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TREASURE

a screenplay

by

Brian De Palma

adapted from the screenplay .

"Treasure of the Sierra Madre"

by John Huston

from the novel by

B. Traven

1 EXT: CITY STREET - LIMA, PERU

CLOSE UP of a lottery list showing the winning numbers. The ticket DOBBS is holding isn't one of them. He tears it up and turns away from the list. The TRIBES OF BOOTBLACKS that people the street do not pester DOBBS. He's too obviously on his uppers. His clothes are ragged and dirty and his shoes broken. He spots a sleek, well dressed latin in his late forties (JUAN ROMANO) walking down the street. He runs over and stops him.

DOBBS
Got any spare change?

ROMANO waves him aside and moves on. DOBBS turns, looks after the departing figure. ROMANO flips a cigarette away. DOBBS' eyes follow its flight into the gutter. DOBBS moves half a step toward his prize, then halts and looks right and left to make sure no one is watching. The moment of hesitation costs him the cigarette. ONE OF THE BOOTBLACKS swoops down on it. DOBBS pulls his belt in a couple of notches and continues on up the street. He catches up with ROMANO who's dressed in a white suit.

DOBBS
Got any spare change?

ROMANO fishes in his pocket and takes out some coins and dumps them into DOBBS' outstretched hand. DOBBS keeps his head down, never seeing his benefactor's face. ROMANO leaves before DOBBS can thank him. DOBBS crosses the street to a tobacco stand.

2 EXT: SIDEWALK RESTAURANT

DOBBS at a table. He has finished eating. The PROPRIETOR is serving him coffee.

DOBBS
How much?

PROPRIETOR
300 Soles.

DOBBS pays, lights up a cigarette out of his newly purchased pack, and sits back to smoke and enjoy his coffee. A LITTLE BOY barefoot, in ragged cotton pants and a torn shirt, enters through the open door of the restaurant brandishing lottery tickets.

BOY
Buy Ticket?

DOBBS

Beat it. I'm not buying any more
lottery tickets.

BOY

Four hundred thousand soles the
big prize.

(he pulls at Dobbs'
coat sleeve)

DOBBS

Get away from me.

BOY

Whole ticket only 40 soles, senor.
And it's a sure winner.

DOBBS

I haven't got 40 soles.

BOY

Buy a quarter ticket. Only ten
soles.

(he pulls at Dobbs'
pants leg)

DOBBS

(picking up a water
glass)

If you don't get away from me
you're getting this right in
the face.

BOY

(not moving)

One tenth of a ticket, for one
sole.

DOBBS empties the glass in the BOY's face. The BOY
laughs.

BOY

One twenty cost you only one-half
sole. Look, senor, add the figures
up. You get thirteen, what better
number could you buy? It's a sure
winner.

The PROPRIETOR comes over with DOBBS' change and slaps
it on the table. The BOY eyes it hungrily. DOBBS
picks up the change, shoves it in his pocket, except
for one coin he leaves on the table for a tip.

2 CONTD

DOBBS

When is the drawing?

BOY

Only three weeks off.

DOBBS

(sliding the tip off
the table into the
Boy's hand)

The service stinks in this place.
Give me the twentieth so I don't
have to see your ugly face anymore.

The LITTLE MERCHANT tears off the ticket and hands it
to DOBBS.

BOY

It's un numero excelente, senor.

(he bites on the coin
to see if it's good)

Muchas gracias, senor. Come again
next time. All my numbers are
winners.

3 EXT: RESTAURANT - DAY

DOBBS exits the restaurant, crosses the street to the
plaza where he sits down on one of the benches beside
another MAN. He takes out his cigarettes, puts a new
one in his mouth, and lights it from the old. A
BOOTBLACK picks up the end he throws away.

DOBBS

(to his companion on
the bench)

Cigarette?

(he extends the pack)

The MAN takes one. DOBBS gives him a light with his
own.

CURTIN

Thanks.

CURTIN takes a long drag. He looks to be in his late
twenties, about ten years younger than DOBBS. He has
a strong, hard, bitter face with a slightly crooked
nose. Like DOBBS, he could use a haircut.

DOBBS

Hot.

CURTIN

Yeah.

DOBBS

Some town, Lima.

CURTIN

You said it. South America!
Land of the Condor ... home of
El Dorado and the Incan Empire.
Climb the highest mountain in
the Western Hemisphere. Explore
the world's largest tropical
rain forest. Discover the lost
city of gold ... the possibilities
for adventure and fortune are
limitless. It said it all right
there in the guide book. So, I
took all my savings out of the
bank, kissed off my job, and
caught a plane on down here. I
wasn't even out of the airport
before some pick-pocket had
cleaned me out. Didn't say
nothing about that in the guide
book. Boy, what I wouldn't give
for a job so I could make enough
money to buy my fare home.

DOBBS

I beat my way up to Chancay last
week. There's not an oil outfit
that's hiring. I tried 'em all.

CURTIN

You're telling me ... more companies
are closing down all the time.
Why? What I don't get is ... the
world needs oil, right?

DOBBS

That's what I read in the papers.
When I can steal one.

CURTIN

It's a hell of a country to be
broke in.

DOBBS

Tell me a country that isn't.

4 EXT: WASHINGTON D.C. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Federal Agent TONY CORSO walks over to a parked car. At the wheel is SERGEANT FARREN MALLEY, a broad, stocky D.C. cop in his later forties. TONY opens the passenger side door and gets in. At thirty, TONY is getting a little too heavy; but he is stump solid on well shod feet. Framed in black hair and longish sideburns, his almost pretty face reflects a still youthful expectation that he can convince almost anybody of almost anything.

MALLEY

Tony, how you doin'?

TONY

Great. Great.

MALLEY

Don't see you around much anymore.

TONY

Frank and I are finishing up the Detilla case. We were in court all last week.

MALLEY

Well, you're big G Men now. Working ... what do they call it ... the Federal Drug Intelligence Force? Pretty fancy title. No more busting junkies in the park, huh?

TONY

C'mon ... a narc's a narc. What difference does it make whether you're working for City Hall or the Feds?

MALLEY

(laughs)

Are you shitting me? What difference does it make? I'd like to be making the kind of money you're making.

TONY

Hey, I don't forget my friends. I got some info on a good collar if you want it.

MALLEY

What's so good about it?

4 CONTD

TONY

A major coke courtier ... named Juan Romano ... is flying into Dulles tomorrow night. You bust him after he makes customs. He's sure to be carrying some drugs. He's not going to want to do time, so book him anyway; then let him buy you off. I hear he's good for a lot of cash and maybe some names. He could turn you on to something big.

MALLEY

You're being awfully generous, Tony. How come?

TONY

We can't handle all the stuff coming through. Anyway, Frank and I have tickets to see the Boss tomorrow night. Hey, but look ... if he turns into a heavy score, don't forget who gave you the tip. See you in court.

5 EXT: LIMA AIRPORT - DAY

A plane taxis down the runway.

6 INT: PLANE

JUAN ROMANO sits next to a white bearded man in his sixties, HOWARD. HOWARD's left leg is in a plaster cast. It runs from the bottom of his foot to halfway up his thigh.

ROMANO

I'm sorry about this, Howard.

HOWARD

Nothing to be sorry about. I need a stake and you've given it to me.

(patting his breast
pocket)

Got a return ticket, too. If things don't work out.

ROMANO

I want you to call on me whenever I can be of any assistance to you.

HOWARD

Just might do that.

He hands HOWARD a piece of paper. He then looks down at HOWARD's cast.

ROMANO

And be careful. . You got a leg full of gold.

ROMANO gets up and returns to his seat in the front of the cabin.

EXT: WASHINGTON PARK - NIGHT

In the shadows, three scrawny, raggedy figures are arguing.

LUIS

Don't you understand nothing?
All the rings are air ... and
each air's a different color.

LEFTY

It ain't no air. Where you ever
seen blue, red and green air?

LUIS

On Saturn ... that's where.

BENNY

When have you been on Saturn?
Huh?

A car drives up. FRANK MIRA, TONY's partner, gets out and walks over to the arguing men. FRANK is in his late twenties, dark, solidly built, with a warm, sincere, open face.

LEFTY

Hey, Frank, how you doin?

FRANK

How you doin, Benny?

BENNY

Hey, Frank.

FRANK

You guys all waiting for the
bus or something?

BENNY, LUIS, and LEFTY are all starting to sniffle and scratch at an increased rate.

LUIS

We're waiting for nothing.

LEFTY

Nothing comin for us.

BENNY

We're staying right here. This is our own forest preserve which we are maintaining for a species of junkies about to become extinct.

LUIS

Junkies are a goddamn endangered species.

FRANK

You guys been working?

LUIS

Fuckin' A!

FRANK

What have you got for me?

LEFTY

The snowman comin to town.

BENNY

(angered at Lefty
for blurting out
such important
information)

Where did you hear that?

LEFTY

(realizing he's said
something he shouldn't
have)

I don't know ... I heard it ...
that's what I do ... hear things.

FRANK

When's he coming?

LEFTY

I'm not feeling so good. I got
to have some stuff.

BENNY

Have you got any stuff? Tony's
always got some stuff.

FRANK

What am I ... a Goddamn dealer
... give me a break.

BENNY

Give you a break! I can't go
anywhere in this town without
some connection wantin' to blow
me away. I ain't gonna have a
place on this goddamn planet
pretty soon. Then what am I
gonna do? I used to be a plain,
honest junkie goin' crazy in my
own fuckin' way. You know what
I'm saying to you, Frank? I ain't
got it so easy bein' a stool for
you. You know what I'm sayin'
to you? Have some fucking
compassion.

FRANK

You shouldn't think of yourself
as a stool, Benny. You're more
like an undercover cop.

BENNY

Fuck you, Frank ... I'm a stool.
And I'm not working for you anymore
unless I get some stuff.

FRANK

You work for me or I'll lock you
up.

BENNY

(raising his hands
to the sky)
Take me away -- Officer -- I have
sinned.

LEFTY

(raising his hands)
I've sinned.

LUIS

Me too.

The JUNKIES start marching toward FRANK's car. FRANK
shoves them away, gets in the car, and drives off.

8 INT: AUDITORIUM

TONY and FRANK sit amidst a huge CROWD of cheering FANS. On stage THE BOSS AND HIS BAND tear into the final set. Suddenly FRANK's eye is drawn to the side of the stage. BENNY, dressed in a cheap blue suit and tie, carrying a suitcase, is in an animated conversation with TWO OTHER BEARDED MEN..

FRANK

What the fuck is that?

TONY

What?

FRANK

Over there.

(he points)

Benny in a suit!

TONY

Benny in a suit! C'mon ... you must be mistaken.

FRANK

That's Benny ... I know it. What the fuck is he doing here?

TONY

Maybe he likes the Boss?

FRANK

The only thing that junkie fink likes is dope and money.

BENNY shakes hands with the TWO BEARDS and exits from view backstage.

FRANK (contd)

Let's see what he's up to.

TONY

Are you crazy? We had to pay for these tickets!

FRANK

C'mon. This could be something big.

TONY

That's what you said last week when you got one of your hunches and we followed that hood all night. He got laid and we got a belly full of cold coffee.

8 CONTD

FRANK

I'm going ...

He stands up and starts moving down the row of seats.

FRANK (contd)

... and taking the car.

TONY

(yelling after him)

You're buying my cab ride home!

9 EXT: AUDITORIUM

FRANK watches BENNY come out of the backstage entrance, walk to the street, and hail a cab. FRANK runs to his car, gets in, and follows BENNY's cab.

10 EXT: AIRPORT RUNWAY

A plane lands and taxis to the loading ramp. The doors open and the PASSENGERS disembark. Among them are HOWARD and ROMANO.

11 INT: FRANK'S CAR

FRANK watches BENNY's cab take the Dulles airport exit off the parkway. He follows.

12 EXT: INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS BUILDING

BENNY's cab pulls up. BENNY gets out and enters the building. FRANK pulls into a loading zone, jumps out of his car, and heads into the building.

13 INT: INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS BUILDING

ROMANO stands in a customs line. He's wearing a tan hat with a white feather hat band. HOWARD, leaning on his crutches, waits for his baggage to come off the baggage conveyor belt. Above them, looking down through a glass partition is BENNY. On the same level as BENNY, FRANK watches his stool ... waiting for him to make a move toward his connection.

14 INT: CUSTOMS LINE - INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS BUILDING

ROMANO's baggage is being examined by a CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ONE

Do you have anything to declare?

14. CONTD

ROMANO
It's all listed.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ONE
(looking at the list)
One Retablos ... what's that?

ROMANO
A miniature triptych.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ONE
That some kind of plant?

ROMANO
(shaking his head)
Let's just call it pottery.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ONE
Why didn't you say so in the first
place? Okay, open everything up.

ROMANO gives the CUSTOMS INSPECTOR a world weary smile
and starts to unzip his luggage.

15 INT: EXIT FROM CUSTOMS INTO MAIN AIRPORT

MALLEY watches the PASSENGERS exiting customs. No
sign of ROMANO. He looks up at the arrivals board;
checking that the plane is in. He sticks his hand into
his coat pocket and retrieves a wad of gum. He pops
it into his mouth and continues waiting.

16 INT: BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA

HOWARD is having a little difficulty managing to pull
his bag off the conveyor belt. A KID, with a huge
backpack on, helps him.

HOWARD
Thanks.

KID
Why don't you let me stick this
in a cart for you and get you in
line.

HOWARD
Much obliged.

17 INT: GLASSED-IN BALCONY OVERLOOKING CUSTOMS

BENNY is worried as he watches ROMANO opening up all of
his luggage for the CUSTOMS OFFICER. FRANK moves up
behind him.

17 CONTD

FRANK
Meeting a friend?

BENNY
(starting to sweat)
Oh, hi, Frank ... no, no, no ...
I'm meeting nobody ... I hang
around the airport all the time
... all the time ... meet a
better class of people here.

FRANK
(clamping Benny's arm
around his back and
twisting it)
You better level with me you little
fink or I'm gonna break you.

BENNY
Honest, Frank ... I'm doin
nothin' here.

FRANK looks over his shoulder and sights an entrance to
a men's room.

FRANK
You don't look too good, Benny.
I think we better freshen you up.

FRANK shoves BENNY down the corridor and through the
men's room door.

18 INT: THE MEN'S ROOM

FRANK propels BENNY past TWO MEN at the latrines and
into a toilet booth. He locks the stall door behind
him. The TWO MEN look at each other, quickly finish
their respective pisses, and hurry out.

19 INT: CUSTOMS LINE

HOWARD limps in front of the CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR TWO
How long have you been in South
America?

HOWARD
A long time. Went down there
after the war to mine gold. Made
a hell of a good living at it, too
... 'til the big American companies
came in and forced us all out.
(MORE)

19 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)

No place left in this world for
the independent American businessman.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR TWO

Are you carrying any plants,
fruits, etc.?

HOWARD

Are you kidding? That's against
the law.

ROMANO has cleared customs. He picks up his luggage
and heads for the exit. He passes by HOWARD who is
talking to the CUSTOMS INSPECTOR with great animation.

20 INT: BATHROOM STALL

FRANK is beating the shit out of BENNY.

FRANK

So which one is the snowman?

BENNY

The guy with the tan hat.

FRANK

What are you doing with him?

BENNY

Nothing. I was gonna tell you
about him. Honest.

FRANK

Give me a break. You were making
a run for those rock guys, you
fuck.

(he slugs Benny again)

BENNY

I got to get some stuff. I got
to take care of myself.

FRANK

By dealing a little cocaine
on the side?

BENNY

You don't let us keep the good
dope we buy. No, you take the
dope to the lab so they can analyze
it and tell you it's 100% great

(MORE)

20 CONTD

BENNY (contd)
dope. And then do we get our
good dope back? Shit no ... it's
evidence against the guy I bought
it from and you busted. So it
goes to court and no one gets it.
All the good dope's in court.
Isn't that a fuckin' waste.

FRANK
(he stops hitting
Benny)
You know, Benny ... you should
run for something.

FRANK lets him fall to the toilet seat. He then
unlocks the stall and takes off.

21 INT: AIRPORT TERMINAL

MALLEY is getting hungry. Across from the customs
exit is a hot dog stand. He takes a last look down
the hallway and ambles across to the stand. FRANK
turns the corner just as MALLEY turns his back. FRANK
passes behind him and enters the hallway. ROMANO
enters the other end of the hallway walking with a
GROUP OF PASSENGERS. Behind him limps HOWARD with the
YOUNG MAN carrying his bag. FRANK spots the tan hat
and rushes toward ROMANO.

FRANK
Alright, hold it right there.

CLOSE SHOT: HOWARD

He stops. In front of him, ROMANO is being shoved up
against a wall and frisked. The MAN frisking him
feels something in the lining of ROMANO's suit and
rips it open. A strip of small plastic envelopes falls
to the floor. FRANK scoops them up from the floor and
holds them in front of ROMANO's face.

FRANK
Is this it? Is this all there is?

HOWARD starts to back away. Somebody's tipped off
the cops. ROMANO sees HOWARD moving backwards and
looks at him. He shakes his head to indicate to HOWARD
that everything's OK. But FRANK catches the nod and
the direction ROMANO's looking. He turns to face the
retreating HOWARD. Spotted, HOWARD turns and runs, cast
and all. FRANK throws the plastic envelopes into
ROMANO's face.

21 CONTD

FRANK

I get it. This is just a taste
of what that mule back there is
carrying?

ROMANO

I am unfamiliar with your language
-- What does this "mule" mean?

FRANK smashes his fist into ROMANO's stomach. ROMANO
folds up and collapses to the floor.

FRANK

Just so you'll wait for me.

He runs after HOWARD.

22 INT: CUSTOMS, BAGGAGE AREA

HOWARD runs back through the customs area, past the
baggage claim conveyor, and out the door leading to
the plane departure gates. The cast, not built for
running on, starts breaking off at the bottom, leaving
a trail of white powder for FRANK to follow.

AIRPORT HOT DOG STAND

MALLEY is now deep into a soft pretzel when the
commotion down the hallway draws his attention toward
the collapsed ROMANO, gasping for air on the ground.
He drops his pretzel and heads toward him.

