

THE CROWN CAPER

An Original Screenplay

by

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Norman Jewison

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"THE CROWN CAPER"

FADE IN:

1 OMITTED 1

2 INT. HOTEL UPPER CORRIDOR - DUSK 2

Emerging from the elevator, ERWIN checks the room number direction sign, and turns right, padding quietly over the red corridor carpet. He stops at a numbered door, looks at his watch. Pause. He turns his head. The corridor is empty. Softly, he knocks, twice.

CROWN'S VOICE

Yes?

The inflection is odd, Erwin lets go of the knob, and swallows.

ERWIN

Erwin. Like you said.

CROWN'S VOICE

Come in.

Erwin pushes the door open another foot and steps in sideways.

3 INT. CROWN'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK 3

The room is completely dark, unlighted.

CROWN'S VOICE

Don't touch the lights, lock the door, hook the chain.

The voice is disguised and distorted as if filtered. Erwin obeys. The silence is uncomfortable. Erwin peers at the black shapes before him. The city lights glow outside the window. Suddenly overwhelming light strikes Erwin's face! His forearm shields his eyes.

4 ANOTHER ANGLE 4

Just in front of Erwin is a small chair, facing him. Beyond it is a coffee table, on it an expensive black, attache case, a brown envelope, and a Smith and Wesson five shot .38 pointing toward the door.

CONTINUED:

CROWN looms on the couch beyond the coffee table, a silhouette, his face unseen. The shade on the 300 watt lamp behind him is tilted up, the naked bulb glaring full on Erwin's face, blotting out everything else in the room.

CROWN
Sit down.
(indicates
chair)

Erwin obeys again. He speaks carefully.

ERWIN
(swallows)
- why the gun?

He is ignored.

ERWIN
(continuing)
Can you tell me more?

CROWN
You work an hour. You do an
errand.
(he chuckles)
You drive a car.

ERWIN
Any passengers?

CROWN
No passengers.

Relief shows on Erwin's face.

ERWIN
Any -

CROWN
Weapons?... No, none at all.

Erwin is pleased. He relaxes.

ERWIN
Dangerous?

Crown snickers.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

CROWN

It shouldn't be. If anyone shoots, you're on your own. Quit, run, do what you want.

Erwin nods agreement.

ERWIN

The money -- what's in it for me?

CROWN

Fifty. Thousand. Maybe more. In monthly installments, so no big spending, but fifty anyhow.

Erwin is wary.

ERWIN

How do I know I'll get --

CROWN

You don't... Gonna worry? Drop it. Get out now.

Silence from Erwin.

CROWN

(continuing)

Are you in or out?

ERWIN

I'm in.

Crown chuckles.

CROWN

Good. Go celebrate. Buy a car.

Erwin is puzzled.

ERWIN

I - I don't --

5 ANOTHER ANGLE

5

He flinches, ducks. The envelope hits his shoulder, the floor. He fumbles, money spills. He collects it awkwardly, on his knees.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

CROWN

You do now... Get a black
Ford wagon, the biggest one,
the one with wood on the
sides.

ERWIN

Gee. Gee, thanks, I -

Erwin rises uncertainly.

CROWN

And no trips but your selling.
It may be months. But Erwin,
you come when I call.

Erwin turns at the door --

ERWIN

Listen -

CROWN

No questions, Erwin, what you
don't know can't hurt you.
You or me, Erwin boy. Bye-bye.

Erwin exits. As he closes the door, the room light is
snapped off.

6

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - DUSK

6

Erwin frowns, but then he thinks of the money. He is
pleased. He walks down the red-carpeted corridor.

7

INT. CROWN'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

7

Inside the door, Crown is listening to Erwin's footsteps.
His gloved hand switches on a single table lamp.
Carefully he puts the Smith & Wesson in the small, flat,
black attache case. He closes it and puts it on the
floor beside a chair by the door. The CAMERA NEVER
REVEALS his face.

He takes from a chair and puts on a dark, grey Chester-
field, and a silk scarf. He takes out of his watch
pocket a small, gold, Patek watch on a chain with a
Phi Beta Kappa key, clicks the cover open with his thumb-
nail, and looks at the face of the watch. He switches
off the table lamp and crosses to the door. He picks
up the attache case. He is in no hurry. He looks about
the darkened room, and exits. The door clicks. The room
is silent, empty. The city lights glow outside.

8
thru
14

OMITTED

8
thru
14

15

CLOSE SHOT - BLACK PENTEL PEN

15

The black pentel pen signs "Thomas Crown" on the last three papers. Crown sits back and drops the pen into the basket. He takes out a tiny gold Patek Phillipe pocket watch, looks down at it, clicks the cover shut with his thumb, then looks up.

16

INT. CROWN'S CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

16

Across the table, a dignified LAWYER and his young associate examine the signatures.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

The two BADGER brothers are sitting beside them, wearing natty, dark, pin-stripe suits, and bright silk ties. They sigh, smile and sit back in their chairs.

HOWARD BADGER

I guess we bought ourselves a property. A Tommy Crown property.

Crown looks up from his watch. He is polite, charming.

CROWN

It was always very good to me.

Howard Badger's smile broadens.

HOWARD BADGER

The first thing I'm gonna do is goose up all the rents.

Crown looks at Howard coldly from under his eyebrows, and rises to leave the room.

HOWARD BADGER

(looking after
Crown sarcastically)

Don't you want to wish us
luck - Mr. Crown?

Crown is standing by the door.

CROWN

You overpaid.

The faces of the Badgers harden. You hear the door open, the clatter of typewriters, the soft click of the closing door.

17 INT. CROWN'S OUTER OFFICE (SECRETARIAL SECTION) -
AFTERNOON

17

Crown grins as he walks away from the door. Several secretaries look up as he passes. He stops at the computer console. WALTER, an eager, sharp-faced youngster in shirt-sleeves, looks up from it with pride.

WALTER

We're up three point seven
percent in the principal;
accounts of all five portfolios.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

WALTER (cont'd)

That's plus all the trading gains. Not bad since the first of May.

CROWN

That's great.

Walter blushes. Crown keeps walking. SIDNEY, meticulously-dressed, in his fifties, holding a cable in his hand, looks out of a side office as Crown walks by.

SIDNEY

Geneva again. They've repeated the offer. Down a full half point on the block of French francs. If you ever want to take a position -

CROWN

We'll wait. Another three days.

Sidney grins and turns back to the computer. Crown walks into his private office, and shuts the heavy, mahogany.

18 INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

18

Inside, Crown's own room is spacious, tastefully furnished with mellow oak panels, orientals and antiques. On the wall are a few Goya Sketches of War, the Daumier Rue Transnonain, and two large, gloomy, red and black oils suggesting destructions and death.

His desk is a long table, on it an electric number, date and time clock. In a corner are photographs of two attractive children, a girl of eight, a boy of ten, inscribed "To Dad" in childish scrawls. Both pictures are turned slightly away toward the wall. The most recent business telephone console is on the desk.

Crown sits in the chair beside the table. His strong fingers strum on the table surface. From his inside breast pocket he takes a neatly handwritten list and a gold Cross pencil. He flattens the list on the desk, and lays the pencil down beside it. He is handsome, immaculate, but both hands show he is impatient, a little on edge. He pushes the intercom button on the telephone, then the buzzer.

19 INT. CROWN'S RECEPTION OFFICE - AFTERNOON

19

MISS SULLIVAN, an alert, attractive, Irish girl, sits at the large reception desk with the call direction. She hears the buzzer with pleasure and anticipation, as she picks up the telephone.

MISS SULLIVAN

Yes, sir.

CROWN'S VOICE

No calls, no exceptions. Right?

She grins.

CROWN'S VOICE

Tell 'em I've left for the day.

MISS SULLIVAN

Yes, sir!

Still grinning, her eyes narrow slightly, thoughtfully.

20 INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

20

Crown is smiling, almost excited, as he neatly crosses off the first item on the list with the gold pencil. He frowns as he concentrates on the list.

CROWN

(on telephone)

Book me on Swissair, Thursday,
New York to Geneva, cable the
Richemond, tell Georges to meet
me. Got it?

21 INT. CROWN'S OUTER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

21

Silence. Miss Sullivan frowns, puzzled, her pencil poised over her stenographer's notebook. Then she shrugs, smiles.

MISS SULLIVAN

Yes, Mr. Crown. Yes, sir.

22 INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

22

Crown hangs up, smiling slightly. He looks at door. Then he walks over and quietly thumbs in the lock button in the knob. He returns to the desk and crosses off the second, third, fourth and fifth items on the list.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

Crown adjusts the clock and the phone exactly perpendicular, right in front of him on the desk. He is excited, a little nervous, but in a high good humor. The clock rolls up to 3:00 p.m.

23 INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - AFTERNOON 23

Inside the TWA terminal. Passengers pour in. The loud-speaker calls the arrival -- a TWA Chicago flight.

24 ANOTHER ANGLE 24

CAMERA PICKS UP ABE with the first passengers. He immediately crosses the corridor to a pay phone bank, and without pausing or breaking stride --

25 INT. AIRPORT PHONE BOOTH - ABE - AFTERNOON 25

-- his left hand picks up the receiver, and his right hand punches in the dime and dials ME 7-1234. The phone clicks and starts to ring. He glances at his wrist.

26 INSERT: ABE'S WATCH 26

An Accutron, shows 3:09 p.m.

27 BACK TO SCENE 27

A click and the Voice begins. Abe has dialed the time report. You can hear the recording slightly below Abe's voice as he speaks:

ABE

Hellow, Charlie? Is Charlie there? ... Well, when'll he be free?... Okay... 567-9634. Just as soon as... yeah.

Abe hangs up the phone and synchronizes his watch. Then he takes a piece of paper from his light raincoat pocket. It is a diagram, a floor plan of a building bounded by Devonshire, Milk and Federal Streets.

Rrringg!

ABE

Hello, Charlie, how are you, boy!

28
&
29INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE/INT. AIRPORT PHONE
INTERCUT - AFTERNOON28
&
29

CROWN
(drily, disguising
his own voice)
All clear. It's ten past
three. Check in again from
Duffy Square - behind the
Oyster House.

He crosses another item off the list.

ABE.
Check.
(grins)
Bye-bye.

Click! Abe adjusts his hat and steps out of the booth.

30

INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

30

Out of his left breast pocket he pulls a pair of
wrap-around sunglasses and puts them on. He looks
decidedly sinister.

31

ANGLE ON SUNGLASSES

31

The airport corridor is reflected in the dark green
lenses of the sunglasses.

32
&
33

EXT. FANEUIL HALL/INT. PHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

32
&
33

BENJY is in an outdoor telephone booth outside Faneuil
Hall. You can see the market district across the street.
Benjy looks up. There is no one around. Again you hear
the time recording, under Benjy's slightly loud voice.

34

INSERT: BENJY'S WATCH

34

It is running about ten seconds fast, and he stops the
sweep hand at 3:14 p.m. sharp by pulling out the stem
and applying slight turn pressure.

BENJY'S VOICE
Hello? Yeah 742-4641.

As the time report calls off 3:14 exactly, Benjy clicks
in the stem, and the second hand starts to move.

35 ANGLE ON BENJY

35

He hangs up the phone. He continues to sit in the booth. He stretches, pushes his hat back, takes a pair of wrap-around sunglasses from his pocket and puts them on. There is no one outside the booth.

36 INSERT: BENJY'S WATCH

36

The second hand approaches 3:15 p.m.

RRRing.

37 INT. PHONE BOOTH/INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE -
& INTERCUT - AFTERNOON
38

37

&

38

Benjy slides the door shut.

BENJY

Charlie?

CROWN

(again dis-
guising his
voice)

All clear. It's 3:15. Start
in 30 minutes, unless I call
you. So wait.

BENJY

O.K., O.K.

Click!

39 EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STATION - AFTERNOON

39

CARL, who is colored, medium height, stops at a pay phone bank. The first booth is out of order. Carl is rattled. He moves along. The second booth is busy. Carl hesitates; he waits. He is nervous. He looks back at the first booth. He enters it. Carl drops in a dime, listens. Silence. He hangs up. A clunk. He fingers the coin return slot. He punches the return button. His dime is lost. A grimace. He yanks the door open, and walks into booth three. From ten feet back you see him dial the time report, looking back at the man in booth two. Carl listens, glances at phone, speaks briefly, looks at his watch, hangs up. He wipes his forehead with his raincoat sleeve, still looking at the man in booth two.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Rrrringg! Carl starts. He snatches at the phone.

CARL

Hello? Charlie? Charlie?

40 INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE/EXT. SOUTH STATION PHONE 40
& BOOTH - INTERCUT - AFTERNOON &
41 41

Crown breathes a little heavily. He clears his throat.

CROWN

Both busy?

CARL

(sighs)

Yeah. One out of order.

CROWN

I had all the numbers.
(warmer, more
pleasant)
Steady, steady, boy.

Carl nods. His face hardens.

CROWN

All clear, 3:30. You start in
15 minutes, unless I call you.
So wait.

He crosses another line off the list.

CARL

I'll be here.

His voice is unpleasant. There is a short pause, then the click of the phone. Carl is sweating. He looks at his watch. Then he wipes his forehead again with his sleeve. He pulls his hat down over his eyes and puts on a pair of wrap-around sunglasses. He looks mean, almost frightening. He has an angry mouth. He puts on a pair of light, black gloves.

42 EXT./INT. PHONE BOOTH ON WASHINGTON STREET - 42
& AFTERNOON &
43 43

DAVE is on the phone in a pay booth on Washington Street, the Old South Church and the Old Corner Bookstore in b.g. He is wearing a hat and wrap-around sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:
&
43

42
&
43

CROWN'S VOICE

Ten minutes.

Dave nods.

44 INSERT: DAVE'S WRISTWATCH

44

His watch says 3:35 p.m.

45 EXT./INT. PHONE BOOTH ACROSS FROM UNION OYSTER
&
46 HOUSE - AFTERNOON

45
&
46

Abe is on the phone in a pay booth.

CROWN'S VOICE

Five minutes.

ABE

Okay.

47 INSERT: ABE'S WATCH

47

His watch says 3:40 p.m.

48 EXT. GAS STATION PHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

48

ERWIN is in a gas station pay phone booth, the first in a row of booths, talking on the phone.

49 INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

49

CROWN

Go.

He crosses off another item, the last in the first section of the list. Then he draws a large "X" through the entire first section. He stands up.

50 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - MOVING - AFTERNOON

50

Erwin is driving the black Ford station wagon with wood on the sides and orange New York plates.

- 51 EXT. A BOSTON STREET - AFTERNOON 51
Abe is walking down the street with a newspaper under his arm. He is now wearing gloves. He glances up at a street clock which also gives the temperature. It changes to 4:08. Abe enters the bank.
- 52 HIGH ANGLE BINOCULAR MATTE SHOT - CROWN'S POV OF ABE - AFTERNOON 52
from twelve stories above and across the street, as Abe enters the bank.
- 53 INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON 53
Crown is standing by his office window, watching Abe through telescopic camera lens. Crown is wearing a light Burberry.
- 54 INT. BANK - AFTERNOON 54
As Abe enters, he bumps a WOMAN just inside the door. She snarls at him. He looks apologetic.
ABE
Sorry.
She is mollified. He pushes past her to the elevators, and enters one.
ABE
Six.
The elevator doors close on his impassive face.
- 55 EXT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON 55
Carl enters the employee entrance of the bank at the end of the corridor.
- 56 INT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE AND CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON 56
The entrance is low, less than seven feet. Inside the doorway, the dimly lit corridor contrasts with the strong sunlight outside. The corridor is about 12 feet wide. There is a booth with a uniformed BOOTH GUARD on the left just inside the door. The corridor slopes down a very slight curve, through two doors, both open.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

Further down the corridor is a door to the lower bank floor cashier section on the left; opposite it is elevator number one, the first of three elevators. Opposite the third elevator, on the left, is a cash room door with a wire mesh and bars. TWO ARMED CASH ROOM GUARDS are behind the door. Just beyond, the corridor ends in a wall. The corridor is about 150 feet long and dimly lit over its entire length.

57

ANOTHER ANGLE

57

Carl walks all the way down the corridor to the number three elevator at the end on the right. He keeps his eyes down, and he does not attract attention, but he is tense.

The two Cash Room Guards in uniform are busy with big sacks of currency in the cash room right behind Carl. You can see them through the grille work on the door.

58

ANGLE AT ELEVATORS

58

Elevator number three opens. The OPERATOR steps out, Carl enters, others enter, too.

