

"METRO"

Screenplay by

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SHOOTING DRAFT

FADE IN:

CLOSEUP OF SCOTT ROPER

He's listening to the stretch call of a horse race, and he's into it.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...at the top of the stretch it's
Cozy Girl in front with Backtrack
coming on... Cozy Girl by a length,
Backtrack closing...

ROPER

Come on. Stay up there, Cozy Girl...

The CAMERA GRADUALLY pulls back to reveal that Roper is driving his Trans Am across the Bay Bridge. HELICOPTER SHOTS give a soaring view of the San Francisco skyline.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

At the eighth pole it's Cozy Girl by
half a length... Backtrack closing...

INT. CAR - DAY

Roper's police radio SQUAWKS.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

One-one-four to Roper.

He picks up the radio.

ROPER

Dig in, Cozy Girl...

(into the radio)
Roper go.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
One-four, Roper. Code 2.C.P. 4th and
Grand.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
It's Cozy Girl holding on... Cozy
Girl and Backtrack...

ROPER
I'm en route. E.T.A. in five.

He tosses the radio down. Punches the accelerator.

ROPER
Stay up there, Girl...

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Cozy Girl in front by a neck... Now
a head...

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

Weaving through traffic on the bridge.

ROPER (V.O.)
Where's the damn wire?!

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Here comes the wire... and...
Backtrack gets up in the last jump.
Cozy girl a very game second.

ROPER (V.O.)
SHIT!

The Trans Am streak off toward the city.

EXT. BANK - DOWNTOWN - DAY

A hostage situation. Police barricades. Dozens of squad cars,
ambulances, spectators, SWAT team. It's a stalemate. Roper's
Trans Am pulls to a stop at the barricades. He hops out,

weaves through the spectators and past the barriers.

A FEMALE DETECTIVE, EIKO KIMURA, rushes up to him.

KIMURA

Hi, Roper.

ROPER

Hi, Kimura. Where's the command post?

Kimura points to the diner in the middle of the block. Roper heads toward it. As they walk Kimura briefs him...

KIMURA

The suspect came in shortly after the bank opened. Botched robbery. A teller hit the silent alarm. He took seven hostages. Shot one – the guard. He's still alive. So far he's asked for...

ROPER

...a car.

KIMURA

That's right, and a plane waiting at the airport. If he doesn't...

ROPER

...get 'em, he's going to start shooting hostages in five minutes...

KIMURA

That's right.

ROPER

What's the suspect's name?

KIMURA

Earl.

INT. DINER - DAY

Across from the bank. This is where the "command post" is setup. About a dozen cops and the accompanying support staff

are here. Lieutenant SAMUEL BAFFERT is in charge. Roper saunters in.

ROPER

Hello, guys.

BAFFERT

Hello, Roper. Glad you could join us.

Roper walks over to the counter where Baffert is standing.

ROPER

Do we have a profile on Mr. Earl?

Baffert hands him a folder. Roper opens it.

BAFFERT

This guy is no genius.

Roper scans the profile.

ROPER

They're not usually graduate students.

BAFFERT

SWAT wants to go in.

ROPER

What's the rush? They haven't killed anybody yet this week?

Roper refers to the folder.

ROPER

We got a guy who's probably on drugs. He's got a record of 459's and he was busted on possession. But he's never been busted on a major felony. What's his demeanor?

KIMURA

Well he's a little fucking agitated – he ripped the phone out.

ROPER

I have to go face to face.

BAFFERT

No – you can't do that.

ROPER

You got 7 hostages in there, 1 of them's wounded – We don't know how bad it is – The guy ripped the phone out – SWAT said he's got a gun to the head of a female hostage. If SWAT makes entry now, you're gonna lose 1 hostage, maybe 2. I gotta go in. Maybe I can see what's going on in there.

BAFFERT

I don't know.

ROPER

He's never offed anybody. His rap doesn't show any violence.

BAFFERT

Not that we know of.

ROPER

We don't know how much time we have. If I can get in to talk to him – maybe we won't lose anyone.

BAFFERT

Maybe we can get a throw phone in there.

KIMURA

SWAT says it's broken – The perp in the last situation rendered it inoperable.

BAFFERT

What do you mean?

KIMURA

He urinated on it and shorted out the circuits.

ROPER

We gonna stand here and talk about it or let the guy in there bleed to death.

(beat... beat)

Give me a dozen donuts.

Roper pulls out his gun and places it on the counter.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roper eats the donut as he crosses toward the bank.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

A team of two SWAT TEAM MEMBERS, FORBES IS A SPOTTER AND MCCALL IS A SHARPSHOOTER. KEVIN MCCALL, is the one we're interested in. He's 25 years old, handsome, all American. He's the best the SWAT team has.

He crouches motionless, staring through the scope of his rifle, watching as Roper calmly walks toward the bank.

FORBES

What do you think he's got in the bag?

MCCALL

Donuts.

FORBES

You can't take a guy down with a donut.

INT. BANK - DAY

A tense situation. A wild-eyed, white punk, fuck-up of a BANK ROBBER, EARL, is holding a pretty, young TELLER around the neck with a cocked gun held to her temple.

The other bank employees are cowering on the floor. A few are giving aid to the wounded bank guard who is half-conscious

and oozing blood from his side.

Roper strolls right through the front door and walks toward Earl, very sociable.

ROPER

Hi, Earl, I'm Scott Roper. Wanna donut? I ate the glazed but there's a bunch of chocolate and a –

Earl swipes the donuts out of Roper's hand and starts frisking Roper for weapons with his free hand. The other hand still has the gun poised at the young teller's head.

ROPER

I'm a negotiator, Earl. I don't carry a weapon.

Roper smiles reassuringly at the pretty teller. It seems to help. Earl finishes patting Roper down, straightens back up and puts his hand around the teller's neck.

EARL

Where's the car?

ROPER

I need to get something straight first.

Roper looks over at the other bank employees huddled on the floor.

ROPER

Who's the manager?

A balding, middle-aged MAN sheepishly raises his hand.

MANAGER

I am.

Roper takes a step toward him.

ROPER

When did you start keeping longer hours?

MANAGER

Last spring.

ROPER

Really! Because I've been thinking of moving to this branch. It would be really convenient for me –

EARL

HEY, SHUT UP!

Earl wags his gun against the Teller's ear.

EARL

Do you want me to start killing people?!

Roper holds his hand up defensively.

ROPER

It's my job to see that no one gets killed, Earl... Including you.

EARL

Then where's my FUCKING car!

Earl is pouring sweat. His gun hand is shaking uncontrollably.

ROPER

I'm getting it, Earl, but we have to do this the right way.

Roper keeps his eyes locked on Earl. His voice is calm.

ROPER

First I need you to point that gun away from –
(to the teller)
What's your name?

TELLER

(voice trembling)
Debbie...

ROPER

Point the gun away from Debbie.

EARL

Debbie's brains are going to be splattered all over the floor if I don't see a car in five minutes!

Roper takes a long look at Earl. The guy is a hair trigger.

ROPER

Alright! But let's be clear about one thing. If you kill someone, I can't help you. The SWAT guys will take you out.

Earl glances at the army of cop cars poised outside. Reflects for a moment on the reality of the situation.

EARL

What are my chances of getting out of here?

Roper calmly moves toward where the wounded guard is laying.

ROPER

Not bad. Last month, a guy robbed a bank in Daly City...

Roper crouches down, smiles at the blurry-eyed guard.

ROPER

How ya doin'?

The guard groans. He's not doing very well. Roper peels back the bloody handkerchief, takes a look. Winces.

ROPER

(to Earl)

...Cops gave him a car, and he lost them on the freeway.

Earl is encouraged by that.

EARL

Really?

ROPER

Absolutely. Bank robbers are generally your smartest criminals.

Roper looks directly into Earl's eyes.

ROPER

He didn't kill anybody, though.

Roper bends over the guard.

ROPER

This is gonna hurt.

He grabs the guard under the arms and starts dragging him across the floor. The guard MOANS piteously.

EARL

Hey, leave him alone. What are you doing?

Roper keeps dragging the guard toward the front door.

ROPER

It's part of my negotiator's oath. If there's an injured party and I can help them, I'm duty bound by my oath to do that. You can shoot me if you want, but the next negotiator in here is going to tell you the same thing.

Earl is unsure what to do, but he guesses an oath is an oath. He lets Roper drag the guard to the door.

ROPER

I'll be right back, Earl. Point that gun away from Debbie.

Earl compliantly moves the gun away from the teller's head, then re-thinks and jerks it back against her temple.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Roper drags the guard out the front door and deposits him on the sidewalk. Two SWAT OFFICERS rush up to give aid. One of them is Jennings.

ROPER
(whispering to Jennings)
Give me your gun.

(NOTE: The method of disarming Earl is still to be determined)
Jennings inconspicuously pulls his gun out and slips it to him. Roper quickly cocks it and shoves it in his waistband under his shirt and vest.

ROPER
I haven't had to shoot anyone in three years.

JENNINGS
Why not keep the streak alive?

ROPER
Because this strung-out junkie is too stupid to get out of this without killing somebody.

INT. BANK - DAY

Earl watches Roper through the window. He can only see Roper's back. He's getting very agitated.

EARL
(yelling)
HEY, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE!

The two cops hustle off with the wounded guard, and Roper calmly walks back into the bank. Stops about five paces from Earl.

ROPER
As a rule, I need one hostage released as show of good faith.

Roper glances at Debbie. Gun pressed against her head. Tears

start rolling down her cheeks. She's being tremendously brave.

ROPER
Give me Debbie.

Earl squeezes the gun even tighter against the side of her head.

EARL
Take the old guy.

The other hostages watch this exchange tensely.

ROPER
The Old Guy? What kind of show of faith is that? I want Debbie.

EARL
Am I gettin' the car?

ROPER
You're gettin' the car.

Earl thinks about it, his gun hand twitching. He points at two of the female employees cowering against the counter.

EARL
Take them.

Roper decides that this is the best he's going to get.

ROPER
You two, leave.

The two women don't need any extra encouragement. They jump up and rush out the front door.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

McCall and Forbes watch through their rifle scopes as the two released hostages are whisked away by uniformed cops.

FORBES
This guy is good.

MCCALL
That's what they say.

INT. BANK - DAY

ROPER
That was fine, Earl. Now I'm going
to get your car.

Roper turns around and walks toward the front door. He stops
and looks over his shoulder.

ROPER
Oh, there's one last thing.

Earl looks like he's right on the edge.

EARL
What?!

ROPER
You want a convertible or hardtop?

Earl thinks about that for a beat...

ROPER
Hardtop.

Roper turns around, starts walking again. He keeps his eyes
focused on the reflection of Earl in the front window of the
bank.

ROPER
(without turning around)
Manual or automatic?

EARL
Automatic.

ROPER
You got it.

In one swift motion, Roper turns, aims and FIRES!...

One SHOT. It tears into Earl's shoulder. One inch from

Debbie's neck. Earl is blown back against the counter. Debbie shrieks at the top of her lungs.

SWAT guys pour in from every entrance. YELLING for everybody to "GET DOWN"! Pointing guns. They pounce on Earl.

EARL

I give up! I give up!

Roper goes to Debbie, puts his arm around her and gently leads her out of the bank.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

McCall and Forbes still have their rifles trained on the bank door. Their police radio squawks...

RADIO

The situation is secured. Suspect in custody. Repeat. Situation secured.

McCall lowers his rifle as Roper guides Debbie through the wave of cops rushing into the bank.

EXT. STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

Roper is exiting the bank and putting back on his gun when he hears the sound of a CAMERA SHUTTER. He turns to see VERONICA (RONNIE) TATE holding the camera. She snaps one of Roper with Earl in the b.g. being placed in a squad car.

RONNIE

There's one for the front page.

Roper puts his hand over his heart as if stricken with love... which he in fact is.

ROPER

Ronnie, why are you torturing me? I can't live without you.

Ronnie rolls her eyes. She doesn't take Roper all that seriously.

RONNIE

Don't start.

She slings the camera over her shoulder and starts to walk off. Roper dogs her.

ROPER

This baseball player you're going out with...

(shaking his head)

He's no good for you.

RONNIE

Really?! He's a wonderful guy. He makes two million a year, and he worships me.

ROPER

I worship you.

RONNIE

You worship yourself.

ROPER

Ronnie, forget this what's-his-name.

RONNIE

Greg.

ROPER

Did you know he's already got a bad knee? In another 10 years you're going to be pushing him around in a wheelchair.

Ronnie stops. Looks him in the eye.

RONNIE

You know what I think? I think you only want me now, because I'm with somebody else.

ROPER

Who cares what you think. I want you back and that's all that matters.

Ronnie smiles, but offers no response.

ROPER

Let me take you out tomorrow night...
Pleeease.

RONNIE

I'm going out with Greg tomorrow.

ROPER

(frowning)

This Greg is really getting in my
way.

Roper gets down on his knees.

ROPER

Please. I'm begging you.

RONNIE

Oh, I've got to get a shot of this.

She takes the lense cap off her camera. Roper primps his hair to make sure he looks good for the picture... CLICK! Suddenly Roper notices that his Trans Am is being towed. He rushes over to his car.

ROPER

Hey, that's my car.

A REPO MAN stands off to the side watching dispassionately.

REPO MAN

Not anymore. Now it belongs to Silver
Hills Financial.

Roper sadly watches the tow truck drive off with his beloved Trans Am.

INT. METRO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY - RAINING

Lots of activity. Officers in cubicles; talking on phones; typing reports on computers. Most are plain-clothed. Roper weaves through the room. Passes by Baffert's desk.

ROPER
Hey, Baffert, what's the story for
tonight?

Baffert pulls two tickets for the Warriors' game out of his
pocket.

BAFFERT
Floor seats.

ROPER
You're my hero.

BAFFERT
Dinner's on you.

ROPER
Deal.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - RAINING

A quiet contrast to the squadroom. This is the executive
branch of Metro. All the big-wigs are officed here. Roper
walks down the carpeted hall. No one here except Kevin McCall
quietly sitting outside Captain Solis' office. Roper and
McCall make brief eye contact. Roper thinks nothing of it.
He goes into the Captain's office.

INT. CAPTAIN SOLIS' OFFICE - RAINING

CAPTAIN FRANK SOLIS is on the phone. There's a file on the
desk in front of him. He motions Roper to sit down.

SOLIS
He just walked into my office.
(looks over at Roper)
The Chief says, "Good work this
morning. Congratulations."

Roper smiles as he sits down.

ROPER
Tell him to give me a raise.

SOLIS

(into the phone)
He says, "Thank you very much."
(a beat)
I'll discuss it with him right now...
Good-bye, Chief.

Solis hangs up. Looks across the desk at Roper. A long pause.
He knows he's got leverage.

SOLIS
Roper.

ROPER
What?

SOLIS
Are you going to make this hard for
me?

ROPER
Depends. What's up?

SOLIS
There's been some concern about you
continuing to work without back-up.

ROPER
Define concern.

Solis dumps his cards on the table.

SOLIS
What if you die and no one can do
what you do as well as you do it?

ROPER
Your concern is heartwarming.

SOLIS
It's been decided that you take on
another partner and train him to be
able to take over for you.

ROPER
Is that what the guy in the Sunday

School suit is doing outside?

SOLIS

His name's Kevin McCall. Every Metro Captain agrees that he's their top sharp-shooter and most likely to succeed.

Roper grabs McCall's folder off the desk.

ROPER

Let me see that.

Roper scans it.

ROPER

Tested high on his intellectual aptitude... Not as high as me but... National marksman finalist... Attended N. Y. C... Went to college. Very impressive. F.B.I. sniper school... Mayorial commendation.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME - RAINING

McCall turns around in his chair. He can see Roper and Solis through the glass walls of the office, but he can't hear their voices.

INT. SOLIS' OFFICE - SAME - RAINING

ROPER

"Additional Skills": Biathlete, marathoner, lip-reading, speaks Spanish...

Roper throws the folder back on the desk.

ROPER

Great, send him to the Marines. This guy's not a negotiator. He'll quit in two weeks.

SOLIS

You let us worry about that.

ROPER

Is there going to be an expression
of your appreciation?

SOLIS

(gloomily)

What kind of appreciation are we
talking about?

ROPER

The financial kind. I figure I'm
going to be working extra hours. All
sorts of overtime... training
sessions... Not to mention the extra
stress...

SOLIS

What do you think would be in order?

ROPER

Like ahh... I don't know...

(boldly)

Five thousand dollars.

SOLIS

(calmly)

Okay, I think I could swing that.

Uh-oh, Roper thinks maybe he sold short.

ROPER

(quickly)

And a car.

SOLIS

Hey, you just got a five thousand
dollar raise. Get a car of your own.

ROPER

You know you've got nothing but cars
down there in impound.

SOLIS

Impound isn't a rent-a-car company.

ROPER
(firmly)
The car is part of the deal.

SOLIS
What happened to your Trans Am?

Solis gets up and taps the glass, motions for McCall to come in.

ROPER
Repoed this morning.

SOLIS
(relenting)
I'll provide you with transportation.

ROPER
And even if this doesn't work, I want all the money. These SWAT guys don't have the temperament. They don't have the background...

McCall enters the office.

ROPER
(instant character change)
Hey, glad to meet you. I've heard nothing but good things about you...

Roper reaches out. They shake hands.

MCCALL
Same here. I've watched you in action. Very impressive.

ROPER
You've got a lot of hard work ahead of you if you want to be a negotiator.

MCCALL
I'm ready to do it.
(a beat)

And I'm going to be here more than two weeks.

Roper's face darkens.

ROPER

Don't go reading my lips, man. That's an intrusion. Save that shit for the sniper school. Comprende?

MCCALL

Sorry... Habit.

SOLIS

(intervening)

Let's move past this, gentlemen.

Roper smiles.

ROPER

We're already past it, aren't we, Kevin?

MCCALL

If you say so.

SOLIS

Then you'll have to excuse me. I have other work to do.

Roper and McCall head out the door.