HOWARD RUNNING

He passes by a series of departure gates, frantically
trying each door, until one finally flies open. HOWARD
rushes through it.

FRANK RUNNING

This crippled old guy is faster than FRANK ever
imagined. He breathes hard, shoving startled PASSENGERS
out of the way trying to catch up with him. But
FRANK gets tied up in a GROUP OF NUNS and when he
frees himself, HOWARD is nowhere to be seen.

23 EXT: AIRFIELD

The wind is blowing hard. HOWARD leaps off a passenger
loading platform onto the airfield. He looks around
for a place to hide, sees a truck-sized trashbin,

23 CONTD

dashes over and dives inside. FRANK pursues HOWARD's powder trail to the gate door exit. He pushes it open and runs down the ramp on the air field. No HOWARD. No powder trail. He shakes his head and walks back inside. FRANK looks at the white powder on the rug, kneels down, scoops some up and tastes it. It's pure cocaine.

FRANK
(smiling to himself)
Shit.

24 EXT: AIRPORT

MALLEY is shoving ROMANO into a car. His red-headed partner, SULLY, is at the wheel. FRANK runs up behind him.

FRANK
Where the fuck do you think
you're going with my collar?

MALLEY
Your collar! What are you talking
about, Frank? I see this mug
lying on the floor with a bellyache
and a bundle of shit around him.
So I arrest him.

FRANK
Who do you think gave him the
bellyache?
(he drags Romano
out of Malley's car)
He's mine. But, if you're after
a big collar, his buddy spilled
a trail of cocaine on the rug in
there ... and then disappeared on
the airfield.

MALLEY
What are you trying to pull, Frank?

FRANK
Somebody's broken the law ... I'm
arresting him. I'm going to take
him downtown, book him, lock him
up. Like any good cop doing his
job.

He walks away from MALLEY, dragging ROMANO with him.

24 CONTD

MALLEY
(to Sully)
Big shot Fed! Fuck him!

25 INT: FRANK'S CAR

FRANK pushes ROMANO into the front seat of his car
and handcuffs his hands behind his back.

ROMANO
(offhandedly)
That won't be necessary.

FRANK
I'm the kind of guy that double
ties my shoes.

FRANK gets into the driver's seat and takes off.

26 INT: FRANK DRIVING OUT OF THE AIRPORT

FRANK
Think it's about time we were
introduced?

ROMANO
My name is Juan Romano. I'm
traveling here on business and
that's all I'm saying until I
speak with my lawyer.

FRANK
What's the old guy's name?

ROMANO
I don't know who you're speaking
of.

FRANK
Look, Romano ... be an asshole.
You know what you'll draw for a
smuggling rap like this.

ROMANO
(matter-of-factly)
I know the price. It is little.

FRANK
What do you mean? Your buddy had
a ton of coke on him.

ROMANO
Who is this "buddy" of mine?

26 CONTD

FRANK

What about the stuff on you?

ROMANO

(shrugging)

An insignificant amount.

FRANK

You're a pretty cool customer,
Romano. Who the hell are you?

27 INT: HEADQUARTERS - FRANK'S DESK

FRANK is typing out the ROMANO bust. The form he's using has "Federal Drug Intelligence Force" stamped across the top. Two Federal agents, KANE and CONNORS, walk up to FRANK's desk.

KANE

You're moving in fast company,
Mira.

FRANK

What do you mean?

KANE

Didn't you bust Juan Romano at
Dulles?

FRANK

Yeah. So what?

CONNORS

So, he's one of the major South
American Drug couriers.

FRANK

Are you kidding me? I found this
guy with the stuff sewn into his
coat! Like a fuckin' college kid!

KANE

Maybe he wanted to get busted.

FRANK

Why?

KANE

Maybe he's working undercover?
I checked this guy's sheet. He
goes way back with the bureau as
an informant.

27 CONTD

FRANK

That means he'll work.

KANE

Or is working. This guy's a snake, Frank. I'd lock him up and walk away.

28 INT: ARRAIGNMENT COURT

COPS wait with evidence and PRISONERS. TONY stands next to his PRISONER, a beat up PUSHER. MALLEY and SULLY come through the door. MALLEY walks over to TONY.

MALLEY

What are you jerking me around for, Tony?

(he grips Tony's shoulder hard)

TONY

(unsuccessfully trying to push Malley's hand away)

What are you talking about?

MALLEY

(burning sarcasm)

That big, heavyweight collar you gave me out of the goodness of your heart.

TONY

What about it?

MALLEY

Your fucking partner took it!

TONY

You're fucking crazy, Malley.

TONY pushes MALLEY off. Moving fast through the street door, he drags his PRISONER behind him.

29 INT: U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

TONY paces back and forth in front of the desk of U.S. Attorney ALEXANDER SESSIONS: a small, meticulously groomed man in his mid-forties. To the right of SESSIONS stands Assistant D.A. JIM BARRIS; a handsome, dark featured man. His strong jaw and crisp manner makes a dramatic contrast to his more thoughtfully deliberate CHIEF.

29 CONTD

TONY

I mean, what is this shit? How the hell does Frank get together with Romano?

BARRIS

I don't know. But he's got him in a Fed jail. He's screwed up my whole plan.

TONY

This is the F.B.I., isn't it? The Special Corruption Probe? I thought we were after city corruption: lawyers, judges, D.A.'s, right? So, how does this scumbag end up with my partner?

BARRIS

Cause he started at the bottom of the barrel.

TONY

Fuck you! I'm not working undercover to set up my partner.

BARRIS

You'll set up anybody we want you to set up.

TONY

Like I said. Fuck you!

TONY turns his back on BARRIS and heads for the door.

BARRIS

No, Tony. Fuck you. And you know that we got the stuff to do it. So, stick that Dago pride up your ass ... and sit down!

TONY slowly sits back down. The mask of moral indignation vanishes from his face. It's replaced with a compliant, concerned frown.

SESSIONS

I'm not completely familiar with this case, Barris. Run it down for me.

29 CONTD

BARRIS

Juan Romano is a big coke courier and one of our best confidential informants. We jammed him up last spring, so he's working his time off for us. My plan was to have him busted by one of Tony's old corrupt pals on the D.C. Police Force. Once he was booked, Romano could start bribing his way up. We'd planned to nail his lawyer, his D.A., his judge and anyone else that extended a helping hand. But, he got busted by the wrong cop.

SESSIONS

And booked in the wrong court.

BARRIS

(nodding)

Right.

SESSIONS

Well, I don't see there's any problem. I'll have this Frank Mira drop his case.

TONY

(laughing)

No problem? Are you kidding? Frank's gonna think Romano is the biggest coke dealer he ever saw. He's the kind of big fish a narc dreams his whole life of nailing. He's going to be all over him.

SESSIONS

I told you ... I'll get him to drop it.

TONY

You're a special prosecutor. You have no authority over Frank.

SESSIONS

We'll see.

(turning to his assistant)

Get Frank Mira ... I want to talk to him.

30 INT: HEADQUARTERS - FRANK'S DESK

Seated at his desk, FRANK is completing his paper work on ROMANO. His phone rings.

FRANK

Yeah ... yeah ... this is Detective Mira.

SESSIONS

This is Alexander Sessions.

FRANK

Yeah?

SESSIONS

I'm heading up the Bureau's Corruption Probe.

FRANK

So?

SESSIONS

I've been informed that you have a Juan Romano.

FRANK

Yeah. That's right.

SESSIONS

I want you to release him.

FRANK

I can't do that.

SESSIONS

Look, Detective Mira ... Romano is working undercover on a very big case for us.

FRANK

That's too bad ... all I know is I busted him smuggling coke and he's going to jail.

SESSIONS

(getting mad)

I'm not asking you ... I'm ordering you!

FRANK

Hey, I don't work for you.

SESSIONS

Put your captain on the line.

30 CONTD

FRANK

What am I ... a fucking switchboard operator? Call him yourself!

FRANK slams down the phone.

31 INT: U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

SESSIONS is holding a dead line.

BARRIS

Should I get his captain?

SESSIONS

That arrogant son of a bitch. He didn't even know who I was.

TONY

You can't muscle Frank Mira, he's an honest cop.

SESSIONS

We'll see.

(to Barris)

Call him back. Apologize. Ask him if I could see him and his prisoner ... personally.

32 EXT: AIRPORT - LARGE PLANE ON RUNWAY

The boarding platform is just about to be rolled away when HOWARD races to the foot of it. He waves his boarding pass at the GROUND CREW. They stop their work and motion him up the staircase. HOWARD bounds up the steps and enters the plane. The cabin door closes behind him and the plane rolls down the airstrip.

33 INT: U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

FRANK paces the room. SESSIONS watches him from behind his desk. BARRIS sits quietly in another chair.

FRANK

This is a big time dealer. I'll work with you, but I'm not giving him up.

SESSIONS

(trying to be pleasant)
I'm asking you.

33 CONTD

FRANK

Just give me a little time with him. I got a plan. When he makes bail, I'll confiscate his passport. He's a big time dealer. He'll need his passport, see. He'll need to travel. I can make him think I'll deal with him. I can dance with him so he won't even know we're dancin'.

SESSIONS

(bluffing)

I talked to your captain.

FRANK

If he's on the street, I'll work him. I'll make him pay off even bigger than what you guys have got him working on.

SESSIONS

He wants you off him.

FRANK

Bullshit!

SESSIONS

You were a city cop weren't you, Mira?

FRANK

That's right.

SESSIONS

And you just started to work for the government.

FRANK

Six months.

SESSIONS

And you think all Feds are assholes, don't you?

FRANK says nothing.

SESSIONS (contd)

And you're going to show us how to do our job?

33 CONTD

FRANK

Let me get this guy for you.
Give me a couple of months.

SESSIONS

(suddenly changing his
mood completely. He
smiles at Frank)

Okay ... you got him.

FRANK

Thanks ... he's a real cobra.
But I'll nail him. You won't
be sorry.

SESSIONS

On your way out, could you send
"the Cobra" in here ... I want
to talk to him.

FRANK

(heading out the door)

Sure.

FRANK exits and ROMANO enters.

ROMANO

What happened?

BARRIS

You got busted by the wrong cop.

SESSIONS

And booked in the wrong court.

ROMANO

(he shrugs)

What does it matter? So I'm in a
Federal Court System. I'll still
bribe my way out.

SESSIONS

I don't want Federal Court; I
want D.C.

BARRIS

It's too late. Romano is a Federal
case now.

SESSIONS

Mira has screwed this all up.

33 CONTD

ROMANO

I could bribe this Mira ... He pretends to be tough. But he's soft -- his ambition makes him so.

SESSIONS

He talked to me like I wasn't even here. Unbelievable.

ROMANO

This Mira's very corrupt. It will be good for such an arrogant man to be broken. The disgrace will make him more humble ... a better human being ... yes?

SESSIONS

(he smiles at Romano)

Yes.

34 EXT: CALLAO - WATERFRONT - DUSK

A large boat is being loaded. DOBBS walks slowly along, his eyes to the pavement. He stops outside a cantina, listening to the tinny music of a player piano. The swinging doors open and TWO SAILORS come out.

DOBBS

Got any spare change?

They push past him and are gone. He's about to move on when the door opens again and a MAN, very tall and bulky, appears.

DOBBS (contd)

Got any spare change?

MCCORMICK

(interrupting)

I won't give you one red cent, but if you want to make some money, I'll give you a job.

DOBBS

What's the catch?

MCCORMICK

No catch. I got a job if you want it. Hard work but good pay. Ever rig an offshore camp?

DOBBS

Sure.

34 CONTD

MCCORMICK

That's my boat down there loading up. One of my men hasn't shown up. I don't know what's happened to him and I don't have time to find out.

DOBBS

What's the pay?

MCCORMICK

Fifty bucks, in American dollars, a day. Grub comes off on your expenses ... Well, don't just stand there, make up your mind. You have to come the way you are. No time to get your clothes or anything.

DOBBS

I'm your man.

The HUGE FELLOW takes DOBBS by the arm and they walk to the boat. About a DOZEN MEN are standing near the gang plank. MCCORMICK starts counting heads. DOBBS recognizes CURTIN in the group.

DOBBS

Still looking for adventure?

CURTIN

You bet!

MCCORMICK

Okay, you guys ... get aboard.

35 EXT: AN OFFSHORE DRILLING PLATFORM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN

About FIFTY MEN are at work, including DOBBS and CURTIN. They are engaged in the erection of a derrick. DOBBS, one leg snake-fashion around a cable, grabs the heavy boards that are swung up and bolts them. CURTIN helps to bring the boards into position. Their skin has been blackened by the sun and sweat pours off of them. From time to time they groan under the exertions. Below, we hear a voice shouting "Come and get it." DOBBS and CURTIN stops working, climb down the derrick, and get into the chow line. MCCORMICK falls in step beside them.

35 CONTD

MCCORMICK

What's the matter? Can't you
two take it?

DOBBS

Must be a hundred and thirty in
the shade ... and there ain't any
shade up on the derrick.

MCCORMICK

Depends on how you see it. From
where I'm standing, you look like
a couple of millionaires in your
own private steambath. The sooner
we're through, the sooner we'll be
back in town drinking cold beer.

MCCORMICK lowers his voice confidentially.

MCCORMICK (contd)

If we finish within two weeks, I'm
going to give you guys a bonus.

DOBBS

We got it comin' ... working
sixteen, eighteen hours a day.

MCCORMICK

Now, don't start crying for your
mothers. What do you want? I'm
paying top salaries ... and a
bonus.

DOBBS

What about our pay? I haven't
seen a dime, yet.

MCCORMICK

You'll get your dough, alright.
Don't you worry about that.
When we get back to Callao. What
would you do with it here anyway,
except gamble and lose it.

DOBBS

I'm a hell of a gambler ... why
the fuck do you think I'm here?

MCCORMICK

You boys just hold your water.
You'll get paid as soon as you
step off of the boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT: WATERFRONT - MCCORMICK'S BOAT IS DOCKED

Little groups of MEN, members of MCCORMICK's work gang, are standing around. MCCORMICK comes up to one group which includes DOBBS and CURTIN.

DOBBS

This is the boat. We just stepped off. Where's our money?

MCCORMICK

(scratching his head)

The agent was supposed to be here with it. I don't know what could have happened. Nothing to worry about, though. I'll go over to the office and pick it up myself.

He pulls DOBBS aside and lowers his voice.

MCCORMICK (contd)

Supposing I meet you two in about an hour at that cantina right off the plaza.

DOBBS

Any objection to us going along with you?

MCCORMICK

(suddenly angry)

What's the matter, don't you trust me? Do you think I'd run out on you?

DOBBS

No, Pat, I don't think you'd do a thing like that; but I haven't got a cent, even to buy me a new shirt or a glass of beer.

MCCORMICK

(taking some money
out of his pocket).

Here.

(he gives Dobbs
some change)

This will hold you for an hour.

(he looks at his
watch)

It's a quarter to two. I'll be at the cantina no later than three o'clock.

36 CONTD

He turns and goes off before DOBBS can object.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: CLOCK OVER CANTINA BAR READING 5:30

 BARTENDER (VO)

Pat McCormick? Si. He comes
in here time to time. No see
him lately.

DOBBS, CURTIN and other CUSTOMERS face the BARTENDER
across the bar.

 CUSTOMER

(ruggedly built,
middle-aged now,
slightly drunk)

Pat McCormick? What about Pat
McCormick?

 DOBBS

He was supposed to meet us here.

 CUSTOMER

Does he owe you any money?

DOBBS nods.

 CUSTOMER (contd)

How long you guys been around
Callao, anyway?

 DOBBS

(suddenly suspicious)

What's that got to do with it?

 CUSTOMER

You got to be new in town or
just plain stupid to fall for
Pat McCormick's scam.

 CURTIN

What do you mean?

 CUSTOMER

I mean ... he gets dumb guys like
you to work for him, and when the
time comes for him to pay off, he
takes a powder.

CURTIN and DOBBS grit their teeth in frustration.
They've been had.

36 CONTD

CURTIN

How much money we got left?

DOBBS

(taking some coins out
of his pocket and
counting them)

Six fifty.

CURTIN

Not even enough for one bed.

DOBBS

I know a joint where we can get
cots for fifty a night. It's
full of rats and roaches; but
beggars can't be choosers.

37 INT: FLOPHOUSE

A row of cots constitutes the sleeping quarters.
DOBBS and CURTIN move down the narrow aisle between
two rows of cots on which MEN are sitting or lying.
A conversation is taking place in the far corner among
THREE AMERICANS. The one doing most of the talking
is HOWARD.

HOWARD

Cocaine? Millions worth. Just
falling off the bushes. Not
five days from here by rail and
pack train. A harvest waiting
for the right guy to come along,
pick it up, and carry it to market.
The question is ... are you the
right guy? Sounds simple, doesn't
it? Answer me one question then.
Why is a thousand dollars worth
of coca leaves in the Andes worth
a million dollars on the streets
of New York?

MAN

That's easy ... it's illegal.

DOBBS and CURTIN stops in front of two unoccupied cots
behind HOWARD. They start undressing while listening
to the old man.

HOWARD

That's part of it. But not for
the reason you think. Making
(MORE)

37 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)

it illegal just keeps the price up. I mean, I know all about inflation but how high can you mark up a pound of hamburger? Legally, that is? And even if it cost ten times as much on the black market ... if you're hungry ... you'll pay it and eat it. And it will keep you alive. Coke will kill ya -- it's worth nothing to your body and it just eats up your soul.

MAN

So why's it worth so much?

The OLD MAN bursts out laughing.

HOWARD

Cause it makes you feel so damn good. Folks want it and will pay anything for it. Plain old supply and demand. All you got to do is get to them and that's where the madness begins.

They are silent in their thoughts for a while. HOWARD rolls a cigarette and lights it. Then he resumes.

HOWARD (contd)

Coke's a devilish sort of thing. When you go out you tell yourself, "I'll be satisfied with one million smackers worth of it, so help me lord and cross my heart." Fine resolution. After months of sweating yourself dizzy, growing short on provisions, gasping for air, and freezing your ass off at night in those Godforsaken mountains, you say to yourself, "one harvest, 100 kilos of coca, that's enough for me ... I'll never ask for anything more the rest of my life."

