

HUDSON HAWK

Screenplay by

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Based on an original idea by
Bruce Willis & Robert Kraft

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NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS
AND SOME "SCENE OMITTED" SLUGS. THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR
THIS SOFT COPY.

FADE IN:

EXT. VINCI COUNTRYSIDE - RENAISSANCE - DAY

Beneath a jawdroppingly storybook castle, a small
Renaissance Fair with florid awnings, demented ACROBATS
and roaring puppets is unfolding.

RUSTIC FARMERS and their families rumble with enjoyment
at the Sabbath afternoon entertainment.

Encircled by children, A JUGGLER WITH AN UNFORGETTABLY ETCHED FACE elegantly plucks the red balls from a pouch on his mule. As he begins to juggle, a LOUD EXPLOSION is heard, causing him to ungracefully drop his balls and collapse in a heap.

Everyone at the fair, including the puppets, looks up.

UNFORGETTABLE JUGGLER

Leonardo, che pazzo.

The juggler shakes his fist up to a swish pan that swings up toward a smoking window of the awesome castle...

INT. ROOM OF THE GOLD MACHINE

where the charismatic LEONARDO DA VINCI laughs down at him. Da Vinci wears a pair of very early, very cool sunglasses with his trademark beard.

He turns and loses his smile, something extraordinary reflecting off his glasses. Removing his shades, Da Vinci moves to the Something, a gloriously incredible machine. The opening CREDITS REVEAL its dazzling idiosyncrasies.

TWO COUGHING APPRENTICES haplessly try to disperse smoke from the still billowing, mysteriously spectacular Machine. Mirrors attached to parts of it reflect beams of light which cut through the smoke like a Renaissance laser show.

DA VINCI

(silencing authority)

Basta vapore.

The apprentice throws a lever. A shunt near the furnace turns. Steam escapes upwards. The machine immediately slows down. Da Vinci oh-so-gently coughs and moves forward with tongs.

A LITTLE TROUGH - IN THE MACHINE'S INNARDS

comes to a trembling, mystical halt. Right behind this trough is a COMPLEX POLYHEDRON CRYSTAL as intricately modulated as any Rubik stocking stuffer, but much more dazzling in beauty. It gleams like a jewel in the yellow glow which pours from a PLEASANTLY GRINNING DEMONHEAD into a trough--a glow of heat--and something more than heat.

The tongs enter the frame.

Da Vinci brings the object closer to his face. A murmur goes up from the awestruck apprentices as the Master peers at the smoking yellow bar.

APPRENTICE TWO

Maestro, che meraviglia!

APPRENTICE THREE

Lei e' proprio fantastico!

Da Vinci's pride goes dead as the implications hit.

DA VINCI

Lasciatemi, solo. Solo!

The apprentices scurry out. Mind reeling, Da Vinci turns his back to the viewer, before a wall of frescoes.

DA VINCI

L'ho fatto.

Spinning back around, using the edge of his cloak, Da Vinci pulls out the large gleaming crystal with a pop.

INT. DA VINCI'S WORKSHOP

With an accompanying blast of smoke, Da Vinci bursts through some double doors into his workshop, sadly reflecting upon the crystal in one hand and the tonged bar in the other.

His workshop is a spendiferously enigmatic blend of laboratory and studio; On a table in the foreground is a fresh clay equestrian statue; a large VOLUME of sketches, the inkwell nearby; a MODEL of what looks like a HELICOPTER; Da Vinci flings the tonged bar on the table among these goodies.

Pocketing the crystal, Da Vinci meanders through his workshop casually tinkering with various experiments. He snaps his fingers at a BATHING SUITED APPRENTICE, wearing a diving helmet prototype. The Apprentice jumps into a pool of water.

Leonardo next stops at an easel displaying a finished-except-for-the-mouth portrait of Mona Lisa, who happens to be seated in a stool before the easel. She broadly smiles, revealing the worst dental work of her epoch. Da Vinci shakes his head and moves out onto a

EXT. CASTLE TERRACE

A FLYING APPRENTICE sails past Leonardo in a bat winged glider, enthusiastically shouting. Da Vinci grins back until he touches his pocket. He pulls out the crystal and, after a beat, angrily twists it apart into two separate, geometric pieces revealing a small intricate mirror. He quickly folds the surprisingly shapable geometric pieces.

Calming down, Da Vinci looks from the three components of the crystal to each of the three unfinished works on the table in his workshop. He ponders then looks back out to the Vinci vista.

The bat winged glider DISSOLVES into:

A HAWK

who is revealed to be flying over Sing Sing prison.

INT. A SING SING PRISON CELL

The shadow of the hawk passes through a cell window, over the face of EDDIE HUDSON HAWKINS causing him to break out of an eye-closed trance.

Before the viewer can get a good look at him, Hudson Hawk turns to an oddball version of the "Mona Lisa" that has his face and tears it off the cell back-wall.

INT. PRISON BLOCK WALKWAY

TWO PRISON GUARDS, One WISE and BLACK, the other YOUNG and GREEN march down a cell block. The Former is smoking a pipe which the Young Guard lights with a lighter.

WISE GUARD

We're losing our biggest celebrity today.

YOUNG GUARD

You're kidding, Petey the Paint Thinner Killer is getting paroled?

WISE GUARD

Not that slime, you Fizzhead. Hudson Hawk. The last of the great cat burglars.

INT. PRISON CELL WALL

A hand tears down a picture of a happy Hudson Hawk and a LITTLE MONKEY, identically dressed in black cat burglar gear.

THE BLOCK

The Wise Guard and the Young Guard rumble forward.

WISE GUARD

As a thief, Hawk was a poem.
Iambic fucking pentameter. You
know, Crime used to have a little
class. A hundred reporters were
here when he came in, now they're
probably out covering some tired
crack gang war...

The Guards approach Hawk's cell. Hawk, with his back turned, hefts on a nifty blazer.

HAWK

Remind me to fire my publicist.

The Wise Guard chuckles as the Young Guard fumbles with his key-ring.

YOUNG GUARD

Darn, these are for L-block...

Hawk's hand reaches through the bars and grabs a pipe cleaner from the Wise Guard's pocket. Then the lighter from the Young Guard's pocket--BURNS OFF the fabric fuzz with the lighter beside it--bends the now blackened wire--and with a quick turn of the wrist uses it to UNLOCK the door.

YOUNG GUARD

- go back down to security and-

He stops, dumbfounded, as the door clunks open. The Guards double-take as Hawk, finally in full view, struts past them, down the hall. The Guards hustle to catch up. The wise guard puts his finger in the air and sarcastically pretends to be stung by the heat emanating from Hawk.

WISE GUARD

Guess this means, Hawk, you'll
be able to let yourself back in...

HAWK

Never happen. Bet. Ten bucks.

Hawk and the Wise Guard hit fists, half-smiling. Hawk unfolds the painting.

HAWK

Oh, give this back to Petey in A block. Tell him it was a sweet gift, but I think he got some wrong ideas about our friendship.

YOUNG GUARD

The Paint Thinner Killer did this? I think you picked a good day to get out...

The trio comes to the final checkpoint. Hawk takes a deep breath.

WISE GUARD

Hope I lose the bet. Have that cappuccino on me.

HAWK

(flipping him the
pipe cleaner)

You got it. A double.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON--DAY

Hawk strides to the Massive Sliding Concrete Door/Wall between him and freedom. As music crescendos and Hawk glows his first smile, the door opens to reveal two Mafioso brothers, CESAR and ANTONY MARIO, the latter sitting upon the hood of a tinted window Lincoln Continental. Cesar is of cool, hair-slicked-back attitude, his scumbag brother is not.

ANTONY

Welcome back, buddy ol' pal.
We've got a proposition...

HAWK

Answer's no, not even if you bathe. Cesar Mario, Antony Mario, how's the "Family?" Kill any monkeys lately?

CESAR

How many times do I have to say

it? I didn't put the hit on Little Eddie... Never had anything against that kooky chimp. I actually found him, "endearing."

HAWK

Sure. Face down. Two endearing shots to the back of the head. That's your mark, man. What did Little Eddie ever do to...

Smouldering, Hawk struts off. Cesar takes a black canvas bag from a SCARFACED DRIVER and hustles up to Hawk. The Lincoln rumbles behind them, Antony riding on the hood.

CESAR

You're hitting Rutherford's Auction House. Easy as my brother's wife. Directions are in the bag. Just open the seventh floor safe and take out the thingie...

HAWK

Or you cut off my thingie. Directions even your brother would understand.

ANTONY

(defensively)

Yeah, directions even I could understand.

The car squeals to a stop. Antony bounds off. Cesar shove-throws the canvas bag into Hawk's unwilling hands.

CESAR

Hawk, you're a great thief. Got set up, did some time, nothing to be ashamed of. Don't give me a sonata about you always just really wanted to settle down, open a hardware Store and sell spatulas...

HAWK

If the Mario brothers weren't Jersey's third largest family, I'd say kiss my ass. But

considering your status, I'll
say slurp my butt.

Hawk fiercely push-shoves the canvas bag back into
Cesar's hands.

CESAR
What's your favorite sport, Hawk?

HAWK
Baseball, why?

Antony opens the back door of the Lincoln and says
"Baseball." He is handed a baseball bat. Hawk backs
up as Antony moves threateningly toward him.

HAWK
I meant, ping pong. Listen, I'd
rather go back in than whore for
you...
(stopping)
Oh, I need to borrow ten dollars.

A PRISON GUARD from above turns as not to be a witness.
Hawk feebly calls up to him.

HAWK
Help? Police?

Antony swings at Hawk, who pretends not to notice until
the last second. Hawk ducks and slam-kicks his calf.
Antony crumples, using the bat as a crutch. Hawk boots
up the bat for a two-handed catch then savagely pivots
it across Antony's face, knocking him into the backseat
of the car.

CESAR
(unfazed)
You need some time to think.
That's cool, but next time, I'm
not going to say "Please."

Cesar floats into the backseat. The Lincoln takes off.
Hawk seethes...

HAWK
I don't believe this. I've been
out forty seconds...

A BACKFIRE rings out. Hawk hits the ground, thinking
it is a gunshot.

HAWK'S ON THE GROUND P.O.V.

A gasping 1960 Caddy comes to a stop and a pair of a too-fancy-to-be-tasteful shoes comes out. Hawk looks up to see ALEX MESSINA, his older, maybe-maybe-not-wiser best friend.

ALEX

That's the first thing I did.
Smooch the ground and taste the
freedom. Sorry I was late. Miss
anything?

HAWK

(getting up)

Your timing, and your shoes, are
impeccable... Good to see you,
Alex, been having a lousy day.

ALEX

Lousy day? The man's getting out
of prison and he's having a
lousy day. What, you missing out
on the Cell Block Water Ballet
pageant? Believe me, it's
overrated.

Hawk pauses to say something, then just hugs Alex.

ALEX

Where's the kiss? No tongue this
time, I promise.

A laughing Hawk gives Alex's stomach a slap before
getting in the car....

HAWK

Looks like you've been expanding
your...

ALEX

Don't say it, Hawkins. I'm
incredibly sensitive about my
fucking figure.

HAWK

My next word was gonna be
"consciousness." Swear to God...
tubby.

EXT. THE ROAD INTO HOBOKEN--DAY

The Caddy thunders past a sweet Manhattan view. "Come Fly With Me" is playing on the radio. Hawk casually completes an intimidating hand puzzle.

HAWK

That's your definition of "Hard?"

ALEX

Show off. Hey, boss tune. "Come Fly with Me."

HAWK

Three minutes, 51 seconds.

ALEX

Still do the puzzles, still know the running times of songs, and I'll bet you're still the best damn cat burg--

HAWK

Not anymore. Now I'm the laziest damn cat burg--I'm going to take it so straight that I won't tape a Mets game without the expressed written consent of the National Baseball League.

ALEX

Now that you're born again, what do you wanna do? Statue of Liberty? Entertain some ladies? Miss Saigon tix? Seduce some women? Play Nintendo? Bone some chicks?

HAWK

Come on, Alex, let's just get to Alex's. Your bar's the only place that's going to cheer me. God, I'd kill for a damn cappuccino. What the hell's a Nintendo?

ALEX

Oh man, you still got a thing for those unmasculine European coffees? Who's your buddy?

Alex pulls a styrofoam cup from a paper bag.

HAWK

The man knows, the man knows!

Hawk takes off the cap with a stimulating whiff.

ALEX

So Mr. Coffee, what went down
outside the prison?

HAWK

Oh, not much. Mario Brothers want
me to do a job.

Alex brakes and cappuccino flies. Hawk half-heartedly
tries to lick up with his fingers.

ALEX

Those dago-guinea-I can say
this shit I'm Italian-wop
motherfu--

HAWK

Ah, had the perfect amount of
foam. Just get me to the bar...
It's the one good thing in my
life that'll never change....

EXT. OUTSIDE ALEX'S BAR--NIGHT

The Guys move through the personably Jersey face of the
bar. The Empire State Building beams in the background.
Sinatra cuts off.

INT. ALEX'S BAR--NIGHT

It's changed. Hawk and Alex enter into what has become
the ultimate pseudo-art deco-fern littered-nightmare,
packed with noisy, INSUFFERABLY SELF-ABSORBED YUPS.
A violently erotic and pretentious video plays upon
elevated T.V. sets set up all around the place.

Hawk's mouth gapes as he drifts by a sickening COUPLE
toasting wine coolers, and two very YOUNG BROKERS high-
fiving each other after missing a dartboard.

ALEX

I didn't know how to tell you. A
couple brokers stopped in for
Stoley Spritzers one night. Next

thing I know Fast Track Digest votes us "Watering Hole of the Month." Now, I'm shopping for Aqua Salmon wallpaper.

HAWK

I read about these people in Newsweek. Where's all the regulars, Crazy Jeff Cava, the Todd sisters, Indian Joe? Where's Ed Kranepool's autograph? Captain Bob's steering wheel?

ALEX

Hey, get this irritable guy a cappuccino. I gotta go be a boss.

Alex lifts a piece of the bar and moves behind it. Snatching up a menu, Hawk calls out...

HAWK

This is Pizza? Reindeer Goat cheese? I admit, I've been known to go wild and order a Canadian Bacon in my time, but..

Hawk lights up a cigarette. A TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER immediately turns to him wearing a "Yes, I mind if you smoke" button.

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER

Can you read.... smoker?

HAWK

Can you take a sunrise and sprinkle it with dew?

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER

(Huh?)

No.

HAWK

The Candy Man can, Felix. You know, I thought this was a country where you could do any stupid thing you wanted; drive to work naked, make love to a V.C.R. Guess I'm wrong. Maybe that's why I became a serial arsonist.

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER

Hey, it's okay, big guy. Smoke
all you want. Have mine....

The Non-smoker fumbles out a pack of cigarettes and flees. A cappuccino in cup and saucer slides down the bar saloon-style. A smiling Hawk picks it up, turns away from the bar and closes his eyes, bringing the cup to his lips until a POLICE BADGE swirls into frame and splashes into the cup, splattering coffee over Hawk's blazer.

GATES (O.S.)

You're under arrest...

Hawk makes eye contact up to a crude, coarse, and cackling island of a man, OFFICER GATES, amid the sea of oblivious and self-obsessed yuppitude, standing by a table.

GATES

Have a seat. Good to see you,
buddy ol' pal...

HAWK

The pleasure's all yours, Officer
Gates.

BACK OF THE BAR

With concern, Alex watches Hawk sit at Gates' table.

GATES' TABLE

Gates pillages a plate of spaghetti and meatballs with terrifying precision. Hawk tosses the badge onto the food. Gates eats around it.

GATES

Why do you show your parole
officer such disrespect?
Especially after I got you such
a nice job.

HAWK

What job?

Gates pulls up the black canvas bag and puts it on the table.

GATES

The auction house, asshole. One
night's work and you're free like

no ex-con's ever been. No checking in with a shrink, no community service teaching retards how to play air hockey. It's a great deal, I can't lie.

HAWK

The only thing you can't do is get sex for free. I know I was in prison for like basically the 80's, but, call me daffy, aren't you supposed to stop me from committing crimes. You know, Book-em-Dano, Call-for-backup, Give-a-Hoot-Don't-Pollute.

Gates thunders out of his chair and moves around to sneer down at Hawk. Behind Gates, on the T.V. screens, are analogous images of DISGUSTING ANIMALS AND MONSTERS.

GATES

You wouldn't be out if it wasn't for me! I did dog and pony for you! You think they would have let you out after what you did, you told the board members they looked like the Three Stooges...

HAWK

How was I supposed to know they were women? Besides one of them was bald and kept saying "Soitinly."

Gates simmers into his seat with a self-control smile.

GATES

Remember that guy in the cell next to you who hung himself?

HAWK

Yes.

GATES

Remember that shoe you lost...

HAWK

Uh, yeah. Cut to the chase.

Gates pulls up a shoe and puts it on the table.

GATES

One phone call and your shoe
will become a piece of evidence
and that suicide'll become a
murder.

Hawk bobs under the table and up.

HAWK

What else do you got under there
... I don't want to be rude, but
this is all pretty lame.

