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"THE SEVEN-UPS"

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Story

by

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**For Educational  
Purposes Only**

FADE IN:

1 EXT: HOTEL - TRUCKING - NIGHT 1

A light rain hints of winter. The hour is around 5 p.m., and traffic is brisk. BRUNO hurries up the avenue. He is 30. His hair is cut not by a barber but by a hair-stylist-to-men, and he wears a double-breasted blazer and wide necktie under an Italian raincoat. In his left hand he carries a black leather bag of the sort often used by doctors.

2 WIDER ANGLE 2

The Hotel Commodore in midtown Manhattan is a large, commercial hotel. A liveried Doorman shepherds a couple to a taxi under an enormous umbrella. Behind, Bruno enters the hotel with an assurance born of familiarity.

2A INT: LOBBY - BRUNO CROSSES LOBBY TO ELEVATORS 2A

2B INT: ELEVATOR BANK - BRUNO ENTERS ELEVATOR 2B

2C INT: HOTEL CORRIDOR - BRUNO GOES TO ROOM -  
KNOCKS ON DOOR AND ENTERS 2C

3 INT: MAX KALISH'S HOTEL SUITE - CLOSE - NIGHT 3

On the black bag, open on the top of a steel office desk. Loosely stacked money beside it. Tens, twenties, fifties. Several hundreds. Bruno's hand dips into the bag and takes out more bills.

BRUNO'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Eleven hundred and fifty, Mister  
Kalish. All accounted for ...

4 ANGLE ON MAX 4

At 60, he is pink and sleek. Impeccably tailored. A man whose mouth laughs easily and his eyes never. Soft spoken. He checks his watch, steps to a closet by the door, takes out a dark, gabardine topcoat.

The ANGLE WIDENS. The suite is used as an office. Conventional hotel furnishings augmented by the desk. On the desk, an old style adding machine and a pair of telephones. Bruno smiles as he deftly stacks the bills.

BRUNO  
(showing typed list)  
Here's the check list ...

Max gets into his coat. Bruno MOVES IN, the closed bag in one hand, the money in the other. He hands the bills to Max, wrapped in the check list.

4 CONTINUED

Max smiles with his mouth and pats Bruno on the cheek.

MAX

Good boy. Anybody complain ...?

BRUNO

O'Brian, as usual. And Holland. But I told them to try doing business with the banks and see how much sympathy they'd get -- not to mention the I.R.S.!

MAX

That's right ...

Max turns to an open attache case on a chair. Other stacks of money in it, some bound by rubber bands, most with slips of paper attached to them. Max adds Bruno's money to the others, closes and latches the case, picks it up, opens the door and lets Bruno out first, checks the room, then switches off the light and follows.

CUT TO:

5 EXT: THE HOTEL - NIGHT

5

Max and Bruno come through the revolving door. Bruno exits with a wave. Max waits as the doorman hurries forward and signals urgently.

6 ANOTHER ANGLE

6

A Lincoln stands by a hydrant a dozen yards from the door. Its headlights come on. It pulls ahead to the doorman who opens the front door, palms a bill as Max gets in beside the driver.

MAX

(to driver)

The house, Bobby ...

BOBBY the driver, a large fleshy man with vacant eyes nods, as the door is closed. He drives away.

6A WESTSIDE HIGHWAY TO RIVERDALE

6A

CUT TO:

7 EXT: MAX KALISH'S RESIDENCE - RIVERDALE - NIGHT

7

MOON and BO are parked across the street from the detached nouveau riche house of Kalish in Riverdale. Moon is hard and lithe, Bo hulking, fair, with steel rimmed glasses. Both watch alertly.



4

14      ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR      14

Kalish looks out at them with mild interest. His wife can be seen standing in the hall behind.

15      WIDE ANGLE      15

Bo pulls aside his dark raincoat to draw a thin, gold chain from his pants pocket. At the end of the chain is a leather case. Bo flips it open to show a shield.

BO

Police.

16      ANGLE FAVORING MAX      16

He affects disgust.

MAX

Come on boys. Now? ...

16A      FAVORING MOON AND BO      16A

They shrugg noncommittedly.

16B      ANGLE ON MAX      16B

He resigns himself as he turns to face the hall.

MAX

(to wife)  
Call Goldfarb ... Tell him to get on this right away ...

CUT TO:

17      INT: CAR - MOVING - NIGHT      17

Bo drives. Max in back with Moon. Max looks out the window in sullen silence.

18      ANGLE OUT THE WINDOW      18

The wet city streets with their burden of taxis slide past.

19      ANGLE ON MAX      19

He has been through this before, his manner reveals mild irritation but no alarm.

MAX

What's so important it can't wait till tomorrow?

5

20 ANGLE ON MOON 20

Stoic.

21 ANGLE ON BO 21

The same.

22 SERIES OF SHOTS 22

THROUGH the windsheild and run-bys. The city thins out.

23 INT: CAR 23

Max leans forward now. Tense. The pattern is no longer familiar.

MAX

Where the f. .! Who the hell wants me up here?!

MOON

Be cool.

CUT TO:

24 EXT: STREET IN NORTH BRONX - NIGHT 24

The car's headlights approach. In f.g., an isolated construction site. A plank is against the curb. The car turns suddenly, mounts the curb over the plank, lurches into the darkness of the site.

25 EXT: THE CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 25

Cleared. Puddled with rainwater. The car SLAMS to a stop, and Bo is out at the same instant and swinging open the car door. Max and Moon are lost in the dark interior, but we HEAR them.

MOON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Get out.

MAX'S VOICE (O.S.)

What's this? Where are we?

26 ANGLE FROM IN THE CAR 26

The dim shapes of Moon and Max in f.g., leap into sharp relief as through the open door the headlights of a car come on, aimed directly at camera. Max is highly agitated.

26 CONTINUED

26

MAX

Jesus Christ! What the hell  
is this?!

He tries to hang back, terror leaping into his eyes,  
as Bo reaches in and pulls him out of the car.

27 ANGLE ON MAX

27

Blinded by the light, wild with his fear, Max is led  
by Bo toward the other car. Moon is a step behind  
them. Max tries without much success to resist being  
led.

MAX

(to Bo -- pleading)

Come on, will you? What do you ...

28 CLOSE ON MOON

28

as he steps in front of Max.

MAX'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm telling you ... will you for  
chrissakes listen! ... you're  
making a ...

The words are cut off as, with explosive quickness,  
Moon smashes a fist to Max's face. The SCREEN GOES  
BLACK. The SOUND of car engines starting, gunning.

CUT TO:

29 EXT: ANTIQUE SHOP AREA - DAY

29

Sounds of a busy city accompany BUDDY as he seemingly  
windowshops along the main street of a good East Side  
neighbourhood offering quality merchandise.

A trim, elegant, near-dandified figure, BUDDY fits  
into his surroundings perfectly as he continues to  
watch a smart antique shop across the street from him  
whose sign, in gilt letters, reads: PARTEN & PARTEN.

Using the shop windows as mirrors occasionally, Buddy  
moves slowly, ostensibly browsing, a man of leisure  
filling time. Only a close observation would reveal  
the intensity of temperment and energy in the sharply  
angular face, and dark, watchful eyes beneath the well  
well-dressed veneer. He checks his watch regularly.

BUDDY stands before a window, turns casually, and  
covertly observes THE COURIER crossing the street

towards PARTEN & PARTEN, carrying a well-wrapped package, the size of a shoe-box under one arm.

BUDDY immediately parallels THE COURIER's progress, taking care not to appear hurried, though covering the distance in long strides.

As he begins to do so, he nods at a large delivery truck carrying bottled water which stands opposite him on the corner of a side street nearby. It immediately trundles into a parking space before the antique shop.

BUDDY and THE COURIER reach the far sidewalk simultaneously and move towards PARTEN & PARTEN as though from the base points of a triangle.

In passing the truck, BUDDY exchanges almost imperceptible nods with the driver and his mate -- BARILLI, an ex-Green Beret with hard eyes in a flat granite face, and MINGO, a black tank on a huge chassis.

BUDDY pauses by the window of the antique shop, letting THE COURIER enter first.

Pretending to check the shop's sign, BUDDY looks higher and checks that ANSEL is busily enacting a telephone lineman at work on the adjacent roof.

The two men exchange a look that could only be construed as faint curiosity by any observer.

As BUDDY disappears inside, ANSEL moves from the telephone pole with swift ease onto the low roof of PARTEN & PARTEN, heading for its rear.

At the same time, MINGO climbs lazily from the truck and begins heaving down a damp, heavy bottle full of water. BARILLI climbs out too, and leans against a fender, smoking, his eyes hooded but observing everything.

30 INT: ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

30

BUDDY browses through the shelves and floor displays of furniture, china and porcelain, always keeping within distance of THE COURIER, who is waiting for HENRY PARTEN to finish with an INDECISIVE CUSTOMER.

From a small workroom-office at the far end of the showroom, MICKEY PARTEN, the older of the two partners, escorts a HAPPY MATRON clutching her purchase, out of the shop.

30 CONTINUED

30

MICKEY PARTEN  
 (to HAPPY MATRON;  
 unctuously)

Have a good day, now ...

Closing the front door, he turns to the waiting COURIER and indicates he should go to the rear with the package. THE COURIER does so.

MICKEY PARTEN  
 (to BUDDY; smoothly)  
 Be with you in a moment sir ...

BUDDY  
 Take your time ...

With a nod of thanks, MICKEY PARTEN crosses to the rear, drawing a curtain behind him there, cutting off the workroom-office. At forty years of age, he is too old for the mod figure he tries to cut.

31 EXT: ROOF ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY 31

ANSEL kneels by the skylight at the rear of the shop, looking down into the workroom-office, unseen, as MICKEY PARTEN takes the package from THE COURIER and begins opening it on an old-fashioned roll-top desk.

Lying beside ANSEL's hard hat is his belt of heavy lineman's tools ...

32 INT: ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY 32

BUDDY and HENRY PARTEN, now alone, stand before an ornately framed mirror.

BUDDY  
 What are you asking for this ... ?  
 (indicating mirror)

HENRY PARTEN  
 That one is ...

He checks a price list on the back of the mirror. As he does so, MINGO enters, a water bottle resting on one broad shoulder. HENRY PARTEN gives him a bare glance -- water carriers can wait.

HENRY PARTEN  
 ... three hundred and thirty dollars.

BUDDY draws down the corners of his mouth.

32 CONTINUED

32

BUDDY

Too steep for what I need ...

He moves over to a large and grotesque lamp.

HENRY PARTEN

(chuckling warmly)

Oh ho ... you've gone to one of  
my favourites.

He is in his middle thirties, fashionably groomed,  
affecting almost a gigolo appearance which so delights  
his aging female customers.

MINGO

(impatiently)

Hey man, where's the cooler ... ?

HENRY PARTEN gives him a look of distaste.

HENRY PARTEN

There ...

He indicates a charming, old-fashioned cooler halfway  
along a wall of the showroom, obviously for the con-  
venience of the customers. It's bottle is empty.

As MINGO nears the two men, BUDDY drops a glove. In  
picking it up, he jolts into the passing MINGO,  
apparently accidentally.

Feigning a struggle to keep upright, MINGO stumbles  
into a shelf, smashing a vase to the floor.

HENRY PARTEN

(to MINGO)

You idiot!

33 ANGLE ON MICHEY PARTEN

33

As he anxiously appears around the drawn curtain of  
the office.

HENRY PARTEN assures his brother with a gesture, who  
disappears behind the curtain again.

34 NEW ANGLE

34

BUDDY, MINGO and HENRY PARTEN look down at the  
shattered vase. PARTEN is incredulous.

HENRY PARTEN

Look what you did!

MINGO

Take it easy, man.

HENRY PARTEN

Take it e ... You're going to pay for that! And I'm going to have you fired! What's your name?

Mingo rumbles a laugh.

MINGO

You soundin' me, man? Shee-it. He done it.

(indicating to Buddy)

BUDDY

(outraged)

Me? You stupid jig! Learn how to walk ... !

MINGO

(to Buddy -- amused)

You fuckin' faggots got more ball than brains, I swear.

HENRY PARTEN

(to Mingo)

Are you drunk?

(to Buddy)

He's drunk!

Buddy is paying no attention. Instead, he shows mock rage as he shoves Parten aside to confront Mingo. Parten lurches into a tall, iron candle holder, toppling it into a glass showcase.

BUDDY

You son of a bitch! I'll beat the shit out of you!

Their confrontation, in size alone is laughable. Even Parten looks anxious for Buddy.

Mingo steps back in the face of Buddy's charge, and the water bottle wipes out a covey of porcelain birds.

HENRY PARTEN

(aghast)

Stop it! Get out of here!

35 EXT: ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

35

Barilli stands by the truck. The SOUNDS of the fake altercation are plainly heard. One or two passersby stop to look in or hurry past. Barilli winces with mock-pain, rubs his forehead, stays right where he is, looking directly up the street at an intersection.

36 INT: WORKROOM-OFFICE - ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

36

As the almost comic fighting and shoving continues to demolish more of the antiques, Mickey Parten checks on the fracas once more, then darts back behind the curtain and confronts the Courier.

MICKEY PARTEN

(to the Courier)

Get the hell out of here ... !

The Courier needs no persuasion and hurries into the showroom. Mickey Parten takes the unwrapped package from the roll-top desk and locks it inside an enormous glass-fronted bookcase standing by the wall. As an added precaution, he covers it with a dust sheet. The SOUNDS of shouts and destruction O.S. as he heads towards the showroom.

37 INT: THE ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

37

Several pieces of furniture have been overturned and lots of crockery smashed, most of it by Henry Parten as he swings a leaded walking cane viciously at Mingo, barely missing him and smashing a lamp. Mingo isn't eager to use his strength, remaining content to make sure he has room to maneuver and create more damage as he keeps his eyes on Henry. This time when the cane is swung, Mingo thrusts the water bottle out, letting it absorb the force of the cane. Bottle and cane shatter simultaneously, drenching Mingo and Henry Parten. Buddy is merely an amused watcher now, out of breath. Mickey Parten tries to intervene but only gets further involved between his brother and Mingo in the melee of smashing and destruction.

MICKEY PARTEN

(frantically)

Stop it! Stop it!

38 EXT: THE ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

38

Roof light flashing, a police radio car slams to a stop in front of the shop. A handful of passersby have gathered to gape in at the battle. First out of the car is HANES. He wears the gold bars of a

38 CONTINUED

38

lieutenant and an expression of acid distaste. Three patrolmen follow him through the knot of onlookers towards the shop.

39 INT: THE ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

39

The fight is over. Without his weapon, Henry Parten lets his rage cool. Still acting affronted, Buddy straightens his cuffs and necktie as he surveys the carnage. Mingo tosses the short neck of the bottle aside, flecks water off his clothes aggrievedly. Hanes and his troops ENTER.

HANES

Okay, let's everybody just hold it right where you are. What's going on?

HENRY PARTEN

(indicating Mingo)

He came in here drunk and attacked me!

Mickey Parten hurries forward from the back.

MICKEY PARTEN

That's right! That's right!  
I saw it!

Buddy shows no interest at all in the proceedings, standing apart and giving his attention to dusting off his clothes.

MINGO

(with disdain)

Shee-it. Ain't no way I attacked him and he still standing up.

HENRY PARTEN

Look what he did! I want him arrested!

MINGO

Me? How about him?

(indicating Henry Parten)

The SOUND of a tremendous crash and shattering of glass from the back room O.S. Argument stops as all turn, startled, to stare at the curtained partition. The SOUND of footsteps over broken glass. Then the curtain is pushed roughly aside, and Ansel COMES OUT of the back room. The look of satisfaction on his

13

39 CONTINUED 39

face is underlined by the merest hint of a smile. He carries the unwrapped package. It is tossed to Buddy.

40 TRUCKING SHOT 40

WITH Buddy. He flips the package to a sour-looking Hanes as he passes him, nods as if in acknowledgement of soundless applause. He makes his way toward the front door of the shop.

By the front door a grinning Barilli shoves the dejected Courier into the arms of a policeman and returns to the cab of the truck.

41 REACTION SHOT - MICKEY PARTEN 41

He stares, confused and unbelieving, at the departing Buddy.

42 REACTION SHOT - HENRY PARTEN 42

He too stares, but with fast building fury.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE 43

As he passes Henry, Buddy throws him a curt nod, and his contempt is plain. Henry's rage erupts and he lunges for Buddy.

Two of the cops grab Henry and restrain him.

HANES  
Hey, hey -- take it easy ...

HENRY PARTEN  
(screaming wildly)  
You bastard! Bastard!

He struggles to get at Buddy but the cops hold him.

44 TRUCKING SHOT 44

Buddy doesn't turn, keeps going, keeps his grin to himself.

45 EXT: ANTIQUES SHOP - DAY 45

WITH Buddy, Mingo, and Ansel as they push through the small crowd to the truck.

46 ANOTHER ANGLE 46

Barilli looks from the cab and grins and STARTS the MOTOR. Buddy and Ansel get in the cab. Mingo steps

46 CONTINUED

46

onto the short running board under the doors, and holds on as the truck pulls away.

CUT TO:

47 INT: STATION COMMANDER'S OFFICE - STATION HOUSE - DAY 47

OPEN CLOSE on the shoe-box size package. It is unwrapped now on the commanding officer's desk, revealing tidy stacks of counterfeit twenty-dollar bills.

GILSON'S VOICE

Right, I'll certainly tell them ...

The ANGLE WIDENS. Assistant Chief Inspector GILSON swivels in his chair behind the desk, talking on the telephone. Hair trimly cut and slicked down, uniform as immaculate as his desk. His name plate gleams in bronze.

GILSON

Yes sir - a good team. First rate.

LIEUTENANT HANES enters. When he sees Gilson is on the phone, he hesitates. Gilson waves him in, and Hanes moves to stand across the desk while Gilson listens to his caller.

GILSON

Well, we're sure going to try ...  
Yes sir, we'll keep in touch.

He replaces the receiver, looks up to Hanes with satisfaction.

GILSON

(he slaps the package  
of banknotes.)  
I couldn't tell this stuff from  
the real thing, could you? We  
really got 'em this time.

Gilson glances up, notes the lieutenant's sour expression.

GILSON

What's the matter with you?

HANES

I don't like it. I don't like  
that way of doing business.

47 CONTINUED

47

GILSON

You're not going to start that stuff again, Hanes.

Hanes draws a breath, gets a grip on his anger.

HANES

Chief, can I ask you a question?

GILSON

You can ask all the questions you want but I don't want to hear any more talk about Manucci's methods.

HANES

Except they're not correct! That's not what cops are supposed to... I mean you start that crap, where do you go?

(very agitated now)

Do you forget about warrants? Do you ... do you start flaking guys? Do you ...

Gilson jabs the package of money with a thick finger.

GILSON

Is that or isn't it the first good collar we made on that pair of mutts in all the time we been looking to drop them? Yes or no.

HANES

... Do you start dragging guys in the back room and kicking the ...

GILSON

Yes or no!

HANES

(not yielding)  
Sure it is, but I ...

GILSON

But nothing! No butts.  
(indicating money)

Those two wise guys are going away. And not for any sixty days. Years! Seven or up!

(he subsides a little)

Manucci's guys ... Manucci's methods ... I don't want to know about them. I don't want to hear it.

(points to telephone)

He's happy, I'm happy. He wants more results, so do I. Okay? Clear?

47 CONTINUED

47

Hanes is grim as he accepts the inevitable.

HANES

Clear.

GILSON

As far as Manucci goes, I want him to keep doing what he's doing. Getting results.

Hanes nods without enthusiasm as he starts out. Gilson hasn't arrived where he is without learning something about how to manipulate subordinates. His tone is suddenly confidential, placating.

GILSON

Jerry, work with him. Go along.

HANES

(the martyr)

Sure.

He EXITS by the main door.

Gilson's eyes flick to the side door.

GILSON

Manucci ... ?

Buddy enters through the side door, carrying two paper cups of coffee, his face as black as the liquid. He wears a t-shirt and casual slacks in sharp contrast to the dandy who trapped the Partens.

