. Let's see, today's
Thursday. If I bring it in tomorrow,
I could have it Saturday.

FRANK (O.S.)

We don't work on Saturday. Monday
afternoon, the soonest.

BISHOP

That's all right. I'll bring it in.

FRANK (O.S.)

Ok.

He hangs up. Bishop replaces the receiver on the hook.

STEVE

What's that about?

Bishop winks at him.

BISHOP

Allied Plating, next.

EXT. ALLIED PLATING - DAY

97 Steve and Bishop drive by slowly.

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

98 Bishop is holding a motorized Nikon.

BISHOP

Get parallel to the truck as you
drive by.

Steve drives past the Allied Truck. CAMERA to Bishop's POV
through the lense as he FRAMES the sign on the truck. He
snaps several pictures.

EXT. CHICKEN LICKIN' STAND - DAY

99 A delivery van is in the lot next to the stand. On the
truck a sign showing a young boy eating fried chicken and
licking his fingers. The Plymouth approaches the truck at
about the same distance as it passed the Allied Plating
truck. CAMERA to Bishop's POV through the camera as he
snaps several pictures of the truck's sign.

INT. DARKROOM IN BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

100 Bishop is lifting an enlargement of the Allied Plating sign
from the stop bath. Steve watches as he fits the enlargement
over an enlargement of the Chicken Lickin sign.

BISHOP

That's just the right scale.
Hand me that roll of adhesive.

Steve hands him a roll of pressure-sensitive adhesive paper.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

101 Bishop and Steve in front of the board. More information has
been assembled. More lines have been drawn, connecting
various elements. Bishop seems ill at ease as he studies the
board.

BISHOP

There's no watchman at Allied on the
weekend, so we don't have anything
to worry about there.

101 CONTINUED:

STEVE

So how come you look worried?

A silence as Bishop looks at the board. Finally he turns to Steve.

BISHOP

This could get messy...very messy, if we're not exact in everything. The Mark is super careful. Number One and Two are the best there is. This has got to be careful and quiet...and clean. The key is Number One. Once he's down, the rest should go all right. You've got a big three your first time out. You going to be ok?

STEVE

(very confidently)

Let's do it once more...just for laughs.

BISHOP

(turning to board, he points to an X marked on the diagram of the parking lot outside of the Chicken Lickin Stand)

We put the van out at the lot.

EXT. CHICKEN-LICKIN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

102 Bishop and Steve pull into the lot and park near the white delivery van. Steve hops out of the car, checks the lot, opens the hood of the van; CAMERA CLOSE on the engine as Steve removes the ignition fuse and replaces it with a dummy. He closes the hood and joins Bishop in the car. They drive off.

103 OMIT

EXT. RUSTIC CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

104 CAMERA FRAMES an identical white van as it moves along the road. Steve is driving. Van bears the "Chicken-Lickin" sign.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

104A Bishop is on the floor of the van, next to Steve.

EXT. ESTATE GATE - NIGHT

105 The van approaches and Steve rings the bell. Bishop is on the floor, next to him.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

106 A light goes on on a panel of switches. Number One goes to the panel and presses the intercom button, as HE VIEWS the van on the TV screen.

NUMBER ONE

Yeah?

STEVE

Chicken Lickin'.

NUMBER ONE

Ok.

He presses a button.

EXT. MAIN GATE - NIGHT

107 The gate opens and Steve drives through. CAMERA FOLLOWS the van down to the main house.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

108 The van approaches the front door and stops. Bright lights come on as Steve gets out of the van and walks to the front door, with a large cardboard bucket.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

109 Number One checks both screens. Steve smiles into one of the cameras.

STEVE

(his Southern drawl)
Chicken Lickin' is lickin' chicken.

NUMBER ONE

Wise guy.

He goes to the door and begins opening the locks.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

110 Bishop quickly jumps from the van and takes a position alongside the door. Just as the door is opening.

NUMBER ONE

(reaching for the bucket)

Let's have...

Bishop swings around and is inside with incredible speed. His hand flexes, the palm open, and the knife-edge of his hand connects with Number One's temple. The look of surprise is frozen on his face as he is killed instantly. Bishop catches him and eases him to the floor. CAMERA INTERCUTS between Bishop and Steve, as Bishop takes Number One's pulse. Steve is impressed. Feeling no beat, Bishop nods. He takes the Man's gun and places it in a desk drawer, then they both head for the bedroom off the stairs. Both wear sneakers and gloves. This entire sequence is soundless. They reach the bedroom and ENTER.

INT. LOWER BEDROOM - NIGHT

111 Number Two is lying on the bed asleep, with his clothes on. Bishop gets on one side of the bed, Steve on the other. Steve holds a foam rubber pad in his hand, Bishop carefully takes a long hatpin and a cotton ball from his pocket. They get into position and Bishop nods to Steve. Their actions are simultaneous. Steve places the pad over the man's mouth while Bishop pushes the hat pin into Number Two's ear. The body flexes for a brief moment. Another instantaneous death. As Bishop withdraws the hat pin, he places the cotton ball in the man's ear to prevent any blood from dripping. He takes the Man's gun and places it in the dresser drawer. Bishop's eyes move in the direction of the upper floor. Steve nods and follows him out of the bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

112 They climb the stairs noiselessly to the upper floor and to the master bedroom. Bishop opens the door carefully and they ENTER.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

113 The Mark is asleep. They take their positions once more. Bishop nods to Steve. Steve places the pad over the Mark's mouth, a second in which the Mark wakes. His eyes glaze in death. Again the cotton ball to the ear. They lift the Mark out of the bed, then make the bed up. Then they pick up the Mark's body and carry him to the door.

EXT. MAIN GATE - NIGHT

114 The van exits the estate and the gate closes behind it. Steve jumps out of the van with the roll of brown paper. He unrolls the paper to reveal two Allied Plating signs which he affixes over the Chicken Lickin' signs. He gets back into the van and they drive off.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

115 Bishop is driving. Steve is in the back of the van undressing the bodies.

STEVE

Why'd we have to make the beds?

BISHOP

Let's just say I like things neat.
Check the labels for names.

STEVE

Right. The...the way you just...

He shakes his head.

EXT. WHOLESALE PRODUCE AREA - DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

116 It's Saturday morning and there is a great deal of activity going on as trucks arrive and are unloaded for the final trading of the weekend. The activity is the perfect cover for the van as it makes its way to the loading dock of Allied Plating.

EXT. ALLIED PLATING LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

117 Bishop backs the van to the dock and gets out. Steve opens the back door of the van. Both are screened from the street, by the van. Steve jumps the alarm cable around the door while Bishop picks it. The door is opened and Bishop Enters.

