

Thief

by
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FINAL DRAFT

March 6, 1980

"I am cruising day and night in a brand new Caddy convertible. I'm wearing \$150 slacks, silk shirts, \$800 suits, a watch loaded with diamonds and a perfect 3 karat ring with no visible means of support. And you ask how I make a living? Baby, I am a thief."

PLEASE NOTE

THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS' NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED IN THE
SCRIPT:

<u>OLD NAME</u>	<u>NEW NAME</u>
"WATTS"	"BOREKSCO"
"ANCEL"	"BARCELL"
"DR. YELLIN"	"DR. SHELTON" (Sc. 67)
"SAM MALTZ"	"SAM GROSSMAN"

"MALTZ SCRAPYARD" now becomes "GROSSMAN SCRAPYARD"

"THIEF"

BLACK SCREEN.

TILT DOWN TO:

1 EXT. STREET - FRANK - TWILIGHT 1 *

The haze and rain of winter weather is incandescent. It RAINS. A little jumpy, he looks out at something. We don't know what. His hair is wet. *

2 OMITTED 2 *

3 CLOSER - FRANK 3

on the sidewalk watching from another angle.

4 OVER HIS SHOULDER - APARTMENT BUILDING 4 *

across the street down the block. People coming home from work race for doorways. As Frank watches, we don't know who he is. We don't know why he's looking at this building. *

CUT TO:

5 INT. BLACK ELDORADO - FRANK'S POV - SAME BUILDING 5

but pebbled by rain. He watches from inside the car, now. Closer. He gets out. THROUGH the pebbled WINDSCREEN we SEE him turn up the collar of his coat and enter.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BUILDING - REAR SHOTS - FRANK - DAY 6

up stairs.

CUT TO:

7 INT. APARTMENT - VI - TWILIGHT 7 *

BUZZER. VI rushes from the bedroom pulling a bathrobe together at the SOUND of an ENTRY. A baby CRIES.

VI
Who is it? Who's there?!

...and sees Frank who can't get in because the chain is on the door. She opens it. The TV is BLASTING. *

VI
(continuing; off guard)
I thought you're working tonite? *

The living room has chrome Onkyo receivers and Betamax TV's and clock radios, silver swirl mirrors and a vinyl bar. Lots of cheap chrome appliances. Frank has entered his own apartment.

8 TWO SHOT 8

APRIL cries O.S. Vi didn't expect Frank. She's a great-looking trashy broad with white hair, a blue rinse. Something else is going on.

VI
Forget something you need for work, dear?

FRANK
(beat)
I thought you're out getting your hair done?
(beat)
Why's the baby crying?

April cries louder.

VI
(shrieks to April)
Shut up!
(hisses at Frank)
I know about you!

FRANK
(half to himself,
quietly)
...this is not the way it's supposed to be.

VI
I know what you been doing!

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED:

8

FRANK

Oh yeah? What have I been doin'?

VI

I figure it out. You weren't at the car lot last night. I checked. You weren't out buying cars and working so goddamn hard at night. You're out screwing some fancy lady! Some whore on the side you're balling, aren't you?

*
*

FRANK

(laughs)

You're crazy. You don't have a clue what I do at night.

Then it falls off. Frank pushes past. Vi's scared.

9 INT. BEDROOM - FRANK

9

moves through, enters bedroom. April cries louder. The TV BLASTS. She shrinks back. Frank rips into the closet.

VI

(shrieks)

You cheating rat bastard. You son of a bitch. You're out getting laid. Every night!

10 CLOSER - ROY

10

in polyester trousers and shirt, is between the clothes and wall. Vi drops to the floor. Her robe falls open in the f.g.

*

ROY

Ohmigod. Ohmigod.

VI

I am... I am paying you back!
I'm paying you back. That's all!

*
*

Vi shrieks as Frank whips Roy across the room by his neck. He crashes upside down into the wall.

10 CONTINUED: 10

He falls off the bureau.

11 HANDHELD - TWO SHOT 11

Frank picks Roy off the ground and bounces him off more walls, knocking over chrome kitchen chairs and appliances. He throws him through the house on the installment plan as Vi shrieks, as:

FRANK

(back to Vi)

I been true to you since the day we met! I never, ever, since we've been married, been out with another broad! 'Cause that's how it was supposed to be! I been busting my ass! I been doin' a bottle of Bennies a week to keep goin' working day and night! I am popping \$1400 a month for the funny farm you got this joint turned into so you can get your hair painted blue in the beauty shop every day with your mother, who so goddamned dumb she can't boil water, taking care of April instead of you. And you got the balls to think I'm out snaking around with the broads!!

12 INT. HALLWAY - HANDHELD - FRANK 12

throws Roy -- screaming -- down the stairs and ignores him. *

13 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK 13

returns, hearing April cry from her bedroom crib.

FRANK

You rotten fucking bitch! With April here yet!

VI

(shrieks)

April! Why always fucking April! *

Vi is suddenly fear-struck at what she said.

- 13 CONTINUED: 13
She knows Frank will kill her.
- 14 FRANK 14
steers her gently -- as if she were wet -- through the kitchen, to the door.
- FRANK
I take April. She stays with me!
You are completely unfit! You
don't give a damn! You are out!
You, your mother, your boyfriend
stick your face in front of me,
or try to hurt or grab the kid --
they find you belly up inna lake.
- 15 INT. HALLWAY - FRANK 15
whips her out of the apartment and throws her at Roy.
- FRANK
And you, you stone jagoff!
Congratulations! You just got
yourself a broad!
- Frank slams the door.
- 16 INT. APRIL'S BEDROOM - FRANK 16
takes April from the crib into the adjacent bath and rinses her off in the bath with the shower hose calming her down...
- FRANK
Yeah. There ya go. I gotta get
you a pet turtle and stuff. How
would you like that? Huh? And
our own house. With a swing. And
a dog. And trees 'cause they
rustle at night a lot. Huh?
- He holds his daughter wrapped in a towel in the white tiled bathroom.
- CUT TO:
- 17 INT. SALT AND PEPPER CAFE - FRANK - TWILIGHT 17
in a leather jacket in bright light.