SOLIS

Roper...

Roper turns back around.

SOLIS

About the transportation issue...
You check with the impound sergeant.

Roper smiles. Total victory.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - RAINING

MOVING with Roper and McCall.

ROPER

You ever been in a hostage situation?

MCCALL

Only at the very end.

ROPER

How do you feel after a shooting.

MCCALL

(self-assured)

Like it had to be done.

They enter the squadroom, wind through the cubicles.

ROPER

It rarely has to be done.

MCCALL

I've rarely shot anyone.

ROPER

SWAT is a lifesaving unit, you know.

MCCALL

(flatly)

I know.

ROPER

Try to remember that.

They arrive at Roper's desk.

ROPER

Okay, "Dead Eye", lesson one...

Roper grabs an empty soda bottle from a neighboring desk. He takes the cap off a ball point pen and drops it into the empty bottle. He places the bottle on his desk.

ROPER

Extract that pen cap without touching
or moving the bottle.

McCall looks at the bottle quizzically.

MCCALL

What's the point of this?

ROPER

A little exercise in lateral thinking.
The obvious solution isn't always
the only solution... See you tomorrow.

Roper grabs his jacket and walks off, leaving McCall to ponder the problem. McCall looks over at another cop who has been observing. The cop shrugs his shoulders. He hasn't got a clue. McCall sits down and thoughtfully peers into the bottle.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Roper and Baffert walking past the row of cars, including Solis' cadillac, searching for Roper's "new" transportation...
Roper is holding the keys in his hand.

BAFFERT

Mind if we make a stop on the way?
We busted Frank Antonucci on
possession. He gave us a lead on
that Polk Street jewelry heist.

ROPER

"Phoney Frank"? Don't waste your
time. He'd tell you his granny was
in on the Kennedy assassination if
he could dodge a collar.

BAFFERT

I still gotta do it. Wasting time is
half my job.

ROPER

Yeah, okay.

Roper is looking at the numbered parking spaces.

BAFFERT

This SWAT guy might be a good idea.
He may be able to take a little
pressure off you. I worry about you.

ROPER

You worried about me, too? The chief's
worried about me. Solis is worried
about me. Maybe you guys should start
some kind of organization.

BAFFERT

Speaking of which. I saw you talking
to Ronnie this morning. Why can't
you get it back together with her.
You've gotta be out of your mind not
to get with that one.

ROPER

It's not me. It's her. She's going
out with this baseball player –
Greg Barnett.

BAFFERT

(impressed)
No shit! He's good!

ROPER

Fuck him. He swings at anything in
the dirt. I could strike him out.

BAFFERT

Don't give up on her. You're getting
to the age when you ought to be
thinking about these things.

Roper bends over like an old man.

ROPER

Yep, my rheumatism's been acting up.

They arrive at their destination. A parking space with a
1957 DODGE PICKUP.

BAFFERT
This is it. Space 742.

Roper looks at the pickup truck in disbelief.

ROPER
Then he didn't say 742. He must have said 724 or something, because this can't be right.

Baffert unlocks the pickup and offers the keys to Roper who is crossing to the truck.

ROPER
Oh man! What am I, Red Foxx? I'm not riding in this shit. I can't roll in no shit like this.

He takes the keys from Baffert who moves around to the passengers side. He opens the door.

BAFFERT
Where's the stereo?

ROPER
Fuck the stereo. What's that smell?

BAFFERT
Come on. Just get in. We gotta go.

EXT. MARKET STREET - NIGHT

The pickup in traffic.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. KORDA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

It's a four story twenties style walk-up. It's evening now. The pickup pulls to a stop out front.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Baffert pulls out a slip of paper.

BAFFERT
Apartment 306.

ROPER
You want me to go up with you?

BAFFERT
Nah, It probably won't turn up anything. I'm just gonna talk to him.

ROPER
Good. I don't want to be late.

Baffert gets out. Roper grabs his cell phone.

ROPER
You want anything on the game?

Baffert turns back around.

BAFFERT
What's the line?

ROPER
It was Warriors plus 6 this morning.

BAFFERT
I'll take half of your action.

Baffert goes into the building. Roper dials his cellular phone. Beep! Beep!

DETAIL SHOT

A message on the display reads: RECHARGE BATTERY.

Roper looks around. There's a payphone across the street. He gets out of the truck and crosses to it.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Third floor hallway. Nice, middle class place. Well kept up. Baffert walks over to room 306. Knocks.

INT. KORDA'S APT. - NIGHT

Jazz is playing. MICHAEL KORDA sits motionless in a chair listening to the music. There's a KNOCK. Korda responds as if pulled from a trance. He rises and moves to the door.

KORDA

Who is it?

BAFFERT (V.O.)

It's Lieutenant Sam Baffert from the San Francisco Police Department.

A slight hesitation from Korda. He glances around the apartment. For what reason, we don't know. Maybe to make sure there's nothing incriminating around. He opens the door.

KORDA

What happened? Is there a problem?

BAFFERT

May I come in? I would just like to ask you a couple of questions.

Korda steps aside and lets Baffert enter. Korda closes the door. Baffert scans the place. Not bad. He listens to the music. A smile grows on his face.

BAFFERT

Count Basie?

Korda smiles back. Another jazz aficionada.

KORDA

Duke Ellington. "Things Ain't What They Used To Be", recorded July 30, 1945.

BAFFERT

Yeah... Yeah... Now I can hear it.

Korda goes to the stereo, turns it down. Duke Ellington plays

low.

BAFFERT

Where did you find an old recording like that?

KORDA

Used record shop down on Turk Street. I was in there looking for some Robert Johnson.

(searching for the name)

Memories... Memory Lane or something...

BAFFERT

I've got to stop in there... Mr. Korda, do you know Frank Antonucci?

KORDA

You mean Frank who owns the bakery down the street?

Baffert smiles.

BAFFERT

No, this is a different Frank. This is a man who deals in jewelry. Stolen jewelry usually. You wouldn't know anybody like that?

Korda drifts to the other side of the room. Takes a look out his front window...

HIS POV

Nobody there. Just the truck.

KORDA

I certainly wouldn't.

He says it as if the very idea disturbs him. He turns away from the window. Baffert feigns a coughing spell.

BAFFERT

Could I please have a little water?

KORDA
(the perfect host)
Of course.

Korda heads toward the kitchen area. Baffert uses this as an opportunity to drift around the room. Do a little snooping.

BAFFERT
The reason I'm asking you is because we arrested him with some stolen jewelry. It was traced to the robbery of a store down on Polk Street. He said he was fencing it for you.

Baffert notices something in the trash can.

HIS POV

Several glassine envelopes used for raw jewels. They have jeweler's markings on them indicating gem weight and grade.

INT. KITCHEN

Korda, pouring the water, notices Baffert's discovery, but his face betrays nothing.

KORDA
(calmly)
There's obviously some mistake. I have a cousin who has had run-ins with the law.

Korda re-enters the room with the glass of water.

KORDA
Perhaps for his own reasons he entangled me in this... situation.

BAFFERT
This cousin of yours... What's his name?

KORDA

(forthrightly)
Clarence Teal.

They look at each other a beat. Korda is still holding the water.

KORDA
Your cough seems to be better.

A real repressed tension here. Someone's about to get hurt. Baffert takes the glass of water.

BAFFERT
Thank you.

He takes a sip. Korda watches him like a cobra. Baffert puts the glass down on the table.

BAFFERT
Well, I'm on my way to the game. I appreciate your cooperation, Mr. Korda.

Korda smiles. Baffert walks to the door. Opens it to leave...

KORDA
Lieutenant...

Baffert turns back around.

KORDA
Do you believe that story about Robert Johnson...? That he made a deal with the devil at the crossroads?

Baffert muses along with Korda.

BAFFERT
Could be.

Baffert moves off down the hall and Korda closes his door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Baffert gets into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Baffert takes out his cell phone. Dials.

BAFFERT

(as the elevator
descends)

Hello, Judge Stone... This is
Lieutenant Samuel Baffert. I'm at a
suspect's residence. I'm requesting
a telephonic search warrant in
connection with an armed robbery at
a jewelry store. There's visible
evidence on the premises. Glassine
envelopes with jeweler's markings
were seen in the trash can...

The elevator hits the first floor.

BAFFERT

...I believe a full search of the
premises will turn up some stolen
property...

The elevator opens.

Korda is standing there with a knife.

Baffert has no time to react...

The knife hand slashes forward... Stabbing the chest and
slashing across the throat.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Korda calmly exits the building as Roper crosses the street,
returning from the payphone. Neither of the men take any
particular notices of each other. A WOMAN carrying her
groceries enters the building.

Roper gets to the truck. A SCREAM from inside the building.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Baffert is laying in the open elevator, knife wounds to his neck and chest. Roper rushes over to him. It doesn't look good.

The woman with the groceries is standing halfway up the first flight of stairs. Frozen. Roper pulls out his gun and rushes by her up the stairs.

ROPER
(to the woman)
Get an ambulance!

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roper arrives at the top of the stairs. Korda's door is ajar. Duke Ellington can be heard faintly.

INT. KORDA'S APT. - NIGHT

Roper nudges the door open, takes a step inside, gun ready... No one there. Suddenly, from the hallway, the click of a door. Roper races out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roper sprints to the door at the end of the hall, KICKS it open. Gun aimed.

INT. APT. 302 - NIGHT

A five year old stares up at him. Scared stiff. Roper holds up a reassuring hand, and, as quickly as he arrived, he leaves.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Roper burst out the front. Down the stairs to the sidewalk. Looks both ways down the street... Realizes in dismay that Korda is long gone. A SIREN approaches.

INT. SOLIS OFFICE - NIGHT - RAIN

Angle outside window to Roper sitting in a chair by the window looking out to the rain. Solis is in the b.g. on the phone.

SOLIS

(on the phone)

Yes sir. Every resource will be brought to bear. We will find this guy... Yeah, he's here now. I'll tell him.

Solis hangs up the phone.

SOLIS

The chief says to tell you how sorry he is. He knew Sam Baffert was a good man.

ROPER

(still looking out window)

He said he was just going up to talk to him. He said...

(beat; turning to Solis)

I want to be put on this case.

SOLIS

I can't do that.

ROPER

(emphatic)

I want to be put on this case.

SOLIS

You know I can't assign you to this. You're much too close to it. You were much too close to Sam. The department will take care of it.

ROPER

Who's running it?

SOLIS

Roper...

ROPER

Who's running it!

SOLIS
Kimura and Glass will head the
investigation.

Roper turns to leave.

SOLIS
Scott. Go home. Get some sleep.

Roper pauses at the door. Then pulls out two basketball
tickets and lays them on the table in Solis' office. He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. METRO OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Two detectives. A female named KIMURA and a tall guy named
GLASS, try to make a getaway as they see Roper coming.

ROPER
Hey, hey, hey...

Roper intercepts them.

ROPER
Anything on Korda so far?

KIMURA
Solis said to keep you clear of this.

Roper responds louder than necessary with a half turn toward
Solis' hallway.

ROPER
I don't give a damn what Solis said.
(to the detectives)
If you get a lead, I want to know.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT - RAINING

Roper's pickup drives by.

INT. PICKUP

Thru the windshield. We see Roper as the windshield wipers flap back and forth. His face seems dazed and lost.

INT. RONNIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roper knocks. Ronnie's cheerful voice can be heard.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Just a minute.

Roper makes no effort to pull himself together. The door opens and Ronnie's face registers surprise. She's dressed casually in jeans, a nice shirt, but wears make-up and earrings.

RONNIE

Hey.

ROPER

Hey yourself. Came by to see Troy.

RONNIE

(like hell)

A little late for that, Scottie.

He's asleep.

(smells his breath)

Jack Daniels?

ROPER

I'm not drunk. Yet.

RONNIE

Maybe you should be.

ROPER

You heard.

She nods, sympathetic, but doesn't leave the doorway.

RONNIE

Yeah. I'm sorry.

ROPER
Can I come in?

Ronnie opens the door reluctantly.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Roper enters. Instantly we see he's at home here. He hangs his coat in the closet, puts his keys on the table, notices a photograph on the wall. Quite imposing. Very unique style.

ROPER
That a new picture?

RONNIE
About 4 months old. I'm working in a new style.

Roper gazes at it indifferently. He falls silent. Thoughts turned inward. Suddenly, TROY, (the dog), bounds in. He's ecstatic to see Roper. He puts his front paws on the couch and his head in Roper's lap.

ROPER
Hey, Troy. How ya doin' boy?
(to Ronnie)
He heard my voice.

Roper smiles briefly, pats the dog, taking comfort from his presence. His words are light. His tone isn't.

ROPER
How's the good dog. I miss you buddy.
You miss me?

Ronnie watches them, suddenly showing the sadness she's carefully buried.

ROPER
He misses me.

She nods. A moment's silence.

ROPER
I won't stay long. I had to talk to

someone.

RONNIE

(a bit surprised at
his openness)

You don't usually talk to anyone
when you're hurting.

ROPER

It was my fault. I was right
downstairs. I should have gone up
with him.

RONNIE

Scott, You can't save everyone.

ROPER

I've proved that, didn't I?

She's not coming closer. She wants to, but she won't do it.
She seems uneasy, glances towards the door. Roper rises.

ROPER

Oh, hell, forget it. This won't work.

RONNIE

(gentle)

What do you want from me?

ROPER

Something I guess I can't have
anymore.

RONNIE

Don't try to make me feel guilty.
The whole time we were together, you
went out of your way to prove you
didn't need me. Now, suddenly, for
one night, you need me again. I can't
do it. I can't be more than your
friend. Because I know what will
happen. In a few weeks you'll be
back on top, and you'll shut me out
just as soon as you don't need me
again.

ROPER
(surprised, hurt)
You think I didn't need you?

RONNIE
If you did, you never showed it.

ROPER
Ronnie...

He reaches for her and she looks like she might give in to him, but at that moment there's a **KNOCK ON THE DOOR**. Ronnie pulls back, confused and guilty.

ROPER
You expecting someone?

Her silence is the answer... A flash of pain from Roper.

ROPER
This day just keeps getting better.

Ronnie watches as he searches for his keys in his pockets.

RONNIE
(soft)
They're on the table where you always
leave them.

He grabs the keys as she opens the door. GREG stands outside waiting. He's a big, good looking guy with a smile on his face.

GREG
Hey, baby, I thought maybe you were...

Greg's smile fades as he sees Roper.

ROPER
I was just leaving.

Roper strides past Greg who remains in the doorway. Ronnie makes brief eye contact with Greg, but then moves past him to follow Roper. She calls after him.

RONNIE
Scottie... take care of yourself.

Roper doesn't look back. He just goes.

EXT. PIER 26 - EARLY MORNING

A huge warehouse. Sun coming up over the East Bay, CLARENCE TEAL rides up on a HARLEY MOTORCYCLE, carrying a large cup of coffee to go. He enters the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Car and Boat parts stacked in aisles ten feet high. Clarence shuffles through to his watchman's quarters which are connected to the end of the warehouse.

INT. WATCHMAN'S QUARTERS - SAME

Built on pilings with a panoramic view of the bay. Korda is waiting behind the door as Clarence enters. He seizes Clarence from behind and slams him against the wall and spins him around. Hot coffee soaks the front of Clarence's shirt.

KORDA
If you weren't family I'd kill you.

Clarence is scared. He offers no defense.

KORDA
You told Antonucci that shit came from me.

CLARENCE
So that we could get the best price.
He's got respect for you. He's gonna try to lowball me, Mike.

Korda tosses Clarence down onto the cot.

KORDA
You fucking idiot! Why do you think I use you?... To be a walking advertisement.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry, Mike. I never heard of LaMarra flipping on anyone before. He said he had the cops paid off. Antonucci never flipped on anyone before. He had the cops paid off.

KORDA

Not the fucking cop that showed up at my door!

CLARENCE

What happened, Mike.

KORDA

You don't want to know.

Tears start to come to Clarence's eyes.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry, Mike.

Clarence sincerely feels bad. It's kind of touching in a twisted way. Korda moves over to the window to keep from striking Clarence again. He looks off across the bay.

KORDA

God damn it! I still needed to case that fucking store. It's too risky to show my face now.

CLARENCE

I got a couple thousand bucks. You could leave town.

KORDA

Leave town? They're going to know me in fucking Des Moines now!...

(a beat)

They got over ten million in jewels in that place. That's freedom, man. I could go anywhere I want.

Clarence watches Korda warily. Things are beginning to add

up in his head.

CLARENCE

Did you kill him, Mike?

Korda turns to Clarence with a penetrated stare that answers the question. Clarence is shaken by that. He starts to whimper again.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry, Mike. I'm really sorry...

We're talking major fear here...

Korda moves to him and we think he's going to bash him around again, but, surprisingly, he hugs Clarence's head against his chest.

KORDA

It's not your fault you're stupid.

Tears of relief from Clarence.

INT. METRO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Roper enters the squadroom. His mood is contained. He walks to a desk where Kimura and Glass are huddling.

A couple desks over, McCall is reclining in Roper's chair, reading a book entitled, "Strategies and Counter Measures in Hostage Situations". On the desk in front of him is the bottle with the pen cap still in it.

ROPER

(to Kimura and Glass)

What do you got on Korda?

KIMURA

We ran a search on relatives. He has a cousin in town – Clarence Teal. Smalltime thief. Last known address was on Pine Street. He moved out a month ago. We've got a couple leads on him to check out.

ROPER

(rapid fire)

Did you check out DMV for any vehicles registration?

KIMURA

Being faxed over now.

ROPER

How about the record room for any incident reports? He might be a victim. We can get medical records. Check with burglary detail and see if anyone else knows him, knows his habits.

KIMURA

Roper...

ROPER

And what about bars? We can talk to neighbors to see what bars he frequents.

KIMURA

Roper, we're into it...

Suddenly Solis appears at their side.

SOLIS

We've had this conversation once, Roper. You're not active on this case.

Roper looks at him icily.

SOLIS

It's in everyone's best interest.