BUDDY

(very controlled)

Your coffee, boss ...

Gilson, seeing Buddy's tension, gets up and takes the cup from him, still enjoying slightly his exercise of power over both his men.

GILSON

Hey, relax. You heard what I said.

BUDDY

(rapidly)

If he doesn't like what's going on, let him dig up the shit on the streets! I'll stay in the station house, I'll come to the scene when it's all over, and I'll take them to court ...

47 CONTINUED

47

GILSON

Forget it. Hanes has his job,  
like you have yours ... What  
else is happening?

Buddy cannot forget, and he shows it as he places his coffee on the desk and draws from a hip pocket a folder not much larger than a passport wallet. It is his bible; his record of known and suspected felons who have eluded arrest. Photos are carefully pasted to pages. Opposite each is an arrest record and other vital information in Buddy's neat, careful hand. Buddy turns through the pages.

GILSON

You don't leave that thing  
laying around, do you?

BUDDY

This? This is my life.  
(pauses at an entry)  
The numbers guy ... How  
about I tie a ribbon on him  
and give him to you like a  
present?

47 CONTINUED

47

GILSON

(nodding)

What about the bail bondsman, Festa?

BUDDY

(shaking head)

Still digging into him ...

He stands, obviously wanting to go. Gilson understands, a little contrite that his baiting of Hanes has so disturbed Buddy.

GILSON

Good ... Well, look ... You know where I am ...

Buddy nods reflectively, picks up his empty cup and leaves by the side door.

48 INT: ANNEX STATION COMMANDER'S OFFICE - STATION HOUSE - DAY 48

Buddy crosses the small annex beside Gilson's office, expertly tossing his empty paper cup into the garbage bin beneath a coffee machine. Some filing cabinets and cupboards line the walls.

49 INT: BACK STAIRCASE - STATION HOUSE - DAY 49

Buddy takes the empty stairs two at a time, his face still taut from Hanes attack.

50 INT: SEVEN-UPS ROOM - STATION HOUSE - DAY

A dugout on the front line of a battlefield would have more comfort and facilities than the room where the Seven-Ups gather in the station house.

A couple of greasy mattresses rest on the floor, one of them supporting Barilli. Mingo sits on a broken-backed chair, reading a newspaper. Ansel sits on another, drinking coffee. All three are comfortably dressed now, after their disguises for the Partens.

A chipped table has an aged typewriter on it, and beside it, stands a battered filing cabinet. Flaking institutional paint completes the impoverished impression.

As Buddy ENTERS, Ansel immediately sees his tension.

ANSEL

What'd the Chief say ... ?

BUDDY  
(vehemently)  
That friggin', gutless, no balls  
freehole Hanes ... He's bothering  
the shit out of him about us ...

The other three let Buddy rage, watching him carefully as he paces the small room restlessly.

ANSEL  
(persistantly)  
No beef though ... ?

His sympathetic tone calms Buddy, who realizes with a quick look at his partners, that he is telling them nothing new.

BUDDY  
(shaking head)  
Uh-huh. We carry on ...

The other three show visible satisfaction at the outcome of the argument.

BARILLI  
Tomorrow ... ?

BUDDY  
We'll take tomorrow off ...

Mingo rises and stretches his huge frame.

MINGO  
My skin's getting tight ...

He rubs his huge hands.

MINGO  
... I'm going uptown and have  
me some fun ...

The others grin ruefully.

BUDDY  
(to Mingo)  
Don't get yourself locked up ... !

He looks at the team.

BUDDY  
How's noon sound ... ?

50 CONTINUED

ANSEL

Make it one o'clock ... I'm taking  
my oldest boy to the dentist --  
new braces ...

BUDDY

Great. That's it then ...

His partners file out.

Alone, Buddy looks around the room, which in many ways is the core of his life. He picks up his folder, which he had slapped down in anger, from the table and places it in the inside pocket of his jacket. He empties an overflowing ashtray, and clears a mess of take-out food and wrappings into the garbage. Then he closes the steel door of a cupboard with a television set on its one shelf and locks it with a massive padlock, which he tests before leaving.

A notice on the door reads PRIVATE PROPERTY.

51 INT: CORRIDOR - STATION HOUSE - DAY 51

Buddy locks the door to the Seven-Ups room with the same thoroughness that he secured their locker.

A battered and abused notice on the door reads: KEEP OUT!

52 INT: RESTAURANT - CLOSE - DAY

On a plate. A hand holding a thick wedge of bread mops the last traces of marinara sauce. Over scene, the SOUND of an Italian radio station.

53 FULL SHOT 53

BUDDY sits alone at a large, round table set prominently in the front window looking out on the street. It is late morning, too early for lunch, and he is the only diner. Apart from replenishing his energy, Buddy is also clearly surveying the street and waiting to be seen. He moves his chair even more into the open space of the window. Between finishing his meal, his eyes flicker constantly over the pedestrians and cruising cars outside. He checks the time regularly though surreptitiously on his watch and the one in the restaurant, as though waiting for someone who is late for their date. The restaurant is PATSY's on upper First Avenue, a cavernous, revered, no frills emporium dating back to a time before the projects changed the neighborhood.

- 54 IN b.g., the CHEF looks out from the kitchen, spots Buddy, starts toward him. 54
- 55 Buddy lifts a tea bag out of his cup. Face unlined despite the grey in his hair. Not big, but the muscular energy so compacted in him that he looks constructed. He wears a pullover shirt outside his slacks. The Chef's speech is heavily accented.

CHEF

Okay?

Buddy pushes away his empty plate.

BUDDY

(deadpan)

No. I didn't like it.

He looks at his watch, rises. The Chef wipes a finger across the dry plate, as Buddy's eyes cover the window.

CHEF

That's what I see. No friggin' good at all, right? You ...

He gestures his pretended contempt, starts back toward the kitchen. Buddy grins.

BUDDY

Hey, you got a license for this place?

- 56 The Chef waves him away as he EXITS into the kitchen. 56
- 57 Buddy drops three bills on the check, swallows a gulp of tea, turns and reaches for a jacket hanging on a hook as the ANGLE TIGHTENS. The action lifts his shirt, exposing a holstered revolver protruding from the top of his pants over his hip. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he crosses to the restaurant exit, pulling on his jacket as he goes. 57

57A EXT: FRUIT STAND - DAY

MRS. PUGLIESE is selecting fruit. Thick glasses. Ample body draped in yards of cloth. She sees BUDDY exit restaurant and calls out to him.

MRS. PUGLIESE

Buddy!

BUDDY

Hey, Mrs. Pugliese!

MRS. PUGLIESE

(with zest)

Ah ... Buddy!

57 CONTINUED

57

She clutches his face in both hands and kisses him resoundingly on the lips. Buddy wipes his mouth on the back of his hand and grins bravely, still trying to keep one eye on the activity outside, and hide a simmering impatience.

BUDDY

You look beautiful.

MRS. PUGLIESE

How's Papa?

BUDDY

He's good ... he's all right.

(he escapes out  
the door)

Hey, tell Grace I said to say  
hello.

He EXITS hastily with a wave. HOLD Mrs. Pugliese who calls after him.

MRS. PUGLIESE

When you going to come to see her?

CUT TO:

58 EXT: CITY STREET - TRUCKING WITH BUDDY - DAY 58

As he walks the street, carefully keeping to the edge of the sidewalk, as he continues an unobtrusive search. It is clearly "his" neighborhood, one he knows and is known in.

BARBER'S VOICE (O.S.)

(low, urgent)

Hey, Buddy ...

Buddy looks over his shoulder.

59 NEW ANGLE - THE BARBER 59

A small, grey man. He stands in the doorway of a two-chair shop. He wears a rayon barber's half-smock, unbuttoned at the throat. His manner is furtive as he beckons, then steps back inside.

60 ANGLE THROUGH SHOP DOOR 60

Buddy grins easily as he approaches, and ENTERS the shop.

60A INT. BARBER SHOP- DAY

60A

BUDDY

Hey, how's it going?

The Barber indicates the barber chair.

BARBER

(whisper)

In the chair, get in the chair.

He's overplaying it, enjoying the conspiracy. Buddy dutifully climbs onto the barber chair. From it he can still keep the street under surveillance.

BUDDY

You look good. What's going on?

The Barber whips a sheet around Buddy.

BUDDY

I'm running a little late, you know, so ...

BARBER

You remember the guy you was asking about ... ? When's the last time I seen him?

He speaks into Buddy's ear as he runs a comb through his hair.

BUDDY

Oh ... oh yeah ...

BARBER

He moved to Bath Beach. That's where he's at.

Buddy pretends to find the report deeply significant.

BUDDY

No kidding ...

He starts to pull the sheet off and get down from the chair. The Barber restrains him with a hand on his shoulder, leans close to Buddy's ear.

BARBER

Hey, something's going on.

BUDDY

Yeah? Like what?

60 A CONTINUED

60 A

If anything, the Barber is even more jumpy now. His Adam's apple works up and down. Buddy's eyes stray constantly to the window.

BARBER

All I know is I seen more guns and more jumpy guys in the last couple of weeks than in the last ten years. Something's going on, so watch your step.

Buddy nods as he steps from the chair, digs in his pocket, checks himself in the wall mirror.

BUDDY

Okay. Very good.

He peels two singles from a thin wad, offers them.

BUDDY

Thanks a lot.

The Barber checks quickly to see if anybody's looking, pushes the money away with a frown of protest.

BARBER

What's that, will ya? I'll break your head.

Buddy grins his appreciation, feints a jab.

BUDDY

EXT. BARBER SHOP Take it easy.

60 B BUDDY goes out the door. The Barber milks his moment in the sun. He strolls to the door, elaborately casual, glances cautiously out. Beyond, Buddy gets in his car, which has been parked a little distance ahead. 60 C

CUT TO:

61 INT/EXT: BUDDY'S CAR - CITY STREETS - DAY

61

Buddy cruises the streets, his face and manner showing faint, though controlled impatience as whatever he is seeking remains stubbornly hidden.

Swearing under his breath, he comes to a decision and turns into a main street. He stiffens on seeing Vito leaving a large, old-fashioned Funeral Emporium some distance ahead.

61 CONTINUED

61

Relaxed and satisfied, Buddy winds down his window, hangs an elbow in the space and drifts past Vito. No more than a flicker of secret recognition comes from either as they establish contact.

Buddy parks ahead of Vito and waits patiently.

Within moments, Vito passes Buddy's car and climbs into his own on the opposite side of the street and drives off.

Waiting a few seconds, Buddy starts after Vito, picking him up within a block or two, and following him for a couple more before deliberately turning off at an intersection and continuing in another direction.

62 EXT: BUDDY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

62

Buddy turns off Third Avenue and drives west on 128 Street. He turns into the no man's land under the soaring ramps to the Triboro Bridge.

CUT TO:

63 EXT: UNDER TRIBORO BRIDGE - LOW ANGLE - DAY

63

To emphasize the steel and concrete desolation. An enormous, girdered tower thrusts out of the river near the embankment, lightly bearing its burden of one of the approaches to the bridge. The SOUND of traffic overhead is oddly ominous.

64 ANGLE AT BENCH

64

Vito sits reading a racing form. Buddy's age. Dark good looks. Business suit. Buddy ENTERS silently, behind Vito, and spies the racing form. His lips tighten a trifle. He stands at the rail looking across the river to the police launches on the landing. He looks down into the water.

65 DOWN ANGLE

65

The folling, flotsam-filled water of the river.

BUDDY'S VOICE (O.S.)

I can't believe we used to swim in that shit ... People just don't care anymore ...

66 FULL SHOT - BUDDY AND VITO

66

Buddy looks up and off across the river as Vito guiltily lays aside the racing form.

67 LONG SHOT

67

The lower reaches of Randall's Island. Ward's Island beyond it.

68 ANGLE PAST VITO TO BUDDY

68

Vito looks to make sure they are alone, although knowing Buddy would not have spoken if they had company.

VITO

The Shylock's expanding ...

Buddy turns to the bench.

BUDDY

I told you that.

He moves to the bench, laughs without humor.

BUDDY

Hey, Vito ...

VITO

(defensive)

I thought you told me to ...

BUDDY

What I asked you is to find out what kind of muscle he's using. And who.

69 ANGLE ON VITO

69

He lowers the paper cautiously.

VITO

What've you heard?

The ANGLE EASES to include Buddy. He checks his irritation.

BUDDY

... You've got to give me something more, if my guys are going to believe in you. Something special. Understand what I'm saying?? We've got to look good. We've got to have results ... ..

VITO

(placating)

Okay ... I know ... It's just that I got to watch my step. Like I know you said about nobody can

(MORE)

VITO (contd)  
get my name, you know, about  
me and you, but ... I mean  
they tell me for a few bucks it  
ain't so ...

BUDDY  
Will you relax. I told you  
like a thousand times already.  
Nobody's going to find out. The  
only way anybody's going to know  
about our arrangement is if you  
drop it. You not me. If it was  
up to me, I'd have cut you loose  
a long time ago. I mean, you  
know that ...

He looks calculatingly at Vito, and sees that the last  
ploy worked.

VITO  
(hastily)  
Oh sure ... Don't think that --

BUDDY  
(flatly)  
So what about the shylock.

VITO  
(sulky)  
Do you know his nephew ... ?

BUDDY  
What about him?

VITO  
He's the collector.

BUDDY  
Fuckin' weasel.

He takes his folder out of his pocket, opens it, finds  
the appropriate page. Vito glances at it.

BUDDY  
These fucks. They don't  
know it, but they're finished.  
They're going away, Vito.

VITO  
So what difference will that  
make?

69 CONTINUED

69

Buddy pauses to look at Vito. The question is not one he's prepared to deal with. He smiles a little as if in contempt for Vito's foolishness.

BUDDY

You ...

He slips a folded twenty from the back of the folder, hands it to Vito.

BUDDY

Souvenir for you. You want to hear bells ring? Take it to the bank and ask for change.

Vito takes the bill, examines it with interest. Buddy returns to the notation he was making, completes it.

VITO  
Hey. How'd it go?

BUDDY  
Good. It went good.

VITO  
I didn't steer you so bad, huh?

BUDDY  
Hey, what do you want, a medal?

Vito is stung by Buddy's tone. He looks morosely at the ground.

VITO  
Who said anything about a medal?

BUDDY  
(with irritation to cover  
his pang of conscience)  
Come on ...

VITO  
Put it in the books though, huh?  
For the next time you're reminding  
me what I owe you.

Buddy looks away, controls his annoyance. Now he looks back.

BUDDY  
(acidly)  
Who came to me --

VITO  
(uncomfortably)  
Okay, okay ...

BUDDY  
(remorselessly)  
Who wanted a way out after burying  
a guy with bullet holes and no  
death certificate? And who got  
it -- from me ... ?

Having successfully muzzled Vito, and cut the ground from under him, Buddy lets him relax.

BUDDY  
(mildly)  
How's Rose ...

VITO

(with aggravation)

I don't know. Now they say it's TV.

BUDDY

Aw no. Jesus. I thought they was supposed to have licked that.

VITO

So did I.

BUDDY

Does that mean you and the kids ... I mean is she ... like contagious?

VITO

That's what I'm waiting to find out.

70 ANGLE ON BUDDY

70

He is struck by a sense of injustice. It makes him angry.

BUDDY

Shit ...

He glances to Vito, then away. The anger drains.

BUDDY

You hear anything about wise guys carrying extra artillery?

The ANGLE EASES to INCLUDE Vito. He frowns, exaggerating his innocence and bewilderment.

VITO

Whad ya' mean?

BUDDY

I don't know. I hear something might be going on.

VITO

(elaborately casual)

Yeah? Like what?

Buddy looks at him, annoyed again by the questions.

BUDDY

See what you can pick up.

He looks off.

70 CONTINUED

70

VITO

Sure.

71 ANGLE PAST BENCH

71

Buddy paces to the rail, stands for a moment with his back to the camera, then returns.

BUDDY

Tell Rose ... you know, if there's anything ...

He wants to say more, but doesn't, cannot in fact, controlling his deep emotions as always.

Vito nods glumly before shambling away furtively.

Buddy watches him depart enigmatically. He had played Vito ruthlessly, like a musician practicing scale exercises, like a puppeteer, manipulating him, using him, praising and pressuring him to one end -- submission. And he had won -- as always. It is another side of Buddy, one not seen before, one very different from the determined poseur in the antique shop, the dedicated, impassioned professional lawman before Gilson.

Buddy remains by the bench. He picks up the racing form, crumples it into a ball with sudden anger, and pitches it into the river. Then he starts away in the opposite direction from Vito, not hurrying.

72/75 EXT: PARKING LOT - MIDTOWN - DAY

72/75

Bruno leads Bobby the driver and two other gunmen towards the parked Lincoln of Max Kalish.

BOBBY

(lugubriously)

Tell me again why we got to get the car washed. I didn't, you know, really get that part of it.

He opens the trunk of the Lincoln for Bruno who deposits a black suitcase inside. Bruno sighs resignedly.

BRUNO

What do you want me to tell you, Bobby? All I know is what the guy said on the phone -- one hundred G's in the trunk and get the car washed at the place they told us ...

72/75 CONTINUED

72/75

He points to the suitcase, then slams the trunk closed. Signalling for the other two gunmen to get into a sedan beside the Lincoln, he walks with Bobby to the front passenger seat.

BOBBY

I wonder where we take the money.

He opens the door for Bruno.

BRUNO

Don't worry about it. They'll tell us  
(bitterly)  
like everything else this far ...

He climbs into the Lincoln. Bobby closes the door and gets into the driver's seat.

The car moves off, the sedan following.

76 EXT: CAR WASH - WIDE ANGEL - DAY 76

The Lincoln pulls into the driveway. Bobby at the wheel, Bruno beside him. The sedan swings in right behind with Bruno's two enforcers. PAN TO the entrance of the low building which houses the laundry mechanism. IT IS a narrow shed which traverses the block and, once entered, deposits car and occupants on the next street. An ATTENDANT sits on a folding chair, his feet up, a soft-core porno magazine open in his lap.

77 ANGLE FEATURING BRUNO 77

Alert. Ready for anything.

78 HIS P.C.V. - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD 78

The Attendant gets to his feet. Bored. With hand signals, he directs Bobby to the point where he can latch the Lincoln to the chain belt.

79 ANGLE ON THE ATTENDANT 79

Past him, we see Bruno dig for the car-wash money. The Attendant reaches across Bobby for it. Bruno, expecting the Attendant to say something, doesn't release the money, and for an instant both he and the Attendant have a grip on it.

32

80 REVERSE ANGLE 80

The Attendant looks in at Bruno to see what's wrong.

81 ANGLE ON THE ATTENDANT 81

He withdraws his hand with the money. TILT DOWN as he bends and attaches the chain. The Lincoln starts ahead, drawn by the chain.

82 ANGLE FEATURING BOBBY - MOVING SHOT 82

He raises his eyes to the rearview mirror.

83 ANGLE IN THE MIRROR - MOVING 83

The Attendant is guiding the sedan into position. The image washes out as water cascades over the Lincoln.

84 ANGLE PAST BRUNO AND BOBBY 84

The windows are opaque with soapy water. A huge rotary brush descends on the hood. The SOUND of drive motors.

85 ANGLE OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN 85

The chain has towed the car to a position between two rotary brushes. They massage the car at either end. The noise of their motors overwhelms all other sound. A figure -- Bo -- in a slicker and sou'wester hat crouches in a recess beside the beltway. He reaches up and snaps handcuffs to the back-to-back door handles of the Lincoln.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE 86

The opposite side of the Lincoln. A second figure -- TOLEDANO -- similarly clad, handcuffs the second pair of doors. Keeping low, ignoring the spray of water, he moves around behind the car where he is joined by Bo, who carries a crowbar.

87 ANGLE FROM INSIDE SEDAN 87

The goons strain to see through the water pouring over their car. One cranks down his window, tries to stick his head out, quickly withdraws it, eyes clamped shut against the sting of water and soap.