17 CONTINUED:

17

The exterior and interior is white ceramic tile. Under the "El" tracks, it is the cafe in Hooper's painting. Frank's at the counter. He keeps looking out the window up at his apartment.

FRANK

Coffee.

COUNTERMAN

Coffee...? Whaddya got? A hollow leg.

FRANK

(throws a dollar
at the Man)

Just the coffee, junior.

Counterman shuts up and pours. The ashtray and demolished newspaper says Frank's been there awhile.

CUT TO:

18 INT. MOTEL, FRANK'S ROOM #1 - MRS. B. - NIGHT

18

*

in rocking chair, turns -- Frank entered. Place is empty. White.

FRANK

... how's it now, Mrs. B.?

MRS. B.

Fine, Mr. Frank.

FRANK

I have the room next door. We'll move into an apartment in two days.

*
*
*

(unrolling bills)

You get hungry, order delivery or whatever. Use the security chain though...

*

MRS. B.

(reassuring)

Sure. Okay.

FRANK

Hey, kiddo...

Frank picks April up and kisses her. He looks at her -- a miracle of regeneration.

18 CONTINUED:

18

FRANK
 (continuing; to
 Mrs. B.)
 Look at that face, huh?
 (beat)
 She's into animal cookies. She'll
 boost a whole box off you...

MRS. B.
 Mr. Frank. You're checking up.
 Don't worry! Okay? Us girls
 are getting along just great.
 Everything's fine and dandy.

FRANK
 Okay.
 (smiles; kisses April)
 Okay, kid: Daddy's gotta go to
 work, now.

Frank out the door. HOLD. MUSIC.

19 OMITTED 19

20 EXT. MOTEL (LINCOLN AVENUE) - FRANK - NIGHT 20

Eldorado driven by BARRY enters and picks him up. PAN
 180 degrees as car whips away under the "EL" track into
 the rain. HOLD. MUSIC.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. ALLEY - BLACK NIGHT 21

MUSIC. TILT DOWN INTO a black canyon. A narrow fis-
 sure between 20-story-high downtown walls: the rears
 of buildings. Fire escapes are like black lace. Light *
 rain. At the bottom is a Buick Regal with steamed windows. *
 JOSEPH, an older man is SEEN dimly inside. Colored lights *
 play on his face. They're from...

CUT TO:

22 INT. BUICK WILDCAT - A BEARCAT FREQUENCY SCANNER - NIGHT 22 *

and two other radios are on the car floor.

- 22 CONTINUED: 22
- We HEAR fast BLASTS of police RADIO TRAFFIC and that of two ALARM companies. Joseph's monitoring the "air."
- CUT TO:
- 23 EXT. ALLEY - TELEPHONE POLE - ILLINOIS BELL JUNCTION BOX - NIGHT 23
- A mass of color-coded wires lead out. TILT DOWN the spaghetti confusion TO a beaten-up Samsonite suitcase. *
- 24 BARRY STRATAGAKIS 24
- 28, tall, monitors the confusion of wires, meters and telephone gear. The gear's industrial, not slick. We don't understand its function. Barry's alert, sharp. His hair's soaked by the rain. It's cold. He blows on his hand. An O.S. WHINE becomes...
- CUT TO:
- 25 INT. VAULT AREA - FRANK - NIGHT 25
- lifts a heavy object against a vault door. Throws a switch. Massive BANG as it contacts... *
- 26 MILWAUKEE TOOL COMPANY MAGNETIC BASE DRILL 26 *
- SHRIEKS, cutting a hole in a heavy metal door. It's mounted on magnets like a horizontal drill press. *
- 27 OMITTED 27 *
- 28 FRANK 28
- is in a stained button or snap overalls with leather lineman's belt full of tools. The flashlights taped to the door reveal as the drill cuts out: *
- 29 THE ONE INCH HOLE 29 *
- cut into the lockbox. *
- 30 FRANK 30
- hands move faster than we can see.

30 CONTINUED: 30

He punches the bolt, opens the double doors revealing inner doors. He pulls the combination dial from the inner door, screws in a heavy dent-pulley and they slam open.

CUT TO:

31 INT. VAULT - TRAYS - NIGHT 31

of unmounted diamonds in glycine envelopes are poured into an open bag. He flings the empty trays over his head, CLATTERING into the interior.

32 BAG - DIAMONDS 32

refract light into blues and yellows that bounce inside their facets.

33 FRANK 33

stuffs it into his overalls. He's thrown aside and leaves trays of mounted jewelry as if so much junk.

34 EXT. ALLEY - FRANK - NIGHT 34

coming out carrying the drill. Fast. The WIND HOWLS.