FIRST GUARD

(to operator)

Okay -- last car, we'll buzz
when we're ready.

The Operator returns to elevator.

59

INT. BANK ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

59

OPERATOR

Floors, please?

VOICES

Three.

Two.

Eight.

CARL

Six.

The door closes. The elevator rises.

OPERATOR

Two out.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

Several people leave.

OPERATOR

Three out.

Several more leave, and one man enters.

MAN

Eight, please.

The door closes behind him. Two other passengers and Carl are left.

60 CLOSER - ON CARL

60

Carl whips a black Colt Cobra with a square grip and a silencer into the Operator's terrified face!

CARL

(very tough,
very hard)

Stop at six, boy. When I
push you in the back, close the
door and take it up to seven.

(to the others)

Back in the car! Freeze!

61 INT. ELEVATOR/INT. SIXTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON 61

&

&

62 The elevator reaches the sixth floor. The door opens. 62
Abe enters with his newspaper. He turns to face the door.
Carl shoves his gun into the Operator's back. The door
closes. The car starts up.

63 INT. ELEVATOR

63

Carl shoves the Operator into Abe and slams the "Stop"
button. (There are separate "Up," "Down," "Express,"
and red "Call" buttons which he does not push.) Silence.

64 ANOTHER ANGLE

64

Abe pushes the Operator away and quietly takes out another
black, snub-nosed .38 with a silencer. Carl carefully
puts his gun in his shoulder holster and takes some picture
wire out of his pocket.

CARL

(to the operator)

Down on your knees. Yeah, grab
your ankles.

65 ANOTHER ANGLE

65

Carl starts to wire the operator's wrists to his ankles.
The frightened passengers watch Abe's gun.

66 EXT. BANK ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

66

Benjy checks his watch outside the Milk Street bank
entrance, adjusts his hat and enters the bank.

67 EXT./INT. ERWIN'S FORD WAGON - AFTERNOON

67

&
68&
68

Erwin is in the black Ford wagon driving downtown.
The wagon now carries Massachusetts license plates.
Erwin is wearing wrap-around sunglasses and a hat.

69 INT. BANK LOWER BANKING FLOOR AND EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE
CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

69

Benjy is at the far counter in the lower banking floor.
He finishes writing a deposit slip, puts it in his
breast pocket and walks straight through the bank
through the cashier section, out to the employee en-
trance corridor.

70 INT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

70

Benjy pauses outside the number one elevator. Down
the corridor no one pays any attention to him.

71 EXT. DEVONSHIRE STREET AT OLD STATE HOUSE/INT.
& ERWIN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

71

72

&
72

Erwin turns left on Devonshire street in front of the
Old State House.

73 OMITTED

73

&
74&
74

75 INT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE AND CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON 75

Dave has stopped inside the employee entrance. He looks at his watch. His hat is back on his head.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE 76

Down the corridor you can see the two Cash Room Guards starting to wheel out two dollies. There are six large gray cash bags on the two dollies. There are only the two Guards, but both Guards have drawn guns, long-barrelled police special .38s. Benjy is waiting down the corridor in front of elevator number one.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE 77

Dave clears his throat. He crosses to the guard booth to the left of the entrance at the head of the corridor, and speaks to the guard.

DAVE

Could you please give a message
to Joe Meagher -

(he pronounces
it "MAR")

in General Settlement -- Joe
M-E-A-G-H-E-R.

BOOTH GUARD

Surely -- who shall I say --

He starts to thumb the bank directory.

DAVE

Horan. Please tell him I'm
waitin'. Thanks. Michael
Horan.

Booth Guard smiles politely and turns pages in the directory. Dave steps closer. Booth Guard runs his forefinger down a page, up the next. Dave steps just inside the booth, peering over the counter to look at the directory. As he does so, he draws a Colt Cobra .38 with a silencer, from a waist holster, and presses it flat against the counter out of sight from the corridor. Booth Guard notices the revolver, the silencer. He reacts slowly. He completely stops.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

DAVE
 (almost
 playfully)
 Show me your feet, now --
 quick -- your hands - now
 stand - around the counter -
 show me the book - good man
 ... turn pages - there, that's
 fine...

He holds the revolver flat against the counter, still out of sight, steps back into the booth doorway and looks over his shoulder down the corridor.

78 INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAVE'S POV - AFTERNOON

78

The Cash Room Guards are ready to move the cash bags onto the elevator and down to the vault. The dollies are out, in position, before elevator number three. There are six bags, three on each dolly. The two guns cover the corridor, one held by each cash room Guard. Benjy is still watching elevator number one.

79 INT. GUARD BOOTH - DAVE AND GUARD - AFTERNOON

79

DAVE
 (mutters to
 Booth Guard)
 In a minute, walk past me, in
 front of me, slowly, and down
 the corridor.

80 INT. CORRIDOR - GUARDS

80

Down the corridor, one of the Cash Room Guards pushes the button to call elevator number three. As his finger touches the buzzer, the "Down" light behind it turns red.

81 INT. BANK ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

81

Buzzzzzz!

The call buzzer shatters the tension up in elevator number three, just above the sixth floor. The operator and the two panicky passengers cower, wrists wired to ankles, all on their knees.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER ON CARL 82

as he pushes the "Down" and "Express" buttons together. Abe drops his newspaper on the head of the Operator, checks his silencer, breaks his .38, spins the chamber, closes it. He straddles the entrance, in a slight crouch. He adjusts his glasses. He levels his gun. Behind him, Carl levels his black Colt Cobra.

83 INSERT: ELEVATOR LIGHTS 83

They show 4-3-2-1...

84 INT. BANK CORRIDOR - AT ELEVATORS - AFTERNOON 84

In the employee corridor, outside the doors to elevator number three, the two Cash Room Guards, with their backs to the dollies, cash bags and elevator, cover the corridor with drawn guns. One Guard checks the elevator over his shoulder.

85 ELEVATOR - GUARD'S POV 85

The signal lights show 2-1-L. The elevator door opens.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE - TAKING IN ELEVATOR AND GUARDS 86

ABE

DROP THE GUNS!

The two Cash Room Guards start.

CARL

ON THE FLOOR.

The two Cash Room Guards obey. They put their guns on the floor.

ABE

YOU -- BACK UP TOWARD ME!
STOP. DOWN ON YOUR KNEES.

The Guard kneels at the elevator edge. Abe wires his wrists to his ankles. The Second Guard watches Benjy, hoping for help.

87 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER ON GUARD AND BENJY 87

With a slight, but frantic jerk of his head, Guard signals Benjy to duck back into the cashier section. Benjy grins.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

He draws his gun from a shoulder holster, another snub-nose with a silencer. He covers the middle of the corridor.

CARL
(to the Second
Guard)

NOW YOU!

The sweaty face of the Second Guard shows panic as he backs toward the elevator.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON DAVE AND GUARD AT BOOTH

88

Back up at the booth, Dave steps back to let Booth Guard pass him into the corridor.

DAVE

Now. Slow.

Booth Guard watches Dave. He steps past him and starts slowly down the corridor, looking back at Dave over his shoulder. He is thinking of running.

DAVE

Easy.

Dave covers the corridor from the corner of the booth entrance, inside it, out of sight from the street. Booth Guard turns down the corridor, and stops.

89 ANOTHER ANGLE

89

Benjy is covering Booth Guard coming down corridor. Booth Guard walks slowly down toward the elevators. Benjy motions him over to the wall by elevator number three; Booth Guard obeys.

90 ANOTHER ANGLE

90

A MAN enters the corridor, sees Benjy, stops.

DAVE
Keep walking, Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

Daddy turns his head, sees Dave behind him, and keeps on walking, down toward Benjy. He flattens his back against the elevator wall.

91 EXT. BANK DEVONSHIRE STREET ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

91

Erwin parks carefully by the freshly painted red and yellow curb.

92 INT. ERWIN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

92

He waits.

93 INT. BANK CORRIDOR AT ELEVATORS - AFTERNOON

93

The number two elevator door opens. A crowd starts to pour out. The noise hits the corridor. Benjy is directly in front of the door with his gun leveled, menacing.

BENJY
(menacing)

STOP!

The people stop. They gape at Benjy.

BENJY
Back inside.

The people stumble back.

BENJY
You! Come out. Sit down. Legs
out here.

Slowly the OPERATOR obeys.

BENJY
(to Booth Guard
and Daddy)
Now you, and you.

They sit down beside the operator, jostling him aside, watching the gun.

94 ANOTHER ANGLE

94

A PRETTY GIRL in a light sweater and skirt enters the corridor from the cashier section. She hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

BENJY

In the elevator, sweetheart, climb right over.

As the frightened girl climbs over the sitting men, behind Benjy, one dolly moves up the corridor, pushed by Carl. There are three cash bags on the dolly. Carl is pushing it fast.

Benjy ignores the dolly and Carl. He covers the elevator, and moves slightly to the right. Abe also moves over slightly to cover both elevator number three and elevator number two. Benjy has noticed that the number one elevator signal light indicates it is down to the second floor. Benjy is starting to sweat.

95

CARL AND DOLLY - APPROACHING EXIT

95

The first dolly approaches the exit to the street up at the top of the ramp.

96

AT THE ELEVATORS - ON BENJY

96

Down the corridor, the number one elevator opens.

BENJY

GET BACK!

No one comes out of the elevator.

97

AT BANK EXIT - ON CARL

97

The dolly stops by the street door. Carl carries one bag outside.

98

EXT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

98

Erwin has the Ford tailgate open. As Carl comes out into the street, Erwin enters the bank. Carl loads the first bag. Erwin returns with the second bag, and Carl returns to the bank. Erwin loads the second bag. Carl returns with the third bag, and loads it.

Erwin watches TWO MEN enter the bank. Carl pays no attention.

99

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON CARL

99

He looks over at Erwin briefly, professionally, then crosses the street.

100 INT. BANK CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

100

The Two Men who have just entered the bank are talking to each other. Benjy covers them as they approach him, but they do not notice Benjy. They do not notice Abe covering elevator number three and elevator number two. Then they see Benjy. They stop. Suddenly one bolts!

101 ANOTHER ANGLE

101

Dave steps out of the booth doorway into the corridor. The man doesn't stop. He tries to charge past Dave! Dave's gun nearly touches the man's leg. WHUNK! The silencer kicks! The smashed leg crumples! The man falls, his face contorted. Dave looks down the corridor at the second man. Dave's foot shoves the wounded body against the wall.

DAVE

It could have been your head, man.

102 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT ELEVATORS

102

All three elevators are now open. Benjy is covering all three. The operator in number one and the operator and two men in number two sit just inside the elevator doorways, their legs outside. The two Cash Room Guards, bound, kneel in the doorway of number three.

103 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT BANK EXIT

103

Abe pushes the second dolly up the corridor ramp behind Benjy to the street. There are three more bags on the second dolly. Abe picks up a bag, and exits with it. Even through his glasses, there is a burst of sunlight as he goes through the door.

104 EXT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

104

Abe coming out, passes Erwin going in. Abe loads the fourth bag, and returns. Erwin comes out and loads the fifth bag. Erwin closes the wagon tailgate, and opens the rear door. Abe comes out and loads the sixth bag into the back seat of the wagon. Erwin enters the driver door. Abe closes the rear door. Erwin presses the switch closing the rear window and the station wagon rolls away, turning left on Franklin Street. Abe crosses Federal Street and walks away toward the Franklin Street corner, moving from left to right.

105 INT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE AND CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON 105

Looking down the corridor, Benjy backs up toward the street door. He covers the faces peeking out of the first elevator. He covers the faces in the second elevator. He covers the faces in the third elevator. His voice is cheerful.

BENJY

Okay, keep your faces down.

Behind him, Dave covers the door to the street.

BENJY

Gas rises, keep your faces down!
You can breathe down by the floor!

Benjy throws a blue smoke bomb.

106 ANOTHER SHOT - ON PEOPLE IN ELEVATOR 106

The faces go down on the floor, a confused jumble of bodies tumbling out and down in the corridor, pushing the guards and the operators over on the floor.

107 ANOTHER SHOT - INCLUDING DAVE AND BENJY 107

As Benjy throws a second blue smoke bomb. Dave exits. Benjy turns and sprints to the street, exits.

108 EXT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON 108

Benjy passes a startled spectator outside the door.

109 INT. BANK CORRIDOR - AT ELEVATORS 109

Inside, the sprawling bodies squirm in the blue smoke.

110 EXT. BANK - DEVONSHIRE STREET - AFTERNOON 110

Benjy walks quickly across and enters 185 Devonshire Street.

111 INT. 185 DEVONSHIRE STREET BUILDING - AFTERNOON 111

Benjy walks through the building, exits.

112 EXT. 185 DEVONSHIRE STREET BUILDING (OTHER SIDE) - AFTERNOON 112

Outside again, Benjy turns right.

- 113 EXT. CONGRESS STREET - ERWIN'S CAR - AFTERNOON 113
 Traffic stops Erwin on Congress Street between High Street and the Expressway. Directly in front of the wagon is a large red truck marked "Minihan the Egg Man." A loose rear door clangs as the truck stops.
- 114 INT. ERWIN'S CAR - AFTERNOON 114
 Erwin puts his hat on the seat beside him, drops his glasses in the hat. He looks much less sinister; he looks like Erwin. He blinks.
- 115 ANOTHER ANGLE - MINIHAN TRUCK - THROUGH ERWIN'S WINDSHIELD - AFTERNOON 115
 A BEEFY MAN in shirtsleeves and a cigar swings out of the red truck and comes around to close the swinging door.
- 116 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON ERWIN 116
 Erwin raises his hand to tap the horn rim but does not touch it. Sweating, Erwin closes his eyes. At the sound of POLICE WHISTLE, Erwin's eyes open. His face works.
- 117 EXT. MINIHAN TRUCK - THRU ERWIN'S WINDSHIELD - AFTERNOON 117
 The POLICEMAN gestures savagely at Minihan. Knees and elbows flailing high in mock hustle, Minihan returns to the cab of his truck.
- 118 EXT. CONGRESS STREET - AFTERNOON 118
 The Minihan truck pulls away, straight ahead. Carefully, Erwin turns right and heads down the ramp onto the Southeast Expressway.
- 119 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - THRU WINDSHIELD - MOVING SHOT - 119
 & AFTERNOON &
 120 120
 We see the rear of the wagon thru the windshield. Crown is following, a grin on his face. We see the wagon pull out of the South Station Tunnel and slant off to the right, accelerating onto the Massachusetts Turnpike.
- 121 EXT. MASSACHUSETTS TURNPIKE - AFTERNOON 121
 & &
 122 122
 The station wagon moves from left to right and off toward the Turnpike tunnel under the Prudential Tower. The Rolls Royce follows.

123 EXT. ALLSTON TOLL GATE EXIT - CROWN'S POV - AFTERNOON 123

Erwin pulls up to the basket. For an agonizing five seconds the wagon is motionless as Erwin fumbles in his pockets.

124 INT. ERWIN'S CAR - AFTERNOON 124

As he fumbles. Then he tosses twenty cents in the automatic collection basket and drives through.

125 EXT. ALLSTON TOLL GATE - AFTERNOON 125

as Erwin drives away. The Rolls' radiator cap flashes silver and pulls up at the basket.

126 INT. CROWN'S CAR - AFTERNOON 126

Crown slaps in two dimes, disgusted. As he starts off, he reaches into the back of the Rolls and brings up a dignified funeral wreath. He puts it on the passenger seat, pats it, and drives on.

127 EXT. ORIENTAL TEA COPPER KETTLE/INT. ABE'S CAB - LATE 127
& AFTERNOON &
128 128

Abe, without glasses, sits in a red and black I.T.O.A. cab outside the Oriental Tea Copper Kettle.

CAB DRIVER

What airline?

ABE

The New York shuttle.

The cab pulls away from the curb.

129 EXT. CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON 129

Crown majestically wheels the Rolls Royce through the large cemetery gates and slowly, very slowly turns down one of the many well-tended drives.

130 EXT. CEMETERY AT THE BASE OF HUGE GOTHIC WATCH TOWER - 130
CLOSEUP ON TAILGATE WINDOW REFLECTING WATCHTOWER - LATE
AFTERNOON

The silence is broken as the window is automatically lowered. Erwin is nervous and keeps looking about as he quickly slams down the tailgate, and takes the first two cash bags into the tower.