88 ANGLE AT REAR OF LINCOLN 88

Moving with precision, the slickered figures jam down on the crowbar wedged under the latch. The trunk lid flies open. Bo reaches in and lifts out the suitcase just as the Lincoln is jerked ahead.

- 89 ANGLE ON THE REAR ROTARY BRUSH 89
- Whining, its work done, it rises. TILT UP TO a powerful blower. It activates with the SOUND of rushing air.
- 90 TWO SHOT - BRUNO AND BOBBY - MOVING
- Bruno twists to look behind to the men in the sedan. His expression is startled. He starts to say something, but the words are covered by the noise of the blower. RACK FOCUS. The water blowing off the rear window reveals the raised trunk lid. RESUME FOCUS.
- BRUNO  
(screaming)  
Get out! Get them!
- He grabs his door handle as Bobby, confused, looks back.
- 91 INSERT - HANDCUFFS 91
- Bruno's door opens an inch or two and is stopped by the cuffs.
- 92 ANGLE IN PASSAGEWAY 92
- It parallels the beltway and is joined to it by an open archway. Bo and Tolendano peel off slickers and hats. Their faces are wet. The suitcase is on the ground. Wet.
- 93 ANGLE FAVORING BOBBY - MOVING 93
- This is what he does, what he's good at. Action. While Bruno yells and jams his door in frustration against the handcuffs, Bobby runs down his window, assesses the situation with a glance, starts to climb through the window, grimacing against the blast of air. It's a tight squeeze.
- 94 ANGLE FROM INSIDE SEDAN - MOVING 94
- The rotary brush churns up the windshield. The goons try to peer past it. When it clears enough to see, they react, reach for their door handles.
- 95 EXT: CAR WASH - TRUCKING SHOT 95
- WITH Bo and Toledano as they emerge from the carwash. Walking. Not attracting attention. Bo has the suitcase. ANGLE WIDENS to include a car. Moon at the wheel. He pulls away fast as Bo and Toledano get in. In b.g., the goons run out of the carwash. Wet. They stop and watch as the car EXITS.

96 ANGLE FROM INSIDE LINCOLN - MOVING

96

As it emerges into daylight. Bobby struggles out through his window. Two wipers wait on either side of the car.

BRUNO

Son of a bitch!

Bobby drops to the ground, shoves past a wiper and runs out. The wipers look from him to the handcuffed doors. One jiggles a handcuff with a look of mild admiration. Otherwise, no expression. The other bends to look at Bruno.

BRUNO

What are you looking at?

CUT TO:

97 EXT: SHEA STADIUM PARKING LOT - ANGLE INSIDE CAR - 97  
MOVING - LATE DAY

Bo drives. Max sits in back with Moon. Max's eyes are taped. He hasn't been out of his clothes. He needs a shave.

MOON

This'll do.

98 ANGLE FAVORING MOON

98

As the car stops, Moon reaches across Max and opens the door. He draws a .45 out of his belt, digs the muzzle into Max's side. Max shows his fear.

MOON

So long, big man.

MAX

What're you going to ... ?

It's a rewarding moment for Moon, an opportunity for totally gratuitous terror. His eyes light crazily as he pokes Max hard with the barrel of the gun.

MOON

Last stop, baby.

Max recoils in horror, and Moon takes advantage of the impetus to shove Max out the door.

99 ANGLE OUTSIDE CAR - CLOSE ON MAX

99

as he sprawls on the ground, screaming his fear.

99 CONTINUED

99

MAX

Don't do it, don't do it,  
don't kill me!

The car drives away fast. Max huddles, arms shielding his head. He gets to his knees. He claws at the tape, pulls one strip painfully off. Behind it, his eyes blink doubtfully.

100 HIS P.O.V. 100

A kid brings his chopper bike to a stop, stares.

101 REVERSE ANGLE 101

Max on his knees. Peeled tape hanging from his face.

MAX

Hey ... Hey, c'mere ...

102 ANGLE PAST MAX 102

The kid, horrified, flees on the bike. Max stands stiffly, walks away a few steps, stops, turns uncertainly. A weird figure. PULL BACK to reveal the stadium looming behind acres of empty parking lot.

CUT TO:

103 INT: BOTANICAL GARDENS - DAY 103

Moon moves through the greenhouse, carrying a thickly-folded newspaper.

Moving towards him is Vito.

The two men make a casual rendezvous.

They keep on the move constantly, their eyes alert for the least suspicious sign.

VITO

Did you get it?

103 CONTINUED

103

Vito is a necessary evil to Moon, an affliction to be tolerated but despised. Moon hands Vito a thick envelope, from the cover of the newspaper.

MOON

Ret your fuckin' ass.

Their meeting place, and the reason for their rendezvous forms a paradox, as they begin talking about money against a background of some of the greatest art treasures in the world.

104 CLOSE ON VITO

104

His eyes mirror the excitement that courses through him as he removes a quantity of \$100 bills from the envelope and begins to count them quickly.

105 CLOSE ON MOON

105

watching. His contempt plain.

MOON

You'd have to cut up a shitpot full of stiffs for that, undertaker ...

106 ANGLE TO INCLUDE VITO

106

Vito finishes counting, returns the bills to the envelope.

MOON

You're getting a line on the next one, right?

VITO

Except I was thinking. Maybe we ought to lay off a while. You know ...

MOON

(challenging)  
You're kidding ...

VITO

(protesting)  
No, I mean, you know ... I'm in and everything ...

MOON

Ret your ass you are.

VITO

Only the word's getting around.  
Like ... my guy's starting to  
ask questions, and some of the wise  
guys ... I mean they're really  
getting hot.

Moon's response to this news is a thin, malevolent  
smile.

MOON

Hot, huh? They're going to get  
fuckin' hotter!

He laughs foolishly. The more he thinks about it,  
the more Vito's report gratifies him. Then the  
laugh subsides into a giggle, and finally a grunt  
as his mood alters abruptly.

He levels a finger at Vito and makes no effort to hide  
his contempt. Vito backs off uncomfortably, anxious  
to get away.

MOON

Ain't that right ...?!

Vito, turning to go, tries to laugh good-naturedly,  
but it comes off badly.

VITO

Sounds good to me.

He hesitates awkwardly, trying to return Moon's look,  
but the cold threat is too much for him.

MOON

Bet your ass it does.

106 CONTINUED

106

Vito EXITS without dignity or grace.

CUT TO:

107 INT: UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CITY STREET - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Buddy hurries from the shadow of a doorway and into the back seat of the drawling car. It speeds away immediately.

Ansel drives, with Mingo beside him.

BUDDY

The stool say he seen Fitz?  
Seen him himself?

ANSEL

Way I understand it.

BUDDY

Maybe we're getting lucky.

MINGO

(to Ansel)  
Who is this dude?

ANSEL

Jimmy Fitz. He's the guy's supposed to've shot up that garage in Yonkers. I understand that was some mess. Guys all over the walls.

MINGO

Oh yeah. That hijack thing.  
(to Buddy)  
What's he do, work for Festa?

BUDDY

That's what I want to find out.  
(pointedly)  
And that's why we need him in one piece.  
(a sudden thought)  
Hey, Tight-ass Hanes don't know nothing about this, right?

ANSEL

No. Wrong. He was blowing in my ear when the tip come through.

Buddy registers his annoyance.

BUDDY

Did you tell him where?

107 CONTINUED

107

ANSEL  
 (defensive)  
 What was I going to do,  
 say "Sorry, Lieutenant"?

BUDDY  
 Shit.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

108

A men-only establishment that caters to flab and hangovers. The sign says AL ROON'S HEALTH CLUB FOR MEN. The attractions are enumerated in smaller letters: SWIMMING POOL, GYMNASIUM, MASSAGE, SAUNA & STEAM BATHS, PRIVATE ROOMS. The car approaches, passes and stops in f.g. Buddy gets out.

109 ANGLE ON BROWNSTONE

109

It is across the street from the club. Barilli is there with a FAT MAN who looks uncomfortable. They stand in the small service yard under the steps. Buddy enters to them, nods to Barilli.

BARILLI  
 He says he seen him go in, and  
 he ain't come out.

Buddy pulls the folder from his pocket.

BUDDY  
 Who? Who'd you see?

FAT MAN  
 (a shrug - surly)  
 Jimmy Fitz.

Buddy shows the man a photo in the folder.

BUDDY  
 This him?

FAT MAN  
 (defensive)  
 Yeah.

Buddy snaps the folder closed, nods to Barilli.

Barilli puts an arm around the Fat Man's shoulders, leads him to the steps up to the sidewalk, gives him a friendly pat.

109 CONTINUED

109

BARILLI

Okay. Nice going. Be  
talking to you.

The Fat Man hurries away, head down and tucked into his  
shoulders as though trying to reduce his visibility.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE

110

The car is parked by a hydrant. Buddy and Barilli move  
to it. Ansel and Mingo get out to meet them. Eyes on  
the club.

BUDDY

(to Barilli)

What happens in back?

BARILLI

Nothing.

(points to entrance)

That's the only way in or out.

Buddy is thoughtful a moment. He opens the car door,  
pulls a shotgun from under the seat. The others casually  
close in to shield the weapon. Buddy hands the gun to  
Mingo who slips it deftly under his coat.

BUDDY

Okay.

He leads the way across the street.

111 OMIT

OMIT 111

112 ANGLE AT CLUB ENTRANCE

112

Buddy is the first through the door. The others right behind

113 INT: BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

113

Without hesitating, the four officers turn inside the door  
and head for the health club entrance which is marked by  
signs.

114 SHOT

114

Buddy leads the way along a narrow passage and down a  
flight of stairs. They arrive at a landing. A door on  
the right is closed. Ahead, the stairs are blocked by  
a gate. To the left, an open doorway gives onto a small  
reception area. A curtained recess in the back wall. A  
short counter. Back of it is a telephone switchboard --  
and a crew cut MAN in a T-shirt tight enough to show his

114 CONTINUED

114

muscles. Photos and greeting cards adorn the wall along with a sign limiting the proprietor's responsibility for loss of valuables.

The four cops move into the area, filling it. Mingo withdraws the shotgun from under his coat and immediately checks behind the curtain revealing a cloak room. The Man in the T-shirt looks startled.

MAN IN T-SHIRT

Hey, what th...

BUDDY

Police.

MAN IN T-SHIRT

(pugnacious)

What do you want?

BUDDY

Jimmy Fitz. Where is he?

Barilli starts to move behind the counter.

MAN IN T-SHIRT

Who?

(moves to block Barilli)

Wait a second, you can't ...

BARILLI

(as if indignant)

I can't what!

He jams the heels of his hands hard against the man's shoulders, shoving him back.

115 ANGLE DOWN THE STAIRS

115

A man enters at the bottom as though to start up the stairs. It's FITZ. SOUND of a chair overturning in the reception area at the top of the stairs o.s.

ANSEL'S VOICE

Didn't you hear what he said?

He said where is he?

Alerted by the sounds, Fitz quickly pulls back out of view.

116 SHOT - RECEPTION AREA

116

The man in the T-shirt is trying to keep up a good front, but he's clearly felling the pinch. Buddy grabs the register.

116 CONTINUED

116

MAN IN T-SHIRT

How should I know? What the hell's going on?

ANSEL

(to Buddy)

He's hot. He wouldn't use his name.

Buddy flips the register closed.

BUDDY

(to Barilli)

Stay here.

He moves out. Ansel and Mingo follow.

MAN IN T-SHIRT

What the hell's ...

BARILLI

What's going on? Nothing. We're looking for a guy. Sit down.

117 SHOT

117

Buddy, Mingo and Ansel come down the stairs. On the right at the bottom is a door. Mingo covers it with his shotgun. Buddy tries the door. Locked. They turn, start the other way.

118 SHOT - POOL AREA

118

A man, naked, dives into the pool as the cops enter. Buddy indicates the far end of the pool, and Ansel heads off along the narrow walkway.

Buddy and Mingo move forward, checking curtained stalls on the left. Mingo keeps the shotgun close to his body. Buddy holds his handgun, uses the barrel to poke curtains aside. Both move quickly, but their search is thorough and expert. They cross to changing rooms off the end of the pool, glance into them. A short, sharp whistle from o.s. Buddy turns fast to see.

At the far end of the pool, Ansel points, presumably to a door concealed behind an abutment.

Buddy and Mingo start rapidly the length of the pool. The lone swimmer bobs, pink-cheeked and oblivious.

119 SHOT - LOCKER ROOM VESTIBULE 119

Fitz passes quickly through the vestibule toward the lockers. He is armed. He enters the locker room, unscrews overhead bulbs as he moves down an aisle. One is too hot to twist and remains lit.

120 SHOT - POOL AREA 120

Buddy and Mingo join Ansel at the end of the pool, turn as to pass through a door.

121 SHOT - LOCKER ROOM VESTIBULE 121

The three cops enter carefully. They move in. No one in sight. Buddy pauses at the top of a stairway to look down. Buddy gestures, and Ansel starts down. Mingo moves as if to head for the locker room (in his head he has cast himself as Buddy's protector and prefers to stay close to him), but Buddy catches his sleeve and steers him to the stairs, and Mingo starts obediently down.

Buddy moves with caution into the locker room. He pushes open the top half of a Dutch door. Behind it are shelves with baskets of gym clothes. A row of steel lockers divides the room into two aisles. The first aisle is empty. Buddy moves with care past the row of lockers to peer into the second aisle. No one. He starts down, pauses to look into changing stalls on his left. The CAMERA SLIDES BACK TO the first aisle. Fitz appears from behind the last steel locker and starts forward, not certain where Buddy is, gun ready.

Buddy arrives at the end of the aisle, starts to squeeze past the last locker in order to cross to the other aisle -- just as Fitz did.

Buddy emerges from behind the locker. We could be seeing him from Fitz's p.o.v. If so, Buddy's a dead man.

The aisle as Buddy sees it. Empty.

The vestibule. Fitz slips out by the door through which the cops entered.

Buddy moves up the aisle, again glancing into the changing stalls that line the wall. In one, and ELDERLY MAN in hat, shirt and shoes, fumbles with his pants. He's confused.

MAN

Huh?

(sees the gun)

Oh.

121 CONTINUED

121

BUDDY  
(a finger to his lips)  
We're playing a game.

He pulls the door closed, moves on.

In the vestibule, Mingo and Ansel come up the stairs.  
Buddy enters to them.

ANSEL  
Nothing.

Buddy heads for the door, the others with him.

122 SHOT - THE MAIN STAIRWAY

122

The trio comes up to the landing.

In the reception area, Barilli sits at the switchboard,  
eyes on the sullen T-shirt Man. Buddy looks in.

BUDDY  
Is this the only way out?

MAN IN T-SHIRT  
That's it.

Buddy pulls back onto the landing. He steps to the  
closed doors across the landing, tries the handle, opens  
the door.

123 SHOT - BALCONY OVERLOOKING GYM

123

Buddy moves onto the balcony. It is littered with  
exercise equipment. Ansel and Mingo do not enter. Buddy  
steps to the rail.

The gym is brightly lighted, empty.

Buddy goes out the door.

Buddy returns to the landing where Ansel and Mingo wait.  
Buddy's thought is to go down and look around the gym, and  
he takes a step or two down the stairs, pauses, turns to  
others.

BUDDY  
Cover me from in there.

He points to the doors to the balcony.

124 GYM 124

Fitz enters through the door, slaps a switch which kills the overhead lighting, plunging the gym into near darkness. He starts across the length of the gym.

125 BALCONY OVERLOOKING GYM 125

Mingo and Ansel open the door from the landing and move onto the balcony.

126 ANGLE AT BOTTOM OF STAIRWAY 126

Buddy comes quickly down the stairs.

The door to the gym. Buddy enters, pulls open the door. He registers his surprise at finding the gym in darkness. The light from the entranceway picks out the wall switch. Buddy hefts his revolver, reaches for the switch, pushes it. The lights come on. The gym is empty.

127 GYM 127

Buddy steps into the gym. He signals to Ansel and Mingo, waving them along the balcony. Buddy crosses the gym.

On the balcony, Mingo moves to a door leading to a back stairway to the gym. He opens the door cautiously.

Buddy arrives at the far end of the gym, carefully opens the door, steps in.

In the dimly-lit stairwell. Buddy steps in, hears a noise above. He quickly trains his gun up the stairs.

MINGO'S VOICE

It's me, man.

In a murky recess open to the stairwell, Fitz has pressed himself against the wall, his gun on Buddy o.s. only steps away.

BUDDY'S VOICE

Go on back. I'll meet you around.

Fitz can't shoot Buddy because he can't see Mingo. So he waits.

Buddy goes back out the door into the gym.

Mingo mounts the stairs.

Mingo emerges onto the balcony from where he sees Buddy go out of the gym at the far end.

## 127 CONTINUED

127

The door to the stairwell opens just enough to let Fitz look out. Now he steps into the gym, stops, still under the overhang of the balcony. He knows Mingo is above him, and indeed we see them both. Staying under the overhang, Fitz crosses the gym while Mingo moves across on the balcony directly over him. Fitz exits through a door in the corner. Ansel follows Mingo out.

## 128 BOILER ROOM

128

The roar of flaming oil in the giant furnaces. Fitz quickly traverses the length of the boiler room.

## 129 RUBBING ROOM

129

A guy gets a massage on a rubbing table. Fitz enters. He shields the gun, moves through without attracting attention.

Fitz moves into the area adjacent to the massage room. Marble floor. Urinals. Cubicles along one wall for changing, relaxing. Sheets over the entrances afford a modicum of privacy. A cedar-walled sauna. Fitz looks momentarily uncertain. He checks one of the cubicles. Clothing in it. He goes to a cubicle near the back of the room past the sauna, looks in around the sheet, goes in.

Buddy, Mingo and Ansel enter the rubbing room. They begin their search, Buddy as usual moving ahead, leaving the others to check every place of possible concealment.

Buddy enters the adjacent area. He pokes a sheet out of the way to look into a cubicle.

In his cubicle, Fitz stands pressed against a side partition, revolver aimed chest-high at the sheet.

Buddy approaches Fitz's cubicle.

From inside the cubicle, Buddy's feet show under the sheet. Fitz tightens his finger on the trigger.

Buddy pokes aside the sheet. Fitz squeezes the trigger. The gun misfires. Buddy utters a cry of surprise even as, operating from instinct and reflex, he lunges and swings his gun hand sideways, slamming Fitz's gun arm against the partition. At the same time, he lets his weight carry him into Fitz and drives his knee to Fitz's groin. Fitz screams with pain and pent-up tension.

Ansel and Mingo react.

129 CONTINUED

129

ANSEL  
 (to himself)  
 Hot damn.

He and Mingo rush forward. Startled reactions behind them.

In the cubicle, Buddy has exploded with rage and is battering Fitz against the marble wall, unmindful, in his brush with death, of his own admonition about keeping Fitz in one piece. Mingo and Ansel charge into the scene, and Mingo grabs Buddy and struggles to pull him away, to hold him back.

MINGO  
 Easy, easy man ... cool out ...

At last, Buddy subsides, breathing hard, eyes wild, held by Mingo. Fitz slides off the wall onto the bench. Ansel looks at him with satisfaction.

ANSEL  
 Hello Fitz ...

CUT TO:

130 THE STAIRWAY

130

A short time later. Lieutenant Hanes leads two uniformed patrolmen down the stairs.

130A AREA ADJACENT TO RUBBING ROOM

Fitz is on the floor. He shows the effects of his interrogation. Barilli is there. Onlookers have been removed and doors closed. Mingo props Fitz up as Barilli slaps water on him from a bucket. Fitz sputters and groans. His words are thick through swollen lips.

FITZ  
 What do you want ... ?

BUDDY  
 Who you hijacking the trucks for?

Fitz stares at him and Buddy slaps him hard.

BUDDY  
 Is it Festa?!

Hanes and the two patrolmen enter the rubbing room. Through the door, a small crowd has gathered. The door is closed in their faces by one of the cops.

130A CONTINUED

130A

BUDDY'S VOICE  
Is it Festa?!

Hanes sees the situation at once.