GATES

That's the beauty. It's bullshit,
but I can make it stick because
I'm a good guy parole officer and
you re a bad guy who's about to
find out that there's a thin line
between ex-con and escape con.

Alex suddenly approaches the table.

ALEX

How is everything tonight, sir?

GATES

Beat it, Alex. You're a dinosaur.

HAWK

Alex, did you know this ape was
going to be here...

ALEX

Sure. That's why his meatballs
are made out of marinated Chuck
Wagon.

GATES

(mouthful)

You're full of shit.

As Alex speaks, an eating dog is on the screens.

ALEX

No, man, actually you are. Just
add water and it makes its own
gravy. Keeps your teeth healthy
and your coat shiny.

Gates grabs the shoes and races off, gagging. Hawk gets

up to laugh next to Alex. Their laughter dies as they turn to look at the black canvas bag left on the table between them.

INT. BACK ROOM--DAWN

Hawk stares mournfully at a black and white photo of a monkey-sized chalk-outline on a city street. Behind him, Alex pulls out blueprints from the black bag. Sinatra's "Witchcraft" blares on the radio....

ALEX

Hmmmm.....

HAWK

Yo Pandora, quit hummm-ing... look at this.

Hawk is rummaging through stockpiled remnants of an old, "true" bar. Round lamps, tacky mirrors, pictures of Hawk and the Regs at the bar. Managing a weary smile, Hawk lifts a ship steering wheel, while Alex puts on a pair of granny glasses and pulls out blueprints.

HAWK

It's Captain Bob's steering wheel! Remember when the Captain.....

ALEX

Hmmm, nasty little safe on the 7th.

Hawk nervously picks up a Rubik's Cube and holds it behind his back. He brings it back around, completed. Sighing, Hawk drops the cube and rubs his scalp. Alex starts rubbing his stomach. They pace in pre-job syncopation and speak rapid-fire.

HAWK

The safe's a Simpson 71. Last time I played the game, Simpson only had a 40.

ALEX

Just means it'll take you an extra 31 seconds to seduce. You're still the best, I know it.

HAWK

But you got three guards who... Shit, what am I doing? Where's the want ads? Gonna sell some

spatulas.

ALEX

Hey, I'm sorry, man. I'm putting
out a fire with kerosene.

Alex gives Hawk a consoling two-hand-shake then jumps
back to reveal he has put Hawk into thumbcuffs.

HAWK

This isn't funny. I'm not into
this. I...

ALEX

There goes five seconds...My
record's eighteen.

HAWK

You're not...LISTENING!

Out of annoyance, Hawk breaks out of the cuffs and
violently throws them at Alex, who sits down a little
wounded.

HAWK

I'm sorr--Goddamn Mario Brothers.
Goddamn Gates. Goddamn Rutherford
Auction House. By the way, how
many seconds?

ALEX

Rutherford Auction... that name...

Alex jumps up excitedly and then convulses in pain.

HAWK

Alex!

ALEX

Don't wet your diapers. I'll have
to change them. "Witchcraft."
What's the running time?

Alex flops down behind a work table before a wallfull of
drawings of different kinds of vaults. He sets himself
up for an insulin injection.

HAWK

3:48. I can't get you involved,
man. This is my sewage and...
(re drawings)

God, you love all this, don't you,
you bastard. Haven't you ever
heard of stamp collecting, or
curling?

Hawk leans in and administers the shot of insulin to
Alex.

ALEX

I'm in. Have you seen the public
service announcements for Diabetes.
We can ride horses, play LaCrosse,
and knock off auction houses. I
got a plan. You won't have to hail
Cesar or Gates.

Hawk collapses next to Alex, resigned to his fate.

HAWK

I'm a bum.

EXT. NICE, BUSINESS NEIGHBORHOOD--NIGHT

TWO GRUBBY DERELICTS, one pushing a shopping cart, the
other inside it, situated atop the usual two Glad bags.
They are drunkenly warbling "Witchcraft." IMPECCABLY
DRESSED NIGHT-LIFERS give them a wide berth.

Our derelicts pass beneath a MASSIVE RED CANOPY of a
distinguished eight story edifice, upon which is written
RUTHERFORD'S AUCTION HOUSE. A DOORMAN shoos them away...

A NEWSPAPER TRUCK pulls up in front of the Auction House.
The Driver pops out with a bundle of papers and moves to
a Dispenser on the corner. The Bums wheel around the
truck. The Driver loads the papers and bounds back.

The Truck pulls away from the corner. The shopping cart
rolls off--the bums nowhere to be seen.

The Truck turns the corner, revealing the derelicts
climbing up the back of it, with Glad bags around their
necks. The Truck moves toward an enclosed Walkway Bridge
that connects the Auction House with another Building.

Launching low-tech grapples, the Vagrants latch them-
selves onto the Walkway window as the Truck passes
beneath.

AT THE WINDOW

The viewer's viewpoint moves into a tighter view of the dangling derelicts, revealing them to, of course, be Hawk and Alex. Getting a footing, on the small window ledge, each man cuts a hole in the window while holding onto a plunger.

HAWK

Whoa, you better cut a bigger hole than that.

ALEX

Hey, you promised.....Don't worry, I'm wearing my girdle.

INT. INSIDE THE WALKWAY WINDOW--NIGHT

Hawk and Alex come through their window holes. Hawk immediately flattens himself against a wall, whispering...

HAWK

Cameras?

ALEX

No need. Guards' station's right there.

Alex points to an open doorway just down the hall where laughter and shadows emerge. Hawk tries to flee, but a grinning Alex pulls him toward it.

Hawk and Alex slide across the wall to a closed room marked POWER, which is right next to the open Guards' Station. The viewer's viewpoint moves past Hawk and Alex lock-picking into the Power room to...

INT. THE GUARDS' STATION

Two Security Guards sit before a console of seven security screens still chuckling over an unheard joke. Wires coming out of the security console run across the floor and through the wall into...

INT. THE POWER ROOM

The wires go up to a row of seven humming, RECORD button flashing V.C.R.s. Hawk and Alex stand before them, sharing a cig.

ALEX

They record everything their

video surveillance takes in...

HAWK

Yes, master-thief, I can see that.
You said something about a plan...

Alex presses the REWIND buttons on the V.C.R.'s.

ALEX

Am I boring you, smartass? Watch.
A little rewind and re-wire action
and the Guards are going to be
watching a rerun and miss out on
our exciting episode.

Alex pulls from a nearby shelf six tapes marked MONDAY.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR AUCTION AUDITORIUM--NIGHT

Moving beneath a video camera and a dazzling Set of
Hanging Horse Mobiles, a Heavysset guard, BIG STAN, moseys
through the dimly lit main auction house auditorium. The
auditorium chairs are strewn out in the middle beside a
turbo Floor Washer.

Next to a painting of Happy Children Riding Horses at the
back of the auditorium stage, Big Stan hefts himself upon
a comparatively TINY BLUE CHAIR and begins to tip back
and snooze.

INT. GUARDS' STATION

The Security Guards look to the seventh floor screen to
see an unfolding shot of Big Stan mid-snooze.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Check out Big Stan...
(walkie-talkie)
Big Stan!

THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM

Startled by his walkie-talkie, Big Stan falls back on the
little chair, crunching it to the ground.

THE FIRST FLOOR

The laughing security guards see the crunch.

INT. THE POWER ROOM

Alex puts the last of the Monday tapes into a V.C.R.

ALEX

You got about five minutes and change.

HAWK

5:32. "Swinging on a Star."

ALEX

You know they invented something while you were inside. Called a watch.

A freight elevator pings. Hawk opens it up as the music of "Swinging on the Star" kicks in on the soundtrack.

HAWK

"A mule is an animal with long funny ears."

ALEX

"He kicks up at anything he hears.

Hawk crams himself into the freight elevator with his Glad bag. Strenuously upbeat Ray Conniffesque singers continue to sing the song, orchestrally accompanied, when Hawk isn't.

INT. THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Hawk takes over the song, sardined in the elevator.

HAWK

"Or would you rather swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar."

POWER ROOM

Alex goes up to a Circuit Box and pulls down two large Switches. The soundtrack singers continue to warble.

THE GUARDS' STATION

The lights of the floor wobble and die. The console screens blink off. The Security Guards stop laughing.

SECURITY GUARD TWO

Hell-o. Check the Power room,

bud...

Security Guard One harrumphs into a standing position...

POWER ROOM

Alex speedily hooks and rehooks the backs of the V.C.R.S. They now all have their PLAY buttons lit up.

ALEX

swing on a star, carry moonbeams...

OUTSIDE THE POWER ROOM

Security Guard One fishes for keys to open the power room. The soundtrack singers whisper as not to give away Alex.

INSIDE THE POWER ROOM

Alex briskly slams back up the switches.

OUTSIDE THE POWER ROOM

The singers go louder as the lights come back on. Security Guard One harrumphs and heads back to the Guards' Station.

THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM

Hawk scrambles out of the freight elevator in the left wall of the Auditorium, glancing to the clock.

HAWK

"Or would you rather be a fish?"

He pulls out the black canvas bag from his Glad bag and takes out the blueprints. Hawk follows them toward the painting on-stage.

THE GUARDS' STATION

Big Stan comes up from behind his fellow guards, dumping the remains of the chair on the floor.

BIG STAN

(moving back off)

Very funny.

The Seventh Floor Screen shows a peaceful auction auditorium. And the Blue Chair.

THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM--CAMERA P.O.V.

From the exact angle, the viewer sees the current state of the room with Hawk flinging off the painting of the horseback children, revealing a safe. But no Blue chair.

HAWK

spits on the rubber cup of an electronic sensor, plugged into a Walkman, and affixes it to the safe above the dial.

HAWK

(lyric trouble)

"A fish is annuh nan na nan na
brook.

THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Alex is now packed into the freight elevator.

ALEX

"He can't write his name or read
a book. To fool people is his
only thought."

THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM

HAWK

(remembering)

"And though he's slippery, he
still gets caught."

Wearing headphones, Hawk cranks up the Walkman and spins the dial. The CLICKS from the dial are so loud he winces and turns down the volume. Then there's a CLUNK.

THE GUARDS' STATION

With the soundtrack singers taking over, Guard Two sips a cup of coffee. He doesn't swallow.

His sights zero in on the Blue Chair on the seventh screen. He looks to the chair remains, then back again.

SECURITY GUARD TWO

Uh, Jerry. I'm looking at the
seventh floor and I don't know
how to say this, I see the Blue
Chair.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

What the... You think that's weird,
check out screen two.....

Screen Two shows THE TWO SECURITY GUARDS THEMSELVES
hatching open some on-duty beers, going down a hall.
Guard Two looks to the empties atop the console....

SECURITY GUARD TWO

Somebody rewired the recorders!

AUCTION AUDITORIUM

Hawk ditches his accessories and swings the safe door
open.

Inside the safe, along with the "holy" Da Vinci music
cue, is the clay equestrian model from Leonardo's
worktable.

Hawk belts out as he put it in the black canvas bag.

HAWK

"And all the monkeys aren't in
the zoo."

ALEX (V.O.)

"Every day you meet quite a few."

Alex gives Hawk a congratulatory pat.

HAWK AND ALEX

"So you see it's all up to you.
You can be better than you are.
You could be swinging on a star."

THE AUCTION ROOM

BIG STAN reconnects the wires of the seventh V.C.R.

THE GUARDS' STATION

Suddenly, on the seventh screen, the image and voices
of Hawk and Alex in-process comes on.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Shit, let's roll!

THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM

Hawk puts the painting back up, but stops to stare at the playful children.

ALEX

The song's over! Come on!
"You could be swinging on a star."

HAWK

What am I doing here? There are
so many things I wanna do that
aren't this. Paint a lighthouse.
Kiss a woman in Italy.

ALEX

(more frantically)

"You could be swinging on a star."

HAWK

Paint a woman in a lighthou--I
don't want to steal a horse.
Life is...

Hawk's soliloquy is cut short as Security Guards One and Two crash into the auction auditorium.

ALEX

(DEADPAN)

"You could be swinging on a star."
You couldn't have waited to see
a psychiatrist. No, you had...

Alex whips his chair at the floor washer, tipping it forward and causing its electrical cord to pull up and trip the Guards into a bellyflop.

Hawk bolts right at the bustling up guards and locks them into Alex's thumbcuffs. He then limbos under their connected arms and springs over the outstretched washer cord. The Security Guards clumsily turn and re-trip themselves.

HAWK

Let's go down the freight elevator.

Big Stan suddenly unhatches from the freight elevator.

ALEX

Keep those ideas coming.

Hawk and Alex run toward an office located at the right wall. They both do a Gene-Kellyesque-chair-tip-over

before simultaneously bashing through the office door.

INT. DARKENED AUCTION AUDITORIUM OFFICE

Hawk and Alex stop in the office to painfully laugh and rub their funny bones. Alex stops laughing.

ALEX

I'm not as unpleasantly plump as
that Guard am I.

Big Stan fires off a warning shot. Hawk and Alex quickly tear up a window.

Moving out on to a ledge, Hawk and Alex look down to the huge auction house awning and trade gulps.

Big Stan wobbles into the mouth of the office door.

HAWK AND ALEX

I got a bad feeling....

HAWK

I can't even swim.

ALEX

Hell, the fall'll probably kill
ya...

Big Stan raises his gun.

Hawk and Alex jump and AAAGH down the face of the building....

Closer and closer to the awning....

The viewer focuses upon Hawk as he free-falls.....

CUT TO:

RIGHT INTO A LAZ-Y-BOY CHAIR

Hawk continues his "fall" into a ridiculously huge reclining chair. The foot stand swooshes out with a thump. A HAND pulls away the canvas bag with a cackle.

INT. GATES APARTMENT--LATE NIGHT

Hawk's weirdly reclining viewpoint makes Gates and his pad more grotesque than they are (No small feat.)
A sub-Radio Shack stereo coughs next to a scary punch

bowl of red, margarita-like substance, beneath the instantly recognizable framed picture of Those Dogs Playing Poker, all atop a Jungle Shag.

Gates, in shorts and a Hawaiian shirt-over-a-KEEP ON TRUCKIN'-T-shirt, raises a loud tumbler with one hand, the black canvas bag in the other.

GATES

Hudson Hawkins gets the chair of honor. How about a Gates-arita?

(toward bowl)

I used real hot dogs.

HAWK

Weren't you the bartender at Jonestown?

Suddenly a light is turned on in the corner, revealing a seated Cesar and Antony Mario, the latter taking a painful Gatesirita sip.

CESAR

Good job, not pretty, but good.

HAWK

Ah, the mafia, the cops; do I know how to party or what?

Gates pulls out the horse and looks at it.

GATES

All this trouble for a horsey. I may not know art, but I know what I like.

HAWK

(to Dog picture)

You certainly do.

GATES

So when's that Sebastian-Cabot-Buckingham-Palace-looking-Butlerhead getting here?

ALFRED

Any minute now, dear Mr. Gates.

A malevolently snobbish British Butler, ALFRED, enters in distaste. He makes a stressful glance to three VANITY FAIRS on a coffeetable that has a photo of a MAGNETIC

HUSBAND-WIFE-DOG COMBO with the caption: MAYFLOWER POWER.
Hawk notices this.

GATES

Oh, sorry Jeeves. Gates-arita?

ALFRED

I'll pass. May I?

Alfred takes the equestrian model and with a jeweler's loupe, studies it carefully.

ALFRED

Ah, such craftsmanship. Leonardo Da Vinci's last commission for the Duke of Milan. Irreplaceable.

GATES

Hey, Mr. French, I'm delirious for you. Now where's my cut?

With dignity, Alfred SMASHES the ancient horse over Gates's head. Alfred rummages through the debris REVEALING a perversely labyrinthine CRYSTAL PIECE. (recognizable from Da Vinci's workshop).

GATES

You son-of-a-.....I don't believe this! You come into my house!

Alfred pockets the goodies, but not before Hawk can give them a confused peruse.

GATES

I ought to take Big Ben and shove it up your limey blimey bunghole!

A blade slides down Alfred's arm. Half-yawning, he...

ALFRED'S 180 DEGREE POV

spins before Gates and the bystanders behind him. THE BLADE goes back up Alfred's arm.

The room's only sound is the stereo's inappropriate music. Gates shrugs but his voice is off.

GATES

Like I said. Where's my cu-u-...

Suddenly a line across Gates's neck turns red and blood

begins to gush like a tourist attraction. Gates crashes down upon the table holding the punch bowl and the stereo, sending it to the ground, cutting off the music. The Dog Poker picture falls atop the carnage like a lid.

Blown away, Hawk tries to wiggle his way out of the recliner. Alfred pats some stain remover on the blood on his shirt.

ALFRED

So much for his "cut."
(post-chortle)
Excuse my dry British humor.

CESAR

(rising)
Lovely work, Alfred, taking the Concorde back?

ALFRED

Indeed I am, Mr. Mario. I'm really racking up those frequent flyer points...

HAWK

I hate to interrupt you two lovebirds...

ANTONY

You know, I think Gates promised Hawk a cut, too....