FIRST MAN

How much is that worth on the street?

HOWARD

About 100,000 dollars.

37 CONTD

FIRST MAN

That is enough for me.

SECOND MAN

In this flea trap five bucks would be enough for you.

HOWARD

Now you get the idea. But I tell you, it wouldn't be enough; you'd keep piling up the leaves, soaking them down to paste, until you had a million worth. Then two ... then three, you couldn't be dragged away.

DOBBS and CURTIN have stopped undressing to listen to what the OLD MAN is saying.

HOWARD (contd)

Not even the threat of miserable death would stop you from trying to add just a million more. Just like roulette ... just one more turn ... always one more. You lose your sense of values and your character changes entirely. Your soul stops being the same as it was before.

DOBBS

(unable to restrain himself)

It wouldn't be like that with me. I swear it. I'd take only as much as I set out to get, even if there were millions more lying around howling to be taken to market.

HOWARD looks at him, examining, it seems, every line in his face. The scrutiny goes on for some time; then he shifts his eyes away and continues as though he had not been interrupted.

HOWARD

I've harvested coca up and down the Andes from Columbia to Peru. I've processed coca paste into pure cocaine. I've smuggled coke stashed in everything from a

(MORE)

37 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)

girl's pussy to a 707. I've cut it, snorted it, eaten it, and shot it. Believe me, I know what it does to your soul.

FIRST MAN

Did it ever make you rich?

A faraway look comes into HOWARD's eyes.

HOWARD

Yes. It made me rich.

FIRST MAN

Then how come you're sitting in here in this joint ... a bum like us?

HOWARD

Coke, my young man. That's what it makes of us. Cause if you're moving it -- you sure as hell are snorting it. Never knew a snowman that wasn't high. Never knew a snowman that died rich. If he makes a fortune, he's sure to blow it trying to make another. Because on coke you can do anything, and when you think you can do anything, you can do nothing. And I ain't no exception to that rule.

He shakes himself as if to throw off bad memories.

HOWARD (contd)

Sure, I'm an old gnawed bone now, but don't you kids think the spirit is gone. I'll climb those mountains and start picking those leaves again anytime somebody's willing to share expenses. I'd rather go all by myself. That's the best way ... going it alone. Of course, you've got to have the stomach for loneliness. Lots of guys go nutty with it. On the other hand, going with a partner or two is dangerous. All the time murder's lurking about. Hardly a day passes without quarrels ... the partners accusing each other of all sorts

(MORE)

37 CONTD

 HOWARD (contd)
of crimes, and suspecting whatever
you do or say. As long as the
leaves stay on the bush, the noble
brotherhood will last, but when
the kilos begin to grow, that's
when the trouble starts.

 CURTIN
I wouldn't mind having that kind
of trouble.

 DOBBS
Me neither.

HOWARD reaches out and turns off the kerosene lamp.

38 EXT: PLAZA - AFTERNOON

CURTIN and DOBBS are on the bench where they first met.
It is obvious by their appearance that no luck has come
their way.

 DOBBS
Do you believe what that old man
said about coke changing a man's
soul so's he ain't the same person
he was before finding it?

 CURTIN
 (after a moment,
 thoughtfully)
Guess that depends on the man.

 DOBBS
Exactly what I say. Coke don't
carry any curse with it. Have
you ever used it?

 CURTIN
I have a tough enough time keeping
my belly full. Never had much use
for drugs.

 DOBBS
Me neither. And I don't plan to.

CURTIN's eyes are caught and held by something OFF
CAMERA. He is no longer listening to DOBBS.

 DOBBS (contd)
The way I see it, coke can be as
much of a blessing as a curse.

38 CONTD

CURTIN

Hey, Dobbsie ...

DOBBS

Yeah?

CURTIN

Look at who's coming out of the hotel ... is that Pat McCormick or am I seeing things?

DOBBS

It's him.

MCCORMICK strolls out into the plaza. By his side, an INDIAN GIRL is flashing a low cut dress, a silk parasol, and considerably phoney jewelry.

CURTIN

Let's get him. Let's get him hard.

MCCORMICK stops in his tracks as the TWO rush toward him.

MCCORMICK

(grinning)

Hello, boys. How are you? Want a drink?

His extreme affability has the effect of keeping the TWO MEN from sailing right into him. He addresses the GIRL.

MCCORMICK

I've got some business to attend to with these two gentlemen. You go back to the hotel and wait. I won't be long.

He steers her back toward the hotel.

MCCORMICK (contd)

(turning back to
Dobbs and Curtin)

Okay, boys. Let's have a drink. It's on me.

DOBBS

Okay.

They step into a cantina.

38 CONTD

MCCORMICK
(to the bartender)
Three shots of rye.

CURTIN
Make mine brandy. Three star.

DOBBS
Two brandies.

MCCORMICK
Rye is good enough for me.

The drinks are put down before them.

MCCORMICK (contd)
Well, boys, I suppose you're wondering about that money that's coming to you. Fact is, I haven't been paid on that contract myself. If I had the money, you'd get it first thing. You know that. I'll take you both on my next contract. It'll go through by Monday and we can set out Friday. Glad to have you boys aboard again. Let's drink to it.

They all drink.

CURTIN
We want what's coming to us ...
and we want it here and now.

MCCORMICK
Didn't I just get through telling you ...

CURTIN
Better come across, Pat.

MCCORMICK
Tell you what I'll do, boys ...
I'll give you twenty five percent.
No. I'll make it thirty. The balance, let's say, the middle of next week.

CURTIN
Nothing doing. Here and now.
Every cent you owe us or they'll carry you out of here.

38 CONTD

MCCORMICK

Now, let's not get hot headed
about this. We're still friends
aren't we? How about another
drink?

(to the bartender)

Two more Hennesseys for the
gentlemen. Put the bottle on
the bar.

DOBBS

If you got any ideas about getting
us drunk ...

MCCORMICK

I'm only inviting you to have
a friendly drink with me.

He reaches for the bottle. Instead of pouring, he hits
CURTIN on the head with it. CURTIN goes down. MCCORMICK
swings at DOBBS. DOBBS ducks, then backs away.
MCCORMICK starts after him but CURTIN, on the floor,
grabs him around the knees. MCCORMICK tries to kick
himself free, but CURTIN hangs on. Now, DOBBS smashes
him in the face. It's a long fight and a tough one.
At times, it's DOBBS who's down and CURTIN who's up.
They fight in relays, with determination born of hunger
and finally bring the huge hulk of MCCORMICK down to
stay. His eyes are both swollen shut and his face is
a bloody mess.

MCCORMICK

(begging)

Okay ... okay. I've had enough.

CURTIN

Give us our money.

DOBBS

Yeah, give us our money.

They kick him until he produces a fat wallet from his
back pocket.

MCCORMICK

I can't see ...

DOBBS grabs the wallet, takes out a roll of bills, and
counts out what's coming to himself and CURTIN. Then
he throws a bill to the BARTENDER.

38 CONTD

 DOBBS
 (to the bartender)
For the use of the cantina.
 (to Curtin)
Come on. Let's beat it before
the law arrives.

39 EXT: A WATER FOUNTAIN

DOBBS and CURTIN bathe their wounds.

 DOBBS
You know what I'm thinking,
Curt?

 CURTIN
Harvesting some coca leaves?

 DOBBS
Yeah. That old man started me
thinking. We could take our money
and turn it into a million dollars.
There's risk involved. Hell,
we could all wind up in jail.

 CURTIN
Jail couldn't be any worse than
scraping for pennies here.

 DOBBS
That's what I figure. I wonder
how we get the coca?

 CURTIN
The old man would know.

 DOBBS
The sooner we leave, the better.
Let's find that old man ... he
can give us some pointers. He's
too old to take along, of course.
We'd have to carry him on our backs.

 CURTIN
You can't tell about some of these
old guys. It's surprising sometimes
how tough they are ... where are
we going, anyway?

 DOBBS
I don't know ... up in the mountains,
somewhere.

39 CONTD

CURTIN

How do we refine it? How do we
smuggle it into the States? Who
do we sell it to?

DOBBS

Okay ... okay. Maybe you're right.

CURTIN

I tell you ... we're going to
need an experienced guy like that
old timer.

40 INT: FLOP HOUSE

DOBBS, CURTIN and HOWARD are in a huddle.

HOWARD

Will I go? What a question. Of
course I'll go. Any time. Any
day. I was only waiting for one
or two guys to ask me. Looking
for a snowbird? Always at your
service.

HOWARD takes a pencil and begins scribbling on the back
of a magazine.

HOWARD (contd)

I've got three thousand American
bucks ready cash here in the bank.
Two thousand of them I'm all ready
to invest. It's the last money
I have in the world. After it's
gone, I'm finished. But, if you
don't take a risk you can't make
a win. How much dough have you
guys got to put in?

DOBBS

I got fifteen hundred and Curtin's
got the same.

A little BOY, barefooted and ragged, is moving down
the aisle by the rows of cots, selling lottery tickets.

BOY

Buy a ticket on loteria National
... one hundred thousand soles the
big prize.

40 CONTD

HOWARD

Five thousand bucks ... that ain't hardly enough to pay the campesinos and buy the chemicals to process the paste down. Plus we'll need some guns.

DOBBS

Guns? What do we need guns for?

HOWARD

Meat's one thing. We'll kill our own. And the cops is another. Then we got to get into the States. Fly it? Mule it?

DOBBS

Wait a minute ... you're going a little fast for me. Who are these campesinos.

HOWARD

The coca plant farmers. I got some friends that will help us out. But we need more cash. I'd say we couldn't do it for less than eight grand.

DOBBS

That much, eh?

HOWARD

Can't you dig up any more?

DOBBS shakes his head. A few feet away the BOY selling lottery tickets stops in his tracks and stares intently at DOBBS. Then he rushes forward.

BOY

Give me money, senior. Ten percent I get for having sold you the prize-winning ticket.

DOBBS

(misunderstanding)

Get away from me.

BOY

Please, senior ... it is the custom. Whoever draws the lucky number always gives a present to the seller of the ticket. If you

(MORE)

40 CONTD

 BOY (contd)
don't you will have bad luck for
the rest of your life.

 DOBBS
I tell you I don't want any lottery
ticket.

 (suddenly hearing
 the boy)
What? What's that?

 HOWARD
He says you bought a winning
ticket from him.

A memory flashes through DOBB's mind. He leans forward,
peers into the BOY's face, then begins to dig and claw
in his pockets. He finally produces a lottery ticket,
unfolds it, and holds it toward the BOY.

 DOBBS
This is it?

 BOY
Si, senor ... si!

 DOBBS
It's a winner?

 BOY
Si, four thousand American dollars.
You give me four hundred, yes?

 DOBBS
You bet. Where do we collect?

 BOY
You follow me, senor.

They head up the aisle with DOBBS behind. Suddenly,
DOBBS stops, turning back to HOWARD and CURTIN.

 DOBBS
C'mon, Curtin ... I don't feel
safe with all that money alone.

 HOWARD
That's a hell of a lot of money,
boy. Maybe you better stick it
in the bank and we'll forget all
this.

40 CONTD

DOBBS

Are you kidding? It's a sign.
That old roulette wheel comin'
up with my number. This little
business venture is blessed by
Lady Luck.

41 EXT: STREET

DOBBS and CURTIN walk after the BOY.

DOBBS

(extends his hand
to Curtin)

You want to shake the hand that
bought this ticket?

CURTIN takes DOBBS' hand.

CURTIN

Congratulations.

DOBBS

(pumping Curtin's
hand)

Congratulations yourself. We're
going to be rich. That money
falling from heaven just when
we need it is like a miracle.
Now we got out eight grand stake.

CURTIN

Yeah ... but ...

DOBBS

But what?

CURTIN

That lottery money is yours. Why
should you be putting it up for
me?

DOBBS

This is an all or nothing
proposition. If we pull this
off, we'll be lighting our cigars
with hundred dollar bills. And
if we don't, the difference
between what I'm putting up and
what you're putting up ain't
going to mean shit. Because we're

(MORE)

41 CONTD

 DOBBS (contd)
 either going to be in jail, dead,
 or just as dirt broke as the
 day I met you on that bench.

DOBBS holds his hand out again.

 DOBBS (contd)
 So, put it there ... partner.

42 EXT: WASHINGTON HOTEL - DAY

FRANK and TONY watch the entrance from a car parked
across the street.

 TONY
 I gotta take a piss.

 FRANK
 So what else is new?

 TONY
 Let's get out of here. We've got
 to be in court by ten.

 FRANK
 You take it.

 TONY
 What are you talking about, "You
 take it." We'll blow the case
 if we both don't show up.

 FRANK
 Who gives a fuck ... Detilla's
 an insect.

 TONY
 An insect! It took us six months
 to nail that fuck!

 FRANK
 So go! You can handle it.

 TONY
 I don't get you, Frank. We've
 been on this spic's tail day and
 night. And what have we got?
 He sleeps until one, has three
 hour lunches, buys five hundred
 dollar suits, has four hour dinners,
 gets laid, gets drunk, goes to bed,
 (MORE)

42 CONTD

 TONY (contd)
and does the same fucking thing
all over again the next day.

 FRANK
He's dealing. I know it.

 TONY
Suppose he cashes in and takes
off?

 FRANK
I got his passport.

 TONY
Suppose he gets another one?

 FRANK
He's a superstar. Every customs
agent all over the world knows
his face. He's too big for a
phony passport.

FRANK sees ROMANO come out of the hotel.

 FRANK (contd)
Here he comes. Let's go.

ROMANO starts walking down the street. FRANK slips out of the car and follows him. TONY starts the car up and pulls out. He drives ahead of ROMANO. ROMANO catches the movement of the car as it passes him. ROMANO pauses at an intersection letting TONY get half-way down the block ahead of him. He then reverses direction heading back toward the hotel. FRANK ducks into a store before ROMANO sees him. ROMANO walks quickly past the store. FRANK comes out of the store and sees ROMANO rounding a corner. FRANK rushes after him. When FRANK turns the corner, he sees a subway entrance, a couple of bars, and a movie theatre ... but no ROMANO. He decides to try the subway and runs towards it.

43 INT: THE SUBWAY PLATFORM

FRANK rushes onto the platform. A COUPLE OF PEOPLE stand around waiting for a train. Still no sign of ROMANO.

44 EXT: BACK ON THE STREET

FRANK comes up the subway exit. TONY pulls up beside him. FRANK leans on the car talking into the window.

44 CONTD

FRANK

The fuck either knows we're tailing him or he's got some crazy way of getting around. He's going somewhere he doesn't want us to know about.

TONY

Maybe you should remind him that he's the prisoner.

Suddenly ROMANO strolls up to them and stops.

ROMANO

You guys looking for me? We should keep in closer touch.

FRANK

We miss you.

ROMANO

I feel the same. Good friends should spend time together, no?

FRANK

Yes.

ROMANO

I've been working hard and neglecting my good friends. Could we have lunch?

45 INT: AN EXPENSIVE ITALIAN RESTAURANT

TONY, FRANK and ROMANO are working their way through a five course meal.

ROMANO

I've talked with my associates. They need me. I must go to Santa Cruz. But, what can I do without my passport?
(refilling Frank's wine glass)
You can help, no?

FRANK

Now, why should I help you? You haven't been helping me.

ROMANO

I had a call from a very old friend. It's a very big deal.
(MORE)

45 CONTD

ROMANO (contd)
Something you might be interested
in.

FRANK
How big?

ROMANO
Many, many millions.

FRANK
You'll set him up?

ROMANO
I don't know.
(he pauses for
dramatic emphasis)
That would make a rat of me. I
wouldn't want to be a rat. That
would hurt me.

FRANK
Would having your passport make
you feel any better.

But ROMANO is not listening. Outside on the street is
an attractive high class HOOKER looking at the menu
in the window.

ROMANO
This talk of being a rat depresses
me. Maybe a little fresh air
would help.

FRANK
Look, Romano. You better score
for me. That was the deal.

ROMANO
You Americans are always in such
a rush. Believe me, I'll honor
my commitments, but you must have
patience.

ROMANO starts to get up, not losing sight of the GIRL.

ROMANO (contd)
Let's have dinner soon. Maybe
you bring my passport?

FRANK
I can't give you your passport.
What keeps you from disappearing
on us?

45 CONTD

ROMANO

You upset me, Frank. I thought we had an understanding. Are we not friends? Do not friends honor and respect their commitments to each other?

FRANK

Yeah.

ROMANO

Well, then ... what's the problem?

FRANK

I won't be able to sell this to my chief. He doesn't know you the way I do, Juan.

ROMANO

Maybe he needs some special consideration. Sometimes men that do not have faith in each other need other expressions of trust. It hurts me deeply, but such is the way of the world. We'll talk some more. Much better than chasing each other around the streets like children.

He gets up and leaves the restaurant. Outside, he walks over to the HOOKER and they start talking.

FRANK

"Expressions of trust." What do you think that boils down to in cash?

TONY

I don't know.

FRANK

(watching Romano
pick her up)

We got to find out where he's operating from. All we're getting out of that tap on his hotel phone is his room service orders.

TONY

He knows we're tailing him.

45 CONTD

ROMANO and the HOOKER are now in animated conversation. She's smiling alot.

FRANK

Do you think he'll fuck her now or later?

TONY

What are you talking about? He never gets laid in the afternoon ... it cuts into his shopping.

FRANK

Yeah ... you're right. I've got an idea.

TONY

(looking at his watch)

Fuck your idea. I'm going to court.

46 EXT: OUTSIDE THE WASHINGTON HOTEL

ROMANO is kissing the HOOKER goodbye. He walks into the hotel and the HOOKER waves for a cab. FRANK pulls up beside her.

FRANK

(showing her his shield)

Step inside, honey. I want to talk to you.

HOOKER

I'm not doing anything.

FRANK

Nobody said you were ... just get in. I want to talk to you.

The HOOKER gets into the car.

FRANK (contd)

You going to fuck that guy?

HOOKER

(she laughs out loud)

What are you ... his boyfriend?

FRANK

Sort of.