- 131 EXT. CHARLES STREET BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON 131
An MBTA train is crossing.
- 132 INT. MBTA TRAIN - DAVE - LATE AFTERNOON 132
Dave is riding the MBTA across the Charles Street Bridge. He is standing, hanging on a strap, reading the paper. A stunning young blonde in a sleeveless yellow sheath dress is looking at him. He forces himself not to look at her.
- 133 EXT. CEMETERY WATCH TOWER - LATE AFTERNOON 133
Erwin is finishing putting his New York license plates back on the wagon. He puts the screwdriver back in the glove compartment. He sits in the front seat of the wagon. He thinks; he bites his lip. Then he gets out of the car.
- 134 EXT/INT. WATCH TOWER - LATE AFTERNOON 134
&
135 He trots back into the tower, takes out a handkerchief 135
and wipes off the license plates, glasses, and the sweat band of the hat.
- 136 EXT. ERWIN'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 136
Erwin trots back to the wagon, takes a deep, deep, deep breath and drives off.
- 137 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - SHOOTING THRU WINDSHIELD - LATE 137
AFTERNOON
We hear the ticking of the clock. Through the windshield, we see Erwin's wagon exit the circular driveway. It is 4:45 p.m. by the dashboard clock. The Rolls purrs quietly up the drive toward the watch tower.
- 138 EXT. CEMETERY WATCH TOWER - LATE AFTERNOON 138
The Rolls pulls up and stops with engine running. Crown opens the car door. He adjusts his gray summer hat. He steps out easily, unhurried, and looks about. He is the image of calm in his lightweight Burberry and gray calfskin gloves. Carrying the wreath, he slowly approaches the watch tower.

139 INT. WATCH TOWER - LATE AFTERNOON 139

as the old, squeaky door is opened. Crown is silhouetted in the doorway. He looks down.

140 CROWN'S POV 140

The six cashbags are neatly stacked together. Erwin's glasses and the Massachusetts license plates are resting on top.

141 INT. WATCH TOWER - CLOSE SHOT ON CROWN - LATE AFTERNOON 141

as he surveys the cash bags. Crown smiles.

CROWN
(quietly, to
the money)
Well, hello there.

O.s. a loud bell CLANGS. Crown's smile freezes. His head snaps around.

142 EXT. WATCH TOWER - CLOSE SHOT ON A TREE FULL OF BIRDS - LATE AFTERNOON 142

The birds, frightened by the bell, flutter out of the tree.

143 CLOSEUP - A HAMMER 143

as it strikes one side of a huge bell. It CLANGS again as loudly as before, sounding a death knell.

144 INT. WATCH TOWER - CLOSEUP ON CROWN - LATE AFTERNOON 144

his expression tightening at the unexpected bell ringing. He quickly reaches for two cash bags. The bell continues the death toll as we

CUT TO:

145 EXT. BOSTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - FLASHING BY IN HEADON CLOSEUP - LATE AFTERNOON 145

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Abe seated by a jetliner window. The bell tolls again as we:

CUT TO:

146 EXT. SOUTHEAST EXPRESSWAY - FLASHING BY THROUGH A CAR WINDOW - LATE AFTERNOON 146

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Benjy in profile at the wheel of the car. The bell tolls again as we:

CUT TO:

147 EXT. MASSACHUSETTS COUNTRYSIDE - BY IN A HEADON CLOSEUP - LATE AFTERNOON 147

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Carl lighting a cigarette from a butt. The bell tolls again as we:

CUT TO:

148 EXT. SUBURBAN TRAIN STATION - FLASHING BY IN HEADON CLOSEUP THROUGH THE DOORWAY OF AN MBTA TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON 148

as it comes to a stop. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Dave exiting the car with a group of commuters. The bell tolls again, as we:

CUT TO:

149 EXT. LOUISBERG SECTION OF BOSTON - LATE AFTERNOON 149

The bell tolls again as Crown's Rolls enters a long driveway of an imposing, red-brick town house.

150 INT. CROWN'S ROLLS - LATE AFTERNOON 150

With a button on the dashboard, Crown opens the triple garage doors, revealing a fire-engine red Ferrari and a yellow custom dune buggy.

151 EXT. CROWN'S GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON 151

The Rolls purrs into place between the Ferrari and the dune buggy. The garage door rolls down, covering all three cars.

152 INT. CROWN'S REAR HALL 152

Crown enters the rear hall from the garage, hangs up his coat in the closet, and leaves his gloves and hat on a shelf. He is grinning from ear to ear as he moves toward the library.

153
thru
157

INT. CROWN'S LIBRARY

153
thru
157

Crown looks about lovingly. It is a man's room, richly furnished with comfortable leather chairs, a couch, a deep rug, floor to ceiling bookcases full of superb bindings, several pieces of antique furniture, an ivory and ebony inlaid chess table with ivory chess men in a corner. On the wall, the only pictures are some death-theme prints in heavy dark frames, and a companion to the morbid black and red grotesque in the office, obviously by the same artist. The houseman, JOHN, is waiting for him.

JOHN

Good evening, sir.

CROWN

Evening, John. I won't be needing you tonight.

John nods politely and withdraws, closing the library doors.

Crown presses a touch release, which opens the panelled door over a small bar, and pours a double martini from the waiting pitcher onto rocks in the frosted glass. He switches off the light and presses the bar door shut. He crosses to the couch, reaches over it and switches on the Hi-Fi. It is classical, sentimental and quiet.

He relaxes in the most comfortable chair, his martini in a Darmouth coaster on the table next to the chair. He draws the list and his gold Cross pencil from his inside breast pocket, and neatly draws a line through the last four items on the list. Then he puts the pencil away and crumples the list into a ball. He drops the ball in the large ashtray, takes a match from the elaborate holder, scratches it into flame with one wipe off his thumbnail, and incinerates the list.

He takes a cigar from the inlaid humidor, a dark Dannemann Breves Populares, cuts the end on his Hoffritz cutter, lights it with another match, and blows rings at the last ashes of the list. He stirs the ashes with the match.

He smokes and sips the martini for a good 5 seconds. He finishes the martini. Then he rises, with the cigar and glass. He returns to the bar and pours himself another double martini.

He crosses to the chess table. He examines the problem on the board, and moves the white king, which is in check from the black queen. Then he moves the black queen again; again the trapped white king is in check. He shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

thru

157

153

thru

157

He returns the white king to the original square, then returns the black queen to the original square. Check. Smoke filters down through the chessmen. He is suddenly bored. The martini is mostly drained, much too fast. He places the nearly empty glass beside the white king. The white king, the martini, and the black queen stand with the cigar smoke all around.

Crown picks up the phone and dials. You HEAR the phone RING.

158

&

159

INT. GWEN'S BEDROOM/CROWN'S LIBRARY - INTERCUT -
LATE AFTERNOON

158

&

159

GWEN is taking a nap, nude, under the sheets. The shades are drawn. The RINGING phone awakens her, she picks it up.

GWEN

(sleepily)

Hello?

CROWN

Either the Ritz upstairs or
Joseph's.

GWEN

Joseph's. I'm starved.

CROWN

Nine o'clock?

GWEN

Yes, my lord.

CROWN

That's my girl.

Crown hangs up, sips his martini, and puffs contentedly on his cigar. The house is still.

160

EXT. BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

160

Prowl cars at the curb disgorge police, the Pretty Girl and her companions from elevator number two.

161

INT. LOBBY OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

161

Inside the lobby, pandemonium. Police are herding the elevator number one passengers into the elevators, some protesting.

162 QUICK CUTS - AT ELEVATORS - WITNESSES
thru
170

162
thru
170

VOICES

It's dinnertime! He was about five foot eight, black hair, maybe forty. Don't ask me! I don't know nothing! My wife's expecting me at six! All I saw was smoke, blue smoke! How long you think you want to hold us? Take me first -- I seen all the faces! I don't want to get involved.

171 INT. POLICE OFFICES - LATE AFTERNOON
thru
180

171
thru
180

Upstairs, the door is wide open, inside is another mob. Police mill about with the Bank Guards, plainclothes detectives, the Elevator Operators, Daddy, the Second Man from Scene 101, four stenographers hovering uncertainly. Typewriters explode in a frenzy of CLACKING. All the Voices are loud:

VOICES

Four men, four! You want descriptions? You sit down! She'll take your statement! Everything you saw - why him? Dammit! He lives in South Boston! Me, I gotta go to Salem! The one in the middle, I'll never forget him! My last train out is six-forty! Who's paying for my taxi, dinner? The meanest face I ever saw! You got no right! Who says you can hold me?

In the rear of the room the door to the inner office is open. On it is the name: EDWARD MALONE.

181 INT. EDDY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON
thru
185

181
thru
185

Inside, four flustered detectives and an ASSISTANT CASHIER from the bank stand about, nervously viewing the shambles in the outside office.

EDDY MALONE is big, rugged, forceful, cool, very much in command, very sure of himself, very sharp. His voice is low, he speaks slowly and clearly, giving orders to one man at a time. He is pacing, but otherwise shows no sign of tension. An attractive, brunette secretary, MARCIE, watches him with admiration, holding a pen poised over her stenographer's pad.

(CONTINUED)

181
thru
185

CONTINUED:

181
thru
185

EDDY

(smiling, voice
derisive)

I don't care if they stay here until morning. Everyone's a material witness. Danny, you go and get 'em started. Line 'em up in any order. You got four girls and maybe Marcie.
(he nods at Marcie)

DANNY nods and starts for the door, Eddy calls after him -

EDDY

Be sure you tape it, all the details, every single, little thing, let 'em think, don't make 'em hurry.

(he turns to
another detective)

Phil, you better go play waiter. Let 'em know we're buying dinner, two bucks a head, it's the regulations, send out for it now. Make a list, and keep it simple, paper plates and lots of napkins.

(he smiles at Marcie)

Marcie, give him a pad of paper -

Marcie hands PHIL a pad of yellow paper and pencil, and Phil goes out into the outer office. Simultaneously, Eddy turns to the Assistant Cashier and continues to talk, without pausing.

EDDY

- Any numbers on those bills?

ASSISTANT CASHIER

No, sir. Most of it small bills, no numbers.

Eddy makes a face, and turns to another assistant, MARVIN. He counts off on his fingers.

EDDY

The whole routine, start to finish. Fingerprints, the silencers, somewhere around I've seen a study, ballistics on the slug, and an artist. Homicide has a portrait artist. See if you can get him up here. It's insured? With whom?... Call over. Now.

Eddy turns back to the Assistant Cashier, who shakes his head and reaches for the phone on the desk.

186 INT. POLICE OUTER OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

186

Marvin is gone, reaching for a phone in the outer office. Miraculously, all is quiet order. Danny is supervising the four stenographers, each of whom is taking a statement. Phil is taking dinner orders on the pad of paper.

187 INT. EDDY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

187

Eddy is talking to the fourth assistant, MIKE.

EDDY

State Police call in? Okay, you call them. And let me know when the Bureau checks in.

Mike starts for the door.

EDDY

We're looking for suitcases, cartons, packages, anything that will hold the money. Check the airport and trains. They're doing what they can on the roads - the Turnpike.

(snaps his fingers)

Marcie, get me the Turnpike Authority. What is it?

Marcie pauses, holding the second phone. Beyond her, Phil stands sheepishly in the doorway.

PHIL

They want to know what they can have to eat...

Eddy grins. His voice is gentle.

EDDY

(as if to say 'what do you want from me')

Pizza.

188 EXT. BRIDGE ROAD AT NEWBURYPORT

188

Red lights are flashing, police WHISTLES SOUND, spotlights bracket the black Ford wagon as Erwin crosses the Newburyport Bridge on Route 95 and the police roadblock excitedly cuts him out of line and flags him down.

189 EXT./INT. ERWIN'S CAR - NIGHT

189

&
190

POLICEMAN

License and registration, please.
Open up those bags in back.

&
190

(CONTINUED)

189
&
190

CONTINUED:

189
&
190

ERWIN
Whatsamatter, officer?

POLICEMAN
Read the papers, mister.

Two policemen have the sample cases open. The cases contain cosmetic samples. Erwin's bag contains his clothes. They look forward. In front, the Policeman is questioning Erwin.

POLICEMAN
Where are you going?

ERWIN
Portland.

POLICEMAN
(quickly)
Where?

ERWIN
Portland Motel.

191 INT. POLICE OFFICES - EARLY EVENING

191

A press conference. A television microphone is stuck in Eddy's face. Eddy consults a piece of paper.

EDDY
Two million six hundred sixty thousand
-- five-two-seven point six-two.

A REPORTER WHISTLES.

SECOND REPORTER
Didja get a receipt?

Laughter.

EDDY
They got a computer... We have witnesses in there who saw it. Thirty-two, must be a record. Another hour and we'll have statements from every single one of them, in every last detail.

THIRD REPORTER
The fella they shot - how's he getting -

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

EDDY

Just a scar.

(he turns away)

Excuse me --

FOURTH REPORTER

Arrests -- when are they expected?

Eddy shakes his head and walks toward his office.

EDDY

Arrests? The usual. Any hour.

192 INT. JOSEPH'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

192

Crown is toasting Gwen. They touch wine glasses. In contrast, the atmosphere is quiet, relaxed, intimate. Crown whispers something. Gwen reacts and laughs.

CROWN

(smiling)

Well, that's what he said.

She laughs again.

193 EXT. PORTLAND MOTEL - NIGHT

193

CAMERA MOVES ALONG Erwin's station wagon and up towards a window at the SOUND of Erwin's laughter from inside.

194 INT. PORTLAND MOTEL - NIGHT

194

Erwin is lying on a bed laughing and sipping a large bourbon and water. A GIRL'S laughter is cut off by the RINGING of a phone. Erwin gestures for silence and answers the phone.

ERWIN

(to operator)

Thank you.

(waits a moment)

Hi, Honey. How --

195 INT. ERWIN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

195

The kitchen is sloppy and so is HONEY. She has the wall phone to her ear. The six year old JIMMY is driving a large red plastic automobile all over the kitchen floor.

HONEY

(into phone)

Well, it's about time you called!

196 INT. PORTLAND MOTEL/INT. ERWIN'S KITCHEN - INTERCUT - 196
& NIGHT &
197 197

ERWIN
(plaintive)
I'm in Portland.

HONEY
(sharply)
Where?

ERWIN
The Portland Motel... It's two-oh-
seven-seven-five-three-seven-one-
one, room one-one-four. O.K.?

Silence.

HONEY
Oh. Whatcha doin' tonight?

ERWIN
(wearily)
A customer was just here for dinner.
He was 68 years old. O.K.?... Can
I speak to Jimmy, please. All right?

Pause.

HONEY
All right.

She holds the phone out toward the child. He reaches
for it eagerly.

JIMMY
Hello, daddy.

198 INT. PORTLAND MOTEL - NIGHT 198

A slim arm with long red fingernails sweetens his drink
and places it on the bedside table.

JIMMY'S VOICE
Daddy?

Covering the phone, Erwin gestures the girl away, almost
angrily.

ERWIN
(to girl)
It's my kid.

196
&
197

INT. PORTLAND MOTEL/INT. ERWIN'S KITCHEN - INTERCUT -
NIGHT

196
&
197

ERWIN
(plaintive)
I'm in Portland.

HONEY
(sharply)
Where?

ERWIN
The Portland Motel... It's two-oh-
seven-seven-five-three-seven-one-
one, room one-one-four. O.J.?

Silence.

HONEY
Oh. Whatcha doin' tonight?

ERWIN
(wearily)
A customer was just here for dinner.
He was 68 years old. O.K.?... Can
I speak to Jimmy, please. All right?

Pause.

HONEY
All right.

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and places it on the bedside table.

JIMMY'S VOICE
Daddy?

Covering the phone, Erwin gestures the girl away, almost
angrily.

ERWIN
(to girl)
It's my kid.

199 INT. POLICE INNER OFFICE - CLOSE ON SELECTRIC - EARLY MORNING 199

Across the top of the form, the Selectric races, filling in the blanks: "Recorded" Friday, June 9, 1967. Typed: Saturday, June 10, 1967. Secretary: MBL.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Marcie. She signs and reaches for a cup of coffee on her desk. It is early morning outside. Marcie puts the cup down and throws the switch on her own tape recorder. Her typewriter explodes in a crisp mechanical clatter. The VOICES from the tape recorder come in loud and clear.

FIRST VOICE

What do you mean he just walked away?

SECOND VOICE

Across the street... and into the building.

FIRST VOICE

Which?

SECOND VOICE

Which what?

FIRST VOICE

Which building, did he go into.

SECOND VOICE

(exasperated)

The one across the street! Why?

200 INT. BANK CORRIDOR EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - MORNING 200

The corridor is gloomy, silent, empty. Eddy stands motionless, looking slowly along the corridor. The Assistant Cashier from Scene 181 thru 185 stands behind him, fidgeting, holding a set of keys on a ring. Two weary DETECTIVES stand over the dollies. The handles have been thoroughly dusted, and the detectives hold impressions of the fingerprints. One is crouching. He looks up from his watch and shakes his head.