INT. ALLIED PLATING - NIGHT

118 Bishop finds a bin near the door and pushes it out to the loading dock.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

119 Bishop pushes the bin into the van. A moment, then he and Steve emerge pushing the bin, Steve closes the rear doors to the van, and they push the bin into the building, and close the door behind them.

INT. ALLIED PLATING - NIGHT

120 Steve and Bishop push the bin to a room with double doors. They push through the doors.

INT. SOAKING ROOM - NIGHT

121 Huge vats of chemicals. Bishop's eyes move quickly over the vats until he finds one marked: "Nitric". They push the bin to the vat. The vat has a large steel cover over it and is locked. It takes Bishop only a moment to pick the lock. He and Steve slide back the cover. Bishop takes a whiff of the fuming liquid, then nods to Steve. They take rubber aprons and gloves from hooks, near the vat, put them on, lift the bodies from the bin and slide them into the solution. The cover is replaced and relocked. The aprons and gloves replaced. A quick look around. All seems in order. Bishop nods to Steve and they EXIT the room.

INT. VAN - DAWN

122 Bishop is driving. Steve is next to him, the men's clothes in his lap.

STEVE

How long?

122 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

In forty eight hours, everything will
be into solution.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAWN

123 The van enters the lot and pulls up alongside a Goodwill
collection box. Steve gets out and deposits the clothes
in the box. The van drives off.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

124 Bishop and Steve at breakfast. Champagne and scrambled eggs.
The remains of the papers and pictures that were on the board
are burning in the fireplace. A long silence as they eat
and drink. Steve laughs.

BISHOP

Funny?

STEVE

It was...

He shakes his head.

BISHOP

What?

STEVE

So...so simple!

BISHOP

It always seems that way if there
are no hitches.

(a silence)

How do you feel?

STEVE

All right...I guess...it's just that
...I mean...the way you...far out...

(he shakes his head)

Clean, careful and quiet...just like
you said...beautiful.

The phone rings. Bishop picks it up.

BISHOP

Hello?

124 CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
(quietly, very polite)
Could you spare a few minutes,
Mr. Bishop?

BISHOP
(without hesitation)
Yes. When?

VOICE (O.S.)
Now. I'm at home.

BISHOP
All right.

He hangs up. Steve continues eating.

BISHOP
I...I've got something to take
care of. See you here, later.

STEVE
Check.

He digs into the food and drink as Bishop moves to the bedroom
to get dressed.

EXT. SEA PLANE - DAY

125 This is the Catalina Ferry. It is in the process of landing
in Avalon Bay.

EXT. SEA PLANE DOCK - DAY

126 The plane taxis to the dock. The door opens and Bishop
exits. He walks down the dock to a waiting Rolls Royce.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CATALINA - DAY

127 Bishop seated in the Rolls. CAMERA to his POV of a huge
mansion coming into view. (Perhaps we can use the Wrigley
Mansion for this exterior.)

INT. MANSION - DAY

128 Huge, palatial. Marble floors. Bishop is met by a BUTLER.

128 CONTINUED:

BUTLER

This way, sir.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Bishop is led to an elevator. He and the Butler enter and descend to the basement.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

129 The elevator comes to a stop and they exit to a long hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

130 They walk down the hallway to a door. From the other side of the door, we hear the sounds of electrical hum and the sputter and crackle of sparks. The Butler knocks.

MAN (O.S.)

Come in.

The Butler opens the door and nods Bishop in.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

131 An elderly MAN, dressed in a jump suit, welding apron and welding goggles is seated on a high stool, in front of a turntable. On the turntable, is a piece of iron sculpture. As Bishop approaches the table, the Man hands him a pair of welding goggles. Bishop puts them on. When the Man speaks, we recognize his voice as being the same in the phone calls to Bishop. The man continues to work during the conversation.

The man turns, looks at Bishop for a moment, then returns to his work. A long moment before he speaks.

MAN

We would like to know how Harry McKenna's son figures.

BISHOP

He's going to be working with me from now on.

MAN

You think this is wise?

131 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

You saying I need your permission?

MAN

Information is all I want, Mr. Bishop. We like to know things. An organization only survives if its members are willing to sacrifice certain personal choices for the good of all. That's a very sound democratic principle, Mr. Bishop. We survive because we have this rule. What you or I want is unimportant. Only the rule.

A silence.

BISHOP

Someone trained by me should be worth a lot to you.

MAN

(nods, smiling)

No one lives forever.

He hammers at the piece with a small welding hammer, spinning the turntable, appraising his work.

MAN (Cont'd)

There seems to be too much weight for the mass.

A long silence except for the sound of welding. The man turns and looks at Bishop. He can't see his behind the welding goggles. The effect is ominous.

MAN (Cont'd)

You take full responsibility, then?

BISHOP

Yes.

The man nods and returns to his work. It's obvious the conversation is over. Bishop takes off the welding glasses and exits.

MONTAGE:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE - DAY

132 Steve and Bishop both on the range with specially built target rifles. The targets are set at five hundred and a thousand yards. Bishop looks through a spotting scope as Steve shoots. A moment, then Bishop looks at Steve and smiles. He has cut center.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

133 Spread out on the floor are large plans and diagrams of various electronic alarm systems. Steve traces the circuit on one of the diagrams. His finger stops at a crossover. He looks at Bishop. Bishop nods. Steve has selected the right spot for making the alarm inoperative.

INT. GYM - DAY

134 Steve and Bishop in a Kendo match. The match is hard and fast, but Steve holds his own against Bishop.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

135 Steve is attempting to pick a very elaborate lock. Bishop watches as he has difficulty. Finally Bishop hands Steve the right picklock. He uses it and the lock opens. Steve smiles sheepishly. Bishop shakes his head.

EXT. PISTOL RANGE - NIGHT

136 Bishop and Steve both with specially built automatic target pistols, are engaged in rapid fire practice. The CAMERA to their POV of the targets as centers and near centers are cut on both their targets.

INT. GYM - DAY

137 Steve and Bishop in an Aikido match. Steve makes an attack with a hatchet. Bishop throws him to the floor with savage force, knocking the air out of him. A brief moment and Steve is on his feet weakly. They bow.

INT. LIP READING SCHOOL - DAY

138 Steve and Bishop in a room, separated from another by a glass partition. In the room beyond a MAN is facing them and is reading from a newspaper and speaking aloud what he reads, very rapidly. Steve reads his lips.

STEVE

(rapidly)

"The Secretary of State will issue a statement as to the results of his conferences with the President and will..."