McCall, Kimura, Glass all watch this confrontation tensely. After a beat, Roper gives in. Indicates his compliance. Solis heads back to this office.

ROPER

(softened)

You guys are doing good work.

He moves toward the desk. McCall gets up when he sees him coming.

MCCALL

I'm sorry about your friend. I had a friend in SWAT killed. I know how it can be.

ROPER

I appreciate your concern. Let's leave it at that.

McCall respectfully drops it. Roper looks down at the soda bottle.

ROPER

I don't see much progress here.

McCall holds up a finger. Not so fast. He picks up a pot from a nearby "Mr. Coffee" machine. It's filled with water. He takes the water and slowly pours it into the bottle.

CLOSE ON THE BOTTLE

The pen cap floats to the top and McCall plucks it out without touching or moving the bottle.

ROPER

Very nice... You get an "A". Notice...
No force required. No damage.

Just then a SERGEANT calls to Roper across the squadroom.

SERGEANT

Roper, domestic disturbance at 472
6th Street. Possible hostage
situation.

McCall grabs his duffel bag. Roper starts away from the desk, then notices the book on "Hostage Strategies". He looks at the title, then makes a demonstration of dropping it in the trash can. He and McCall head out.

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

The pickup is weaving through traffic.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Start on one of those air freshener evergreen trees hanging from the rear view mirror. PULL BACK to show a police bubble flashing on the dashboard.

Roper weaving through traffic. McCall is sitting calmly as ever.

ROPER

So, McCall, how come you ended up in San Francisco?

MCCALL

They recruited me. Promised me fast advancement.

ROPER

Recruited you from where?

MCCALL

National Marksman Competition.

ROPER

With your qualifications you must have had a lot of offers. Why here?

MCCALL

Furthest point I could find from New York.

ROPER

You don't like New York?

MCCALL

Spent my whole life there. I just wanted to get out for a while.

ROPER

You'd never been out of New York?

MCCALL

Been to Toronto. My mother was born there.

ROPER

How did you like Toronto?

MCCALL

It was okay.

ROPER

You're a real excitable sort, aren't you?

MCCALL

You caught me on an "up" day.

(a beat)

How about you? How did you end up in San Francisco?

ROPER

I grew up in Oakland... Crossed the Bay Bridge and here I was.

(a beat)

So you're looking for "fast advancement".

MCCALL

Is there something wrong with that?

ROPER

I'm not sure.

EXT. 6TH STREET - DAY

Several Patrol Cars are parked in front of an unappealing apartment building. A crowd has begun to gather. UNIFORMED POLICEMEN hold them back. TWO COPS are questioning a man wearing only green slacks. No shirt. No shoes. Just the slacks. He is very agitated.

The pickup screeches up. Roper and McCall hop out. Roper flashes his badge to the OFFICER in charge. (OFFICER #1)

ROPER

Roper. Metro Division. Hostage Negotiator. Give me the short version.

OFFICER #1

Husband came home. Found that guy and his wife "in flagrante". Now he's holding her at knife point.

ROPER

Which apartment?

The Officer points up to the third floor.

OFFICER #1

That one with the bars on the windows.

Roper nods. Walks back over to the pickup. Looks up. Eyeballs the building.

ROPER

How are we gonna get him out of there?

MCCALL

We could fill it with water.

Roper throws him a look. McCall walks to the back of the pickup, reaches into the cab and digs around in his duffel bag.

ROPER

(to Officer #1)

Have you evacuated anyone?

OFFICER #1

Only that floor.

ROPER

Is the hostage injured?

OFFICER #1

Don't know. She keeps screaming to stay out. He keeps screaming to stay out. We decided to stay out.

ROPER

Well, there's a good amount of agreement on that.

McCall slams the truck door, sniper rifle in hand.

MCCALL

I'll take "highground" until SWAT gets here.

(surveying the area)

I can get a good sight-line from that roof across the street.

McCall marches off across the street.

ROPER

Remember, Quick Draw, we're trying to limit the force here.

McCall calls back over his shoulder.

MCCALL

I know my job.

At that moment, a scream echoes down from the third floor window. Roper heads for the front door of the building.

INT. APT. HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - (ACROSS THE STREET)

McCall bounds up the stairs of the building to the rooftop.

INT. 6TH ST. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

The screams are getting more panicky. Roper comes down the hall quickly. The door to the apartment is open. It's been that way since the guy in the green slacks fled. Roper hurries toward the door.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The WIFE is in bra and panties and the HUSBAND is 6'4". He's giving her a good beating. It's a studio apartment. Unmade bed. Belongings strewn all over. Window open with sun streaming in, and a good view of the building across the street. We hear ROPER'S VOICE from out in the hall.

ROPER (V.O.)
I'm coming in. I'm not armed.

The husband snatches his wife by the hair and holds a knife to her throat.

WIFE
(shrieking)
No, Raymond!

RAYMOND
(to Roper)
Stay the fuck out of here!

But Roper steps into the apartment. Sees the wife. Face swollen. Knife to her neck. The enraged husband, contemplating murder. One inch from committing the act. Roper doesn't bat an eye.

ROPER
I know how you feel, Ray.

RAYMOND
You don't know shit, and I suggest you leave.

He presses the knife against the wife's throat. She winces. Her chest heaves.

ROPER
I can't leave, Ray. It's part of my negotiator's oath. Once I'm in the room with the hostage, I have to stay.

RAYMOND
You don't want to see what I'm going to do to her.

ROPER
Let me show you something, Ray.

Roper reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet. He extracts a photo.

CLOSEUP PHOTO

Wife. Two kids. A little dog-eared. Nice touch.

ROPER

holds it up so Raymond can see it.

ROPER

Same thing happened to me, man. She cheated on me, but I forgave her. You know why?

RAYMOND

I ain't interested in your life story.

ROPER

Because I was partially to blame. I wasn't around as much as I should have been. I forgot how to love her.

RAYMOND

She's the one to blame. Not me.

EXT. ROOF ACROSS THE STREET - ON MCCALL

In prone position. Rifle in hand. Eye to scope.

POV THROUGH SIGHT

of Raymond's open window.

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT

Everyone where we left them. Roper looks at Ray with utter sincerity.

ROPER

Ray, think about how she looked when you married her. Think about how happy you were. Don't lose that, man. Don't give up everything.

RAYMOND

What am I giving up? I'm laid off

last year. I'm down to my last unemployment check. I'm out on the streets looking for work and this bitch is banging some asshole in my bed.

And now Ray is crying. Blubbering actually. And he's not that coherent.

RAYMOND

I'm down at Consolidated and I'm begging. I'm saying I'll take half my pay. Eight years, man. I don't even have to work the loading docks anymore. I'll do maintenance. "We're cutting back. We're streamlining, Ray. West Central's running things now. It's out of our hands" Fuck them! Fuck them! FUCK THEM!

(deep sigh)

I'm gonna kill her and then I'm gonna kill myself, 'cause I don't wanna live anymore.

Roper reaches out to him.

ROPER

Ray, if you walk out of here with me, I'll get you a job.

RAYMOND

Doing what? Cleaning toilets?

ROPER

I can't guarantee you what it will be. But I swear on my life, I'll find you work.

RAYMOND

And why the fuck would you do that for me?

ROPER

Not for you, Ray. For me. A close friend of mine was killed this week.

The way I figure it, I stop you from doin' what you said, I'm one up on body count.

RAYMOND

Who the fuck are you, Mother Teresa?

ROPER

My name's Scott Roper.

Ray stares blankly at Roper's outstretched hand, the knife clutched tightly in his fist... The wife squeezes her eyes closed. Everything waits for an excruciatingly long beat... Then...

RAYMOND

I need my coat.

It's on a coat rack in the corner. But to get there he has to pass by the window. Ray drops his wife on the bed, turns and goes to get his coat.

He crosses in front of the window... Reaches for the coat. POP! A bullet slams into his skull. Ray falls to the floor. The wife runs out of the room, screaming!

ROPER

NOOOO!!

He rushes over to Ray. Circle of blood soaking into the carpet. Ray's empty eyes. His hand still wrapped in his coat. He was dead instantly. Roper slams his fist into the wall. A couple of cops, guns drawn, arrive at the doorway. Roper bolts out of the room... Pounds down the hallway... Pounds down the stairs... down another flight...

EXT. APT. BLDG.

McCall comes across the street. Roper sees McCall, cool as ever. Rifle slung over his shoulder. Roper steps into his path.

ROPER

WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

McCall gives no answer. He pushes past Roper and continues into the building.

INT. APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Roper follows, screaming his head off.

ROPER

Do you think because the police department issued you a sniper rifle, it makes you God! What the fuck goes on in your head?

McCall, still stone-faced, reaches the apartment. Yellow "crime scene" tape is being placed across the doorway. Cops are tiptoeing around, surveying evidence. McCall ducks under the tape. Roper follows.

INT. APT. - DAY

McCall goes over to Ray's body. Crouches down. Roper comes up behind him. McCall picks up the coat covering Ray's arms. Clutched in Ray's hand is a gun "Saturday night special" variety. McCall looks up at Roper.

MCCALL

SWAT is a lifesaving unit, remember?
I just saved a life. Yours.

Roper doesn't miss a beat.

ROPER

(still angry)

You think I've never had a gun pulled on me?! You think every fucking time someone pulls a gun they use it?!

McCall gets to his feet.

MCCALL

Eighty-five percent of domestic disturbances of this nature end in murder/suicide.

ROPER

(fiercely)
Not the ones I'm at.

McCall and Roper glare at each other. Toe to toe. A beat.
McCall's face softens just perceptibly.

MCCALL
Sorry. My mistake.

He walks out of the room. Roper whips the sheet off the bed,
contemplates the gun gripped in Ray's hand... Then tosses
the sheet over Ray's dead body.

INT. METRO DIVISION - NIGHT

Roper seated in the hallway, waiting outside a door marked
"Internal Affairs". Things are quiet. Roper stares at the
floor. Waiting.

The door opens. McCall comes out, escorted by two internal
affairs INVESTIGATORS. One of the investigators pats him on
the back.

INVESTIGATOR
Looks like a clean shoot. Go home
and get some rest.

McCall shakes hands with the investigators and they disappear
back into the office. Roper approaches McCall. He's cooled
off considerably. Even a tad friendly.

ROPER
Come on. Let's go for a drink.

MCCALL
I don't really like to drink.

ROPER
You have to. It's a tradition.

MCCALL
Well, if I have to, I have to.

INT. BILLY GOAT TAVERN - NIGHT

A neighborhood bar. Roper and McCall are playing pool. Half-finished beers are on a nearby table. McCall is bent over the table trying to make a particularly tricky shot. Roper studies him.

ROPER

You got a girlfriend?

MCCALL

Why? You like my ass?

McCall misses the shot.

ROPER

Better than your pool game.

Roper lines up his shot.

ROPER

You wouldn't want to put a small wager on this, would you?

MCCALL

I don't gamble.

Roper smiles. Sinks his shot. Moves around the table.

MCCALL

Yeah, I've got a girlfriend.

ROPER

You living together?

MCCALL

She's back in Jersey... going to graduate school.

ROPER

Explain how that works.

MCCALL

She's going to come here when she graduates and then we're gonna get married.

ROPER

She grow up in Livingston, too?

MCCALL

(as if that were
unthinkable)

No, no, no...

(a beat)

She's from Hoboken.

ROPER

Oh, "city girl". Don't you ever long
for companionship with her such a
long way away in New Jersey?

MCCALL

We see each other every couple of
months.

ROPER

Every couple of months, huh?

A couple of months sounds like an awful long time to Roper.

ROPER

That's a lot of commitment. I admire
that.

MCCALL

Do you really?

ROPER

No. Actually I think it's fucking
crazy, I don't know if I could do
it.

MCCALL

Thanks for clearing that up.

(a beat)

I hear your former girlfriend is
going out with Greg Barnett.

ROPER

Where did you hear that?

MCCALL

Around. Barnett's tough competition.

ROPER

Yeah, well that's a sore subject,
and therefore out of bounds to a
young sprout of a hostage negotiator
under my tutelage.

A beat and then McCall realizes that this comment is a major acknowledgement of acceptance from Roper. Roper misses his shot. Picks up his beer glass.

ROPER

Lesson two, "Dead Eye"... should
have been lesson one. Never exchange
yourself for a hostage.

MCCALL

I think I can handle that one.

ROPER

Yeah, you think so, but it comes up.

Roper takes a drink of beer. Nears the bottom of his glass.
Calls to the BARTENDER.

ROPER

Zack, another round.

Roper turns back to McCall.

ROPER

My partner gave himself in exchange
for a ten year old girl. He got caught
in the crossfire. Two dead. My partner
and the bad guy...

(takes the last sip)

Weird thing is, if he was alive,
he'd probably do it again.

(a beat)

Some people never learn.

Roper puts down his glass.

ROPER

You think you can learn, McCall?

MCCALL

I think so.

Roper nods. Maybe he can.

INT. ROOM - DAY

We're looking at a door. It's not clear where we are. McCall enters. We only see his face. Determined.

MCCALL

I'm Officer McCall, what's going on?

REVERSE ANGLE

It's a training room. It's built to approximate a convenience store. Several mannequins are placed around the room to represent a hostage situation. The "BAD GUY" has a walkie-talkie strapped around his neck. Roper's voice CRACKLES out of it.

BAD GUY

What the fuck do you think is going on, turdhead? I'm about to waste everyone in this place.

McCall hesitates, trying to figure out a response. He seems stiff and awkward.

MCCALL

H... how can I help you? Tell me what...

(looks off to his right)

I feel stupid talking to a dummy.

Roper enters the training room from a side door. He's holding the other walkie-talkie.

ROPER

What did you think? I'm going to let you practice on real people?

Roper comes up beside him.

ROPER

First things is, don't say, "What's going on?" Everybody knows what's going on. I come into this situation, I say,

(addressing the mannequin)

"I'm glad to see nobody's hurt. That's good. I'm here to help you."

(turns back to McCall)

Second: You hesitated. Don't hesitate. If you're thinking, talk while you're thinking, or else he's going to think you're plotting. Which you are. If he thinks you're plotting, you're going to make him nervous. You don't want him nervous. Got that?

MCCALL

No.

ROPER

It'll come. Try again.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON THE DOOR. McCall comes in. The room has the same set-up. McCall takes a look around. Launches immediately into...

MCCALL

My name's McCall. I'm a hostage negotiator. I'm here to help you.

Roper's voice crackles back at him hostilely.

ROPER (V.O.)

How are you going to help me?

McCall's confidence is growing.

MCCALL

Tell me what you need.

ROPER (V.O.)

I need you to bring me the scumbag
who ran off with my wife so I can
cut off his nuts.

Now he's stumped.

MCCALL

(hesitantly)

I can't do that.

ROPER (V.O.)

Then get out of my face you worthless
piece of frogshit.

McCall looks up to his right.

MCCALL

Is all the name calling necessary.

Roper re-enters the training area.

ROPER

Nah, I just throw that in because I
enjoy it.

MCCALL

(exasperated)

So what do I say to this guy?

ROPER

You could say something like,
(addressing the dummy)
"Tell me what the scumbag's name is.
Maybe we can work something out."

MCCALL

What? Bring somebody in so he can
cut his nuts off?

Roper turns to McCall.

ROPER

If you want to be a successful negotiator, you've got to learn to lie.

MCCALL
I'm not good at lying.

ROPER
Get good at it.

MCCALL
It's against my nature.

Roper gives him an amused smile.

ROPER
You know the ten commandments?

MCCALL
Yes.

ROPER
What's the first commandment?

MCCALL
Thou shall have no other God before me.

That's not the answer Roper wanted.

ROPER
Okay, forget that. What's the main one.

McCall is tired of guessing.

MCCALL
You tell me.

ROPER
Thou shall not kill... You've killed, right?

MCCALL
Yes.

ROPER
Why?

MCCALL
To save lives.

ROPER
So why would you hesitate to lie to
save lives?

McCall can't argue with that one. Roper turns and heads back to the side door.

ROPER
Let's try it again.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - LATER

McCall comes through the door. Hands in the air. The setup in the room has been changed a bit. The bad guy is behind the counter. Several hostages in various positions on the floor.

MCCALL
My name's McCall. I'm unarmed.

ROPER (V.O.)
Okay, stop.

Roper comes through the side door.

ROPER
Close your eyes.

McCall is surprised by the command but closes them. Roper turns him away from the hostage scene.

ROPER
What did you see?

MCCALL
(rapid-fire)
A dirtbag behind the counter holding
a sawed-off. A Berretta nine

millimeter in his belt. A female hostage, red dress, on the floor in front of the cereal display. Male hostage, jeans and blue checked shirt, three feet to her right. Another male hostage, white pants, green shirt, Nikes, laying in front of the magazine rack. A female dirtbag with a gun under her shirt, sitting against the beer cooler, trying to pass herself off as a hostage, and there's a special on toilet-paper, four for a buck twenty-nine.

McCall opens his eyes. Roper's impressed.

ROPER

Very good. You've got good eyes.
That's important.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Roper and McCall are sitting in the dark watching a video tape. It's grainy footage of a hostage situation in a sporting goods store. A negotiator confronted with a gunman holding a ten year old girl hostage. The negotiator holds his hands out imploringly... Carefully moves toward the gunman. The negotiator exchanges himself for the little girl. The gunman grabs the negotiator around the neck, holds the gun to his head. The little girl runs out of the picture to safety.

Roper remains dead silent during all this. McCall looks over at him. The blue light flickers over Roper's motionless face.

MCCALL

Was that your partner?

Roper nods.

MCCALL

Why did he do it?

ROPER

(quietly)

Because he knew the little girl had

zero chance of survival and his chances would be a little better... We had a plan, but SWAT opened up too early. He got caught in the crossfire.

(a sad beat)

Let's move on... Notice this. Always use the eyes to keep the connection. It almost like hypnosis. That's the most important thing. Create a connection. You're always on their side...