(MORE)

46 CONTD

FRANK (contd)
(he takes out a large
roll of bills)
You could do me a big favor if
you get fucked, but not in that
hotel. Make him take you to his
place.

FRANK spreads three one hundred dollar bills on the
dashboard. The HOOKER shakes her head and takes them.

HOOKER
You cops are weird.

47 EXT: A TRAIN IN THE SOUTHERN ANDES

The train travels from Puno to Cuzco.

48 INT: DAY COACH

The train is crowded with INDIANS and TOURISTS. HOWARD
sits next to CURTIN. On the bench across from them
DOBBS is sleeping. HOWARD and CURTIN are studying a
map the OLD MAN has resting on his knees.

HOWARD
We buy our llamas at Cuzco and
head northeast away from the
railroad. My friends are up in
here.
(he points to a blank
area on the map)
It ain't on the map ... and there
ain't no trails there. That way
the cops and the mob families
don't know about it.

CURTIN
What mob families?

HOWARD
All the coke that comes out of
here is controlled by a couple
of local "mafiosi" that own the
land and pay the farmers shit for
their crops. My friends are
independent types, like to sell
their own crops at their own
price. If the mafiosi knew about
them they'd be dead.

CURTIN
How come they don't know about
them?

48 CONTD

 HOWARD

 You'll see.

49 EXT: MOUNTAIN

THREE MEN and their llamas -- tiny specks in the distance. HOWARD climbs a steep slope. The OLD MAN proceeds at the unwearrying gait of one who's accustomed to measuring out endless miles on foot. DOBBS and CURTIN stagger with weariness. DOBBS half falls, half sits down gasping for breath.

 DOBBS

 I've got to catch my breath.

 CURTIN

 Huh?

 DOBBS

 My breath! I'm a human being.
 I gotta breath.

 (watching Howard
 move up the mountain)
 Look at him, will you?

 CURTIN

 Remember what you said back in
 town about having to carry the old
 man on our backs?

 DOBBS

 Hey, no one told me he was the
 son of a goat.

 CUF

 (grinning)
 What gets me is how he can go
 all day long under this sun
 without water.

 DOBBS

 He's part camel, too.

 DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT: A SMALL CAMPFIRE

HOWARD has cooked hard tack in a skillet and is eating.

 HOWARD

 Hey, you fellers. How about
 eating?

50 CONTD

But neither of the inert bodies lying with their backs to the fire show any sign of life. HOWARD shakes CURTIN by the shoulder.

HOWARD
How about eating?

CURTIN
Don't want to eat ... tired ...
cold ... want to sleep.

HOWARD
Hey, Dobbs.

DOBBS' only answer is a snore.

51 EXT: THE FOLLOWING DAY

The llama train and the THREE MEN move up the side of the mountain. The wind is brutal and suddenly it starts snowing.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 EXT: A MOUNTAIN COVERED WITH SNOW

CURTIN and HOWARD, shovels in hand, dig their way through it. DOBBS throws down his shovel and lights up a cigarette. Trying to inhale in the high altitude he starts coughing. HOWARD turns back toward him.

HOWARD
Can't smoke up here. Your lungs
need all the oxygen they can get.
You'll kill yourself.

DOBBS
Everything's dead up here ...
why should I be any different?
I haven't seen a live thing in
days.

HOWARD
I told you we were going to a
place nobody knows.

DOBBS
And I don't want to know it,
either.
(turning to Curtin)
You know what I'm thinking? I'm
(MORE)

52 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
thinking we ought to give up
... leave the whole outfit ...
everything behind ... and go back
to civilization.

HOWARD turns back to his work shoveling his way into
a wall of snow.

HOWARD
What's that you say? Go back
... well, tell my old grandmother
I've got two very elegant bedfellows
who squeal like kittens at the
first snow flake and hide in the
closet from the mountain winds.
My, my what grand snowbirds.

DOBBS
(striding over to
him)
Shut up.

DOBBS jerks HOWARD around to face him and throws a
punch at his jaw. HOWARD side steps and DOBBS falls
into the wall of snow. The force of the impact
collapses it. Beyond and below on a narrow saddle of
mountain surrounded by jutting mountainsides is a
tiny village hidden under ferns and bush.

HOWARD
(to Dobbs, who's
struggling to his
feet)
There it is, you jackass. Right
down there.
(he points down to
the village)
Let's go. We'll be eatin' under
a straw roof tonight.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT: THE VILLAGE

HOWARD is warmly greeted by a GROUP OF INCAN FARMERS.
They talk in a language neither CURTIN or DOBBS has
ever heard. HOWARD finishes and waves DOBBS and
CURTIN over. He bangs them on the back speaking to
the INCAS again.

-53 CONTD

HOWARD

(to Dobbs and Curtin)

Just smile and keep nodding.
I'm telling the farmers here
that we're all brothers come
for the harvest.

54 INT: U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

In the background two FEDERAL AGENTS (REYNOLDS and O'CONNER) are hunched over a small body tape recorder. The UNDERCOVER INFORMANT stands a little to the side. The recorder turns, playing back the INFORMANT's wire work. The AGENTS are not happy with what they hear.

INFORMANT'S VOICE ON TAPE

I want to show my appreciation
for the business you guys are
giving me.

Sound of money changing hands.

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE

I appreciate that.

REYNOLDS

That's it? "Show my appreciation ... "?
For all we know, you gave him a
kiss. You have to say, "Here's
the money" or "count it" or ...

INFORMANT

"Here's the money"! Are you
crazy? I might as well tell him
to speak louder into the mike
strapped to my chest. You want
me to get killed?

REYNOLDS

I don't give a fuck about you.
I just want some evidence I can
use in court.

INFORMANT ..

I'll get your fucking evidence
... just don't tell me how to
pass money.

O'CONNER

You just blew five hundred dollars
of the taxpayer's money.

54 CONTD

In the foreground, TONY is talking to the ASSISTANT D.A.

TONY

You got to get me off of this.

BARRIS

I can't do that, Tony.

TONY

What are you guys, some kind of sick-o's? I can't sit and play dumb while my partner's being set up for a bribe.

BARRIS

What are you worrying about? Frank's an honest cop, right?

TONY

Yeah, but ...

BARRIS

But nothing. Let me tell you something, Tony. If he starts acting up like you tipped him off to what's going on here, I'll give you a Goddamn lie detector test. So don't try anything cute.

TONY's face is wet with sweat. He wipes his hand across it.

BARRIS

(turning to the
agents behind him)

C'mon, I want to introduce you to your back-up team. They're going to be monitoring Romano's wire. This is Vic Reynolds and Al O'Conner. Tony Corso.

TONY

(coughing)

You know what? I don't feel so good. I think I'm coming down with something.

55 EXT: THE JEFFERSON APARTMENTS - NIGHT

A cab pulls up and stops. ROMANO and the hooker, BETTY, tumble out of the back seat. They've been

55 CONTD

drinking and having a good time at it, too. He leads her up the stairs into the building.

56 INT: THE JEFFERSON APARTMENTS - NIGHT

The door bursts open and ROMANO comes in dragging BETTY. They head straight for the bedroom.

56A INT: COFFEE SHOP - FOLLOWING MORNING

BETTY and FRANK are sitting across from one another sipping coffee.

BETTY

The Jefferson ... 12 D.

FRANK

Nice address.

BETTY

He tried to take me to the hotel, but I told him my manager was a bellhop there, and that I wanted to make some bread for myself. So, he took me to his little hideaway. Got what you needed?

FRANK

You bet.

BETTY

So did I. He's a good fuck.

FRANK

No, he ain't, hon. He's a very bad fuck.

57 EXT: A FIELD OF COCA PLANTS

The INCAN FARMERS move through the short shrubs picking off the leaves. DOBBS' spirit has risen considerably since his roll in the snow. He smiles broadly throwing his arms around HOWARD's and CURTIN's shoulders.

DOBBS

That's it? Pulling leaves off a bush?

HOWARD

This is where it all begins.

57 CONTD

DOBBS

How many leaves do we need for
a million dollars?

HOWARD

Oh. I reckon about 1000 kilos.

DOBBS

How are we gonna get that down
the mountain?

HOWARD

We ain't. We're gonna do all
the processing right here. So,
the 1000 kilos of leaves are
gonna come down to 2 kilos of
pure cocaine.

DOBBS

Hey, we can carry a half a million
in each pocket.

CURTIN

How many kilos can we process
in a week?

HOWARD

Depends on how fast we can set
up our processing gear and the
boys out there can pick.

MONTAGE: HOWARD, CURTIN and DOBBS along with the
INCAN FARMERS pick and process the coca leaves into
pure cocaine.

(After the leaves are picked, they are dried over a
fire then allowed to "sweat" for a few days until the
crisp, dry leaf becomes pliable. The leaves are then
loaded into oil drums where they soak in a solution
of potash, water, and kerosene. When the alkaloids
soak free, the fluid is drained off and the leaves
removed, leaving behind a brown paste, which, when
treated with hydrochloric acid, becomes the pure
white crystals of cocaine.)

During the long, hot days and the bone cold nights,
HOWARD shows DOBBS and CURTIN how to chew the coca
leaves to keep their energy up.

END OF MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT: A SCALE

A small mountain of cocaine rests on one side. DOBBS and CURTIN watch HOWARD balancing it out by placing weight on the other side.

CURTIN

How much do you figure that's worth?

HOWARD

Cut eight or nine to one ...
I'd say 60,000 American dollars.

DOBBS

When are we gonna start dividing it?

HOWARD looks at him keenly.

HOWARD

Anytime you say.

CURTIN

Why divide it at all? What's the point? We're all going back together. Why not wait until we get paid for the stuff; then just divide the money?

HOWARD

Either way suits me ... you fellers decide.

DOBBS

I'm for dividing it up as we go along and leaving it up to each man to be responsible for his own goods.

HOWARD

I reckon I'd rather have it that way, too. I haven't liked the responsibility of guarding your treasure any too well.

DOBBS

Who asked you?

HOWARD

(smiling)

That's right ... you never asked me. I only thought I was the most trustworthy among us three.

DOBBS

You? How come?

HOWARD

I said the most trustworthy.
As for being the most honest,
no one can say.

DOBBS

I don't get you.

HOWARD

Well, let's look the thing straight
in the face. Suppose you were
charged with taking care of the
goods. So, I'm somewhere down the
mountain making a call to our
connection one day and Curtin here
is deep in the bush getting fire-
wood. That'd be your big chance
to pack up and leave us in the cold.

DOBBS

Only a guy that's a thief at
heart would think me likely to
do a thing like that!

HOWARD

Right now it wouldn't be worthwhile.
But when our pile has grown to
let's say ... one kilo ... think
of such things you will ...

CURTIN

How about yourself?

HOWARD

To be a good thief, you gotta be
able to run and you guys ain't as
soft as when we started out. And
by the time the pile is big
enough to be really tempting,
I won't be able to run half as
fast as either of you. You'd
get me by the collar and string
me up in no time. And that's why
I think I'm the most trustworthy
in this outfit.

CURTIN grins.

58 CONTD

CURTIN

Looking at it that way, I guess you're right. So, I guess it would be better to cut the process three ways as we process the stuff down. It'd relieve you of a responsibility you don't like.

HOWARD

Swell by me. After we've gotten a couple of grams it'll be a nuisance to carry it around in sacks hanging from our necks, so each of us will have to hide his share from the other two. And then he'll have to be forever on the watch in case his hiding place is discovered.

DOBBS

What a sick mind you have.

HOWARD

Not sick, Dobbs. No, not sick. Only I know what sort of ideas even so called decent folk can get into their heads when coke's at stake.

59 INT: TONY'S LIVING ROOM - MIDDAY

TONY is watching a soap opera. The phone rings. He doesn't move. Finally, his wife MARIA rushes out of the basement where she's been doing the laundry and picks it up.

MARIA

Oh ... hi, Frank. No, he's asleep. Yeah, yeah ... the doctor said it's some kind of Asian flu. Yeah ... yeah. I did tell him ... Okay. Bye.

(she hangs up
the phone)

He doesn't believe me, Tony.

TONY

I'll call him.

MARIA

That's what you said yesterday.

59 CONTD

TONY

So I forgot. Will you get off
my back?

MARIA

What's the matter?

TONY

I don't feel good, that's all.

MARIA

You're not sick, Tony.

TONY

What are you ... a doctor?

MARIA

No, I'm your wife. And I know
when you're lying to me ... and
you've been lying a long time.

TONY

What are you talking about?

MARIA

You know what I'm talking about.
You're in some kind of trouble
and you're not telling me.

TONY

(suddenly breaking down)
I can't, Maria ... I can't.

MARIA

(moving over to
him on the couch)
C'mon, Tony, tell me. What is
it?

TONY

(starting to cry)
I'm a rat ... a fucking rat!

MARIA

What are you talking about?

TONY

You remember the Baron.

MARIA

The black heroin dealer?

59 CONTD

TONY

Yeah ... when I busted him, he laid five grand on me to cut him loose. Said he'd get someone to stand in for him.

MARIA

Stand in for him?

TONY

Take the rap for him. So we go for a walk and he finds one of his junkies who says he'll take the rap for him. Except he's not a junkie ... he's a Federal undercover agent working for Sessions and he nails me taking five thousand from the Baron.

MARIA

Oh my God.

TONY

So, now they've got me. They're gonna take away my shield, my pension, stick me in Levenworth and throw away the key. Everything we had ... everything we ever worked for would be gone ... finished. I couldn't tell you.

MARIA

Tell me what, Tony?

TONY

I made a deal. They forgot about the five grand and I work for them.

MARIA

Doing what, Tony?

TONY

Corruption cases ... judges, lawyers, bailbondsmen, D.A.'s ... you know.

MARIA

What about cops, Tony?

TONY

No cops. That was part of the deal. No cases against cops.

59 CONTD

MARIA

You're lying, Tony. Why won't you talk to Frank? You getting him into trouble?

TONY

Frank's crazy. He busted this cocaine dealer who's working undercover for us. We tried to get him off him ... but he thinks he's going to make some kind of "French Connection" bust. But all this guy is going to do is set him up for a bribe.

MARIA

I thought you weren't going after cops.

TONY

We weren't. It just got all mixed up.

MARIA

You got to warn him, Tony.

TONY

I can't. If they suspect me of tipping him off, they'll give me a lie detector test. If I fail ... and I will ... they'll throw the book at me.

MARIA

I don't care, Tony. You've got to tell him.

TONY

You want me to go to jail?

MARIA

No, I don't want you to go to jail. But you can't sell out your partner. How could you live with yourself? You've got to tell him.

60 EXT: PERILOUS MOUNTAIN ROAD FROM THE COCA FIELDS TO
THE CAMPSITE

HOWARD, DOBBS and CURTIN move down it, prodding their llamas. Each animal is piled high with bales of coca

60 CONTD

leaves. DOBBS' llama has the heaviest burden and moves stubbornly down the narrow trail. Suddenly DOBBS' llama stops ... refusing to take another step. HOWARD and CURTIN continue to move down the road. DOBBS pounds the llama's rump with a stick.

DOBBS

C'mon, you dumb ass.

HOWARD and CURTIN stop and turn back to see DOBBS whipping his animal.

HOWARD

I told you you were loading him up too heavy.

DOBBS

Just mind your own business.

HOWARD shrugs his shoulders and starts back down the road with CURTIN. DOBBS continues to whip the llama. Suddenly, it kicks back, knocking DOBBS off the road and down the side of the cliff. It would be all over for DOBBS if he somehow didn't manage to grab hold of a bush growing out of the side of the mountain. He hangs on to it screaming for help.

CURTIN hears his cries and rushes back up the trail. He sees DOBBS hanging on for dear life. He pulls a rope off DOBBS' llama and drops it down to him.

CURTIN

Grab hold of this.

DOBBS reaches for the rope, grabs it, and hangs on. CURTIN almost gets jerked over the mountain from DOBBS' weight. He tries to pull him up, but he can't.

CURTIN (contd)

Howard, hurry up.

HOWARD comes up the hill and grabs hold of the rope. He and CURTIN pull DOBBS up the side of the mountain and back onto the road. DOBBS is gasping for air.

DOBBS

I was sure I bought it that time.

HOWARD

(running his hands
over Dobbs' body)

Nothing broken.

60 CONTD

 DOBBS
 (slowly getting to
 his feet and throwing
 his arms around Howard
 and Curtin's shoulders)
I owe you guys my life!

 CURTIN
Forget it.

61 LATER THAT NIGHT

HOWARD is measuring the cocaine into three equal parts. CURTIN and DOBBS follow his every move. Presently it is divided. DOBBS takes up his share and leaves the circle of light the campfire makes to go off into the dark.

 CURTIN
What are you going to do with
your money when we get back and
cash in?

 HOWARD
I'm getting along in years. Oh,
I can still hold up my end when
it comes to a hard day's work, but
I ain't the man I was once, and
next year, next month, next week,
by thunder, I won't be the man
I am today. Reckon' I'll find me
some quiet coast town in Florida.
Buy myself a big yacht and take
rich businessmen fishing. One
thing's for sure ... this is my
last coke run. How about yourself?

 CURTIN
I figure on buying myself a swell
farm out in the country. Hell,
I've lived in stinking one room
sublets all my life; walked through
city streets smelling of last
week's garbage; clocked in eight
house on an assembly line putting
together golf carts. Always
dreamed about having my own farm
-- growing my own food -- raising
chickens and corn.

 HOWARD
Farming ain't no picnic.

61 CONTD

CURTIN

Hell, I'm not afraid of hard work.
But I want to work on something
that's my own; that changes because
of my efforts; that grows into
something better than it was.

DOBBS comes back into the light of the fire.

HOWARD

Sounds like you want to raise
kids, not chickens.

CURTIN

Yeah, I guess I do. Got to find
a wife, first.

(musing)

Be nice watching your own kids
grow.

DOBBS

(laughs)

Watching kids grow! You're killing
yourself up here so you can watch
a bunch of screaming brats grow?

CURTIN

So, what are you going to do with
the money, Dobbsie?