EXT. FIELD - DAY

139 Steve and Bishop stalking through the tall grass, each carrying a shotgun. CAMERA INTERCUTS to show the concentration in their faces. Silence except for the sound of the wind in the grass. Finally Bishop whispers.

BISHOP

Don't forget: swing through and lead.

Steve nods. A few more steps and a pheasant explodes from the grass in front of them and takes flight. Steve fires too quickly and misses.

BISHOP

Take your time. Lead...lead...
The other tube.

Steve calmly takes aim, leads and fires. The bird crumples and falls to the ground. Bishop nods gravely. Steve in a kind of a put-on, imitates his gesture.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

140 CAMERA CLOSELY FRAMES the picture of a man, some pages of a resume, and a brown manila envelope, then PULLS BACK to reveal Bishop on the phone.

VOICE (O.S.)

The problem is considerable; Mr. Bishop.

BISHOP

(trying to control
his anger)

I'll handle it the way I always have.

VOICE (O.S.)

There may not be enough time for that.
We expect him to run very soon.

BISHOP

Look, I'm not some Cleveland shooter.
I told you, I don't cowboy!

VOICE (O.S.)

However you handle it, we want you to be aware of the time difficulty. If he runs, things could get complicated...sloppy. That would disturb a lot of important people. I've looked over the materials we sent you. The boat seems the natural area. It shouldn't take too much preparation

140 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

I'll check it out.

VOICE (O.S.)

Fine. Goodbye.

BISHOP

Good...

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, another thing. This business about McKenna's son has disturbed a few of our associates. I understand it, but these people see it only from the outside. A very quick and clean job would go a long way in putting everything back into the proper balance.

BISHOP

I understand.

VOICE (O.S.)

I knew you would.

He hangs up. Bishop hangs up and picks up the resume'.
The picks up phone and dials.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOUSE - DAY

141 Steve drives up in his Lotus, walks to the door, knocks, then enters without waiting.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

142 Bishop is sitting in a chair, holding the resume. Steve bounds into the room.

STEVE

Fast enough?

He spots the envelope and resume'.

STEVE (Cont'd)

We got one?

Bishop hands him the resume. Steve studies it for a moment.

BISHOP

They want us to cowboy him.

142 CONTINUED:

STEVE

Explain.

BISHOP

They expect him to run soon. They want us to get him now, any way we can.

STEVE

That doesn't sound very cool. What're you gonna do?

BISHOP

(smiling)

I'm getting too old to change my habits...

STEVE

(smiles)

Yeah...that's what I dig most about you, Mr. Bishop. Lots of class.

BISHOP

Let's go to work.

Steve pulls the board out from the panel in the wall and begins pinning the resume on it. CAMERA to Bishop as he watches Steve. Traces of worry about his eyes and mouth.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

143 From high angle. CAMERA FRAMES the Mark and another MAN, obviously his bodyguard, walking toward the entrance of the building, then REVERSE ZOOMS to:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ACROSS FROM OFFICE BLDG. - DAY

144 Steve and Bishop observing the Mark. Bishop is observing the Mark through a Ricoh Teleca 240 Binocular Camera. This is a 35MM motor drive binocular camera, which allows taking pictures through a 165MM lens while viewing.

BISHOP

What time?

STEVE

(writing time in a small notebook)

Three forty-seven.

144 CONTINUED:

CAMERA BACK to Bishop, then to his POV through the binocular camera as he presses the shutter several times. Four still photos of the Mark and his bodyguard entering the building.

INT. CAR - DAY

145 Bishop looking through the binocular camera. Steve next to him writing in the notebook. They are parked near a golf club.

BISHOP

Time?

STEVE

One twenty-five.

CAMERA to Bishop's POV through the binocular camera. The Mark is just exiting the club and walking toward the tee with another man. His Bodyguard walks behind him carrying his golf bag. Bishop presses the shutter twice. Two still photos of the Mark laughing as his game partner leans over and tells him what is obviously a dirty joke.

EXT. BELAIRE HOTEL - DAY

146 The Mark's car pulls up in front of the hotel and he and a beautiful girl get out. The girl is carrying a small overnight case. The Bodyguard gets out of the car. The Mark whispers something to him, then turns from him, takes the Girl's arm and enters the hotel. An attendant takes the car and parks it. The Bodyguard waits a moment, then walks into the hotel as well. CAMERA PANS to Steve and Bishop in a car parked nearby. Steve writes the time in his notebook.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - DAY

147 Steve and Bishop watching the entrance of the hotel. A moment, then the Mark comes out with his bodyguard following a short distance behind.

STEVE

(looks at his watch then
writes the time; a smile on
his face)

Five ten. Eighteen minutes. Man this
dude is very efficient.

147 CONTINUED:

Bishop smiles, lifts the binocular camera. CAMERA to HIS POV as he snaps the shutter. One still of the Mark looking at his watch as he gets into the car. He is obviously in a hurry.

EXT. APTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

148 The Mark and his Bodyguard drive up and get out of the car. The DOORMAN gets in the car and drives it into the underground parking lot as the Mark and Bodyguard enter the building. In the lobby, still another ATTENDANT.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

149 Bishop at the wheel. Steve writing the time in his notebook.

BISHOP

Got it?

STEVE

Yep.

Bishop starts the engine and they drive off.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

150 This is in the Santa Barbara Marina. The Mark sits at a table having an enormous lunch of crabs and lobsters. He seems to take special delight in cracking the claws with the cracking tool, then sucking the meat out. At a table nearby, the Bodyguard sits, having his lunch as well. CAMERA PANS around the room to reveal Steve and Bishop having lunch. From time to time they look at the Mark, the CAMERA INTERCUTTING, showing their faint smiles and the Mark's deadly efficiency at cracking the huge claws and sucking the meat from within.

EXT. SANTA BARBAR MARINA - DAY

151 The CAMERA FRAMES a thirty-foot Chris Craft sport fisher cabin cruiser. The Mark is at the wheel. The bodyguard throws off the lines and the cruiser pulls out of the slip and heads for the open sea. CAMERA PANS to where Steve and Bishop stand. Bishop has the binoculars to his eyes. CAMERA to his POV THROUGH THE CAMERA BINOCULARS. He presses the shutter. Still photos of the Mark, the Bodyguard, the name and model of the boat, three shots of each section of the boat, so that when they are pieced together, they will give a complete picture of cabin arrangement, bridge, stern,

151 CONTINUED:

bow, etc. CAMERA to an ANGLE TO INCLUDE STEVE AND BISHOP.
Steve notes the time.

BISHOP

Q: What is it?

STEVE

Six ten.