The Mario brothers cackle out. Hawk tries to flail out of his chair. Alfred turns to him and flicks up his arm. Hawk sees his life pass before his eyes until he realizes Alfred is merely pulling him up off the chair.

ALFRED

Ta ta, Hudson Hawk.

HAWK

(breathless)
Too-do-loo, babe.

INT. ALEX'S RESTAURANT--DAWN

Hawk bursts into the bar. Alex sits on a stool, reading the paper.

ALEX

Did I miss anything?

HAWK

Oh, not much. Gates just had his tonsils taken out. The hard way.

ALEX

Geez, Gates was killed. Who do we send the thank you note to?

Hawk does a combat jump over the bar and begins to fiddle with the cappuccino machine.

HAWK

The Butler did it. Guy was a cross between Alistair Cook and a Cuisinart. Dude took Mr. Ed and humptied dumptied it over Gates's head. He said it was made by, get this, Leonardo..

ALEX

(professorial)

Ah yes, a rare Renaissance piece. Da Vinci's "Sforza," an equestrian model of a never executed statue. I consider it to be the prize of tonight's auction of objets d'equestrian. Horse things.

The cappuccino machine sparks. A perplexed Hawk takes a couple extra seconds to back off.

HAWK

Okay, you got me, Mr. PBS.

ALEX

(holding up newspaper)

Morning edition. Seems two thieves "attempted" to steal it last night, but thanks to three "courageous" guards, it will be ready for tonight.

HAWK

"Attempted." At-tempt-ted! I'm not happy about having to steal that horse, but I do have my pride. Face it, when it comes to burglary, and sex, I....

Hawk takes the newspaper. There is a picture of the Three Security Guards in a cheery pose behind the

"Sforza." Hawk squints to see that Security Guards One and Two are still wearing the thumbcuffs.

HAWK

Boing. Uh, this I don't understand...

ALEX

Why try?

HAWK

(hurdling the bar)

Because I'm tired of not understanding things. Cops, Mafia, and butlers forcing me to bust my ass to steal something, which it turns out I really didn't steal--it's fucked up.

ALEX

(pulling back newspaper)

You're not thinking of going to...

HAWK

Alex, my man, it's time to play a little offense. Where's your tux?

INT. RUTHERFORD'S AUCTION HOUSE--NIGHT

Dressed in a not-quite-fitting but suave tuxedo, Hawk enters the now well-lit auction house auditorium (chairs all set out). Bored WORKMEN in coveralls lug equestrian items on to a podium from the familiar freight elevator.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

...fan-taastic example of Florentine marble... Who will start at 160,000...160,000.....180,000.

Someone raises their paddle as Hawk passes beneath the hanging horses and finds an aisle seat near the stage. Hawk scans everyone in the room before coming to the one seated next to him, AN ENCHANTINGLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

HAWK

All these years of attending auctions, I still get goosebumps. The paintings, the sculptures...the things that aren't really paintings or sculptures...

THE WOMAN

.... the pretentious vultures who

don't even look up from their calculators to see what they're buying. Now that gives me goosebumps. Auctions are disgusting.

HAWK

I couldn't agree more. Savages.

The Woman laughs at his gear switch then catches herself.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Lot Fifteen, an equestrian sconce attributed to the Cellini school..

AUCTION ENTRANCE

Big Stan, the hefty guard from the heist, enters the area wearing a blue ribbon.

AUCTION AREA

Big Stan is walking in back of the seated bidders: An oblivious Hawk in the foreground starts to scan VARIED BIDDER-TYPES, raising their paddles to babble out dollar figures; a GAUDY ROCK STAR and his GLOOMY-CHIC ENTOURAGE, A KING FAROUK-TYPE with a BORED TEENAGE AMERICAN HOOKER, and a scary NORDIC PRINCESS in a monocle and a tiara.

THREE STANDING ASSISTANTS frantically man a table of phones set up down before the stage. One raises his arm.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Sold! To the caller from Newfoundland.

A STYLISH FEMALE ASSISTANT takes out an impressive replica of the "Sforza" from the safe behind the podium and brings it to the Auctioneer. The crowd a-a-hs... Hawk laughs and shakes his head.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

And finally, Lot number 17, thought to be lost in the war, and again last night, the Da Vinci "Sforza," the jewel of the sale. Fan-taas-tic...

HAWK

(re: Auctioneer)

Is looking like a constipated warthog a prerequisite to getting a job in the art world?

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

There have naturally been questions of its authenticity, so to verify we have Doctor Anna Baragli of the Vatican. Doc?

ANNA

(rising, to Hawk)

Some of us warthogs are more constipated than others.

Hawk uneasily laughs as Anna makes her way up the stage and pulls out a large magnifying glass. A look of distress passes over her face. Hawk closes his eyes in anticipation.

HAWK

Oh, the shit is going to hit the fa--

ANNA

(suddenly serene)

Fantastic. Perfection. The Vatican extends its jealousy to the lucky bidder.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

We'll begin the bidding at 82.5 million dollars. To you, sir. Eighty-three, Ninety--your bid, madame--Ninety point five.....

Hawk opens his eyes in confusion. He scans Anna coming off the stage, gliding toward the phone table. Hawk floats into the aisle, curling toward her as she picks up a phone and murmurs into it.

DARWIN MAYFLOWER

100 million clams, Francesco!

The crowd orgasms as Vanity Fair cover boy, DARWIN MAYFLOWER works the aisle, playfully mussing up the appreciative, tiaraed Princess's hair, giddily high-fiving the Rock Star, and sloppily frenching the Hooker.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

100 million dollars to Mr. Darwin

Mayflower.

Hawk turns to gaze at the enigmatically familiar figure. Anna looks up from the phone to do the same. She swerves her attention to the back-turned Hawk.

Darwin moves to one of two reserved empty seats as his wife, Minerva, makes her entrance par excellahnce. She is outrageously dressed with a mammoth Tiffany watch that extends from her wrist down to, acting as a leash, her obnoxious little dog, BUNNY.

MINERVA

Francesco, 100 million and one.

Darwin, to the crowd's delight, holds his struck heart.

DARWIN

Outbid by my own wench, quelle bummere.

MINERVA

Poor baby..... Here, Bunny.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Fan-taas-tic, the bid is at 100 million and one dollars.

Commencing a slow motion sequence, Big Stan comes out of the nearby office, zipping up his fly. He immediately scopes Hawk in the space before the stage.

The Mayflowers lower themselves into their seats with devoured canary smiles.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Go-ing!

Big Stan pulls out his gun, untheatrically, as not to cause a scene. Anna sees this and follows Big Stan's eyeline to Hawk.

Hawk turns to re-pursue but stops dead at the sight of the gloating Big Stan.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Go-ing!

Big Stan launches a gallop toward Hawk, who spins and veers back round up the aisle.

The Mayflowers zero their sights on the activity.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Gone!

The gavel comes down in super slow-motion.

Anna's leg pokes out of the aisle, tripping the guard.

Hawk brakes at the end of the Mayflower's row and smiles in relief, casually turning to Darwin and Minerva.

The gavel continues to come down in super slow-motion.

Both Darwin and Minerva Mayflower suddenly DUCK DOWN.

Smile vanishing, Hawk spins toward the stage.

The Gavel hits.

Breaking out of slow-motion into wide-angle, the entire podium explodes sending debris, equestrian pieces, and eccentric bald pieces searing into the screaming, battered crowd.

Knocked off his feet, Hawk gropes into a standing position. He sees the Mayflowers make a smooth exit. He starts to give chase until he sees a battered Anna rising from the ground.

A hanging white Tri-Star Pegasus, cracks from the damaged ceiling and swooshes down towards Anna.

Hawk bolts upon some auction chairs and makes a flying leap. He slams Anna out of the Pegasus's pulverizing Path. They weary up off the ground and move down the aisle, calm in a storm of packed art patrons.

ANNA

My God, that was bold of you,
you didn't have to do that...

HAWK

Forget about it--it was nothing--
anybody would have done the same
thing--It's an impulse...

ANNA

No, I meant you didn't have to
tackle me and rip my dress. A
polite push, perhaps? A clear

shout of "watch out, Anna"
would have done nicely...

HAWK

Excuse me, Milady. I would have
flown over and carried you up to
a pink cloud, but I left my cape
at the cleaners.

Anna touches Hawk's lips and laughs.

ANNA

("Hey, I was kidding")
Thanks tough guy, thanks a lot.
Why was the guard chasing you?

HAWK

(Serious answer?
Na-a-h?)
Because Danger, Doc, is my middle...

Before Hawk can finish, a hanging horse out of nowhere
hammers him into the ground and the viewer into
darkness.

FADE IN:

INT. VAN-TYPE AMBULANCE--NIGHT

Hawk stirs into consciousness strapped on an elevated
gurney.

HAWK

Saint Pete, hey I know, the whole
cat burglar thing, it sounds bad,
but I'll take the worst cloud you
got...

Hawk's eyes focus. The Mario Brothers hover over him.

CESAR

News flash. You're not in
heaven. Yet. 30 seconds and
counting, if you know what I'm
saying. Couldn't just play along,
could you...

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE--NIGHT

The ambulance careens onto the Brooklyn Bridge.

INT. INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Antony raises up a mammoth gun.

HAWK

Pretty class way of covering your tracks. I think that auctioneer landed at La Guardia.

ANTONY

Subtlety was never one of our strong points.

HAWK

Neither's flossing.

A confused Antony touches his teeth with his gun hand. Hawk escapes from one of his straps and launches a nearby trayful of syringes into Antony's face where they ghoul-ishly quiver. Antony fires a wild shot, shattering the partition.

FRONT SEAT OF THE AMBULANCE

The Scarfaced Bodyguard/Driver, now in paramedic white, freaks at the starred windshield.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The ambulance bumper-pools off some innocent cars.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Hawk frantically tries to undo his other strap but a howling Cesar, side-stepping his vibrating-on-the-floor brother, latches onto the back of the gurney and wrenches it backward.

OUTSIDE BACK OF AMBULANCE

The elevated gurney blasts out the back with a now unstrapped but terrified Hawk whoa-a-ing atop it.

The gurney wheels hit the road, sparking.

A sheet from the gurney, caught on the door, yanks TAUGHT --Hawk is "water skiing" on his stomach atop the elevated gurney!

Screeching cars are weirded out by the new vehicle on the road.

THE GURNEY

Battered by wind and fear, Hawk clutches to the gurney and the sheet with a grit teeth stoneface.

The sheet is torn from the gurney sending it rocketing off to the side on its own crazed volition.

Hawk skis toward a TOLL BOOTH WITH A LARGE GATE-ARM.

HAWK

Life don't get much better than
this.

He then sees he's heading toward an EXACT CHANGE lane.

Whizzing wildly forward on the gurney, Hawk scrambles into his pocket and wiggles out some change. He frantically winnows out some pennies and then maniacally FLINGS the change from twenty feet away.

TOLL BOOTH

The change ker-chunks into the basket and Hawk and the gurney JUST BARELY streak underneath the rising Gate-arm.

EXT. THE AMBULANCE

CRASHES through a gate-arm of another lane. Hawk and the still-wildly whooshing gurney cut it off.

FRONT SEAT OF THE AMBULANCE

Cesar pops his head through the partition.

CESAR

Make him into Roadkill!

Antony, seemingly oblivious to the syringes porcupined in his skull, pokes his head next to Cesar's.

ANTONY

Yeah, run him down!

Cesar and the Bodyguard/Driver turn to Antony and scream, then all three look out the windshield and scream.

THE AMBULANCE

jackknives over a stopped car and somersaults into a

fiery ball.

In the foreground, Hawk's gurney coasts down

A PEACEFUL OFF-ROAD

Hawk, with an unchanged expression of pure white knuckle fear, comes to a tranquil gurney-wheels-gently-squeaking stop.

Lit by the flames of the ambulance crash, a sneering young man in wire rim glasses emerges from the darkness, carrying a steel suitcase. He kneels before Hawk and opens the suitcase revealing a complex computer apparatus. He begins mumbling into a cellular phone.

A malevolent, SILENT DEADPAN WRAITH passes him and approaches Hawk. Both men are dressed in outfits that seem to be a melange of fascist uniform and haute couture.

On the fingers of one Wraith hand is carved the word HATE. On the other hand is the word FROG. The Frog Hand hands a befuddled Hawk a card. It reads: MY NAME IS KIT KAT AND THIS IS NOT A DREAM.

Hawk looks up with a "huh" expression as Kit Kat chops his neck, knocking him off the gurney.

The sneering computer guy hangs up his phone and pulls forward a small cattle prod from his apparatus.

HAWK

This is the worst night...

SNICKERS

When it rains, it pours. Name's Snickers. The plane leaves in 40.

Snickers zaps Hawk in the leg with his device. Hawk a-ghs into a kneeling position. Snickers returns to his suitcase and is passed by a PLEASANT YOUNG BLACK WOMAN in the "outfit."

ALMOND JOY

Almond Joy. I know, pretty silly. But it's better than when we first started out, our code names were Diseases. You don't know what it's like being called Clymidia for a year.

(walking off)
Whoops, forgot....

She deftly kicks Hawk across the face. Hawk angrily bounds back up until he sees the BIGGEST MEMBER OF THE GROUP Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum his way toward them. Suddenly, the Giant clumsily trips over Snickers' suitcase apparatus and ram-collapses into Hawk and the gurney. Laying atop Hawk, Butterfinger goofily speaks...

BUTTERFINGER
My name's Butterfinger.

HAWK
No shit.

The mysterious group parts to reveal a much more mature and cynically subdued man dressed in big lapels and a hat that screams Old Time CIA. His name will be GEORGE KAPLAN.

KAPLAN
Don't you just hate kids...

ALMOND JOY
George, you promised. No Old CIA/
New CIA jokes...

KAPLAN
I call them the MTV.I.A. Punks think Bay of Pigs is an herbal tea. They think the Cold War involves penguins and...

HAWK
Don't I know you...

KAPLAN
You just might. I'm the guy who tricked you into robbing a government installation and then had you sent to prison for it. At the time, I was bald with a beard, no moustache, and I had a different nose, so if you don't recognize me, I won't be offended.

HAWK
Bastard, you're going to need another nose!

Hawk explodes upward. Everyone but cool Kaplan draws a gun.

HAWK

But I'm not the type of guy to hold a grudge.

KAPLAN

I used you as a diversion. while you were getting captured upstairs, I was shredding documents in the basement. Deep down, I guess I was just jealous. You were one incredible thief...

HAWK

To what do I owe the dishonor of a reunion, you centrally intelligent scumsicle.

As Kaplan converses, Snickers and Butterfinger bring out a mammoth empty suitcase and open it behind Hawk.

KAPLAN

I Want to make things up to you. That's why I got you this gig, doll. Hawk, my name's George Kaplan and to quote the late, great Karen Carpenter, "We've only just begun."

HAWK

Three minutes, twenty-three seconds. If you think I'm doing another...

KAPLAN

Hush. My employer wants a meeting.

HAWK

Employer? The president?

KAPLAN

No, somebody powerful. Oh. Look. what's that up there?

HAWK

I'm supposed to fall for that?

KAPLAN

Shucks. Guess not.

Kaplan savagely point-blank punches Hawk in the face, knocking him out cold and into the mammoth suitcase. Snickers slams it shut revealing a KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL sticker.

INT. MYSTERIOUS BARE ROOM--DAY

Hawk slowly awakens on an exotic couch. He has been put in an aggressively fashionable Italian outfit. He eyes and touches his new duds with complete bafflement. He then stumbles into a standing position to, mouth gaping, take in a wondrous 360 degree view of Rome, Italy as "O Solo Mio" blares on the soundtrack.

HAWK

No. Way.

Hawk's spinning view and the music on the soundtrack slam to a halt as he zeroes in on the sight of Scary Butler Alfred elegantly reaching the top of the staircase.

ALFRED

Welcome to Rome, sir.

HAWK

Yes way.

EXT. OUTSIDE INTERESTING BUILDING--DAY

Alfred opens the back door of an omnipotent, Mayflower-logged LIMOUSINE. The car moves off as Hawk slides in...

INT. THE BACK SEAT OF THE MAX-TECH LIMOUSINE

facing Darwin Mayflower who is blustering into the cellular.

While he talks, Darwin shakes Hawk's bewildered hand, then holding up one finger in a "be with you in a sec" facial move.

DARWIN

For those kind of wages, I could
have built the factory in America!
They're Vietnamese, can't we just
give them more Bart Simpson shirts?
I hear depressing news like this
and I want to commit genocide!

(slamming phone)

Alfred, hold my calls. So, Hawk!

The Hawkster! What do you think of the vehicle?

HAWK

You could host American Bandstand in here. Why did you duck at the auction, asshole?

DARWIN

Because I didn't want to get hurt, taterhead.

A FAX MACHINE comes to life as Darwin babbles.

DARWIN

What can I tell you, I'm the villain. Initially it was a priority to keep a lot of buffers between you and me, but since most of them are dead now, I thought what the heck. Hawk, you come highly recommended. I would have done some things differently at the auction house, but hey, I want to be in business with you.

Darwin scans the Fax message with annoyance, and then shoves it into a violent paper shredder.