HANES  
(calling sharply across  
the room)  
Manucci!

Ansel, Mingo and Barilli turn to look off to Hanes. Buddy continues to press his attack on Fitz.

BUDDY  
Is it Festa?!

Hanes moves in.

HANES  
(with quiet authority)  
That's enough.

Aware now of Hanes' arrival, Buddy raises his eyes. Bitterness and frustration in them.

BUDDY  
(hoarsely)  
He's going to give me Festa.

CUT TO:

131 EXT: BAIL BONDS OFFICE - DAY

131

Letters on the door read: "FESTA & COLTELLO" - BAIL BONDS

131A INT: BAIL BONDS OFFICE - DAY

131A

FESTA, a man of middle years in a rumpled suit is gathering a sheaf of papers from his desk. His secretary, FAYE -- fat and fifty and myopic -- waits for his instruction.

131 CONTINUED

131

On the plate glass door to the office behind her, and on the windows behind her boss is lettered: FESTA & CASTALDI -- BAIL BONDS.

FAYE

You be gone long, Mr. Festa ... ?

Festa checks the papers in his hand. On the little finger of one of them he sports a large masonic ring.

FESTA

Nah ... Just a minute ...

He bustles from the office.

132 INT: RECEPTION AREA - BAIL BONDS OFFICE - DAY

132

Festa strides out of his office, papers in hand, and indicates for a young neatly-dressed man waiting there, to follow him. He does so.

133 EXT: STREET - BAIL BONDS OFFICE - DAY 133

Festa and the young man emerge from the office and begin to cross the wide street to the Courthouse Building opposite. Festa's sharp eyes and active gait belies the indulgent belly he carries before him.

Ten yards from the office, and on the same side, Moon and Bo wait in their car.

As they see Festa and his companion cross to the Courthouse Building, arm-in-arm in typical Italian fashion, with the bondsman talking animatedly, Bo leaves the car and follows them leisurely.

134 EXT: STEPS - COURTHOUSE BUILDING - DAY 134

Festa and the young man climb the wide stone steps leading up to the Courthouse Building.

Behind them, Bo can be seen keeping a discreet distance.

135 EXT: ENTRANCE - COURTHOUSE BUILDING - DAY 135

At the top of the steps, a UNIFORMED COURT OFFICIAL greets Festa, and they engage in animated conversation.

To one side of the trio, watching them very unobtrusively is Buddy, under the pretense of studying the vast court directory affixed to the main doors of the building.

Festa ends his brief conversation with the Uniformed Court Official, hands him the papers, gives the young man a reassuring pat on the shoulder and begins descending the steps again.

Waiting until the young man and the Uniformed Court Official enter the Courthouse, Buddy lets Festa reach the bottom of the steps before moving after him.

136 EXT: STEPS - COURTHOUSE BUILDING - DAY 136

From half-way down the steps, Buddy uses their height to watch Festa cross the wide street in the direction of his office -- which can be seen clearly despite the steady traffic.

As Festa moves along the sidewalk towards his office, Buddy sees Moon and Bo leave their car and accost the surprised bondsman like plainclothes policemen.

136 CONTINUED

136

Curious and watchful, Buddy moves down the steps slowly, never taking his eyes off the scene on the far side of the street.

137 EXT: STREET - BAIL BOND OFFICE - DAY

137

Moon and Bo, arms firmly under Festa's elbows, are walking him towards their car. Passersby turn to see what's going on.

FESTA

(angrily)

Why in the hell can't it  
wait till --

Moon shoves him nearer the car.

FESTA

Hey, stop shoving me ... !

A UNIFORMED PATROLMAN hearing the commotion moves towards it as Moon and Bo clear their way through the small gathering crowd. Moon opens the rear door of the car.

Festa tries to pull away from them.

FESTA

No. I ain't going no place ...

Moon sees the approaching Patrolman before Bo, who is too preoccupied with the squirming Festa.

PATROLMAN

(to Moon)

You on the job ... ?

MOON

(indicating Festa)

Yeah. He got a little  
excited ...

The Patrolman immediately grabs Festa with a lot of determination.

PATROLMAN

Go on, get in there, you --

He helps bundle the deflated Festa into the back seat of the car.

137 CONTINUED

137

MOON  
 (to Patrolman)  
 Hey, thanks man ...

PATROLMAN  
 All right, let's go ...

He steps into the road, stops an oncoming car, allowing Moon to shoot away smartly in the car.

138 EXT: STREET - COURTHOUSE BUILDING - DAY

138

Buddy, seeing the Patrolman help with Festa, had started hurrying down the steps. But the traffic hinders him in racing across the road, so he arrives too late to stop the car carrying Festa off.

139/ EXT: STREET - BAIL BONDS OFFICE - DAY

139/

144

144

As the car is swallowed up in the other traffic, Buddy shows the Patrolman his identification card.

BUDDY  
 What was going on there ...

He thumbs in the direction of the vanished car.

PATROLMAN  
 (complacently)  
 Two guys wanted to question him downtown, so I helped them along ... !

Buddy turns from him frustratedly.

BUDDY  
 Shit ... !

He hurries to the end of the block, and turns a corner where Ansel waits for him in the Chevelle.

Buddy's angry face speaks volumes ... He slams inside the car.

BUDDY  
 Co-ordination in this city  
 is a fucking shambles ... !

Ansel wisely drives off without questions ...

CUT TO:

145 EXT: SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - MED. LONG SHOT - DAY 145

A nun rides herd on a group of kids, forming them up to march them into the darkly bleak and ancient school.

VITO'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Remember her? She give me such  
a hit I can still feel it when  
I think about it.

BUDDY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
You had it coming.

ZOOM BACK to reveal Vito joining Buddy at a rendezvous,  
and looking through the fence into the playground.

VITO  
Me!? You was the one playing  
grabass with the girls!

146 TRUCKING SHOT 146

Buddy and Vito begin walking, taking their time.

BUDDY  
(urgently)  
Well ... What did you find out ...

Vito deliberately misunderstands the question.

VITO  
You mean the guy in Bath Beach ... ?

BUDDY  
(gloweringly)  
Forget Bath Beach! I'm talking  
about Festa ... ! Any smell  
of him ... ?

VITO  
(uneasily)  
I'm still trying. It's kind  
of risky, is all. Those guys  
are starting to look at me funny.

Buddy stops and looks at him hard.

BUDDY  
I'm going to start looking at  
you funny unless you remember  
how to help me with Festa ... !

He starts walking again. Vito, unsettled by Buddy's  
words, feigns helplessness.

VITO

What'd I say? I'm going to  
find out for you, okay?  
I mean ...

Buddy looks at him aggrievedly. Clearly the meeting  
has been a waste of time.

BUDDY

So why aren't you telling me  
about the Castaldi funeral ... ?

Vito reacts quickly, thrown by the unexpectedness of  
the question, and defensive about its implications.  
He tries to bluster his way out of the fact he had  
forgotten or withheld the knowledge.

VITO

I-I was going to tell you  
about that. Didn't I tell  
you about that yesterday ... ?

BUDDY

(icily)

No, you didn't tell me you were  
burying a relative of Festa's  
partner, tomorrow!

Vito runs for cover by seeking pity.

VITO

Hey Buddy ... Don't think ...  
What with Rose, and the business,  
and covering my ass in case  
those guys wise up ...

BUDDY

Just worry about me kicking  
your ass, okay ... ?

They have reached Vito's car. Buddy relents slightly  
in the face of Vito's abject pleading.

BUDDY

Look, get this straight, get  
this in your head. Understand  
how important it is to me. I  
want Festa. Whatever you dig  
up about him I want to know.  
He left his office yesterday  
and hasn't been seen nowhere  
since then. Why? Okay ... ?

146 CONTINUED

146

Vito nods miserably, seeking to apologize and be forgiven.

VITO

I forgot about putting down  
Castaldi's brother-in-law ...

BUDDY

(grudgingly)

I hope so ... You hear any  
more about that shakedown thing?  
Your pals been talking ... ?

Vito is preparing to enter his car.

147 ANGLE ON VITO

147

He reacts quickly, at once unsettled by the question and defensive about the implication that he is friendly with hoodlums.

VITO

What? Oh, no ... no, I didn't  
hear nothing.

(surly)

'Pals.' Real comedian, ain't  
you?

Buddy extends both forefingers, brings them together alongside each other in a gesture of relationship.

BUDDY

Oh, I'm sorry.

Vito gets into his car.

Buddy gives the merest suspicion of a smile.

BUDDY

What'd the brother-in-law die of?

VITO

(serious)

Uh ... I understand it was liver.

BUDDY

Okay.

Vito taps the car roof twice, looks furtive as though he just exposed himself, then drives rapidly away.

CUT TO:

148 EXT: VITO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

148

A funeral cortege is gathering outside the undertaking emporium owned by Vito -- the one Buddy had passed when searching for him earlier.

While a stream of mourners enter to pay their last respects to the dead and the bereaved family, others mingle with the curious around the beflowered hearse and the six long black limousines parked behind it.

A steady variety of cars constantly bring new arrivals. Double parking is the order of the day.

The weather is cold, damp, dreary as the neighborhood. The waiting throng stamp their feet and slap their arms to keep warm, its breath rising white and sharp against the dark clothes. Some wear black arm-bands.

The voices of Buddy and Berilli are heard over the busy scene, accompanied by the chatter of the waiting crowd on the sidewalk -- much of it very distinct snatches of conversations, with names, places, and events, interspersed with occasional lapses of static, indicating it is being transmitted.

BUDDY'S VOICE (O.S.)

... A burial really brings them out ... !

BERILLI'S VOICE (O.S.)

Respect for the dead is considered very important, you know that ... !

BUDDY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah ... They should show as much for the living ... !

Berilli's chuckle floats over a dark Lincoln depositing two well-dressed men, who stride from the car, receiving nods and greetings from the sidewalk.

BUDDY'S VOICE (O.S.)

There goes Castaldi ... In a hurry ...

Castaldi, tall, spare and silver, leads his companion.

BUDDY'S VOICE (O.S.)

... and Festa's son ...

Festa's son, a younger version of his kidnapped father, vanishes after Castaldi, inside the Funeral Home.

149 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY

149

Buddy and Berilli sit concealed by a window of an apartment which looks down on the funeral from across the street.

BUDDY

Where's his old man ...

BERILLI

(shrugging)

Late maybe -- from springing  
some creep as usual ... ?

Buddy shows his irritation and impatience.

BUDDY

If that weasel doesn't show up ...

BERILLI

(philosophically)

There's one thing for sure. If  
he can walk, he will be down  
at that funeral parlour pronto ...

BUDDY

You check him out like I said ... ?

Berilli gives him an old-fashioned look.

BERILLI

Yeah. I checked like you said.  
I checked the B.C.I. I checked  
the First Precinct, and Manhattan  
South. I even checked my friend  
at the courts. No Festa. No  
charges, no nothing.

BUDDY

For chrissakes! Where in the  
hell could he be ... ?

BERILLI

Did those guys look familiar  
to you at all ...

Buddy shakes his head abstractedly.

BUDDY

Let's keep looking.

Buddy is using binoculars to scan the crowd, while Berilli takes notes and checks the short-wave receiver before him, which is spewing out the animated conversation from the sidewalk below -- the background

chatter which has accompanied their dialogue. The receiver is a pocket-sized example of technological skill.

Take-out food and drink, half consumed, indicate they have been watching for some time. A steam radiator bangs and gurgles beneath the window.

BUDDY

(intently)

Hey ... Get this ...

He adjusts the binoculars slightly for sharper focus.

BUDDY

... Caddy ... Rhode Island  
plates ... eight-seven-six,  
two, nine, one-six ... Two  
guys ...

Through the window, over Buddy's shoulder, two men are seen leaving a flashy Cadillac and going into the funeral home.

BUDDY

... One of them's that enforcer  
from Pittsburgh ... What's his  
name ... ?

Berilli is writing busily. Buddy remains glued to the glasses.

BERILLI

Vascelli ... ?

BUDDY

Yeah ... Good ...

Suddenly the background talk from the sidewalk starts to fade.

Berilli turns up the sound, but the voices below them remain an indistinct murmur.

Buddy lowers the glasses impatiently, looking at the receiver.

BUDDY

Shit ... I told him to stay  
close ... The gadget isn't  
that good!

149 CONTINUED

149

BERILLI

It ain't easy down there ...

He points down at Vito's place, two stories below them. Buddy shrugs, apologizing.

BUDDY

See what Mingo's picking up ...

Berilli picks up a walkie-talkie ...

150 INT: CHEVELLE - FUNERAL STREET - DAY

150

Mingo sits inside the Chevelle, which is parked a little distance from the cortege, and facing it on the same side of the street. He holds a walkie-talkie.

The same low murmur of conversation from the sidewalk comes through the radio under the dashboard.

MINGO

(into the walkie-talkie)

I heard better from the moon ...

He takes a great bite from a monster, triple-decker sandwich, and saturates it in a gulp of whiskey from a hip-bottle.

151 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY

151

The noise of the street crowd rises in volume again.

Berilli is using the glasses now, with Buddy taking notes at the receiver.

BUDDY

(approvingly)

That's our boy ...

BERILLI

Maybe some interference ... He was walking between the limo's ...

Over his shoulder, amidst the gathering below, an unidentifiable uniformed driver can be seen moving from between the cars and standing close to a couple of men talking slightly apart from the rest.

CROWD VOICE ONE (O.S.)

Heard anything yet ... ?

151 CONTINUED

151

CROWD VOICE TWO (O.S.)

A couple of months ...

Berilli looks at Buddy, who gestures for him to watch the speaking couple.

CROWD VOICE ONE (O.S.)

Where from this time ...

CROWD VOICE TWO (O.S.)

Canada ...

From the window, the two men can be seen below conversing with elaborate casualness. The unknown driver remains close. Berilli describes the couple as he watches through the binoculars.

BERILLI

Fatso ... two hundred pounds,  
most of it over his balls.  
Black hair, losing it in front.

Buddy writes rapidly.

BERILLI

Gimpy ... left leg. A stick.  
Five-four, or six. Grey hair.  
About a hundred and forty.  
Aint' seen either before ...

CROWD VOICE ONE (O.S.)

Shall I tip off Henshaw ... ?

CROWD VOICE TWO (O.S.)

Yeah, but make it personal --  
just in case ...

152 EXT: VITO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

152

Fatso and Gimpy part, and the unidentifiable driver turns away. He is Ansel, who moves slowly towards the other five drivers, standing in a group by one of the limousines, trying to keep warm from its running engine.

BERILLIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(exultantly)

Man, that gadget is making life a  
little easier each day ...

152 CONTINUED

152

BUDDY'S VOICE (O.S.)

(sagely)

Uh-uh ... it'll only cut down the  
leg-work ... No Festa yet?

BERILLI

Nope ...

Vito appears by the door of his place, looks over the waiting cars and the flower-decked hearse, checking last minute details. Satisfied, he disappears inside again.

153 INT: CONFERENCE ROOM - FUNERAL HOME - DAY 153

The room is small, airless, dense with tobacco smoke, and the atmosphere is explosive.

Max Kalish wheels away from Castaldi angrily, who sits in one of the plain-ill-matched chairs in the room -- the only furniture.

MAX

(indicating Castaldi;  
heatedly)

'Do nothing' he says. 'Don't  
make trouble.' They're snaking  
us down ... one by one! We  
got trouble ... !

CASTALDI

(sharply)

Who do we beef to ... ? The D.A.?  
We gotta go along.

Festa's son stands beside Castaldi. Opposite them sit two other men. All look disturbed, nervous and edgy.

MAX

(viciously)

Who's talking about complaining?  
I want to break balls!

FESTA'S SON

(vehemently)

Like whose? My father's? It's  
easy for you to talk! You're  
safe. You paid. Why shouldn't  
we ... ?!

Max turns on him, apoplectic. The smooth, complacent receiver of the money from Bruno earlier, is revealing

the ruthless drive which made him successful.

CASTALDI

(to Festa's Son;  
restrainingly)

Hey, cool it. We understand  
your concern ...

His look to Max is one of apology for Festa's Son  
and the words: Max commands respect.

FESTA'S SON

(to Castaldi; subsiding)

Well what's to stop them from  
knocking off my father before  
we get to them ... ?

He still glowers at Max, who doesn't deign to respond.

FIRST MAN

(placatingly)

The kids' not wrong, Max. These  
guys are cops. Blowing them is  
bad for everybody. Bad for  
business ... And who are they  
anyway? Where are they?

His words calm matters a little.

Max looks at the quartet before him, the organizer  
in him deciding upon another tack.

MAX

(more reasonably)

How much for your brother ... ?  
(indicating the  
Second Man)

SECOND MAN

A hundred thousand.

MAX

A hundred thousand. Another  
hundred for me. As much for  
names I can't even mention.  
And now one hundred and fifty  
for Festa --

Castaldi stirs uncomfortably at the words.

CASTALDI

(uneasily)

Those sons of bitches. It's  
a lot of money ...

He avoids looking at Festa's Son. Max takes quick  
advantage of Castaldi's diffidence at parting with  
the money.

MAX

They've got greedy and will stay  
that way. Where're they going  
to stop? If it's not one of us,  
it's going to be our families.

FESTA'S SON

(reluctantly)

Maybe they'll be satisfied now ...

MAX

(contemptuously)

Why should they? It's easy money.  
We'd do the same ... !

The sound of somebody turning the doorknob outside  
startles them.

The First Man immediately reaches for an inside pocket  
and reveals the handle of a gun. Max stays his hand  
and looks knowingly at Castaldi.

MAX

(to Castaldi)

See what I mean? We're going  
crazy, like a bunch of kids doing  
their first job!

FIRST MAN

(irritatedly)

Hey ... knock, in future, huh ... ?

Vito is apologetic in the doorway.

VITO

Sorry ...

(to Castaldi)

It is time ...

Castaldi nods to Vito, then shrugs helplessly at Max,  
indicating the funeral must come first. He moves  
towards the door. Festa's Son looks triumphant,  
and follows him.

154 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 154

Buddy is using the binoculars.

BUDDY

They're breaking up ...

Through the window, the mourners can be seen trooping out onto the sidewalk and making for the limousines and cars.

Berilli stretches gratefully, rubbing his buttocks after sitting for so long.

BERILLI

About time. I figured we'd all be dead before they carried him out!

BUDDY

Maybe they're being paid by the hour to show respect!

Berilli guffaws.

155 EXT: VITO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY 155

As the stream of people mill outside on the sidewalk waiting for cars, Ansel moves amongst them, hoping to pick up further tidbits for his partners.

A WOMAN drops her umbrella as Ansel is about to move behind her. In bending for it, she causes him to stumble over her.

UMBRELLA WOMAN

(apologetically)

Scusi ...

Ansel nods as he straightens from avoiding a fall, then turns away quickly as a faint playback bleep comes from the buckle of his trouser belt under the skirt of his uniform jacket.

The sound is almost inaudible above the noise of the crowd, but it is heard by another DRIVER near Ansel.

His long, faintly puzzled, enigmatic look, bores into the detective's back.

156 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 156

The bleep shrills inside the room despite Berilli's turning of the tuner on the receiver.

156 CONTINUED 156

He shrugs at Buddy and reaches for the walkie-talkie.

157 INT: CHEVELLE - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 157

The bleep has gone. Reception from Ansel is coming through loud and clear on the radio under the dashboard.

MINGO

(into walkie-talkie)

Come through like a bell again,  
man ...

He flicks off the walkie-talkie and attacks a large wedge of apple pie. On the seat beside him are the remnants of the huge pile of food he has consumed during the surveillance.

He starts his second hip-flask of whiskey, but remains as sober as a judge.

158 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 158

The reception from the funeral crowd is also sharp and distinct again inside the small room.

Berilli lays down the walkie-talkie and shrugs at Buddy, who returns the gesture. Neither realizes the implication of the bleep.

BERILLI

Nothing's perfect.

BUDDY

That's why that gismo  
(indicating receiver)  
will always need us ...

BERILLI

You want that in writing ... ?