BISHOP

That should put them there at about
eight-thirty, nine. Let's have a look
at that cove.

INT. PLANE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

152 Bishop at the controls, Steve next to him. Steve points
down. Bishop looks. CAMERA to HIS POV of the Mark's
cruiser making for the Channel Islands just off Santa
Barbara. Bishop nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLANE - LATE AFTERNOON

153 The plane approaches the Islands.

INT. PLANE - LATE AFTERNOON

154 Bishop points. CAMERA TO HIS POV of a small cove on the
lee side of the outmost island. He passes over the island,
then turns and puts the plane into a steep dive to examine
the cove closer. CAMERA INTERCUTS from Bishop and Steve
to the cove. As Bishop speaks, Steve records:

BISHOP

No cover on beach. Beach about fifty
yards wide. Steep cliffs all sides.
Mouth of cove; two hundred...no, one
hundred and fifty yards across.

The plane makes another pass.

BISHOP

That's where he anchors.

154 CONTINUED:

STEVE

(shaking his head)

Very cagey. You could never get a
boat in there without them knowing.
Very, very safe...

BISHOP

(nods)

When we get back, I want you to get
me the charts on these waters.

STEVE

Check.

EXT. PLANE - LATE AFTERNOON

155 Makes another pass over the cove, then heads back toward
the mainland.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

156 The materials have been assembled on the board. Pictures
of the Mark, the boat, plans of the boat showing engine
compartment, sleeping areas, galley, bridge, etc. Drawing
of the Mark's apartment, the arrangement of furniture.
Drawings of the Mark's office, arrangement of furniture,
charts of the waters of the cove, tide time tables. Lines
have been drawn between various elements. Lots of question
marks at the end of these lines. The time table of the
Mark's activities has a large circle around it. Steve and
Bishop study the board in silence. By their attitudes we
know they have been at it a long time, are tired, somewhat
exasperated.

STEVE

Seems like he doesn't do anything the
same way, same time, twice.

BISHOP

As you said, "very cagey..."

A silence as they study the board.

STEVE

...except the fishing thing.

Bishop nods.

STEVE

The Marina...?

156 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Too much traffic...no controls...

STEVE

Damn him!

BISHOP

(studying the marine charts of the cove, depths of the water. A shallow ledge rims the cove, but the center of the cove is deep. Bishop traces his finger over the depth markings. The CAMERA INTERCUTS his eyes with the depth graduations. He points to a spot in approximately the center of the cove)

A boat accident...say a diesel leak explosion would be very nice...right here.

STEVE

(responding quickly)

We could plant a time charge at the Marina that would go off when he arrived at the cove.

BISHOP

(shaking his head)

We wouldn't be sure of the effect.

STEVE

If it were big enough...

BISHOP

(shakes his head)

On a thing like that there's always a survival margin. It's slight, but it's still there. You have to be sure of the results and to do that you have to stay close to the Mark to see for yourself. We can't afford a mistake on this one. The cove is the place...but we've got to be close.

STEVE

How, without being seen?

BISHOP

(thinks a moment)

Can you scuba?

156 CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

Yeah, but it's a long swim from Santa Barbara.

BISHOP

(smiles)

Nothing like that.

He reads the National Safety Council Accident Report.

BISHOP (Cont'd)

Yeah, boat accidents are very good.

He studies the time table once more, noting the entries marked "departs from Marina: six ten. Arrives cove nine fifteen." He taps the notation with his finger.

BISHOP (Cont'd)

If...if we got there before him...

STEVE

But how?

BISHOP

Memorize this chart.

Bishop moves to the marine charts and studies the shallow ledges rimming the cove. He picks a spot marked ".5 fathoms.", and marks an "X" on it.

DISS

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAME - NIGHT

157 CAMERA CLOSE on the phone as it rings. CAMERA TILTS UP to FRAME Bishop entering the living room from the kitchen. He is dressed in a robe and holds a cup of coffee. He picks up the phone.

BISHOP

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

We have information he will run Monday. He's making arrangements now. There's been a meeting among us. You'll have to conclude this weekend.

BISHOP

I'm not quite...

VOICE (O.S.)

It's not open to discussion, Mr. Bishop. This weekend.

157 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

All right.

He hangs up. A long moment then he dials the number. The number he dials does not answer. He moves quickly to the bedroom to get dressed.

EXT. MCKENNA HOUSE - NIGHT

158 Bishop pulls into the drive.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

159 CAMERA TO Bishop's POV. As he approaches the front of the house, Steve's Lotus comes into view. CAMERA ON Bishop. The face relaxes. A faint smile.

EXT. MCKENNA HOUSE - NIGHT

160 Bishop pulls up behind Steve's car, gets out, walks to the door, and rings the bell. A long moment. No answer. Finally he tries the door. It's unlocked. He opens it and enters the house.

INT. MCKENNA HOUSE - NIGHT

161 Lights on, but no one around.

BISHOP

(calling)

Steve!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Bishop as he checks the living room. CAMERA to his POV of a bottle of champagne, newly opened and two glasses, half filled, on the coffee table. CAMERA FOLLOWS Bishop as he walks out of the living room and into the hallway once more. He climbs the stairs to the second floor.

BISHOP

Hey, Steve!

161 CONTINUED:

No answer. He checks the bedroom. It's empty. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he moves to the study. He opens the door. CAMERA to his POV. It's empty as well. He is about to close the door, when he gets a thought and enters the room.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

162 Bishop walks to the desk, turns on the desk lamp, takes a pen from his pocket, looks for a piece of paper to write a note. No paper on the desk top. He tries to open the center drawer of the desk and finds it locked. He smiles, takes a pick tool from his pocket and quickly opens the drawer. CAMERA to his POV of the contents of the drawer. Some writing paper on top of a file folder. At the edge of the folder, partially sticking out, a snapshot. Only the top half of the face of a MAN is seen. Bishop takes the paper, closes the drawer and begins writing his note. He completes two or three sentences, then something clicks. He opens the drawer once more and slips the snapshot out of the folder. It is a picture of himself! It has obviously been grabbed when he is unaware. CAMERA INTERCUTS between the picture and Bishop as he studies it. A long moment, then he lifts the folder out of the desk and opens it. CAMERA ZOOMING in to his POV of the first page. At the top is printed: "Arthur Bishop. Age forty-four. 1874 Mulholland Drive." He flips the page to the one behind it. At the top of the page the words: "Medical History." Another page is turned. At the top: "Habits." Bishop puts the file on the desk, closes it, and stares at it for a long moment. He looks at the picture once more. He seems frozen. Finally, he replaces the picture in the file and puts the file back into the drawer, being careful to replace it in the exact position he found it. He relocks the drawer, crumples his note, puts it in his pocket, and turns off the desk lamp.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

163 CAMERA CLOSE ON BISHOP sitting on the couch in his robe. On the coffee table in front of him are several white tablets and a glass of water. The room is darkened. CAMERA MOVES in SLOWLY on his face. His breathing is shallow, rapid, his face mask-like. Heavy silence except for the sound of his own breathing. He looks down at his hands. CAMERA to his POV of his hands as he turns them over, palms up. The palms are covered with sweat. He takes a handkerchief from his robe pocket and wipes his hands. The sound of a car approaching outside. The screech of brakes, some footsteps, then the front door bell. Bishop switches on a lamp, puts the pills in his pocket, and goes to the door and opens it. Steve stands on the threshold, smiling.