McCall watches him for a beat, then turns his attention back on the screen.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE RACETRACK - DAY

Beautiful day. Roper and McCall leaning against the rail at the walking ring. The horses are being paraded and saddled. Roper scrutinizes them with an expert eye. McCall seems totally disinterested.

ROPER

You know why I like the track?

MCCALL

You're a compulsive gambler?

Roper ignores that.

ROPER

Because there are a multitude of possibility's. Everything is there to see if you know what to look for. You have to read the conditions, just like in a hostage situation.

Roper points across the ring to a particular horse.

ROPER

See the four horse. Dropping in class. No works. Front wraps. Looks like he's broken down. But notice the woman in the sun hat. She's the owner.

She wouldn't have come if her horse was broken down. He's live. We use him.

McCall listens indifferently.

ROPER

See the favorite? Tail up. Washy. He doesn't want to run today. Cross him off... Now the Six looks good. On his toes. Coat shiny. This trainer/jockey combo does well. We can't leave him out.

(turns to McCall)

What do you think?

MCCALL

I have two words for you... Seek help.

ROPER

I have three words for you... Ex-ac-ta.

INT. BETTING WINDOWS - DAY

Roper is buying tickets. McCall is with him, watching the other bettors, the odds board, all the monitors... Strange place. Roper finishes and turns away from the window. Hands McCall a ticket.

ROPER

I bought you a four-six exacta box. You owe me twenty bucks.

MCCALL

(puzzled)

I do.

EXT. SEATING AREA - DAY

Roper and McCall pass by a gambler.

GAMBLER

Hey, Roper.

ROPER
How you doin', Marv?

They sit down in a box right up front.

ROPER
We need the 4 and 6 to finish to
first and second.

MCCALL
(no enthusiasm)
Fine.

Roper uses his binoculars to watch the horses warm up on the
backstretch.

MCCALL
I'm told that newspaper photographer
is your former girlfriend.

Roper looks over at him. What's this about?

ROPER
Ronnie... Yeah, so.

MCCALL
Now she's going out with Greg Barnett?

ROPER
So what do you want?... An autograph.

MCCALL
I don't know why she'd pick him over
you.

Roper throws McCall a skeptical look.

MCCALL
(straight-faced)
I'm just practicing my lying.

ROPER
Still needs work.

MCCALL
(downcast)
You're right. I'll never be as good
a liar as you.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
And they're racing!

ON THE TRACK

The horses spring from the gate. (The track announcer's call plays through race)

IN THE STANDS

Roper watches intently through the binoculars. McCall sits impassively.

ROPER
Okay, we're in good shape. We're in
good shape.

McCall looks across the track.

MCCALL
The 6 horse is last.

ROPER
That's okay. That's his style.

MCCALL
To run last?

ROPER
To run late!

Roper follows the horses into the turn.

ROPER
The favorite's fading. I told you he
wasn't going to run today... The
four horse has got the lead!

McCall sits like a wax figure.

MCCALL
(cynically)
The 6 horse is still last.

ROPER
He'll be running at the quarter pole.

ON THE TRACK

The horses head into the stretch. The FOUR is on the lead and the SIX is starting to unleash a big run. Passing horses with every stride.

ROPER (V.O.)
There he goes.

IN THE STANDS

McCall sits forward slightly.

MCCALL
They need to run first and second?

ROPER
Yeah, first and second.

Roper gets to his feet.

ON THE TRACK

The horses thunder down the stretch. The FOUR horse is in front and the SIX is coming on from behind.

IN THE STANDS

Roper is on his feet screaming.

ROPER
Come on, Russell! Come on, Russell.

McCall jumps to this feet and joins him.

MCCALL
COME ON RUSSELL!...
(to Roper)

Who the fuck's Russell?!

ROPER
The jockey!

MCCALL
COME ON, RUSSELL!

Roper and McCall cheer together.

ON THE TRACK

The FOUR horse crosses the finish line in front. The SIX horse is flying... Needs to beat one horse to be second... He's running out of room... With one last surge he hits the wire and... It's too close to call.

IN THE STANDS

McCall, really excited, turns to Roper.

MCCALL
We won!

ROPER
(disheartened)
We lost.

MCCALL
(confidently)
We won.

ROPER
How much you wanna bet?

MCCALL
You want to bet on whether you won your bet? This is getting sick.

ANGLE ON TOTE BOARD

As the photo finish light goes out and the numbers come on... 4-6-8. They won.

IN THE STANDS

ROPER

Yes!

High fives.

ROPER

That's eight hundred bucks.

INT. BET/CASH WINDOW - DAY

Roper and McCall collect their money. Four hundred a piece, not bad. McCall pockets his money.

MCCALL

How long you been coming here?

ROPER

About six years. My partner took me.

MCCALL

Is it always like this?

ROPER

Occasionally you lose.

Suddenly Roper's BEEPER goes off. He checks it, takes out a cellular phone and dials.

ROPER

(into the phone)

Roper here.

(he listens)

I'm on my way.

He hangs up and turns to McCall.

ROPER

We gotta go.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - UNION SQUARE - DAY

Marble facade. Tastefully reinforced windows and door. Choppers circle overhead. Both ends of the street are sealed off. Barricades are up. Spectators and news crews crowd behind

those. Numerous police circulate. This is a major operation in full swing.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - COMMAND CENTER - DAY

It's across the street from the jewelry store. Second story. The walls are plastered with travel posters. A poster of Tahiti is the most prominent. Members of police and SWAT are standing over a blueprint of the jewelry store spread out on a table. Right behind them is a TV monitoring the front of the store. Solis is at another desk, on the phone. He's talking to the suspect.

SOLIS

We're working on that, Joe. These things aren't quite that simple.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roper and McCall push through the barricades and come walking down the cordoned-off street. McCall takes a look at the jewelry store. Well fortified, foreboding.

MCCALL

This does not look good.

Roper looks over there, gives no reaction. They reach Solis' convertible Cadillac. It's parked out front of the travel agency building.

ROPER

See this. Solis has me driving the shit-mobile, and he picked this up straight out of impound for fourteen grand. Probably worth thirty.

MCCALL

Police corruption. It's everywhere.

INT. COMMAND POST - DAY

Roper and McCall enter. McCall joins the men who are studying the blueprint. Roper stands by Solis and listens, takes note of the poster of Tahiti. Looks inviting.

SOLIS

This will take time to setup. I'll have to get authorizations.

(he listens)

Okay, you relax, and I'll –

Solis pulls the phone away from his ear. Joe has obviously hung up.

ROPER

What do we got?

SOLIS

32 minutes ago the silent alarm went off, then the fire alarm. A unit was a block away, and the suspect got trapped inside.

ROPER

Any verification on numbers.

SOLIS

We've only seen and talked to one suspect. He calls himself "Joe". There's two jewelers, two salespeople, the manager, a security guard, and an elderly woman. This particular store is where they do a lot of jewelry making and repair. They have anywhere from 8 to 10 million in raw stones on any given day, so they sure as shit didn't just wander in. They knew what they were coming for.

ROPER

What have you promised them?

SOLIS

Just that I'd talk to my superiors.

McCall returns from checking out the blueprints.

ROPER

Any good points of entry?

McCall shakes his head.

MCCALL

The place is designed to be a vault.

Roper picks up the cellular phone. It dials automatically.

ROPER

(into the phone)

My name's Roper. How are you people doing in there?

(he listens)

Solis is off the job now, Joe. I'm the guy authorized to give you whatever you want.

(listens)

That's right, but first I need to come down there to talk to you.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

We don't see anything but the suspect on the other end of the phone. He's wearing a ski mask and gloves. Totally unrecognizable to the audience. We will find out soon that he is, in fact, Korda. He appears very cool and collected.

KORDA

You don't have to come here.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

ROPER

Yes, I do. That way there's no misunderstandings. I need to make sure no one's hurt, then we can take care of business.

A long pause... Then a bit sinister.

KORDA (V.O.)

Alright, Roper. You want to come... come.

ROPER

Good. I won't be armed. We gotta

operate on trust here. We're going to wrap this up and have you guys out of here as soon as possible.

Roper clicks off the phone. He already doesn't like the sound of this guy.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Roper, bulletproof vest, hands in the air, walks across the eerily deserted street straight toward the jewelry store. It's quiet now. The choppers have been pulled back.

Roper reaches the sidewalk right in front of the store. Korda cracks the door open.

KORDA
(warningly)
Stay there.

Roper stops in his tracks.

ROPER
I'm going to put my hands down, okay.

Roper slowly lowers his hands.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Everybody watching through the window.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Korda takes a half step out the doorway. The gloved hand that is visible is not holding a weapon. The other half of his body is hidden inside the doorway. He wears jeans, a black shirt, and black Nike tennis shoes. He stares fiercely from behind the ski mask. There's no sign of fear in him.

KORDA
Are you in charge, Roper?

ROPER
Yep.

KORDA

I want a car. Like a four wheel drive.
I want it in perfect condition. I
want a uniformed cop to drive it up
right here. I want him to leave the
engine running and walk to the end
of the street. Then we'll come out.
I don't want any remote control
devices in it. I know all the tricks.
If it's not in perfect condition,
and I mean if its even low on wiper
fluid, I'm going to kill somebody
and we're gonna start again.

Korda lets that sink in.

KORDA

I want a plane waiting at the airport.
I'll tell them where I want to go
when I get there.

ROPER

Is that all?

KORDA

For now that's all.

ROPER

You'll get it. But, Joe, I want you
to do something for me. Let me take
a look around inside. Make sure
everybody's okay.

KORDA

No. You just do shit for me right
now.

Korda's eyes glare from behind the ski mask. He's an ominous
figure.

ROPER

Joe, I'm doing a lot for you. I think
you could give me something to cement
the deal... One hostage.

KORDA

I'll give you something.

Korda pulls a wadded-up handkerchief out of his pocket and tosses it to Roper. Roper unwraps the handkerchief.

DETAIL SHOT

It's a human ear.

KORDA

In fifteen minutes it'll be a bigger piece. I assume there are no "misunderstanding".

Roper is as serious as we've ever seen him.

ROPER

I understand you completely.

Korda disappears back behind the door.

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Roper trudges back in. Things are more active now. Logistical officers are making flow charts. Photos of the hostages are being posted on a bulletin board. Roper approaches Solis, McCall and the SWAT CAPTAIN who are anxiously waiting for his report.

ROPER

(flatly)

We're going to have to take this guy out.

That draws a long silence. That's something Roper rarely says.

SOLIS

Can't we wear him down?

Roper hands Solis the handkerchief with the ear in it. Solis eyes it with dismay.

ROPER

I believe there's at least one fatality in there already. The fire alarm was probably set off by gunfire. I believe he's working alone, both from his conversation and the fact that he wouldn't come out beyond the doorway. He was holding a gun on the hostages while he was talking to me. His demeanor is calm and controlled, that's what really scares me. The other bad news is that he also indicated a familiarity with our techniques.

(a beat)

So, do you want to go in or wait for him to come out?

McCall calmly offers his opinion.

MCCALL

Let him come out. Too many unknowns in there.

Solis nods. That'll be the plan.

MCCALL

When we drive up the car, make sure it's at an angle about three feet from the curb.

(to SWAT Captain)

Put our best man "highground", Twenty degree down angle.

The SWAT Captain motions and turns to one of his UNDERLINGS.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Have Anderson prep it and notify us when he's on line.

The underling hurries off to take care of it. Solis looks at Roper dejectedly.

SOLIS

I feel this thing going sideways on us.

Roper tries to buck him up.

ROPER

There is some good news. He's wearing a ski mask, so he's protecting his identity and hasn't determined to kill all the hostages...

(big pause)

Yet.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

The jewel thief pulls off his ski mask to reveal he is Korda. His face is sweaty. Hair matted. ANGLE WIDENS to show five very scared hostages: A JEWELER, middle-aged, balding. The male MANAGER, good-looking, thirties, three piece suit. TWO SALESGIRLS, nicely dressed, late twenties. A FEMALE CUSTOMER, gray-haired Hillsborough matron. They are all seated against the wall. There are two fatalities lying on the floor. The guard and one of the jewelers.

Korda points his gun at the manager and the other jeweler and motions to the dead bodies.

KORDA

Drag them behind the counter.

The two men reluctantly get to their feet and commence the grim task. The two salesgirls watch Korda fearfully. The older female customer seems to be in a lesser state of reality. Her eyes are a bit far away.

Korda moves over to the remaining display cases that haven't been looted. With the barrel of his gun, He SMASHES the glass, reaches in and picks out the jewelry. He dumps it in an open satchel already half-filled with packets of raw gemstones and gold chains. Suddenly, the older woman customer gets to her feet. She seems fairly out-of-it. Maybe in shock. She starts walking toward the front door frowning with dissatisfaction.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

I'm not staying here another minute.

SALESGIRL #1
(panicky)
No, Mrs. Dotson.

Korda rushes around the display case.

KORDA
Come here, hag.

He grabs a handful of the woman's coiffed gray hair and drags her away from the door. She shrieks. The manager takes a step toward Korda.

MANAGER
Leave her alone!

Korda pistol whips her across the forehead and drops her unconscious to the floor then turns the gun on the manager.

KORDA
You're a brave one, aren't you?

The manager glares at him. He's about Korda's size. He thinks about making a run at him.

SALESGIRL #2
(pleading)
Sit down, Doug.

A long beat... The manager sits back down on the floor with the other hostages. Salesgirl 1 is giving aid to the old woman. Korda looks down at her.

KORDA
If she's not conscious when it's
time to leave, I'll have to kill
her.

Korda goes back to the display cases to collect the rest of the gems.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cops clear spectators out of the way as a green FORD EXPLORER RUMBLES through the barricade and heads down the deserted

street.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Roper and McCall at the window, attention fixed on the store. The Explorer crawls to a stop in front of the jewelry store. Parks at a slight angle. The uniformed police officer gets out, leaving the engine running, and walks off back to the barricade.

ROPER

Okay. Time to give this fucker a call.

Roper picks up the phone, waits. Everybody tensely watching the store.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. BUILDING - SAME

A sniper team watching the store from a third floor window.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Roper holding the phone. It's still ringing.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DIFFERENT BUILDING - SAME

Another sharpshooting team. Poised. Waiting.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - SAME

And still another sharpshooter team.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME

The phone is still ringing.

ROPER

This fucker's not answering.

Just then, the front door of the jewelry store swings open.

A spray of white vapor shoots out the doorway. Korda is discharging a fire extinguisher.

MCCALL

There's your answer. He's smart.

ROPER

He's cutting down the visibility.

MCCALL

And doing a very good job of it.

A thick cloud of white hangs over the sidewalk obscuring the front of the jewelry store. Roper puts down the phone.

MCCALL

Come on. Give us one clean shot.

SWAT CAPTAIN

(into his radio)

All positions, you have the green light.

MCCALL

They're out.

Roper grabs a pair of binoculars.

HIS POV

Through the haze, we catch glimpses of the hostages circled around the figure in the ski mask. They slowly shuffle toward the Explorer.

McCall watches intently.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

A sniper watches through his scope. Finger poised on the trigger.

ANGLE THROUGH THE SCOPE

Low visibility through the haze. The figure in the ski mask wavers in and out of the crosshairs, shielded momentarily by

the jeweler, then he flashes back into the crosshairs. The sniper tries to lock him in.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - ROPER'S POV - BINOCULARS - SAME

The figure in the ski mask leans slightly and Roper catches a glimpse of the hostage right behind him. Roper recognizes him instantly.

ROPER
It's Korda.

McCall sees him now, too.

MCCALL
They switched clothes.

Roper drops the binoculars and grabs his police radio.

ROPER
(urgently)
Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

Too late. A SHOT rings out. The figure in the ski mask goes down, hit by the bullet.

ROPER
Shit! Where'd that shot come from?
Hold your fire!

More SHOTS ring out.

DOWN ON THE STREET

The white vapor cloud swirls. The hostages, spattered with blood, scream and scatter. The figure in the ski mask lies dead on the sidewalk. Korda, dressed in the manager's three piece suit, holding the satchel of jewels in one hand and his gun in the other FIRES back at the snipers. He grabs salesgirl 1 and drags her into the Explorer.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Roper sees Korda move toward the car with one of the hostages.

MCCALL
He's got the girl.

ROPER
Damn it!

As Roper turns into the room he notices a set of keys on Solis' desk.

ROPER
(grabbing the keys;
to Solis)
Are these yours?

SOLIS
Yeah, they are but...

ROPER
(to McCall)
Come on!

As Roper and McCall move toward the door...

SOLIS
Roper, what are you going to do?
Don't take my...

And Roper and McCall are gone.

SOLIS
...car.

DOWN ON THE STREET

Police come rushing onto the street. Guns drawn. The Explorer ROARS off down the block. Roper and McCall burst out of the command center building, leap into Solis' Cadillac and tear off after the van. McCall is behind the wheel.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. POLICE BARRICADES - DAY

The Explorer comes barreling toward it. Spectators scatter. Two squad cars SCREECH up behind the barricades, trying to block Korda's escape. The Explorer PLOWS through the metal barricades. BASHES the squad cars out of the way. And screams off around the corner.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Explorer careens up an alley and bursts into the congested traffic of a side street. HONK-SCREECH! A Toyota swerves to miss it and broadsides a parked car. The Explorer fishtails off down the street.

INT. VAN - DAY

The salesgirl is terrified. Korda checks the rear view mirror. No one on his tail... At first. Then the Cadillac comes speeding up behind...

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Roper and McCall have the Van in sight, about a block ahead. Roper picks up the radio.

MCCALL

Suspect heading west on Sutter now passing Jones. Can we get an intercept?

A voice comes back.

VOICE (V.O.)

R-32-David. We are proceeding south on Hyde. Will intercept.

INT. VAN - DAY

Korda has one eye on the road and the other on the rear view mirror. The Cadillac is making up ground.

UP AHEAD

a squad car SCREECHES into the intersection and smokes to a stop. Korda jerks the wheel, pulls a SCREAMING right turn and heads up the hill.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Cadillac is only about a hundred feet behind the van... Brakes SQUEALING, it swerves around the corner in pursuit.