SECOND DETECTIVE

Leather... Pigskin, calfskin...

Eddy turns and walks away.

EDDY

Great. Last Mass is eleven o'clock.
You can still make it, Sy.

- 201 EXT. GENEVA AIRPORT - LONG SHOT - DAY 201
The Swissair DC8 comes in low for a landing. The flags are bright on top of the Geneva terminal. It is a bright, sunny day.
- 202 INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - IMMIGRATION DESK - DAY 202
THUMP! The Swiss immigration INSPECTOR stamps Crown's passport with the date June 16, 1967, and hands it back with a smile.
- 203 INSERT: CROWN'S PASSPORT 203
With immigration stamp: June 16, 1967.
- 204 INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - IMMIGRATION DESK - DAY 204
INSPECTOR
How long do you plan to stay in Geneva?
CROWN
Three days.
- 205 INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - BAGGAGE BELT - DAY 205
Two huge blue bags roll up the moving baggage belt.
- 206 INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - CUSTOMS & BAGGAGE AREA - DAY 206
In the next room, Crown looks slowly away and lifts his voice:
CROWN
Georges!!
- 207 ANOTHER ANGLE 207
At the end of the aisle, GEORGES, an exciteable little man with gold teeth in the uniform of the Hotel Riche-
mond is wildly waving his arms.
GEORGES
Monsieur Crown! You have the
passeporte stamp?
Crown waves his passport and hands over two baggage checks.
GEORGES
You wait, please. Two baggages!

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

He dashes off, waving the checks at a CUSTOMS INSPECTOR. The Customs Inspector steps aside. Georges dashes into the baggage room.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

Anything to declare, Monsieur?

Crown sleepily shakes his head. Georges charges back with two huge blue bags and holds them out to the Customs Inspector, who casually marks them in chalk. Georges exits, slowly followed by Crown.

208 OMITTED

208

209 FULL SHOT

209

One TECHNICIAN is being the slide projector, the other is standing close by. Eddy is in the doorway. The projector changes to a slide of a ballistics test.

EDDY

Any special markings?

TECHNICIAN

A thirty-eight is a thirty-eight.

210 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS' OUTER OFFICE - DAY

210

The POLICE ARTIST has sketched five huge portraits designated "A," "B," "C," "D," "E," bearing slight resemblance to Abe, Benjy, Carl, Dave and Erwin. Abe, complete with hat and wrap-around sunglasses, is slowly taking shape. The first Cashroom Guard from Scene 56 is arguing with the two Elevator Passengers from Scene 59.

CASHROOM GUARD

His face was longer, he had a smaller nose!

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

1ST PASSENGER

The nose is all right, leave it alone,
the glasses make it stand out!

The 2nd Passenger nods vigorously. The Guard grits his teeth. Disgusted, Eddy walks into his own office.

211 INT. EDDY'S OFFICE - DAY

211

Eddy enters his own office and sits on the edge of his metal desk, dangling his legs. He is surrounded now by Danny, Phil, Marvin and Mike. His voice is wry.

EDDY

Nothing. A great big nothing. Zero.
In eight working days we were on the
spot in six minutes. Organized?
Scientific? We're the best. We're
great.

Silence. The room is new, air-conditioned, modern but cheap. Metal furniture, metal venetian blinds, a smiling portrait of L.B.J. on the wall. Eddy turns and walks to the doorway.

212 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS OUTER OFFICE - DAY

212

In the room outside, Marcie is reading a list to another secretary who is punching out adding machine tape.

EDDY

Got the breakdown yet?

Marcie holds up her hand and continues to read.

MARCIE

... six thousand two hundred forty
twenty dollar bills, nine thousand
eight hundred seventy-one ten dollar
bills, four thousand four hundred
sixty-five five dollar bills...

213 INT. SWISS BANK PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY
thru
215213
thru

215 Crown's hands lift thick piles of currency from the open suitcase and stack them neatly on the old mahogany desk. He is seated on the edge of an elegant leather chair in a Swiss bank inner sanctum, a heavily panelled dark office with deep red drapes. The two blue suitcases are open, on the floor at his left. One of them is completely empty. Currency is six inches deep on the desk. Crown's lifting motions are leisurely, almost bored.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

thru
215

The BANK OFFICER looks up from the neat pink card he is holding delicately in his fingers, and watches Crown shrewdly through his horn-rimmed glasses. His voice is hushed.

213
thru
215

BANK OFFICER

But what name?

Crown pauses, his hands full of money, and points to the card.

CROWN

The code name. And the number.

BANK OFFICER

Where?

CROWN

No address.

The owl manages to look severe.

BANK OFFICER

We do not know you.

Crown's grin is boyish.

CROWN

But you will do it... There will be further deposits... in cash, also... We're both in the business, you see.

The bank officer nods. A ghost of a twinkle -

BANK OFFICER

What else can we do to help you, sir?

Crown rises and walks to the calendar on the wall. His forefinger starts to trace the days.

CROWN

Instructions can be any month, any year, but...

(his finger stops
on the 19th)

... they must all be dated the nineteenth of the month. The nineteenth day.

The bank officer smiles, signs the confirmation with a flourish and gives it to Crown.

BANK OFFICER

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED: (2)

thru

215 Crown studies it briefly. He nods.

213
thru
215

CROWN

Enjoy my money.

The Bank Officer smiles.

BANK OFFICER

Please, monsieur.

216 INSERT: A BANK DRAFT

216

The draft is dated July 1, 1967. It is payable to the order of the bank, drawn on the insurance company, and the amount is \$2,660,527.62.

217 INT. UPPER FLOOR BANK - DAY

217

Insurance executive, JAMIE MACDONALD, and Eddy are standing across from a BANK VICE PRESIDENT in the latter's office. Jamie has a check in his hand.

JAMIE

(ill-humored)

It's a black day for banking when five men can walk in off the street and calmly...

EDDY

(interrupts)

Come on, Jamie. There's no point in this.

JAMIE

(turns to Eddy,
accusative)

And a black black day for Law Enforcement when the best you can do is cross your fingers and pray for an informer.

Eddy takes the check from Jamie's tight grasp and hands it to the Vice President.

EDDY

And it becomes a downright inky day for Insurance, right, when you have to pay off.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

217

The Vice President studies the check and nods.

VICE PRESIDENT

Thank you, Mr. MacDonald.

JAMIE

Good-day, Gentlemen.

Jamie heads toward the main entrance on bank floor,
Eddy following.

EDDY

Look, Jamie, we don't know who
they are, where they are, or
what they did with the money,
your money. They win. We lose.

JAMIE

So far.

Eddy shrugs. Silence.

JAMIE

There's someone, a special, we
like to bring in, when we hit a
blank stone wall... you won't
like her. She's -

EDDY

She?

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (2)

217

Pause.

JAMIE

She's a little unorthodox.

218
thru
222

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT INTERNATIONAL SECTION/TWA LOBBY/
EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT AT ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

218
thru
222

VICKY sweeps through the TWA lobby at Logan Airport, a PORTER with two green suitcases trailing her. A uniformed ground steward with the name "WARREN PIERCE" on his nametag is carrying a third green suitcase and a large Bergdorf paper bag and walking along beside her.

Vicky is carrying two Bergdorf bundles, a large white purse, an armful of paperbacks about classic capers. She is wearing a short-sleeved suit, chic and stunning. She looks all about as she walks, and everyone in the lobby is staring at her.

VICKY

Jamie! How sweet! And who's your chaperone? I've missed you!

She dumps the bundles, purse and paperbacks in Eddy's arms, throws her arms around Jamie and kisses him. She never once looks at Eddy, who promptly drops two of the paperbacks, and has to struggle to retrieve them. After kissing Jamie, she dismisses the steward with a bright smile.

VICKY

Thank you, Warren.

She takes her suitcase and paper bag and hands them to Jamie. The steward promptly disappears, and Jamie, Eddy, Vicky and the porter move off through the lobby and out the exit. Throughout, Vicky never stops prattling. Taking Jamie's arm and hugging him:

VICKY

It's been more than a year! You don't need me, don't call me, don't love me, don't pay me. You've a heart of stone, Jamie!

JAMIE

Vicky, this is Eddy Malone.

Vicky grins at Jamie. Then she flashes a winning smile at Eddy.

(CONTINUED)

218
thru
222

CONTINUED:

218
thru
222

VICKY

Hello. The boss. The man in charge... I've read your reports.

Eddy indicates Jamie with his chin.

EDDY

I've heard about yours.

Vicky stops on the curb, and stares at Jamie. They are joined on the curb by TWO OTHER MEN from the insurance company, who have driven up in a limousine.

VICKY

From Old Poison Tongue? You must be very impressed.

Jamie controls himself. They start to load the limousine.

EDDY

With both of you.

VICKY

How tactful you are!

The porter puts the two green suitcases in the trunk. Jamie tips him a dollar. All the other things are dumped in the front seat beside the driver. Eddy holds the rear door open. Vicky enters. Jamie gets in and sits beside her. The two others get in the front doors.

223 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON EDDY AT LIMOUSINE

223

EDDY

I get off here. It's not my reunion... Pleasure meeting you, Miss - Vicky... Jamie, call me 'fore you leave.

He slams the door, straightens up, and steps back on the curb.

224 INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING SHOT - AFTERNOON

224

Jamie looks from Eddy to Vicky, quizzically. Vicky laughs, pleased with herself. Jamie grins. Suddenly girlish and impulsive, she leans over and kisses Jamie.

VICKY

I'm so glad you called me. Thank you. I mean it. It's a tough one. But I think it's ripe for cracking.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

224

Jamie looks briefly out of the rear window.

JAMIE

Yes. It is.

225 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - 18TH HOLE - DAY
thru
234

225
thru
234

The eighteenth hole at the Country Club. Crown's ball is imbedded below the lip of the trap to the right of the green, almost entirely under the sand. Crown stands over it, studying the shot, his CADDY outside the trap to his right.

SANDY, gleeful, is on the top of the bunker, his own ball on the front of the green. SANDY'S CADDY holds the flag.

SANDY

Front, back, eighteen and the press,
I like the way I sit!

Crown concentrates. The boy hands him a wedge. Crown slices a beautiful, upright explosion shot. It clears the bunker, and heads for the flag.

CROWN'S CADDY

(shouting)

Good shot! Great one, Mr. Crown!

SANDY'S CADDY

(shouting)

Beauty! Boy! Oh boy, oh boy!

(Together)

The ball hits two feet beyond the hole, bites, and stops six inches away.

SANDY

(shouting)

Damn it to hell! Only you! Never!

Sandy waves at Crown to take it away.

Crown picks up his ball and steps back. Sandy studies his putt, and disconsolately strokes it; his putt is short.

CROWN

The back side, the eighteen and the press, less the front, I make it twenty bucks.

(CONTINUED)

225
thru
234

CONTINUED:

225
thru
234

SANDY

(morose, tapping
his putt toward
the hole)

You couldn't get down in two from
there - never, again, never.

CROWN

(suddenly excited,
alert)

I say I can do it. Again.

He takes two tens from Sandy's hand, and stuffs them in
the cup. He looks at Sandy expectantly.

SANDY

Down in two, same lie?

CROWN

Fifty to one.

SANDY

I place it, an even thousand bucks?

Crown nods.

SANDY

(savagely)

I'll take it!

CROWN

Bury it.

He flips the ball to Sandy. Sandy does bury it, just
as deeply, back in the trap, if anything nearer the lip.
He steps away. The boy hands Crown his wedge, Crown
circles the trap. Long silence. Crown takes a practice
swing. Sandy grows more and more tense. Crown swings,
and again lofts the shot up toward the flag.

SANDY

No! Oh, no!

CROWN'S CADDY

Beauty!

(groan)

Oh, too bad!

The ball lands long, rolls up the slope, stops a dozen
feet from the cup.

SANDY

Tommy boy, you almost made it.

(CONTINUED)

225
thru
234

CONTINUED: (2)

225
thru
234

CROWN

Almost? Another grand?

Crown takes his putter, hitches up his pants, lines up the putt, a curling twelve feet across the grain, downhill.

SANDY

Even money?

Crown nods.

SANDY

A sucker bet! You're faded!

Crown takes a practice stroke.

SANDY

(nervous)

Two grand for you if you drop it in, a thousand twenty for me if you miss.

Crown strokes the putt, high on the right side, it breaks down straight toward the cup.

CROWN'S CADDY

Drop! Drop! DROP! -- Oh!

The ball rims and stops outside.

SANDY

(delighted and relieved)

Mad.

(with some intensity, looking up at Crown)

You're absolutely mad.

CROWN

(gently, as he takes out a check)

What else can we do on a Sunday?

The grinning caddies shake their heads.

235

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

235

Eddy enters the office from the hall. Marcie and a few others are already at work. Marcie hands him a cup of coffee and gives a sideways nod towards his office.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED:

235

Through the open door we can see Vicky busy at a desk, surrounded by piles of reports. She is making notes, reading, and sorting various papers into separate piles. Eddy walks over and stands in the doorway.

236 INT. EDDY'S OFFICE - MORNING

236

EDDY

What's in this for you?

VICKY

(without looking up
from her work)

Ten percent of everything recovered.

Eddy grunts and enters the office. He looks over her shoulder. There is an awkward pause.

VICKY

(almost to herself;
as she reads)

He knew the bank routine, the layout -

EDDY

(impatiently)

So do twenty thousand others.
Everyone who ever worked there,
every customer they have! Hell,
you never saw such records! We've
been over 'em all.

VICKY

(still ignoring him)

Looking for what? A criminal record?
Look -

She puts down the papers she has in her hand, stands, and gives him a rudimentary crime lesson --

VICKY

-- every crime has a personality,
a something like the mind that
planned it. This one has, and it's
a man who thinks, and plans, and --

EDDY

Clever. Very clever.

VICKY

(making a sincere
effort to be pleasant
and control herself)

Look, you work your way, and I --

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

236

EDDY

Oh, no. No, you don't. We're in it together, you wanted in, you get ten percent, so earn your keep. Earn it. Earn it now.

Vicky stares at him quizzically. Gradually he relaxes and starts to feel sheepish. She grins.

VICKY

All right. Let's start with the money then.

EDDY

(laughs)

I don't have it, and I don't get it.

VICKY

(her eyes gleam)

But what would you do if you did have it? Two million six hundred thousand dollars. In cash?

237
thru
244

EXT. GLIDERPORT - DAY

237
thru
244

VARIOUS SHOTS AND ANGLES of glider, ground to air and air to air to INCLUDE Crown's POV of field and Gwen sitting on back of front seat in convertible with the top down. She slides behind wheel of car and drives toward oncoming single place glider approaching very low over trees, and Crown comes to a stop just short of her. Gwen leans against the car. Crown is at the cockpit; the bubble open.

GWEN

(watching him
thoughtfully)

... Someday you ought to buy a motor for that thing.

CROWN

(not looking
up; adjusting
the canopy)

Very good...

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:
thru
244

237
thru
244

GWEN
(after a moment;
becoming serious)
I wish you wouldn't undershoot
the field like that...

CROWN
(glancing up)
Why?

GWEN
Come on, Tommy.

CROWN
Well it would end all my
worries... wouldn't it?

GWEN
Worries? What do you have to
worry about?

CROWN
(looking right
at her)
Who I want to be tomorrow.

Gwen studies him for a moment, then turns away. As
Crown lifts one wing... Gwen moves to the other and
they push the glider.

245 EXT. TERRACE OPPOSITE THE COPP'S HILL CEMETERY -
NOONTIME

245

In the b.g. are the harbor, Navy Yard, Constitution,
Bunker Hill Monument. Eddy grins.

EDDY
A week of thinking and what
have you got?

She looks him up and down.

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Ideas?

He flushes. He scuffs his feet.

EDDY

Where's the money?

VICKY

In Switzerland. In numbered accounts.

His grin is skeptical.

VICKY

(heated)

Look, it reeks of intelligence.
What else could he do with the
money? A mattress or a hole in the
ground? Bermuda, Bahamas, the rest
of the world? Taxes, records, shaky
currency, people to know, people to
trust?

Still grinning, he shakes his head. Beyond them, children
have been playing hopscotch. The children finish the
game and leave.

EDDY

How did he get it through customs?
It's bulky.

VICKY

Airplane luggage. Sometimes they
don't check it at all.

All of a sudden he is excited and having fun.