35 BARRY 35

comes off the ledge leaving the bypasses intact. Takes drill from Frank. They leave behind all non-essentials. *

36 BUICK 36

pulls up. Frank throws the tool belt, Barry throws drill inside. Buick roars away. *

37 FRANK AND BARRY 37

cross through a narrow passageway. Frank strips and dumps the overalls revealing the black jacket. *

CUT TO:

38 INT. 1976 PONTIAC GRAN AM (WORK CAR #2) ON WABASH - NIGHT 38

in metallic blue.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: 38

Frank and Barry fall in out of the rain and pull out, turning right and enclosing themselves within the black girder-work of the El tracks on southbound Wabash.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. CAGE BRIDGE - PONTIAC 39

on westbound Lake St., over the black Chicago River. Northbound on Wells, west on Courtland past Finkel's Foundry and north on Halsted through the wind into dark wasteland of cartage warehouses busy with truck traffic.

40 EXT. HAINES STREET - PONTIAC 40

passes CAMERA, among the pillars beneath Ogden, circles and comes back. Barry throws open a garage door. Frank pulls into the "drop."

CUT TO:

41 INT. DROP - WIDE - NIGHT 41

Frank cuts the engine, leaves the black jacket in the Pontiac. It's an industrial garage. (Work benches, tools, a drill press, heliarc welding gear and the Buick Regal are inside.) Barry kills the lights. They're out the door.

*
*

42 EXT. ALLEY - FRANK - NIGHT 42

-- cold in his sweatshirt -- crosses to and throws on his grey coat from inside the black Eldorado and steps inside. Barry's Corvette pulls out. Frank leaves in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. JETTY - FRANK - DAWN 43

walks the jetty -- black and narrow into the lake's flat pewter. A band of red is the sun in Michigan. An old black FISHERMAN's near the end, his gear in shopping bags. Frank walks to the end carrying a coffee-to-go that steams. He has a bag of rolls.

FISHERMAN

... Mornin'.

43 CONTINUED:

43

FRANK

What to it, Captain...

FISHERMAN

Coldt! Mackerels run where it's coldt.

Frank sits at the end, swings his legs on the edge like a kid. The sun bends the horizon line and then breaks through. Liquid. It's still. He drinks his coffee.

FRANK

Wanta Danish?

FISHERMAN

Yeah. Thanks.

FRANK

Look at that, huh?

FISHERMAN

That's magic. That's the Sky Chief, man. That's what that is.
 (long pause)
 Ain't that Sky Chief sumthin'?
 Huh.

Frank's face is washed with gold light. The sky behind is electric blue and faraway. This is Frank's moment of satisfaction, of mastery, of having put everything back in order.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. ROCKET USED CARS - TRACKING WITH ASTRO AL - DAY 44

in a silver spacesuit and fishbowl space helmet taping a commercial in front of a large car lot. A car carrier is delivering cars. Drivers jockey them into line while:

*
*

AL

... power steering. Power brakes.
 Electric antenna. Tinted windows.
 Five-way power bucket seats.
 (beat; turns)
 For you, Baby Blue, \$2,995.

*

44 CONTINUED:

44

FRANK
 (crossing through to right)
 Put the red Olds and yellow Chevy
 in the front. In the front. Claude,
 get the Mark VI on the corner spot
 under the lights. Now.

*

45 INT. ROCKET USED CARS, SALES OFFICE - FRANK

45

sticks his head in the door to grab his coat. He
 wears a gold watch and a three-carat diamond ring.

*

FRANK
 (putting on coat;
 leaving)
 Sugar: You get yesterday's title
 transfers from the Vehicle Bureau?

PAULA
 Ralph's over collecting them.
 Then he had to stop about the
 Chrysler with the cracked block...

CUT TO:

46 INT. TERMINAL BAR AND RESTAURANT - WIDE - MORNING

46

NOISE OF VOICES, DISHES, LAUGHTER, short-order cooks
 BANGING STUFF, etc. It's busy and frantic and shiny
 inside. That's the flow... It's cold outside. Win-
 dows are steamed. Frank moves through the early-50's
 mixed hip-working-class and young attorney crowd at
 the door.

47 REAR BOOTH - JOE GAGS

47

is 200 pounds of muscle gone to flab. He looks up as
 Frank enters and gestures to a waitress for coffee.

FRANK
 (low)
 Put your hand out.

Gags slides over the paper on the booth seat. Frank
 slips the stones from last night into the paper and
 slides it back to Gags.

looks down. He feels the weight, impressed. O.S.
someone BREAKS A PLATE. APPLAUSE. More NOISE.

GAGS

(whispers)

All right!

(beat)

What do you make it?

FRANK

(low)

Fifty-nine, D -- flawless, to VSI-1,
1½ to 3 karats. \$550,000 wholesale,
\$185,000. *

Gags works out on a calculator. Frank nods to the
cashier across the room. She smiles. She is JESSIE
Then:

GAGS

(low)

I'll take it myself. *

FRANK

Fine.

GAGS

Have someone swing by tomorrow. *
Look, these people wanna meet you. *
Stand-up guys.

FRANK

I don't wanna meet people. What do I
wanna meet people for?

GAGS

Okay, okay. Lemme put some of
your end onna street?

FRANK

Barry will collect it. You
down the bread to him. Tomorrow.
Ten a.m.

Frank takes the check, drinks water, starts to leave...

GAGS

I'm not shitting ya! Double it
in three months.

FRANK

My money goes in the bank. You
put your money on the street.

GAGS

Let me get the check *

FRANK

Forget it. *

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Frank leaves through the multiplex NOISE and crowds to Jessie. She's up-market for this place. They talk loudly over the NOISE as she comes on duty.

FRANK

(continuing; paying)

I thought you were on mornings?

JESSIE

(without looking up)

They switched me to noon to closing.