163 CONTINUED:

STEVE

Hey, you're still up. Good.

He enters. He notices something is wrong with Bishop
Bishop walks to the coffee table, picks up the glass of
water, takes one of the ice cubes in it into his mouth
and begins chewing it.

BISHOP

I called you about nine, but....

STEVE

(grinning sheepishly)

Louise. She...a...picked me up and
we...did the thing. Very good for the
nerves, you know. She has this thing
she does...

BISHOP

Spare the details.

STEVE

Look, if I'd known you wanted to...

BISHOP

(trying to conceal
his anger)

You're a free agent, my friend. The only
thing you have to do here is fulfill the
requirements of this association. That
means your occasional presence...some
intelligent responses...and some skill in
your work. Nothing more!

STEVE

You got that. So what's bugging you?

BISHOP

Nothing.

(a silence)

I got the call.

STEVE

The man.

Bishop nods, then turns and points to the door. Over the
picture of the Mark in bold black letters are written the
words: Friday Night.

163 CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

Day after tomorrow?

Bishop nods.

STEVE

Are we ready?

BISHOP

We'll have to be. That gives us only tomorrow to put the equipment together.

A silence. CAMERA INTERCUTS between the two of them.

STEVE

Okay. Can I crash here?

BISHOP

There's only the couch.

STEVE

That's cool. I can sleep anyplace.

He flops on the couch. Another silence.

BISHOP

Good-night.

STEVE

(stretching)

Yeah. Boy, I'm gonna saw me some logs.

Bishop goes to his bedroom. Steve makes himself comfortable then turns out the light.

INT. BISHOPS BEDROOM - NIGHT

164 Bishop in bed, wide awake. CAMERA CLOSE as he stares up at the ceiling.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

165 Steve is lying on the couch. CAMERA CLOSE on his face. He is wide awake, also staring at the ceiling, a faint smile on his lips.

INT. BISHOP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

166 Bishop turns out the light. The FRAME is dark for a long moment, then he turns the light on once more. There is a strange smile on his face as well. He opens the drawer to the nightstand and takes out a paper and pen and begins to write: CAMERA CLOSE on his hand as we SEE what he is writing: "Steve McKenna, 863 Mountain View Drive." CAMERA to his face as the smile broadens.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA BEACH - DAY

167 Steve and Bishop in wet suits lashing down gear in their boat. The boat is an Avon forward control inflatable commando boat. Their gear includes: double air tanks, spear guns, lines, floats, masks, small, deadly co2 propelled pistol spear guns, in leg holsters, two sealed waterproof bags which contain two sawed off Browning automatic shotguns, and a large square rubber case, also waterproof. The outboard on the boat is large and powerful. They complete their arrangement of gear, working in silence.

BISHOP

You check it all?

STEVE

Yep.

BISHOP

Ok.

They push the boat into the water, past the breakers, start the engine and are off toward the islands. The boat, having no draft, moves very fast, its bowsprit high in the air. Seemingly, these are two men, out for some skin diving. They move quickly out into open water.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

168 Steve is at the wheel. They are completely alone on the water. Bishop opens the two waterproof bags, takes out the shotguns and loads them.

STEVE

You really expect that kind of action?

Bishop smiles at him, replaces the guns in the waterproof bags and ties the bags securely. From the square bag he takes a spray can of engine waterproofing, and hands it to Steve.

168 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Get the cowl off and put this on,
heavy...especially around the ignition.
We've got to keep it dry.

He takes the wheel. Steve moves to the back of the boat, removes the engine cowl and sprays the engine. CAMERA to Bishop as he turns and stares at Steve. Steve seems to become aware of his gaze and lifts his eyes to meet Bishop's. A strange exchange of looks. Bishop turns from Steve and accelerates.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - LATE AFTERNOON

169 The light is beginning to fade. Steve is at the wheel. CAMERA to their POV. In the distance, the faint silhouettes of the islands. A long moment, CAMERA INTERCUTTING the two men. Steve keeps glancing at Bishop who seems somehow distant, worried.

STEVE

Hey...

Bishop turns to him.

STEVE (Cont'd)

...it's the first time I've seen you
look worried.

BISHOP

(nods; a long
silence)

You start losing odds when you're
out in the open, like this.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COVE - TWILIGHT

170 The boat enters the narrow opening of the cove. CAMERA to CLOSER ANGEL, on Bishop and Steve. Bishop is scanning the rock formations along the shore. He holds a small compass.

BISHOP

It should be...

STEVE

(pointing)

There.

170 CONTINUED:

BISHOP
(checks his compass)

Right!

Steve steers to a point about halfway inside the cove. There is no beach here. The steep cliffs rise directly out of the water.

STEVE

OK?

Bishop puts his mask on and leans over the side looking down into the water. CAMERA to his POV of a shelf directly below them. Bishop holds up his hand. Steve cuts the engine. Now both men move silently and quickly. They put on their tanks, weight belts, fins, masks, then strap their spear gun pistol to their legs. Each checks the other's gear, tapping the other on the head as a sign everything is in order. Now Bishop takes two large rubber sleeves from the square package. He hands one of them to Steve who places the portable gas tank inside it. Bishop slides his over the head of the outboard and fastens the edge to the shaft housing with waterproof tape. A quick check. All seems to be in order. Bishop nods to Steve who pulls open the exhaust valve. A rush of air, and the boat slowly sinks below the surface of the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - TWILIGHT

171 They make the boat secure to a coral formation with a line, then take the bags with the shotguns. (They also carry waterproof pouches filled with extra shells, strapped to their belts) the square rubber bag, and swim to a small rock formation jutting up in the water. The formation is just large enough to screen them from the open water of the cove. They surface, lash themselves and their gear to the rock and rest. Night is coming on quickly.

STEVE
I was thinking...can we claim
workman's compensation in case
anything goes wrong?