EDDY

He'd have to take a couple of trips
... The airlines - they could give
us a list of names... and then I'll
make up another list -

VICKY

- the bank list! -

EDDY

- and compare 'em in a computer!

He is flushed.

EDDY

What's that?

246 ANOTHER ANGLE

246

She is kneeling, drawing on the pavement with chalk near the hopscotch diagram.

VICKY

The bank. Five ways in, five ways out, every one of them different. Suppose they only met once, right here, just for the moment of the crime. It's beautiful! It's pure geometry! It's - it's marvelous.

He crouches, facing her.

EDDY

(slowly)

You mean, you mean they never -

VICKY

(emphatically)

Never, never, before, after,
ever, met again. Lovely?

EDDY

But impractical.

VICKY

Why? He could meet them one at a time! Maybe he didn't trust them to know each other. For all we know they don't even know him. Why should he pay them all at once?

EDDY

(thoughtfully)

Installments? Then they're gonna be awful nervous.

VICKY

Right... let's needle, put the pressure on.

EDDY

And that's your specialty.

247 INT. CROWN'S OFFICE - CROWN & SANDY - DAY
&
248

247
&
248

SANDY

Retire! You!

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED:
&
248

247
&
248

CROWN

Well... knock off for a bit, go around the world, to liquidate would take a year, that's starting to bother me...

SANDY

Mobility? Hell, you've got more than most.

CROWN

I still feel trapped. Look, I could give you the power of attorney. You could do it for me.

SANDY

I wouldn't know what to do.

CROWN

It's here. All laid out.

He puts an envelope on the table.

CROWN

(continuing)

To be opened only if I leave.
What to hold, what to sell.

The envelope is sealed with heavy red sealing wax.

SANDY

Real red sealing wax. An old-fashioned boy.

He regards it with curiosity. Crown looks up from his tiny, gold pocket watch.

249 INT. CROWN'S OUTER OFFICE - CROWN'S POV

249

Miss Sullivan at her desk, a paper spread open to a full page advertisement. Crown walks in.

250 CLOSE SHOT - ON CROWN

250

interested and amused.

251 CLOSE - ON NEWSPAPER AD

251

The advertisement is in large, bold type:

251 CONTINUED:

251

"BE A FINK FOR \$25,000!"

"WAS HE IN BOSTON ON JUNE 9?"

"DOES HE DRIVE A 1967 BLACK FORD STATION WAGON"

"IS HE NERVOUS? JUMPY? IRRITABLE?"

"TELEPHONE BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 617-742-5533."

In smaller print at the bottom of the page:

"For information leading to the arrest
and conviction of anyone involved in
the June 9 Boston bank robbery - \$25,000
reward!"

252 INT. ERWIN'S KITCHEN AND PICTURE WINDOW - CLOSE ON DAY

252

coffee grounds being dumped on the advertisement in the Sunday July 23, Long Island newspaper, lying flat beside the pink enamel sink. Biting her lip, Honey crumples the newspaper with the coffee grounds into a package, and looks up, shouts:

HONEY

Erwin! Erwin! We're late! Please
hurry!

253 EXT. ERWIN'S YARD THRU PICTURE WINDOW FROM INTERIOR ERWIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

253

ERWIN

God dammit. I'm not gonna jump
through hoops for your mother,
will you get off my back!

Through the picture kitchen window, she watches Erwin, in a dirty T-shirt and chinos, release the shiny new bicycle, and Jimmy promptly fall in the dust. Honey steps out on the neat white porch, wiping her hands on her apron.

254 EXT. ERWIN'S HOUSE - PORCH AND YARD - DAY

254

as Honey steps out.

HONEY

Look at him! He's filthy! Erwin,
please, he needs another bath!

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

254

Erwin sighs. Jimmy leans the bicycle against the porch and Erwin and Jimmy go inside. The bicycle is brand new and carries every bicycle gadget ever invented. Honey frowns at it for a moment, fingers the gadgets, and looks after Erwin, thinking. She walks back into the kitchen.

255 INT. ERWIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

255

Honey walks into the kitchen, stares down at the right, toward the paper, and with a touch of panic raises her voice -

HONEY

Erwin, can't you come home tomorrow night? Why do you have to stay over in the city?

ERWIN (o.s.)

Because I do. I told you so.

256 EXT. PRUDENTIAL PLAZA - DAY

256

Vicky and Eddy are walking across the Prudential Plaza. He cannot take his eyes off her walk.

VICKY

Any more responses to the ads?

EDDY

A couple... The hausfrau from Long Island, though. She's still our best bet.

VICKY

(she laughs)

Ah, yes... the salesman's wife... Erwin, the sex maniac. How'd he buy the car?

EDDY

For cash. And we don't know where he got it, and, the same day he bought the car, he rented a safe deposit box.

Her eyes gleam.

VICKY

Can we drill the box?

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

256

EDDY

(eyes narrow)

We could ask for a warrant, but
we wouldn't get it.

VICKY

Would the bank -

EDDY

They would not.

VICKY

Couldn't we just pick up the car?

EDDY

No. We couldn't and you won't.
It's against the law.

VICKY

Then -

EDDY

Pick him up and question him? All
right, I'll go to New York.

VICKY

No, let me.

(girlish)

Please.

EDDY

Don't you trust me?

She laughs.

257 ANOTHER ANGLE

257

At the top of the long, wide stairs to the street, she
pauses above him. He looks up.

VICKY

I'm six. My daddy puts me on
the stairs. I jump. He catches
me, kisses me, puts me back. I
jump. He catches me, kisses me,
puts me back. I jump again, he
steps away. I fall on my head and
cry. And what does he say?

Eddy is laughing.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED:

257

EDDY

"Never trust anyone, starting
with me."

She gives him a kiss.

VICKY

Give the man a big cigar.

258 EXT. A SUBURBAN SHOPPING CENTER - MID MORNING

258

Erwin is driving the wagon. He pulls into the curb. He whistles, trots into the corner drugstore.

A heap pulls in behind. A BEATLE in a leather jacket jumps out and sprints to the corner, another to the wagon driver door.

259 INT. ERWIN'S CAR - MID MORNING

259

He pulls open the door, flops down in front of the wheel, reaches under the dash and yanks. Swiftly he ties the ignition wires together with jump wires from his pocket, and twists them tight with pliers. He hums, sits erect in the seat, pulls the solenoid wire forward and twists it up to touch the metal trim. The engine turns over and catches; he races it, slips into gear and roars off!

260 EXT. SUBURBAN SHOPPING CENTER - MID MORNING

260

Erwin comes out of the drugstore as the wagon screeches away.

ERWIN

Hey!

He starts to run. The sidewalk Beatle promptly trips him up. Erwin falls hard on the curb and sits in the gutter, stunned.

SIDEWALK BEATLE

(cheerfully)

Why don't you watch where you're
going?

He jumps in the heap and off it roars. Erwin watches it drive away.

261 EXT. BEACH AT TRURO - MORNING

261

The beach is lonely, almost desolate.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

261

You hear the snarl of the Porsche engine, but at first you do not see the dune buggy. Then you see Crown in the dune buggy, all alone, doing figure eights up and down the dunes, on the beach. You hear Crown's VOICE over the engine roar:

CROWN'S VOICE

Take a letter to the Pictet Bank in Geneva. Would you please send me a list of all securities on which I've paid the interest equalization tax?

262 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER ON CROWN

262

He is clutching an I.B.M. 224.

CROWN

With kindest personal sentiments. And a letter to the honorable senator. Dear Teddy, how is it going with the -

His voice wavers wildly on the last word as:

263 ANOTHER ANGLE

263

The buggy teeters, nearly overturns, and cuts into the water with a huge splash. Crown slashes through the shallow water for a hundred yards, cutting in and out, between the rocks, and then swerves back onto the beach.

264 ON CROWN

264

CROWN

Price, Waterhouse, next, the Boston office. Would you please project my taxable income through the end of the calendar year? How much depreciation would I lose if I sell the rest of the real estate? Every single property could be sold -

The buggy charges over the top of a dune, jumping clear, into the air. As it lands, the front end dips, the rear end lifts, and Crown fights for control. He spins the buggy around and stops in the shallow water. Exhilarated, he gazes out to sea for a moment, then raises the microphone again.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

264

CROWN

And call that stupid laundry tomorrow. The buttons are all coming through too big. The replacement buttons on my shirts.

The SOUND of the waves becomes the SOUND of water running in Honey's kitchen sink.

265 INT. ERWIN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

265

Honey is smoking, doing dishes. She looks at Erwin. She is worried.

HONEY

Pick up the phone and call the police!

ERWIN

I didn't - I can't - I didn't think --

HONEY

Erwin, they stole your car!

The phone RINGS. Rrrinnngg! Honey answers the kitchen extension phone.

HONEY

Hello? Yes? Speaking.

(her face goes white)

Who, who is... Erwin, where is Jimmy!

She is hysterical. Erwin takes the phone.

ERWIN

Yes... Where, where is he? Who is this? But I don't have that kind of money! I can't...
(click)

ERWIN

(continuing)

They have Jimmy. They want five thousand dollars.

Erwin stands there, holding the phone.

HONEY

Call the police -

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED:

265

ERWIN

No!... He said if we call 'em...
Honey, I can get it, but don't ever
ask me... Honey?

HONEY

(sobbing)

I want my boy!

266 EXT. LONG ISLAND BANK AND PARKING LOT - DAY

266

&
267

Erwin walks out of the bank and into the parking lot
behind it, holding the brown paper bag. At the end of
the lot, behind the bank are three large, green plastic
trash barrels. Erwin picks up the cover of the third
barrel and drops in the paper bag. He looks around. He
turns and walks out of the lot, dragging his feet, chin
low.

&
267

JIMMY'S VOICE

Hi, Dad!

268 EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - DAY

268

Across the street is Erwin's own black Ford wagon. There
are two men, A DETECTIVE and HARRY, in the front seat.
Jimmy is smiling, eating an ice cream cone, sitting in
Vicky's lap in back. Erwin walks shakily over to the car.

ERWIN

(huskily)

Where were you, son, are you all
right?

JIMMY

Sure, Dad, she's nice! We were lost!

ERWIN

Who are you anyhow?

DETECTIVE

I'm your friendly insurance man, the
one who paid your bank. In Boston.
You know, the one you robbed?

He beams. Erwin panics. He looks at the child. Vicky
leans forward, smiling.

VICKY

Harry, why don't you take Jimmy
home to his mother? With the money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268

VICKY (cont'd)

Erwin is going to stick around.
We're going to have a little talk.

Harry and Jimmy get out of the car.

DETECTIVE

Get in the car.

269 INT. ERWIN'S CAR - DAY

269

thru

thru

271

Erwin gets in the back seat of the car. The Detective
turns around and smiles. Pause.

271

ERWIN

This is stupid.

DETECTIVE

Stupid! You're lucky! We're giving
you a chance! Look, two witnesses
saw you drive away. You just put
five thousand dollars in the barrel.
Where'd you get it? Where'd you get
the money for the car? You know
something, Erwin? You're going to
jail, your wife'll divorce you, you'll
never see the kid again. Or else...

Silence. Erwin licks his lips. He looks from one to
the other. Vicky smiles sweetly.

VICKY

We could tell the court to please go
light... We may even give you back
your money and maybe another five.

DETECTIVE

We paid the bank. Now it's your
turn. It's time you picked up a
tab, baby. Now you pay. You pay
and pay. You pay with all you've
got.

VICKY

I'm sorry. I really am.

She radiates sympathy. Erwin's eyes mist.

ERWIN

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED:

thru
271

Vicky takes a deep, deep triumphant breath. The detective takes a tape recorder out of the briefcase and starts it. He casually holds the microphone out over the back of the seat toward Erwin. Erwin leans toward it.

269
thru
271

272 CLOSEUP - ON TAPE RECORDER

272

All you see is the rotating tape for the remainder of the scene.

DETECTIVE

How did you meet him?

ERWIN

He called me up.

VICKY

What did he say?

ERWIN

'How would you like to make fifty grand!'

273 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EDDY'S OFFICE - DAY

thru

275

Vicky clicks off the tape recorder, and looks up at Eddy in his office.

273
thru
275

VICKY

What a mind, what a man!

EDDY

(sarcastic)

Yeah. Marvelous... Erwin's checks come in from the Chase in New York, they get the funds from a bank in Geneva, guess what? A numbered account. Can't you bribe your way through a numbered account?

VICKY

No. You know the Swiss. I've tried.

He grabs her arm, and yanks her around to face him.

EDDY

(shouting)

You lied to me, you stole the car, you kidnapped a child, blackmailed the father, the bank you tried to bribe --

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:
thru
275

273
thru
275

VICKY

That hurts.
(he relaxes his
grip)
I do my job.

EDDY

(savagely)

That's no answer.

VICKY

(voice rising)

All right, I'm immoral, so is
the world! I'm here for the
money! All right?

He turns away, and looks out the window.

VICKY

(quietly)

What happened to the airline list?
We've been waiting for it more than
a week. Hasn't Washington sent you
the cards?

EDDY

(voice flat)

How do you know he made the trip
himself?

VICKY

Because he's a loner, that's why!
He's running this show by himself.
Look, will you please check the
cards?

276 CLOSEUP - IBM DATA PROCESSING MACHINE

276

An IBM data processing installation is sorting cards at
tremendous speed. There are only five piles with more
than one card. As the machine stops, the ATTENDANT gathers
up the five piles of cards.

277 INT. BANK BASEMENT FILE ROOM - NIGHT

277

&
278

Eddy and Vicky are sitting at night amidst the bank
credit files. The room is huge and antiquated, floor to
ceiling files. The MESSENGER walks away from the table.
On the table are five files.

&
278

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

278

277
&
278

VICKY

Do we have all their photographs?

EDDY

Here.

He hands her a group of photographs in a police department envelope.

EDDY

They're all in order.

He picks up a file as she opens the envelope and takes out the first picture and looks at it.

279 CLOSEUP - CANDID PHOTOGRAPH

279

of a distinguished man.

280 BACK TO SCENE
thru
282280
thru
282

EDDY

One bank vice president, age fifty-two, eight trips to Europe on some sort of deal -

VICKY

No.

She puts the picture aside. Eddy takes the second file. She glances at the name and takes the picture that matches the file.

EDDY

(patiently)

This one's a lawyer, four years at a bank, fine old family, foreign trade, three trips across in the last ninety days.

VICKY

Ugh. Too square.

She drops the picture on the table. Eddy closes the folder, and taps it on the table, raising his eyebrows. He opens the next folder. She looks at the corresponding picture, smiles and says:

VICKY

Nice!

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:
thru
282

280
thru
282

EDDY

(reading)

Six months at the bank, a long
time ago. Real estate, securities
and currency arbitrage.

VICKY

Arbitrage? What's that?

EDDY

Buying and selling currency.
Betting the spread in two
different markets...

(he looks back
at the folder)

Graduated Dartmouth and Harvard
Business Administration. Socially
acceptable. Smart as a whip, and
plenty of money. Two trips to
Geneva in May, six since our
robbery. You find him attractive?

VICKY

Not bad.

(she laughs)

EDDY

(gives her a look)

Four million dollars... Thirty-
six, divorced, she kept the
children. He's available.

VICKY

What's his name?

The POUNDING SOUND of horses' hooves.

283 EXT. POLO FIELD - A ROUND WHITE BALL FILLS THE SCREEN 283
thru AFTERNOON thru
288 288

Zock! The round, white, wooden polo ball is slammed in
CLOSEUP straight over the CAMERA. Horses careen by.
Crown's body, holding the mallet, hanging out at a crazy
angle. The horses wheel, chase, wheel again. Another
player sweeps the ball back toward Crown and again,
Zock! Crown takes a shot. The ball steaks for the
goal, smacks into one of the posts, and caroms off. A
whistle, a loud groan from the crowd and louder applause.
The players canter toward the stands. We hear the
Announcer's VOICE over the P.A. system:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And a good try by Crown, ending
the chuka at 6 to 4 for the Greens.

289 EXT. POLO FIELD - CLOSE SHOT ON CROWN FOCUSED THRU 289
VICKY'S MOVIE CAMERA - AFTERNOON

You see Crown riding toward the stands through Vicky's
8mm movie camera. The GROOM tosses Crown a towel, and
takes the reins. Crown mops his face and stops, looking
toward the camera, startled.

290 EXT. POLO GRANDSTAND - AFTERNOON 290
&
291 Vicky stops taking Crown's picture and smiles at him. 291
He smiles back, still puzzled, and continues to towel
his face.