DOBBS

First of all, I'm going to a
turkish bath and sweat and soak
till I get all the dirt out of
my pores. Then I'm going to get
a shave, haircut, manicure ...
the whole works. Then I'm going
to buy myself a thousand dollar
suit ... no ... I'm going to buy
a dozen thousand dollar suits.
Then I'm going to the highest
priced restaurant in town and order
everything I like and if it ain't
just right, I'm going to raise
hell; chew out the waiter, and
send it all back ...

DOBBS smiles, thoroughly enjoying this imaginary scene
at the table.

CURTIN

What next?

61 CONTD

 DOBBS
 (lowering his voice so
 the Indians can't hear)
A white woman!

 CURTIN
Only one?

 DOBBS
That depends on how good she is..
Maybe one ... maybe half a dozen.

 CURTIN
How do you like them?

 DOBBS
A little dirty ... with the kind of
mouth that looks like it spends alot
of time in places it shouldn't.

 HOWARD
If I were you boys, I wouldn't be
talking about women up here ...
it ain't too good for your present
frame of mind.

 CURTIN
Guess you're right ... since it's
gonna be a long time before we
see a white one.

62 EXT: A STREET IN FRONT OF THE JEFFERSON APARTMENTS
 (ROMANO HIDEAWAY)

It is early evening. FRANK and another older, balding
DETECTIVE carrying a dark suitcase enter the apartment
building. The detective's name is FALEN.

62A INT: JEFFERSON APARTMENTS

FRANK and FALEN move down the hallway, checking doors
until they find one leading to the basement.

63 INT: JEFFERSON APARTMENT BASEMENT

FALEN finds the phone box. He opens up his suitcase
to reveal wiretapping equipment.

 FALEN
What apartment did you say?

 FRANK
12 D. Do you believe it took me
three weeks to get a court order
for this?

63 CONTD

-FALEN opens up the phone box and proceeds to wire the phone in 12 D.

 FALEN
Where's Tony?

 FRANK
He's sick.

 FALEN
Too bad anything serious?

 FRANK
No ... I think it's in his head.
He's allergic to this case.

 FALEN
You working it alone?

 FRANK
Yeah.

 FALEN
It's no good, Frank ... you need
your partner. All a cop's got
is his partner.

 FRANK
What are you? The basement
philosopher? I can take care
of myself.

 FALEN
Frank, you know better. There
ain't no lone wolves in this
business ... except if they're
getting into trouble. You're not
getting into trouble, Frank, are
you?

 FRANK
 (getting steamed)
No. Are you finished?

 FALEN
In a minute.

 FRANK
Hurry it up. I want to get out
of here.

64 EXT: PERU - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

HOWARD is dividing up the coke. CURTIN and DOBBS take their share.

HOWARD

You know what? I figure in a week each of us has over three kilos apiece. So, we can pay our Indian friends for their crop and their labor and get on down this mountain.

DOBBS

Where do we cash in?

HOWARD

Now, that depends on how adventurous you are, Dobbsie. First, we got to get down this mountain without running into any of the local mafiosi. Then, we got to get into Lima and out again without getting caught by P.I.P.

CURTIN

Who's P.I.P.?

HOWARD

Policia de Investigaciones de Peru. Or otherwise known as the secret police. To us ... gangsters in uniform. If we cash in there, our goods are worth about sixty thousand apiece.

DOBBS

Are you kidding? I didn't work my ass off for any sixty grand.

HOWARD

Bear with me, Dobbsie ... bear with me. Then, we smuggle it into the States. There we can sell it to a dealer for three times as much. That gives us 180 grand apiece.

DOBBS

What are you talking ... I thought I had half a million bucks!

HOWARD

You'd have to deal gram by gram to make that kind of money. It's
(MORE)

64 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)
safer to unload all at once on
one retailer.

DOBBS
At a lot less profit.

HOWARD
That's right.

DOBBS
Sound like chickening out for
short money to me.

HOWARD
This chicken will take 180 grand.
More'n enough to last me a
lifetime.

DOBBS
Sure ... you're old. But I'm
still young. I need cash and
plenty of it.

CURTIN
180 grand in one piece is more
than I ever expected to get my
hands on.

DOBBS
(snorts)
Chicken shit!

HOWARD
You're full of chickens today,
Dobbsie.

CURTIN
No use making hogs of ourselves.

DOBBS
Chicken! Hogs!
(turning to Curtin)
You calling me a hog? If I weren't
such a fair guy, I should have
half of your goods.

CURTIN
How come?

DOBBS
There's no denying, is there, that
I put up the lion's share of the
cash?

64 CONTD

CURTIN

So you did, Dobbsie ... and I
always meant to pay you back.

DOBBS

(pointedly)

This is a business deal and in
business the biggest investor
always gets the biggest return.

CURTIN

In business ... that's right.

DOBBS

Not that I intend to make such
a demand, you understand, but I'd
be within my rights if I did.
Next time you go calling me a
hog ... remember what I coulda
done if I'd have wanted.

CURTIN divides off a part of his portion of the coke
and gives it to DOBBS.

CURTIN

There you are, Dobbsie. What I
owe you with interest.

DOBBS takes the coke, weighs it in his hand; then,
suddenly, flings it into the fire.

DOBBS

I just don't like being told I'm
a hog, that's all.

HOWARD

(to Dobbs)

Other things aside ... there's
alot of truth in what you were
saying about you being younger
and needing more dough. I'm
willing to make it 250 thousand
apiece. But we're unloading it
all at once.

(to Curtin)

What do you say, partner?

CURTIN

Suits me.

HOWARD

How about you, Dobbs?

64 CONTD

DOBBS
(sourly)
Okay.

HOWARD
Let's shake on it, then.

They shake.

HOWARD (contd)
Now that's settled I got to get
down the mountain to a phone
and set up a connection in the
States.

65 EXT: THE WASHINGTON HOTEL

FRANK is parked across the street. ROMANO comes out and walks down the street. FRANK gets out of his car and follows him. This begins an elaborate cat and mouse game ... with one exception ... the cat lets the mouse escape. Once FRANK is sure ROMANO thinks he's lost him, FRANK walks back to his car, gets in, and drives off.

66 EXT: THE JEFFERSON APARTMENT

From a hiding place across the street, FRANK watches as a cab pulls up and ROMANO gets out and enters the building.

67 INT: ROMANO'S APARTMENT

ROMANO opens the door, crosses the room to the phone. He's about to pick it up when it rings. He looks at it for a second. He's not expecting a call at this hour. He finally picks up the receiver and cautiously places it against his ear. He hears a wave of static. He listens harder and recognizes the intermittent voice. It's HOWARD.

HOWARD
(on phone)
Hello? Hello? Juan?

ROMANO
Howard?

HOWARD
Yes.

ROMANO
I can hardly hear you.

68 CONTD

HOWARD

I'm calling from the mountains.
Is everything okay?

ROMANO

Oh, yes. I made some quick
investments and I'm free. How
did you manage?

HOWARD

I was just quick. Made it back
here in time for the harvest.
That's what I'm calling about.
Can we make a deal?

ROMANO

Of course, Howard. What are friends
for?

69 INT: TENT - NIGHT

DOBBS is sleeping, a bar of moonlight is across his
face. There is a sudden animal cry in the night. He
stirs and turns over. There is another animal cry.
DOBBS opens his eyes. CURTIN sleeps soundly, but
HOWARD's sleeping bag is empty. DOBBS gets up,
picks up his revolver, and moves silently out of the
tent.

70 EXT: THE ROAD TO THE CAMPSITE

DOBBS moves down it when he hears HOWARD coming. He
draws back into the shadows. When HOWARD is scarcely
three feet away, DOBBS steps out, suddenly confronting
him.

DOBBS

That you, Howard.

HOWARD

(startled)

You oughtn't to go jumping out
at me like that. I might have
let you have it.

DOBBS

When did you get back?

HOWARD

Just now.

DOBBS

What did your connection say?

70 CONTD

HOWARD

He's working on it. I'm going
to call him again when we get
to Cuzco.

DOBBS

You sure you just got back now.

HOWARD

Yeah, I'm sure. What's the
matter, Dobbsie?

DOBBS

Heard a mountain cat. Think
I'll make sure the llamas are
alright.

HOWARD

Help yourself.

He walks away in the direction of the tent.

71 INT: TENT

HOWARD enters. CURTIN stirs.

CURTIN

(sleepily)
What's up?

HOWARD

Nothing's up. Just dead tired.

CURTIN

Talk to your guy?

HOWARD

Yeah ... tell you about it in
the morning.

CURTIN sees that DOBBS' sleeping bag is empty.

CURTIN

Where's Dobbs?

HOWARD

Poking around in the dark out
there.

72 EXT: DOBBS' HIDING PLACE

DOBBS is knelt down by a hole underneath a rock. He
is taking count of his precious little bags of coke.

72 CONTD

DOBBS

Three ... four ... five ... six ...

73 INT: TENT

HOWARD has gotten into his sleeping bag.

CURTIN

He's sure taking a long time.

CURTIN gets out of his sleeping bag and puts on his shoes.

CURTIN (contd)

I'm going out to have a look.

74 EXT: TENT

CAMERA PANS with CURTIN to his hiding place ... a hollow tree. He begins to pick out his bags of coke.

75 INT: TENT

DOBBS enters. He starts to take his shoes off, then he notices CURTIN's absence.

DOBBS

(sharply)

Where's Curtin?

HOWARD

Out there someplace. He said something about having a look.

DOBBS' brow becomes furrowed with suspicion. He starts out of the tent again just as CURTIN enters. He and DOBBS stare at each other wordlessly.

HOWARD

It's come around to me again, but I won't take my turn if you guys'll quit worrying about your goods and go to bed. We got work to do tomorrow.

76 EXT: CAMPSITE - DAY

DOBBS is packing up the camp. He takes a little bottle out, shakes out a line of coke, and snorts it up through a rolled bill. As he does this, he talks to himself.

76 CONTD

DOBBS

You can't catch me sleeping ...
don't you ever believe that.
I'm not so dumb. The day you
try to put anything over on me
will be a costly one for both
of you.

He hears the sound of hoofs on rock. DOBBS stops talking. CURTIN comes down the road leading the three llamas. DOBBS keeps his back to CURTIN as he passes by without words being exchanged. As the sound of hoofs fade, DOBBS resumes his monologue.

DOBBS

Any more mouthing off and I'll
let you have it. If you know
what's good for you, you won't
fuck around with Fred C. Dobbs.

77 EXT: FURTHER DOWN THE TRAIL

CURTIN comes upon HOWARD.

CURTIN

You ought to get a load of Dobbsie.
He's talking to himself a mile
a minute.

HOWARD

(shaking his head)
Something's eating him. I don't
know what. He's spoiling for
trouble.

CURTIN grunts and proceeds on down the trail.

78 EXT: BACK AT THE CAMPSITE

DOBBS is mimicking HOWARD's voice.

DOBBS

"First we pay off the Indians ...
how about you going down to the
village and doing the honors."

(back to his
own voice)

Who does Howard think he is,
ordering me around?

HOWARD comes up behind him.

78 CONTD

 HOWARD
What's that, Dobbsie?

 DOBBS
 (surprised)
Nothing.

 HOWARD
Better look out. It's a bad sign
when a guy starts talking to
himself.

 DOBBS
 (angrily)
Who else have I got to talk to?
Certainly not you or Curtin.
Fine partners, you two.

 HOWARD
Got something up your nose?

DOBBS doesn't answer.

 HOWARD (contd)
Blow it out ... it'll do you good.

 DOBBS
 (snorts suddenly)
Don't get the idea you two are
putting anything over on me.

 HOWARD
Take it easy, Dobbsie.

 DOBBS
 (still louder)
I know what your game is.

 HOWARD
Then you know more than I do.

 DOBBS
 (railing)
Why am I elected to go to the
village? Why me instead of you
or Curtin? Don't think I don't
see through that. I know you've
thrown together against me. You
know where my goods are, don't
you? So, while I'm gone ... you
two clean me out and take off.

78 CONTD

HOWARD

If you have any fears along those lines, why don't you take your stash along with you?

DOBBS

And run the risk of having it taken from me by the mafiosi.

HOWARD

They don't even know about this place.

DOBBS

Says you.

HOWARD

If they did, and you did run into them in the village, you'd be out of luck anyway. They wouldn't just take the stuff ... they'd kill you for having it.

DOBBS

So that's it. Everything is clear now. You're hoping that mafiosi gets me. That would save you alot of trouble wouldn't it? And your consciences wouldn't bother you either!

HOWARD

Okay, Dobbs ... you just forget about going. Curtin or I'll go.

DOBBS turns on his heel and stalks off.

Down the trail, CURTIN is staring at a gila monster. He picks up a rock, but before he can heave it, the big lizard scurries under a boulder. CURTIN drops the rock, picks up a piece of timber, and pokes it under the rock. DOBBS comes up behind him. He's holding a gun.

DOBBS

Just like I thought.

CURTIN turns to face him.

CURTIN

What's the idea?

78 CONTD

DOBBS
Put your hands up.

CURTIN obeys. DOBBS takes CURTIN's gun away from him.

DOBBS (contd)
I got a good mind to blow you away right here.

CURTIN
Go ahead, shoot; but would you mind telling me first what it's all about?

DOBBS
It won't get you anywhere playing dumb.

CURTIN
(suddenly understanding)
Well, now I get it. So that's where your stash is hidden.

HOWARD comes up.

HOWARD
What's all the hollerin' for?

CURTIN
Seems like I stumbled accidentally on Dobbs' stash.

DOBBS
(snorts)
Accidentally! What are you trying to pry up that rock for? Tell me that!

CURTIN
I saw a gila monster crqwl under it.

DOBBS
Brother, I got to hand it to you. You can sure think up a good story when you need one.

CURTIN
Okay, I'm a liar. There isn't any gila monster under there. Let's see you stick your hand in and get your stash out. Go ahead.

DOBBS

Sure I will. But don't you make
a move or I'll ...

CURTIN

Don't worry. I'll stand right
where I am. I want to see this.

DOBBS goes down on one knee beside the boulder. He
starts to put his hand in, hesitates, then bends forward
to look into the hole.

CURTIN (contd)

Reach right in and get your
stash. If you don't, we'll think
you're plain yellow, won't we,
Howard?

DOBBS sneaks his hand forward toward the opening beneath
the rock.

CURTIN (contd)

They never let go, do they, Howard,
once they grab you ... gila monsters.
You can cut 'em in half at the neck
and their heads'll still hang on
til sundown, I hear. But, by that
time the victim don't usually care
anymore because he's dead. Isn't
that right, Howard?

HOWARD

I reckon.

CURTIN

What's the matter, Dobbs ... why
don't you reach your hand in and
get your treasure? It couldn't
be you're scared to, could it ...
after the way you shot off your
mouth? Show us you aren't yellow,
Dobbsie. I'd hate to think my
partner had a yellow streak up
his back.

DOBBS springs to his feet, aims wildly at CURTIN,
shouting.

DOBBS

I'll kill you, you dirty thieving ...

But before he can pull the trigger, HOWARD knocks the
gun out of his hand. CURTIN grabs it up off the ground.

78 CONTD

CURTIN

Okay, Howard, I got him covered.
Dobbs, another bad move out of
you and you're dead. Hey, Howard,
turn that rock over, will you?

HOWARD rolls the rock over with the timber. There is the gila monster, its body arched, hissing, atop DOBBS' coke stash. There are a series of gun shots as slugs bore through the lizard's head, its body rises, its tail thrashes.

DOBBS stares down at the dying lizard, his face is white.

79 EXT: INDIAN VILLAGE

HOWARD and CURTIN shake hands with the INCAN FARMERS. HOWARD pays them and he and CURTIN leave the village waving goodbye.

80 EXT: CAMPSITE

The llamas stand patiently while the THREE MEN finish loading them up.

HOWARD

Well, I reckon that's about
everything. Go and get your
goods, boys, and I'll get mine
and we'll be off.

EACH MAN goes to the hiding place of his coke, gets it out, and brings it back to where the llamas are. They carefully hide their sacks in the packs on the animals.

HOWARD (contd)

I reckon each man's llama with
his goods better be his own
responsibility.

The OTHERS nod.

DOBBS

Let's get going.

They start, CURTIN in the lead, across the campsite area, into an opening in the bush where the trail begins up the side of the snow covered mountain.

81 INT: JEFFERSON APARTMENTS - WASHINGTON D.C.

ROMANO is on the phone. It is a very bad connection.

ROMANO

Where are you calling from? I
can barely hear you.

81 CONTD

HOWARD (VO)
The train station ... at Cuzco.

ROMANO
How are you bringing it in?

HOWARD
I was thinking Travolinas.

ROMANO
(considering the idea)
People are actually buying his
stuff now. I do not know if he
needs us anymore.

HOWARD (VO)
We got over nine pieces pure.

ROMANO
Well, I'll call him. Maybe he'll
do a favor for an old patron. When
can you be in Lima?

HOWARD (VO)
Two days by train.

ROMANO
Don't take the train ... the
PIP will be all over you.

The static gets worse.

ROMANO (contd)
Call me in three days ... and
get to a phone I can hear you
from.

ROMANO hangs up.

82 INT: BASEMENT OF JEFFERSON APARTMENTS

The tape recorder connected to a wire on ROMANO's phone
stops. There is a short pause and then we hear the
sound of a dial tone. The tape recorder starts to turn
again. Then, a long series of different tones ...
ROMANO touch tone dialing.

83 INT: ROMANO'S APARTMENT

ROMANO on the phone. He's talking to TRAVOLINAS. He
is speaking Spanish and he's extremely persuasive.

84 EXT: TRAIN STATION - CUZCO

HOWARD walks over to DOBBS and CURTIN who are unloading the animals.

DOBBS

What did he say?

HOWARD

He's working on it. Said I should call him back in a couple of days.

CURTIN

This guy on the up and up?

HOWARD

He's the best. He's been moving coke out of South America for years. Done some muling for him myself. He'll do the job, alright. As for being on the up and up ... no good snow bird is.

DOBBS

How can we work with a guy you can't trust?

HOWARD

You trust me, Dobbsie?

DOBBS is silent.

HOWARD (contd)

You trust Curtin over here?

DOBBS

Yeah, yeah. Most of the time.

HOWARD

Well, I trust Romano most of the time ... and anyway, we got no choice. If you want the big money for your goods you got to trust him.