He ducks as Buddy throws the crust of a sandwich at him.

BUDDY

Freehole ... !

He returns to the glasses, grinning.

159 EXT: VITO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY 159

Bruno, the collector for Max, hurries to the door of the funeral home and beckons for the six drivers to

159 CONTINUED

159

follow him inside.

Ansel brings up the rear of the group as it threads through the thinning bystanders.

BUDDY'S VOICE (O.S.)

They're going for the coffin ...

160 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY

160

Wearily Buddy rubs his strained eyes as he puts down the binoculars.

BARILLI

That it ...?

BUDDY

Guess so. We won't get much from him inside...

In fact, the reception through the receiver is getting fainter and fainter, and then fades altogether.

BARILLI

We following it too ... ?

He has walked over to Buddy, and points down through the window at the funeral procession below.

BUDDY

(flexing)

Not now. We stay in case that freehole Festa shows.

BARILLI

I'll tell Mingo to keep close tabs on it instead, and let our boy know he's not alone ...

He has begun returning to the walkie-talkie beside the now-silent receiver.

161 INT/EXT: CHEVELLE - FUNERAL STREET - DAY

161

Mingo lays aside the walkie-talkie, starts up the Chevelle and eases it away from the gutter, preparatory to following the funeral. Its vehicles too are getting ready to move.

162 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY

162

Buddy and Barilli relax at the window as the coffin is shuffled out of the funeral home on the shoulders of the six drivers. Vito is supervising.

162 CONTINUED

162

From their viewing distance, without the binoculars, the individual faces of the pall-bearers are almost indistinguishable. Three of them in any case are practically unseen as the coffin is turned broadside to the street for sliding onto the bier of the hearse. Neither Castaldi, Max nor Festa's Son follow the coffin.

For all intents and purposes, Ansel is one of the drivers to Buddy and Berilli, who are moving about the room, glancing occasionally out of the window.

BERILLI  
(indicating coffin)  
One less to collar.

BUDDY  
There's always another to take  
his place ...

BERILLI  
Above and below ground ...

They turn from the window and begin collecting their gear, as the hearse drives off, with Vito in it, followed by the first of the limousines.

163 INT: CONFERENCE ROOM - FUNERAL HOME - DAY 163

Ansel is being held from behind by one attacker, who has clamped a hand over his mouth to stop the transmitter being used.

A second attacker is ripping open his tunic and shirt to reveal the tiny antenna and radio strapped across his chest and under one arm.

The third is going through his pockets.

Max, Castaldi and Festa's Son watch impassively.

The microphone and the taped wires are torn from Ansel's chest.

MAX  
(explosively)  
So that's how they know things  
about me even my wife don't know ...

164 INT: CHEVELLE - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 164

Mingo begins to move off, as through the windshield he sees the last of the limousines trundle in line after

164 CONTINUED 164

the hearse. He takes care not to be conspicuous as he threads slowly through the confusion of cars.

165 INT: CONFERENCE ROOM - FUNERAL HOME - DAY 165

A semi-conscious, beaten-up, Ansel has been dumped into one of the chairs in the room. The third attacker of Ansel is handing over his badge and gun to a savage Max Kalish, who approaches the helpless detective.

MAX

You stinking, son-of-a-bitch,  
no-good cop ...

He begins to pistol-whip Ansel savagely.

166 INT/EXT: CHEVELLE - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 166

Mingo drifts past the last limousine in the line, expecting to see Ansel driving.

Its driver, not Ansel, returns Mingo's look curiously, forcing the big Seven-up to act out a mistake.

Slightly surprised by drawing a blank, Mingo closes on the next limousine in line. That too doesn't contain Ansel. Again Mingo pretends a mistake. He begins to get faintly irritated at not locating Ansel.

Mingo continues to drive just slightly faster than the sedate pace of the procession.

167 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 167

Buddy and Berilli are packing up. Their receiver is stuffed by Buddy into his trouser belt.

A vest pocket transistor on the table is reporting sports results.

168 INT: CONFERENCE ROOM - FUNERAL HOME - DAY 168

A buoyant Max stands behind the battered Ansel, holding his hair as he lolls in the chair after the pistol-whipping.

MAX

(forcefully)  
... They want a ransom? We got  
one. Him!!! ...

He thrusts Ansel's face up at them by the hair.

168 CONTINUED

168

Castaldi still looks indecisive. Even Festa's Son shows signs of being on the horns of a dilemma.

MAX

(to Festa's Son)

Your old man could be home today  
-- for nothing. And we could  
sleep nights!

He looks challengingly however at the evasive Castaldi.

There is a long, tense moment as Festa's partner oscillates, before giving Max an almost imperceptible nod.

MAX

(to Third Attacker)

Go get Bruno ...

As the Third Attacker moves away, Festa's Son, his shoulders slumping, looks resigned; he knows his position has been that merely of a stand-in for his father, out of respect. Nothing more.

169 INT/EXT: CHEVELLE - FUNERAL STREET - DAY

169

Having checked the middle two limousines for Ansel, and still drawing a blank, Mingo moves up on the couple behind the hearse. A car blocks his view of the next limousine. Not wanting to arouse suspicion, he lets it pass before increasing speed again. Mingo curses under his breath.

He passes one without seeing Ansel.

He creeps on the leader and with no Ansel in it begins to look puzzled.

Still maintaining a slightly faster speed than the slow-moving procession, he checks the hearse, just in case. When Ansel isn't driving that either, Mingo looks exasperated. In the confusion of weaving through the funeral procession he must have missed Ansel. He shakes his head bemusedly.

Through the windshield he watches the funeral creep past, looking for Ansel, impatient with himself as much as with his comrade. He picks up the walkie-talkie.

170 INT: BASEMENT GARAGE - REAR - FUNERAL HOME - DAY 170

Two of Ansel's attackers are dragging him to Castaldi's

170 CONTINUED 170

Lincoln, whose trunk door is open. Ansel is bound and gagged. Castaldi and Max are behind him.

171 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 171

Buddy is at the walkie-talkie, while Berilli continues to watch the funeral home from the window.

BUDDY

(into walkie-talkie;  
irritatedly)

What do you mean, 'We all look alike?' He's there somewhere ...

172 INT: CHEVELLE - CROSS STREET - DAY 172

Through the windshield the funeral procession can still be seen, creeping past the cross street.

Sighing, Mingo starts up his car again and moves forward to rejoin the procession, laying down the walkie-talkie.

173 INT: APARTMENT - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 173

Berilli is looking down from the window. Buddy is beginning to collect their gear and tidy up the room.

BERILLI

There's still some small time honchos hanging around down there. Muscle for Festa, maybe ... ?

Buddy crosses to the window and looks down.

Three men stand in a small group outside a window of the funeral home.

As Buddy and Berilli continue to watch, a Cadillac pulls up, empty except for its driver. He gets out and joins the trio on the sidewalk.

Buddy and Berilli exchange looks. Then, without a word, they prepare for trouble as they leave the apartment, with their equipment; easing their guns and making sure their clothes will not encumber a quick draw.

174 INT: BASEMENT GARAGE - REAR - FUNERAL HOME - DAY 174

Ansel lies in the trunk, eyes open, conscious now of what is happening.

174 CONTINUED

174

Max slams down the trunk lid and walks Coltello to the front of the car, putting a measuring arm around his shoulders. They are alone in the garage.

MAX

(smoothly)

Now remember. Act natural. Do exactly what they told you. And leave the rest to us ...

An apprehensive Coltello nods dumbly as he climbs in behind the steering wheel.

175 EXT: VITO'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

175

Ansel's three attackers leave the funeral home. They are joined by those on the sidewalk. All enter the Cadillac.

176 EXT: DOORWAY - APARTMENT HOUSE - FUNERAL STREET - DAY 176

From their hiding place, Buddy and Barilli recognize Coltello in his Lincoln, as it comes out of the side alley beside the funeral home. Barilli shows his confusion.

BARILLI

Coltello! How come he ain't going to the cemetery?

Buddy slaps his shoulder and starts running for their Ford. Barilli runs after him. The Cadillac swings in behind the Lincoln.

176A INT: FORD - FUNERAL STREET - DAY

176A

Buddy starts the car and drives off. Barilli has the walkie-talkie in action.

BARILLI

(into walkie-talkie)

Buddy says to get back and cover the funeral home. He wants everybody who comes and goes ...

MINGO'S VOICE

(protestingly)

What about our boy?

Barilli switches over to answer. Before he can, Buddy beats him to it.

BUDDY

(into walkie-talkie yelling)

Forget it! We need that coffin factory covered ... !

177 INT/EXT: FORD - CITY STREETS - DAY 177

A tense game of shadowing begins between the Ford and the gangsters.

Buddy drives watchfully, skillfully using parallel streets at times to avoid discovery.

Once or twice the Cadillac checks to see if the Lincoln is being followed by deliberately taking a side street, before linking up again.

Buddy evades the traps.

BERILLI

(dryly)

Real clever bastards, aren't they ... ?

Buddy nods grimly, too intent upon the shadowing to relax at all ...

178 EXT: MAIN STREET - DAY 178

The Lincoln parks some two blocks from a big car wash, whose neon sign is bold and garish.

Castaldi gets out and goes to the Cadillac which has drawn up behind his car.

He talks urgently to those inside, gesturing occasionally in the direction of the car wash.

179 INT: FORD - MAIN STREET - DAY 179

Through the windshield, a safe distance away, Buddy watches Castaldi and the Cadillac through his binoculars.

180 EXT: MAIN STREET - DAY 180

Castaldi climbs back into his Lincoln and drives towards the car wash.

The Cadillac waits a few minutes then turns off the Main street.

181 INT: FORD - MAIN STREET - DAY 181

The Ford follows the Lincoln discreetly, with Berilli checking that the Cadillac is indeed moving away down the side street.

182 EXT: CAR WASH - DAY 182

At the car wash, Castaldi gets in line behind two cars waiting their turn to go through.

Nearby, the Cadillac deposits two of its men, then drives past the car wash slowly.

183 INT: FORD - CAR WASH - DAY 183

Berilli is hiding in the back of the Ford as Buddy drives it up behind the Lincoln unobtrusively, as though another customer.

He acts a little impatiently, fretting at the slow-moving line as though behind schedule.

The two cars ahead of Castaldi go through the washing machine.

It is obvious to Buddy that Castaldi intends to do the same.

BUDDY

(softly: amazed)

That freehole is going through ...

BERILLI

Better check the exit, huh ... ?

Still putting on his act, Buddy swings out impatiently from the Lincoln, and drives away from the car wash.

184 EXT: EXIT - CAR WASH - DAY 184

Driving around the block, Buddy brings the Ford to a halt facing the exit to the car wash.

Berilli is now beside him again.

185 INT/EXT: LINCOLN - CAR WASH - DAY 185

Castaldi moves his Lincoln into the car wash proper. He is tense, eyeing the scene ahead.

There is no Attendant.

Castaldi sounds his horn.

An ATTENDANT appears and motions Castaldi ahead. The Attendant has hard eyes.

A sense of Ominous foreboding begins to build.

Castaldi's car is chained to the moving belt of the

185 CONTINUED 185

car-washing machinery, with a clang which startles him. He remains constantly alert for anything as water pours over the Lincoln.

186 INT: FORD - EXIT - CAR WASH - DAY 186

Buddy and Berilli observe a couple of GANGSTERS from the Cadillac, one of them one of Ansel's attackers, casually take up positions around the car wash.

187 INT/EXT: LINCOLN - CAR WASH - DAY 187

Gears, rotary brushes, water sprays engulf the Lincoln as it moves through the processes of being washed.

Castaldi's nerves are drawn tight by the entire ordeal.

Water sprays off the lid of the trunk where Ansel lies captured.

188 EXT: EXIT - CAR WASH - DAY 188

As the Lincoln nears the end of the cleansing, it moves into the daylight of the exit.

By it, one of Max's gangsters waits.

Across the street from the exit is a garage. Another man waits there. Both are watching for the slightest sign of the kidnapers.

Both raise their hands in mute question, then shake their heads.

As Castaldi emerges from the washing through, they both shrug negatively.

Through the glistening windows of his car, he shrugs back.

189 INT: FORD - EXIT - CAR WASH - DAY 189

Sunk deep in their seats, Buddy and Berilli watch the developing situation.

190 INT/EXT: LINCOLN - CAR WASH - DAY 190

A CLEAN-UP MAN dries off the Lincoln's headlights. His head is bent low, away from the car, the chamois cloth busy. To Castaldi he could be the contact. However, another figure moves around the car towards Castaldi as it is released from the locking chains

190 CONTINUED

190

of the conveyor belt.

Castaldi starts up the motor, watching the Clean-Up Man.

The Clean-Up Man moves to the panels on the passenger side of the Lincoln. Castaldi looks uncertain.

The figure moves to the driver's door of the Lincoln, and swings it open.

MOON'S VOICE

You want to get out? I'll get  
the inside of the window ...

Castaldi pulls away to make room for the figure to do the job. It is Moon. He jams a heavy .45 into Castaldi's stomach.

MOON

(whispering harshly)  
Nut city man, get out.

Castaldi, in a mixture of anger and shock at a situation he had not expected, doesn't move, misunderstanding Moon's intentions.

CASTALDI

(expostulating)  
Hey ... Relax will you ...  
It's in the trunk.

An impatient car horn beeps from behind at the delay in the Lincoln moving off the car line. Moon sees one of the gangsters begin to move closer from the car exit.

Moon's face under a funky cap shows reckless fury.

MOON

(snarling)  
I said move your ass ... !

He slams Castaldi across the mouth with the .45, thrusting him across the passenger seat, jerks the shift lever, and guns the car forward at a jolting speed.

The Clean-Up Man's face is a study in astonishment.

191 EXT: EXIT - CAR WASH - DAY

191

The Lincoln rockets from the car wash and heads

191 CONTINUED 191

straight forward to the garage entrance across the street.

The gangster supposed to be covering the garage is half-way across the street to the car wash, curious about the hold-up there, when the Lincoln screams past him.

191A Immediately the Lincoln is in the garage, the Latin, 191A Toledano, lounging by the office at the entrance, coolly presses a button which begins closing the garage doors -- wide steel ones that meet together from top and bottom. Toledano disappears inside after accomplishing his task -- a cool craftsman.

Castaldi's defenders run towards the garage but without success. The massive doors are closing like the jaws of a bear-trap, meeting some twelve feet above the sidewalk.

192 INT: FORD - EXIT - CAR WASH - DAY 192

Watching the getaway, Buddy and Berilli are too far away to stop the Lincoln, but Buddy has other ideas as he sees the doors close.

Reversing the Ford without regard to traffic, he backs into a busy street, then charges forward against the stream of traffic in an attempt to get to the rear of the garage.

BUDDY

They'll go out the back ... !

A crazy game of dodgems ensues as Buddy zig-zags towards a side-street behind the garage.

193 INT: GARAGE - DAY 193

The Lincoln screeches to a halt behind a line of parked cars in the far recesses of the cavernous garage.

Bo waits there for his partner at the wheel of their car, its engine running, the door open.

194 INT: FORD - CITY STREET - DAY 194

Sliding, skidding and accelerating, Buddy charges broadside across the hooting, honking traffic, regardless of anybody's safety including his own. Berilli hangs on for dear life.

195 INT: GARAGE - DAY 195

Bo and Moon have backed Castaldi to the trunk where thumps indicate Ansel is trying to communicate. Now Moon carries a riot gun, and Bo the heavy .45.

MOON  
(to Castaldi)  
Open it ...  
(indicating trunk)

The keys shake in Castaldi's terrified hands.

196 INT/EXT: FORD - ANOTHER CITY STREET - DAY 196

Buddy charges across the final lane of the street and into the safety and quiet behind the garage. Two ramps from it lead to the street.

He skids to a halt, for he and Berilli to recover.

197 INT: - GARAGE - DAY 197

The keys fall from Castaldi's nervous hands at the trunk lock.

CASTALDI  
(imploringly)  
I-I can't ... I-I ... please ...

Moon knocks him aside, aims the riot gun at the lock and blasts it. The explosion reverberates.

198 INT/EXT: FORD - REAR - GARAGE - DAY 198

Hearing the gunshot, Buddy accelerates immediately, charging across the street and along one of the two ramps.

199 INT: - GARAGE - DAY 199

The trunk lid has snapped back, smashed, and the bullet-shattered body of Ansel, half-risen in agony, slumps out of the trunk and at the feet of an exultant Moon.

Castaldi takes advantage of the momentary shock and starts to run towards the cover of the parked cars. As he does so, Buddy and Berilli are heard approaching.

MOON  
(to Bo; roaring)  
Get him ...

Moon steps brutally over the bound and gagged and

199 CONTINUED

199

blood-soaked Ansel, and checks quickly that the trunk doesn't contain any money, before sprinting for the car.

Bo draws a bead on the pitiful Castaldi, and drops him with the first shot.

Both kidnapers slam into their car, as Buddy and Berilli tear at them from the far end of the garage.

Turning in a wide, screaming circle, Moon drives towards them, making for one of the two ramps leading out of the garage at the rear, and keeping a line of parked cars between him and the advancing Seven-ups, for cover.

He runs over the fallen body of Castaldi, whose screams echo even above the thundering exhausts of the speeding cars.

Skidding to a stop, Buddy and Berilli gaze in horror for a split second at their mutilated comrade.

Berilli leaps from the car, gun drawn, to see what help he can give Ansel, as Buddy zooms away in pursuit of Moon and Bo.

200 EXT/INT: MOON'S CAR / BUDDY'S CAR - REAR - GARAGE - DAY 200

Moon's car barrels out of the garage as though fired from a gun. Tires screaming protestingly, he swerves to the left, guns the engine afresh, makes another left turn bringing him facing North, and an oncoming stream of traffic on a one-way street.

201 EXT/INT: MOON'S CAR / BUDDY'S CAR - ONE-WAY STREET - DAY 201

Buddy too shoots from the garage and takes the same route to the left as Moon. At the turning onto the one-way street, he hears the protesting horns of the endangered traffic, realizes Moon has gone that way, and enters against the stream of traffic in an effort to find him.

Cursing and gesturing violently, Moon is zig-zagging across the lines of cars in an attempt to escape head-on collisions.

Beside him, Bo is in a state which alternates between petrified horror and total blue funk.

201A

201A

Twisting and turning the steering wheel, Moon mounts the nearside pavement, scrapes a parked car, just misses some stupefied pedestrians, and manages to complete his turn off the one-way street, and into the comparative quiet of a narrower side road, which he realizes too late is a Play Street. A large wooden police barrier bars his way.

Unable and unwilling to stop, Moon crashes through it and speeds down the play street, with a bumper sheared off.

Buddy, in his wake, has managed to evade the snarled-up traffic, by remaining impervious to the honking horns, shouted insults and, in some cases, the debris thrown at him by furious drivers. At the expense of a smashed fender he continues to keep within following distance of the escaping kidnappers.

202

EXT/INT: MOON'S CAR / BUDDY'S CAR - PLAY STREET - DAY

202

As Moon's car surges down the play street, it becomes increasingly clear why the police barrier was up to stop vehicles: dozens of children are playing together at its far end, under the supervision of a nun.

They see the onrushing car and scatter panic-stricken. Moon's car ploughs through their toys, smashing tricycles, flattening balls, and splintering other playthings ruthlessly. Miraculously, none of the children are hurt, but in the carnage left behind, their heartbroken tears bring parents to the scene in anxious inquiry.

The speed and violence of the assault has shattered the nun.

Buddy eases his car through the broken police barrier more sedately, but he too moves after Moon.

Hooting his horn furiously, but taking great care as he passes the children, Buddy loses valuable time. The nun points to him as a patrolman rushes up to her. The policeman orders him to stop, but Buddy is able to accelerate by him before the uniformed man can get out his gun.

Taking a right turn, Buddy catches a flash of Moon's car crossing an intersection ahead. Immediately he takes up the chase once more.

202 CONTINUED 202

Back in the play street, a patrol car, which has been summoned, zooms away in pursuit of Buddy, its siren whining.