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED

290

&

&

291

291

He throws the towel down at the Groom and stares. Vicky is taking his picture again. Then she stops to wind her movie camera and smiles at him. Crown reaches for the reins. The horse wheels away, the Groom following, patting the horse's flank. Crown looks back over his shoulder and shrugs. The picture FLICKERS during the last portion of the scene, like an 8mm home movie.

292 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

292

You see the picture of Crown riding away on his horse. It is being projected on the office screen. Eddy throws the switch and the projector stops. He glances at Vicky.

EDDY

So he plays polo. Now what?

VICKY

I know he's our man. He's our man -- I just know it!

Eddy looks at her.

EDDY

Prove it.

292X1 EXT. BEACON STREET - AFTERNOON

292X1

Cars are double parked. Crown's Rolls pulls in and stops behind the last of the cars parked on the street side. Crown and Sandy emerge from the Rolls; cross to the sidewalk and continue walking.

SANDY

Now, I know it doesn't matter to you, but it drives me crazy when you start buying pieces you don't know anything about. And you...

CROWN

(interrupts)

Enjoyment is enjoyment, Sandy. So don't worry about it.

SANDY

All right... I agree, but for God's sake don't start paying...

Crown has noticed Vicky's Ferrari parked at the curb. He stops to double check it, as Sandy walks on alone.

(CONTINUED)

292X1 CONTINUED:

292X1

SANDY

(continuing)

... twice as much as you should.
I'll clue you as to what each...

He notices Crown is not beside him and turns.

SANDY

Come on. We're late as it is.
What is that, one of those red
Italian things?

CROWN

Yeah.

He moves to join Sandy and they turn and enter 46 Beacon
Street. CAMERA FOLLOWS Crown and Sandy up the stairs.

SANDY

As I said, I'll tell you what's
good and what it's worth.

Crown nods. They enter the room.

293 INT. GALLERY - CLOSEUP LITHOGRAPHS - AFTERNOON

293

The five lithographs fill the SCREEN.

AUCTIONEER'S VOICE

Lot nineteen, the Five Senses by
Honore Daumier, the second state
on white paper as published in Les
Caricatures, July and August, 1839,
two with slight center folds. Do I
hear two hundred dollars? I do.

The AUCTIONEER is standing on a podium advertising the
American Cancer Society, Essex County Art Auction.
During the last part of his spiel, you see Crown stand-
ing in the crowd, looking diagonally across the rest of
the people, and not at the podium. He smiles as:

294 INT. ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON

294

CLOSE ON Vicky's hand. Two fingers are extended in the
V for Victory symbol.

AUCTIONEER (o.s.)

I have two hundred dollars. Two
hundred. Do I hear two fifty, two
fifty...?

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED:

294

A nod from someone in the crowd.

AUCTIONEER

I do. I have two hundred fifty dollars. Two fifty...

Sandy picks up a program. Crown is scanning the room.

AUCTIONEER

Do I hear two seventy-five?

Crown sees Vicky nod to the Auctioneer.

AUCTIONEER

I have two seventy five, two seventy-five...

CROWN

(to Sandy)

What's up?

Sandy checks the podium, then the program.

SANDY

Lot nineteen. The Daumier from Les Caricatures.

The other person bidding against Vicky raises three fingers.

AUCTIONEER

I have three hundred...

VICKY

(slightly irritated)

Three twenty.

AUCTIONEER

Three twenty it is. I have three twenty.

SANDY

(offhand)

Not worth one cent over five hundred.

CROWN

Five.

AUCTIONEER

I have five hundred, now! Five hundred is the bid.

Vicky shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED: (2)

294

AUCTIONEER :

Going at five hundred. Twice
at five hundred. Sold at five
hundred, sold. Sold to Mr. Crown!

Vicky looks around startled. Crown smiles over at her and begins to move through the crowd; leaving a puzzled Sandy behind. Crown is greeted and stopped several times, obviously popular and well-known. He finally reaches Vicky who smiles and holds out her hand.

295 ANOTHER SHOT

295

VICKY

Mr. Crown. I'm Vicky Anderson.

CROWN

Hello. Where's your camera?

VICKY

You remember?

He doesn't answer. He just looks at her for a long moment, then:

CROWN

The engravings. May I give them
to you?

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED:

295

VICKY

Then why did you --

CROWN

-- bid? Because I wanted to buy.
And anyhow, it's for charity, and
five is the proper price.

He takes her arm and steers her toward the bar.

CROWN

What brings you out here?
Charity?

VICKY

Not really.

Crown smiles at a couple of people as they continue
toward the bar.

VICKY

(explaining)

I've been reading about you.

CROWN

(grins)

Yeah? Where?

VICKY

In a file.

They have arrived at the bar. He picks up two glasses
of champagne and hands one to Vicky. They move to a
window near the bar.

CROWN

Who do you work for? Vogue?
Harper's? Life? Look? Time?
I've got it! World Wide Polo!

VICKY

(smiling)

Uh-huh. Insurance, Mr. Crown.

CROWN

I'm amply covered.

VICKY

I hope so.

Crown questions her with a look.

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED: (2)

295

VICKY

I'm an investigator.

CROWN

Anything in particular?

VICKY

The bank, Mr. Crown. The caper, sir.

(when he makes no
reply, she continues)You wouldn't expect us to take
the loss of over two million
dollars lying down, would you?

CROWN

It's an interesting picture.

VICKY

Not to some people.

He looks her up and down, taking the moment.

CROWN

They must pay you well.

VICKY

Depends upon the return.

CROWN

You're one of those new American
head-hunters, huh?

VICKY

You could put it that way.

CROWN

Whose head are you after?

VICKY

Yours.

CROWN

(beginning to laugh)

Mine?

VICKY

(beginning to
laugh with him)

Yours.

Over their laughter, we

CUT TO:

296 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EDDY'S OFFICE - DAY

296

Vicky is laughing, standing by the window, drinking coffee.

EDDY

Boy, are you up and enjoying yourself.

VICKY

(all excited)

We're clicking. We're clicking at last!

EDDY

Not so fast.

Her laughter is rich.

VICKY

But I'm all excited! And so is he!
(she hands him
the report)

Look, he jumped all night. I knew it! He couldn't sleep! He got up at half past four!

EDDY

He probably went to the head.

VICKY

He doesn't know if I do have something.

EDDY

It's a full moon.

She giggles.

VICKY

Keep following him, closer, all the time, squeeze him, keep the pressure on! Let's cover his mail, his phones!

EDDY

I squeeze, you squeeze, and so will he. Remember, tonight they'll be following you.

(CONTINUED)

296 CONTINUED:

296

VICKY
I'll remember, darling.

She laughs.

297 EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - LONG SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

thru
300297
thru
300

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from the view of harbor to reveal Vicky and Crown leaning on the railing at the end of Pier 4. They are holding cocktails. Fishing boats in the city stretch out before them.

VICKY
It really is spectacular!

CROWN
(taking her in)
Mm. Spectacular. Hungry?

VICKY
Uh-huh. Hungry.

They turn and begin to walk across the terrace, the old fishing schooner providing a background.

VICKY
You really do amaze me.

CROWN
How's that?

VICKY
You've got to be curious.

CROWN
No. Not that curious. Although,
yesterday you did say some pretty
wild things.

VICKY
Wild?

CROWN
And a little ridiculous.

VICKY
But only a little.

They have reached one of the outdoor tables on the terrace. A HEADWAITER whisks a Reserved sign off as Crown seats Vicky, then himself.

(CONTINUED)

297 CONTINUED:
thru
300

297
thru
300

CROWN

Look -- it's very enticing and
all that, but you practically
said I had something to do --

VICKY

I said it, and not just practically.

She looks at him through her drink. He takes a sip and
leans forward.

CROWN

Just what is it you've got?

VICKY

Oh, I can't tell you, it would
spoil the fun.

CROWN

Fun?

VICKY

(grinning)

Fun. Yours, mine, your finding
out just what I've got.

CROWN

What a funny, dirty little mind.

VICKY

So shoot me in the leg. It's a
funny, dirty little job.

The Headwaiter brings a bucket of steamed clams, some
broth and butter. Crown accepts this with a wave of
his hand. He is suddenly moody, fastidious with the
clams.

CROWN

I suppose you think you're good
at it. Your job.

VICKY

I know I am.

CROWN

(laughing)

Always catch your man?

VICKY

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

297 CONTINUED: (2)
thru
300

297
thru
300

CROWN

Do you think you're going to get me?

VICKY

Mm. I hope so.

He dips a clam in the butter and bites it off.

301 EXT. VICKY'S PLACE - NIGHT

301

The sound of THUNDER. Crown's Rolls Royce radiator cap silver wings shine in the rain as it pulls into the red-bricked square.

302 INT. CROWN'S ROLLS - NIGHT

302

The radio PLAYS SOFTLY. Crown stops the car. There is silence for a moment as they look at one another.

CROWN

Tomorrow?

VICKY

What about it?

CROWN

Us. Dinner.

VICKY

(smiles)

Marvelous.

CROWN

About six?

VICKY

Fine.

303 ANOTHER ANGLE

303

She watches Crown as he gets out, moves around the car and opens the door.

304 EXT. VICKY'S PLACE - NIGHT

304

Vicky gets out of the Rolls and starts to move towards her doorway. As she passes Crown:

VICKY

Good night.

304X1 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EDDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

304X1

Only the desk light is on, illuminating Eddy, frazzled by work and worry, and not a little personal aggravation. The ashtray smokes. The file on Crown is spread out over the desk. Marcie sits faithfully nearby, off duty and sympathetic.

EDDY

What does a guy with four million want with two million more?

MARCIE

What do you get for the guy who has everything?

EDDY

Is that what it all comes down to? Kicks?

304X2 INT. CROWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

304X2

Crown is in a robe, standing near a window looking out. The room is dark.

305
&
306

OMITTED

305
&
306

307 EXT. STREET AT CROWN'S HOUSE - CROWN'S POV - NIGHT

307

A car is parked near a street light. A DETECTIVE is watching the house.

307X1 INT. CROWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

307X1

Crown continues to look at the car staked out below.

307X2 INT. CROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

307X2

Walter, Sidney, Miss Sullivan and Crown are at a table away from Crown's desk. Different papers are spread across the table. Crown issues instructions to all. An intercom phone buzzer motivates Miss Sullivan to leave the group, cross to Crown's desk and pick up a phone.

(CONTINUED)

307X2 CONTINUED:

307X2

MISS SULLIVAN

(into phone)

Mr. Crown's office.

(she listens)

Vicky Anderson? Just a moment,
please.

Crown has heard and he is there to take the phone before
Miss Sullivan can punch the hold button.

CROWN

(into phone)

Hello.

(he listens)

The Police Station?

He listens again while the others in the office wait for
him. After a moment:

CROWN

Unexpected, huh...

(a beat)

Okay... Room five fifteen Police
headquarters, at six.

He hangs up, a little on the abrupt side, then turns to
the others.

CROWN

Let's finish this up later.

This kind of action is not unusual for Crown and the
others are on the way out in seconds. Miss Sullivan
is last at the door when she stops and turns to Crown.

MISS SULLIVAN

Oh, I'm sorry, but John called
earlier about the rug men.

CROWN

Rug men?

MISS SULLIVAN

Yes. He said they were measuring
the whole house for the wall to
wall carpet you wanted installed.

CROWN

What wall to wall carpet?

MISS SULLIVAN

I don't know, sir. That's why
John called. He said you hadn't
mentioned it to him.

308

&

OMITTED

309

308

&

309

310

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EDDY'S OFFICE - LATE
AFTERNOON

310

Four heads are grouped around the desk in Eddy's office.
Eddy, Vicky, Danny and another Detective.

EDDY

You're sure his houseman will
tell him?

DANNY

(chuckles)

I'm positive.

EDDY

And the car --

DANNY

Parked under the street light.
He couldn't miss it.

VICKY

Have we got Erwin here?

DANNY

He's out in the waiting room now.

VICKY

What does he know?

DANNY

Nothing -- he thinks he's waiting
for Eddy.

The telephone RINGS. Eddy answers it quickly.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Mr. Crown is here.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED:

310

EDDY
 (grinning, his
 voice theatrical)
 Tell him to please - be - seated.

She walks to the door. She half opens it, and surveys the scene, o.s. Eddy and the others move toward a one-way mirror from which they can observe the outer office.

311 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - OUTER OFFICE - LATE
 & AFTERNOON
 312

311
 &
 312

Erwin is sitting, reading "Time." Crown is opposite, sitting absolutely still. Crown's shoes have a brilliant shine; his feet are placed neatly before him; his pants are perfectly creased. He is immaculate. He rises to greet Vicky.

Erwin looks up at the same time.

VICKY
 (to Crown)
 Hi! Oh, hello, Erwin, how are you?
 Have you met Mr. Crown? Erwin
 Weaver - Thomas Crown.

CROWN
 How do you do.

ERWIN
 'Lo to you, too, is Mr. Malone
 in, I've been waiting.

Erwin has no interest in Crown. Crown has no interest in him. They both look at Vicky. She looks from one to the other.

VICKY
 (to Erwin)
 I'll tell him you're here.
 (to Crown)
 I'll get my coat, Tommy.

She exits for a second or two. Crown turns and picks his raincoat off the coatrack. Vicky emerges with her purse and raincoat from the office.

VICKY
 All set now? Then off we go.
 Say 'Good-bye' to Erwin, dear.

(CONTINUED)

311 CONTINUED:

311

&

&

312

312

CROWN

Good-bye, Erwin, dear.

Crown opens the door. A grunt from Erwin. The door closes behind them.

313 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

313

Erwin's Guard is standing in the hall. Crown is deadpan. Vicky laughs. He is nerveless, controlled and calm, totally unconcerned. They reach the elevators, he stabs the button.

VICKY

Like ice!

Crown looks at her swiftly, without expression, then looks back at the elevator.

VICKY

Round three, you won a round.
That's your only round so far...
Where shall we go to celebrate?

314 EXT. STORROW DRIVE - ON CROWN'S ROLLS - NIGHT

314

The Rolls Royce slices through the darkness on Storrow Drive. The river reflects Tech and the Carter signs. The neon is colorful under the blue black sky.

315 INT. ROLLS - MOVING - NIGHT

315

Crown is moody; he glances at Vicky briefly, then back to the road ahead.

CROWN

My pad. Home.

VICKY

Home to meet mother?

CROWN

No, just a big, empty place.
Very square. Five floors, an
elevator. No mother, and no
more wife.

(his face lights up)

I'm building a summer house down
at the beach. Now that's my
special place.

(CONTINUED)

315 CONTINUED:

315

Crown looks at her for several seconds, then back ahead at the road. Her eyes are dancing.

CROWN

But you knew all of that.

She smiles. But she neither looks at him nor answers. Crown drives carelessly, indifferently, and much too fast.

316 INT. CROWN'S RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

316

John opens Crown's heavy front door. Crown does not introduce her to John; they enter.

JOHN

Good evening, sir. Good evening, miss.

VICKY

Good evening, what a lovely floor, I love parquet, and what a gloomy old Roualt!

She stands before the Roualt. Crown is walking up the stairs. John has disappeared.

CROWN

I'll be down in a minute or two. The drinks are in the library bar.

317 CROWN ON STAIRWAY/VICKY AT LIBRARY DOORS

317

&
318

He trots most of the way up the stairs, then silently turns to watch her from near the top.

&
318

She walks straight to the library, opens the panelled doors, and stops. She turns to see if he has noticed.

Crown is grinning down at her.

CROWN

Wall-to-wall carpet!

She smiles, and enters the library.

319 INT. CROWN'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

319

She crosses to the bar, and opens it. Her gimlet is mixed, she pours it out. She stirs the martini pitcher, sniffs it delicately, and wrinkles her nose in distaste.

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED:

319

She crosses to the chess set, studies it well; she looks at the pictures, then the books. Then she moves to the window and looks outside. She sips her gimlet. It glistens yellow and green. (DISSOLVE TO THE BRANDY.)

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

320 INT. LIBRARY - ON BRANDY - NIGHT

320

Much, much later, back in the library, John is pouring Courvoisier into her snifter glass. She sniffs.

JOHN'S VOICE

Sir?

CROWN'S VOICE

A little..

321 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING JOHN AND CROWN

321

John finishes pouring and puts the bottle on the table. With a wave of his hand, Crown dismisses him.

VICKY

Goodnight, John, and thank you.
The dinner was superb.

JOHN

Goodnight and thank you, miss.
Goodnight, sir.

He closes the library doors discreetly; his footsteps are lost in the house.