A scathing look from Bishop.

STEVE
Ok, ok...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME - NIGHT

172 Bishop hands Steve a food bar.

STEVE

What's that?

BISHOP

You're burning calories very fast to keep body heat. That's to replace them.

Bishop eats his bar. Steve takes a bite of his and all but spits it out.

STEVE

Terrific...man that is really terrific!

A silence as they eat.

STEVE (Cont'd)

What'a you think?

BISHOP

(pensively)

Getting on board quietly is the big problem. After that, I think it'll go all right.

The sound of an engine. They look toward the entrance of the cove. CAMERA to their POV of the Mark's cruiser entering and making its way to anchorage. They watch, CAMERA INTER-CUTTING, as the cruiser finds its spot. The anchor is dropped and the engines are cut. Silence. CAMERA BACK to Steve and Bishop as they continue to watch. The boat trails a small dinghy covered with canvas.

STEVE

And we wait...

Bishop nods.

BISHOP

(testing)

Where's our man sleep?

STEVE

Forward bunk, starboard.

BISHOP

The other?

STEVE

Aft, starboard. Near the door.

172 CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Engine hatch.

STEVE

Aft of the bridge, about four feet...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CRUISER - LATER - NIGHT

173 Some lights have been extinguished. All is very still and silent.

EXT. ROCKS - NIGHT

174 Steve and Bishop watching the cruiser. A moment, Bishop checks his watch, then slides his face mask down over his face.

BISHOP

Now.

Steve does likewise. They slip under the water and begin swimming toward the cruiser. Each carries a shotgun in a rubber bag. Bishop carries a small square package; obviously explosives from the way he handles it.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

175 CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they swim to the boat. They arrive and carefully take off their tanks, lash them to the anchor line, then quietly surface.

EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

176 Bishop and Steve slowly and soundlessly board the cruiser carrying their shotguns still wrapped in the waterproof bags. On deck, they take the shotguns out of the bags and make their way to the cabin. A moment at the cabin door as Bishop listens for any sound inside. Hearing none, he opens the door slowly. Both he and Steve enter, shotguns at the ready.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

177 CAMERA FRAMES Bishop and Steve as they enter then CAMERA to their POV of the berths. The Mark and his bodyguard appear to be sleeping in the positions that were indicated on the plan. Bishop and Steve move closer to the berths. CAMERA CLOSE on Bishops' face. A sudden look of worry. CAMERA to his POV of the berths. The shapes under the blankets appear to be somehow unnatural. Bishop moves closer, levels the

177 CONTINUED:

the shotgun at a point where the Mark's head should be and slowly pulls back the blanket to reveal a large, stuffed duffle bag. Steve repeats the action with the bodyguard's berth and discovers the same thing. A long moment as they stare at the duffles, then at each other.

STEVE

They've got to be here. Nobody got off.

CAMERA CLOSE On Bishop's face. His mind is racing, trying to figure it out. Suddenly a thought clicks in.

BISHOP

The dinghy!

Just as he says the word, we HEAR a slight sound just outside the door of the cabin. Bishop's reaction is instinctual and immediate. From the waist, he fires the shotgun four times, into the door. A moment, the door swings open and the body of a man, torn and bleeding from the close-range fire tumbles into the cabin. Bishop steps forward. As he does so, another MAN holding a Universal enforcer carbine appears at the window and levels the gun at him. Bishop, his back to the man, doesn't see him, but Steve does.

STEVE

Watch it!

Bishop drops to the floor as Steve swings his shotgun. A blast of carbine fire narrowly missing Bishop followed by three blasts from Steve's shotgun and the man outside topples backward dead. A long silence. Bishop and Steve stand frozen, listening for sounds. Total silence except for the gentle lap of waves against the ship's hull. Bishop nods at Steve and slowly and carefully they make their way out of the cabin back onto the deck. Neither of the men they have killed is the Mark or the Bodyguard.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE THE COVE - NIGHT

178 CAMERA FRAMES a MAN observing the cruiser far below. He picks up a walkie-talkie, turns it on and speaks into it.

FIRST MAN

They're on the boat.

EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

179 Steve and Bishop just completing their search of the rest of the boat, no one else is on board. The canvas cover on the dinghy has been rolled back.

STEVE

How could they know?

His words are hardly out when we HEAR the SOUND of engines. Steve and Bishop look toward the mouth of the cove. CAMERA to their POV of two speedboats entering the cove and heading toward them. Each boat has three men who carry automatic weapons and carbines.

STEVE

Hey, what's...?

BISHOP

We've been set up. Let's move.

They quickly replace the shotguns in the waterproof bags and jump overboard.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

180 They take their tanks from the anchor line, strap them on, and swim back toward the cover of the rock formation where they had been waiting.

EXT. SPEEDBOATS - NIGHT

181 The boats approach the cruiser warily. CAMERA INTER-CUTTING between the cruiser and the Man in one of the boats who is obviously the leader of the operation. CAMERA CLOSE on his eyes as he examines the deck. A moment, then satisfied no one is on board, he nods to the Man at the wheel of the other boat and both speedboats move in close to the cruiser. The men in the speedboats board the cruiser quickly.

EXT. ROCK FORMATION - NIGHT

182 Steve and Bishop surface and look toward the cruiser. CAMERA to their POV of the men on the cruiser, making their search. CAMERA BACK to Steve and Bishop.

182 CONTINUED:

STEVE
Friends of yours?

A long silence.

STEVE (Cont'd)
Come on, Man. What the hell's
going on?

BISHOP
These are the people I work for.

STEVE
Explain.

BISHOP
I didn't check with them when
I brought you in. I broke a
rule. They don't like it when
you break their rules.

EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

183 The group of men from the speedboat silently stare down
at the bodies of the men Steve and Bishop have killed. The
leader of the men stands and scans the shoreline, cliffs
and water of the cove. CAMERA INTERCUTTING his eyes and
his POV of what he sees. CAMERA back to the Leader.

LEADER
Okay. They're not going
anyplace. You guys over there
(he points to a spot
about 100 yds. offshore)
All we need is a little light. If
they go under, we'll see the bubbles.
Look for that.

The men move to their boats, start their engines and move
away from the cruiser.

EXT. ROCK FORMATIONS - NIGHT

184 Steve and Bishop watch as one boat moves near shore and
drops its anchor while the other boat with the Leader moves
to the opening of the cove and takes a position blocking
any exit. Bishop is in the process of attaching an
explosive charge to the shaft of his spear-gun pistol.
CAMERA on Steve, then to his POV as he looks at the boat

184 CONTINUED:

near shore, then to the one blocking the entrance to the cove.