FRANK

You like that better? *

JESSIE *

Six of one, half a dozen of the other. *
How's your family? *

FRANK

April's terrific! A year-and-a-half *
going on 25. That's a nice sweater. *
What's it, new? *

JESSIE

Yes. Bring them in! *

FRANK

(paying)

I bring April in here, you are *
gonna spoil her for life! *

They like each other. We'll see her again. Frank passes through the crowd waiting to be seated at the door, and through the glass climbs the Eldo and pulls out. *

CUT TO:

49 INT. ROCKET CARS SALES OFFICE - FRANK

49

in his open coat signing sales contracts for Paula who's on the phone calling engine i.d. numbers to the Vehicle Bureau and sorting mail. She tosses one to Frank. He pours a coffee and exits... *

FRANK

(over shoulder)

Tell Barry to see me when he comes back...

50 EXT./INT. REAR SERVICE AREA - FRANK - DAY

50

gas service area where cars are prepped for the lot.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Guys throw around tires and tools and shout over NOISE.
An air hose, RAT-TAT-TAT.

MECHANIC 3

*

(black)

I say: "Say, mother fucker!"

Centerfold ladies on walls. Guys throw tires around.
MECHANICS 2 and 3 under hoods in neighboring stalls.
Everyone is having a ball. Mechanic 1 goes through
orders.

*

*

*

MECHANIC 1

*

(southern accent)

What you want asshole?

MECHANIC 3

*

I'm your daddy!

MECHANIC 2

You're two drops of jizz hatched
outta shit under a hot rock!

Cheers! BLASTS of laughter. An air hose. Frank
passes through...

MECHANIC 2

*

Hey Frank, Frank, Frank. What's
to it, bossman?!

FRANK

(elsewhere)

How are ya...

*

51 PAULA

51

enters with a work order for Mechanic #1.

*

MECHANIC 3 (V.O.)

(under hood)

Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.

*

She reddens. It's a class joint.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. ALLEY - FRANK

52

enters. A rusted crash-fence and litter and weeds
behind a gas station across the alley. The letter on
Joliet State Penitentiary stationery. In childlike
printing:

FRANK
(Haltingly, without
punctuation)
'Dear Frank, nothing new ever
happens around here. No, I don't
need any money or anything. Go
slow and EZ and keep knocking them
dead. I could never find the
words to tell you how proud I am
'cause you are making your life
happen like you said and collecting
your debt back from society. And
I know you're pretty busy, but
could you come up 'cause I gotta
see ya. Your pal, Okla.'

Frank unfolds his wallet to place the letter inside. A tattered paste-up collage is there, too. He opens it. There's a white house from a magazine. A cut-out Cadillac is glued in front.

Bits and pieces of trees are drawn in with green Pentel. A small baby from a Gerber food ad is near a woman -- mother. Okla's black and white face is there. It's weird. We don't know what it means yet. Frank carries it with him wherever he goes. Frank refolds it with the letter and pockets them. *

CUT TO:

53 INT. FRANK'S MOTEL ROOM - WIDE - NIGHT 53

No one is there. Frank enters. It's as he left it -- alienating, lonely, stark. Frank crosses through.

54 APRIL 54

in her crib. Mrs. B. on a foldaway bed.

55 INT. ADJOINING MOTEL ROOM - FRANK 55

falls on the mattress.

56 FRANK'S POV - VERY WIDE - HANDHELD 56

Frank looks around. Everything is large and agrophobic. Too much space. White.

57 WIDE FROM THE FLOOR 57

Frank grabs a pillow. HOLD. Then he crosses to the closet.

58 INT. CLOSET 58

It's the dimensions of a cell -- 5' x 10'.

59 OVERHEAD - FRANK 59

goes to sleep on the floor of the closet. Frank looks like a prisoner in a cell. Prison-like is familiar, comfortable.

60 FRANK'S POV - LIGHT FIXTURE 60

glaring white on the closet ceiling.

FRANK (O.S.)
What the fuck am I doing?

CUT TO:

61 INT. BLACK ELDO - TRAVELING - FRANK - NIGHT 61 *

cruises the Gold Coast: Rush Street, Oak Street, etc. He drives with intent. The streets are alive.

62 FRANK 62

up the glare of Lincoln to Broadway. The hookers and pimps and bums and flash tourists: it all reflects off Frank. Frank whips around a slow driver.

CUT TO:

63 INT. TERMINAL RESTAURANT - JESSIE IN THE REAR - NIGHT 63

finishing her coffee with two waitresses at a back booth. Quitting time. Crowds are gone. Lonely cafe. Frank enters with a newspaper. The sign goes out. *

FRANK
Hey...!

JESSIE
Hi. Want me to get you something?
Cook left.

FRANK
(turning to go)
No... It's okay. I'm looking for you. *
(beat)
What are you doing?

JESSIE
Waiting for my ride. What do *
you mean, "looking for me"? *

FRANK
C'mon. I'll take you.

JESSIE
Mary was...

FRANK
(smiles)
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Beat.

JESSIE

Uh. I don't know...

FRANK

I'm not asking you to go to Florida.

63A INT. ELDO - TRAVELING - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

63A

FRANK

How 'bout some coffee?

JESSIE

Okay.

FRANK

And listen: how about tomorrow night we have dinner? *

Jessie laughs.

FRANK

(continuing)

I'm serious.

(laughs)

What do you think I'm kidding!

JESSIE

(smile falls off)

Uh... Maybe I should've waited for Mary.

(explains; awkward)

Look... I don't have relationships. Involvements. Nothing complex... like with married men. Right now... at this time... Okay? *

(beat)

How's the car business? *

FRANK

The car business is fine. I'm golden and glowing -- scoring like a champ and becoming a big goddamn captain of industry. And, right now at this time I am unmarried, Vi is gone. I am now a free man. And how'd you get an attitude like you got? *

JESSIE

With great difficulty.