THE VAN

hits the top of the hill and goes airborne... SLAMS back down to the pavement.

INT. VAN - DAY

Korda floors it, and we get a frightening view out the windshield as they head straight downhill. The salesgirl is beyond petrified.

THE CADILLAC

reaches the top of the hill. Going fast.

INT. CADILLAC

As it rocks forward violently. Front bumper slamming against the pavement. McCall sees the van ahead. Hammers the accelerator. No fear.

VAN

Korda sees traffic ahead... Intersection jammed. He pulls a hard left.

THE VAN

cuts straight across the corner... up on the sidewalk... shears a mailbox... a row of newspaper machines fly through the air... The van speeds off down a one-way street...

THE CADILLAC

arrives at the intersection a few seconds later...

Intersection still jammed... People now standing on the corner gawking at the damage. The Caddy SCREECHES to a stop. McCall HONKS... The people scatter... The Cadillac drives through the corner.

THE VAN

Wrong way down a one-way street. Cars coming right at us in every angle. Frantic HONKING. Salesgirl SHRIEKS. Tires SMOKING... No way to avoid collision... Except Korda pulls a left an instant before impact... The van speeds back up the hill.

THE CADILIAC

Down the same one way street... Comes up on the head-on traffic, now stopped, paralyzed with fear from the near collision with Korda...

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Cadillac roars around the corner and heads up the hill.

INT. VAN

Korda, checking the rear view mirror. The Caddy is a short distance behind. Attention still focused behind, Korda enters an intersection, running a red light... CROSS-TRAFFIC... Korda stiffens... Pulls on the wheel

THE STREET

The van swerves... But not quick enough... GRINDING metal... SHATTERING glass... The van rolls over another car...

BRIEF CUT - LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Korda and the salesgirl tossed about as the van does a dizzying roll...

THE VAN

...and CRASHES back down to the street upside down. After a beat, Korda crawls from the wreckage carrying the satchel of jewels. The salesgirl does not emerge. He spots a cable car

reaching the top of the hill and starting its long descend.
He heads toward it...

INT. CABLE CAR

As Korda comes toward them from the wreckage, some of the passengers view him uneasily.

THE CADILLAC

hits the top of the hill just in time for Rope and McCall to see Korda leap onto the moving cable car.

CABLE CAR

other passengers give Korda room. They can sense that he is not here merely for the ride. Korda looks out the back...

Roper and McCall haven't lost track of him. The Cadillac is making up ground on the cable car.

Korda moves to the back exit, pulls his gun and FIRES off a couple of shots at the Caddy.

INT. CADILLAC

A bullet fractures the windshield. McCall swerves.

BACK ON THE CABLE CAR

That makes up the minds of many of the passenger. They leap off the cable car.

Korda takes aim on the Caddy again and FIRES!

The brakeman charges down the aisle while Korda has his attention focused out the back and tries to shove him off the cable car...

Almost works... but Korda is able to hang on by one hand... He swings around toward the Brakeman who turns involuntarily as he sees the barrel of the gun pointed at him... BANG!
Korda shoots him in the back.

The brakeman staggers down the aisle and slumps across the

brake lever, releasing it more.

EXT. UNDER CABLE CAR

The brakes are stressed.

EXT. STREET

Now driverless, the cable car picks up speed... Broad-sides a car... Pushing it into parked cars...

THE CABLE CAR

Korda and the remaining passengers are rocked around.

THE CABLE CAR

THUNDERS towards us... Filling the FRAME...

A SIDE ANGLE

Shows the cable car leaving the wreckage in its wake.

CADILLAC

It passes the smashed car. McCall looks at the speedometer as he paces the cable car. It's going at 45 mph.

MCCALL

What the fuck is going on.

ROPER

I don't know, but I've got to get on there.

MCCALL

You're crazy.

ROPER

Pull up alongside.

EXT. INTERSECTION

The cable car barrels through... Plows into two cross-traffic cars... Knocks them aside... Keeps picking up speed.

THE CADILLAC

Weaves through the wreckage... Makes up ground on the cable car, trying to pull alongside.

THE CABLE CAR

For the moment, Korda is not shooting at the Caddy. His attention is now focused downhill as...

KORDA'S POV

The cable car nails another vehicle sending it spinning off to the side.

THE CADDY

dodges the spinning car... Jumps up onto the sidewalk... Mows down parking meters... Jumps back onto the street.

THE CABLE CAR

Korda leans out the door, takes aim at the Caddy... Another jammed intersection up ahead...

INT. CAR OF MAN TRAPPED IN INTERSECTION

He sees the cable car coming in his rear view mirror. He bails out...

THE CABLE CAR

SLAMS into the back of the car. Major impact.

THE CABLE CAR

Korda and the passengers are thrown to the floor.

THE REAR-ENDED CAR

Tumbles down the hill... Hits a car coming uphill and rolls into a parked car.

THE CADILLAC

Speeds up alongside the cable car. Roper climbs over the windshield, onto the hood and leaps onto the cable car.

INT. CABLE CAR

Korda sees him coming. FIRES. Roper dives out the other side of the cable car.

CABLE CAR

Roper hanging off the side. He gets his gun out of his holster...

Up ahead, a car pulls away from the curb...

Roper swings around to get back into the relative safety of the cable car. As he does his gun is raked out of his hand by the car which avoids a collision by a millimeter.

CABLE CAR

Korda aims as Roper re-enters...

CABLE CAR

As it CRASHES into the back of a car turning left.

Everyone is thrown toward the front of the car. Korda's gun goes flying. Roper dives on top of him. They trade punches. McCall is in b.g. with the Caddy pacing the cable car.

INTERSECTION

Pedestrains bolt out of the way as the cable car streaks through...

THE CABLE CAR

Roper hammers Korda into unconsciousness. Outside McCall is honking and yelling like crazy. Roper looks over... McCall points ahead...

ROPER'S POV

The cable car.

ROPER

Leaps to the brake lever. Pulls on it.

ANGLE UNDER THE CABLE CAR

The clamp tries to slow the descent. It whine and smokes...
Then disintegrates before our eyes.

THE CABLE CAR

Roper feels the lever go slack in his hands. The cable car is speeding toward the end of the line... No way to stop it... Roper turns and takes a running leap into the Caddy...

INT. CADDY

He lands in the passenger seat. Roper pounds his foot down on the accelerator. The Caddy lunges ahead of the cable car... McCall can't figure out what he's doing. Roper yanks the steering wheel hard right...

EXT. STREET

The Caddy collides with the front of the cable car. Tires SCREAM. The steel wheels CLATTER. A cloud of burning rubber forms. The cable car grinds forward pushing the Cadillac... But it's working. The cable car is slowing.

BOTTOM OF STREET

The crowd now sees the Caddy and cable car bearing down on them. General hysteria as they flee.

THE CABLE CAR

Korda regains consciousness. Sees what's going on. He grabs the satchel and bails out of the cable car...

STREET

...Onto the hood of a passing taxi. The taxi slams on its brakes. Korda rolls off the hood, picks himself up and runs

into an underground garage.

THE CABLE CAR

Grinding to a halt just short of the end of the line. Roper grabs McCall's gun off the seat and leaps out of the Caddy to pursue Korda. People approach to ogle the two vehicles in astonishment.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Roper moves up an interior stairway, gun in "ready" position. He knows Korda is somewhere in the parking structure. He glides up the stairway to the third level. Checks back over the rail... No one around... Then a sound from inside the garage... Footsteps maybe.

Roper carefully opens the door... Swings in with his gun...

INT. THIRD LEVEL - GARAGE

Lots of cars, but no one in sight. Roper moves quickly to the protection of a row of cars... He crouches down. Scans beneath the cars... No sign of Korda.

Roper searches between two rows... Comes up beside a van... Thinks he hears something stirring inside. Whirls a gun toward the window.

A dog lunges at the CAMERA... Snarling... baring teeth... Roper moves on.

NEW ANGLE

As a BMW crawls through the parking structure. Roper steps into the FOREGROUND, right into its path, gun visible. The BMW rolls to a stop. Roper approaches with caution.

Roper comes up beside the car and sees a very frightened 30 year old blonde. Roper takes a check out of the backseat.

ROPER

Sorry, go.

INSIDE THE CAR

The woman rolls up the window and hits the gas. She drives off.

INT. GARAGE

Roper stands in the middle of the garage and takes a final scan... He has the discouraging feeling that Korda might have escaped.

He heads toward the exit... Suddenly a SCREECH of tires... Roper whirls to see a sedan bearing down on him. He drives and FIRES! Bullets shatter the windshield.

The car continues toward Roper. He has to roll out of the path of the car. The car swerves past Roper. Tries to make it down the ramp. Roper fires again, taking out the rear window and a rear tire. The car slides along the guard rail and continues down to the next level. Roper runs after it.

GARAGE - 2ND LEVEL

As the car reaches the next level, Korda loses control and piles into a parked car.

Korda crawls out of the car clutching his precious satchel of jewels. Dazed, he staggers away from the wreck.

Roper moves to him with a face grim as death. He strips the satchel from Korda's hand and slams him against the open car door. Korda goes to his knees. Roper holds the barrel of his gun right up between Korda's eyes.

ROPER

Give me one reason why I shouldn't
kill you right here.

Korda stares back at Roper defiantly. He knows a cop won't kill him in cold blood...

What he doesn't know is that Roper doesn't give a shit about those rules at this moment.

ROPER

You know Sam Baffert was a friend of

mine. He had a wife... and he had a daughter.

Korda stares past the barrel of the gun.

KORDA

I don't give a shit about you or your fucking friends.

And that makes Roper even angrier... But he keeps it all inside. His expression is as cold as a San Francisco night.

He yanks back hard on Korda's hair. Pushes the gun tighter against Korda's forehead. He's on the verge of executing this guy.

KORDA

You can't kill me like this.

ROPER

What if you and me got into a struggle... and my gun went off?

In a flash, Roper points the gun upward and fires off a SHOT!

ROPER

Could I kill you then?
(beat, beat)
Could I kill you then?

Roper jams the gun back under Korda's chin. A pull of the trigger would send a bullet straight up through Korda's skull. And now Korda is fully convinced. He squeezes his eyes closed. Face straining so hard, he looks like he's going to burst out of his skin.

ANGLE - MCCALL

moving across garage into position.

MCCALL

Roper! Put it down!... Put it down man, we got him.
(beat)
Come on... Put it down.

Long, long beat. Roper eases up and Korda smiles. Just when we feel the scene is over, Roper turns back quickly and kicks Korda in the stomach, then grabs Korda by the hair, pulls his head back and shoves the gun in his face.

ROPER

We do this shit by the book, but you ain't gonna be smiling.

Korda is doubled up coughing, spitting up blood. Roper walks away as McCall moves in to put the cuffs on Korda.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. METRO DIVISION - NIGHT

Roper is sitting in a cubicle doing paperwork. A group of reporters and photographers move down the hallway adjoining the squadroom. One of them is Ronnie. Through the glass walls, she notices Roper sitting alone at the computer. She bids good-night to the reporters and comes into the squadroom.

RONNIE

You weren't at the press conference.

Roper keeps tapping away at the computer.

ROPER

I wanted to get this out of the way.

RONNIE

You got a bet on the game tonight?

ROPER

As a matter of fact, I do.

She nods knowingly.

RONNIE

It's already started.

ROPER

I was going to catch the last half
on TV.

Ronnie watches him for a moment. He stops typing, looks at
her and smiles. She suddenly becomes self-conscious. Guess
it was something she was thinking.

RONNIE
Good-night.

She turns abruptly to leave. Roper finds himself rising from
his chair.

ROPER
You having dinner with Mr. Baseball?

She turns back around.

RONNIE
Greg is on a road trip. I was just
going to make some pasta.

He takes a few steps toward.

ROPER
That kind with the garlic and the
oil that I like so much?

RONNIE
No. The kind from Kraft, with the
macaroni and the cheese.

ROPER
I've been craving that stuff all
week.

RONNIE
And it's hard to get.

He looks at her innocently.

RONNIE
Just dinner.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ronnie is making macaroni. Roper helps to prepare a dressing to go with the salad. He is mixing oil, vinegar, sugar and spices. He lets her have a taste.

ROPER

What do you think?

RONNIE

Mmm, needs a little something.

ROPER

What are you talking about? This is it. This is the stuff right here.

(beat; he tastes)

Well, maybe just a pinch more sugar.

RONNIE

Yeah that's it.

ROPER

Why don't you just stick your finger in and stir it up.

RONNIE

(laughing)

Scottie...

There is a long pause as he looks at her.

ROPER

What would you say if I quit gambling?

Ronnie stirs the macaroni.

RONNIE

I'd say you'd be miserable... It's not the gambling. It's what the gambling got in the way of. The track is where you'd take your troubles instead of sharing them with me...

Ronnie puts the lid on the macaroni. There is a beat before she continues.

RONNIE

Scottie, remember the day you lost that hostage in union square. You came over that night and we made mad, crazy love. But I didn't even know what happened... 'til I heard it on the news the next morning.

ROPER

It's because I wanted to keep you away from that world.

RONNIE

It's not that world. It's your world. It's part of who you are.

ROPER

(beat)

Veronica, it's not easy for me... I don't know if I can change overnight. But what I'm telling you is that I want to share everything with you, because I don't ever want to be without you again.

The dog yawns. They laugh. Roper moves closer to her. He kisses her and she responds.

INT. RONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lovemaking is over. Roper is gazing at the ceiling, thinking. Ronnie is cuddled around him. A comfortable moment...

ROPER

What about Greg? What are you gonna tell him?

RONNIE

It's okay. We broke up.

ROPER
(surprised)
When?

RONNIE
Just now.

INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING ROOM - DAY

Clarence Teal, Korda's cousin sits in front of the plexiglass wall. He's edgy, fidgety. Clarence doesn't like to make visits to jail.

Korda, wearing prison clothes, is led in by a guard. Korda takes a seat at the other side of the plexiglass wall and picks up the receiver. Clarence picks up his receiver.

CLARENCE
How ya doin', man?

Korda grips the phone, leans forward and stares through the wall.

KORDA
You gotta do something for me...
this fucker, Roper, he's gotta
girlfriend. She works at the
newspaper. I want you to take care
of her.

Clarence is totally unnerved by this request.

CLARENCE
Hey, Michael, that's not my thing.

Korda glares at him murderously.

KORDA
You gotta do this for me. I'm in
here because of you.

CLARENCE
Man, what's this about? Ya know, you
were robbing a store. It wasn't
personal. It was his job.

KORDA
(exploding)
Fuck you! You know what he did to
me?!...

Korda starts to draw the attention of the guard. He controls himself, lowers his voice. But the viciousness is still there.

KORDA
He held a gun to my head and said he
should kill me right then... He made
me...

He doesn't finish that thought.

KORDA
You do this for me Clarence.

Clarence is getting very upset.

CLARENCE
Don't make do it, Mike.

KORDA
Are you going to turn on me too? Who
helped you when you were strung out?
Who gave you money? Who bailed you
out of jail?

CLARENCE
I won't get away with it.

KORDA
Nobody knows who you are. Make it
look like a robbery.

Clarence holds back tears, because he knows he's going to have to do this.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A gray San Francisco evening. It starts to rain.

INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

She's cooking some kind of sauce. She has a taste.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A subjective POV watching through the window as she moves around the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ronnie pours some oil in a pan. The phone RINGS. She crosses the kitchen to answer it.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Roper on his cell phone. Paco is on the seat beside him.

ROPER

Hi, I'm going to stop at the corner
for some wine.

Roper notices the rain, searches for the windshield wiper switch.

INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

RONNIE

How's Paco doing?

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

ROPER

He was going nuts at the park. He
met this very attractive poodle.
They made plans to meet again next
weekend.

Paco sits there panting. Roper pulls the pickup over in front of the store.

INT. KITCHEN - STORE

RONNIE

Okay, dinner will be ready when you
get here.

She hangs up.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the window we watch her cross back to the stove.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ronnie lifts the lid on the sauce. Stirs. It spatters on her blouse. She regards the stain with dismay. Puts the lid back on and leaves the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ronnie unbuttons her blouse as she moves to the...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She takes off the blouse, goes to the closet door... throws it open. She looks around. Something's not right. She takes a step into the closet and finds what she's looking for – A laundry basket – tucked away in the corner. She puts the soiled blouse in the hamper and takes a fresh one off a hanger. She buttons the clean blouse as she walks to...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dark. She turns on the light. She goes to the mirrored medicine cabinet.

IN THE REFLECTION

Behind her the shower curtain is drawn, fluttering ever so slightly. She opens the medicine cabinet. Takes out some perfume. Dabs some on her neck. She puts back the bottle and closes the cabinet. We fully expect someone to be standing right behind her in the reflection... There's no one there. She turns off the light as she walks out of the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ronnie walks back to the kitchen... Notices something on the floor further down the hallway... What is it? She moves closer... And now we get to the POV that tells us someone is

in the house... Watching her through a cracked doorway.

BRIEF CUT

A hand opening a buck knife. Water drips from the fingers.

BACK IN THE HALL

Ronnie bends down. It's a wet spot. Like half a shoeprint. She reaches down to touch it...

BUZZZZZZ!!!! The oven timer. She hurries back to the kitchen.

INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

She turns off the timer and pulls some chicken out of the oven. She puts it down on the counter and cross to the refrigerator. She opens the door and looks inside. The refrigerator door obscures half the FRAME... She digs around for something... We're sure that when she closes the door, he's going to be behind it... She takes out a head of lettuce and... Closes the door... Still no one there.

She turns... Clarence is standing there. Dripping wet. Ronnie shrieks... The knife flashes forward... She grabs the lid from the sauce pan and CLANG... Fends off the blade. She bolts for the hallway. Clarence grabs her by the blouse... RIP! She pulls away.