DOBBS

Okay, okay. What do we do?

HOWARD

Well, for one ... we got to split up.

CURTIN

What do you mean?

HOWARD

I got to get to Lima fast ... to set up the transportation. We can't take the goods on the train or we're sure to get busted by the cops. You guys have got to take the back trails into Lima.

DOBBS

Why do we have to take the stuff in?

HOWARD

Cause you don't know who to talk to, or how to set the deal up.

CURTIN

He's right about that, Dobbsie.

DOBBS

He's right about this ... he's right about that. I'm sick of Howard being right about everything.

HOWARD

You know what? Hanging around you guys is making me crazy. I wanted to cash in here ... get my sixty grand and get out. Now I'm doin' what I know I shouldn't be doin'. I almost got caught last time I tried smuggling this stuff in. But look at me ... I'm doin' it all over again.

CURTIN

Cool down, Howard. Just tell us what to do.

HOWARD

Okay, Dobbs. You going to listen to me? Or do we split up right here?

DOBBS

(reluctantly)

Okay, I'm listening.

HOWARD

I'll draw you a map showing you how to get to Lima. If you see anybody on the road that looks

(MORE)

84 CONTD

 HOWARD (contd)
suspicious you got to duck into
the bush. Now, when you get in
town, you call me here.

HOWARD takes out a piece of paper and a pencil. He
writes down a number.

 HOWARD (contd)
It's an all night cafe. If I'm
not there, I'll leave a message
when I will be.

He gives the number to CURTIN.

 CURTIN
Okay, we'll see you there.

First CURTIN, then DOBBS shake hands with HOWARD.

 DOBBS
Hey, I'm sorry.

 HOWARD
That's okay, Dobbsie.

 DOBBS
We're going to be real lonesome
without you.

 CURTIN
We'll be joining up with you in
a flash.

 DOBBS
Don't be living it up too hard
before we get to town. Save some
of the booze and women for us.

He slaps HOWARD on the back. Down the tracks, the train
appears moving slowly into the station.

 HOWARD
Watch closely, boys.

DOBBS and CURTIN watch over HOWARD's shoulders as he
draws the map from Cuzco to Lima.

85 INT: SCULPTURE STUDIO - LIMA

HOWARD and TRAVOLINAS are in an animated discussion in
Spanish. Surrounding them are lifesize white plaster
figures of men and women of Peruvian street life.

86 EXT: A HIGH, STEEP MOUNTAIN PASS

DOBBS and CURTIN, their breath coming in agonizing gasps, struggle down the trail, beating the llamas, pushing them on, shoulder to quarters. Every few yards they have to stop to give their pounding hearts a rest.

DOBBS

(raising the canteen
to drink)

Isn't it always his llama that won't march in line? I'd like to shove him off this mountain and watch him roll all the way to Lima. He rides on the train and we're stuck in the bush with these fucking animals. But he's got to rush ahead of us to set up the deal. Right, Curtin. Raw deal, I'd say. We do all the shit work, while he's cooling his heels in some fancy cafe.

CURTIN

What's the use of bitching about the old man? It won't do any good. Save your breath for that next piece of trail.

DOBBS

I'm stopping here for the night. If you want to go on it's okay by me, only you take the old man's llama with you. It ain't my responsibility.

CURTIN

(looking at the sun)
It's still early. We might make four or five more miles before dark.

DOBBS

No one's ordered you to camp here. You can go twenty miles more for all I care.

CURTIN

(losing his temper)
Ordered me? You? Who's ordering who to do anything? You talk like you were the boss of this outfit.

DOBBS

Maybe you are. Let's hear you say it.

(he looks as though he's
ready to fight Curtin)

86 CONTD

CURTIN

Okay, if this is as far as you
can go.

DOBBS

Who says it is?

(he takes a step toward
Curtin. His face dark
with anger)

Don't make me laugh. I can go
four times as far as a punk like
you. I don't want to go any further,
that's all. I could, but I don't
want to ... see, punk!

CURTIN

What's the use of screaming at
each other? We've started some-
thing. Like it or not, and we
got to finish it. Alright, let's
camp here.

DOBBS

That was my idea in the first
place.

He begins to unload the llama standing next to him.
CURTIN gives him a hand.

87 EXT: GALLERY ROW - WASHINGTON D.C.

TONY and FRANK are parked in a car across the street
from the South American Art Gallery. Through the window,
they watch ROMANO talking to a short, dark, well dressed
MAN.

88 INT: THE CAR

TONY does not look good. He is unshaven and his clothes
look like he's been sleeping in them. He takes a long
sip from a large coffee container. FRANK turns to him.

FRANK

Romano's been dealing. I found out
where he goes on his strolls and put
a tap on his line. He's got nine
kilos coming in from Lima soon.

TONY

So, what are we doing here?

88 CONTD

FRANK

Romano's interested in South American art, so ... we're interested in South American Art. You feeling okay? Cause you look like shit.

TONY

Yeah.

FRANK

What was that you had? Some kind of Chink flu?

TONY

Yeah. Frank, what are you going to do when you retire?

FRANK

I don't know. Get some kind of job ... maybe an insurance investigator. I couldn't just do nothing.

TONY

You gonna work?

FRANK

Sure I'm going to work. Can't live on your pension.

TONY

Few cops do. They got their savings.

FRANK

They got some kind of secret I don't know about.

TONY

They make money.

FRANK

You mean they steal money.

TONY

If you don't take it, the next guy's going to.

FRANK

Hey, I think you're a little mixed up, Tony. We're the cops.
(pointing at Romano and the art dealer)
They're the robbers.

88 CONTD

TONY
I did some things, Frank.

FRANK
What kind of things?

TONY
(flatly)
Money things. They caught me.

FRANK
(thinking Tony's kidding)
If they caught you, how come you
still got your gun and shield?

TONY
I'm working for them.

FRANK
Oh yeah. Doing what?

TONY
Setting you up for a bribe.

FRANK
What?

TONY
It's true, Frank. I'm working
undercover for Sessions. He got
so pissed off when you wouldn't
give him Romano, he assigned us
to bribe you.

FRANK
Us?

TONY
Me and Romano.

FRANK
I don't believe this.

TONY
It's true, Frank.

FRANK
You fuck! I ought to kill you.

TONY
I don't care. Kill me.

88 CONTD

FRANK

What's the matter with you?

TONY

I'm finished. They'll know I tipped you and blew their case. They'll put me in the can and throw away the key.

He starts to open the car door.

FRANK

Where are you going?

TONY

I don't know. Turn myself in, I guess.

FRANK

Get back in the car!

TONY slams the door shut.

FRANK (contd)

Why didn't you tell me? I'm your partner. I would have understood.

TONY

(breaking down)

I was so ashamed. I couldn't tell anybody.

FRANK

(putting his arm around Tony)

So they baited up a hook ... and you took a bite. Big fucking deal! What are we? Saints?

TONY

I'm sorry, Frank.

FRANK

Look, Tony, we've been in tough scrapes before. We'll get out of this one.

TONY laughs.

TONY

Are you kidding? That scumbag in there is going to invite us to
(MORE)

88 CONTD

TONY (contd)
dinner and lay ten grand on us
for his passport. If you take it,
they arrest you and I'm off the hook;
if you turn it down, they'll give
me the lie detector test and I'm
not going to pass. Either way we
lose.

FRANK
No, Tony. You're going to pass
... and that scumbag in there is
gonna lose.

89 INT: TRAVOLINAS' STUDIO - LIMA

HOWARD and TRAVOLINAS stand before a lifesize plaster
statue of an Indian woman hunched down before a pile of
ten flounders. HOWARD takes a tape measure and measures
the fish pile ... the height, the width, and the depth.
He turns to TRAVOLINAS.

HOWARD
I reckon eight more flounders
should do it.

90 EXT: DOBBS AND CURTIN BY THE CAMPFIRE

CURTIN
I wonder what the old man's
doing now.

DOBBS
Finishing a meal of roast turkey
and a bottle of tequila, most
probably.

CURTIN
This is the first time we've had
to handle everything without his
help. Once we get the hang of it,
it'll be a lot easier.

DOBBS
How far are we from Lima?

CURTIN
(looking at Howard's
map)
Not so far, as the crow flies.

DOBBS
But we ain't crows.

90 CONTD

CURTIN

I don't know. Maybe a week. That's
figuring no hard luck on the trail.

CURTIN puts more wood on the fire. DOBBS sits staring
into space. All at once, he laughs.

CURTIN (contd)

(looks around at Dobbs)

What's the joke?

DOBBS laughs again, louder this time.

CURTIN (contd)

Won't you let me in on it, Dobbsie?

DOBBS

In on it? Sure I will. Sure.

He keeps on laughing.

CURTIN

Well, go ahead. Spill it. What's
so funny?

DOBBS

It just came to me what a bonehead
play that old asshole made when he
left his goods with us.

CURTIN

How do you mean?

DOBBS

Figured to let us do his sweating
for him, did he?

DOBBS laughs again.

CURTIN

What are you getting at?

DOBBS

Man, can't you see? It's all ours,
now. We don't go into Lima ... no
way.

CURTIN

(unable to believe
his ears)

I don't follow you.

90 CONTD

DOBBS

Don't be such a jerk. Where'd you grow up? Alright, I'll make it real simple for a dumb ass like you ... we take all the goods and fly the hell out of here leaving the old fart flat.

CURTIN

You aren't serious, are you? You don't really mean what you're saying.

DOBBS

I never say anything I don't mean.

CURTIN puts another stick of wood on the fire, then he turns back to DOBBS.

CURTIN

(firmly)

You're not touching the old man's goods ... you understand me?

DOBBS

(craftily)

Sure, babe. Sure I do. I get your meaning. You want to take it all for yourself and cut me out.

CURTIN

No, Dobbs. I'm on the level with the old man. Exactly as I'd be on the level with you if you weren't here.

DOBBS

Cut the shit, Curtin. I know you for what you are. I've always had my suspicions. Now I know I'm right.

CURTIN

What suspicions?

DOBBS

You can't hide anything from me, brother. I see right through you. For some time you've been thinking about bumping me off and burying me out there in the bush like a dog so you could take off with all the goods ... mine and the old man's.

90 CONTD

CURTIN shakes his head ... he really can't believe what he's hearing.

DOBBS (contd)

When you reach the States safely
you'll laugh like hell, won't you,
to think what assholes the old man
and I were not to guess what you
had planned for us. I'm wise to you,
babe.

CURTIN looks into DOBBS' eyes, at once fascinated and terrified by the paranoid madness he sees. He bends down to grab his cigarettes. DOBBS, mistaking this for a hostile move, draws his gun.

DOBBS (contd)

Another move, brother, and I pull
the trigger. Get your hands up.
(shouting)
Up! Up!

CURTIN raises his hands.

DOBBS (contd)

Higher.

CURTIN obeys. DOBBS smiles, satisfied, nods his head.

DOBBS (contd)

Was I right or was I? You and
your "holier than thou" bullshit
about protecting other people's
goods. You.
(yells suddenly)
Stand up and take it like a man.

CURTIN rises slowly, his hands still in the air. DOBBS reaches for CURTIN's gun. As he does, his own gun accidentally goes off. For a split second, DOBBS is startled. CURTIN, seizing the opportunity, slugs DOBBS across the jaw, knocking him to the ground. He jumps on DOBBS and grabs away his gun. Then he springs up and steps a few paces back.

CURTIN

(two guns pointed at
Dobbs)

Now I'm holding all the cards,
Dobbsie.

DOBBS

So I see.

90 CONTD

CURTIN

(calmly)

Listen to me. You're all wrong.
I never had any plans to rob you
or do you any harm. Like I said,
I'd fight for you and yours just
as I'd fight for the old man.

DOBBS

If you really mean what you say
then hand over my gun.

CURTIN empties the cartridges out of DOBBS' gun.
Then he holds it out to him. DOBBS looks at it
sneeringly.

DOBBS (contd)

My pal.

He spits, then returns to his place by the fire. A
long silence follows, broken only by CURTIN.

CURTIN

Wouldn't it be better, the way
things stand, to separate tomorrow
... or right now, maybe?

DOBBS

That would suit you fine, wouldn't
it?

CURTIN

(perplexed)

Why me more than you?

DOBBS

So you could fall on me from
behind, sneak up ... and shoot
me in the back.

CURTIN

I'll go ahead.

DOBBS

And wait for me on the trail and
ambush me? My pal.

CURTIN

Why shouldn't I do it here and
now if I meant to kill you?

90 CONTD

DOBBS
I'll tell you why. You're yellow.
You don't dare pull the trigger
while I'm looking at you in the
eye, that's why.

CURTIN
(shaking his head)
If you think that, I'm going to
have to tie you up every night.

DOBBS
(sneering)
Come on and try to tie me up.

CURTIN and DOBBS sit looking at each other. BOTH MEN
are exhausted. CURTIN yawns.

DOBBS (contd)
(laughs)
Little tired to be wrestling with
a live rattlesnake, aren't you?
So let's make a bet ... my kilos
against yours that you go to sleep
before I do.

He laughs again.

91 EXT: CAFE - LIMA - DAY

HOWARD walks purposefully down a crowded street and into
a corner cafe.

92 INT: CAFE

HOWARD walks over to the bar and addresses the BARTENDER
in Spanish.

HOWARD
Luis, any messages for me?

LUIS shakes his head no.

HOWARD (contd)
Okay, let me have some coffee.

HOWARD takes a seat at the bar. He leans his elbow down
on the dark wood surface and lays his head on his extended
hand. HOWARD's fingers drum on his grey brow. CURTIN and
DOBBS should have called by now. HOWARD is worried.

93 EXT: THE TRAIL

The pack train on the move. DOBBS in the lead. CURTIN walks like a man in a trance, stumbling every so often out of exhaustion brought on by gruelling days and sleepless nights. Now his eyes are actually closed. He is holding onto one of the llamas' packs, letting the animal guide his steps. Observing this, DOBBS reaches in his pocket and takes out his bottle of coke. He shakes a little on the back of his hand and snorts it up. He replaces the bottle in his pocket and halts. He waits aside on the trail, letting the train pass. Some instinct causes CURTIN to open his eyes just before coming abreast of DOBBS.

CURTIN
(reaching for his gun)
Get up there ahead of the train.

Grinning, DOBBS obeys.

94 EXT: CAMPFIRE OFF THE TRAIL

DOBBS and CURTIN sit a few feet apart, facing each other. CURTIN's eyes finally begin to blink. He gets up, walks back and forth. DOBBS never stops looking at him. Finally, CURTIN sits down. It is not long before his head drops forward. DOBBS starts to crawl over to him. CURTIN jerks awake and draws his gun. DOBBS laughs.

DOBBS
A born nightwatchman. I have to
hand it to you. You should try for
a job at a bank.

DOBBS stretches out full length, lies on his side, looking at CURTIN. CURTIN's eyes start blinking again. Each time he opens them it is a greater effort. Finally, they remain closed, his breathing becomes deep and regular. DOBBS gets up, goes over to him and slips the gun out of his hand. Then he kicks CURTIN hard in the ribs.

DOBBS
Now I got all the cards and this
is the last deal.

CURTIN
(tries to rise; mumbles)
What cards?

DOBBS
Stay where you are. I'm going to
finish things up right now.

94 CONTD

CURTIN

(sleepy, muddled)

You mean you're going to murder me?

DOBBS kicks him again to wake him up.

DOBBS

No, brother, not murder. Your mistake. I'm doing it to save my life which you'd be taking the first instant I stopped looking at you.

CURTIN

Don't forget the old man. He'll catch up with you. Just wait and see.

DOBBS

Yeah? Will he? Well, I'll figure out a story for him when the time comes. And you can be sure you won't be around to tell 'em any different.

He laughs as if this were the best joke he's ever heard. CURTIN, fighting to keep awake, tries to shake the sleepiness out of his system, but fails. DOBBS kicks him again.

DOBBS (contd)

Up, now. And march where I tell you. Today I had to march to your music ... now you're going to march to mine.

CURTIN

(struggling to his feet)

Where to ... march?

DOBBS

To your funeral.

DOBBS grabs him brutally by the collar and pushes him ahead into the bush.

DOBBS (contd)

Keep going.

CURTIN

Please, let me sleep. I can't march any longer.

94 CONTD

He falls. DOBBS kicks him again.

DOBBS

Get up. Keep going. You'll have
time enough to sleep in a minute.

CURTIN staggers again, with DOBBS close behind, pushing and kicking. When they are far enough in the bush to suit DOBBS, he aims his gun and shoots. CURTIN goes down like a felled tree. DOBBS stands over him a few seconds. CURTIN gives no sign of life. DOBBS walks back to the campfire, where he sits down and stares into the flame. He takes out his bottle of coke, lays down a line in his hand, and snorts it up through a rolled bill. Suddenly, he hears an animal cry out in the bush. He jerks around in the direction of where CURTIN fell as though he expected him to rise up out of the darkness.

DOBBS (contd)

(to himself)

Maybe I didn't kill him. Maybe
he only staggered and dropped to
the ground without being hit.

His eyes turn back to the fire where they remain staring. Suddenly, he jumps up, takes a thick piece of burning wood out of the fire to use as a torch, and rushes back into the bush. CURTIN is lying motionless in the same spot where DOBBS had left him. DOBBS leans over, goes to put his hand against his victim's chest, then jerks his hand away. He holds the burning stick over CURTIN's face, moving it back and forth, but there is not even the flicker of an eyelash.

DOBBS (contd)

(to himself as he pulls
Curtin's gun out of his
belt)

It'll look better this way.

(he throws the gun down

beside Curtin, muttering)

It's his anyhow.

(he returns to the fire)

They won't find him. I'll dig
a hole first thing in the morning.

He gets in his sleeping bag and closes his eyes. Suddenly, they are open and he is sitting up, staring into the surrounding bush; then he laughs to himself.

DOBBS (contd)

Boy, I'm going to put one over
(MORE)

94 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
on that old jackass. But I got
to come up with a good story about
what happened to Curtin.

He pauses for a second, lost in thought.

DOBBS (contd)
What am I burning my brain up for?
I got plenty of time to think up a
good story on the trail.