(CONTINUED)

63A CONTINUED

63A

	FRANK	*
	You like it on the come and go...	*
	JESSIE	*
	(confirming)	*
	Free and easy. No expectations...	*
	FRANK	*
	Then how you gonna keep	*
	hanging out with me?	*
	JESSIE	*
What are you talking about?	FRANK	*
	(running on)	*
	...cause I am not the kind	*
	of guy you come and go from	*
	in 10 seconds flat!	*
	JESSIE	*
Really! Why not?		*
	FRANK	*
Cause I... am like no one		*
you've ever known before.		*

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE
C'mon...

FRANK
I am!

JESSIE
How?

FRANK
(wry)
I... am from another planet.

Jessie laughs.

FRANK
Planet X. When I got here, I had to learn how to drive a car, work a cigarette machine, what a woman smelled like. You know? I did not know what I was supposed to do.

Frank drives on...

JESSIE
(suspects)
Where do you come from, Frank?

*
*

FRANK
Tomorrow night?

JESSIE
Okay! Okay...

CUT TO:

64 INT. JOLIET STATE PENITENTIARY, VISITORS' ROOM - 64
HANDS - DAY

folded. They belong to...

65 FRANK 65

He waits. A CLANGING NOISE. He looks up.

66 REVERSE 66

Prisoners are ushered in by guards and sit behind the thick glass window. There is a screen for sound to pass through.

67 AN OLD MAN

67

sits across from Frank. He could be his father.
He's OKLA -- 65, wizened, scraggly.

OKLA

How's it going'?

FRANK

I'm doin' terrific. Every day's
a surprise. But it's... real...
fucking weird out there. Not
like anything we figured out.
On-the-make and on-the-take.
Ev-ery-body!

(beat)

Half the merch in all the discount
stores in town is hot. Everybody
is promoting scores. "Take down
this, take that."

(beat)

I put down this score, this chick.
A good looking chick takes me aside:

(pauses for effect)

"How much you want to whack-out
my husband?"

OKLA

You're shittin' me...

FRANK

I'm serious.

OKLA

What did you do?

FRANK

(acts out)

"Call me in the morning, sugar."

(beat)

I give her the phone number

(beat)

... of the FBI

Okla cracks up. The anecdote may or may not be true.

FRANK

How's it goin' with you?

OKLA

Same old shit. Morris finally
busted Red's pruno operation.
Lotta knifings...

FRANK

Dope?

OKLA

That and sex. They're putting a quality of guy in this place you wouldn't believe. Ten, twenty years ago, woulda dumped 'em inna funny farm. Child molesters, rapists, shit like that in the main stream population. Used to be a guy like that? He lasted five days, woulda been a new world's record. Well, you know. Now?

*
*
*
*

(beat)

It's perverse. Perverse.
How's the wife?

*

FRANK

Nothing's with the wife. I pulled the plug.

OKLA

(shocked)
What happened?

FRANK

Vi never knew I am taking scores. A rocket scientist, she figures it out. I'm having affairs with fancy ladies. Right? Gets twisted and screwy.

*

OKLA

What are you gonna do?

FRANK

Put Humpty Dumpty back together again.

OKLA

April?

FRANK

She's with me....
(quieter)
I met this new chick. Jessie.

*

OKLA

You gonna marry her and have kids?

FRANK

I think so. But she dunno what I do. I don't wanna tell her. I don't know what to do.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

OKLA

Anyone know...?

FRANK

(laughs)

Other than Barry and the two, three fences I got business with? No one. I'm the phantom cat. They don't have a clue who's puttin' down my scores.

(beat)

I got two, three years 'til I can split.

(an impossibility:)

What do I do? Bullshit her along?

*
*
*

OKLA

Lie to no one. Someone's close to you? You'll ruin it with a lie. And if they're a stranger, then who the hell are they that you gotta lie to?

FRANK

(quietly)

What did you want?

OKLA

(whispers)

Get me outta here.

FRANK

(low)

Eighteen months and you hit the street.

OKLA

Yeah, well, you know Dr. Shelton?

*

FRANK

That lu-lu bastard's killed more guys than the electric chair.

OKLA

(whispers)

I got angina something something. I ain't gonna last no year and a half.

(pause)

I don't want to die in here, Frank! Not in here.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED

67

A BUZZER SOUNDS.

FRANK
 (whispers)
 You got it.

OKLA
 Got to go, kid...

Okla smiles wryly and winks and Frank leaves. *

CUT TO:

68 INT. GREEN MILL - FRANK - DAY

68

enters the flashy black glossy interior with a bank
 bag of change. He owns the place. A couple regulars
 are on stools. Jukebox. *

BARTENDER
 Say, Frank. Barry's been calling you. *

FRANK
 From where! *

BARTENDER
 Three times he called. 532-4234. *

INTERCUT WITH:

69 INT. COFFEE SHOP FOYER - PAY PHONE - BARRY - DAY

69

holds down the cradle and pretends to talk to keep
 the line clear for Frank's call.

Outside -- through the windows -- are apartment buildings, heavy traffic and flashing lights from emergency vehicles. The PHONE RINGS. Barry releases the cradle.

BARRY
(into phone)
Hello?

FRANK
(into phone)
Where are you?

BARRY
(into phone)
... the hell you been?

FRANK
You make the pickup?

BARRY
I'm in a goddamn phone booth.
Try finding one that works in
this city. I have not made the
pickup. We got a problem. Can
you talk?