Vicky is most appreciative. She moves about, drinking in the scene. She hums along with the Hi-Fi. She enjoys everything. She moves to the chess set, and exclaims with pleasure. She sits on the stool. She makes a move.

CROWN

Want to play?

VICKY

Try me.

He comes over and sets up the board. He sits.

CROWN

I'm very good.

VICKY

I bet you are.

322 THE CHESS GAME

thru
330

He rises to the challenge, and the play begins, chess with sex. She excels at both. Good as Crown is, the combination is formidable.

Crown has the white men, she has the black. Crown soon has trouble concentrating. Presently, he is in trouble on the board. She is glowing, and he's much too conscious of her. She doesn't touch him, but she has him conscious of every move her body makes.

He watches her hands, her arms, her shoulders, and, of course, her chess men as well. It gets harder and harder to concentrate. Respect for the performance begins to grow, he struggles to concentrate.

Then he realizes it is hopeless. Methodically he reviews the board, looking for an escape. He stands and continues to study the board. The black queen dominates the board, blocking his every move. She grins at him, pleased with herself. Her voice is quiet.

VICKY

Can't you figure out what move to make?

Crown grins. His eyes flicker down at the board and then up to her. He remains quiet and cool.

CROWN

Let's play something else.

He pulls her roughly toward him, and the kiss is wild. Chessmen scatter all over the floor. The background noises are clear. Candelight flickers; it starts to rain outside.

331 INT. LIBRARY - AT WINDOW - NIGHT

331

Much later, you see his reflection approaching the window. His tie is off, his shirt is unbuttoned. He is lighting a cigar. The background music stops. The FM station has gone off the air. An instant later, a soft brassy recording of the Star Spangled Banner. Crown turns his head.

332 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON BACK OF COUCH

332

Vicky's lovely naked arm reaches up from the couch and turns the Hi-Fi off.

Silence.

333 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON CROWN AT WINDOW

333

Crown smiles at her over the cigar, and turns back to the window. The car is out there once again, parked below the streetlight. He shrugs. The only sound is the rain.

334 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EDDY'S OFFICE - DAY

334

In Eddy's office, the following day, an indignant Eddy is dressing her down.

EDDY

You had to do it, didn't you? You had to tell me everything! It's even here in Danny's report!
(he slaps it down before her)

VICKY

My job.

EDDY

Your job! As if you had -

VICKY

He's hooked. I did it. What more do you want? He's in trouble, over his head. He's got nothing else in his life.

EDDY

You - are - nothing - but...

VICKY

I know what I am... Look, it won't be easy, and it won't be fast... but he's our man.

EDDY

(he laughs)

Jesus! You are beautiful...
You really are.

She reaches for her purse, and hands Eddy a small, gift-wrapped package.

EDDY

What's this?

She is smiling as she goes out the door.

VICKY

It's for your birthday. I thought I better give it to you now.

He unwraps it. It is a small desk sign. He puts it on his desk and struggles to keep from smiling.

335 ANOTHER ANGLE

335

The sign says: THINK DIRTY.

NOTE: The following courtship montage
is shown in short fragments.

336 EXT. SECLUDED PATH LINED WITH TOWERING WHITE BIRCH
BIRCH TREES - DAY

336

Crown and Vicky are in the distance. We can't hear what they say. The mood is soft, out of focus, and green.

337 EXT. TERRACE OF CROWN'S HOUSE - MORNING

337

Crown and Vicky are breakfasting together on the terrace of Crown's townhouse. They are very close and comfortable with one another.

338 EXT. OPEN AIR ITALIAN MARKET BOSTON - CLOSEUP OF HUGE
PILE OF SHINY, RED PEPPERS - DAY

338

Vicky's hand enters the FRAME, chooses two or three red peppers, moves on to the green peppers, as the CAMERA PULLS BACK. They are shopping together, Crown in the b.g., is carefully testing the ripeness of some luscious melons. He has a loaf of French bread under one arm and is carrying a paper bag. He turns as Vicky calls to him, holding up a string of garlic. She gestures for his approval. He smiles and nods.

339 EXT. COPP HILL CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

339

NOTE: If possible, to be shot on a misty, drizzly, dreary day. Everything is wet.

Again the two figures are in the distance. He is in a trenchcoat. She is in a very chic, colorful raincoat. He is carrying a black umbrella. As they stroll past the weathered stones, he stops, leans forward, as if reading with difficulty one of the inscriptions. It is meaningful. They exchange glances and move on.

340 EXT. WINTER PLACE ALLEY - NIGHT

340

Again in the distance, in the quiet, early hours of the morning, lit by the flicker of gaslights, Vicky and Crown are walking. They embrace in the alley outside Lock Ober's. They are in formal dress. Everything is still. The image FREEZES and SATURATES INTO a black and white still.

341 INSERT - THE BLACK AND WHITE STILL

341

342 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EDDY'S OFFICE - DAY

342

Eddy drops the still on his desk.

342X1 INT. CROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

342X1

Vicky is behind Crown's desk, gazing out the window down at the bank. Crown, bemused, is watching her.

VICKY

It's quite a view from here.

CROWN

(moving to small
table drawer
from which he
takes binoculars)

Why don't you take a good look?

He hands her the binoculars. She smiles. He helps her to focus them.

CROWN

No. Not down there at the bank.
The fifteenth floor. Across the
street.

She shifts the glasses, revealing:

342X2 POV VICKY THROUGH BINOCULARS - TWO WORKMEN

342X2

Two supposed workmen with binoculars in the building across the street are observing them.

342X3 INT. CROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

342X2

CROWN

(not smiling, mov-
ing from Vicky)

Did you ever figure out what they're
costing you... all these characters
who follow us?

342X3 CONTINUED:

342X3

VICKY

(she shrugs)

Following you is following me.
I don't like it any better than
you do.

CROWN

But they work for you.

VICKY

I did even worse yesterday.

CROWN

I'll bet you did.

VICKY

Internal Revenue.

CROWN

Thanks.

VICKY

(moving to Crown;
affectionately)

Come on. You love it when I play
rough.

CROWN

You're really their secret weapon,
aren't you?

VICKY

Their?

CROWN

Them.

(gestures out
the window at
the buildings
and towers)

You know. The system. The
establishment.

VICKY

I don't belong to anyone.

CROWN

(smiles)

So far.

VICKY

(puts her head
on his chest)

Oh, Tommy.

(CONTINUED)

342X3 CONTINUED: (2)

342X3

He cups his hand around her face, then looks at her,
then across at the supposed workmen.

CROWN

(teasingly)

I know. You're jealous. They
follow me home.

VICKY

Jealous? Me?

343 OMITTED

343

344 EXT. ERRACE - MARLLAVE RESTAURANT - DAY

344

Vicky and Eddy are having lunch.

VICKY

I'm making mistakes.

EDDY

(sarcastic)

Humility! Well!

VICKY

You know why he says we're
following him?

Eddy is puzzled. He shakes his head.

VICKY

He says I'm jealous.

EDDY

Ha! That's hilarious!

VICKY

Why?

He looks at her and laughs. He reaches into his pocket
and holds out the report.

EDDY

Want to know where he went when
he left you last night?

VICKY

No!

EDDY

(needling)

You're being had, Vicky.

(CONTINUED)

344 CONTINUED:

344

VICKY

Let me see it.

She takes the report, forces a smile.

EDDY

That's the third time this week.

VICKY

(forcing a light
tone of voice)

Her again! The dirty old man!

She gives it back to him. As Eddy turns away, the hurt shows in Vicky's eyes.

345 INT. CROWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

345

Crown's alarm clock is glowing. It is half past three. Outside are crickets, the noises of the night. Silently, he is getting dressed, a black turtleneck sweater, crepe-soled shoes, dark pants, a belt, a long black sap, a leather flask in the right rear hip pocket. He grins and listens.

346 EXT. CROWN'S TOWNHOUSE & ADJACENT ROOFTOPS & ALLEY - NIGHT

346

Athletic and silent, he glides out a window and onto a small adjacent roof deck, over the barbed wire fence and down the side of the building, gripping the drainpipe, his feet stepping from one rough brick to another on the wall.

347 thru 356 EXT. ALLEY & STREET ADJACENT TO CROWN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

347 thru 356

At the end of the alley behind the street, Crown crouches low, his eyes widen. Then he is used to the dark.

(CONTINUED)

347 CONTINUED:

thru
356347
thru
356

Danny is careless, lighting a cigarette, looking at the front of the house, his back to Crown. He is leaning against the right rear fender of his automobile. There is no one in the car.

Crown stalks him slowly, far away, then close. As Crown starts to sap him, Danny turns, Danny's arm slightly breaks the blow. Whack! The sap hits Danny, over the ear. Danny sags, on his knees, swaying.

Then, sap in the pocket, he lifts Danny up; he shoulders him over to the car, opens the door and dumps Danny in behind the wheel. Crown sprinkles the whiskey from the flask, and starts the car. He flicks it in gear, and steps out the door. He watches the car run up over the curb and hit a lamppost 50 feet away. The car immediately stalls.

Cheerfully, Crown goes back to the house. Outside, a car stops, then another, the police.

357 INT. CROWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

357

The red lights flash, round and round. Crown watches from his bedroom window. He turns toward his bed.

358 EXT. STREET ADJACENT TO CROWN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

358

Two redfaced policemen open the driver door. The FIRST POLICEMAN sniffs, and with a jerk of his head signals the SECOND POLICEMAN to smell the whiskey. Danny is slowly coming to, shaking his head to clear it. The First Policeman slips an arm around Danny's shoulders, and helps him partially out of the car. Danny sits on the edge of the driver seat, his feet outside, his head bowed, still shaking from side to side.

359 CLOSEUP - ON THE TWO POLICEMEN

359

Looking disgusted. The Second Policeman pulls out his Miranda card and starts to read, his voice slightly sarcastic:

SECOND POLICEMAN

Anything you say may be used against you. You have a right to refuse to answer questions. You have a right to telephone a lawyer. These are your constitutional ri---

(CONTINUED)

359 CONTINUED:

359

The First Policeman has suddenly leaned forward, his eyes widening.

FIRST POLICEMAN

It's Danny! From the larceny squad!

SECOND POLICEMAN

Would you believe it?

360 EXT. BEACH - DUNE BUGGY SEQUENCE - AFTERNOON

360
thru

362

362

Crown holds the dune buggy near the rim of the bowl; full out. Vicky's emotions have run the course from pure fear to the thrill of the excitement from being somewhere she's never been before. Through the roar of the engine, her laughter is real and genuine. The sequence ends with Crown roaring up the deserted beach at the water's edge.

363 EXT. CROWN'S UNFINISHED BEACH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

363
thru

365

365

In its present, unfinished condition, the house is near abstract. A fireplace stands completed by itself; without a room around it. Some wall and roof forms show the outline of something very special to come. The dune buggy roars up beside the structure. Crown and Vicky enter the house and relax on two expensive, lounge-deck chairs placed next to each other on what will eventually be the ocean side deck of the house. The mood is quiet. Sounds are heard. Vicky looks at Crown for a long time. He is lost in thought.

VICKY

Tommy...?

CROWN

(not looking)

Mm?

VICKY

Where were you?
(he looks at her)

Just now.

It takes a moment, but he returns from his reverie.

CROWN

I was just wondering if I'll ever see this place finished.

(CONTINUED)

363 CONTINUED:
thru
365

363
thru
365

VICKY

Does it mean that much to you?

CROWN

Well, it's always been good for
me -- good to me -- out here.

Vicky is silent. Crown turns to look out at the sea.
After a moment:

VICKY

Have you ever brought anyone
else here?

CROWN

No.

(looks to her)

-- My wife?

(he smiles)

She didn't like the sand.

(pause)

No one ever really taught her
how to be a woman.

VICKY

I wasn't thinking of her.

CROWN

(his smile
broadens)

You are jealous.

Vicky fights it, but her eyes are moist. She turns
away. He sees her anguish, takes her hand in his.
Waits a moment.

CROWN

Hey, look. She was just a
way of putting you in touch
with yourself.

He cups her chin in his hand and turns her head toward
him.

CROWN

I'm sorry.

Her eyes flicker with a slight smile.

VICKY

You should be.

He looks at her for a moment, concerned. Then smiles.

(CONTINUED)

363 CONTINUED: (2)
thru
365

363
thru
365

CROWN

And she's never been here.

Vicky's smile becomes more genuine.

CROWN

Now listen. Are you going to
fix the hamburgers, or do I
have to do it?

She jumps up and moves back toward the fireplace.

VICKY

How many do you want?

CROWN

Four.

VICKY

Hamburgers?

CROWN

Medium rare.

(grins)

With onions. Right?

VICKY

Right!

She goes about putting the hamburgers to work. In the
f.g., Crown, once again falls into deep thought.

366 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD ON BANK OF CHARLES - DAY

366

Eddy and Vicky are walking along a gravelled walk on the banks of the Charles. Crews are rowing on the river. The Weld boathouse and Harvard are in the b.g.

EDDY

I say the hell with it. I say
pick him up.

VICKY

But we don't have enough on him,
Eddy.

EDDY

The moment he books a seat on
the plane, I'm going to pick
him up.

VICKY

Wait him out... You'll see --

EDDY

SEE! I see a fiasco! I'm
running a sex orgy for a
couple of freaks on government
funds. If you don't have
anything, what does he have to
say?

She laughs.

VICKY

I talk about it, and he talks
around it.

EDDY

Talk, talk -- you're sure you
find time?

She shrugs.

VICKY

Enough.

367
thru OMITTED
371

367
thru
371

372 INT. CROWN'S SAUNA

thru

374

The stove is glowing, the coals are red. The sauna has red wooden benches, dim lights and heat. They are flushed, pink, glowing and dry, sitting with towels, back view, side by side.

372

thru

374

CROWN

I have a good lawyer in Brazil.
Rio.

VICKY

You're quitting. Running away.

CROWN

Extradition would take forever.

VICKY

Eddy won't let you out of the
country... And in Rio, you'd
be bored.

CROWN

(grinning)

Not if you were there.

She blinks, but that is the only reaction.

VICKY

Make a deal. The hell with
your pride.

His eyebrows have lifted. He turns away.

VICKY

(continuing;
a little sadly)

I'd wait for you.

He turns back to her and laughs.

CROWN

Ten years?

(CONTINUED)

372
thru
374

CONTINUED:

372
thru
374

VICKY

Forever.

He looks at her closely.

CROWN

Forever?

VICKY

(chuckles)

Well, three to five.

(turning serious again)

No, go to Rio, go, go now. . .

CROWN

(softly)

You aren't the one to decide . . . Call
Eddy, see if he'll make a deal.

Her hand reaches out for the wall telephone. He reaches out to stop her, but changes his mind, grinning. She dials and waits for the ring. As she is dialing, she starts to speak.

VICKY

With the money returned, and nobody
hurt . . . They can't make you testify -
Eddy? He's thinking about a deal!
(she looks at Crown)

EDDY'S MUFFLED VOICE ON PHONE

What? It's out of the question, you
know better. Where are you anyhow?

She puts the phone back on the hook. With his chin in his hands, and the towel now draped over his head, he chants whimsically -

CROWN

Ah, Sugarloaf, samba, jungle, piranha -

Her chin is now in her hands. There is a touch of sentiment in her eyes.

VICKY

Take me to Rio.

CROWN

I think I'll take an ice cold shower.

She watches him go, out the red wooden door. She listens, hears water, and follows him out - - -

375 INT. SHOWER

375

and into the shower. Water, passion, tenderness.

VICKY

Take me with you, take me along.

A kiss; she commits herself in full. The shower runs cold off their feet. The water runs down the drain.

CROWN'S VOICE

(softly)

But I can't. You've done too good a job. I can't move. I'm all hung up.

376 INT. CROWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

376
thru
379376
thru
379

In Crown's bedroom, later that night. The room is dim. Crown is flushed, wearing old chino pants, straddling a chair, his arms on the back of it, his chin on his hands. His bare foot is propped against the edge of the bed. Vicky is asleep, tangled under the sheets. He studies her, in a mood. A rustle from the bed. With the thumb and forefinger of her hand she lightly caresses his leg.

VICKY'S VOICE

Oh, well... up to now you've been very lucky.

Pause.

CROWN

Lucky?

VICKY

Well, you have been lucky, it was one in a million, you could never -

Crown sits up suddenly, the chair making a loud noise. He has a sudden devilish look. He rises, excited, snapping his fingers. He paces the floor. He looks out the window, his back to Vicky, delight all over his face.

CROWN

(quietly, but with
absolute assurance)

I did it once. I can do it again.

Vicky sits up straight.