OUTSIDE THE LIMO SHREDDER

Shredded paper litters out of a vent on the outside door.

INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE

A simmering Hawk tries to explode but the phone rings.

HAWK

My life is not some deal. I...

ALFRED (O.S.)

It's Boston, Mr. Mayflower.

DARWIN

I'm sorry, I have to take this. Those are valid points though...

Darwin picks up the phone and goes Mr. Hyde, while giving Hawk "Can you believe this guy"-type gestures.

DARWIN

You better have a good excuse...
You better have a better excuse!
You are so weak! I'm only
thankful your ancestors didn't
settle America or else my name
would be Running Brave or Vomiting
Antelope...Really. Well, listen
close, babe.

Darwin holds the phone over a 50 cent piece-size siren in his armrest. Darwin presses a button and a PIERCING NOISE fills the car as it comes to a stop.

DARWIN

Shall we?

Darwin bolts out. Hawk hangs back, waiting for Rod Serling to explain things, then bolts out too.

EXT. E.U.R. DISTRICT BUILDING--DAY

Hawk and Darwin head up the steps of an overpowering fascistly marble superstructure. Alfred brings up the rear.

DARWIN

So Hawkasaurus, I won't mince words...

HAWK

Whatever. You own Boardwalk, you own Park Place, you own the four railroads. You think you're God. For all I know, you're probably right. I just wanted to have a damn cappuccino, maybe play some Nintendo after I find out what it is. Man, why didn't you just buy the horse? What am I saying, you did buy it...

DARWIN

Oh... Let's see. There are organizations that think we wanted the "Sforza" for reasons other than putting it in the Da Vinci museum we're building in Vinci. Hopefully, these organizations think our plan has been ruined with the explosion of our replica. If I seem vague, grand. We want a

low profile on this, that's why I got Kaplan and the Candy bars involved. I helped George help the Mario Brothers and Gates help get you out....

HAWK

If you're pausing for a "thank you," give it up. So boss, you going to tell me what the crystal piece inside the pony means?

DARWIN

Way to go, Alfie! How many people did you break that thing in front of. Good help's hard to find.

HAWK

I guess that's a no.

INT. MASSIVE CONFERENCE ROOM--DAY

A mind-blowingly pretentious painting of Darwin, Minerva, and Bunny hangs above a mammoth M-shaped conference table.

Lying atop the table in heels, shades, and a heart-stopping dark outfit is Minerva. NASTY Metal riffs semi-audibly spew from a headset she wears.

Surrounding the table is a VARIED GROUP OF OLD MONEY AND NEW MONEY BOARD MEMBERS ranging from a nine year old INDIAN PRINCE to a SWEET ELDERLY AMERICAN WOMAN. They converse to the person at their side in businesslike tones, oblivious to Minerva.

DARWIN

Ladies and gentlemen of the board...

The board members go into tableau silence. Minerva continues a brief sing-a-long before Darwin scolds...

DARWIN

And Min-er-va. Let's give it up for Hudson Hawk.

The board applauds as Alfred pushes Hawk inside.

MINERVA

Hello.....Bunny, Ball-Ball!

Minerva lobs a ball in the air. Bunny, the annoying dog,

scurries beside Hawk to catch it.

Moving down toward the other end of the table, Hawk takes in the surreal surroundings with battle fatigue. He sees ONE BOARD MEMBER take a luxurious sip of cappuccino. Minerva paces up upon the table.

DARWIN

Hawkmeister, we got you clothes,
great hotel, and a 250,000 lira
per diem.

MINERVA

That's two hundred dollars a day?
So he can get a hooker and some
tequila. Veto, Darwin.

HAWK

Guess I know who wears the penis
in this family.

MINERVA

(jumping off table)

For God's sake, chain this
convict.

With a yawn, Alfred pulls out a pair of state-of-the-art handcuffs.

HAWK

Alfred, you're a very polite
psychopath, but if you...

Hawk kicks out at Alfred, who nimbly moves slightly and gives a pummel to Hawk's body somersaulting him over the edge of the table, into an empty seat.

The Board Members politely applaud. Alfred pulls Hawk's hands around his back and cuffs him. Bunny intensely sniffs his crotch.

MINERVA

We want Da Vinci's sketchbook,
what do they call it, the Codex.

DARWIN

Listen Hawk, this might be hard to
believe, but I'm a regular joe. I
just want to be happy and happiness
comes from the achieving of goals.
It's just when you make your first

billion by the age of 19, it's hard to keep coming up with new ones. But now finally I got my new goal. World domination. With your help...Bunny....quit that!

MINERVA

Bunny, ball-ball! Bad bunny!

HAWK

Think he's already got today's ball-balls. Five more minutes please, it's been so long...

Minerva yanks away the yelping dog.

HAWK

Anybody have a cigarette? But seriously, do me a favor and Concorde me back to prison. I don't care anymore. I hope you have the receipts for the threads.

MINERVA

You go back, you won't be alone. You'll have a diabetic barkeep cellmate. You're still young enough to have fun shanking child molesters for a pack of smokes, but "Alex" will go in knowing that the next time he gets out it'll be to attend his own funeral. Depressing.

HAWK

You wouldn't risk the dime to call the police. You have no proof.

DARWIN

Ah, the magic word...

Alfred plants a slide machine on the table and Darwin starts clicking gorgeous images of Hawk and Alex robbing the auction house, on a bare wall.

The Board members gush. The Elderly Woman gives a thumbs-up.

DARWIN

It's veja du, Hawkhead. Something you wish never happened. We shot

the entire operation with hidden
cameras behind the hidden cameras.
Hired the guy who did the last
Sports Illustrated Swimsuit issue.
Excellent work... whoops, damn
Fotomat assholes...

A slide hits the wall of himself and Minerva kneeling in
Big Baby clothes with Alfred snarling over them, decked
out in leather. He clicks ahead...

Hawk looks away and sees that the Board members have an
annual Report-type booklet in front of them that reads--
THE DA VINCI/ALCHEMY PROJECT.

Minerva leans over in front of him.

MINERVA

Tomorrow, you're going to hit a
church.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MASSIVE WIDE SHOT OF ST. PETER'S--DAY

The Vatican stands in its glory, mobbed by HUNDREDS OF
LOCALS AND SIGHTSEERS. The viewer's viewpoint zeroes in
on the Mayflower limousine circling around it.

INT. THE LIMOUSINE

Hawk looks out from the back seat of the limousine
in stylish Italian sunglasses.

HAWK

I'm robbing the Vatican. The nuns
at St. Agnes predicted that I'd end
up doing this...

Two identical Twin Flunkies sit across from him, grinning
stupidly. Hawk pushes up his sunglasses with his middle
finger.

INT. VATICANESQUE MAP ROOM

Mentally casing the joint, Hawk gets some distance
between him and the flunkies as he enters into a room
that has a glorious, ancient Map of the World Mural.

INT. ANOTHER VATICAN ROOM

Hawk makes a scribble in a notepad before coming to a Vatican guard, standing before a painting of a Pope performing a Coronation.

HAWK

(half-hearted)

Excuse me, I'm being blackmailed into robbing the Vatican by a psychotic American corporation along with a CIA...

VATICAN GUARD

"You're being".....uh, I don't, uh...

A jaded Hawk laughs and pats the cop on the back.

HAWK

Forget it, man. Go tackle a jaywalker.

INT./EXT. CIRCULAR OPEN AIR HALLWAY

Hawk comes out onto a circular open-air hallway. He scans up to some rooftops and makes a note...until he sees a line of International Phone Boothettes. Checking for Flunkies, he rips one up.

HAWK

Operator, I want to make a collect call to Alex Messina, New York....

The Flunkies drift into view. Hawk hangs up and seethes off.

INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO CODEX ROOM

Hawk saunters down a long resplendent hallway toward a room at the end bustling with excitement. Coming to the mouth of the room, he looks to two gold framed mirrors on either side of the opening, rubs his head, and scribbles.

INSIDE THE CODEX ROOM

Hawk takes in the majestic beauty, and practical details, of the room--windows, statues, a Massive Ornate Lighting Fixture--as he moves down one of the twin winding staircases leading to a path of people behind velvet ropes and the object of their gaze...

THE DA VINCI CODEX

--an old book enclosed in a glass case, propped open to the familiar BEAUTIFUL DRAWING of a MAN inside a CIRCLE.

The case is located between two informational tablets enclosed in glass columns. Enter Holy Da Vinci theme.

ANNA (V.O.)

But it is his gift as an inventor
who drew together science and art
that is most incredible.

Hawk brightens to the return of Anna, carrying a portfolio bag, striding down the stairs with a group of INVESTORS AND FAMILIES. She brightens back, giving him a quick verbal breath and a hand squeeze.

ANNA

Tough guy. What are you--How's
your head.

HAWK

(vegetable)

Yes, and my giraffe loves it, too...

She laughs, going into her public voice.

ANNA

As you know, the Da Vinci Codex,
has lived in the Vatican for
centuries and will continue to
live here for centuries more.

HAWK

(under his breath)

That's what you theenk.

ANNA

Question, sir? His untiring pen
predicted the airplane, the
submarine, the bicycle, the
helicopter, and even the tank.

A LITTLE BRAT trailing the group, moves next to Hawk, bitching away to her STUFFED ELEPHANT, POKEY.

LITTLE BRAT

This is so bor-ing! Do you hate
Italy as much as I do, Pokey?

(bad ventriloquism)

Si, senior! Italy sucks the big

one! why can't we go to the Epcot Center!

The Little Brat stops and lets Pokey the elephant dangle from her side. Hawk eyes the elephant strangely.

ANNA

These more dangerous designs inspired him to develop a secret code that

The stuffed elephant suddenly goes flying over Anna's head.

The ALARM goes off. The Massive Ornate Lighting Fixture swoops down from the ceiling, inverting in air, and slams down over the Codex, transformed into a makeshift cage.

Strange green gas comes billowing out of the vents. Needless to say, everyone goes crazy.

Coughing gas, Hawk peeks to see that a line of light sensor alarms imbedded in the tablets are what set the alarm off.

Two GAS MASKS drop airlinesquely from the mouth of the entranceway and TWO RACING-IN GUARDS wrangle them on.

The Little Brat sees that Pokey the stuffed elephant has been beheaded by the cage/lamp. She is pulled away and spanked.

LITTLE BRAT

Pokey, come back!

Anna yanks a notetaking Hawk away as the gas blusters in around him. The Two Flunkies, eyes on Hawk, are haplessly making their way up the opposite staircase.

ANNA

Come on, this stuff will knock you out. Have you ever had the feeling you were being followed, Mr. Bond.

HAWK

Never, why do you ask?

Reaching the top of the stairs, just outside the door, Anna briskly pulls Hawk into a PIECE OF WALL THAT IS REALLY A DOOR. The wall closes as the Flunkies come flying out, baffled.

INT. CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

Hawk, mucho impressed, and Anna move down a tight, dark circular staircase.

HAWK

Whoa. Name's Hawkins, Eddie Hawkins.
My nickname's Hudson Hawk, but don't call me Hudson, not even as a joke. The Nuns at St. Agnes called me that and they're the ones who helped make me what I am today. Not a compliment...

ANNA

Sure Hudson. Are you going to tell me why you did that back there or are you going to blame it on Dumbo?

HAWK

Could you believe that crazy elephant?

Anna shakes her head as she opens a door into...

INT. A LITTLE UNDERGROUND SUBWAY--DAY

A four foot high mail train rumbles down the track of a mini-underground station. Workers latch onto mail bags. Hawk and Anna emerge from a small door.

HAWK

Whoa, part 2. Does it go to Times Square?

ANNA

Delivers up to ten at night. The Pope has an obsession with his Easter Seals. It's actually not that an unusual set-up. The secret passageway on the other hand....

HAWK

The Vatican is made of constant mysteries meant to be enjoyed, not explained.

ANNA

Nice. But right out of our brochure.

HAWK

Oh, you read that.

ANNA

Actually I wrote it. It's a good sentence. It can apply to people.

HAWK

You're not an unmysterious thang yourself.

ANNA

I don't steal stuffed elephants from little girls.

(smoothing his jacket)

And I buy my own clothes. My life's a little boring...

HAWK

God, I wish I could say the same thing. What about having a nice, dull dinner with me tonight. Scrabble, Knock-knock jokes, Anecdotes about famous dead Italians....

ANNA

I'll bring my entire repertoire...

The Two Flunkies stumble into the station, looking around. Anna and Hawk crouch down.

HAWK

And I'll bring my entourage...

ANNA

Secret passageways don't mean as much as they used to. There's a place two blocks east of here. Enzo's. Say 10:30.

HAWK

Said.

Hawk and Anna peck each other with a smile. He crawls out an exit door. As he leaves, Anna's smile disappears.

She pulls out a rosary and gives herself a self-scolding bang on the head. She then darts to a large crucifix and looks up.

ANNA

Father, it's obvious. He's up to something.

Suddenly a speaker in Jesus's mouth gently crackles.

JESUS (Italian)

Report downstairs at once.

ANNA

Yes, sir.

INT. CATACOMBLIKE AREA

A CARDINAL paces in an enigmatic Vatican area. Anna clacks up to him.

CARDINAL

Did he mention the Mayflowers?

ANNA

No, your Eminence. I think he's going to steal the Codex, as early as next week.

CARDINAL

Attempt, you mean. The vanity of this man, Hudson Hawk. The Vatican has foiled the advances of Pirates and Terrorists. We will not lie down for some schmuck from New Jersey. Must you flirt with him so realistically?

ANNA

That's the best kind. A wise woman once said "Polite conversation is rarely either."

CARDINAL

(chuckling)

Let me be the one to quote Scripture.As an agent of our organization, you are put in awkward situations. Just remember, Hudson Hawk is an evil, evil man.

ANNA
(unconvinced)
Yeah. The big E.

EXT. NAVONA PIAZZA--DAY

The evil Hawk clumsily strides around a fountain, looking off in all directions, soft-shoes past some sedate painters and swings into...

INT. A BIG QUIRKY PHONE BOOTH

Hawk grabs up the phone and dials....

HAWK
Hello, operator. I'd like to
make a collect call to New York
number...

The Mayflower limousine creeps to the edge of the piazza, behind an oblivious Hawk.

HAWK
Thank you, operator, thank you.

Hawk turns, putting a finger in his ear. Seeing the limo, he FREAKS and balls himself into a corner.

HAWK
Come on, Alex, pick up, you
Reindeer goat cheese-eating
motherfucker.

INT. ALEX'S RESTAURANT--NIGHT

It is late night in New York. A phone rings atop the bar of Alex's restaurant with no one in sight.

INT. PIAZZA--DAY

Hawk pokes his head to see a Darwin and Minerva (holding Bunny) emerge from the limousine. As he turns his concentration back to the phone, ALEX HIMSELF flows out from a building to cheerfully speak with Darwin and Minerva and get licked by Bunny, before they all pile into the limo.

HAWK
A-lex, A-lex, come on Alex.

Hawk slams down the phone and turns to see the limousine pull off.

Hawk angrily bursts from the door and is painfully CLOTHESLINED by agent Butterfinger, who is dressed as a mailman.

Crumpled on the ground, Hawk kicks out with his foot, into Butterfinger's stomach, doubling him. Hawk then grabs him by the head and rams into the glass of the booth.

Hawk rotates off for an escape...but the rest of the CIA crew cuts him off holding barely concealed guns; Snickers dressed as a maitre 'd, Almond Joy as a Bermuda tourist, and Kaplan in his usual ensemble. Kit Kat is dressed exactly like Hawk, right down to a bloody lip. Hawk gives him a double take.

KAPLAN

Hawk, Hawk, Hawk. Enjoying Italy? I always had a soft spot for Rome. Did my first barehanded strangulation here. Communist politician.

HAWK

Why George, you big softie...

KAPLAN

God, I miss communism. The Red Threat. People were scared, the Agency was respected, and I got laid every night.

A humiliated Butterfinger comes waddling out, holding the phone. Kaplan rolls his eyes.

BUTTERFINGER

Sorry, coach...

KAPLAN

(shaking his head)

If his father wasn't the head of Shit, I hate this, the government's got me farmed out, working for the Mayflower corporation now, money beats politics. War isn't Hell anymore, it's Dull. Don't slaughter their men and rape their women, just

steal their microchips.

HAWK

You know Kaplan, if you weren't the slimiest pinata of shit that ever lived, I'd feel sorry for you.

SNICKERS

Good news, bud, the Mayflowers have moved up the time-table. You're hitting the Vatican to-night.

HAWK

Tonight? You're whacked. The timing's off, I'm underequipped. Damn it, I have a date!

Almond Joy smoothly extracts Hawk's notebook and reads...

ALMOND JOY

Grapple, Biker's bottle, hairspray, black turtleneck, Pocket Fisherman, acid, collapsible yardstick, softball, and 72 stamps. Gee Stud, this is going to be some date. No Harvey's Bristol Cream?

KAPLAN

Snickers, make the list happen. Oh and it's one thing to play hide and seek with the Mayflower's pathetic staff, but we're sore losers. I've put jumper cables on the nipples of children and not always in the line of duty.

HAWK

Thanks for sharing.