IN THE HALLWAY

She races down the hall. Clarence lunges into FRAME. She goes down... He goes down... the knife goes skidding down the hallway... Ronnie scrambles to get it... Clarence has her by the ankle... She claws for the knife... Just out of reach.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Roper's pickup pulls up in front. He gets out. Paco jumps out behind him. It's raining harder. They hurry up the walkway toward the house. Suddenly Roper realizes he forgot the wine. He goes back to the truck. Paco pads after him.

Roper opens the driver's side door, reaches in and grabs the

wine. He closes the door, starts away, but pauses to check himself in the window.

Suddenly, a floodlight comes crashing through Ronnie's front bay windows. It SPARKS and FLASHES. Still plugged in, it bungees to a stop hallway down the front of the house. FLICKERING and FLASHING.

Roper rushes toward the house... Crashes through the front door... Up the stairway... Paco bounds after him... Roper hits her front door running... Wham! He bounces off. He shoulders it again... The door doesn't give... He pulls out his gun... BAM! BAM! Shoots off the lock.

INT. RONNIE'S APT. - NIGHT

A QUICK SHOT of Clarence's hand grabbing the knife.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Roper kicks open the door. Charges in.

INT. RONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ronnie is laying on the floor, gasping for air. Choke marks around her throat. Roper rushes to her side. Paco is on his heels.

ROPER
You okay?!

She nods. Points out the back way.

ROPER
(to Paco)
Stay.

The dog obediently stays with Ronnie. Roper dashes out the back.

EXT. BACK OF RONNIE'S - NIGHT

Raining more heavily now. Roper bursts out onto the back porch. Sees Clarence leaping off the last rung of the fire escape to the alley. Roper flies down the fire escape...

Vaults the last flight and races after Clarence.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clarence sprints down the block... Through the intersection... HONK! SCREECH! A car barely misses him. It does a one-eighty on the rain-slick pavement. Clarence disappears into the shadows. Roper arrives a beat later... Streaks through the intersection... Into the shadows.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

This one is steep. Clarence huffs and puffs as he labors. He shoots into a doorway. Tries the door. Locked. He looks back. Roper is coming. Relentless. He rushes across the steep street. Almost slips on the reflective asphalt. Roper spots him crossing and picks up the pace. He can see that Clarence is faltering.

NEAR THE TOP OF THE HILL

Clarence staggers into an alleyway...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Narrow, dark and dripping with rain. Roper arrives at the mouth of the alley. Gun ready, he moves cautiously, eyes adjusting to the darkness. The PATTERN of rain off the rooftops. His FOOTSTEPS. No other sound.

He reaches the end of the alley... A brick wall. No way out. Or so it would seem. However, Clarence is nowhere in sight. Roper turns back. Brick walls tower on both sides, rising into darkness. Roper checks a steel door. Locked. He checks another one on the opposite side of the alley. Also locked. Where did Clarence go? He moves back toward the misting light of the street... Slowly...

The FAINT RATTLE of a fire escape... And Clarence leaps down out of the shadow. Slashing with the knife. He catches Roper across the arm.

Rips through his clothes right down to the skin. Roper's gun CLATTERS under a parked car and into the street. Clarence has first jump. He scrambles into the street, around the car

and grabs the gun...

Roper dives over the hood of the car and knocks Clarence down before he can aim. They roll into the middle of the street. Both have a death grip on the weapon. Clarence fights like a trapped animal. Thrashing desperately. Roper pins him on his back, but can't pry the gun out of his fingers.

WIDER SHOT

Headlights radiate over the crest of the hill. Coming quickly. Roper sees this. He rolls out of the way, abandoning the battle for the gun. Clarence struggles to his knees. Turns the weapon on Roper... A speeding cab lunges over the top of the hill. Clarence turns, trapped in the searing headlights. Tires squeal. Brakes lock. Clarence is transfixed... WHAM! He's launched through the air like a ragdoll... His body lands limply 30 feet down the street. The CABBY gets out of his vehicle.

CABBY

Jesus Christ. What was he doing?!

Roper walks down the hill to the body. The cabby follows.

CABBY

There was no way I could miss him.

Roper ignores the cabby. He looks down at Clarence's body, contemplating something.

CABBY

This isn't my fault.

ROPER

Shut the fuck up!

The cabby immediately clams up.

ROPER

Get on your radio and get the police here.

Roper stares at Clarence's body, steel-eyed.

INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING ROOM - DAY

Korda is led in again. An expression of surprise registers on his face when he sees who's waiting for him.

KORDA'S POV

Roper is sitting stoically behind the plexiglass wall.

KORDA

Dons a smug expression and takes a seat. He picks up his receiver as Roper picks up his.

ROPER

If you try again to hurt me or anyone
I know, I'm going to have you killed.

Korda feigns total innocence.

KORDA

What in the world are you talking
about, Mr. Roper?

Roper takes out a photograph and holds it up against the glass.

ROPER

Here's a picture of your cousin
Clarence. That gentleman standing
over him is the coroner.

Korda's face tightens. He drops the innocent act. His countenance is now a study in hate.

KORDA

I used to have an apartment, a car,
jewelry. I had a fucking eight
thousand dollar watch. Now look what
I have.

He motions around.

KORDA

You're threatening me? You think I

give a fuck? You think you can scare me off?

(a laugh)

Why don't you come in here and kick my ass? Get some of your guard friends in here to help. I'd like that.

Roper glares at him mounting rage.

KORDA

(smirking)

He really shook you up, didn't he?... I've got ten years worth of appeals to figure out how to fuck with you. Who knows? Maybe some scumbag lawyer will get me out on a technicality.

Roper sits there, suddenly feeling powerless.

KORDA

You came here to threaten me? That's a laugh. Maybe you should BEG me... Go ahead. Get down on your knees.

Roper leaps from his chair and smashes the receiver against the plexiglass wall.

ROPER

You motherfucker, I swear I'll kill you!

The guard rushes over and restrains Roper. Wrestles him away from the glass wall. Roper pushes him off and gathers himself. He gives Korda one last stare. Korda sits there smirking back at him... Roper turns his back and walks out.

INT. ROPER'S OFFICE - DAY

McCall is practicing his negotiating techniques in a mirror.

MCCALL

I'm here to help you.

Not quite right. He adjusts his stance. This time puts a little hand movement into it.

MCCALL

I'm here to help you. Talk to me.

He's still not satisfied.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. ROPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Solis pokes his head in the door, he's been looking for McCall.

SOLIS

We got a situation at the V.A. Hospital. The responding officer has requested a negotiator.

MCCALL

Where's Roper?

SOLIS

He's on his way. Get over there.

EXT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - DAY

A VETERAN wearing green fatigue is dangling another WHEELCHAIR BOUND VET over the edge. Fourteen floors up. The two front wheels are literally hanging out there in space.

VET #1

(rambling incoherently)

I can't fight this technology. They have microprocessors made in totally sterile environments. I've seen those places. Everyone is dressed in white. It's like paper clothing, man. They're not even human.

Vet 2 is struggling to stay in the chair and not be tipped into the street 150 feet below. He is, needless to say, very panicky.

VET #2

Dave, don't do this, bro. Pull me in. We'll do a few laps in the park and figure out some other way.

But he's not getting through to his friend.

VET #1

I can't help this, man. Do you have any idea what those microchips look like? How small they are when they put them in your brain?

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Leading to the roof. A COUPLE OF COPS and MEMBERS OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF peek out at the vet as he continues to rant and rave. McCall arrives at the top of the stairs. OFFICER #4 sure looks happy to see him. McCall takes a peek out onto the roof. He isn't happy about what he sees.

OFFICER #4

When we got here, he was already doing his balancing act. I was talking to him, but it made him more agitated so I backed off.

MCCALL

Why is he up there?

OFFICER #4

Something about a microchip in his brain.

MCCALL

Who is he?

A NURSE answers him.

NURSE HERRIN

David Adler. He likes to be called Dave. The other guy is Walter Sinclair.

We hear the urgent cry of the vet in the wheelchair.

VOICE (V.O.)

Somebody help me out here. Somebody stop him.

The nurse turns to McCall.

NURSE HERRIN

What are you waiting for?

MCCALL

Another negotiator is on his way.

NURSE HERRIN

We can't wait for another negotiator. You have to do something.

MCCALL

What about the doctors?

NURSE HERRIN

He hates all the doctors. He says they're in on the conspiracy.

VET #1 (O.S.)

Where is everybody? He's going to kill me!

McCall takes a deep breath and steps out onto the roof.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

McCall moves slowly across the tar paper roof. Clouds overhead threaten rain. Vet 1 turns to him suddenly, wobbling the wheelchair. Vet 2 shrieks and nearly goes over. McCall's heart jumps into his mouth.

DAVE

Get the fuck out of here!

McCall is tense and stiff. He stammers.

MCCALL

I... I'm Kevin. I'm here to help you, D... Dave.

DAVE

You can't help me, man.

So much for McCall's opener. Now what?

WALTER

He's high on something, man. Give him some thorazine or something.

Dave ignores Walter.

DAVE

No one can help me. They're controlling my mind.

McCall moves a couple steps closer.

MCCALL

Who's controlling your mind?

DAVE

Whoa!... The government. They control everybody's mind. You're too fucking stupid to know that?

McCall fumbles for the right response.

MCCALL

This has nothing to do with Walter.

DAVE

They want Walter dead!

EXT. STREET BELOW - DAY

Cops keep spectators back from the building. Fire trucks and rescue vehicles are on the scene. Everybody looking straight up watching the wheelchair with its occupant dangling over the side of the building.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Walter sits stock still in the wheelchair drenched with sweat, eyes closed, praying.

MCCALL

Dave, look at me.

Dave obliges. He looks at McCall with eyes that have lost the battle for sanity. McCall is momentarily frozen by those eyes. Beads of sweat have formed on his forehead.

MCCALL

Tell me what's wrong.

DAVE

Particles, man. I feel them all the time. I feel them in my arms and legs man, that's how they punish me.

MCCALL

How can I help you with the particles?

DAVE

It's not just the particles man, it's the whole fucking machine, this is how they get assassins to operate. It's been this way since the cuban missile crisis.

Dave starts to look over into the street, he tips Walter forward, Walter shrieks in mortal fear. White knuckles the armrests of his wheelchair and then:

MCCALL

(blurting out)

They have less power over you if you look into my eyes.

DAVE

Huh?

McCall even surprises himself with that one. It was a sheer act of desperation. He holds his breath and waits to see what the effect is. Dave turns back around.

DAVE

Huh?

EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT

Roper's truck comes speeding down the street, lurches to a halt. He leaps out and speaks to a FIREMAN.

ROPER

Whata ya got?

FIREMAN

Some nuts dangling a guy over the edge in a wheelchair.

ROPER

Can you get a net out here?

FIREMAN

Negative. It's 14 floors up. No nets gonna hold a fall from that high up.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

McCall nods slowly. Sweat pouring off him.

MCCALL

We've been onto them for a long time.

A glimmer from Dave. Maybe McCall is a kindred spirit.

MCCALL

Let me show you something.

Now he's got Dave's interest. McCall slowly takes out his beeper.

MCCALL

See this. I'm jamming them, Dave. I'm jamming their frequency so they can't control your mind anymore. Don't you feel that? You don't have to do what they say.

Dave listens to his head.

WALTER

He's jamming them, Dave. Pull me

back in.

MCCALL

You see, the particles are gone,
they can't punish you anymore.

Dave tries to feel for particles. Tears form in Dave's eyes.

DAVE

Tell my dad.

MCCALL

Tell him what, what do you want me
to tell him?

DAVE

Tell my dad I'm sorry about the watch.

MCCALL

I'll tell him. Where does he live.
We'll get him on the phone right
now.

Dave is suddenly lost in thought again. His expression turns
to a frown:

DAVE

I hate fucking Springfield.

MCCALL

Is that where you're family lives?

Then with sudden swiftness.

DAVE

I still hear them, man. You can't
jam them. They've got the technology,
man. They've got the satellites,
Jack. They keep shooting beams off
those satellites. What power do I
have?

Dave pushes the wheelchair forward. McCall LUNGES for the
wheelchair but doesn't make it. Walter SCREAMS as he falls.

MCCALL
NOOOO!

WALTER AND HIS WHEELCHAIR

freefall down toward earth in SLOW MOTION. The wheelchair turns end over end. People SCREAM as Walter IMPACTS with the pavement. The wheelchair CRASHES down nearby.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

McCall looks over the edge at Walter's twisted body below. Then he grabs Dave and wrestles him down, cuffing his hands behind his back. The Cops and Medical Staff Members rush out to restrain.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The crowd is dispersing. Roper is talking with some of the other cops. McCall storms out of the Vet Hospital and down the stairs. Roper moves toward him.

ROPER
McCall!

No response. McCall gets into his ND Sedan car and fires it up.

ROPER
McCall!

Roper races over and manages to jump in just as the car screeches away from the curb.

BAY BRIDGE - DAY

McCall doesn't even seem to have registered that Roper is in the car with him. He drives. Stone-faced. Roper studies him for a beat.

ROPER

Where are we going?

INT. CAR - DAY

Moving POV thru windshield of car, we see a freeway sign that says "Golden Gate Racetrack."

EXT. RACETRACK

Establish grand stands.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. BETTING AREA - DAY

McCall pounds over to the betting window. Roper leans up against the window beside him. Watches.

MCCALL

Give me a twenty dollar four-six exacta.

TELLER

The six is scratched.

This throws McCall for a beat.

MCCALL

Then give me a fucking four-seven exacta.

The teller punches out the ticket. McCall takes the ticket and pounds over to box seat area. Roper follows a couple of steps behind, giving him some space.

EXT. BOX SEAT AREA - DAY

McCall sits down in the same box as the last time. Roper sits down next to him.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

The horses go into the gate.

EXT. BOX SEAT AREA - DAY

McCall watches intently as the horses spring from the gate.
(The track announcer's call plays over the scene.)

MCCALL

Come on four horse! Come on Seven
horse!

Roper isn't watching the horse. He's watching McCall. Watching
him redirect all his pent up emotion. Understanding exactly
how he feels.

McCall is screaming his head off.

MCCALL

Come on four-seven... Come on...
Come on... Come on...

The horses cross the wire. The four and seven finish mid-
pack. McCall hangs his head in despair. He didn't give a
shit about the race. He looks inconsolable.

ROPER

It might have happened no matter who
was up there.

MCCALL

Bullshit! Would it have happened to
you?

ROPER

Maybe... There's one thing you have
to remember... You don't create the
situations. You can only try to save
people from them.

MCCALL

I thought I could do it. I was so
damn sure of myself. But I didn't
know what to say. The words wouldn't
come. My mouth turned to mush. You
make it look so easy, Roper. But it
is not. It's not easy.

(beat)
It's a different job than looking
through the rifle scope.

ROPER
That it is.

A long silent beat.

MCCALL
How many have you lost?

ROPER
I look at it as how many I've saved.
That's the way you've got to look at
it.

MCCALL
And what about the ones you don't
save?

ROPER
You live with it... and they haunt
you. It doesn't leave.

MCCALL
And what if you can't live with it?

ROPER
You've got to decide that for
yourself.

McCall squeezes his eyes closed. He can still see that vet
falling to his death. Roper can see McCall's pain.

ROPER
I've lost three. One of them was my
partner. I think about them every
time I go into a situation.

(a beat)
There's a million people in this
city with all kinds of twisted shit
going on in their heads, and the
bitch of this job is that we expect
to go out every day and do the

impossible – to somehow control all this craziness... and we can't.

(a beat)

Nobody's faulting you for this, McCall. My advice is you let yourself off the hook.

McCall hears him but is still undecided.

MCCALL

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

Roper gets up, stands over McCall, puts a hand on his shoulder.

ROPER

Let's get out of here.

McCall slowly gets up and they walk out.

INT. JAIL - DAY

It's a small interview room. Korda sits opposite bail bondsman JOHN HAWKINS (white, grizzled, forty).

HAWKINS

What the fuck... You bring me all the way over here to tell me you've got no collateral! What do I look like to you – Santa Claus? I'm a bail bondsman!

KORDA

No, no, see what I'm sayin' is, I've got the –

HAWKINS

Pick up a fucking phone for chrissake! You think I got time for this crap?

KORDA

Hey, hey, I got shit on the outside. I got somebody cashing it in for me and –

Hawkins gets up and goes to the door.

HAWKINS

Gimme a fuckin' break.

KORDA

Alright, alright, look, man, look,
just leave me your card. I can get
it to you by tomorrow night.

Hawkins looks at him skeptically for a beat. Then pulls out his BUSINESS CARD and hands it to him. He walks out the door as we HOLD on Korda – pocketing the card.

EXT. POSTRIO - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. POSTRIO - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP of a glass of wine being poured. PULL BACK to reveal Roper and Ronnie all dressed up for a special evening. The waiter hovers as Roper tastes the wine.

ROPER

(snootily)

It has a nice "nose".

WAITER

The special this evening is braised
sweetbreads with a white truffle
sauce on cracked bulgar.

Roper looks at him a long beat.

ROPER

That's my favorite.

(smiles)

Why don't you give us a minute.

The waiter retreats. Roper looks across the table at Ronnie as she sips her wine.

ROPER

You like this place?

RONNIE

It's very nice.

ROPER

I guess you realize that there's something special that I want to talk to you about.

She didn't realize that. Now she's getting nervous.

RONNIE

There is?

ROPER

For the last week things have been going pretty well between us. I think we've been doing a good job getting intimate and all that stuff...

Now she's really worried.

RONNIE

Yeah?

ROPER

...Let me just show you.

Roper reaches into his coat pocket.

RONNIE

Scottie, we should think this over before we...

He pulls out two airline tickets.

ROPER

Tahiti.

Ronnie is immensely relieved.

RONNIE

Ohhh... A vacation... Yeah that sounds like a great idea.

Roper notices her relief and for the first time realizes what she was thinking.

ROPER

Oh you thought I was going to ask you...

Ronnie averts her eyes, a bit embarrassed.

ROPER

Oh, no-no-no-no-no... Let's go to Tahiti first and see if that works out...