He closes his eyes again, but not for long. After a few seconds, they're open again and they are staring into the fire.

95 INT: FEDERAL DRUG TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS

FRANK is seated at his desk. He's talking to ROMANO on the phone. Lying on the desk is ROMANO's passport.

FRANK
I think I can get it.

ROMANO
(on phone)
My trust in you has not been
misplaced.

FRANK
I can guarantee nothing unless I
get some hard information.

ROMANO
(on phone)
I will not let you down, Frank.

FRANK
When, Romano? When do I get it?

ROMANO
(on phone)
You must let me show my appreciation.
We'll have a wonderful dinner and I
will give you everything.

96 INT: JEFFERSON APARTMENTS

ROMANO is on the phone with his Washington dealer, GEORGE, THE WHALE, VALVO. Between sentences, GEORGE takes deep wheezy, whistling breaths.

96 CONTD

ROMANO
I had a little problem.

GEORGE
(on phone)
A little problem! I was supposed
to hear from you months ago.

ROMANO
I couldn't get the stuff in.

GEORGE
Hey, don't say stuff on my phone
cause these cocksuckers who are
listening will make it exactly
what they want ... junk!

ROMANO
My phone is safe ... no one knows
I'll call from here.

GEORGE
Only an asshole like me gets his
phone tapped, right? If you're
so fuckin' smart, what happened to
my delivery?

ROMANO
You must accept my apology.

GEORGE
(on phone)
Fuck you, Romano! You leave me
with my fuckin' cock hanging out
and you're sorry?

ROMANO
Then will you not do business
with me?

GEORGE
(on phone)
I do business ... you cop out.

ROMANO
Please, George ... all the years
we've worked together ... have I
ever failed you but this once?

There is a long silence over the phone. Then GEORGE
lets out a low, raspy sigh.

96 CONTD

GEORGE (VO)

Okay, Juan ... what have you got?

ROMANO

Nine pieces, pure, ready to ship.

GEORGE (VO)

What are we talking?

ROMANO

For my good friend ... seven fifty.

GEORGE (VO)

Why the bargain?

ROMANO

My way of showing my appreciation
for the continuing trust.

GEORGE (VO)

Save the testimonial ... you got
a deal. When?

97 INT: CAFE - LIMA

HOWARD is on the phone with ROMANO.

HOWARD

We'll have to ship tomorrow or
the next day at the latest.

ROMANO (VO)

Is that a problem?

HOWARD

Not if my boys arrive when they
should. It may have been a mistake
leaving them alone on the trail with
all that coke between them. It's a
mighty big temptation.

ROMANO (VO)

Howard, I will look forward to
seeing you at the Gallery Monday
night. If you are delayed, then
you must make other arrangements
... and I will see you, sometime.

HOWARD

Don't worry. We'll make it this
time.

98 EXT: THE CAMPSITE - MORNING

DOBBS is just finishing the loading of the llamas, which is not easy without the help of a second man. His shirt is drenched with sweat and his impatience mounts to rage. He kicks one of the animals savagely when a pack slips, as though it were the llamas fault. By the time the pack train is ready to start, the sun is high in the heavens. But there is one more task awaiting DOBBS. He has left a spade on the ground in expectation of it. He picks up the spade and starts into the bush, but he only goes a step or two before stopping.

DOBBS

(to himself)

Might be better to leave him where he is. Ain't very likely anybody would stumble on him in there. If they did, they'd just as likely to find a grave as a body. The mafiosi wouldn't have buried him. In a week's time the buzzards and the ants will have done away with him entirely.

While he is standing, arguing with himself, there is a ferocious animal cry. It cuts into DOBBS like a knife. His hands start trembling and he shakes in his tracks.

DOBBS (contd)

What's getting into me? That was only a jaguar.

He pulls himself together and, in an attempt to shake off his fear, takes another step forward into the bush. Again, he falters.

DOBBS (contd)

No. What if his eyes were open? I don't dare look at his eyes. Best thing is to go on to Lima and get out of this Godforsaken country.

He leaves the bush, goes back to the llamas, and shouts at them. The train is once more on its way.

DOBBS (contd)

(resuming the argument
with himself)

Better not to bury him. I did right. Yeah. The chance of anybody happening on him inside a week is mighty slim ... and there won't be much of anything left of him by then.

(MORE)

98 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)

Only his clothes ... what I should
have done maybe ... undressed him
and buried his clothes and left him
for the ants and the buzzards ...

He stops suddenly. An appalled expression comes over
his face.

DOBBS (contd)

Buzzards! They'll be circling
overhead. Everybody around'll know
something's dead.

(he looks up at the sky,
then groans with relief)
They ain't spotted him yet. Lucky
for me.

He struggles to get the animals turned around and headed
back toward the campsite. Upon reaching it, he ties up
the pack train, takes a spade out of one of the packs
and moves quickly into the bush. When he gets to the
place he shot CURTIN, DOBBS can't find CURTIN's body.
He cannot believe his eyes. DOBBS rubs them, then looks
again.

DOBBS (contd)

This was the place, right here.
I know it was.

Nevertheless, he begins to look around, crawling through
the underbrush, looking left and right and becoming
crazier every second.

DOBBS (contd)

He couldn't have flown away.
(yelling)
Curtin. Where are you? Curtin.

His voice comes bouncing back at him from the mountain
walls. "Curtin. Where are you? Curtin." This really
freaks him.

DOBBS (contd)

I gotta get hold of myself. Mustn't
lose my head. One thing certain ...
he ain't here.

DOBBS slows down and thinks for a second. Suddenly, he
comes up with an explanation.

98 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)

I got it! A jaguar. It dragged him off, that's what, to its lair. Pretty soon, not a bone will be left to tell the tale. Done as if by order.

He starts laughing devilishly as he starts out of the bush back to the campsite. DOBBS comes up to the pack animals, unties the lead llama and gives it a kick.

DOBBS (contd)

Jaguar got him alright. Took him in his jaws and carried him off. Must'a been a big jaguar ... maybe even a tiger. They can jump a fence with a cow in their mouth.

(suddenly)

His gun ... it wasn't there either! No tiger would've taken that gun away. Maybe he's crawling around in the bush. If he makes it out to the road, he might make it to Lima. I got to get going.

(he viciously whips the animals)

C'mon. Vamos! Vamos! Pronto!

99 EXT: BACK DEEP IN THE BUSH - NIGHTFALL

An INDIAN charcoal burner is tending his fire. A sound that is different from the other noises of the wilderness causes him to stop his work and listen. Locating the sound, he picks a burning branch from the fire, reaches for his machete, and goes to investigate. The INDIAN pushes aside a bush revealing, in the flickering light of the torch, the figure of CURTIN, all in rags and with a bloody head. CURTIN may look half dead, but his eyes burn with vengeful intensity. The INDIAN calls for help.

INDIAN

(in Quechua)

Hidalgo, come here quick. Come and help me.

The INDIAN turns back to CURTIN, raises him by getting CURTIN's arm over his shoulder, and carries him out of the thicket. A SECOND INDIAN appears from the bush on the opposite side of the charcoal fire.

99 CONTD

1ST INDIAN

(in Quechua)

What happened, mister? Were you
attacked by a jaguar or what?

CURTIN doesn't understand the language or care what they
are saying to him. The only thing that kept him alive
this far is one consuming desire.

CURTIN

Lima.

(he can barely talk).

Get me to Lima.

100 INT: CAFE - LIMA - MORNING.

HOWARD is having a cup of coffee at the bar. The phone
rings. LUIS, the bartender, picks it up.

LUIS

Yeah, yeah. He's right here.

(calling to Howard)

It's for you.

HOWARD rushes behind the bar and takes the phone from
LUIS.

HOWARD

Hello?

DOBBS

(on phone. Sounds of a
very noisy bar in the BG)

Hi, Howard. It's Dobbsie.

HOWARD

What happened to you boys?

DOBBS

(on the phone)

Those llamas aren't exactly a fleet
of race horses. Maybe you could have
driven them faster yourself, but
you were cooling your heels on the
train, weren't you now?

HOWARD

Where are you?

DOBBS

(on the phone)

Getting drunk at a swell cantina.

100 CONTD

HOWARD

You got no time to party now.
Everything's set up. We got to
be on a plane out of here tonight.

DOBBS

(on the phone)

Hey, we're home free. Everything's
working out great.

HOWARD

We're heading into a lot worse
jungle than you've ever been in.

DOBBS

(on the phone)

Hey, old man ... you're talking
about my native land.

HOWARD

You and Curtin meet me at 26-28
Jirón Arica. Pronto. And bring
the goods.

DOBBS

Okay, okay. But I don't know if
I'm going to be able to get Curtin
away from his bottle of tequila and
the swell senorita he's wrapped
around.

HOWARD

Just meet me with the goods. We'll
worry about Curtin later.

101 INT: NOISY CANTINA

DOBBS hangs up the phone and smiles.

DOBBS

(to himself)

I'm not worryin' about Curtin
at all.

102 INT: TRAVOLINAS' STUDIO

DOBBS and HOWARD watch as TRAVOLINAS takes their nine
kilos of coke and pours it into the hollowed out plaster
flounders.

102 CONTD

HOWARD

Travolinas turns our goods into a piece of art; it's shipped to his gallery and our dealer buys it ... the woman, the fish, the whole works. They get a great work by Travolinas plus eight flounders filled with coke and we get our dough.

DOBBS

Old man, you're a genius.

HOWARD

I'm not saying it's not clever, Lord knows I worked it before ... but when you got that much money sittin' out there in the open for everyone to see ... anything can happen.

103 INT: CAFE - LIMA

DOBBS and HOWARD are having a drink. HOWARD looks at his watch.

HOWARD

Where the hell is he?

DOBBS

I don't know. He's probably sleeping it off somewhere.

HOWARD

You know, I'd never figured Curtin for pulling something like this. You, Dobbs, for sure. But not Curtin.

DOBBS

You know, Howard, you've been 100% wrong about me. I know I said some crazy things up there in the mountains. But we all got a little crazy up there. You know, I've always had my suspicions about Curtin ... and maybe he's not dishonest, but he sure as hell is unreliable. I practically had to drive those animals in here myself. And I tell you something else ... he changed from the stand up
(MORE)

103 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)

guy I used to know. And I'll
tell you why ... he started snorting
the stuff out there on the trail.

HOWARD

You saw him?

DOBBS

I caught him a couple of times.
And you're right about the stuff,
old man. It changes a man's soul.
And the sooner we unload it the
happier I'm gonna be.

HOWARD

(pondering)

Maybe you're right. Well, we can't
wait for him any longer.

(looking at his watch)

We got to get going.

HOWARD takes an envelope out of his pocket. He opens it
and takes out a plane ticket. On the ticket's envelope,
he writes, "8:00 pm Monday night; Vargas Gallery." He
calls LUIS over.

HOWARD (contd)

Luis, if my partner Curtin calls
... give him this.

HOWARD hands LUIS the ticket and a few bills.

LUIS

Thank you, senor Howard. I will
take care of it.

HOWARD

Thanks, Luis.

(to Dobbs)

Let's go.

104 EXT: TRAVOLINAS' SCULPTURE STUDIO

A large air express truck is parked outside.

105 INT: TRAVOLINAS' STUDIO

TRAVOLINAS watches as two FREIGHTMEN crate up his
sculpture.

106 EXT: ROAD TO LIMA AIRPORT

HOWARD and DOBBS pass by in a cab that turns into the entrance to the airport.

107 INT: AIRPLANE

DOBBS is staring out the window. The door of the plane is just about to be closed and the boarding ramp rolled away when a late PASSENGER bursts out of the boarding area and races toward the plane. The sun is a blazing ball on the horizon, making the LATECOMER a whirling silhouette growing ever larger as he approaches. DOBBS' face goes ashen. He's sure it's CURTIN. HOWARD looks over to him noticing his extreme pallor.

HOWARD

What's the matter, Dobbsie? You look like you've seen a ghost.

DOBBS tries to cover his agitation.

DOBBS

Fucking planes ... make me nervous.

He gulps down the remains of his drink. HOWARD starts laughing.

HOWARD

You got more faces than Lon Chaney and I've yet to figure out which one is yours. Christ, a few weeks ago you were swinging from a rope at the top of the Andes. If Curtin and I hadn't pulled you up, you'd be flying higher than this old plane's ever going to go.

The BLACK SPECTRE runs up the boarding stair and enters the plane. DOBBS rips off his seat belt and pushes past HOWARD into the aisle.

DOBBS

I got to get out of here!

At the head of the aisle, the LATECOMER rushes towards DOBBS. He is about to scream when he sees that it is not CURTIN.

HOWARD

Take it easy, Dobbsie. It's too late to get a boat.

The LATECOMER passes DOBBS and moves into the rear of the plane. DOBBS bursts out laughing at his own foolishness.

107 CONTD

DOBBS

A boat ... that wouldn't do me
no damn good ... I can't even
swim.

HOWARD

You can't fly either, partner.
So sit down and have another
drink ... I'd rather die drunk
than sober.

108 INT: RESTAURANT

FRANK, TONY, and ROMANO are eating a sumptuous meal.
They are on their second bottle of wine and all parties
appear to be having a good time. ROMANO is fondling
his passport that lies before him on the table.

ROMANO

You are my true friend. I never
had any doubts.

FRANK

So, when will you be back, Juan?

ROMANO

Less than a week. That is when
the shipment arrives.

FRANK

How are they bringing it in?

ROMANO

Plane. A small Cessna.

ROMANO

Where?

ROMANO

A country airfield ... on the
northern border of Virginia. I
can show you on a map.

FRANK

How much do you figure?

ROMANO

Much bigger than I thought ...
over 100 kilos.

FRANK

My God!

108 CONTD

FRANK takes a big drink from his wine glass. He is very excited.

FRANK (contd)

100 kilos!

(to Tony)

Ever been a cocaine bust that big?

TONY

Not that I know of.

FRANK

(to Romano)

How much is that worth?

ROMANO

Oh, many, many, many millions.

FRANK

So, how do we hit them?

ROMANO

There will be much time to work that out.

ROMANO picks up his passport and slides it inside his coat pocket. Then, he withdraws a long white envelope and places it on the table.

ROMANO (contd)

You must take this and I will feel less guilty for the favor you do me.

FRANK

You lead me to the bust ... that was our deal. And it's all that I need.

ROMANO

(intensely)

No, no. You must take it as an expression of your trust in me, as I trust you and take my passport. We can do business no other way.

ROMANO starts to take his passport from his pocket when FRANK quickly picks up the envelope and jams it into his coat.

FRANK

I'm taking this as your personal bail. If you don't show up again ... I'm keeping it.

109 EXT: RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FRANK and TONY watch ROMANO flag down a cab. He gets in and the cab drives off.

FRANK

I'm going to check if everything went okay.

TONY

What do I do?

FRANK

Check in with your backup team. Then go back to the station and I'll call and tell you where to meet me.

TONY

We got to get Romano. If he says he layed the money on us, it's his word against ours. They'll give me the test.

FRANK

There's not going to be any test cause there's not going to be any Romano.

TONY

What are we gonna do ... kill him?

FRANK

If we nail him with the goods he'll do anything we want. C'mon, let's go.

FRANK walks away from TONY and disappears around the corner into the alley. TONY heads the other direction toward the bar.

110 INT: THE BAR

TONY enters and heads toward a back booth where his backup team, REYNOLDS and CONNERS are seated. On the seat concealed from view is a small tape recorder and receiver. A wire runs to an earplug in REYNOLDS' ear. TONY sits down across from them.

REYNOLDS

What happened?

TONY

What do you mean, what happened? Didn't you get it?

110 CONTD

REYNOLDS

All I got was static. Something must
be wrong with Romano's transmitter.

TONY starts laughing.

TONY

Then you fucked up, didn't you?
Romano's gone. And you know what?
We don't have no case.

REYNOLDS

What do you mean? Didn't Frank
take the money?

TONY

I didn't see nothing.

111 EXT: ALLEY AROUND THE CORNER FROM RESTAURANT

FRANK walks past his car to a black-windowed panel
truck. He looks up and down the alley to see that he's
unobserved. He knocks on the door of the truck. It
slides open. Inside is the detective that wired
ROMANO's phone (FALEN). FRANK steps inside the truck
sliding the door shut behind him.

112 INT: PANEL TRUCK

FRANK is inside with FALEN. On a steel rack in the back
of the truck is a radio jammer.

FRANK

Where's Mesce?

FALEN

Tailing Romano.

FRANK

Did you fuck up his transmitter
good?

FALEN

All they got was a buzz up their
ears.

FRANK

Great. Let's get Romano.

113 INT: DULLES AIRPORT

HOWARD is in a phone booth talking to ROMANO. DOBBS
stands outside. He keeps a paranoid eye on the arrivals
entrance as though he expected CURTIN to walk through.

113 CONTD

HOWARD

Vargas Gallery ... 8:00 o'clock.
Nothing's changed. Okay, we'll
see you there.

He hangs up the phone and steps out of the booth.

DOBBS

What's the story?

HOWARD

We're going to an art opening.
We got to get suited up.

DOBBS

Is this where we get paid off?

HOWARD

That's right, Dobbsie ... this
is where we get rewarded for
the fruits of our labors.

DOBBS

Where can I get a gun?

114 EXT: JEFFERSON APARTMENTS - EARLY EVENING

MESCE, FALEN's partner, watches the entrance from a
car across the street. FRANK and FALEN walk up to the
car and slip inside.

FALEN

What's happening?

MESCE

He's been in there since he left
the restaurant. Been burning up
the wires, too.

FRANK

Who's he talking to.

MESCE

Well, since I checked the tap
ten minutes ago, he made a
reservation to fly to Morocco
tomorrow night; talked to a guy
named Howard ... he's meeting him
at the Vargas Gallery at eight
tonight; he talked to George
Valvo ...

114 CONTD

FRANK

Fat George?

MESCE

Yeah. We almost nailed that fuck last year. But the guy that was gonna testify against him had the top of his head sawed off.

FRANK

Sawed off?

MESCE

Yeah. They found him in a garbage can ... piece by piece. Some of Fat George's friends took a chain saw to him.