KAPLAN

We blow up space shuttles for breakfast. You and your friend Alex would be a late afternoon Triscuit.

HAWK

If you do anything to my friend...

KAPLAN

Yeah, right. By the way, as long as I'm getting things off my chest, I'm the one who killed your little monkey. Made it look like a Mafia hit. Did it for fun. Ciao.

Kaplan and the crew quickly disperse in different directions as Hawk howls in frustration. Kit Kat moves behind Hawk and perfectly mimics him.

HAWK

What did you have against Little Eddie, motherfucker? He was just a monkey who liked to laugh. Come back without your yuppie army. I'll triscuit you, you space shuttle eating...Shit.!

Without looking, Hawk elbows the mimic Kit Kat in the face. Kit Kat gives Hawk a strange smile and hands him a card that reads: BEWARE THE ODD STEPS.

Hawk looks up from the card. Kit Kat is gone, but Butterfinger scampers in his place.

BUTTERFINGER

Hey, Mr. Hawk, I got those 72 stamps!

Sighing, Hawk takes the huge sheath of stamps.

EXT. INDOOR TRAIN TRACK

One of the small Vatican mail trains bullets across an indoor track. The viewer's viewpoint whooshes to catch up, focusing on a very large package, addressed to the Pope, that has Hawk's sheath of stamps slapped onto it. The train zips into a tunnel.

INT. THE VATICAN UNDERGROUND SUBWAY

The train rumbles into the Vatican mini-station. TWO HARRIED WORKERS heave up the strange cargo onto a sorting table.

A bell rings as a clock hits 10. The workers do a sigh of relief. Shucking off their uniforms, they head out.

A hand rips out of the huge package.

INT. OUTSIDE THE CODEX ROOM--NIGHT

Hawk pops out of the secret passageway door and moves to the mouth of the doorless Codex room. He pauses to hand-comb his hair in the two large, framed mirrors at the sides.

THE CODEX ROOM

Carrying the now frameless mirrors in each hand, Hawk hustles to the top of the steps and suddenly stops.

HAWK

"Beware the Odd Steps."

Hawk crouches down and notices the step below him has a clear magnetic tape running across it to a dime sized alarm button.

HAWK

Why Kit Kat, aren't you a gentleman...

Hawk bounds down every other one of the steps down to where the Codex is bathed in a holy light.

He hefts up the two now frameless mirrors and puts them each in a groove of a collapsible yardstick running across the top. The parallel mirrors now face out from each other. Hawk sprays a blast of Clairol to reveal the light sensor beams, and then with a deep breath, he thrusts the mirrors into the beams.

The light bounces harmlessly off the mirrors and Hawk exhales. He balances the connected mirrors then crawls through his tent-like passageway.

Hawk squirts acid from a biker's bottle on the cracks of the rectangular glass case that holds the Codex. The acid sizzles.

INT. VATICAN LIBRARY HALLWAY--NIGHT

A BURLY GUARD thoughtfully stares at a painting, fingers propping his chin like an critic then continues ambling on.

THE CODEX ROOM

Rubbing his head, Hawk gives an excited smile as the glass cracks of the rectangular case loosen. Hawk pulls out a

pocket fisherman....

The viewer's viewpoint moves upward to reveal, through the mouth of the room, the Burly Guard is coming down the hall.

OUTSIDE THE CODEX ROOM

Burly Guard approaches the outskirts of the Codex room. He combs his hair into the piece of wall in the now empty mirror-frame then REALIZES.

Muttering Italian into his walkie-talkie, Burly Guard rushes into the room and looks down to the sensor deflecting mirrors.

He passes a statue, behind which, Hawk is revealed to be standing.

Burly Guard approaches the Codex and sees the dripping acid. He also notices a fishing hook attached to the binding of the Codex. The fishing wire leads out of the glass case. The Guard reaches to touch it when suddenly the wire is pulled tightly upward by a moving-out-from-behind-the-statue Hawk.

The Codex FLIES off its perch, setting off the ALARM and sending the bizarre cage/lamp CRASHING DOWN and AROUND the hapless Burly Guard. The green gas commences its noxious billowing as the Codex swooshes into Hawk's hands. He then hurls a softball, smashing a window on the other side of the room.

The familiar Vatican Guard and a Guard Three barrel down into the mouth of the codex room. Only one Gas Mask drops from the doorway. The Vatican Guard pulls it on and gives a "That's Life" shrug of shoulders to the fainting Guard three.

Hawk puts on the missing gas mask and launches a grapple around the ceiling cord of the dropped Ornate Lighting Fixture. Hawk then Tarzans from one staircase to another. He then ungrapples and heads toward the shattered window.

The Vatican Guard waits a stunned moment before giving chase.

EXT. THE ROOF

Hawk flings off his gas mask and begins a classical

skipping-across-the-rooftop jaunt. Suddenly a brick on the slightly slanted roof gives way and Hawk FALLS. His canvas bag goes skipping down across the roof, landing against the antennae.

INT. THE POPE'S BEDROOM

A T.V. showing Mr. Ed. speaking to Wilbur in Italian goes fuzzy. THE POPE, wearing his famous hat and a Notre Dame bathrobe angrily bangs on it.

EXT. THE ROOF

Hawk harvests his grapple on the level part of the roof and slides down toward the dangling-off-the-antennae bag.

The Vatican Guard pops out of the window and fires a warning shot.

Hawk stretches to the bag. His fingers touch as the Guard continues to bound forward.

HAWK

Please God, Please God.....let
the guard shoot me.

Hawk pulls up the bag and turns himself to see Vatican Guard hovering over him on the roof.

VATICAN GUARD

The worm's on the other foot,
yankee noodle candy.

Hawk sees the Vatican Guard's foot move toward the grapple. Hawk ferociously tugs, ripping the Guard off-balance and knocking down a side of the roof.

EXT. TOP OF A NEARBY WALL

Hawk dashes atop a nearby wall and hurls his grapple across a road around a tree branch. Hawk ties the end of grapple line, tosses on a friction belt, takes a breath and JUMPS OFF THE WALL. The viewer follows him on his breathtaking ride.

The bruised Vatican Guard flops back atop the roof. He gets off a wild shot before crumpling back down.

HAWK

is almost to the other side when the Guard's bullet hits

the friction belt. Hawk drops with a wild scream... and lands with a painful straddle atop a street lamppost. His eyes bug out with the thought of a life without children. He slowly spins off the lamppost and sails down upon...

EXT. A BUS

and the comfortable luggage housed on top of it. Hawk tries to maintain his balance upon the wobbling baggage, but the bus makes a quick turn and Hawk goes flying off...

EXT. RIGHT INTO A CAFE CHAIR--NIGHT

Panting and discombobulated, Hawk looks across the table to the female hands holding open a menu. The menu comes down. It is Anna. Hawk unpretzels and laps his canvas bag.

ANNA

Oh Hudson, I was worried you weren't going to drop by....

HAWK

I never break a date. Scout's honor.

Hawk does the honor sign with his black gloved hand then quickly rips it off as a WAITER comes to the table.

HAWK

Fettucini con Funghi Porcini.

WAITER

Bellissimo, signor.

HAWK

Oh, and could I have some ketchup with that.

Anna hits her forehead with the palm of her hand while the waiter's entire body sinks in disappointment. Other TABLE OCCUPANTS sadly shake their heads.

EXT. ANOTHER TABLE--NIGHT

At a comfortable distance curled behind a heat lamp, Snickers is being an Uglier American to an UNCOMPREHENDING WAITER, while Almond Joy chuckles and Butterfinger spreads

butter over an entire baguette.

SNICKERS

Come on, Pierre, Steak-bur-ger,
Fren-n-ch Fries. This is France,
you gotta have French.....

ALMOND JOY

Actually we're in Italy, Snickers,
she said as if it made a difference.

The Waiter sneaks off. Butterfinger devours his bread.

SNICKERS

Italy, France, Moscow. They all
just wanna be Nebraska. Old Man
Kaplan thinks since Communism is
dead, we got nothing to do. Man,
Democracy isn't free elections.
We gotta teach the world that
Democracy is Big Tits, College
Football on Saturdays, Eddie
Murphy saying the word "Fuck"
and Kids putting their hands down
garbage disposals on "America's
Funniest Home Videos."

ALMOND JOY

Damn baby, when's the last time
you had a vacation...Jesus, I
gotta get out of this job. If
my Mom knew her daughter
assassinated the leader of the
anti-Apartheid movement.....

SNICKERS

Quit bitching, you got the
employee of the month plaque for
that shit...Ah to be in Pari-is
and in love.

They look off to.....

HAWK AND ANNA'S TABLE

Physically sarcastic, the Waiter brings a tall wine
basket with a bottle of ketchup in it. Hawk nabs it.

HAWK

This is bueno. They had the worst
ketchup in prison.....uh...

ANNA

Prison?

HAWK

I was the Warden?

ANNA

How long were you in?

HAWK

Let's just say, I never saw E.T.

ANNA

Wow, you were "in the joint."
"Doing hard time." It's funny,
but that excites me. I seem to
have a thing for sinners.

HAWK

I seem to have a thing for sinning.
sinning. Check please....

WAITER

Ah, anything for dessert?

ANNA

(she shoots)

Yes. Something to go.

HAWK

(she scores)

I'll bring the ketchup.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE--NIGHT

The viewer's viewpoint pulls back, past the black canvas bag on a table, to reveal a barefoot Anna is straddling a bare-backed Hawk, demurely and tentatively studying his bruises.

ANNA

What have you been doing?

HAWK

Uh....old badminton injury.

Anna giggles and bends to kiss a bruise. She stops herself and opts for tickling.

HAWK

tickles, tickleS, TICKLES.

ANNA

(not stopping)

Oh, I'm so sorry...

Roaring with laughter, they capsize onto the floor. Hawk slithers around to devour her toes. Anna closes her eyes and arches her back.....

She opens her eyes and sees a large crucifix staring right at her. With a gasp, she rolls away from Hawk and stands up, trying to brush off her sins.

ANNA

I'm sorry. I can't. I....

HAWK

(softly approaching)

Hey now, outside of a very friendly dog this morning, it's been a slow decade. I don't make love every ten years, I get a little cranky.

ANNA

It's also been a long time for me. I--

Their heads fuse for a semi-classic screen kiss until THE CRUCIFIX LIGHTS UP AND BEGINS SHOUTING IN ITALIAN.

HAWK

Catholic girls are scary...

ANNA

Somebody robbed the Vatican.

HAWK

Oh. No.

Anna slides on her shoes and makes a hasty retreat. She bumps into the canvas bag. The Codex slides out. They both catch it in mid-air. Anna's eyes pop. She wrenches the Codex away and kicks. Hawk pulls her into a passionate back-against-his-stomach hug. The Codex falls to the floor unharmed.

HAWK

It's not what you think. Okay, maybe it is....

ANNA

You really went and did it. With one day, not even a day, of planning, you did it. Nobody does it better, Hudson. You started the week stealing the Sforza and you ended it swiping the Codex.

HAWK

Wha--

ANNA

What are your plans for the weekend? Hoisting away the Colosseum? Tell me, did the devil make you do it or did Darwin and Minerva Mayflower?

EXT. A CAR OUTSIDE OF ANNA'S PLACE--NIGHT

Crammed together in the front seat, Snickers, Almond Joy, and Butterfinger are watching the shadows of Hawk and Anna up in the window. Snickers snaps a cartridge into a gun while Butterfinger attacks a goo-ey pastry.

SNICKERS

What's going on in there?

BUTTERFINGER

Do you want me to rape them?

(throwing pastry down)

Dunkin does it better.

SNICKERS

Just read, Butterfinger.

Butterfinger pulls up the book on Da Vinci that Anna wrote and starts reading like a schoolboy.

BUTTERFINGER

"Da Vinci had fears about his more dangerous designs, so he created a shorthand code in reverse script..."

ALMOND JOY

To yourself!.....What are they doing? In twenty seconds, we go

in.

INT. ANNA'S PLACE

Foam shoots out over the coffee. Hawk smiles down at it as Anna works a cappuccino machine.

ANNA

For two years, I've been tracking the Mayflowers' peculiar interest in three Da Vinci pieces. Their Sforza replica was as fake as the "gas leak" that supposedly destroyed it.

HAWK

Does everyone in the world know more than me? Jesus, I'm just some guy who happens to be good at swiping stuff.....Lifted a piece of licorice when I was one and a half. Who knew it would lead... They even got the CIA involved!

ANNA

The C.I. what? God, no...

HAWK

(raising his cup)

Ooh, I guess I do know something Here's looking at you, kid...

THE CAR OUTSIDE

The agents burst from the car, guns raised.

ALMOND JOY

Now.

ANNA'S HOUSE

Hawk sips the cappuccino. His face immediately contracts.

HAWK

This doesn't taste like cappuccino.

ANNA

Oh, I must have put too much ethyl-chloride in it.

Anna throws a pillow on the ground and holds out her hand. Hawk collapses. His coffee cup lands perfectly in Anna's outstretched hand and his head lands perfectly on the pillow.

The candy bars bash the door open, guns raised.

ANNA

Why didn't you tell me at the restaurant that he had hit the Vatican tonight. My people will not be happy. I want to see Kaplan.

ALMOND JOY

That's not overly possible. He...

BUTTERFINGER

But guys, remember, he's in the castle at Vinci....

Snickers and Almond Joy grimace into fake smiles.

EXT. THE CASTLE--NIGHT

A helicopter thunders up to the awesome castle from the opening Da Vinci sequence.

INT. HELICOPTER

Anna pets the head of Hawk on her lap. She is pondering.

INT. A MYSTERIOUS DARK ROOM--NIGHT

A sparse circle of light houses a chair and a pacing Kaplan.

Snickers and Butterfinger flop Hawk onto the lit chair.

Kit Kat is dressed exactly like Anna. She reacts as she comes into the light. Kaplan takes the Codex from her.

KAPLAN

Way to go, Anna.

ANNA

When the Mayflowers find out we have the Codex, they're going to want to make a deal...

KAPLAN

(gung-ho lying)
And then we'll arrest those
greedy pigs... Is that it?

Hawk stirs. The viewer gets his woozy P.O.V.

ANNA

Actually George, it's not it.
What are we doing in this castle?
I happen to know the Mayflowers
bought this castle last year when
they found out Da Vinci used to
do...

The lights in the room come on to the sound of holy Da
Vinci theme, revealing an almost perfect refurbishing of
the exact same workshop Da Vinci toiled in in the
opening.

KAPLAN

(trying to be solemn)
It's the site of their new museum
and we're taking it over. Operation
Deflower Mayflower is going full
speed ahead.

ANNA

(taking it in)
Oh Lord.... the only reason I ask is
that Hudson, uh, Mr. Hawk, Hawkins,
had some "neat" things to say about
Darwin, Minerva, and you.
Basically that you're part of the
same car pool.

KAPLAN

Anna. Anna. Anna. If that were
true, Almond Joy would have
handed you your heart right
after you handed me the Codex.
Now, get some sleep. Kit Kat...

Kit Kat in drag spookily moves inches away from Anna.

ANNA

Cat got his tongue?

KAPLAN

Actually he never told us what it
was.

Kit Kat smiles, revealing the fact he has no tongue.

ANNA

How sweet. I trust you will see Hudson Hawk is given to the proper authorities. I recommend leniency...

SNICKERS

(holding in a laugh)

Oh, I think we all do.

Hawk gives her a look of honesty and pain that causes Anna to guiltily gulp as she heads out with the mimicking Kit Kat.

SNICKERS

Do you think she has any idea that Operation Deflower Mayflower is as bogus as Kit Kat's tits?

KAPLAN

I don't think so, although bringing her to the castle gave her a big, juicy hint.

ALMOND JOY

With all due respect to that great blouse, why didn't I cut out her heart?

KAPLAN

Close call, but she's our only way of keeping tabs on that damn mysterious Vatican organization. Hawk, it's time to go to the principal's office....

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASTLE--NIGHT

Moving into the chopper, Anna glimpses, Bunny, the obnoxious dog, in a Mayflower logo dog tag, taking a leak on some bushes. She fakes a yawn to the like dressed Kit Kat who fakes one back.

INT. THE G. MACHINE ROOM--NIGHT

Kaplan, Hawk, and the other agents march into the mammoth room of the opening scene. In the place of where one remembers the gold machine are undulating sheets, beneath which are unassembled parts of the machine.

Inside, a ball goes whizzing out of a tennis ball machine. In tennis gear and goggles, Darwin Mayflower thwacks it against the wall of (now faded) frescos.

Also in tennis threads, Minerva is laying on a chaise lounge holding a gadget in her hand.

DARWIN

Seven!

Minerva turns the gadget up to SEVEN and presses a button. Another tennis ball shoots out, a little faster. Darwin batters it. The ball ricochets into the forehead of an "amused" Alfred who is retrieving balls in sweat pants.

ALFRED

Jolly. Good. Shot. Sir.

MINERVA

Ooh, it's Hudson Hawk, you cease to amaze me, convict. You are a terrible cat burglar!

DARWIN

Haven't you ever seen, like David Niven? You know tiptoe in, tiptoe out.

MINERVA

Like a "cat", one could say.