Roper picks up his menu and peruses it.

ROPER

I assume you're having your usual – the "air dried venison".

INT. HALLWAY JAIL - DAY CLOSE ON

The wheels of a laundry cart, moving slowly down the hall. A white metal door slides open, and the cart passes through.

INT. PROPERTY ROOM JAIL - CONTINUOUS

As the cart rolls into the room TILT UP to see

KORDA

pushing the cart. He stops. A GUARD (guard #3) stands with his back to Korda. He's on the phone.

KORDA

Got another load.

JAIL GUARD #3

Rack 'em up.

(into the phone)

Look, man, if it doesn't make it down here by five it's not my problem.

As the guard continues, Korda hangs several garment bags, zipped and tagged, onto an ELECTRIC TROLLEY – similar to

the kind used by dry-cleaners to move clothing.

KORDA

All done.

Korda pushes a button and the trolley STARTS TO MOVE. The guard, still on the phone, buzzes open the door.

ON THE GUARDS BACK

We hear Korda wheeling the cart out the door.

CLOSE ANGLE

on the door sliding shut.

ON THE GUARDS BACK - CLOSE

Hold a beat. PANNING SLOWLY around the room to FIND – suit bag's moving on the trolley. BOOM DOWN to FIND Korda's feet just as they lift off the ground and disappear behind the bags.

ANGLE ON KORDA

hanging onto the trolley as it moves along the wall and then down through an opening in the floor and into...

INT. BASEMENT JAIL - CONTINUOUS

as it loops around a large room, carrying him toward the back wall. The metal ridges of the trolley CUT into his fingers, drawing blood. Then he drops down, and quietly rummages through other bags of clothing. He tries on a pair of pants but they come up to his ankles. He looks like he's about to go wading. As he rips them off and reaches for another pair...

CUT TO:

INT. LONG HALLWAY JAIL - LATER

Korda appears around a corner, dressed in street clothes, holding a CLIPBOARD – moving steadily toward camera.

KORDA'S POV - DOWN THE HALLWAY

A female civilian EMPLOYEE heading in his direction. As they pass he nods and she nods back. Then Korda passes through a door at the end of the hallway and into...

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind him and locks with the loud SNAP of metal.

Slowly, with deliberate steps, he moves down the corridor toward the door at the other end, past the first GUARD (guard #3) – enclosed in bullet proof glass.

TRACKING - KORDA'S FEET

step by step. The voices of prisoners, muffled behind thick glass.

CLOSE ON KORDA'S FACE

trying to stay cool, his heart pounding. Then...

A VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Korda FREEZES, then slowly turns to FIND... A prison GUARD (#1) moving toward him.

THE GUARD POV - MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO KORDA

KORDA

...Yeah?

The guard then stops in front of him and holds up his hand.

JAIL GUARD #1

You dropped your card.

Korda takes THE CARD given to him by the bail bondsman.

JAIL GUARD #1

You guys are the scum of the earth.

KORDA

Just tryin' to make a living.

Korda turns and walks out the door into...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's the final step before getting out of the building. A small room with another GUARD (Latino; guard #2) behind glass, and several TV monitors. A BLACK WOMAN (forty-five) is arguing with a LATINO GUARD.

JAIL GUARD #2

I don't know what to tell you, mam, your brother ain't here. Try San Bruno.

WOMAN

I just came from San Bruno – they sent me here!

JAIL GUARD #2

I'm sorry. Then I don't know where he is.

Korda, fidgeting behind the woman impatiently, holds up his card...

KORDA

Listen, can I just sign outta here?

WOMAN

What do you mean, you don't know where he is?! You can't just lose somebody!

JAIL GUARD #2

(to Korda)

Who are you again?

KORDA

Johnny Hawkins. Bail Bonds. I gotta be over at county in fifteen minutes, alright?

JAIL GUARD #2
Johnny who?

WOMAN
(to Korda)
Can you believe these people?

KORDA
It's the criminal justice system.
What can I tell ya? It's a mess.

The guard shoves the sheet under the glass.

JAIL GUARD #2
Alright, alright, just sign.

Korda signs the sheet. The guard pushes a button. The metal lock SNAPS, and the door POPS open. Korda takes his card and sticks it in the woman's coat pocket.

KORDA
If you find him, gimme a call.

And Korda walks out.

EXT. JAIL SALLY PORT - CONTINUOUS

It's a small parking area, with security gates on either end, and a ceiling of heavy steel wire open to the sky. There are three or four CARS parked against the wall. Korda checks inside the first car, looking for keys and finds none. Then the second, and the third until...

A VOICE (O.S.)
Hey!

Korda turns sharply to find the LATINO GUARD (guard #2), holding a clipboard, walking quickly toward him.

JAIL GUARD #2
Hold on a second here.

KORDA
Is there a problem?

The guard walks up to him. They're standing between the cars.

JAIL GUARD #2
You signed out twice.

KORDA
I what?

JAIL GUARD #2
Look, why don't you just come on
back inside for a second.

KORDA
Wait a minute, lemme see that.

As the guard shows him the sign-in sheet, Korda removes the
PEN from his own clipboard.

KORDA
Well, that's funny, I wonder how
that happened.

In a flash, Korda PLUNGES the pen DEEP into the guard's
throat. The BLOOD jumps out of his throat, onto the window
of the car as the guard, gagging in stunned silence, slumps
to ground. He then falls backward between the two cars,
drowning in his own blood.

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Empty. New front door. Unpainted. Frame splintered from when
Roper shot it open. We hold a beat... HEAR ROPER & RONNIE
coming up the stairs. Laughing. The door opens. They enter.

ROPER
How come in those foreign movies the
young girl is always with some fat,

old guy.

RONNIE

In Europe women find older men very
sexy.

Roper closes the door.

ROPER

When I get old and fat, I'm moving
to Europe.

Ronnie suddenly remembers something.

RONNIE

I forgot to leave food for Paco.
He's probably starving.

She walks back toward the kitchen. Roper takes a seat on the
couch. Flips on the TV. Rubs the back of his neck.

ROPER

Damn, my eyes are tired from reading
that movie.

FOLLOWING RONNIE

She moves down the hall to the kitchen.

RONNIE

(doggie voice)

I'm sorry, Paco. I forgot –

But Paco isn't lying on his pillow like she expected. Curious.

RONNIE

Paco?

She turns around walks back down the hall... Where could he
be?... She walks into the bedroom.

RONNIE

Paco?

He's not in here either... She walks back into the hallway.

Frowns.

SUDDEN CUT

A figure leaps out of the bathroom doorway!... Big scare. It's Paco. He nearly knocked her over. He stands on his hind legs, paws on her shoulders. Breathing in her face.

RONNIE

Paco, have you been eating my face soap, again?

RACK FOCUS

Roper standing at the other end of the hallway. Tense as a wire. Gun at his side. One look at his demeanor tells Ronnie something is very wrong.

RONNIE

(very concerned)

What is it, Scottie?

Roper untenses. Puts away his gun.

ROPER

Korda escaped.

RONNIE

And you think he'll...

Her voice trails off. He can see she's worried now, too.

ROPER

Hey, I'm on edge a little. Let's relax. I'm sure he's just going to try to get out of town. Anyway we leave tomorrow.

He puts his arms around her waist.

ROPER

Why don't we do some of that European movie stuff.

She puts her arms around his shoulders.

RONNIE

I don't think you're old and fat
enough for me.

ROPER

Use your imagination.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE looking up at her window... The light goes out.

EXT. RONNIE'S DOORSTEP - DAY

A suitcase THUMPS to the ground. Looks like somebody packed
for a six month trip around the world.

ANGLE WIDENS

McCall grimaces as he lugs the bag toward the truck.

MCCALL

You sure you packed everything? Maybe
you forgot your bowling ball.

Ronnie stands on the doorstep.

RONNIE

I sent that ahead, wise guy.

Paco is on the sidewalk exploring from tree to tree. Roper
calls to Ronnie from the stairway.

ROPER (V.O.)

Why don't you come back up with me,
Ronnie.

RONNIE

I think I'll stand out here in the
sun.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Roper is still very edgy.

ROPER
It's better if you stay inside.

She climbs up the stairs toward him.

RONNIE
You've got to calm down –

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. RONNIE'S HALLWAY - SAME

Roper reaches the top of the stairs.

ROPER
Ronnie, come on baby, we gotta go.
Time to get movin'.

INT. RONNIE'S APT. - SAME

Roper moves into the room, listening. There's no response.

ROPER
(continuing)
Ronnie?

She doesn't answer. He calls out again, moving through the living room.

ROPER
(continuing)
Ronnie, where are you? Time to go.

No answer, the room is very quiet. Roper eases his PISTOL out from under his shirt, moving more urgently now, checking out the bathroom, bedroom...

ROPER
(continuing)
Ronnie.

Then he HEARS Paco, WHINING. He moves around the entrance to the kitchen. The back door is open, Paco standing in the

doorway. Roper rushes forward, quickly looking outside, the alley way empty. He senses a presence behind him, spinning... McCall standing in the doorway to the kitchen.

Roper's lowers the weapon...

ROPER
(continuing)
She's gone.

McCall sees on the kitchen table, a folded piece of GLASSINE PAPER, just like the one Korda gave Roper at the jewelry store.

MCCALL
(nodding)
Scott...

Roper sees it, approaching, barely able to unfold the edges, a momentary tremble in his hand.

ROPER
That son of a bitch. If he...

We PUSH IN as his fingers open the paper... revealing inside a MICRO CASSETTE TAPE.

ROPER
(continuing; to himself)
He's fucking with you, Scott, be cool... keep your head.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a TAPE RECORDER, Korda's VOICE heard over the speaker.

KORDA (V.O.)
(filtered)
I got your lady, Roper.
(laughs)

Roper and McCall are listening closely to the tape.

KORDA (V.O.)

(continuing)

You got something that belongs to me, and I want it back.

(beat)

Twelve-fifteen, Mare Island, North Entrance off Dixon. Building twenty-eight, by the dry docks.

(beat)

I so much as smell another cop, I'll be sending you parts of this bitch for a month.

Roper punches off the tape.

ROPER

He's gonna kill her no matter what. If I take him these jewels he's gonna kill me and her.

MCCALL

So what do you want to do?

ROPER

That's a chance I gotta take.

MCCALL

Then we better get moving... But there's no way we can get the jewels out of evidence.

Roper stares at him, the wheels beginning to turn...

CUT TO:

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. POLICE PROPERTY/EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Roper is standing at the counter to the steel-caged property room. On the other side is FRANK, the property sergeant on duty. The two men speak in hushed, urgent tones...

FRANK

Scott, we go back a long way but you can't expect me to do this!

ROPER

Frank, this guy is a psychopath and he's got Ronnie. It's the only way I'm going to get close to him.

FRANK

Then go to the Lieutenant or the D.A. with it, for Christsakes. You're asking me to put my fucking job on the line!

ROPER

They'll never approve it, you know that. Besides, I involve the department and she's dead. I got one chance with this guy, Frank, alone.

(beat)

He killed Sam and he'll kill her.

Frank just stares at him, compassion and anger tearing at him.

ROPER

(continuing)

What if it were Mary?

(beat)

You'd break every fucking rule in the book... wouldn't you?

Frank continues to stare at him, a long beat.

FRANK

I hope to God I never have to make that decision...

He pushes back from the counter.

FRANK

(continuing)

...and this conversation never happened. I never saw you today. Now I gotta go take a leak.

He turns and walks away. Roper looks down, SEEING that the drawer beneath Frank's counter has been left slightly open.

Roper reaches over, easing it further open – inside a set of KEYS. He looks around, then takes the keys.

ROPER

I owe you one, Frank.

He walks down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. ROPER'S PICKUP - DAY

CLOSE ON the SATCHEL Korda used in the robbery.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Roper and McCall, Roper at the wheel, McCall reading a folded MAP featuring MARE ISLAND.

MCCALL

Mare Island is an abandoned shipyard, cranes, high buildings... he'll be in place where he can see everything.

(to Roper)

How are we going to get me in there?

ROPER

Good question.

Roper thinks a moment, then turns, looking out the back of the pickup, in the bed a loose CANVAS TARPAULIN. He and McCall study the tarp a beat, then turn, looking at each other...

EXT. MARE ISLAND - DAY

WIDE VIEW reveals the immensity of the abandoned facility. At one end near the chain link fence, Roper's pickup approaches the gate.

EXT. MARE ISLAND - NORTH GATE - DAY

Roper cautiously drives toward the gate – the CHAIN securing the gate has been cut. Roper swings open the gate.

As he drives past we see that the bed of the truck has been loosely covered with a TARP.

Roper drives on, winding through the maze of roadways, huge buildings and equipment dwarfing the truck PRODUCTION NOTE: The idea is to take us into the facility to sell that it's abandoned, immense, eerie in its scale – a ghost town. We end up wherever we want for the next scene.

INT. ROPER'S PICKUP - DAY

As he rounds a corner, approaching the dry dock area, huge CRANES and mothballed SHIPS in the b.g. He parks near a building, a weathered SIGN reading: BLD 28. Roper shuts off the engine, leaving the keys in the ignition. Taking the satchel he opens the door.

EXT. DRY DOCK AREA - DAY

Roper steps out, eyes scanning the buildings, the cranes... Korda could be anywhere up there, watching.

INT. BUILDING - UPPER LEVEL - DAY

KORDA'S POV through the filthy windows, Roper far below, standing beside his pickup.

EXT. ROPER - DAY

As he moves away from the truck, holding the satchel.

ROPER
Korda!

In response he HEARS Korda's VOICE, eerie, almost a whisper, coming from everywhere and nowhere as if emanating from the ground and the buildings all at once.

KORDA (O.S.)
(filtered)
Nice of you to make it, Roper. Take
your jacket off, put it on the hood.

Roper complies, his eyes searching the buildings, where is

his voice coming from?

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Now, over to the chains, to your left.

Roper SEES a chained off section nearby. Roper takes a few steps when Korda's voice stops him...

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

But first, let's have a look under the tarp. Pull it back.

A momentary anxious look from Roper, then he walks to the bed of the truck, pausing a moment, gripping the cover before whipping it back, revealing... Ronnie's LUGGAGE.

CUT TO:

LOW ANGLE BENEATH THE TRUCK

McCall supported under the frame by a makeshift HARNESS around his waist and legs.

KORDA (O.S.)

All right, move it.

McCall watches as Roper heads away, then releases the harness, lowering himself to the ground. Quickly he moves the SMOKING LEATHER GLOVES he was wearing, burned by contact with the hot exhaust pipe.

ROPER

Reaches the the chained area, REVEALING an empty DRY DOCK, easily one hundred feet deep and five hundred long.

At the bottom of the dry dock is a PORTABLE RADIO, the acoustics of natural amphitheater so intense you could hear a whisper – the source of Korda's voice.

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Throw in and your piece.

Roper tosses his PISTOL into the dry dock.

KORDA (O.S.)

And your back up.

Roper removes the PISTOL from his ankle HOLSTER, tossing it.
Korda's VOICE cuts the eerie silence.

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Walk under the cranes and down the
alleyway. At the end, turn right.
Building thirty-six.

The RADIO CLICKS OFF.

Roper walks towards the megalith CRANES, passing under them,
then heads down the alleyway created by the tall buildings.

EXT. ROPER'S TRUCK - DAY LOW ANGLE BENEATH THE TRUCK

McCall, his RIFLE CASE on his chest, watches as Roper turns
the corner and heads down the alley way.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

McCall rolls out, scrambling for the cover of the building.
Slinging the case over his shoulder he finds a LADDER leading
up the side of the building, beginning to climb.

EXT. ROPER - DAY

Walking down the alley way, nearing the end.

EXT. ROOFTOP - BUILDING - DAY

McCall moving along the edge, looking down. He spots Roper,
moving fast to keep him in sight.

He comes to the edge of the building, having to walk across
a narrow RAMP to get to the next building.

He looks down, Roper turning the corner, McCall moves on,

removing the RIFLE from its case as he goes.

EXT. ROPER - DAY

Leaves the alleyway, a complex of hanger-like buildings revealed. To his far right is a building, a SIGN reading: BLD 36. He clutches the satchel, heading towards it.

EXT. ROOFTOP - BUILDING - DAY

McCall negotiating another precarious crossing between buildings. He spots Roper, eyes quickly searching the roof tops and buildings for the sniper's position. He sees it, across the way, a location covering the buildings where Roper is now walking. He heads out.

EXT. ROPER - DAY

Walking towards building 36, passing by a towering, glass fronted building on his right, his eyes are searching the roof tops of the buildings around him.

ROPER
(to himself)
Where the hell are you, McCall?

As Roper passes a set of partially open ROLLING DOORS to the glass-fronted building, he's startled by Korda's VOICE from within:

KORDA (O.S.)
Right there, Roper.

Roper's eyes go to building 36, still fifty yards away.

ROPER
Shit.

Roper stops, slowly turning towards the doors.

KORDA (O.S.)
Come on in, there's someone just
dying to see you.

Roper hesitates. He turns a bit in profile, eyes searching.

ROPER
(loudly)
Where are you?

EXT. HIGH VANTAGE POINT - DAY

POV TELESCOPIC SIGHT: Focusing on Roper, his lips moving... McCall, heaving for breath, has just dropped down into position, providing a view of Roper and the inside of the glass fronted building.

MCCALL
Right here, Scott.

He touches the LASER SIGHTING attachment to his scope, a red beam activated...

ROPER - DAY

From inside the building Korda's VOICE:

KORDA (O.S.)
Get your ass in here, Roper.

Just as Roper starts to move he SEES the red laser DOT on the back of his hand – McCall is up there, right behind him. Roper moves inside.

MCCALL - DAY

Lying prone inside the operator's booth, steadies his RIFLE, looking through the scope.

TELESCOPIC POV: He can see Roper enter, his field of vision limited inside the building where the light penetrates, the room cast in HARD SHADOWS.