FRANK

What happened to just whacking a guy and jamming a canary down his throat?

FALEN

Where have you been, Frank? That was the old "Godfather" generation. Now, they're into the "Texas Chainsaw Massacre."

MESCE

Then he called some broad; she came over. So, I guess he's getting laid now.

115 EXT: DOWN THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE CAR

Down the street come LUIS, LEFTY and BENNY. LUIS has a bent wire hanger and as BENNY and LEFTY act as lookouts, LUIS tries to jam the wire hanger through a parked car window. BENNY sees the THREE COPS watching them and is about to take off when he recognizes FRANK. He races over to the car.

BENNY

Hey, Frank, where have you been?

FRANK

(rolling down the window)

I've been working, Benny.

(MORE)

115 CONTD

FRANK (contd)
(looking at Luis'
hopeless efforts to
spring the car door)
I see you are, too.

BENNY
What's a stool supposed to do
when his partner disappears on
him? I got to eat too, you know.

FRANK
I'm sorry, Benny. I've been busy.

BENNY
Have you got anything for me?

FRANK
No. I don't have anything.

FALEN
(mad)
Will you get the fuck out of here!

BENNY
(offended)
Frank, who's this creep ...
talkin' to me like I'm some kind
of bug? Tell 'em what I am ...
tell 'em what you told me I am.

FRANK
(to Falen)
Lay off him ... he's one of my
stools.

BENNY
That's not what you said. You
said I was an undercover cop ...
sort of ...

FALEN
I don't care what the fuck he is
... he's going to blow our cover.

BENNY
(real interested)
You tailing some big dealer? I
know all the big dealers. Give me
some money and I'll set up the
best buy you ever saw.

115 CONTD

FALEN

If you don't get out of here,
I'm going to lock you and your
car-thieving buddies up.

FRANK

Take off, Benny. I'll call you
later and we'll set something up.

BENNY

Fuck you, Frank. I'm not your
partner anymore. There are
plenty of other cops dying to
make cases with me. And they don't
forget about old Benny.

He stomps off as ROMANO comes out of the Jefferson
Apartments. ROMANO hails a cab and gets in.

FALEN

(to Mesce behind
the wheel)

Let's go.

MESCE starts up the car and drives after ROMANO's cab.
Down the street, LUIS and LEFTY finally break into the
parked car. They call to BENNY who is watching
ROMANO's cab.

BENNY

(to himself)

Shit! That's the snowman!

He turns around and races back to the parked car.

116 EXT: VARGAS GALLERY

An art opening is in progress at this large downtown
gallery. In the sizable window of the gallery is a
rather unique piece of modern video sculpture. It
consists of 25 color television sets stacked in rows
five sets high and five sets wide to make a 25 screen
video mosaic. On each screen is a painting or sculpture
that is in the gallery. Some have PEOPLE crowded around
them, others are alone, depending on the interest they
spark in the milling OPENING NIGHT CROWD. As WE MOVE
IN to one of the TV screens, WE SEE DOBBS, HOWARD and
ROMANO standing before a painting engaged in animated
conversation. One might mistake them for impassioned
art lovers engaged in some kind of artistic disagreement.
DOBBS and HOWARD decked out in their brand new rack

116 CONTD

bought suits do little to disturb this illusion until WE MOVE INSIDE the gallery, past TRAVOLINAS' prominently displayed "Woman with Flouders," and CLOSE IN ON the TRIO.

DOBBS

(trying to keep
his voice down)

What do you mean 600 thousand?

ROMANO

(holding a black
leather briefcase)

That is the price. It's all here.

DOBBS

(turning to Howard)

What happened to our fucking
million and a half?

HOWARD

How many times do I have to tell
you? That's when you cut it and
sell it gram by gram. It's very
dangerous if you don't know the
territory.

DOBBS

The top of that fucking mountain
wasn't exactly a ski resort. You
guys are pulling something on me.

(to Romano)

How much are you stealing of my
money?

ROMANO

(to Howard)

Maybe you should talk to your
partner in private.

(he walks over to
another painting)

DOBBS

This deal sucks and I'm not taking
the short end of the stick.

HOWARD

That's the only stick we got.
Hell, I was ready to cash in in
Lima. Now, I got three times as
much as I ever figured. I say
we take the money and go.

DOBBS

I say we take the goods and go.

116 CONTD

HOWARD

You don't get it kid, do you?
It's all over ... this is the
stick we got, short or long.

DOBBS

Who says?

HOWARD points to a huge fat MAN surrounded by FOUR OR FIVE BEEFY MUGS. GEORGE (THE WHALE) VALVO is about five feet, eight inches tall. He weighs close to three hundred pounds. But, he is not called THE WHALE because of his size. Years of snorting cocaine have destroyed the mucous membrane in his nostrils, and rotted his cartilage. When VALVO breathes, the perforations in the cartilage sound like a whale blowing water.

HOWARD

(pointing)

See that fat man over there?

DOBBS

Yeah.

HOWARD

He says. That's his money Romano's got stashed in that black case. The deal's been made. But I'll tell you something, Dobbsie. If you want to go over there and throw it back in his face, you do it. And me and Curtin, we'll only have to split the cash two ways.

DOBBS

You'd like that wouldn't you?
Just as I figured! You and Curtin planning to have me bumped off and splitting the goods yourselves! Well, there's something you didn't figure on, old man. I did a little bumping off of my own already.

HOWARD

(suddenly serious)

What do you mean?

DOBBS

Your partner. Good old Curtin is lying back there on the trail

(MORE)

116 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
with a bullet in his heart and
buzzards pecking out his lying
tongue. So, stand clear, old
man, or you'll be next!

DOBBS storms away from HOWARD headed out the door of
the gallery. HOWARD, troubled, slowly walks over to
ROMANO.

117 EXT: VARGAS GALLERY

FRANK and FALEN stand in front of the gallery window
watching the TV screens. DOBBS marches out of the
gallery and down the street toward a gas station.

FRANK
Did you call Tony?

FALEN
Yeah -- he's on his way.

FRANK
(pointing to one
of the TV screens)
There's Romano.

On one of the screens, FRANK watches ROMANO talking
to HOWARD.

FALEN
Who's the old guy?

FRANK
Romano's mule. I chased him all
over Dulles but he got away.

FALEN
Should we nail them?

FRANK
Where's the stuff? We've got to
catch them with the stuff.

ROMANO and HOWARD walk off one screen and then appear
on another. This one is dominated by the huge figure
of FAT GEORGE.

FALEN
(to the screen)
Hello, Fat George.

117 CONTD

FRANK

This is getting to be a real
scumbag convention.

118 EXT: A STOLEN PARKED CAR ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE
GALLERY

LUIS, LEFTY and BENNY watch FALEN and FRANK standing
in front of the gallery.

BENNY

(looking at the
wall of TV sets)

Do you see what I see?

119 EXT: A GAS STATION AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE GALLERY

DOBBS walks up to the ATTENDANT. He pulls a five
dollar bill out of his pocket.

DOBBS

Five dollars worth.

ATTENDANT

Where's your car?

DOBBS

I don't want it in a car, I want
it in a can.

ATTENDANT

We don't sell gas in a can.

DOBBS takes out a ten dollar bill.

DOBBS

Here's ten dollars for the can.

120 EXT: GALLERY
FRANK AND FALEN WATCHING THE TV SCREENS

On the screen, FAT GEORGE is talking to ONE OF HIS
CHUNKY THUGS. The THUG nods and he and ANOTHER BRUISER
move away from FAT GEORGE and disappear off the screen.
The TWO THUGS appear in the screen featuring TRAVOLINAS'
"Woman with Flouders." They station themselves on
either side of the sculpture.

FALEN

George's boys seem to have
developed a taste for sculpture.

120 CONTD

FRANK

Trouble is they're not looking at it. Looks like they're guarding it.

FALEN

Maybe it's priceless. Don't want someone to pour a drink on it.

FRANK

Yeah ... priceless.

FRANK stares at the sculpture. There is something about the white plaster that reminds him of the old man's cast.

121 EXT: STREET OUTSIDE OF GALLERY

DOBBS comes marching down the street. He's taken his coat off and draped it over the gas can he's carrying. He strides back into the gallery.

122 INT: VARGAS GALLERY

DOBBS walks to the rear of the gallery and stops before a huge Oldenburg-like soft sculpture of a huge Birthday Cake complete with forty limp candles. DOBBS reaches out and feels it. It's soft like a big upholstered circular couch. He opens up the gas can and dumps it over the sculpture. Before anyone realizes what he's doing, he strikes a match and lights it up. HOWARD, who's been standing next to ROMANO, rushes over to DOBBS, who stands before the instantly roaring fire.

HOWARD

What are you doing?

DOBBS

(eyes wide and crazy)
Getting what's mine, old man ...
getting what's mine.

The whole back of the gallery is now in flames. The OPENING NIGHTERS panic and rush toward the front door.

123 EXT: STREET IN FRONT OF THE GALLERY

FRANK and FALEN rush the door trying to keep the hysterical CROWD from trampling each other as they jam up in the doorway.

123 CONTD

FRANK
(screaming to Falen)
Get the fire station!

FALEN runs across the street over to his car. MESCE is already on the radio phone.

124 INT: GALLERY

Smoke has filled the room, causing the panicked CROWD to gasp madly for air as they race around blindly trying to find a way out. The madness seemingly hasn't affected DOBBS at all. He draws a gun from under his coat, slams HOWARD across the head, and moves off toward the "Woman with Flounders." HOWARD falls to the floor, his hand holding the gash in his head.

125 EXT: THE DOOR OF THE GALLERY

TWO WOMEN have fallen in the doorway and are being trampled to death. FRANK tries to force his body into the doorway to hold the frantic CROWD back and lift the unconscious WOMEN off the floor. MESCE and FALEN run back from their car. They go to FRANK's aid at the doorway. TONY pulls up in a car, jumps out, rushes up to the gallery window, picks up a steel trash basket and throws it with all his might at the plate glass window.

126 EXT: ACROSS THE STREET

LUIS, LEFTY and BENNY watch the sheet of glass crash to the sidewalk. TONY tries to push the wall of TV sets aside but they are too heavy. So, he attacks them one by one, yanking them off their racks and heaving them onto the sidewalk.

LEFTY
(shocked)
Have you ever seen such vandalism.

LUIS
There's no respect for private property!

BENNY
C'mon ... let's save some for us.

The JUNKIES jump out of the car and rush to the aid of the endangered TV sets.

127 INT: VARGAS GALLERY

DOBBS is leaning over the "flounders." He pries the eight filled with coke off the top of the pile. Suddenly, there's a burst of gunfire, and the plaster woman takes four shots to the body. DOBBS looks up, sees ONE OF GEORGE'S MUGS holding a gun. DOBBS fires back and hits him in the belly. The MUG goes down.

128 EXT: FIRE EXIT BEHIND THE GALLERY

ROMANO, carrying the briefcase full of money, pushes the fire exit door behind the flaming birthday cake. It bursts open revealing a back alley. Right on ROMANO's heels is FAT GEORGE. As ROMANO gets through the door into the alley, FAT GEORGE clamps his hand on the briefcase handle.

FAT GEORGE

Where are you going with my money?

ROMANO turns around to face FAT GEORGE, who's having difficulty getting his bulk through the doorway. ROMANO drop kicks the briefcase right into FAT GEORGE's balls. FAT GEORGE keels over back into the flaming room releasing his grip on the briefcase. ROMANO slams the door and starts searching the alley for something to jam up against it.

129 EXT: FRONT DOORWAY OF GALLERY

FRANK, MESCE, and FALEN manage to pull the TWO unconscious WOMEN up off the floor and unblock the doorway.

130 EXT: GALLERY WINDOW

TONY, with the help of the JUNKIES, has taken out a doorway size rack of TV sets.

131 INT: GALLERY

DOBBS, through the smoke and confusion, sees the opening through the TV sets. His gun in one hand and the eight flounders in the other, he moves toward the window.

132 EXT: GALLERY WINDOW

TONY steps between the racks into the gallery.

133 INT: GALLERY

DOBBS sees TONY filling up his exit. He raises his gun and fires.

134 EXT: GALLERY WINDOW

TONY, catching the shot in the chest, flies out onto the sidewalk.

FRANK guiding the frantic CROWD out of the door, catches sight of TONY as he hits the sidewalk. Down at the end of the street, a firetruck turns the corner.

The JUNKIES grab up the TV sets piled on the sidewalk and race toward their car.

DOBBS, gun in hand, moves through the passage between the TV sets. FRANK steps away from the doorway and draws his gun. DOBBS moves through the window and steps onto the sidewalk pausing for a moment over TONY's body.

FRANK

Hold it right there!

The firetruck screams down the street. DOBBS turns toward FRANK. They look at each other. DOBBS holds his gun on FRANK.

FRANK

Drop it!

Suddenly, a GROUP OF PEOPLE burst out of the door and knock FRANK to the ground. DOBBS starts to fire. FRANK rolls over frantically dodging the bullets. The firetruck screeches to a halt in front of the gallery. A hand with an iron grasp clamps down on DOBBS' gun hand. It's CURTIN. He's sickly white, like a ghost, with burning red eyes. His grip is so hard that DOBBS drops the gun. CURTIN's hands leap to DOBBS' throat and throttle him. The coke flounders fall from DOBBS' grasp into the gutter. The FIREMEN come off the truck and start hosing the fire down.

FRANK pulls himself to his feet and watches CURTIN choking DOBBS. He is about to stop him when he sees ROMANO sneaking out of the alley, briefcase still in hand. He turns and points his gun at him.

FRANK

Just stop right there, Romano.

ROMANO bolts and runs down the street. FRANK fires and misses. He runs after him. Two cop cars pull up. Their doors swing open and FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS pile out. ONE of them runs smack into BENNY, who's holding a TV set. BENNY drops it. It crashes down, smashing the coke flounder in the gutter.

134 CONTD

UNIFORM COP

(to Benny)

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

BENNY

(all innocence)

Protecting private property.

UNIFORM COP

Get the fuck out of here!

HOWARD, holding his bleeding head, stumbles out of the gallery window. He sees CURTIN on top of DOBBS. HOWARD tries to pull him off.

HOWARD

Curtin! It's me, Howard!
Howard!

CURTIN comes to his senses and loosens his grip.

HOWARD (contd)

C'mon, let's get out of here.

CURTIN helps HOWARD up off of DOBBS and they stumble across the street. The water overflowing from the fire hoses gushes into the sidewalk gutter rushing around the TV set anchoring the mashed flounders underneath it.

135 EXT: DOWN THE STREET FROM THE GALLERY

FRANK chases after ROMANO.

136 EXT: STREET ACROSS FROM THE GALLERY

HOWARD guides CURTIN off the street and on to the sidewalk. HOWARD's not fully recovered from the knock DOBBS gave him on the head. But he manages to lead CURTIN up the block away from the gallery.

CURTIN

(rambling)

I came to in the middle of the night. I figured he'd come back again in the morning to see if I still had a flicker of life. I thought of waiting for him and letting him have it, but there was a good chance I might

(MORE)

136 CONTD

CURTIN (contd)

miss. So, I crawled away like a poisoned dog. Some Indians found me and got me to Lima. I called the cafe and Luis told me about the ticket. I didn't think I'd make it, except that every time I felt like quitting, I'd remember that bastard shooting me down in cold blood.

137 EXT: A BUSY INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK FROM THE GALLERY

Cars are frantically pulling to the side of the road to make way for a screaming fire engine.

138 EXT.: THE FLAMING GALLERY

The COPS and the FIREMEN are busy saving PEOPLE and subduing the blaze. Across the street, the JUNKIES' car is full of TV sets. BENNY's eye is riveted to one left in the gutter. He gets out of the car; sneaks through the CROWD, picks it up, and runs back to the car. Freed from their anchor, the coke flounders move down the sidewalk gutter driven along by the flow of water. DOBBS' eyes flicker open. He sees the flounders floating down the gutter. He picks up his gun, pulls himself to his feet, and starts after them.

139 EXT: THE BUSY INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK

ROMANO races off the sidewalk into the street. The fire engine bears down on him. FRANK stops running, kneels down, and takes aim.

140 EXT: THE CORNER UP THE BLOCK FROM THE GALLERY

HOWARD and CURTIN reach the corner. PEOPLE stream past them racing to the fire. Across the street, the flounders are moving quickly toward the open sewer at the corner.

141 EXT: THE BUSY INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK

The fire engine is almost on top of ROMANO. FRANK screams out to him.

FRANK

Stop!

142 EXT: THE CORNER UP THE BLOCK FROM THE GALLERY

HOWARD and CURTIN reach the corner and turn back to look at the flaming gallery. HOWARD catches sight of DOBBS stumbling after the coke flounders as they float toward the open sewer. HOWARD points.

HOWARD

My God! Dobbs!

TONY slowly sits up. He presses his hand against the bullet wound in his chest. Down the street, he sees DOBBS getting away. He painfully draws his gun, aims, and fires. He hits DOBBS in the back. DOBBS staggers into the gutter.

143 EXT: THE BUSY INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK

The fire engine mows down ROMANO. The black briefcase flies open. Bills explode in all directions. FRANK holsters his gun and walks out into the street. He looks down at the mangled body of ROMANO. Money swirls around them.

144 EXT: THE OPEN SEWER ACROSS THE STREET FROM HOWARD AND CURTIN

The coke flounders rush through the opening and suddenly stop. They're caught, wedged in the mouth of the sewer. DOBBS falls into the gutter and crawls after them.

145 EXT: THE INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK

FRANK kneels down next to ROMANO's blood-soaked body. He takes the white envelope out of his coat and slips it into ROMANO's inside pocket.

146 EXT: THE CORNER ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE SEWER

HOWARD and CURTIN watch motionless as DOBBS, in his final dying effort, reaches out for his goods.

CURTIN

You know, old man ... you're right.
That stuff does terrible things
to a man's soul.

HOWARD nods.

CURTIN (contd)

Let's go.

146 CONTD

They turn their backs on DOBBS and the cocaine flounders and move down the block. DOBBS dies, collapsing in the gutter, causing a wave of water to hit the wedged flounders and dislodge them. They disappear down into the mouth of the gutter.

THE END