203 EXT/INT: MOON'S CAR / BUDDY'S CAR - WASHINGTON BRIDGE AREA - DAY 203

Moon and Bo have relaxed their pace, thinking they have shaken off any pursuit, and unaware they are still being sought.

Searching for them feverishly, Buddy continues in their general direction, with the police car now closing on him.

Buddy is trying without success to contact the police dispatcher on his walkie-talkie to get the patrol car off his tail, but either the wave-lengths are all being used, or the receiver acts up, thwarting him every time. While he is still trying, shots are fired at him from the patrol car.

Swearing and cursing, Buddy increases speed to get out of range.

In Moon's car, both he and Bo are relaxing into relieved laughter. Moon, in particular, is almost maniacal with exultation at what he has accomplished, but curses too every time he thinks of the double-cross by Castaldi. Bo merely sits tight, totally grateful to be alive after the hair-raising events of the last few minutes.

They move up the ramp onto the bridge itself.

Some distance back, Buddy sees them and accelerates once more. He leads the patrol car in and out of traffic, forcing its occupants to concentrate more upon staying upright than at shooting at him.

203A INT/EXT: MOON'S CAR / BUDDY'S CAR - GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY 203A

Charging up the ramp of the bridge, Buddy darts between two trucks, then swings to the outside again. The patrol car tries to follow him, but too late. The trucks close up, and to avoid a multiple crash, the patrol car mounts the pavements, hits a speeding sign, and comes to rest jammed between it and the balustrade of the bridge.

Shouting and gesticulating, its two officers climb from their ruined vehicle.

203A CONTINUED

203A

Suddenly aware they are still being hunted, Moon guns his car afresh and shoots onto the Palisades Parkway, a three-lane highway.

204 EXT/INT: MOON'S CAR / BUDDY'S CAR - PALISADES  
PARKWAY - DAY

204

A high-speed chase begins along the Parkway between the two cars.

Paralleling their race is the background across the Hudson River of the skyline of Manhattan.

Moon spies a Greyhound bus ahead, travelling at 60 m.p.h. along the middle lane of the highway. He zooms in front of it, keeping as close to it as possible. The bus driver honks and waves his fist futilely. Moon will not budge. And nor can the bus, being hemmed in by equally fast-moving traffic all around it.

Thus hidden from Buddy, and knowing he has to come up on either side of them, Moon and Bo prepare a surprise -- the riot gun, which Bo begins loading afresh.

Swerving from one side of the bus to the other, but always keeping in the middle lane, Moon allows Buddy to spot them.

As Buddy crawls along the inside lane, passengers of the bus begin to panic as they realize he is after the car at their nose. The bus-driver tries desperately to move away from both cars, but is locked in inexorably by the traffic.

Buddy's car noses ahead on the inside lane, draws parallel to the speeding Moon, and begins to increase speed to get ahead of the kidnapers.

Bo winds down the window, takes careful aim, and blasts away.

The charge smashes into Buddy's front hood, releasing it so that it springs upright, totally blinding Buddy's vision of the road ahead.

The passengers of the bus grow hysterical. The bus driver terrifiedly struggles to keep his huge vehicle head on and straight in the middle of the lane.

Steering more by instinct than anything else, Buddy uses his side windows to keep parallel in his lane

and slowly loses speed.

Ahead of the bus, Moon and Bo chortle at Buddy's inevitable crash.

But miraculously Buddy doesn't crash. At the speed he is doing, the force of the wind-resistance is so great, that it rips off the engine cowling, allowing him to see clearly again. The twisted and torn metal bounces on the road and luckily onto the grass verge of the Parkway. He takes up the chase once more.

Buddy's car looks more like a stock-race entrant now -- smashed fenders, scraped side panels, and a bumper hanging on by the paint.

Moon's car too shows all the signs of the brutal treatment it has received.

Moon continues to use the bus as cover as Buddy returns to the attack once more.

Buddy's car inches ahead of the bus, and begins to move over to Moon's lane. Locked like the bus into its own lane, Moon's car nevertheless is much smaller. As Buddy advances, Moon slides back along the length of the bus on the outside lane, ignoring the warning honks of the cars behind.

As soon as Buddy moves into his own inside lane again, Moon advances, constantly keeping the bus between him and Buddy as cover and protection.

The cat-and-mouse game continues at high-speed along the three-lane highway, with Buddy cautious constantly of the riot gun.

Inside the bus, the horrified driver can do no more than keep on a straight course. At the speed he is going, any hasty move would have him inevitably crashing into either Moon or Buddy or both. Hysterical confusion runs through the passengers.

The slipstream from the bus plays havoc with both the cars on either side of it.

Moon keeps bouncing off the guard-rail down the middle of the Parkway. Any attempt by him to force the bus over into Buddy's lane and crush him, is thwarted by the huge bulk of the passenger vehicle, and Buddy's car.

Realizing the game can only end one way, Buddy gestures for the pop-eyed bus-driver to go even faster, thus leaving Moon exposed.

Fearfully the bus driver does so, suddenly charging ahead of the antagonists. His passengers are in total shock, screaming, fainting and shouting.

Buddy slowing slightly, allows the silver-grey machine to move over into another lane, thus giving him direct access to Moon. The bus slows to a shuddering halt on the side verge.

Taken by surprise, Moon attempts to repeat his previous tactic with the bus and moves after it. But Buddy is now on his tail.

Like a battering ram, Buddy charges into the kidnappers' car, trying to force it off the road by heading it off. Bo is reduced to an inert wreck watching dazedly the madness around him.

But Buddy's car is far lighter than that of Moon. Instead of stopping the bigger automobile, it becomes inextricably locked with it, by its torn fenders. The front wheels are lifted off the ground, and the entire machine carried forward on its rear wheels only by Moon's impetus.

Exhilarated by excitement and revenge, Moon attempts to smash Buddy clear of him by running him along the guard-rail where there is one, or against trees of the center divider. But the cars are as if welded.

The more Moon tries, the tighter the cars get. Inside his car Buddy tries to shoot Moon, but the riot gun keeps him under cover.

Growing desperate Moon veers over to the nearside lane, and runs up the soft shoulder there. The bump of the different level and surface loosens the enmeshed machinery.

Again and again, Moon tries, until finally, the two cars separate. Moon charges off triumphantly, as Buddy's car grinds and clanks to a halt at the bottom of a low embankment, a total write-off.

Buddy climbs from it, shaken, shattered, and shitless -- like his car.

CUT TO:

205 INT: CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - DAY

205

Berilli and Mingo stand waiting outside the swing doors of some operating theatres situated at the end of a long hospital corridor. Red-lit signs read: OPERATING 1 & 2.

A few paces from them, Buddy waits too, leaning against the wall like his partners, but obviously alone, head bowed, withdrawn into introspection over his part in what has happened to Ansel.

The red lights go off on the doors to the operating theatres.

Castaldi is wheeled out, heavily-bandaged but alive, the oval of his face white and strained inside the plaster cast covering his head. A nurse holds a plasma bottle attached to his arm.

Buddy looks at the unconscious man expressionlessly.

BUDDY

(to Mingo)

Stay with him ...

Mingo understands and follows Castaldi along the corridor, disappearing with him into a side-passage.

A nurse by a telephone desk nearby signals Berilli to take over the call she has just received. Berilli hurries to her.

Buddy folds his arms across his chest, tightly.

Berilli approaches Buddy diffidently, hating to give him the telephone message.

BERILLI

It's ... Janey Ansel ... I  
thought it better ... if ...  
you know ...

He gestures to Buddy, whose grey face tightens. He half-indicates a refusal, then grimly realizes he has to talk to her.

He leaves Berilli at the doors and sits by the telephone, hunched over the receiver.

The doors open by Berilli, and the dead body of Ansel is wheeled out. The battered face is at peace at last.

Berilli's regret and anger at the waste and loss of a comrade is barely repressed as the cot is wheeled by.

He touches the rigid sheet in mute farewell, drawing it over the cold face.

At the far end of the corridor, a small press conference is being held by the Police Chief, his gold braid glinting under the hard white ceiling lights. Gilson and Hanes stand with him as a half-dozen reporters try to glean information. All are too far away to be heard.

The body passes Buddy, still at the telephone. He can hardly look at it.

Beyond Buddy, the press conference at the far end of the corridor has broken up, leaving only the Police Chief with Gilson and Hanes. It is obvious they are being dressed down vehemently. Buddy is too involved to notice, or even try and catch what is being said.

To Berilli, the whole stance of Buddy's back is eloquent testimony to the sympathy and understanding Ansel's wife is receiving from her husband's friend. Berilli looks relieved he doesn't have the task or can hear the words.

Hanes and Gilson, having been left by the Police Chief, are half-way along the corridor, when their dead man goes by them. They stand aside, heads bowed.

Gilson, not knowing to whom Buddy is talking, indicates a quick end to the conversation. Buddy's face shows an instant of savage anger, then he controls himself, gesturing he is nearly finished.

Hanes finds a side room off the corridor, and intimates to Gilson it is empty. As they step inside, Gilson shows Buddy he wants him to follow.

Berilli moves up behind Buddy as the telephone call to Janey Ansel is ended. Buddy's head bows for an instant, before he stands.

BUDDY

Find the Monsignor and get over there.

(indicating telephone)

She's all by herself.

He crosses to the side room as Berilli picks up the telephone.

At the far end of the corridor, the body of Ansel turns the corner and is lost from sight ...

206 INT: SIDE-ROOM - CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - DAY 206

By macabre coincidence, the room Hanes has found is where test specimens are kept -- urine and blood; various organs in formaldehyde; the tools and jars and equipment for such jobs; plus large glass-fronted cases displaying apparatus necessary for major surgery, saws, drills, hammers, gouges, screwdrivers, etc., all highly-chromed.

Diagrams, charts and drawings of the human body, inside and out, decorate the walls.

Gilson is pacing the room when Buddy enters. Hanes has propped himself against a table.

Buddy doesn't need to be told trouble is brewing.

GILSON

(testily)

There's something brewing that those humps downtown never told us about ...

BUDDY

Concerning us ... ?

GILSON

(hard)

Had you heard rumors of shakedowns ... ?

BUDDY

(shrugging)

Some. Nothing you could grab a hold of ... More artillery on the streets ... stuff like that ...

GILSON

(sharply)

Why in the hell didn't you report it ... ?

He is clearly torn between his belief and trust in Buddy and a duty to consider every possibility.

BUDDY

Because you only wanted facts  
-- and results ...

Hanes studies his shining shoes, then looks at Gilson, who nods reluctantly, unable to bring himself to tell Buddy personally.

HANES

(quietly)

A squad from the P.C.'s office has been investigating stories of under-cover police -- 'alleged police' -- going around kidnapping wise guys for ransoms ...

Buddy is rigid with outrage.

BUDDY

You mean they think it's us?! Those fuckin' freeholes ...

GILSON

Hey ... Come on Buddy. What would you think ... ? Where was Ansel's body found -- rest his soul? A lot of people never wanted our outfit formed, you know that. They were against us from the very beginning. The way we did things ...

Buddy looks hard at him.

BUDDY

(tensely)

What do you think, chief ... ?

A long moment ...

GILSON

(irritably)

I think we've got a whole bunch of unanswered questions here ...

Buddy relaxes somewhat: Gilson doesn't want to believe the stories.

BUDDY

We'll find the answers -- give us time ...

GILSON

(sharply)

There is no time --

BUDDY

(pleadingly)

Chief ... Ansel and me ... We were

(MORE)

206 CONTINUED

206

BUDDY (Contd)  
together five years before  
you formed the team. Him and  
me ... You've got to see --

GILSON  
(expostulating)  
We're not to function for the  
time being ...

For a moment, Buddy cannot comprehend the meaning of the words, then realization dawns.

BUDDY  
You mean, we're under house  
arrest. Us ... ?

HANES  
(sympathetically)  
Call it what you like. We're  
all grounded until the investi-  
gation starts next Monday ...

With Ansel's death, even Hanes, that stickler for the rules, feels for Buddy and his partners.

Buddy looks at Gilson for confirmation.

GILSON  
(gruffly)  
It's going to be a full inquiry.  
Internal Affairs are handling  
it ...

BUDDY  
(raging)  
One of our guys got killed, and  
we get investigated ... !

Gilson shrugs a half-apology.

GILSON  
Yeah ... The friggin' roof's  
going to fall on us now ...

Buddy, his mind racing, only half-hears him.

BUDDY  
(furiously)  
Christ ... Monday ... That doesn't  
give us much time ... the creeps.

206 CONTINUED

206

Hanes has been watching him.

HANES  
(challengingly)  
Well then, don't waste it  
around here ...

Buddy's eyes flash from Gilson to Hanes. Both faces remain impassive as they stare back at him blandly.

Buddy doesn't need to have matters spelled out. He strides for the door eagerly, full of battle.

CUT TO:

207 EXT: SHACK - BARGE

- DAY

207

The gleaming chrome blade of the hand-axe, in one crunching slice, completely severs the short log in half. The strength needed to chop that cleanly is clearly considerable. Moon has it.

Sitting on a wooden crate, he repeats the process steadily, piling up firewood for the stove in the shack behind him. Smoke rises from its chimney.

The approaching sound of a car has Moon looking up, not overly friendly. As it is heard stopping, and the door slammed shut, he returns to his chopping.

MOON  
(laconically)  
Thought you said you didn't  
want to come around here ...

The axe separates another piece of wood.

MOON  
... Thought you wanted to keep  
your 'amateur standing' ...

Again the axe chops cleanly.

Vito's anxiety is plain as he moves even closer to Moon from the car.

VITO  
It's all over. The guy in  
the trunk was a cop ...

The axe quivers above Moon's head for a moment, before being driven home into a tree-stump and left there.

MOON

You stupid or something?

Vito shakes his head, pathetically eager, and relieved that the murderous axe has been rested momentarily.

VITO

No. I'm telling you ...  
You kill --

MOON

(contemptuously)  
You know them dudes don't  
holler copper ...

He lifts out the axe with one hand, as the other lines up a piece of boarding. The axe cuts it, cleanly.

Vito leans impatiently over the sitting Moon, as the axe severs another piece of timber.

VITO

(aggressively)  
Hey, Moon, do me a favor.  
Don't tell me what I --

Embedding the axe in the stump, Moon's free hand grabs Vito's lapels and drags his head down to him.

MOON

(lightly: maniacally)  
You say my name one more time,  
and I'll chop you ...

VITO

(rattled)  
Okay ... Okay ... I'm sorry ...  
I wasn't thinking ...

Moon releases him, eases the axe out of the stump and begins sharpening its edge with a whetting stone. The scrape of honing is ominous. Vito wishes he would stop.

VITO

... Listen to what I'm saying.  
The guy you iced was a ... Cop!

He shrugs helplessly, unable to bring himself to reveal his knowledge that the dead man was Buddy's partner.

Moon has not looked up once from sharpening the axe.

The deadly sound of the stone against steel has not ceased.

Moon wets his thumb and checks the edge of the blade. Not satisfied, he resumes honing.

MOON

(unimpressed)

Okay, so he was a cop. What about my garage guy?

VITO

They grabbed him ...

Moon stops sharpening in the middle of a stroke. He betrays for the first time a hint of uneasiness. It is not lost upon the alert Vito.

VITO

What's he know ... ?

Moon considers the implications of the question. What does Toledano know. Too much. Will he tell? Good question.

MOON

(confidently)

Ah ... Don't worry about him!

He resumes refining the edge of the axe. Frustratedly, Vito paces up and down.

VITO

(urgently pleading)

We gotta turn Festa loose ...  
And you gotta ... get lost for  
a while ... get out of town ...

MOON

(softly)

I got to do what ... ?

He doesn't look up, continuing to concentrate upon sharpening the axe, the sound sharp and clear in the cold air.

Vito abandons caution. He stands over the imperturbable Moon.

VITO

(panic-stricken)

For crissakes, look at me! It's over ... finito ... Believe me ...

207 CONTINUED

207

Moon satisfies himself the axe-edge is right before rising. He holds the stone and axe in one hand, and still doesn't look at Vito.

MOON

(sibilantly)

Thought you wanted money .... ?

He towers over Vito, fixing him with cold eyes.

Bo comes out of the shack, and on Moon's gesture, begins collecting the chopped fire wood.

Vito backs off, thoroughly agitated and frightened now. He tightens the scarf around his chilled neck.

VITO

Look. I mean you do what you want. Sure I want more money, but there ain't going to be any on account of my guy ain't going to be giving me any more information. There's no way in the world. He'll want info now, looking for who killed his partner. Right? I mean I'm only telling you. And when he starts lookin' ...

He stops, defeated by the possibility of making them know what he knows about Buddy, who has bested him most of their lives. How can Vito make Moon know about the man they're up against ... ?

Moon is not only unconvinced, he doesn't care. Nothing is going to stop his scheme going on.

Bo shuffles back towards the shack with his arms full of firewood.

MOON

So who is this guy?

VITO

Hey ... That wasn't part of the deal ... !

MOON

We may have to change that deal ... if he comes after me ...

He turns away to the shack, swinging the axe and whetstone in one hand.

207 CONTINUED 207

The soft dry rustle of his last words hang over Vito like a shroud, who realizes what he has done.

208 INT: SHACK - BARGE - DAY 208

Bo dumps his armful of fuel in a corner of the small, bare, dusty shack as Moon closes the door behind them.

Festa sits, bound and frightened on the bare springs of a cot along a windowless wall.

Moon looks at him dispassionately, in a way which leaves no doubt that this is a man who intends to take a life. He slaps the axe against his palm ...

CUT TO:

209 EXT: CIVIL JAIL - DAY 209

Berilli waits anxiously on the steps of the venerable facility on 37th Street. Its name and function are carved in begrimed stone above his head.

Seeing Buddy approach, Berilli gestures a greeting, as they meet on the bottom step, before climbing them together.

BUDDY

Mingo got him ... ?

He indicates the Civil Jail.

BERILLI

(nodding)

Inside ...

Buddy nods tightly as they enter.

210 INT: INTERROGATION ROOM - CIVIL JAIL - DAY 210

The interrogation room is like the conference room at Vito's funeral home -- small, airless, and without windows. One bare bulb sheds a harsh white glare over the battered walls and wooden floor.

The Latin, Toledano, from the garage, stands in the middle of the room as Buddy and Berilli enter. Mingo sits in one of the three chairs nearby.

Berilli locks the steel-covered door with an elaborate care, which is not lost on Toledano. Wary and apprehensive, there is, nevertheless, an elusive dignity, a calmness about the man from the garage.

Nobody says a word. Buddy and Berilli walk round the standing Latin, as though inspecting a side of beef in a butcher's shop. A sense of foreboding begins to mount in the small arena.

Mingo takes a chair to the middle of the room, behind the Latin and thrusts him down into it. At the last second he removes it, pushing Toledano down hard on the unyielding floor, jolting the prisoner's spine.

In one easy movement, Mingo hoists him up again by his collar and dumps him into the chair, properly this time. The Latin sits rigidly.

Still none of the three policemen say a word.

Buddy takes off his jacket slowly, and with care, handing it to Berilli. Then he loosens his tie with the same slow anticipation. All the time they pace slowly around the sitting man, like tigers about to spring.

Buddy rolls up his sleeves, showing brawny arms. From a hip pocket he takes out a blackjack and begins to slap it into his palm. The sound is terrifyingly ominous.

The Latin's eyes flit from one man to the next. His eyes are liquid, but the mouth remains a thin straight line.

Buddy approaches the chair, still slapping the blackjack in a regular, inexorable rhythm.

BUDDY

(to Latin, hard)

We can do this the easy way or  
the hard one ...

He stands over the Latin, the blackjack missing the man's face by a hairsbreadth as it slaps into Buddy's hand.

BUDDY

(to Latin)

... It's up to you ...

He moves to one side of the prisoner, the blackjack whistling past the Latin's ear.

BUDDY

(to Latin)

But understand this ...

He moves to the front of the sitting man, putting his face close, the blackjack still moving against his hand.