FRANK
No. You see our '... man'?

BARRY
There is no 'man.' He's splattered
all over the fucking sidewalk.
What do you want to do?

Barry's referring to the emergency vehicle lights flashing OUT OF FOCUS outside, down the block. Norland Ambulance * pulls away with SIREN. Another squad car arrives.

FRANK
He down the merch?

BARRY
I was talking to somebody's somebody.
I will know in 25 minutes.

FRANK
(beat)
Get the work car and meet me at
Armitage and Lincoln.

CUT TO:

70 INT. BONNEVILLE GRAND AM - TRAVELLING - BARRY AND FRANK - AFTERNOON 70

Barry drives.

BARRY

Gags was putting juice loans on the street. Right? For this lice, Attaglia. Gags was pocketing the principal and putting it back onna street for himself -- they went crazy... ba-boom!

Barry pulls in and parks in front of L&A Plating on Ogden Avenue. A brown grim building among warehouses and small shelters under a forest of water towers on roofs:

*

FRANK

Gags down our merch?

BARRY

At the R.D. Lounge Pauli saw it go down. It was your money that was in Gags' pocket when he went out the window.

*

Frank pulls a .45 Colt Commander from the passenger door, checks there's a shell in the chamber and holsters it in his waistband. Barry waits in the car.

CUT TO:

71 INT. L&A PLATING, RECEPTION ROOM - FRANK - DAY 71 *

enters. RECEPTIONIST behind glass. The inner offices are like a vault.

RECEPTIONIST

(PA filter)

Can I help you?

FRANK

I would like to see Mr. Attaglia. You've delivered some zinc plating I had a lotta problems with.

Receptionist calls somebody else. After a moment of animated conversation which we can't hear, a man named Carl looks Frank over and nods.

RECEPTIONIST

(PA filter)

I'll buzz you in.

CUT TO:

72 INT. ATTAGLIA'S OFFICE - ON DOOR - DAY

72

Frank enters. VINCENT ATTAGLIA is a large businessman in his late 40's. Frank crosses all the way to the right of Attaglia's desk so his position covers both Attaglia and the door.

ATTAGLIA

I'm Mr. Attaglia. You didn't get a delivery or something? Sit down. Zinc what?

FRANK

My name's Frank.

(sits)

That was bullshit.

ATTAGLIA

What is this?

FRANK

This is Joe Gags. \$183,300 of my money. We have this problem...

ATTAGLIA

What are you talking about?

FRANK

(reasonable)

He moved my merchandise. So the money in his pocket before he went out the window is my money... I want my money.

ATTAGLIA

I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Frank a-la-la. Whatever. The guy died?

FRANK

Yes.

ATTAGLIA

So it goes to probate? Take it up in probate court! Don't bug me with this shit...

FRANK

(beat)

I come to discuss a piece of business. And what are you gonna do? You gonna tell me fairy tales?

72 CONTINUED:

72

ATTAGLIA

Who the fuck are you, Slick? I don't know you. I don't know some clown named 'Gags'! Get the fuck out of here! Beat it!

(shouts to outside,
stands, gets up;
reaches for drawer)

Hey, Carl!!

73 FRANK

73

simultaneously slams Attaglia's face with the heel of his left hand, drawing the .45 with the right, as he steps back into a Weaver stance three feet from Attaglia's face. Cold.

74 WIDE

74

Richard and Carl. Frank drops the Weaver, the .45 to the side, strong-arms Attaglia into the line of fire, snaps the .45 back into his face.

*

FRANK

(shouts)
Hold it!!

ATTAGLIA

All right! All right! All right!
Do what he tells you!

FRANK

On the floor! Spread your legs!
Hands over your head! Now!

They do it. They're immobilized. Attaglia's scared shitless. One guard, Carl, watches Frank. The .45's two feet from Attaglia's face.

FRANK

(continuing; to
Carl)
Look at the wall!

He does.

FRANK

(continuing; to
Attaglia)
I'm the last guy you wanna fuck
with.

(MORE)

74 CONTINUED:

74

FRANK (CONT'D)

You found my money on Gags! Let's pretend you don't know whose money it is!

ATTAGLIA

(scared to death)

That's right for Chrissake! I mean I don't know who you are! I'll straighten you up! I will!

FRANK

Three hours. I will call to set a meet. You will pay me my money. \$183,300.

Frank's eyes scan the three men as he backs to the door and simply leaves.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. RAILROAD SWITCHING YARD - ATTAGLIA - TWILIGHT 75

under a bridge. A towering industrial landscape. PULL BACK TO REVEAL the other men: LEO ALDERMAN and MITCH KANOFF listen. Leo is a large blocky man. Mitch is even heavier. Leo is a kidder. He has good humor. Charm. He's a nice man. He'd kill you as soon as look at you. He wears a black cashmere top-coat over a plaid shirt. Among the cars in the b.g. is Leo's black BMW 733i.

ATTAGLIA

He 'downed merch to Gags' is what he said. I'm telling you this cocksucker's trouble. We whack him out...

LEO

(to Mitch; dismissing Attaglia)

This the prowler? This the guy Gags had?

MITCH

Has to be the one.

76 REVERSE - FRANK'S ELDO

76

bounces over ruts and bumps TO CAMERA while they're talking about him.

76 CONTINUED:

76

Men spread out, relaxed. Frank gets out, crosses over ... keeping some distance.

LEO

My name is Leo Alderman. How are you?

They shake hands.

FRANK

I'm Frank.

LEO

Here's your money.