STEVE

Looks like the hired help knows its job. Any ideas?

BISHOP

(making final adjustment on a time delay device)

A couple.

STEVE

Like?

BISHOP

(indicating the charge attached to spearshaft)

This. Think I'll just cust the odds a little. Wait here.

He slips his mask over his face and submerges.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

185 CAMERA TRACKS Bishop as he swims toward the boat anchored offshore.

EXT. OFFSHORE SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

186 The three men in the boat scan the dark water surrounding them. Their weapons are cocked and ready. The silence is heavy with tension.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

187 CAMERA ON Bishop as he draws near the boat. He stops swimming, looks at the hull and realizes he must get closer because of the short range of his speargun. He also realizes in doing this, the men on the surface may spot his bubbles. He takes several deep breaths, withdraws the mouthpiece from his mouth and continues toward the boat. Now he's close enough. He fires his gun. The spearhead embeds itself in the hull of the boat.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

188 The men in the boat hear the thud of the spear as it embeds itself.

SECOND MAN

Under the boat!

They begin firing wildly into the water around the boat.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

189 Bishop narrowly missed by gunfire, swims out of range, replaces his mouthpiece and swims back toward Steve. There is a faint smile on his face.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT AT MOUTH OF COVE - NIGHT

190 The Leader, speaking into a walkie-talkie.

LEADER

What's going on?

EXT. OFFSHORE BOAT - NIGHT

191 The Second Man is speaking into the walkie-talkie.

SECOND MAN

We heard something under the boat.

LEADER (O.S.)

Anything?

SECOND MAN

No.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT AT MOUTH OF COVE - NIGHT

192

LEADER

Okay. Take it easy. Make sure you got something before you open up.

He looks at his watch.

LEADER (Cont'd)

We got light in less than two hours.

EXT. ROCK FORMATION - NIGHT

193 Bishop surfaces near Steve.

STEVE

Okay?

Bishop nods.

STEVE (Cont'd)

Sounded like a small war.

BISHOP

That's exactly what we got here,
friend.

STEVE

How long?

BISHOP

(looks at watch)

Just about... now.

His final word is blotted out by the sound of explosion.

EXT. OFFSHORE BOAT - NIGHT

194 The boat, the men are torn apart by the violent explosion.
The boat sinks. Some feeble groans in the dark water.
Then silence.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT AT MOUTH OF COVE - NIGHT

195 CAMERA CLOSE on the face of the Leader. Then CAMERA to
his POV as he watches the burning remains of the speedboat
sink.

LEADER

(to the man at the
wheel of the boat)

Better keep moving.

Man starts the engine.

EXT. ROCK FORMATION - NIGHT

196

STEVE

It's wonderful what a little thing
like that does.

(his television commercial
routine)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

STEVE (CONT'D)

to relieve the minor headaches,
stress and tensions of a person's
workday.

Bishop does not smile. He looks intently toward the mouth
of the cove. CAMERA TO HIS POV of the remaining speedboat,
cruising slowly back and forth in the entrance to the cove.
CAMERA BACK to Bishop.

BISHOP

Whoever he is, he knows what he's
doing.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

197 CAMERA CLOSE on the face of the Leader as he scans the water.
He looks at his watch. Then at the sky. CAMERA TO HIS POV,
faint light on the horizon.

EXT. ROCK FORMATION - NIGHT

198 Steve and Bishop, watching the speedboat as it continues to
cruise. A long silence.

BISHOP

You were very fast, back there on
the boat. Nice shooting. Thanks.

STEVE

(smiling)
Tools of the trade...just
tools of the trade.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAWN

199 CAMERA CLOSE on the face of the Leader as he searches the
cove. The other men in the boat do likewise.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAWN

200 Steve and Bishop approach their submerged boat, tie the bags
holding the shotguns to the thwarts. Steve takes a position

200 CONTINUED:

forward, inserts CO-2 cartridges into the inflation valves. Bishop takes position near the engine. A final check. Bishop nods. Steve activates the CO-2 cartridges. The rate of inflation is very rapid.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAWN

201 It continues to cruise slowly, searching the cove. Suddenly, the Leader's eyes are drawn to some movement off camera. CAMERA TO HIS POV as Steve and Bishop's boat explodes to the surface. With split second timing, Bishop rips the waterproof cover from the engine and the portable gas tank, cranks the engine and slams it to full throttle. They are completely awash but the force of the engine, digging in from the rear of the boat, forces the bow up into an almost vertical position, emptying the boat almost completely.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAWN

202 The speedboat also goes to full throttle and gives chase. Now the CAMERA INTERCUTS between both boats. Steve and Bishop slip their tanks and drop them over the side. Automatic weapon fire from the speedboat. From time to time there is a puncture in Bishop and Steve's boat. But Steve, holding a handful of patches, seals the holes quickly so they do not lose inflation. The boats seem to be about evenly matched in power. The chase continues, both boats executing wild, dangerous maneuvers. The firing from the speedboat continues. Steve and Bishop's boat, because of its almost nil draft, seems to have the edge and gradually increases its distance from the speedboat. A couple of violent turns and they are well on their way toward making the entrance of the cove.

Bishop must steer the boat erratically to avoid being hit by the withering fire that continues from the speedboat. Now, two things happen at once:

Bishop makes a sharp turn and Steve is hit in the arm, causing him to let go of the line he has been holding. He topples overboard. CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop's face then to his POV of Steve in the water. CAMERA BACK to Bishop as he turns and looks at the entrance to the cove. In a few seconds, at his present speed, he will be out of the cove and into open water. Freedom! CAMERA BACK close on his face. A brief moment of indecision then a click. He turns the boat sharply, heads back into the cove after Steve. CAMERA continues to INTERCUT between

202 CONTINUED:

the two boats as the chase continues. Bishop steers the boat with one hand, holds a line in his teeth and with the other hand, ties a loop. As he approaches Steve, he ties one end of the line on his waist, then continues to steer with one hand and holds the loop over the side of the boat with the other to effect a frogman pickup. CAMERA continues to INTERCUT between the two boats; the distance closes between Bishop and Steve. Bishop holds up the loop so Steve can see it, Steve nods, seeing what Bishop intends. Then Bishop, without reducing throttle, approaches Steve and drops the loop. Steve puts his arms through it and rolls himself onboard.

STEVE

Hey, man, this is getting just a little hairy.

CAMERA TO CLOSE on Bishop as he surveys the situation. The maneuver to save Steve has put him very close to the edge of the cove, with little room to maneuver. The speedboat bears down. He shouts to Steve.

BISHOP

Where's that thin water?