BUDDY

(to Latin)

... Before we leave this room,  
you're going to tell us who the  
other guys were in that garage ...

In the long silence which follows the measured cadence of his words, only the blackjack can be heard working against Buddy's hand.

Most men would have broken down by this point under the psychological pressure being exerted, but Toledano remains stubbornly silent.

Mingo suddenly grabs him by the hair, lifting the head, and stretching the neck taut. A huge black hand mashes the lower half of the Latin's face into contorted folds like a rubber doll -- the nose, mouth, cheeks and chin grotesquely squashed together relentlessly.

MINGO

(menacingly)

You dig what he's telling you ...

The Latin looks into Mingo's glaring eyes, then nods. Slowly Mingo releases him, the face regaining its shape, crisscrossed with his finger-marks.

Berilli attempts another tack, winking at Buddy covertly before stepping close to the Latin as Mingo walks away.

BERILLI

(friendly)

Conspiracy ... aiding and abetting  
a kidnapping ... failure to report  
a crime ... murder of a policeman ...

He shakes his head ruefully ...

BERILLI

What hope you got, unless you  
help us ...

He straightens and walks away. He looks at Buddy hopefully, wondering if his ploy has worked.

Toledano looks straight at Buddy then holds out his hands, palms down, extending all ten fingers: nine of them are gnarled and twisted at the joints, swollen, nails split, broken and stunted. Only a little finger is left unmarked.

Buddy stops slapping the blackjack. Perhaps the game he and his pals have been playing will work.

TOLEDANO

(accented; bitterly)

I been picked up before ... I  
didn't tell them nothin' then ...  
And I ain't gonna tell you  
nothin' now ...

All three look at his hands before he drops them.

Buddy looks at his adversary and knows he is speaking the truth.

A glimmer of respect for the man shows on all three faces of the detectives.

Slowly, Buddy, replaces his blackjack in the hip pocket, rolls down his sleeves and rebuttons them. He tightens his tie and takes his jacket from Berilli as all three seven-ups congregate in a corner.

BERILLI

We got to turn Mingo loose on  
him, Buddy ...

MINGO

Let's break that little finger ...

Buddy gestures at the jail around them, as if to say "Here? Now?". Berilli and Mingo retire in defeat as they accept the implication of Buddy's question.

He slips on his jacket, looking thoughtfully at the Latin all the time. His partners are puzzled by his silence.

Buddy's face remains thoughtful, then his eyes glint as an idea begins to formulate.

BUDDY

Come on.

Toledano is left sitting in isolation as they are heard

210 CONTINUED 210

walking away, unlocking the steel door, slamming it closed behind them, and relocking it once more ...

210A ~~EXT. HOSPITAL DRIVE NP-NIGHT-~~ 210A

CUT

211 INT: CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 211

Mingo leads Buddy and Berilli along the hospital corridor where they had waited for Ansel.

They approach from the opposite end to the operating theatres, the end where the press conference had been held. Their walk and faces are as relentless as their determination.

As Mingo leads them off into the side passage where Custaldi had been taken, the nurse on the telephone desk who had motioned Berilli, gives them a smiling nod of recognition.

212 INT: SIDE PASSAGE - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 212

A little distance along the side passage, a young patrolman stands on duty outside a door.

BUDDY  
(to Mingo, softly)  
He going to give us trouble ... ?

MINGO  
(confidently)  
Hell no, I've got him in my pocket ...

213 INT: DOOR - PRIVATE ROOM - SIDE PASSAGE - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 213

The three detectives approach the young patrolman.

MINGO  
Hey feller, my buddies want five minutes inside.

The young patrolman flushes, pleased at the camaraderie.

PATROLMAN  
(awkwardly)  
Sure ...

BUDDY  
Thanks ...

213 CONTINUED

213

He nods discreetly to Mingo to stay outside and cover them before leading Berilli into the room.

214 INT: HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

214

A Nurse is fussing around Castaldi, who lies in bed, still heavily bandaged, and apparently asleep. A tube from a plasma bottle, suspended by the bed, leads into his arm. She checks the plasma bottle.

Buddy and Berilli wait patiently for her to finish.

BERILLI

He's pretty ill, huh ...

NURSE

Very ... This is the tenth today ...

She indicates the plasma bottle ...

BERILLI

(ambiguously)

He's got a lot people worrying.  
about him ...

He points to the shelf by the bed. On it are get well cards and a gift-wrapped package. Buddy's eyes glint, knowing the other meaning of his colleague's words.

NURSE

(admonitory)

Sure has ... Not too long now ...

She leaves them alone.

BUDDY

(to Castaldi, loudly)

You got company --

Castaldi opens his eyes weakly, registers their presence dimly, but says nothing.

BERILLI

Hey, he don't look as bad as  
I thought. What's happening,  
Castaldi ... ?

Castaldi wakes up rapidly, full of apprehension.

CASTALDI

(hoarsely)

What do you want?

214 CONTINUED

214

Buddy pulls up a chair to the bed.

BUDDY

We got some questions for you ...

CASTALDI

I don't know anything. I already told them --

Buddy leans close.

BUDDY

(confidentially)

-- New team.

BERILLI

Just us.

He sits on the edge of the bed, very close to Castaldi's bandaged legs, which hump out of the blankets. Berilli lays a light hand on them.

Castaldi peers down at his feet.

CASTALDI

(fearfully)

I'm hurt. Please leave me alone ...

BUDDY

Like Ansel, weasel ... ?

Berilli riffles through the get well cards, checking names. Then he takes the gift package off the shelf and begins opening it. Buddy watches.

BERILLI

(to Castaldi)

You feel good on account of your girl friend baked you a bunch of cookies and that way you answer a couple of questions and everybody's ...

He has lifted the lid, parted the soft tissue paper packing and glanced inside. What he sees snaps his head as if he has been slapped.

BERILLI

Holy ...

He drops the box onto the bed, which rolls sideways. Out of it bounces a human right hand chopped off at the wrist. On its little finger is Festa's Masonic ring. Jammed between the other fingers is a note.

Buddy jerks up from the chair, wincing.

The hand, still oozing a slight amount of blood, has soaked the tissue paper supporting it, bright red.

BUDDY

Jesus ... !

Berilli, who has stood too, meets Buddy's horrified stare.

BERILLI

Is it real ... ?

Castaldi is in shock from seeing his partner's hand. He rolls in the bed, head thrown back, his breath rasping. His movements cause the hand to move as though still alive. Its seeping stump smears the bed-clothes with blood.

BUDDY

It's real ...

He bends over the hand, his revulsion plain.

BERILLI

What a fucking world, huh ... ?

He takes a closer look. Buddy turns away, repelled by the grisley object. Castaldi's shock has subsided, but he still emits a gagging sound. Buddy forces himself to recover and look at the hand again.

BUDDY

Nick ... put it back in the box.  
And easy don't smudge anything ...

He delicately withdraws the scrap of paper from between the bent, rigid fingers of the severed hand and begins reading it.

Berilli takes a knife and fork from a metal tray beside Castaldi's bed, and begins lifting the hand back into the box.

Buddy's anger on reading the note floods away the remnants of his revulsion. He waves it at the near-incoherent Castaldi.

BUDDY

(to Castaldi)

Read it. Go ahead. You going to stop playing games now? See what it says? 'Festa wanted to shake your hand for what you done to him' ...

Castaldi's eyes burn into the note thrust before him.

CASTALDI

Bastards ...

He turns his head away, lips tight in grief and fear.

Buddy leans over him, his face a mirror of the rage inside.

BUDDY

You cock. You talk to me. Huh? Who killed Ansel? Who dumped him in the trunk? You're going to ride the bolt, you mother ... !

Castaldi doesn't move, his eyes closed tight as if that will somehow make the mounting horror of his situation go away.

Buddy raises his fist as if to smash it into Castaldi's face, and brushes the tube of the plasma bottle. He stops in mid-action, and lowers his fist, his face stern.

BUDDY

(to Berilli, quietly)

You step outside, huh ...

Berilli who has finished putting the hand back in its box, looks at Buddy enigmatically.

BUDDY

(to Berilli)

... And take that thing with you ...

He indicates the bloody box. Without a word, Berilli complies.

Castaldi watches him go in real terror now.

The door closes behind Berilli. Slowly, never taking his eyes off Castaldi's face, Buddy puts his hand on the plasma tube.

BUDDY

So long, Castaldi ...

Stagnated cries come from Castaldi. He has trouble breathing again.

CASTALDI

Hey ... what are you ... I'm dying ... Don't do ... You're going to kill me ... For the love of God ... Help me ...

Buddy pulls the plasma tube out of Castaldi's arm.

BUDDY

Help yourself. Talk. Otherwise you are going to die, Castaldi. In a basement. On a slab. Who killed Ansel ... ?

Like the hand, the plasma tube in Buddy's fingers, begins to drip its fluid on the bed covers.

CASTALDI

(piteously)

Don't let me die ...

BUDDY

(relentlessly)

I'm going to flush your life down the toilet, Castaldi ... Just like my partner's ...

The plasma tube continues to drip away, staining the bedclothes further.

CASTALDI

Leave me alone ... Please ...

He is close to tears ... Buddy waits, choosing exactly the right moment to suggest a deal.

BUDDY

Tell me about him, and I'll leave you alone ...

Castaldi's face shows a glimmer of hope, uncertain but growing. Buddy watches him.

BUDDY

You're wasting time ...

214 CONTINUED

214

He holds up the dripping plasma feed. Castaldi panics.

CASTALDI

Max... It was his idea... !

BUDDY

Max who... ?

CASTALDI

(frantically)

Kalish ... Max Kalish

He moans as Buddy replaces the plasma pipe under the band aid of his arm and into the vein once more ...

215 EXT: CAR - KALISH RESIDENCE - RIVERDALE - NIGHT

215

The big black car parked outside Max Kalish's house has its lights off.

It appears empty under the discreet overhead lighting of the expensive street.

Behind the car, Kalish's house is closeted in sleep, like the other detached residences stretching each side of it.

216 INT: CAR - KALISH RESIDENCE - RIVERDALE - NIGHT

216

Inside the car, two bodyguards are on watch, slumped below the level of the dashboard. They are huddled in heavy overcoats against the winter night. Both are smoking; the air is heavy with fumes.

Bodyguard Two, in the passenger seat, stubs his cigarette into an almost overflowing ash-tray.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED

216

Bodyguard One flicks on the dashboard lights. The clock shows 2 a.m.

BODYGUARD ONE

(wearily)

Jesus ... !

As he turns off the lights, his partner slides out the ash-tray, unlocks his door and empties the cigarette butts into the gutter.

The muzzle of a big hand-gun slides over the tray, up his arm and confronts both men, who look bitter.

BERILLI'S VOICE

(grating)

Do nothing ... huh ... ?

Both men do exactly what they are told.

Berilli opens the door wider, leans in, unlatches the back one and slides onto the rear seat. The gun in his hand doesn't waver.

BERILLI

(to Bodyguard Two)

Close it ...

(indicating front door)

The passenger door is closed. Berilli does the same at the rear.

BERILLI

(to Bodyguard One)

Now dip your lights -- once ...

Bodyguard One does so ...

217 EXT: KALISH STREET - NIGHT

217

As the headlights of the black car flicker once, Buddy and Mingo emerge from the cover of some shrubbery across the street, and heads for Kalish's house.

218 EXT: KALISH RESIDENCE - NIGHT

218

Buddy and Mingo stride up the slope of the raised lawn, across its carefully-tended surface and stop by the front door. They pass the elaborate mail-box with its name: KALISH.

218 CONTINUED 218

Mingo sticks a small suction pad on the ornate stained glass of the door by the lock and cuts out a circle of it with a cutter, then easily bends away the leaded frame of the piece and slips his arm through to disengage the chain on the inside and the lock itself.

In a second, both men slip silently inside, leaving the front door slightly ajar.

219 INT: KALISH RESIDENCE - NIGHT 219

Tensely Buddy and Mingo survey the ground floor before crossing to a flight of stairs leading up to an overhanging balcony. Nothing stirs in the house as they climb the stairs.

220 INT: CAR - KALISH RESIDENCE - RIVERDALE - NIGHT 220

Berilli has forced the two bodyguards to lie prone across the front seats of the car.

Bodyguard One is jammed under the steering wheel and across the transmission housing, while Bodyguard Two is spread the opposite way.

Beside Berilli, on the back seat, are their guns. He smokes contentedly, his gun resting across his knees and pointing directly through the front seats at the two captives.

221 INT: BALCONY - KALISH RESIDENCE - NIGHT 221

Mingo and Buddy are quietly closing one of the doors leading off the balcony.

They move to a larger pair, at the end of the balustrade. Their figures are silhouetted in the dim light.

Gold handles match the filigree gold leaf around the locks and white-painted wooden panels.

Alert for the slightest move, Buddy and Mingo take a handle each and turn them. Only Buddy's gives, opening inward to reveal a bedroom beyond.

They enter, once again leaving the bedroom door ajar.

222 INT: BEDROOM - KALISH RESIDENCE - NIGHT 222

Max Kalish and his wife Sara lie asleep in an ornate bed, which faces windows looking out onto their garden.

Faint moonlight indicates the expensive ostentation of the decor. The bed itself is a king-size in pink satin, which is echoed in the bed board, and the occasional tables on either side of them.

Making sure they are alone, Buddy and Mingo approach the sleeping couple.

Taking care not to wake the Kalish's, the two men tuck the loose blankets firmly beneath the mattress, thus imprisoning the couple under their bedclothes.

Finding an adjustable bedside lamp beside Kalish himself, Buddy aims it at the sleeping man's eyes. Sara Kalish sleeps in grease and hairnet.

On Buddy's nod, Mingo raises a small vase of flowers beside Sara Kalish, and holds it over her husband's snoring face. His free hand, like Buddy's, grips one of the pillows.

Buddy's other hand is poised over the light switch.

BUDDY

(tersely)

Now ... !

As the light beam strikes Kalish's face, Mingo pours the flower water over him. Simultaneously, both detectives pull out the pillows. The one under Kalish hides a gun. The Kalish's drop backwards, and awake into a nightmare, instead of from one. Their anguished cries of terror are blocked in their mouths by the hands of Buddy and Mingo.

Sara Kalish begins to shake uncontrollably beneath the tightly stretched sheets as she gazes up into the fearsome visage of Mingo. Equally, Max realizes their danger as Buddy's intense eyes burn into his own.

Kalish's gun is kicked under the bed by Buddy.

Beyond the beam of the light on Kalish's face, which is still flecked with water, all is darkness.

Buddy tries to take instant advantage of the terror he has deliberately created.

BUDDY

(hard)

Who else got the shakedown, Max  
-- apart from Festa, Roszak ...  
and YOU!?

222 CONTINUED

222

Kalish begins struggling violently under the imprisoning blankets, his eyes bulging, the face above Buddy's hand growing mottled and contorted.

Mingo smashes the flower vase he is still holding against the bedside table beside him, and then holds the jagged base near Sara Kalish's face. Her husband quiets immediately.

The nightmare for the Kalish's continues. Their eyes dart from Buddy to Mingo ceaselessly.

BUDDY  
(relentlessly)  
Either of you squawk -- the  
other gets it ...

Very slowly, Mingo and Buddy take their hands from the mouths of the Kalish's.

KALISH  
(hoarsely)  
You sons of bitches ... ! You  
leave my family out of this ... !

Sara Kalish moans softly, still shuddering from shock.

BUDDY  
(to Mingo)  
Take her into the spare room ...

Mingo drops the smashed vase onto the bed, sweeps back the bedclothes around Sara Kalish and with one arm lifts her out and onto her feet.

His bulk towers over her. She clutches the flimsy nightgown tangled about her even closer, revealing a meaty body which massage and the beauty shop has kept in a voluptuous shape.

She is still in a state of total terror, almost uncomprehending what is happening to her.

BUDDY  
(coldly)  
Use this -- if you have to ...

He hands Mingo the blackjack from his hip pocket.

SARA  
(imploringly)  
Maxie ... Maxie ...

222 CONTINUED

222

Kalish slumps into the bed again, suddenly aged, but his lips are set tight. He shakes water and sweat from his face.

Sara begins to moan again, almost in a sing-song. The sound begins to rise. Mingo clamps a hand over her mouth again, and begins to drag out her inert body.

BUDDY

(softly)

One of you is going to pay for Ansel, so we might as well start with her ...

Max looks at his pitiless face. There is no doubt that Buddy means every word he said. Max is beaten, and knows it.

MAX

(brokenly)

Okay ...

Eyes glittering with triumph, Buddy rips back the covers from Kalish, and is scarcely able to control a start of surprise.

In his first fright, Kalish had urinated in his costly silk pyjamas ...

At Buddy's discovery, Kalish turns his head away in shame.

CUT TO:

223 INT: WHITE TOWER

-- NIGHT

223

Buddy stands in a telephone booth, the receiver to his ear waiting for a call to be answered. The ringing tone is the only sound, loud and clear and insistent.

Beyond him, by the curbside, Berilli and Mingo wait in the car.

On the shelf in front of Buddy lies his folder of photographs. Beside it, on a piece of Kalish's headed notepaper is a hastily-scrawled list: It reads: ROGGERO, ROSZAK, KALISH, FESTA, etc.

As he waits, Buddy's fingers turn over the photographs of the named men.

223 CONTINUED

223

But he is staring unblinkingly through the windows of the booth. In their reflection, his face is a mixture of pain and rage, inflamed by the awful knowledge of betrayal.

Almost instinctively, his fingers begin to crush the list. Then he restrains himself, looks down at it again, and begins to smooth out its creases while he continues to wait for his call to be answered.

224 OMITTED

OMITTED 224

225 OMITTED

OMITTED 225

226 EXT: THIRD AVENUE TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

226

Buddy sits on the same bench as before. Vito hurries forward and stands facing him, a foot on the bench.

227 ANGLE ON THE BENCH

227

As usual in these situations, Vito is tight with anxiety. Buddy is attentive to Vito's every nuance. He keeps his manner normal only with effort.

VITO

(panting slightly)

I hustled quick as I could.  
Everything okay? You don't  
usually call me at home ...

BUDDY

Everything's lousy.

VITO

You mean on account of the cop  
getting killed? Yeah, I read.  
You ... uh ... you on that now?



232 CONTINUED

232

BUDDY

I thought you said you read about it.

VITO

(hastening to recoup)

I did read about it, but I didn't see nothing about ... Hold it. Was he the ... He was the garage guy, right?

BUDDY

It'd be good if you could find out about him. Who he sees, places he hangs, like that. He'd done some time. Find out if he's still seeing anybody he was in jail with.

VITO

Yeah, sure ... I mean, you know, I'll see what I can do.

Buddy pats Vito's leg.

BUDDY

That'll be good.

Vito takes a seat beside Buddy. Vito feels better now.

VITO

Toledano, huh?

233 thru 236 omitted

omitted 233 - 2

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237 ANGLE ON THE BENCH - BUDDY AND VITO

237

BUDDY

We did lock him up, but the  
D.A.'s cutting him loose in the  
morning.

VITO

He didn't know much, huh?

BUDDY

He knows it all ... including  
what he don't have to tell the  
D.A.

(a thin smile  
takes shape)

Now what he's going to have to  
tell us ... that's a whole  
different story.

Vito is nervous again, and he stands.

BUDDY

Hey, Vito, that's ... you know,  
just between you and I, right?

238 ANGLE ON VITO

238

VITO

(a weak smile)  
Come on, will you.

Buddy grins, punches Vito lightly.

BUDDY

Let's keep it in Manhattan, huh?

VITO

(with indignation)  
Will you cut ... I mean who you  
talking to?!

BUDDY

Call me at the precinct as soon  
as you got something.

VITO

(sulking)  
Jesus ...

239 ANGLE ON BUDDY

239

There's a trace of derision in his smile and tone.

BUDDY

Go ahead.

(beat)

Love home, huh?

240 ANGLE ON VITO

240

He turns away to leave. His eyes are troubled. He turns back, manifestly uneasy, searching for the courage to say what he wants to say.