HAWK

Shucks, I'll just take it back.

Hawk reaches for the Codex. Kaplan pulls it over to Darwin, who pulls up his goggles and fondles the ancient binding. Taking a knife from Kaplan, he begins to slit it open.

MINERVA

(bouncing up)

No, let me!

DARWIN

(pout)

I don't care.

Hawk looks away to the billowing sheets and the strange machine parts behind them.

Minerva slits the bindings and tugs out another geometrically perverted crystal.

HAWK

Another piece of the puzzle for the Da Vinci Alchemy project.

Kaplan, Darwin, and Minerva look up to Hawk, then to each other, all start to speak, then all stop.

This quandary is deferred by the entrance of the twin Flunkies.

DARWIN

Oh, you. There's nothing more I hate than failure. All you had to do was follow the Hawk, it's not like I said "Teach our nation's children how to read."

Hawk uses the distraction to amble toward the sheets.

DARWIN

I guess we're just going to have to kill 'em...

Shockingly swift, Minerva pulls a small gun from beneath her tennis dress and blasts a burning hole between each set of Flunky eyes, splattering them to the ground.

DARWIN

God Minerva, I was kidding.

A SHOCKED HAWK

quickly turns from the blithe carnage and pulls up a sheet. He reveals the familiar Gold Machine Demonhead.

THE MAYFLOWERS

reverberate off each other with laughter. Bloodstained, Kaplan and Almond Joy exchange an eye bulge. Minerva's smile disappears as she sees Hawk by the sheets.

MINERVA

Get away from there, convict!

HAWK

Just browsing. Don't touch me....

Snickers touches him. Hawk smashes him in the jaw.
Snickers rears back to reciprocate....

DARWIN

Don't hurt him! We need him for
the final job!

Snickers stops himself, snarling in frustration. Hawk is
suddenly the happiest man he's been in Italy.

HAWK

Oh weeeeelly, don't hurt me? Even
if I do this....

Hawk pulls Snickers' glasses off and stamps them.

HAWK

And this....

Hawk knees Butterfinger in the stomach.

HAWK

Surely this must offend....

Hawk body-block-dominoes Butterfinger and Snickers to the
ground. Kaplan and Almond Joy aim their guns.

KAPLAN

That's it!

Playfully lifting his shirt, Hawk grabs Minerva and
manually swivels her hips to the beat of his.

HAWK

Things are getting a little loose
at the Da Vinci workshop tonight.
"Put your left leg in, take your
right foot out." May I call you
Minnie....

Hawk mambos to Alfred who rifles his blade up to Hawk's
crotch. Hawk stops dancing.

DARWIN

Come to think of it there is a part
of your body that you won't need for
your next job...

HAWK

Hey, guys, I've always wanted to sing
like Franki Valli and the other seasons,

but come on....

Alfred moves the blade a little upward. Hawk a-a-ghs.

MINERVA

Big girls don't cry-I-eye.

HAWK

Two minutes, 35 seconds. Damn it, I'm involved in this thing, so I just wanna know what this thing is. I wanna be treated as an adult.

DARWIN

That's fair. Tomorrow. Back in Rome. Now go to your room.

Alfred strategically Vulcans Hawk on the neck. He falls.

INT. DARK CONFESSION BOOTH--MORNING

The lips of Anna come into light.

ANNA

Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It's been 1200 hours since my last confession.

INT. THE CARDINAL'S SIDE OF THE CONFESSION BOOTH

The cardinal suppresses a yawn.

CARDINAL

Hit me with your best shot.

ANNA (O.S.)

I betrayed a man. A good man. An innocent man. A thief.

CARDINAL

Anna, what are you trying to say...

ANNA'S DARKENED LIPS

ANNA

He came into a world where crime is a legitimate business tactic and a legitimate government procedure. But he knew Right and Wrong. Oh, and we kind of messed around...

THE CARDINAL

freaks and goes into some Italian gibberish before...

CARDINAL

"Messed around" messed around? I know-- I don't want to know. First base? Second Base? Stop me when I'm getting warm...

ANNA (O.S.)

A little petting is not the issue!

CARDINAL

Sorry. Seventeen Hail Marys and five minutes outside.

INT. OUTSIDE THE CONFESSION BOOTH--MORNING

The Cardinal emerges and stands by Anna's confessional curtains.

CARDINAL

So let me get this straight, sister, you're saying Hudson Hawk is not willingly working for the Mayflowers but Kaplan and the Candy Bars are?

Anna moves out of the confessional curtains, wearing a FULL NUN HABIT for she is a Nun. The gaspingly beautiful church unfolds as they walk.

ANNA

You got it. Operation Deflower Mayflower is a bad joke and I'm the punchline. I thought we were using the CIA to help us to get Mayflower, but really the CIA was using me to keep us away from Mayflower.

CARDINAL

Oh, why couldn't I be the Cardinal in charge of catering.... If the Mayflowers get the three sections of Da Vinci's crystal and his instructions for the gold machine-- Aie-yi--Do we got anything? What of Alex, Hawk's friend, where is his loyalty?

ANNA

I'm going to find out.

CARDINAL

I'm sorry for losing it back there,
but you must remember, sister, you
have vows to God as well as a mission
to the world.

ANNA

I know, I know, your Eminence, just say
"God go with me."

CARDINAL

God go with you, sister.

Anna puts on the coolest pair of sunglasses, deliciously
contrasting with her habit. She moves off....

INT. ROME CONFERENCE ROOM--DAY

Beneath the wacky portrait, Darwin circles the board-
member filled conference table as Minerva smooches Bunny.
Everyone watches Alfred place a bar of Gold and of Lead
in the hands of a blindfolded Hawk at the middle of the M.

DARWIN

So, Captain Hawk, in one of your
paws you got a gold bar worth
about 8 thou. In the autre, you
got lead that won't get you
gelato.

MINERVA

Surely a master-thief like you can
tell the difference.

HAWK

("What's my Line")

That's two down to Kitty
Carlisle...

Hawk "weighs" the two bars in his hands--digs with his
fingernails. He rips off the blindfold in subdued
frustration. As Minerva speaks, she unconsciously
molests Alfred.

MINERVA

Cool, isn't it? Weight, feel,
malleability, they're all but

identical. On the periodic chart of elements, they're but one proton apart. Great minds worked for centuries to turn worthless into priceless.

HAWK

Alchemy.

DARWIN

(casually goosing Alfred)
Alchemy! Is the business term of the 90's, my man! Minerva read about it in an airline magazine about four years ago. I dumped some lira into research... Shazam, we come across a diary by one of Da Vinci's apprentices detailing La Machine de Oro, the gold machine for those at home, and the rest is about to become history. Money isn't everything, gold is. Fuck blue chip stocks! Fuck T-bills! Fuck Junk Bonds! I got the real deal! Money will always be paper but gold will always be gold!

MINERVA

Market crashes. Bomb drops. Greenhouse effect affects. We'll still be the richest, most powerful people in the world. In 1992, Europe is coming together to become one business superpower. It's one party we'd love to poop.

DARWIN

Well, that said, the last ingredient in the recipe is in, get this, you're gonna die, the Kremlin.

HAWK

Sure. The Kremlin. Makes sense. The Kremlin. Why not? Listen, this is all too Indiana Jones and the Lost City of King Tut for me, man. Throw me in jail and go ahead, just try and throw Alex...

MINERVA

Jail, you asshole! Our foot

soldiers will blow your brains
out! Bunny, Ball-Ball!

Minerva angrily throws the dog off her lap and whips a tennis ball into its mouth.

DARWIN

I'll torture you so slowly you'll think it's a career! I'll kill your family, your friends, and the bitch you took to the Prom!

HAWK

You want an address on that last one?

Bunny barks up at Hawk in anger.

HAWK

Bunny, not you too?

MINERVA

You've got a dilemma, tiger. I think I know what's going to help you solve it.

Alfred quickly latches on the state-of-the-art handcuffs and the blindfold. The viewer's viewpoint stays on a writhing Hawk.

HAWK

I'll kill all you. Even the old lady.

Hawk kicks back on the table, "jump ropes" the cuffs, then picks the lock with his teeth. Hawk rips off the blindfold to see that the entire room is empty except for Alex, standing at the other end, in an incongruous Italian leather coat.

ALEX

I hated cigarettes until I saw my first No Smoking sign. Keep off the Grass? Let's play Soccer. Only law I cared about was friendship. Broke that one too, didn't I? This Gates-Mario Brothers-CIA-Mayflower-Da Vinci thing seemed like a sweet deal. Visit foreign lands, take their

treasures. I don't know, I thought you'd get into it. It's better than playing darts with M.B.A.'s at the bar. I didn't know it was going to be like this. Them using me to use you... I'm sorry, there's only one way out of this and it's gonna hurt me more than it's gonna hurt you.

Alex pulls out a gun from his jacket and clicks it in.

EXT. FAMILIAR PIAZZA--DAY

The piazza from the fascist E.U.R. building are bustling with office workers laughing, smoking, and hustling. Darwin, Minerva and Kaplan are a solid troika in the center of the steps. The other agents stroll in the periphery....

KAPLAN

I just don't think it was a smoking hot idea to leave them up there alone.

MINERVA

Don't worry George, this is the reason we put the old diabetic guinea on the payroll to begin with. To keep Hawk in line. They'll talk about "being buddies" and "chugging brewskis."

DARWIN

(raising glass)

You gotta love male bonding.

As Darwin slaps Kaplan on the back, behind them, Hawk and Alex come crashing out of the windowed doors of the building.

KAPLAN

You were saying...

Moving to the edge of the stairs, Hawk and Alex, latter holding his gun, sprout up from their own debris and continue savagely brawling. The wiggling out passers-by give them space.

HAWK

You bastard! You fucked my freedom for a lousy job!

Alex trembles, going into a diabetic seizure. He shakily raises his gun.

ALEX

Hawk... I'm so sorry...

Hawk roars forward like a bull and helmets Alex. They roll together down the massive staircase past Darwin, Minerva, and the CIA who react with "This can't be happening" catatonia.

Two SHOTS go off as Hawk and Alex crash to the bottom of the staircase. Hawk rises up in a daze to see Alex on the ground with two bloody bullet holes.

HAWK

No.....Alex! Wake up, you can't go out like this.

Hawk falls to his knees as Snickers hustles toward him. Suddenly, sirens are heard as a police van pulls up. Snickers stops.

Four policemen blast from the back of the van. One holds back the crowd. One strenuously pulls Hawk into the van. The other two drag in Alex.

The villains look to each other for non-existent guidance as the van pulls away.

MINERVA

Plan B, anyone...

Using initiative, Snickers hops on a Vespa and roars off after them. The van can be seen swerving off.....

AROUND A CORNER

where it bolts up into a much larger truck marked VATICAN SOUVENIRS. TWO SEEMINGLY-INNOCENT-BYSTANDER PRIESTS break demeanor to flop up the wheel ramps, slam close the back of the truck, lock it shut, and continue on their solemn way.

The TRUCK BELLOWS off as the Vespa spins around the corner. Snickers brakes and looks around for the police van. He hits his handle with frustration.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL ROME OVERVIEW

Out of her habit but still in her incredible sunglasses, Anna looks out to a lovely view of Italy. The Vatican Truck pulls up behind her. A giddy, blood-stained Alex and a not-so-giddy Hawk bound out of the back. Alex excitedly gives himself an insulin shot.

ANNA

Oh thank God, you're dead...

ALEX

It was so beautiful! When the blanks went off, they...

Hawk's fist whooshes into frame and blasts Alex's jaw.

HAWK

You bastard. You fucked my freedom for a lousy job.

ALEX

But I said I was sorry....

HAWK

No sweat, Alex, you only made the biggest mistake of my life. What was your per-diem?

ALEX

Don't act like you've never committed a crime before, Hawkins? I know, I made call, when Anna tracked me down I...

ANNA

Hudson, don't you understand...

HAWK

And you, Dr. Cappucino, you're lucky I don't hit women, assuming you are a woman. I'm not taking anything for granted anymore.

ANNA

I-work-for-a-covert-Vatican-humanitarian-organization. The-CIA-made-a-fool-of-me. I-care-for-you...

HAWK

Oh. Well, what's this?

Hawk pulls out the Demon Head that was in the Mayflower Museum from out of his pocket. Anna turns white.

ANNA

Where did you get this?

HAWK

You know, the place where you gave the bad guys the Codex.... the Mayflower Museum.

ANNA

It's from the machine. All they need is the crystal to run it and they have 2/3 of it already. We can't let that happen.

ALEX

You're saying you want us to beat them to the crystal and save the world from financial disarray.

ANNA

Something like that.

ALEX

(pulling out plane
tix)

Well, forget about it. Hawk and I are going to Rio. We're hurt, we're tired, and a hero ain't nothing but a sandwich. Right, buddy?...

ANNA

Hudson, God's given you a gift for cat burglary, you can't just...

HAWK

You better believe I can. I'm sick of people telling me what I have to do.

ANNA

It's that kind of selfish attitude that...

HAWK

Selfish attitude? I'm just some guy who wants a little nap and a cappuccino for when he wakes up, not too much foam...

ANNA

You re not "some guy" anymore,
Hudson. Right now, you're the
only guy. Without your help, I....

Anna looks to Hawk with a choked-up expression. The weight of the world on his shoulders, Hawk turns away to a lovely view, his mind painfully raging and swirling toward peaceful clarity.

HAWK

The world is beautiful. Every day in prison I made sure to remember that. It's only when I actually got out that I forgot. If I was sane, I'd be on that plane to Rio. But being beaten and abused to fulfill some corporation's perverted vision does something to your mental health. The world is beautiful and I'm tired of being fucked.

(turning around)

It's Darwin and Minerva's turn to bite the pillow...

Anna involuntarily does the sign of the cross. Alex goodnaturedly does a jerking off motion.

ANNA

That was beautiful.

ALEX

I laughed, I cried.

Shaking his head, Hawk swipes the plane tickets from Alex.

HAWK

Rio, Alex? After all they've done to...Hey, these tickets are for Moscow!

ALEX

(knowing smile)

Damn travel agency. That Kremlin thing is in Moscow, isn't it?

A proud Hawk slaps Alex on the back as some passing ITALIAN LOCALS stop to stare, horrified, at Alex's bullet holes. Anna sweetly intervenes.

ANNA

Ketchup. Stupido Americani...

The locals give off a slightly dazed "A-a-h" and move off.

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM--DAY

Wind blows through the shattered conference room window. Snickers is banging on his computer apparatus at the table with the Mayflowers and the other agents.

KAPLAN

We're all family now. My team has done a lot of rougher things than steal the model of a helicopter.

SNICKERS

We're going to whack this place so fast we'll have time to shop for American imports.

Darwin and Minerva politely smile and then turn away to each other with knowing looks. The computer screen shows the familiar image of the Kremlin building that turns into a complex look at interiors the viewer will later see.

ALMOND JOY

Lucky for us, the Da Vinci is located in a wing of the Kremlin that they used to throw the Miss Ukraine pageant and stuff. It'll have the least number of guards....

KAPLAN

As for our plan of action, anybody'd be insane to go in from the ground floor...

INT. A VAN-BUS--NIGHT

A head-rubbing Hawk and a stomach rubbing Alex kneel on the floor of a moving van, over a barely legible drawing of what was so neatly delineated on the CIA computer. Both guys are dressed as priests and are chewing gum.

ALEX

We're going in from the ground floor.

HAWK

Geez, this Art Treasures Room
looks like a burnt diaphragm.

Hawk laughs and pops up into the passenger seat. Anna is revealed to be driving in her habit. Hawk gives her a kiss.

HAWK

Hey, don't take your disguise so seriously.

ANNA

Uh, yeah. Guess I'm a wee bit nervous. I'm sorry I could only score clergy passports.

HAWK

Fits my new image. A thief for the masses. This is one job I'm not going to feel guilty about enjoying. Gum.

Hawk, Alex, and Anna all spit out their gum into a bag Hawk holds.

ALEX

The security's actually not that severe.

ANNA

It doesn't have to be. Everybody knows that if you mess with the Kremlin, you'll end up in a Siberian gulag eating your own fingernails.

Hawk takes in some views of Moscow that remind one of Budapest.

HAWK

Shwoof, that makes me feel better. I can't believe this is the Iron Curtain. All the guy at Airport customs wanted to know was "Who Shot J.R.?"

ALEX

You sound disappointed.

HAWK

Yeah, I mean, come on, going through the Iron Curtain is supposed to be crawling underneath barbed wire, it's supposed to be strangling a guard...

THE VAN

passes a textbook shot of the Kremlin in the distance.

HAWK (V.O.)

It's supposed to be parachuting in the moonlight....

EXT. THE TOP OF THE KREMLIN--NIGHT

Kaplan, Snickers, Almond Joy, and Butterfinger slam down upon the roof of the Kremlin and discard their parachutes.

Snickers opens up his computer screen, upon which is the image-map of the Kremlin with a flashing blue light at the top of the building and a flashing green one inside.

SNICKERS

We are the blue light. The green light is where the Art Treasures room is.

KAPLAN

Let's go make a purple light. Where's Kit Kat?