(CONTINUED)

376
thru
379

CONTINUED:

376
thru
379

VICKY

Wha -? You're joking!

CROWN

Money's not funny.

Crown turns to her, now grinning from ear to ear.

VICKY

You're off your head!

CROWN

Why not?

VICKY

It can't be done!

CROWN

Oh? I can't?

(his eyes narrow
and he grins)It's not the only bank. You got
Erwin. And descriptions of four
more. But how do you know I only
have five?

Silence. She cannot believe he is serious.

VICKY

You don't need the money -

CROWN

To you, it's money. Look, it isn't
the money. It's me and the system
and don't you ever forget it!

There is a long pause as she realizes he means it.

VICKY

You mean I just sit here?... I do
nothing? I keep my mouth shut?

CROWN

That's it. You let me try.

He is grinning, excited. She flushes. He crosses to
the bed.

CROWN

Yes or no? Decide.

VICKY

(softly, desperately)
I - I - want to -

(CONTINUED)

376 CONTINUED: (2)

thru

379

He puts a finger to her lips. She stops. He kisses her lightly. Vicky swallows.

376

thru

379

VICKY

When?

CROWN

Patience. It's my funeral.
You're just along for the ride.

380 OMITTED

380

381 INT. CROWN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

381

Inside, on the top floor, Crown's office is dark. The electric number date and time clock moves past midnight and the date changes to September 12. On the desk is a plan of the bank. Crown's hands are counting off the 47th, 48th, 49th and 50th hundred dollar bills onto the neat diagram of the bank with X's and colored lines, some dotted.

382 CLOSE ON DIAGRAM

382

Typewritten instructions, half a page long, are clipped to the top of the diagram.

383 ANOTHER ANGLE

383

There are four envelopes neatly stacked on the desk, right beside. Crown folds the diagram over the money, takes an identical fifth envelope and slips the diagram, money and instructions inside. He licks the envelope, seals it, and puts it on top of the pile. He is wearing the lightweight Burberry. He stands and slips the five envelopes into his inside breast pocket. He walks out of his office, closing the door behind him.

384 INT. CROWN'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

384

The outer office is empty, barren. He walks through it and into the outer hall. He closes the outer office door.

385 INT. CORRIDOR ON TOP FLOOR OF CROWN BUILDING - NIGHT 385

Crown's footsteps echo in the long empty corridor. He stops by the mail chute and hesitates. He takes the five envelopes out of his pocket, taps them against the palm of his left hand and thinks. He takes a deep breath, then he drops the five envelopes into the slot one by one. The CAMERA FOLLOWS the envelopes, down, down, down, inside.

386 INT. CROWN BUILDING - MAIL CHUTE - NIGHT 386

CAMERA FOLLOWING the letters down, down, down.

387 GRAY CANVAS TARPAULIN - SUNDOWN 387

The canvas tarp is lifted up, and then the screen is filled with gray canvas and steam. As the steam clears, you see for the first time, seaweed, red lobsters, corn in damp, green husks, charred rocks, whitish clams.

388 EXT. BEACH - SUNDOWN 388

Crown and Vicky are alone on the beach. Crown spears two ears of corn with a long, barbecue fork, and drops them on the blanket. He strips the husks back, salts one ear, and hands it to Vicky. She holds it by the turned-back husk. She is tense, and showing the strain. She looks at him. Crown is cheerful, relaxed, eating his corn on the cob, munching down a row. He adds salt.

CROWN

Mm. Great!

Vicky looks like she has a lump in her throat.

VICKY

What is this, the last supper?

CROWN

(cheerfully)

Uh - huh. It's tomorrow.

Vicky looks at him, shaken. She swallows.

VICKY

W-where?

CROWN

(husking and
buttering corn)

I'll tell you where the pickup is.
You can meet me there when it's over.
Okay?

(CONTINUED)

388

CONTINUED:

388

VICKY

Tommy... Tommy, you -

He holds up his hand.

CROWN

No, you shouldn't want to stop me.
Moral support, that's what I need.
I'll know you're on my side.

He chuckles. She seems to shrink. Her voice trembles.

VICKY

Don't test me. Not... not if you
love me.

Her eyes fill with tears. He smiles. He puts down the
corn cob and wipes his mouth with a napkin. He leans
back and lights a long, black cigar.

CROWN

What an idea! Was it my idea?

For a tense split second he looks at her shrewdly. But
then his face immediately clears and he prattles cheer-
fully on -

CROWN

No, it was really both of us. A
joint effort. You and me. A team.
C'mon! Smile! Try!

Her face works, emotion, affection. Her hand approaches
his on the table. She does give it a try.

389

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

389

Logan Airport, afternoon shadows. ARNIE comes out of
T.W.A., and walks swiftly toward the pay phones. He
puts on clear glasses with horn rims.

390
thru
392EXT. GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL/INT. CROWN'S PRIVATE OFFICE
INTERCUT - AFTERNOON390
thru
392

CURLEY is in the pay booth in the Greyhound Bus Terminal,
on the phone.

CROWN

Ten minutes.

He crosses a line off his list.

(CONTINUED)

390 CONTINUED:

thru
390

CURLEY

390
thru
392

I'll be there.

The phone clicks. He wears horn-rimmed glasses, too.393 EXT. POST OFFICE SQUARE/INT. CROWN'S OFFICE -
thru INTERCUT - AFTERNOON
395393
thru
395

DON in an outside pay phone booth in Post Office Square. He is wearing a hat and horn-rimmed glasses.

CROWN

Five minutes..

Don nods.

396 INSERT: DON'S WATCH

396

His watch says 3:30 p.m.

397 EXT. CALLAHAN TUNNEL/INT. ERNIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

397

&
398&
398

ERNIE drives out of the Callahan Tunnel in a white Ford station wagon with wood on the sides, horn-rimmed glasses and a hat.

399 INT. CROWN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

399

CROWN
(into phone)

Go.

He crosses off another item, the last in the first section of the list. Then he draws a large "X" through the entire first section. He stands up.

400 EXT. ONE FEDERAL STREET - AFTERNOON

400

ARNIE is outside One Federal Street.

401 INT. CROWN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

401

Twelve stories above and across the street, Crown watches Arnie through the ten-power binoculars. Crown is now wearing a light Burberry. Crown smiles, and puts down the binoculars. He picks up his briefcase and walks out of his office. He closes the door. His office is empty, quiet.

402
thru
421

INT. BANK EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE AND CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

402
thru
421

Curley enters the employee entrance of the bank at the Devonshire Street end of the corridor. He walks slowly down the corridor, toward the number two elevator near the end on the right. He keeps his eyes down, and he does not attract attention, but he is tense.

Part way down, he stops and checks his watch. Elevator number two opens, discharges passengers, loads, closes, and returns upstairs. Curley walks toward the closed door.

As he does so, elevator number three opens, and the operator steps out. There is a flurry of activity behind the cash room door across the corridor.

Arnie enters from the left, from the lower bank floor, and joins Curley waiting for elevator number two.

Beyond them the cash room door clangs open and then shut again. Three cash room Guards step briskly out with drawn guns, two with long-barrelled police special .38's, the third with a riot gun.

BERT enters the corridor from the lower bank floor, and shuffles toward elevator number two, a wizened little man in workman's clothes, with a paper bag full of toys, a cherub smile.

The three armed guards block the corridor just above elevator number three, guns covering the corridor. Behind them the operator steps across the corridor to the cash room door. It opens, and out trundle the two dollies, on them the six large gray cash bags, pushed by a fourth guard. It all looks quite secure.

In front of elevator number two, Curley suddenly steps back a foot, bumping into Bert, who promptly drops the paper bag. It is full of all sizes of brightly colored plastic balls, most of which roll down the corridor past the guards.

BERT

Hey! Will you watch -

CURLEY

Gee, I'm sorry!

Bert stoops to retrieve the paper bag and nearby balls. Curley steps forward after the balls, and stops, pointing at them apologetically.

One guard turns. The second is rattled. The third shakes his head "no".

(CONTINUED)

402 CONTINUED:

thru
421

402
thru
421

A puff of blue smoke from one of the plastic balls!
Then a second! The guards have turned toward the
plastic balls!

Curley and Arnie whip black Colt Cobra .38's with square
grips and silencers out of their coats and charge forward
against the guards!

ARNIE

DROP THE GUNS! ON THE FLOOR! ALL OF YOU!

The incredulous, furious guards obey.

GUARD

You crazy bas -

ARNIE

GET IN THERE!

(indicating the elevator)

Curley gives his gun to Arnie and rushes to collect the
three guard guns. Bert takes the gun from the fourth
guard.

422 INT. BANK - AT GUARD BOOTH - AFTERNOON

422

Don is outside the guard booth just inside the entrance.
He looks down the corridor at Arnie.

DON

(to the Booth Guard)

Good heavens, look at that!

Don looks quickly at the Booth Guard. Startled, the
guard leans forward, cranes his head to see, then backs
up sharply as Don forces him back in the booth and around
the counter with a black Colt Cobra .38, a silencer at
the end of the barrel.

BOOTH GUARD

(frantic)

Oh, no!

DON

Oh, yes, and hurry!

He shoves Booth Guard sideways out of the booth, then
down the corridor. Booth Guard stumbles ahead.

423 INT. BANK CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

thru
427

423
thru
427

Booth Guard, stumbling down toward Arnie, passes Bert and Curley rushing up the corridor toward the entrance with the dollies and cash bags.

Arnie back pedals, swiftly, with both guns covering the four guards and the elevator operator sitting just inside elevator number three, their legs outside, jammed against each other. He also covers Booth Guard coming down the corridor. Arnie stops across from elevator number two and elevator number one. Booth Guard flattens against the wall. Elevator number two opens. Three men start out. Arnie levels his gun menacingly.

ARNIE

GET BACK!

They stumble back inside.

ARNIE

(to the operator)

You remember! Down on the floor!
Shove your legs outside!

The operator obeys. Arnie is starting to sweat.

428 EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

&
429

428
&
429

Out on the street, the tailgate is open. Bert and Curley stuff the fifth bag in the rear, the sixth one on the back seat, simultaneously. Curley slams the tailgate up. Ernie presses the switch closing the rear window and the wagon starts forward, as Bert and Curley flee.

430 INT. BANK CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

430

Arnie backs up toward the street door, Don behind him, covering him.

ARNIE

All right, this is gas, this will be
gas so keep your faces down on the floor!

He throws a red smoke bomb. Don exits.

Arnie throws a second red smoke bomb. A bank alarm goes off! Arnie flees.

431 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT ELEVATORS

431

The bodies squirm in the smoke.

- 432 EXT. TURNPIKE/AND PRUDENTIAL BUILDING - ERNIE'S WAGON - 432
& AFTERNOON &
433 433
- The wagon accelerates onto the Turnpike. It disappears into the tunnel below the Prudential, seen from above.
- 434 EXT. ALLSTON TOLL - ERNIE'S WAGON - AFTERNOON 434
- The two dimes disappear down the basket throat as CAMERA WHIP PANS to the signal-light changing from red to green, and reading THANK YOU.
- 435 EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON 435
- Slowly, Ernie drives into the cemetery.
- 436 EXT. CEMETERY GROUNDS NEAR ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON 436
- A CEMETERY WORKER with a shovel in his hand, turns and looks after Ernie's wagon as it drives by. THE CAMERA STAYS with the worker as he reaches to the ground for a Walkie-Talkie.
- 437 EXT. WATCH TOWER - SHOOTING THRU LEAVES - AFTERNOON 437
- Through the leaves WE SEE the wagon pull up at the watch tower. The place is deserted. The cemetery is quiet. Ernie gets out and begins to transfer the cash bags.
- 438 EXT. CEMETERY GATES - AFTERNOON 438
- Crown's Rolls majestically enters the cemetery gates and turns down the same drive taken by Ernie.
- 439 INT. EDDY'S CAR - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - AFTERNOON 439
thru thru
441 441
- Eddy and Vicky are in a car with two other men, one of whom is watching the tower through binoculars. Eddy is sitting in the front, Vicky in the back. Through the windshield we see Ernie's wagon drive off and disappear.

EDDY

(quietly, into the
dashboard transmitter)

Drop is completed. He's pulling out. Tail him for one mile, then pick him up.

(to Vicky, muttering)

Now what?

(CONTINUED)

439
thru
441

CONTINUED:

439
thru
441

VICKY

Now we wait...

He looks at her. His face is cold, hostile.

EDDY

You're sure he'll come?

(savagely)

He's had two full hours to himself!

VICKY

I'm sure... Of course I'm sure.

Silence, tension. Eddy nods.

VICKY

I didn't guess the bank, but the
money's there, you saw the bags,
you saw them with your own eyes!

EDDY

(grudging respect)

I hand it to him. It's hard to
believe.

VICKY

He's good. I told you he was good.
He's marvelous. He's great.

More silence. Tension grows.

EDDY

Then where is he?

(suspiciously)

You're sure you told me everything...

Vicky doesn't answer. He studies the watch tower through
the binoculars, grimly. There is a tic in Vicky's cheek.
Eddy checks his watch. Silence.

VOICE ON DASHBOARD RADIO

(laconic)

Car coming ... It's the Rolls.

Eddy licks his lips. He looks at Vicky for a moment or two.

EDDY

(into the transmitter)

Okay. Move out. Box him up.

442

EXT. CEMETERY - THE ROLLS - LATE AFTERNOON

442

The Rolls is approaching the watch tower turn-off.

443 EXT. CEMETERY - HIGH SHOT - AFTERNOON

443

The Rolls Royce pulls up in front of the tower as two unmarked cars block the driveway entrance. Far beyond, two more police cars move swiftly up the drive.

444 EXT. WATCH TOWER - AFTERNOON

444

The Rolls comes to a stop. One POLICEMAN and three PLAIN-CLOTHESMEN get out of the second car and begin to fan out, guns drawn. In the b.g., we can see others converging on the tower from different directions.

445 INT. EDDY'S CAR - THRU WINDSHIELD - MOVING SHOT - AFTERNOON

445

We watch thru the windshield as Eddy's car pulls up behind the Rolls, Eddy in the front with the driver, his gun drawn. Vicky, in back, clears her throat as the car comes to a stop.

VICKY

I'll come.

EDDY

Suit yourself.

446 EXT. WATCH TOWER - AFTERNOON
thru
450

446
thru
450

Eddy, Vicky and the others, step out of the car. Police surround the Rolls and some of them have entered the tower.

Eddy and Vicky approach the Rolls driver door. Vicky tries to control herself. The result is a nervous smile. Eddy pulls open the door.

VICKY

You said it's your funeral.

She gasps!

It is a Western Union MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

(frightened, confused
by the police, but
trying to smile)

You Miss Vicky? Here's your telegram.
Sign for it here, please.

(CONTINUED)

446 -- CONTINUED:

thru

450

He holds out the envelope, his book, and a stubby pencil. Numbly, Vicky takes the wire.

446

thru

450

EDDY

(to the messenger)

Where'd you get the car?

MESSENGER

Mr. Crown, he said to use it.

(he looks about,
anxiously)

What's wrong?

Eddy looks at the tower. A POLICEMAN comes out and nods his head.

POLICEMAN

Looks like it's here, Lieutenant.
All of it.

EDDY

It's here. It figures.

Lips twitching, he watches Vicky open the envelope. Vicky bravely reads the telegram out loud, her face ashen. Her voice shakes only once. You SEE the telegram as she reads it.

451 - ANOTHER ANGLE - ON TELEGRAM

451

VICKY'S VOICE

LEFT EARLY FOR RIO
PLEASE COME WITH THE MONEY
OR FORGET IT AND YOU KEEP THE
CAR

(she does not read
aloud the last line)

ALL MY LOVE

452 ANOTHER ANGLE

452

Eddy looks at her face, then whirls and starts back to his car. He is furious but his voice is controlled.

EDDY

State Police at the airport, fast.

Vicky closely walks away, looking up at the sky. Tears are beginning to flow freely down her cheeks, but she continues to smile. She fingers the slender, gold chain around her neck. We do not see the pocket watch.

453 EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

453

Vicky stands alone some distance from the Rolls, her hand at her throat, a tiny figure, looking up at the sky.

454 INT. PLANE - CROWN - DAY

454

In airplane, by the window, a young man with black hair and a crew cut is sleeping contentedly. It is Crown. One eye half opens, glints, the corner crinkles in a smile. The eye closes. Crown stretches, luxuriously, and turns on his side, away from the window. He dozes. It is a young and happy face, a face without lines, worries or scars.

An exquisite 22-year old brunette in a soft, white cashmere sweater looks at him out of the corner of her eye from the other side of the aisle.

THE END