CAMERA CLOSE on Steve as he scans the rock formation rimming the cove. Only a moment, then he points. Bishop steers the boat in that direction.

BISHOP

How much clearance?

STEVE

This tide -- half a foot.

BISHOP

(smiling)

That's all we need.
Shotguns.

Steve takes the shotguns out of their bags and loads them. Now the CAMERA INTERCUTS between both boats. CAMERA CLOSE on the Leader, a puzzled expression on his face as he sees Bishop heading toward the shore. CAMERA to a larger ANGLE, continuing to INTERCUT, as the speedboat continues its unrelenting pursuit. CAMERA to Bishop's boat as they approach the spot where Steve pointed. Steve is in the rear of the boat near the engine. The tension increases as the spot comes closer. They reach it.

202 CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP
(shouting)

Now!

Steve tilts the outboard and they speed across the shelf of coral. CAMERA to the speedboat behind them. The man at the wheel and the Leader see the shelf but they are too close to avoid hitting it. Because of its deeper draft, the speedboat cannot clear the shelf. It hits it full speed. The bottom is torn out of the speedboat, making it sink rapidly. Its occupants are thrown into the water. CAMERA to Bishop's boat.

BISHOP
(indicating the
wheel)

Take this.

He points toward the three men in the water. Steve makes a quick turn and heads back to the men. The boat is still at full throttle. As they approach the men, Bishop lifts his shotgun and, as they pass, he fires five blasts into the water, killing all three men. Steve reduces the throttle on the boat; Bishop continues to look at his handiwork; he smiles, then turns toward Steve.

BISHOP
How do you like....?

Before he can get out the rest of his sentence, he is hit squarely in the head by a doubled up weightbelt. He falls to the bottom of the boat -- unconscious.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

203 CAMERA SHOOTING from a very high ANGLE to show the vast expanse of water surrounding the rubber boat. Nothing else in sight.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

204 CAMERA CLOSE on Steve as he looks intently off CAMERA. CAMERA TO HIS POV of Bishop. Bishop is tied, hand and foot, both weightbelts have been strapped around his waist. Bishop is in the process of regaining consciousness.

204 CONTINUED:

STEVE

Your coming back for me
evened it. So I guess its
okay now.

BISHOP

Explain.

STEVE

Well... my solo.

BISHOP

Yeah?

STEVE

You.

A moment CAMERA INTERCUTS their eyes.

BISHOP

(a faint smile
coming to his
lips)

Yeah.

STEVE

Each man has his jelly spot.
That's what you said. Yours
is -- you just couldn't cut
it alone.

Bishop nods. A silence.

BISHOP

Listen... there's something
I've been meaning to tell you.
I have a slow thyroid... you
don't seem to have that in
your file on me.

STEVE

You knew about that?

The look in Bishop's eyes is his answer.

STEVE (Cont'd)

And you came back for me
anyway?

204

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

I couldn't let anything happen to you. Just like you in the cabin. I figured the game had to be just between you and me.

STEVE

Outasight.

BISHOP

Was it because of your father?

STEVE

That you?

Bishop smiles.

STEVE

Far out... far out, Mr. Bishop. I thought he just... died.

BISHOP

Yeah...

STEVE

But... but, well, see... I've been doing a lot of thinking about this thing. It never really went together right for me. Oh, you're good. You got most of the answers. But in the guts of it, friend, you're something of a cop-out. See, they tell you who to hit. That's not right. It keeps the whole... idea from being the pure thing we talked about. It makes you their man. I can't cut that. Guess I'm a purist. Can't help it. I've had a pretty good teacher. Then... well ... there was our "association," our... well... friendship. Sort of an emotional dependence on your part. Oh, me too. I kinda got to dig you. That went against the idea, too.

A silence.

204 CONTINUED: (3)

STEVE (Cont'd)

Anyway, that's how it lays.
I've got to pick my own mark and
hit when I want to. No reason...
just like you said... no motivation...
random... pure. That's... well...
that's where it's at with me. I cut
it alone.

He takes the spear pistol from the holster on his leg and
points it at Bishop.

STEVE

Funny... with this it really
works for me... now... for the
first time.

BISHOP

(smiling)

It's nice... that sense of
accomplishment...

Steve releases the safety on the pistol.

STEVE

You once said that there
were heavy prices for this kind
of thing. I guess this is one of
them.

(faint trace of
emotion)

I... I'm sorry. But I'm
really free now, Arthur.

A silence. CAMERA INTERCUTS their faces. Bishop smiles

BISHOP

Me too, kid. Me too, now.

Steve raises the pistol.

STEVE

You're a heavy duty, friend.

He fires. The spear enters Bishop's heart. Bishop falls
to the side. Steve stares at him for a long moment, then
rolls him off the boat into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

205 As Bishop sinks we see the propeller of the boat turn over and the boat speed away. CAMERA TRACKS Bishop as he sinks slowly. He is not quite dead. The water is a delicate rosy color. CAMERA FOLLOWS Bishop as he continues to sink. Bubbles escape from his mouth. He looks around. All is surrealistic and beautiful; the rosy hue of the water, the colors and shapes of coral, the gliding poetry of fishes and plants in the soft currents. Bishop reaches the bottom and looks around wide-eyed. CAMERA TO HIS POV of a large grouper staring at him from a hollow in the coral. It emerges from the hollow and moves slowly toward him. CAMERA CLOSE on Bishop as he sees the fish. A broad smile slowly blossoms. He dies in this languid rhythm and silence.

INT. BISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

206 Steve is standing in the middle of the room, surveying its contents. A long moment, then he spots Bishop's ball of wax. He picks it up... is about to exit, when he gets a second thought. He goes to the hi-fi, selects a cassette and puts it on. The music is the theme we heard over titles. Steve listens a moment, then turns the volume up very loud and exits.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

207 Steve unlocks his Lotus and gets in.

INT. LOTUS - NIGHT

208 Steve is about to put the key in the ignition when he notices a note resting on the steering wheel. His name is written on the folded piece of paper. He takes the paper, unfolds it. The note is from Bishop and it reads:

"Steve, if you read this, it means I didn't make it back. It also means you've just broken a filament controlling a....

Steve turns the note over. It is continued on the back.

"...13 second delay trigger.

End of game,

Friend. Bang...you're dead."

208 CONTINUED:

Steve's finger touches the filament. His right hand shoots out for the handle of the car door, just touching it as the car explodes.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

209 The front half of the house has been blown away as well. The rest of it is, like Steve's car, in flames. Strangely, the music from the hi-fi continues, filling the night with soft, plaintive melody.

FADE OUT:

THE END