EXT. THE KREMLIN GROUNDS

Dressed in cat burglar black and all chewing gum, Hawk, Alex, and Anna crawl across the Kremlin grounds. They scope out a shabby Delivery Entrance.

ALEX

Delivery Entrance. Low Security.

ANNA

Gum.

All three spit out their gum into Hawk's bag.

HAWK

Count of three?

ALEX

Why not just go now?

HAWK

Okay.

The Trio rush for the door.

THE KREMLIN ROOF

SOVIET GUARD ONE comes out on the roof to light a cigarette. He looks in the distance to the motivating CIA team. Suddenly a card floats down into his hand.

It reads: WILLIAM TELL. ADAM'S APPLE. GET IT?

The not-getting-it Guard looks up from the card as a grinning Kit Kat parachutes behind him. The Guard swerves around and Kit Kat savagely skewers him with a crossbow shot to his Adam's apple.

THE DELIVERY ENTRANCE

Hawk, Anna, and Alex race to the door, the latter bashes it...

INT. GRUNGY WHITE FOYER

open and sets off an annoying hammer-against-bell alarm. Alex all-fours beneath the alarm. Hawk does a Michael Jordan vault off Alex's back and slam dunks A MASSIVE BALL OF USED-GUM, pulled from his bag, between the hammer and the bell, cutting off the sound. They rush ahead.

EXT. THE KREMLIN ROOF

The agents are trotting across the roof when a phone on Snickers' apparatus rings. Kaplan answers it.

KAPLAN

Everything's going fine, Minerva,
thanks for asking...

INT. NONDESCRIPT HALLWAY

Minerva chats on a cellular moving down a hallway, with Darwin, who is holding in his laughter as if this was a great crank.

MINERVA

I say who needs this Hudson Hawk
anyway....

INT. A GRAND BALLROOM

The good guys scurry upon the second level of an epic and gorgeous ballroom. Two lush staircases lead up from the floor. From behind a pillar, the gang checks out the activity below.

A tablecloth is being wrangled over a large table at the opposite end of the ballroom by SERVANTS. Threatening SOVIET SOLDIERS maneuver on the floor.

HAWK

(Wizard of Oz)

Oh-Eee-Oh-A-Whoa-Oh.

They then make a mad scuffle across their side of the second level, hunkering down by the level railing.

As they move into another wing hallway, the viewer's viewpoint moves back down to the ballroom floor to see a gloating DARWIN AND MINERVA ENTER, the latter still on the phone.

MINERVA

Everybody here, in Rome, wishes
you tinsel boxes of love...

The servants move away from the tablecloth and the table, revealing that it is shaped like an M. A GROUP OF SERIOUS SOVIET V.I.P.'s come out to join the Mayflowers at the table.

THE ROOF

Kaplan hangs up the phone.

KAPLAN

Lazy, rich, condescending bitch.

The team moves up to the rooftop doorway where Kit Kat is. He holds up an "About Time" card. The agents laugh and greet them.

INT. A VERY LONG, ENIGMATIC HALLWAY

Hawk, Alex, and Anna pass through a set of windowed double doors into a very long hallway that leads into a

pitch darkness. A MURAL OF A HAPPY, ARM-STRETCHED LENIN looms above the doors. They give it a quick glance before pulling out screwdrivers and wire hangers.

ALEX

Eighth room down, babe...

ANNA

Guards come exactly every three minutes....

HAWK

Three. Oh. Oh. "Side by Side."

Our trio charges down the hallway.

HAWK

"Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money.

ALEX

"Maybe we're ragged and funny."

They reach a MASSIVE SPOOKY DOOR WITH AN ODD, ANCIENT LOCK. They go to work on it. Not losing the beat.

HAWK AND ALEX

"But we'll travel along, singing a song. Side by Side..."

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY

With a gust of wind, Kaplan and the Candy Bars bluster through the rooftop door into another hallway, where SOVIET GUARDS TWO AND THREE are taking it easy.

KAPLAN

Create a diversion.

Snickers and Butterfinger calmly blow away both guards with silenced mini-Uzis.

SOVIET GUARD FOUR rushes out a door before the agents, zipping up his fly. Almond Joy twists his neck with an agonizing SNAP.

THE LONG HALLWAY

Hawk, Anna, and Alex retreat beneath the Lenin mural through the windowed double doors.

Behind the doors, they poke up to see a BESPECTACLED GUARD emerge from the darkness to check out the door.

ALEX

Now that's a lock.

HAWK

Don't worry, we'll get it...

ANNA

Can I sing this time, too?
Please?

Hawk and Alex are not thrilled about the idea, but Anna's eye flutter does it.

HAWK

Uh, I guess so.

The Bespectacled Guard moves back into the darkness.

THE BALLROOM

The Soviet V.I.P.'s open up presents of pink L.A. GEAR tennis shoes, silly T-shirts, and Nintendo joysticks as a standing Darwin hypnotizes them.

DARWIN

I look at you Soviet people and I feel... pity... superiority. Most of your life, your government has told you that Capitalism turns people into robots who'd rather eat microwave sushi, naked in the back of a Cadillac than hear the laughter of children.

MINERVA

(smiling)

We're here to say, your government was right.

DARWIN

So let's get busy. Have some fun and make some deals.

AT THE LOCK

Alex holds a lit match into the lock, while Hawk does something incomprehensible with a screwdriver. They are improvising...

HAWK

"Oh this lock is a pain in the bu-utt"

ALEX

"How'd we ever get such in a ru-utt"

Anna suddenly, booms out the chorus in a way that Hawk and Alex can barely concentrate.

ANNA

"But we'll travel the road, Sharing
the load. Side by Side!"

THE HALLWAY ABOVE

The CIA team saunters through corpses up to a door similar in lock and design to the one Hawk and Alex are working on.

Snickers's computer screen shows the blue light directly above the green light.

SNICKERS

This is the room above the Art
Treasures room. The lock is a
Natalya Z-Z, first created...

ALMOND JOY

Snickers, baby, I love you like a
brother, but really, who cares?
Silencer bomb...

Butterfinger pulls from around his shoulder a strange rifle. He attaches to the front of it;, a glass encased, suctioning time-bomb from a waist satchel. He fires the bomb against the door and it starts ticking.

BEHIND THE WINDOWED DOUBLE DOORS

come Hawk, Alex, and Anna, panting.

HAWK

That was close....

ALEX

Anna, I think you better stay....

HAWK

You can be lookout!..... Take
Alex's gun.

Alex hands Anna his gun, who glumly takes it like a Little Sister not allowed to play. Hawk and Alex go back through the doors.

THE HALLWAY ABOVE

The CIA bomb blows up the door with a weird silencer sound. Kaplan and the Candy Bars giddily whoop as they rush through the smoking door.

THE BALLROOM--SECOND LEVEL

Anna meanders across the second level muttering to herself in Italian and amusingly imitating Hawk's condescension.

ANNA

"You can be the lookout."

Anna suddenly moves past the pillar to see the Mayflowers and the V.I.P.S. She gasps and hurls herself behind the second level railing.

THE BALLROOM FLOOR

A VERY DIGNIFIED SOVIET LEADER, in a SHIT HAPPENS baseball cap, addresses Darwin.

SOVIET LEADER

Before we serve you "the main course,"
hee, hee, we need to know specifics
about what you can do for us. We--

DARWIN

Bluntness. How amusingly Hungarian.
Listen up, for reasons I don't want
to get into, I recently had to close
down a petroleum factory, but I'm
going to re-build it here and
Madonna's going to cut the ribbon!
Frozen burritos in Leningrad. 1982
fantasy. 1992 reality.

THE LOCK OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Hawk and Alex more frantically toil on the lock.

HAWK

"We all had our quarrels and
parted..."

ALEX

"But we'll be the same as we started..."

The lock clunks open. They race through the doors into...

INT. THE ART TREASURE ROOM

Hawk and Alex weave through the room which is crammed, with little nuance, to the gills with great art treasures including an impressive array of Faberge eggs. A solid gold hammer and sickle hang on one wall...

HAWK AND ALEX

"Just traveling along, singing a song. Side--"

HAWK

Geez, this place is a mess...

ALEX

Voila...

They rumble toward an opening in the wall of the room covered by a small curtain that has the Da Vinci Man in the Circle drawing emblazoned across it. Hawk reaches for the curtain. Alex puts his arm around him and speaks, not sings.

ALEX

Side by side, man...

Suddenly, the roof above them explodes. Kaplan and the Candy Bars drop down behind them.

ALMOND JOY

What the hell....

SNICKERS

You're supposed to be dead!

ALEX

I'm a ghost. Boo.

HAWK

I don't want to sound immature, but we were here first...

KAPLAN

I wish I could think of those cute quips the way you can, Hawk, but I can't, so I'll just shoot Alex.

Kaplan point blank shoots Alex in the chest. Alex crumples backward, moaning. Butterfinger, casually, but with incredible strength, holds Hawk's arms behind his back.

HAWK

No....

ALMOND JOY

That was pretty uncool, George...

KAPLAN

Sorry, you know he kind of reminds me of Little Eddie. But I digress. Ah, victory is so sweet....

Kaplan pulls back the Da Vinci curtain. Nothing is there.

THE BALLROOM BANQUET

A SOVIET CHEF lifts up a silver domed serving tray, revealing the Da Vinci helicopter model.

MINERVA

Yum. This is the best meal I ever had...

ANNA

bulges her eyes at the revelation. She pulls out Alex's gun and bangs herself in the head. What to do....

THE ART TREASURES ROOM

Kaplan is bugging out.

KAPLAN

Damnit, this isn't the plan!
Blue light, green light, shit!
Snickers, Kit Kat, A.J., scramble,
see if you can find out anything.

They thunder out. Hawk, still in Butterfinger's oblivious clutches, shouts..

HAWK

Can't you see the Mayflowers
double-crossed you...

KAPLAN

They may be scum, but if I get the Da Vinci model back, then we'll be roasting weenies on the beach.

HAWK

I don't think you'll appreciate their choice of weenie.

Kaplan raises his gun.

THE BALLROOM BANQUET

Darwin holds the Da Vinci model in one hand and raises a glass of vodka in the other.

DARWIN

You're helping us achieve a goal and in return, I'm giving you a key to the world's executive washroom. Don't piss it away.... Skoal, amigos...

ANNA (O.S.)

Stop or I'll shoot.

Minerva and some various Soviet VIPS spew their vodka to look up to Anna pointing a gun down at them from the second level. She is shivering, shaking the gun.

ANNA

You people are immoral and narcissitic and I won't let you...

In unison, the Soviet Soldiers surrounding the table begin machine gunning up at her. She dives behind the railing.

THE ART TREASURES ROOM

Kaplan lowers his gun.

KAPLAN

I can't believe this. I'm in fucking Russia, or do I have to say, the fucking Soviet Union and I'm shooting a non-Bolshevick.

(raising back up his gun)

I never thought I'd say "I'm just in this job for the money." Sad. Any last immature quips?

HAWK

No.

(a beat)

But why do you let Butterfinger
keep those blood stains on his
shirt?

Falling for the oldest trick in the book, Butterfinger
looks down to his shirt.

BUTTERFINGER

What blood stains....

Hawk bounces up to savagely head-butt Butterfinger.
Butterfinger slams back against a wall causing the Gold
Sickle to fall down around his neck and knock him to the
ground, pinning his head to the floor. The Gold Hammer
next trembles off the wall and crushes Butterfinger's
skull.

HAWK

You want immature, how 'bout an
egg fight...

Hawk flings a Faberge egg, smashing the gun out of Kaplan's
hand. Hawk pelts a batch more at him. Kaplan sloppily
whips some eggs back. Hawk finally smashes one in half
and beans the jagged piece into Kaplan's eye. He squeals
to the ground, geysering blood.

Hawk swoops down to a wheezing, breath controlling Alex.

HAWK

Alex, are you....

ALEX

I can't believe you didn't notice.
My weight. I lost ten pounds in
Rome

HAWK

You're a reed, man. I gotta get
Anna. Hang in there...

THE BALLROOM

Bullets stop splintering around Anna at the railing as
the soldiers fling out their empty cartridges to reload.

Snickers, Almond Joy, and Kit Kat race out of the hall-

way area into the ballroom area. They stop at the sight of Anna....

ALMOND JOY

Anna-bannana-fo-fanna, I guess I
have to cut out your heart for
real now. It's not personal.

Anna feebly raises her gun. Almond Joy laughs and pulls out a knife.

ALMOND JOY

You won't shoot. I read your
dossier... Sister.

The Soviet Soldiers snap in new cartridges as Almond Joy moves out from behind the pillar towards Anna. The Soldiers blast away at this newly appearing figure.

Almond Joy ruptures and vibrates in a Sonny Corleone ballet.

ALMOND JOY

I gotta get a new job...

Snickers and Kit Kat militarily roll on either side of Anna as their partner wilts to the ground. The men, Snickers with his mini-Uzi, Kit Kat with his cross-bow rifle, briefly leap up to fire down at the soldiers with some graphic success.

Anna watches Darwin and Minerva head up the stairs to her level. She bolts off....

BALLROOM FLOOR

The last of the Soviet VIPS flee as the Soldiers tip over the M shaped table on its side, using it for cover, firing upward.

KIT KAT

breaks off and scurries around the second level to get a position behind the M.

He fires down an arrow for a successful kill. Another guard tries to fire up, but Kit Kat impales him to the back of the table with a quality shot.

Kit Kat grins and reloads as Alfred, the butler, regally creeps behind him.

HAWK

comes out of the long hallway double doors up to where Anna is bustling. They hug...

ANNA

The Mayflowers got...

Hawk and Anna turn to see the Mayflowers hastening in their direction. Noticing them back, the model-toting Mayflowers halt.

KIT KAT

turns to Alfred and fires his crossbow. Alfred effortlessly cuts it in half with his blade and continues to move forward. Still smiling, Kit Kat tries to reload.

MINERVA

breaks the standstill.

DARWIN

What a pleasant surprise. You're probably wondering...

HAWK

But you're going to tell us anyway...

MINERVA

I hate a man with a sense of humor. While you corn dogs were comparing the lengths of your masculinity, we obtained the helicopter the new fashioned way: a thoroughly corrupt business deal.

HAWK

If you think you're getting past me...

Grunting behind them, Snickers gun-butts Hawk to the ground.

HAWK

Don't be stupid...they...

SNICKERS

Bastard! If you were a true American.

HAWK

Just shut up and hit me!

Snickers swings a punch. Hawk blocks it then whomps him in the chest.

As they battle, Darwin grabs Anna's hair, slams her into a pillar, and watches her crumple.

KIT KAT

gets in an arrow but it's too late. Alfred stabs him deep, deep, deeply, and lifts him from the ground.

A shower of cards reading "OUCH" "PAIN" and "THIS REALLY HURTS" rain from out of Kit Kat's coat.

Alfred discards him over the edge.

Kit Kat sails down upon the M.

The lone card of "FUCK" plops from his open eyed corpse.

HAWK

and Snickers trades fierce blows, stumbling down a staircase.

DARWIN

and Minerva watch the fight with amusement. Alfred approaches.

DARWIN

Alfred, the getaway car...

SNICKERS

slashes Hawk in the arm with a small but sinister blade.

HAWK

Damnit, I hate this! I'm a cat burglar! Nobody said anything about this fight-to-the-death shit.

SNICKERS

Too bad.

Snickers goes for a final thrust when suddenly one of the silencer time bombs suction to his head.

Hawk turns to see Alex, barely standing, at the top of the stairs, holding the strange rifle.

Darwin and Minerva turn to this dramatic entrance. They start to trot off...

MINERVA

I knew it! I told you it was a fake.

DARWIN

That New-York-Italian-Father-made-twenty-bucks-a-week-son-of-a-bitch. What was our bet? A million?

MINERVA

Million five, lover...

HAWK

boots Snickers down the stairs. Snickers somersaults up and frantically tries to pull off the bomb.

Snickers wails to the soldiers, who have lowered their guns and are poking their heads out of the M to watch.

SNICKERS

Help me you Democratic Reform lovers! Get a screwdriver, you Stupid Eskimoes! Screw-dri-ver! Oh God, I always wanted to know how to play the harp, there just was so little time! Rosebud!

The soldiers high-tail it out. Snickers plugs his ears. Nothing happens.

SNICKERS

Maybe it was just a....

Snickers blows up gloriously before the M.

THE STAIRCASE

Hawk bounds up to Alex, who puffs down onto the steps.

ALEX

Get 'em. They went down the hallway.

HAWK

Let's just forget it, I mean...

ALEX

Get em....

Hawk rushes up the stairs, gives a "What can I do?" glance to the unconscious Anna, and then continues rushing, past a pillar. Minerva emerges from behind the pillar and moves forward.

THE LONG ENIGMATIC HALLWAY

Hawk chugs beneath the Lenin mural and down the hallway. He sees Darwin breezing in front of him. Darwin looks back to Hawk then runs forward into the darkness.

THE BALLROOM

Minerva sits down next to the pained Alex.

MINERVA

Alex. How's it going?

ALEX

Go, go to Hell, to Hell.

Minerva pulls out a candy bar and rips it open.