He MOVES to the windows, all either painted white or so obscured with grime and dirt he can only see vague shapes and shadows inside. He MOVES BACK to the opening, Roper now just inside.

MCCALL
Stay cool, real easy...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Cavernous and dark, a jungle of huge MACHINES, LATHES and EQUIPMENT once used in the design of nuclear submarines.

Roper moves a few feet inside, remaining in the light and keeping his face in three-quarter profile to McCall's position.

ROPER

Where is she, Korda? I want to see her.

From the darkness beyond...

KORDA

Walk to the table.

Roper walks to a steel SHOP TABLE.

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Open your shirt.

ROPER

I'm not wearing a wire. This is just between you and me.

KORDA (O.S.)

Shut the fuck up and do what I say!

Roper puts down the satchel, unbuttoning his shirt, holding it open.

ROPER

Satisfied?

KORDA (O.S.)

Open the bag, dump everything on the table.

Roper opens the bag, the JEWELRY and the dozens of GLASSINE ENVELOPES spill out onto the table. He lays the satchel on its side, the bottom facing Roper. Taped to the bottom is a

short barreled .45 AUTOMATIC.

ROPER
It's all there.

KORDA (O.S.)
Spread it out.

Roper spreads the pile out across the top of the table.

ROPER
Only the jewels, Korda, you've got
my word.

A long beat...

KORDA (O.S.)
Show me something.

Without looking Roper reaches to the pile of GLASSINE
ENVELOPES...

CLOSE ON ROPER'S HAND

Palmed in his hand, the ENVELOPE containing Ronnie's diamond.

Roper, without looking, 'digs' into the pile, holding up the
GLASSINE ENVELOPE between his fingers, still holding the
palmed envelope. He starts to toss the envelope in his
fingers...

KORDA (O.S.)
(continuing)
Not that one.

Roper hesitates, then drops the envelope, his hand moving
over the pile...

ROPER
(continuing)
Right there, the one in front...
yeah, that one. Toss it.

Roper reaches for the envelope.

CLOSE ON ROPER'S HAND

As he flips the palmed envelope into his fingers with the skill of a card shark, exchanging it for the one Korda indicated. He tosses it across the room...

From the shadows Korda's hand reaches out, picking it up. A long beat.

KORDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

I'm impressed. I didn't think you could do it. What did you have to do, steal them?

ROPER

Yeah.

KORDA (O.S.)

(wry)

That's not going to look too good on your service record.

ROPER

I'll worry about that. Let's get on with it.

Korda LAUGHS as he slowly emerges from the darkness.

KORDA

My sentiments exactly.

EXT. MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV - DAY

On the floor he SEES a shadow cast - Korda. He moves to the windows... inside the vague, blurred OUTLINE of a man. His scope goes back to the satchel and the .45 taped to the bottom.

MCCALL

Wait for the right moment, Scott...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Korda moves closer to the light, tossing an ATHLETIC BAG to

Roper, in his hand an AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

KORDA

Fill it up. Just in case there's a homing device in the other one.

Roper slides the jewels into the second bag, eyeing the .45 on the bottom of the satchel.

KORDA

(continuing)

Now bring it over here.

Roper hesitates, but all he can do at this point is play for time, he moves forward...

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY TELESCOPIC SCOPE

Watching Roper as he moves away from the satchel and the gun.

MCCALL

Oh, shit...

He moves the SCOPE ahead of Roper, SEEING Korda's shadow cast on the floor, still unable to see him.

MCCALL

(continuing)

All right, Scott, bring him out.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Roper growing closer to Korda's position.

KORDA

That's far enough. Bag on the floor.

Roper hangs onto the bag – there's 'four million in jewels' in there – all he has to bargain with.

ROPER

I've kept my end. Ronnie first.

Korda reacts in mock surprise.

KORDA

Oh, shit, in all the excitement I almost forgot. She right here...

A LIGHT SWITCH is thrown, a bank of lights behind him coming ON, illuminating a massive FLAT BED CIRCULAR LATHE. Roper's eyes in horror go to...

RONNIE

Tied to the lathe bed spread eagle. Some distance from her body a CUTTING DEVICE is positioned over the lathe bed.

Roper looks into Ronnie's terrified eyes.

ROPER

Be cool, Ronnie, I'm gonna get you out of this.

He turns back, Korda grinning at him.

KORDA

No shit, this I gotta see...

Korda swings into position a CONTROL BOX, the buttons held down with TAPE.

Korda pulls free the tape, the huge lathe beginning to TURN, very slowly, the cutting device activated... if the table keeps turning, Ronnie's body will soon be under the blade.

(PRODUCTION NOTE: Lathe will be cutting into a section of steel plate, demonstrating what will happen to Ronnie.

Korda presses the STOP BUTTON, the lathe stopping. He releases his finger again, the lathe turning. He stops it.

We can see that Korda is immensely proud of his 'creation', his focus more on sadistic payback than anything else at this point.

KORDA

(continuing)

Fuckin' cool, huh? I rewired the

switch. You see, you have to keep
your finger on the button or the
little lady gets cut...

He releases the button, the lathe turning towards the cutting
device. He stops it again, holding the button.

KORDA
(continuing; grins)
Right in half.

He eases towards Roper, extending his arm on the control
box, holding the button down.

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

Through the SCOPE, he can see Korda as he steps into view.

The CROSSHAIRS settle on Korda's upper forehead.

MCCALL
Hold it right there...

His finger tightens on the trigger...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Korda holds the control box towards Roper.

KORDA
But then, that's not my problem.

He releases the button and the box, the lathe turning, Korda
grinning at Roper...

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

The RED DOT centered on Korda's forehead...

MCCALL (O.S.)
Light's out, fucker...

And then Roper's HEAD fills the scope, the red dot GLOWING
on the back of his head.

In shock, McCall releases his finger...

MCCALL

Jesus!

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Roper moving to the control box, pressing the stop button, stopping the lathe...

KORDA

You see, it's out of my hands.

Roper looks at the box, Ronnie's life literally in his hands...

OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

Through the SCOPE, Roper's head blocking the shot to Korda.

MCCALL

Roper, move...

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

But Korda bends down, picking up the BAG, stepping back away from Roper, clearly out of McCall's line of fire.

KORDA

Well, hate to run but I've got a plane to catch. You take good care of the little lady, hear?

As Korda walks down the corridor of the huge machine shop, we now SEE a CAR parked near the end facing us. Korda suddenly stops, turning, gesturing to the car.

KORDA

(continuing)

How careless of me. You see, there's only one way out of here, and you're

standing right in the way.

(grins)

You could move, but then...

He shakes his head at Roper.

KORDA

(continuing)

Sure hate to be in your shoes.

He turns, walking quickly towards his car, TALKING, LAUGHING, to himself.

Roper looks to the car, then back at the SATCHEL where the .45 is still taped to the bottom. But Roper can't move, unable to change his position more than a foot or two. He looks around him, no way to stop the lathe if he releases the button.

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

He can see Roper holding the box, but nothing else.

MCCALL

What the hell's going on?

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Now Korda reaches his car, hopping inside, STARTING it up. In desperation Roper looks back at the satchel, then turns, calling out...

ROPER

McCall, stop him, stop the car!

Korda REVVING the engine...

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

McCall reading Roper's lips...

MCCALL

What car?

He swings the SCOPE up but the back of the machine shop is

blocked by his vantage point.

Then he HEARS the faint SQUEALING of tires. He lowers his scope, holding, waiting...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Korda at the end of the long building, beginning to accelerate.

ROPER

Turns toward McCall's position...

ROPER
McCall!

The CAR now screaming down the long corridor...

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

McCall still can't see the car...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

The car now closing in on Roper, but Roper holds his ground...

ROPER
McCall, shoot the son of a bitch!

INT. KORDA'S CAR - DAY

Korda bearing down on Roper.

KORDA
Bye, bye, cop...

ROPER

Holding his position, eyes widening in fear...

EXT. MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV - DAY

The CAR comes into view, the CROSSHAIRS on the windshield... but the glare off the window is obscuring any shot of Korda.

McCall takes aim and FIRES...

INT. KORDA'S CAR - DAY

The bullet punches through the window, catching Korda's left shoulder, BLOOD flying. Korda whips the wheel in shock...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY KORDA'S CAR

Spinning out of control, hitting a table piled with MACHINE PARTS, sending them flying...

But the car is now swapping ends, still flying right towards Roper, who can't move...; who won't move.

The car flies past him, the SIDE MIRROR catching Roper's shirt, tearing it, a flash of BLOOD from his arm...

The car then collides with a series of PIPES crossing the floor, STEAM erupting in every direction as the car then slams into several PROPANE BOTTLES stacked near the benches, a series of EXPLOSIONS ripping through the building. . .

ROPER

Thrown to the floor by the explosions, releasing the button, as...

THE CAR

Hits the GLASSED-IN ROLLING DOORS.

EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY

The CAR explodes from the building, GLASS FLYING, the car rolling, flipping over, coming to a rest on its wheels, driver's side away from McCall's position.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY ROPER

On the floor, recovering. He catches a quick glimpse of the bottom section of the lathe, a GEARBOX, the gears turning...

THE LATHE

Turning, the cutting blade inching towards Ronnie...

ROPER

Staggered to his feet, grabbing the control box, pressing the button... nothing happens, the lathe still turning, SPARKS coming out of the box, it's SHORTING... Only a few more seconds...

Desperately his eyes search the floor, SEEING a HUGE WRENCH. He grabs the wrench, jamming it between the GEARS in the gearbox, the gears shuddering violently, threatening to crush the wrench...

Roper runs to Ronnie's side, frantically pulling at her bonds, the cutting blade now paused an inch away from her...

THE GEARBOX

Hammering and clanking, the wrench can't last a heartbeat longer...

ROPER

Pulls the last of the restraints away...

THE GEARBOX

Just as the massive gears crush the wrench, the table turning...

THE LATHE

The blade passing directly over Ronnie's position as Roper hauls her away, holding her in his arms.

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV OF CAR

Korda is slumped over the wheel. He looks dead. McCall slings his rifle over his shoulder and moves towards a DRAIN PIPE attached to the side of the building.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Roper holding Ronnie, easing her away from the still turning

lathe.

RONNIE
Scottie, Scottie...

ROPER
It's all over, babe, it's all over.

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

McCall slides to the ground via the drain pipe, but...

KORDA'S CAR

Korda is not quite dead...

The door eases open, Korda rolling to the ground, bag in one hand, AUTOMATIC in the other. He looks up, SEEING McCall.

He OPENS FIRE, McCall hitting the deck and taking cover as BULLETS hit the wall around him.

McCall whips out his REVOLVER, RETURNING FIRE, a GUN BATTLE ensuing.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY ROPER

HEARING the shots outside, hauls Ronnie out of the way, keeping her low to the ground.

ROPER
Stay here, don't move.

RONNIE
Scottie...

ROPER
Do it!

He pushes her towards the cover of some machines, then crouching low to the floor, recovers the .45 from the bottom of the satchel. He heads out towards the other side of the cavernous, machine-choked building.

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY MCCALL

FIRES a round at Korda, then trying to close in on the car, runs from his cover into the opening...

KORDA

Leaps up and FIRES, McCall taking a slug in his leg, knocking him to the ground. The SLIDE to Korda's AUTOMATIC has kicked open, out of bullets. He drops the gun, picks up the BAG and runs alongside the machine shop.

ROPER

Exits the machine shop, SEEING McCall on the ground, Korda nowhere in sight. Combat-style Roper runs to McCall, dropping to his side.

ROPER
McCall, you all right?

MCCALL
(in pain)
I'm okay. Korda... went down the side of the building...

ROPER
Stay put.

Roper sprints towards the building, racing alongside it, catching a glimpse of Korda just as he disappears around the other end. Roper charges on...

EXT. MACHINE SHOP - REAR - DAY

Korda runs past the building, still clutching the BAG. He runs past another building, heading towards the dry dock area and Roper's pickup. A moment later Roper emerges from the machine shop just in time to see Korda round the corner of the next building.

KORDA

Clearing the building sees Roper's PICKUP. He runs to it, jumping inside, finding the KEYS in the ignition. He starts the truck, pulling out, just as Roper runs into view.

ROPER

With the truck accelerating towards him he raises and FIRES, two bullet holes in the front WINDSHIELD, missing Korda, the truck still speeding towards him. Roper's gun jams. Roper leaps, sliding forward on the hood, almost falling as he grabs on to the empty window frame and the windshield wiper blades for support, his WEAPON flying from his hand.

KORDA

Speeds around the buildings and down the alleyways, whipping from side to side, trying to shake Roper off, Roper hanging on for dear life.

ROPER

(shouting)

Give it up, Korda, you got away with nothing! Nothing but a bag of shit!
It's all fake!

Korda can't help but look at the OPEN BAG beside him.

ROPER

(continuing)

Go on, you stupid fuck, look at it!
It's all shit! A hundred dollars
worth of glass!

Korda reaches in, grabbing a handful of the COSTUME JEWELRY. He can't believe it, it's all fake!

KORDA

You fuck!!!

Korda goes crazy, slamming the truck into the side of a building, trying to throw Roper, but Roper hangs on.

Korda then caroms off the sides of buildings, left, right, SPARKS flying, then smashes into BOXES, CRATES, anything he can see stacked alongside the road way, but Roper stays put, clinging on with all he's got, swinging from side to side to avoid the obstacles.

Then Korda SEES ahead a huge pile of BOXES, WOOD FRAMING, PALLETS, TRASH, stacked at the side of a building. He hammers the pedal, driving the right side of the truck into the pile... BOXES, WOOD, PAPER, DEBRIS flying everywhere, through the open front window as well, Korda shielding his eyes with his arm as OBJECTS fly around in a mad flurry inside the cab...

ROPER

In the maelstrom lets go his grip, grabbing the upper frame of the window and assisted by the speed of the truck, rolls over the top of the cab, landing in the bed of the truck along with BOXES, LUMBER, and TRASH.

KORDA

Clears his eyes, looking up, Roper is gone! He LAUGHS hysterically... he knocked him off!

ROPER IN THE BED OF THE TRUCK

Leaning out the passenger's side SEES they are approaching the dry dock area.

In the bed of the truck, along with the BOXES, SUITCASES and other objects, he sees several long 2x4's. Grabbing a BOARD he braces himself against the cab and then in one swift movement, stands, swinging to the driver's side, driving the 2x4 through the side window, through the steering wheel, past the dash and catching the tip of the ACCELERATOR PEDAL, pinning it to the floor.

As Roper releases the board it WEDGES inside the door frame, locking the wheel and the accelerator, the engine SCREAMING wide open. Korda reacts in panic...

Roper clings to the cab, looking over the top, the DRY DOCK looming towards them. He prepares to jump...

KORDA

Suddenly SEES the approaching dry dock. He jams on the brakes, but it's not enough, the truck racing towards the edge...

IN SLOW MOTION THE TRUCK

Vaults over the edge of the dry dock as Roper runs down the bed, leaping off the tail gate, arms windmilling as he goes airborne...

The truck plummets towards the bottom...

ROPER

Lands in a huge pile of CARGO NETS and CARDBOARD BOXES, piled near the edge of the dry dock...

KORDA

SCREAMS in wide-eyed terror as...

THE TRUCK

Hits the bottom of the dock, EXPLODING into flames.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TAHITI - DAY

Roper and Ronnie lay on a gorgeous white sand beach, drinking from coconuts with umbrellas in them.

RONNIE

I've never seen sea so blue. Tahiti is magnificent, Scottie.

ROPER

Yeah, I could get used to this Paradise shit.

Roper hails a waitress, serving the hotel guests.

ROPER

(to waitress)

I'll have another Pena Colada. And this time could you shave the ice, please.

WAITRESS

Oui, Monsieur. Right away.

Roper stretches back into his chaise lounge, adjusting his Ray Bans. A purring cat without a care in the world.

RONNIE

Scottie?

ROPER

Hmm?

RONNIE

I've been thinking.

TWO GORGEOUS FRENCH GIRLS unstring their bikinis, flopping topless on the beach in front of them.

ROPER

Hmm?

RONNIE

Things have been going pretty well between us, haven't they?

ROPER

(sensing something's
up)

Yeah.

RONNIE

You've changed you know. I don't think there's anything you can't do once you put your mind to it.

Uh-oh. He removes his shades to get a better look at the curve ball.

RONNIE

I was just thinking...

(here it comes)

There's something special I want to talk to you about.

(he's listening)

I think it's time we went to a whole other phase in our relationship.

(pointedly)
A deeper level.

ROPER
(no longer relaxed,
sitting up)
A deeper level?

RONNIE
That's right. We've got to bare it
all. Here and now. 'Cause I think
I'm finally ready to go for it...

ROPER
(cutting her off at
the pass)
Whoa! Wait a minute, Ronnie. Hold
on. I know it's beautiful here. The
sun, the sand, the sea and all that
nature shit can really get to you.
But we've got to keep our perspective
here. This place isn't real. This
isn't reality.

RONNIE
Scott...

ROPER
I mean I said this trip should be a
'roadtest'.

RONNIE
...the hell are you talking about?

ROPER
I'm talking about... What are you
talking about?

RONNIE
I'm talking about me 'n' you stripping
down on this beach and gettin' you
know... 'naked in Tahiti'.

ROPER
You talkin' about gettin' 'nekked?'

(off her look)
Shit, I thought you were talkin'
bout, you know... the "M" word.

RONNIE
You thought I was talking about
getting married?!

She laughs her amazing laugh.

RONNIE
I'm talking about taking our clothes
off, silly. You said you would.

AD LIBS dialogue below as CAMERA CRANES BACK and we ROLL
CREDITS over...

ROPER
You crazy? With all those people
around?

RONNIE
Know what you are?! You're a prude,
Roper.

ROPER
The hell I am!

RONNIE
(amused)
Prude.

ROPER
First you want me to put on one of
those skinny ass bathing suits –
tongs or thongs or whatever you call
them – with my butt cheeks wrapped
around a piece of dental floss... No
way.

Over her laughter we...

FADE OUT:

THE END