77 FRANK

77

counts it and pockets the \$183,300.

LEO

All there?

FRANK

It's there.

LEO

(wry)
Don't you say 'thanks' or something?

FRANK

(smiles)
Whose money was this?

LEO

Your money.
(beat)
But I kept this guy from giving you a hard time.

78 EXT. BILLBOARD TOP - OVER BARRY'S SHOULDER

78

and the H & K .308 assault rifle he has sighted on Leo, Attaglia, etc... Frank's back-up.

FRANK

(knowing smile)
Mm-hum. 'Thanks.'

LEO

You're welcome... it's no big deal.

78 CONTINUED:

78

FRANK

See ya.

79 EXT. RAILYARD - CLOSER

79

LEO

Where you goin'?

FRANK

I'm already late...

*

LEO

C'mon, c'mon. I thought we'd talk business. Get to know each other.

FRANK

Nothing personal but I want to know people, I'll join a fucking country club...

LEO

(laughs)

But I know you already.

No reaction.

FRANK

Yeah?

(beat)

How do you know me?

LEO

The merch you put to Gags and Max Sherman and that Puerto Rican fence, Cotazar? Where do you think they down it? To me. I'm the bank. I handle the fence for half this city. You're putting down two, three scores a month. Month in, month out. And I see your stuff. You got great taste. A regular highline pro. I told Gags, 'I want to meet this guy!' He tell you that?

FRANK

Yes.

LEO

Fine.

FRANK

Let's cut the bullshit.

LEO

(beat; then)

You want to go to work for me?
Directly? You'll put down contact
scores all over the country.

FRANK

... I'm self-employed, I'm doin'
fine. I don't deal with egos.
I'm Joe the boss. What the fuck
do I need to go to work for you
for?

LEO

I'll lay it out. You be the
judge.

FRANK

Go ahead.

LEO

You don't look, you don't case,
you don't do nothing no more. We
point you to a score, we tell you
what's in there. When we tell
you it's there, it's there. They
are laid-out scores.

*
*

FRANK

How they worked up?

LEO

Alarm system diagrams. Blueprints.
Sometimes the front door key.
Sometimes the scores are in on
it, everybody's ripping off the
insurance company.

FRANK

Work cars, drops, tools?

LEO

Whatever you need, you'd see me.
I would be your father. Money,
guns, cars. I'd be your father
from here on out.

FRANK

What's my end?

LEO

You get a price. There is no negotiation about the price. We got expenses here you don't have. You'll know the price up front.

FRANK

How big?

LEO

Boxcar. Nothing under middle six figures. You'll make a million dollars in four months.

FRANK

I go to work for you, I'm pulling all this exposure.

LEO

Our protection trades that off.

FRANK

I take a bust...?

LEO

Turn around: there'll be a bondsman and a lawyer there. You'll never spend a night in jail.

FRANK

Uh-huh...

(beat)

I steal ice. No furs, no coin collections, no treasury bonds, no cartage, no stock certificates, no precious metals. No nothing. Just diamonds. Or cash.

LEO

Fine.

FRANK

I work with a partner.

LEO

We take care of you. A partner is your responsibility. He beefs on you, that's your problem. He beefs on us, that's your problem, too.

(MORE)

*

LEO (CONT'D)

He is never supposed to know anything about us. Never bring him around. He never meets me.

FRANK

Who are your inside people?

LEO

That's my end. It's nothing to do with you. So what do you say, Frank?

FRANK

I dunno.

LEO

Whaddya mean, 'you dunno'? C'mon with me!

FRANK

I dunno! I don't believe in lifetime subscriptions. Maybe this don't fit with my retirement program.

LEO

What are you gonna do retired?

FRANK

Pick corn with the chickens and watch daytime TV for the rest of my life. What's the difference?

LEO

(cracks up; he
likes Frank)

All right! Two, three moves? You wanna keep goin'? Fine. You wanna split? Everybody's businesslike; everybody's an adult. That's fine, too.

(beat)

So let me know. 'Cause you'd be terrific.

FRANK

I'll call you.

They shake hands and all start to leave.

*

80 FRANK

80

gets in the Eldorado and drives away.

BOREKSCO (O.S.)

Who is he?

URIZZI (O.S.)

How the hell do I know?!

PULL WAY BACK TO REVEAL a police observation post a half-mile away on a bridge tumbril and two beefy Chicago cops behind a Nikon with a 500mm lens on a tripod. URIZZI -- the senior man at 40 -- leans back and eats a corned beef sandwich and drinks beer. Boreksco looks through the camera. An unmarked car is parked at the bridge.

CUT TO:

81 INT. ELDORADO - TRAVELLING - FRANK - NIGHT

81

blasts through the Gold Coast: NOISE. Rush Street, State Street, Dearborn. He drives fast, erratic.

82 EXT. TERMINAL RESTAURANT - FRANK - NIGHT

82

gets in the Eldo alone and whips out. No Jessie. Frank's looking. FOLLOW it UP the glare of Clark Street.

83 INT. ELDO - TRAVELLING - FRANK - NIGHT

83

up Clark to Broadway. The hookers and pimps and bums and flash tourists: city dogs and glitter. It all reflects off Frank. A lot of NOISE...Frank BLASTS his HORN and whips around a slow driver.

CUT TO:

84 INT. KATZ AND JAMMER BAR - FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

84

thru window - Frank's car pulls down Lincoln, U-turns and parks. Two drunks argue in a doorway. HOLD. Mighty Joe Young belts out "Turning Point In My Life" -- hard-driving Chicago blues. Frank presses through the standing crowd, drinks in hand. TIGHTEN: he finds Jessie at the bar.