MINERVA

Where's your insulin....No? Well,
Bon Appetite.

Minerva savagely slams Alex's head down and shoves the candy bar in his mouth.

THE HALLWAY

Hawk moves closer and closer to the darkness of the hallway when a one-eyed and bleeding George Kaplan dives out of the Art Treasures room and tackles him. Hawk kicks him off...

HAWK

Oh, come on....

THE BALLROOM

Alex gulps down the last of the candy bar, shivering.

MINERVA

Very good, Alex, but you re
still alive....

She pulls out another candy bar. Alex, with a last
burst of strength, punches her across the face.

MINERVA

That's fair.

THE LONG HALLWAY

Hawk and Kaplan lock onto each other's throats.

HAWK

Why does this have to be so hard...

KAPLAN

Tell me about it...

Suddenly, of all things, a car is heard rumbling in the
darkness.

Hawk and Kaplan stop fighting and turn to see THE MAY-
FLOWER LIMOUSINE screeching out of the darkness with
Darwin standing out of the sunroof firing a gun.

Bullets fly around them. From his back pocket, Hawk
slaps the nice picture of him and Little Eddie into
Kaplan's hands.

HAWK

Take this to Hell with you...

Hawk jumps up and grabs a hanging lamp.

Deranged with confusion, Kaplan turns from the picture
to the charging limousine.

KAPLAN

My pension.....

The driving Alfred smiles through the windshield.

Kaplan's body slams into a vivid somersaulting crash
into the windshield.

Hawk's hands burn and sizzle on the hanging lamp.

Passing beneath, Darwin raises up his gun.

Hawk lets go of the lamp and drops down on Darwin, locking his legs around his neck and crushing him down into....

THE BACKSEAT OF THE LIMOUSINE

Hawk and Darwin grapple on the floor of the limo. The Da Vinci helicopter model bobs on the backseat. Darwin's gun goes off..

right through Alfred's throat. He slumps over, pressing down on the accelerator.

THE LIMOUSINE

blasts down the hallway, sparking off the wall, and bashing off paintings and mirrors.

THE BACKSEAT

Darwin flicks on his paper shredder and shoves the side of Hawk's hand into its teeth.

OUTSIDE THE LIMOUSINE

A mist of blood coughs out of the shredder vent and makes a weird bloody line across the wall.

INT. BACKSEAT

Hawk yanks his hand from the shredder and grabs the meg-lomaniac by the hair and shoves his head down on the arm rest. Hawk turns on the piercing siren and Darwin's eyes try to escape his head with a high pitched scream. Darwin's entire body bucks wildly.

Darwin back-elbows Hawk and moves down for his gun. Hawk pulls him back by his hair, grabs him by the balls, and pushes him upward through the sunroof.

DARWIN

God-damnit, I only wanted to
destroy the world in my own image.
I'm a regular Joe...

Darwin pounds his fists on Hawk's head as Hawk hits the sunroof switch sliding it shut on Darwin, pinning his arms below the roof, but leaving his torso twisting

in the wind.

The mural of a happy Lenin with his arms outstretched looms ahead waiting to greet Darwin.

Putting two and two together, Darwin loses it....

DARWIN

Not Lenin, anybody but Lenin. God,
let's talk about this.

The limousine charges through the double doors and Darwin's body connects with the mural.

INSIDE THE LIMO

Hearing the crunch, Hawk flips into the front seat and brakes the vehicle. Alfred's head bounces against the steering wheel. Hawk reaches over with a grin and picks up the Da Vinci model. He looks to Alfred, Kaplan crunched in the windshield, and Darwin's dangling legs.

HAWK

Wow, this is really gonna hurt the
resale value...

THE BALLROOM

Hawk runs up to a woozy Anna and helps her up. She has a cross-shaped blood stain on her forehead.

HAWK

Oh, honey....

Hawk looks to Alex, sitting on the stairs, the same way he left him. Hawk rushes to him.

HAWK

We did it man, we...

Hawk grabs Alex's shoulder. Alex falls back. Written over his face in red lipstick is REALLY DEAD.

Engaging a slow motion sequence, Minerva saunters behind Anna, putting on red lipstick. Minerva slams her back to the ground.

Hawk howls then turns to see stiff-upper-lip Alfred, bleeding from the neck. Hawk tries to throw a punch, but Alfred blocks it and crunches him across the face.

The Da Vinci helicopter model bounces down the stairs in slow motion and cracks open, revealing the intricate mirror of the opening scene.

INT. DARK ROOM ATOP MAYFLOWER MUSEUM--DAY

A damaged Hawk awakens in a dungeonish room and stumbles to some shutters. "O Solo Mio" returns on the soundtrack as the shutters open to a postcard view of Vinci.

Hawk closes the shutters and cuts off the music. A slightly more composed Anna touches his shoulder causing him to jump slightly. They melt into a kiss.

ANNA

Oh Hudson...

HAWK

I told you not to call me Hudson.
The only people who called me that
were the nuns at...

ANNA

Oh Hudson, I'm a sister of the
Catholic church as well as an
agent.

HAWK

(cut-off laugh)

This is too bad to be false.

Alfred enters the room in his favorite outfit with a bandage around his neck. His voice is strange, but still polite.

ALFRED

Welcome back to Vinci.

HAWK

Last rites, sister?

ANNA

Please, no nun jokes...They're a
bad habit to get into....get it?

Hawk and Anna unconvincingly laugh then sadly pause.

HAWK

She killed Alex.

Alfred gives them a push.

INT. THE DA VINCI WORKSHOP

Alfred leads them through the Da Vinci workshop past the bat winged glider and incongruously crammed-in tennis ball machine.

INT. THE ROOM OF THE GOLD MACHINE--DAY

Alfred grandly opens double-doors to reveal that Da Vinci's gold machine has been majestically re-created piece by piece. In the periphery, the 90's rears its head in the form of THREE TECHNICIANS wearing headsets and gun holsters who consult computer terminals.

MINERVA (O.S.)

GOLD-FI-ING-ER!

Hawk and Anna turn to see Minerva splashily enter in sexy funeral-wear.

MINERVA

Sorry, I couldn't resist. You're probably wondering why you're still alive. Anna.....

As Minerva speaks, TECHNICIAN ONE forcibly escorts Anna toward a stand near the gold machine and tightly handcuffs her to it.

MINERVA

I want you to monitor the Da Vinci's directions from the apprentice diary. And Hawk, I didn't want you to go to hell without knowing that Darwin and I's dream came true.

(suddenly sheepish)

Beside that, none of us can seem to put that damn crystal together. Alfie and I were up all night with the thing.

TECHNICIAN TWO commences a forcible escort of Hawk to the gold machine. Hawk cold-cocks him to the ground.

HAWK

You killed a friend. Why should I help you go for the gold?

MINERVA

It'll take a couple of years of steady production, but I'll flood the market with so much gold that gold itself, the foundation of all finance, will lose its meaning. Brokers, economists, and fellow entrepreneurs will drown in the saliva of their own nervous breakdowns. Markets will crash-crash. Financial Empires will crumble-crumble.

HAWK

Except yours-yours. The goal of world domination. Well, if you put it that way, Minnie. How can I resist?

MINERVA

You can't, convict! You're just a shmoe! Every shmoe has the fantasy the planet revolves around them. It rains, car crash stops traffic, you say "How could this happen to me?" It's a natural inclination. But for I, this isn't a fantasy, it is reality! You are on my planet! You walk around the corner for coffee, out of my sight, you do not fucking exist! The lives of shmoes like you have meaning only in relation to the rich, to the powerful, to ME!

Anna looks at the oil cloth diary before her. She pulls a compact from her pocket and holds the compact mirror over the scribblings. Reading off the reflection, her eyes widen.

ANNA

Do it. There's no reason to fight anymore. She's a force of nature.

Trying to get a grip on Anna's words, Hawk lets himself be escorted to another stand before the gold machine that has the two complex crystal parts and the weird mirror.

MINERVA

If you pull this off, I can't promise I won't kill you. I mean, who we trying to kid? But I will

spare the Flying Nun here....

HAWK

And to think I thought you were
Evil Incarnate in pumps.

MINERVA

I killed some lovable working
class Italian-diabetic, but you
killed the most significant male
figure of the decade and a kind,
gentle lover. So don't play with
me.

Minerva flicks a switch on the stand Anna's handcuffed
to. Anna vibrates, being electrocuted.

HAWK

Okay, fine!

Minerva switches it off. Giving himself a head rub, Hawk
bears down on the three oddly malleable objects. He
TANGLES and BENDS and with a loud SNAP, puts them
together, forming the Crystal from the opening scene.
Minerva snatches it from him and puts on a head-set.

MINERVA

Oh Hawk, don't ever change. Go,
team, go!

Minerva giddily sets the crystal in the same place as Da
Vinci had it in his machine.

Using a long steel pole, Technician One adjusts a myriad
of mirrors so they are in a proper angle with a series
of lenses culminating on the top of the machine.

Technicians Two (black-eyed) and Three pour various
chemical powders and liquids into corresponding compart-
ments on the machine, beautifully decorated by the
chemical's zodiac sign.

Alfred places a lead bar in its proper place.

Hawk glides to Anna and undoes her handcuff.

HAWK

I hope you know what....

ANNA

Trust Leonardo....

HAWK

Wha.....

Anna puts her fingers on his lips.

Minerva throws a lever. Steam begins to percolate from the furnace towards the machine.

MINERVA

(into the headset)

We're for real.

THE MACHINE

begins to rotate, at first clunkily, then faster. The Crystal rotates comfortably in its compartment.

The machine throws out its folding arms, each with an element. The arms click higher.

The goggled technicians stand before a time-coded video monitor, taking notes.

The chemical housings open and the chemicals begin to spill and drop through brass tubes.

ANNA

murmurs to Hawk.

ANNA

Da Vinci made the real directions in a secret script that I decoded. The way the machine is running now, the gold will produce too quickly, clog, and the machine will shut itself down. Isn't it wonderful?

HAWK

Yeah, but what would happen if that little mirror came out of the crystal.

ANNA

Wha -- you don't want to know...

Hawk pulls out the mirror from his pocket.

HAWK

I wanna know...

ANNA

Holy sh-h--things are going to
get very interesting, very fast.
Da Vinci would be proud of you.

IN THE MACHINE

The chemicals snake down their individual paths to the
Lead Bar spinning its trough. There's a FLASH and a
controlled but jarring explosion.

EVERYONE

doubletakes. Hawk reaches down to the six foot steel
pole and with one swing slams the faces of all three
deep in concentration Technicians to the ground.

Oblivious to the violence behind her, Minerva, pulling
on goggles over her head-set, moves closer with a
religious purr.

THE MACHINE

triggers a fresnel lens and laserlike beams bounce around
the mirrors faster and faster, circling the room.

OUTSIDE THE MACHINE

Hawk and Anna squint, blinded. Flinging off her goggles,
A literally beaming Minerva giggles forward.

THE MACHINE

Beams of light converge on the top mirror and bounce into
the innards of the machine with a mighty roar!

MINERVA

sees that the center of the machine gleams yellowish and
molten. She moves closer, shouting into her head-set.

MINERVA

Eureka, motherfuckers!

The machine thunders and spins at a more aggressive
pace.

Hawk's voice suddenly comes on Minerva's head-set.

HAWK'S VOICE (head-set)
Minnie, hate to interrupt your
orgasm, but....

HAWK AND ANNA

stand above the unconscious Technicians. Hawk is on
head-set.

HAWK
Me, Anna, and Leonardo just wanna
say you got the Midas touch, baby...

MACHINE

Minerva turns toward the machine in anger and confusion.

The center of the machine blows. The pool of molten gold
rockets at the viewer.

Mirrors explode and the lasers slash at the walls.

Minerva tumbles from the machine, screaming, that is to
say, trying to scream, because molten gold covers her
face. It bubbles and cascades, turning her into a
bizarrely beautiful echo of Nefertiti.

HAWK AND ANNA

turn to retreat, and see, standing in the mouth of the
open double doors, in an open shirt, wearing Indian war
paint on his face and the words RULE BRITANNIA painted
on his chest, ALFRED!

ALFRED
How.

HAWK
You're unemployed, Alfie. Boss
is dead. Her plan is over.

ALFRED
(strange voiced)
My plan is just beginning. I'll
forgive you for denying me the
pleasure of slaughtering my
boorish employers, but I'm afraid
the birth of the new British
Empire can have no witnesses!

HAWK

Ooh-kay...

Alfred rushes forward with a howl. Hawk meets him halfway. They trade savage punches and then lock onto each other's throats.

Anna pulls a gun from a technician's holster and prays for forgiveness. She aims steadily, and fires...

right into Hawk's arm. This allows Alfred to knock him back with a strong punch.

ANNA

Sorry!

She fires again. The bullet pings off Hawk's belt buckle.

HAWK

Stop helping me! Thou shalt not
kill!

Hawk's turning to chastize Anna, allows Alfred to kick Hawk back against a wall. Alfred lunges out with his blade, hitting the wall off-angle. Hawk yanks the shaft. Alfred goes with the flow and presses the shaft on Hawk's throat.

Gasping, Hawk looks to a rip in Alfred's shirt and sees a hinge and lever on the shaft. With an all or nothing jerk, Hawk flicks the lever. The shaft clicks on the hinge.

Alfred's greater strength and narrower grip makes it fold away from Hawk and suddenly it is Alfred's throat which is caught in the V-shaped trap! The momentum of the sudden change makes Alfred stumble towards the wall until the point of the "V" hits it--

HAWK

Don't lose your head over this.

Hawk takes the six foot steel pole and gives a Babe Ruth swing right onto the V. The blades slam together and POP ALFRED'S HEAD OFF, SENDING IT SCREAMING DISEMBODIED, HIGH IN THE AIR.

ALFRED'S SCREAMING HEAD P.O.V.

Hawk and Anna are seen waving up to the viewer (Alfie's head).

HAWK

Excuse my crass American humor.

The machine thunders with another explosion.

THE DA VINCI WORKSHOP

Hawk and Anna rush into the Da Vinci workshop. She guiltily touches the surface wound on his arm. He delicately takes the gun from her and laughs until he sees...

BUNNY THE DOG!! standing in the open mouth of the workshop. Anna turns to Hawk...

ANNA

Allow me.

Anna confidently moves toward the dog until Bunny leaps up and savagely clamps his teeth into her throat sending her crashing to the ground.

Hawk pauses in disbelief before raising the gun.

Bunny continues to viciously gnaw away on the convulsing Anna, blood gently starts to emerge.

Hawk can't get off a shot. He throws down the gun in exasperation. It lands next to The Gadget that is connected to the Tennis Ball Machine. Hawk rushes forward, picks up the gadget, turns the dial to Ten, and then smiles sweetly toward the dog.

HAWK

Oh Bunny, Ball-Ball.

Bunny stops his violent behavior and perkily looks up blood droplets drizzling from his mouth.

Hawk slams down on the gadget.

A tennis ball comes rocketing out of the machine.

Bunny leaps and catches the rocketing ball but the force of it sends him FLYING AND CRASHING out a window.

Hawk pulls up Anna as the machine completely EXPLODES.

A huge chunk of the roof THUDS before the workshop door.

Hawk suddenly looks off-camera and smiles. Anna shakes

her head vigorously. He pulls her out of the frame.

EXT. A VINCI COUNTRYSIDE TREE

A man awakens from a nap and pulls up his hat. It is THE TRAVELING JUGGLER WITH THE UNFORGETTABLY ETCHED FACE.

He pulls his three red balls from a pouch on his mule. He begins a stoic juggle when another loud BOOM sends him to the ground.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GRAND CASTLE--DAY

An explosion of steam and gas blows out the windows! Debris frisbees toward the camera along with....

Anna, hanging on Hawk's waist, and Hawk, hanging from the bar on DA VINCI'S BAT WINGED GLIDER.

The glider gracefully swooshes down through the castle - through the glorious vista.

EXT. THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE

The glider floats to a perfect landing before the Unforgettable Juggler.

JUGGLER

Che pazzo....

Hawk and Anna collect themselves and look up to the smoke billowing castle. They smile and gush in relief. They wrap arms around the confused but warming up Juggler and laugh again.

A SMALL PIAZZA

The mule trots into a small storybook piazza in the hush of dawn. Hawk, Anna, and the unforgettable Juggler ride atop it.

A WOMAN WITH AN UNFORGETTABLY ETCHED FACE moves to a cafe table with a luminous smile. She unfolds a table cloth atop it and then mystically sets down two cappuccinos.

Hawk and Anna dismount, thank the Juggler, then cozy into the table.

HAWK

Have I ever told you the world is beautiful...

(semi-seductively)
I'd really like to play
Nintendo with you, or something...

ANNA
Hudson, I'm afraid I'm sticking
with God.

(smiling)
But you're a close second, tough
guy. What is that smile?

HAWK
(broadly grinning)
I got my planet back.

Hawk puts on a pair of sunglasses that look exactly like
the ones Da Vinci wore in the opening and raises his cup.

HAWK
The first one's for Alex. Cheers.

The viewer's viewpoint moves into Hawk's lips having a
sip of that damn unmasculine European coffee.

FADE OUT.

THE END