VITO

Hey Bud ... ?

Buddy's laugh is short, scornful.

BUDDY

Vito, I told you. You got nothing to worry about. Nobody's going to find out, okay? Go on home.

For Vito, the moment is gone. His resolve has vanished.

VITO

Okay. Thanks. Take it easy.

He turns and hurries away.

241 OMITTED

241 OMITTED

242 MED. LONG SHOT - BENCH

242

Buddy sits.

243 THROUGH 256 - OMITTED

OMITTED - 243 THROUGH 256

257 EXT: CIVIL JAIL - DAY  
MED LONG SHOT

257

The decaying, clay-red building is a vestigial reminder of less turbulent times. A figure EMERGES. It appears to be Toledano. Same clothing. Similar moustache and long sideburns. Characteristic slouching gait. He stands at the top of the steps that lead to the sidewalk, blinking uncertainly in the early morning sun.

258 INT: CAR  
CLOSE ON A PISTOL

258

Held in a man's hand. The hand in a lamp. TILT UP. The man is Mingo. He sits slumped low behind the wheel of the parked car. He pretends to nap, but his eyes are on the jail across the street. The ANGLE ADJUSTS TO "Toledano." He comes down the steps.

259 ANGLE ON THE STREET

259

A taxi turns into the street in b.g., and approaches. "Toledano" flags it, and the cab stops. "Toledano" gets in.

260 INT: TAXI  
ANGLE ON THE BACK OF THE DRIVER'S HEAD

260

He turns. It is Barilli.

BARILLI  
Nothing, huh?

261 REVERSE ANGLE

261

The figure in back is Buddy disguised to look like Toledano. Tense.

BUDDY

Not yet. Let's go.

He sinks back against the cushions, twists to look out the rear window.

262 WIDE ANGLE ON THE TAXI

262

Berilli turns to the front and drives the cab away. PAN TO the parking lot across the street from the jail. Mingo comes to life, drives out of the lot fast, the tires are leaving rubber on the pavement. The car barrels away after the taxi.

CUT TO:

263 INT: PROJECT LOBBY - MOVING (SUBJECTIVE) - DAY 263

A uniformed security guard sits at a table. He is reading El Diario. He glances up, nods. We move past him, carefully skirting the action in the lobby. A woman with a shopping cart. A couple of tough youths. A black man who from the back could be Moon but isn't. The CAMERA MOVES to a bank of mail boxes built into a wall. Beside it, rows of black buttons flanking slots with names and apartment numbers. Buddy's finger flicks down the slots, stops at TOLEDANO - 4G. Now the CAMERA MOVES TO a brace of elevators. Buddy's finger punches the "up" button. TILT UP TO the indicator above an elevator door. The numbers are in sequence from B to 8. "B" is lighted. Now "B" is extinguished and "L" lights. TILT DOWN TO the doors. PUSH IN as they start to open. STOP when a man is revealed inside the elevator. He eyes the camera. Menacing. No recognition. MOVE IN TO the elevator. The CAMERA SWINGS around, and Buddy's finger pushes the control button marked "4". SLOWLY PAN TO the man. O.S., the SOUND of the doors sliding closed.

CUT TO:

264 INT: PROJECT CORRIDOR - DAY

264

The elevator doors open. Buddy steps out, watched sullenly by the man. The doors close. TRUCK as Buddy starts along the corridor. He stops outside a door marked "4G." SOUND of Latin music from an apartment. Loud. Buddy cautiously tries the door.

264 CONTINUED 264

Locked. He draws his revolver, steps back, kicks the door hard. It flies open, and Buddy quickly steps back out of view. No one visible through the doorway. Buddy looks in, pistol ready.

265 INT: TOLEDANO'S APARTMENT - DAY 265

Buddy COMES IN, swings the door closed behind him. He glances in the kitchenette, goes to the bedroom, looks in, then to the bath. Nothing. Buddy checks the eyeline from the window, taking care not to present a target. He steps to sagging card table, takes a police two-way radio from under his shirt, places it on the table, puts his gun beside it, takes a chair facing the door, settles down to wait.

CUT TO:

266 EXT: PROJECT ROOF - WIDE ANGLE - DAY 266

Mingo is there, pacing near the low wall at the edge of the roof, collar turned up, plainly feeling the chill. A carbine leans against the wall.

267 INT: PROJECT STAIRWELL - DAY 267

Berilli stands on the stairs, eyes at the level of the corridor from where he commands a view of the door to Toledano's apartment.

268 EXT: STREET - DAY 268

The taxi is parked within sight of the project entrance. Berilli stands by the cab. Eyes alert. He's up, ready.

CUT TO:

269 INT: TOLEDANO'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 269

Time has passed. Buddy stands over the sink, palming cold water from the tap and wiping his face with his hand. The radio is on the toilet tank.

BERILLI'S VOICE

(filtered)

Couple cats just got off the elevator. Checking doors.

Buddy turns off the tap, grabs the radio, moves quickly to the front room, CAMERA with him.

269 CONTINUED

269

BUDDY  
 (into radio -- low)  
 Okay.

Buddy picks up his gun, moves out of the way of the door, watches the handle for any sign of movement.

## QUICK CUTS

270 A. Berilli. Beside the cab. Looking off. 270  
 Now he looks to the roof.

271 B. Mingo. Carbine under his arm. Radio to 271  
 his ear. He looks over the side.

272 INT: TOLEDANO'S APARTMENT - BUDDY - DAY 272

He slowly lets the tension ease. He goes to the table, reaches for the radio but keeps his eyes on the door.

MINGO'S VOICE  
 (filtered)  
 Hey Buddy ...

BUDDY  
 (into radio)  
 What's happening?

MINGO'S VOICE  
 (filtered)  
 They gone.

Buddy shows his disappointment. He sinks onto the chair.

BUDDY  
 Okay. Anything else ... ?

BERILLI'S VOICE  
 (filtered -- sour)  
 Nah ...

BUDDY  
 Mingo ... ?

MINGO'S VOICE  
 (filtered)  
 Nothin' ...

272 CONTINUED 272

Buddy pushes the radio aside. He wipes his face with a handkerchief, settles his arms on the table, resumes his vigil.

273 INT: PROJECT STAIRWELL - DAY 273

Berilli has moved back to the stairwell, staring straight ahead as if willing Toledano's door knob to turn. But it doesn't.

CUT TO:

274 EXT: PROJECT ROOF - DAY 274

Mingo sits with his back to a wall, in shadow now. He looks thoroughly chilled. The carbine is in his lap. He speaks into his radio.

MINGO

It ain't even Memphis up here,  
man. How long we going to give  
these dudes to get on the case?

275 INT: PROJECT STAIRWELL - DAY 275

Berilli reclines on the stairs, collar buttoned to the throat, one hand in his pocket. He puts the radio to his mouth.

BERILLI

Hey Bud, what do you say? I  
mean it's six hours already.  
This ain't Miami down here.

276 INT: TOLEDANO'S APARTMENT - DAY 276

Buddy still sits facing the door, his weariness evident.

MINGO'S VOICE

(filtered)  
They peeped our game, man ... ?

BERILLI'S VOICE

(filtered)  
Either that, or they never got  
the message. How about it, Buddy?

Buddy picks up his radio. He hesitates, reluctant to acknowledge defeat even as he knows it is useless to go on waiting.

276 CONTINUED

276

BUDDY

Mingo.

MINGO'S VOICE

(filtered)

Yeah.

BUDDY

I'm going out. Cover me.

BERILLI'S VOICE

(filtered)

How about I give you five minutes,  
then swing past the front?

BUDDY

I'll be there.

He rises, holsters his gun, tucks the radio under his shirt. He stands staring, suddenly smashes the table with his fist in an explosion of frustration.

CUT TO:

277 EXT: PROJECT - DAY  
MED LONG SHOT

277

Buddy COMES OUT of the project, negotiates the walk to the street. The ANGLE SLIGHTLY ADJUSTS, and now Moon is in f.g., eyes on Buddy. He stands amidst battered garbage cans under the stairs that lead up to the front door of a ramshackle brownstone. Now he takes careful aim at Buddy across the street. Buddy steps OUT into the street and looks o.s. in the direction from which Berilli will appear.

278 INT: PARKED CAR

278

Bo sits in the car, watching Moon draw his bead on Buddy o.s.

279 ANGLE ON TAXI

279

Berilli, only a half a block away, is trying to squeeze the cab past a double-parked truck.

280 UP ANGLE - LONG

280

On the project roof, Mingo is aiming the carbine. He FIRES.

119

281 ANGLE ON MOON 281

Mingo's round WHINES as it rocochets off the wrought iron rail in front of Moon. Moon throws an arm up, drops to his knees.

282 ANGLE ON BUDDY 282

Alerted by the SOUND of the shot, but still uncertain, he draws his gun, falls back and kneels next to a parked car, looking frantically for an indication of where the danger lies. Pedestrians flee in confusion.

283 ANGLE PAST BO 283

THROUGH the windshield TO Buddy. Bo jams the car in ger and ROARS OUT.

284 ANGLE ON BERILLI 284

He APPEARS from between parked cars only yards in front of the on-rushing car. His revolver is out and he is FIRING, FIRING.

285 ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD 285

For a subliminal instant, Berilli is there, huge and getting bigger. Then the windshield shatters, Bo curses and hits the brakes.

286 ANGLE ON THE CAR 286

It serves, sideswipes a parked car, flips onto its roof and skids down the middle of the street and erupts in flames. Bo dives from it an instant before hand.

287 ANGLE ON MOON 287

He scuttles out from between two parked cars, heading for Buddy.

288 ANGLE ON BURNING CAR 288

Berilli, gun drawn, runs into f.g., stops.

BERILLI  
Hold it! Police!

289 REVERSE ANGLE 289

Bo whirls to the sound, gun ready.

		120
290	ANGLE ON BUDDY	290
	He FIRES.	
291	ANGLE ON BERILLI	291
	He FIRES.	
292	ANGLE ON BO	292
	He takes bullets almost simultaneously from front and back. He knifes into the air and sprawls dead in the middle of the street.	
293	ANGLE ON BUDDY	293
	He straightens, reacts to what he sees.	
294	HIS P.O.V.	294
	Moon walks away from the scene across the street, hurrying but trying not to draw attention to himself.	
295	ANGLE ON BUDDY	295
	BUDDY (to Berilli) The guy in the hat!	
296	ANGLE ON BERILLI	296
	He instinctively ducks as he whirls to see.	
297	WIDE ANGLE	297
	Moon starts to run, Berilli and Buddy give chase, Berilli closer, Buddy not far behind. Moon EXITS around a corner.	
298	ANGLE ON THE ROOF -- MINGO	298
	He shouts into his radio.	
	MINGO Ten-thirteen! A hundred and twentieth and First Avenue! That's a ten-thirteen!	
299	TRAVELING SHOT - MOON	299
	Sprinting. He cuts suddenly between parked cars, drops to his knees in the gutter, gets off two quick SHOTS across the hood of the car.	

121

300 ANGLE ON BERILLI 300

One of the shots hits him and he stumbles and his leg gives way and he pitches to the pavement and clutches his leg in pain.

301 ANGLE ON BUDDY 301

He ducks out of the line of fire, using parked cars for cover. In deep b.g., Mingo turns the corner.

302 ANGLE ON MOON 302

He dashes across the sidewalk and EXITS into a building.

303 INT: VESTIBULE - DAY 303

Moon uses his gun butt to SMASH a pane of glass over the handle of the inner door. He reaches inside and turns the handle and GOES IN.

304 EXT: THE STREET - DAY 304

Buddy looks back, shouts to the approaching Mingo as he points to Berilli who sits in the street clutching his leg.

BUDDY

Take him!

PAN as he runs to the door of the building, stands aside, pushes the door open, GOES IN.

305 INT: STAIRWELL OF BUILDING - DAY 305

DOWN ANGLE

Moon charges up the stairs of the walkup. In f.g., a door opens. A man STEPS OUT, prepared to leave. He sees Moon, sees the gun, pulls back fast and shuts the door. Moon rushes past. Buddy moves INTO shot as he comes up.

306 ANGLE ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING 306

Moon BURSTS from the door that leads onto the roof. He SLAMS the door shut, races to a low wall, vaults it to the adjoining roof, DISAPPEARS behind a dovecote filled with pigeons.

307 ANGLE ON STAIRS 307

Buddy arrives at the door to the roof. He pushes it open cautiously, gun ready.

		122
308	ANGLE PAST MOON TO BUDDY	308
	Using the dovecote for cover, Moon FIRES as Buddy steps onto the roof. Buddy pulls back into the doorway, FIRES. His round rips through the dovecote, and the pigeons erupt in a frenzy of feathers. Moon whirls and runs OUT past camera.	
309	EXT: PROJECT - TRAVELING - DAY	309
	WITH a sector car as it SQUEALS around a turn into a one-way street against traffic, SIREN SOUNDING.	
310	ANOTHER ANGLE	310
	An unmarked cruiser, flashing light magnetted precariously to its roof, converges on the scene. It ROARS past camera. Another sector car approaches from the b.g.	
311	ANGLE ON THE ROOF	311
	Moon runs, keeping low, taking a wall between buildings without slowing, using chimneys for cover.	
312	ANGLE ON BUDDY	312
	He leaps a wall in pursuit.	
313	ANGLE ON MOON	313
	He comes over a wall, drops to his knees, turns, FIRES.	
314	ANGLE ON BUDDY	314
	The tin smokestack back of which he has dived shatters under the impact of Moon's round. Buddy throws an arm across his face as shards of rusted metal fly.	
315	ANGLE ON MOON	315
	He arrives at the last roof in the row of houses. No door onto it. Moon runs to the edge, looks down, drops flat.	
316	MED LONG SHOT	316
	Two floors below the roof is a terrace. Moon swings over the side, hangs an instant by his hands, drops. He lands on the terrace, is up at once, turns to the door to the terrace, freezes in dismay when he sees the door and its adjacent window are covered with collapsible steel grills. In b.g., Buddy moves forward,	

		123
316	CONTINUED	316
	peers over from behind a low wall. Moon shakes the grill over the door in frustration.	
317	ANGLE ON MOON - FULL SHOT	317
	He snaps off two quick SHOTS designed to keep his pursuer occupied.	
318	ANGLE ON BUDDY	318
	Moon's shots tear off chunks of mortar, and Buddy ducks.	
319	BACK TO MOON	319
	He climbs a rail and drops eight feet to the lower roof of the next building.	
320	ANGLE PAST BUDDY TO MOON	320
	A network of black, corrugated metal sheets provides shelter for stairways and walkways on the lower roof. Buddy has stepped to the roof's edge. He gets off a quick SHOT at the dodging Moon. The round glances off a metal sheet and RESOUNDS. Moon whirls, pistol raised. He FIRES wildly.	
321	MED SHOT - BUDDY	321
	Anger etched deep into his features as he takes aim, almost oblivious now of Moon's fire. He squeezes the trigger.	
322	FULL SHOT - MOON	322
	He takes the bullet and is slammed back by the force of it.	
323	CLOSE SHOT - BUDDY	323
	Revenge and fury and gratification vie for supremacy as again he FIRES.	
324	ANGLE ON MOON	324
	Staggered once more. He catches a railing to keep from falling, spins, keeps moving toward a door.	
325	EXTREME CLOSE UP - BUDDY	325
	Flinching perceptibly as he FIRES still again.	

326 ANGLE ON MOON

326

He takes the round and lurches two long strides and reaches out for the door handle and doesn't make it and pitches forward and doesn't move. PUSH SLOWLY IN. A sign in large letters on the door reads, EXIT.

CUT TO:

327 EXT: UNDER TRIBORO BRIDGE - LATE DAY

327

The Kalish notepaper with its hastily-written list of names, and Buddy's folder lie together under his hand on the parapet of the stone balustrade overlooking the river.

BUDDY'S VOICE

... Roggero ... Roszak, then Kalish,  
Festa ... (etc. etc. etc.)

With each name Buddy flips over to the relevant photograph.

Buddy and Vito stand together, poring over the papers.

Buddy watches him, his thin smile belying the hot anger in his eyes.

BUDDY

All guys you and me was working  
on. I mean like that's ... uh  
... You almost wouldn't believe  
it.

328 ANOTHER ANGLE

328

Vito whirls back to Buddy, panic plainly in his eyes now.

BUDDY

The same guys. It's like they  
almost knew the same things me  
and you did. You know, like  
about these guys making big  
scores and being in a position  
to pay plenty.

VITO

What are you looking at me for?!  
Hey uh ... I mean, Buddy! It's  
me!

328 CONTINUED

328

BUDDY

(a show of  
bemusement)Hey, Vito ... Did I say something?  
What'd I ... ?

VITO

(raging)

You don't have to say nothing!  
I know you like a ... You think  
I don't know what you're thinking?  
What do you think, I'm some kind  
of dummy?! Jesus ...

He is pacing rapidly, away and back, trapped, working himself into a state of despair and desperation. Buddy rises, no longer smiling, hands clenched, cold eyes never leaving Vito. Vito turns and almost collides with Buddy. It is enough to strike fear deep into him.

VITO

(a cry out of  
his agony)

I had to do it! I had to do it!

329 CLOSE UP - BUDDY

329

That's it. What he wanted. To hear the confession of betrayal from Vito's own lips. His grin of victory is twisted with his hurt.

VITO'S VOICE

(o.s.)

They was going ... You don't  
understand! They was going  
to kill me! And not only me!  
Her and the kids! I swear to  
God, Buddy -- they was going  
to kill them! You don't under-  
stand!

BUDDY

You don't have to explain, Vito.  
Take it easy.

330 ANGLE TO INCLUDE VITO

330

VITO

(pleading, in tears)

I had to do it! Can't you under-  
stand? I couldn't help it! I had  
to! What with Rose and her doctor's  
bills ...

330 CONTINUED

330

BUDDY

(reasonably)

And all that dough you been  
dropping at the track ...  
Vito -- you made your choice.

Vito hides his face in his hands. It is a long moment  
before he trusts himself to speak.

VITO

What are you going to do?  
You taking me in?

Buddy turns to Vito with a look of incredulity -- as  
if he can't believe Vito would ask such a question.

BUDDY

Hey -- Me and you, we're old  
friends, ain't we?

Vito uncovers his eyes to blink at Buddy, hardly daring  
to believe he has just been offered his salvation.

VITO

You mean it?

331 CLOSE ON BUDDY

331

Hard. A hint of viciousness.

BUDDY

You shouldn't have double-  
banged me. You fucked yourself.  
You're a weasel, Vito.

332 ANGLE TO INCLUDE VITO

332

Trying to sort out his confusion, Vito takes a step  
back as if contemplating flight should that prove  
necessary.

VITO

I ... thought you just said  
you wasn't going to take me in.

BUDDY

I'm not. You're dead, only  
you don't know it.

Vito shakes his head, not certain he understands, yet  
denying it.

332 CONTINUED

332

BUDDY

You're down. You lost.

VITO

What do you mean ... ?

BUDDY

(with contempt)

Come on. Are you serious?  
Don't you remember? How you  
was always worrying about  
them finding out? The wise  
guys you was working on for me?

VITO

No ...

BUDDY

Sure you do. You remember that.  
And that's it. That's the way  
it is. There ain't no place --  
no place in this world they won't  
find you. Them guys, they're  
fucking relentless.

He turns as if to start away. Vito's terror is complete,  
total, overwhelming.

VITO

No! Buddy! You got to help me!

333 ANGLE ON BUDDY

333

He turns to Vito o.s. He lifts his shoulders and regards  
Vito with his characteristic annoyed impatience.

BUDDY

Hey, Vito ...

334 ANGLE ON VITO

334

Stunned. Stricken as suddenly he knows beyond doubt  
that all the shared years and experience now count for  
nothing. That the moment, finally, is all that matters.  
And that for him the moment is lost.

335 ANGLE ON BUDDY

335

He walks away, CAMERA WITH him. The fire banks in his  
eyes, and he seems to subside, to drain as the pain works  
deep and he tries to remember how you go about forgetting.

FADE OUT

THE END