JESSIE

What the hell are you doing here?!

FRANK

Finding you...

CONTINUED

JESSIE
Forget it. Okay?! You're two
hours late. I mean, I don't
need this! I don't need a let-
down.

*

He takes her arm. She rips it away.

FRANK
Wait a minute!

JESSIE
Fuck you!

FRANK
I want to talk to you!

JESSIE
No!

Frank grabs her arm. Twenty people are watching
them fight.

FRANK
I'll take you for coffee and
explain...!

JESSIE
Take your goddam hand off me!!

FRANK
(to Jessie)
Watch out!

HARRY
(large bartender)
Hey, you!

JESSIE
You take me anywhere? Forget it.

*

Frank strong-arms Jessie.

HARRY
(with a sap at
his side)
I'm talking to you!!

FRANK
Maybe there is a reason!
(MORE)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ya ever think of that? What is
this big goddamn deal!

(to bartender)

Take a walk, Flash...

*
*

He does. Jessie struggles.

JESSIE

I don't know the reason. I don't
wanna hear the reason! There is
no 'reason'! It just showed me!
That's all!

FRANK

You were looking forward to this!

*

JESSIE

(rips away)
Big mistake!

FRANK

Jesus Christ!

Frank drags her out onto the sidewalk by her arm. A
half dozen people spectate the fight.

85 EXT. SIDEWALK - FRANK AND JESSIE

85

FRANK

Get in the car! Don't make a
scene!

JESSIE

No!

FRANK

(mad)
Get in the goddamn car!

He grabs Jessie by the arm and throws her into the car.
He moves around to his side. She gets out...

86 FRANK

86

catches her, shoves aside a citizen who tries to in-
terfere, drags her around to his side and throws her
in his side where he can keep one arm on her and then
drives away.

CUT TO:

87 INT. ELDO - TRAVELLING - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

87

City at night -- taillights on wet, black streets, steel-girder bridges, science-fiction high-rise complexes -- pass by. All dark. Then for the Adlai Stevenson Expressway.

FRANK

In what I do there are sometimes pressures.

No answer.

FRANK

(continuing)

What the hell do you think I do?

Jessie doesn't answer.

FRANK

(continuing)

Come on, come on, come on! For five months you and I been saying 'hi' every morning I walk in for breakfast. What do you think I do?!

JESSIE

A brain surgeon. You sell cars!

*

FRANK

I wear 150-dollar slacks, silk shirts and 800-dollar suits, a gold watch and a perfect D-flawless, three-karat ring...

(pause)

...I change cars like other guys change their shoes.

Jessie looks at Frank.

FRANK

(continuing)

Hey, baby: I am a thief. I been in prison.

JESSIE

Congratulations. Why tell me?!

*

FRANK

'Cause I didn't tell my wife.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

FRANK (CONT'D)
Who is now gone. I ever come
on to you? Huh?

*

JESSIE
No.

FRANK
See?

JESSIE
See what?

FRANK
See I am a straight. I am a
true-blue kinda guy! I been
cool. Now I'm unmarried. So
we can cut the mini-moves and
bullshit and have a big romance.

*

JESSIE
(shrieks)
You are out of your goddamn mind!
You think I'm waiting for you to
come along?! Where do you come
off with your shit?!

*

FRANK
(blase)
You think I'm kidding. I can tell.
This is strictly on the up and up...

JESSIE
(exasperated)
Jesus Christ...!

Jessie looks out the window in total exasperation.

CUT TO:

88 INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S COFFEE SHOP - CROSSING THROUGH TO BOOTH - NIGHT

88

FRANK
You're scared to death.

JESSIE
You are an asshole!

People turn and look.

FRANK
That's lovely. Don't come up into
my face!

*

(MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)

(beat)

What are you doing in your life that is so terrific?!

JESSIE

I am fine!

FRANK

Sure...

JESSIE

You don't know about me! Where I've been. Where I'm coming from?!

FRANK

Don't shout in here! I know all about you. Inside.

JESSIE

Bullshit you do!

FRANK

So then tell me.

People in next booth move to another table.

JESSIE

(beat; then)

I have put my act together after eight years of a very bad situation. End of story.

FRANK

(to waitress)

Gimme some more coffee here.

(to Jessie)

Sorry... So?

JESSIE

So nothing.

FRANK

What was it like?

JESSIE

Lifestyling. Lot of money. Tucson. Then Mexico City. Culiacan. Bogota. Drifting. Okay?

CONTINUED

FRANK

Okay.

JESSIE

Lifestyling got twisted and then empty. It was actually over. But we kept moving through the moves. Then it ended badly. Now I get up in the morning, I take a shower, I go to my job. I have a social security card. My life is very ordinary which is good. And very solid.

FRANK

You are marking time is what you are. You are backing off, hiding out. You are waiting for a bus that's late and hoping it never shows so you won't have to get on and go somewhere.

JESSIE

You have a license for this?

FRANK

How much was he moving?

JESSIE

(surprised he knew)
Nothing. Till towards the end. Then kilo amounts. I don't know.

FRANK

Then what?

JESSIE

He's dead.

FRANK

He... was an asshole.

JESSIE

There was love and expectations for living a life in the beginning...

FRANK

He was an asshole for putting you in a box.

(mad, shouts)

You know what'd happen to you day and night if you had to do a bit in Columbia?! Jesus Christ!

CONTINUED

JESSIE

(smiles)

Don't shout in here!

(beat)

I was left alone with no money,
no clothes, no visa standing on
the corner in Bogota, Columbia.
"Things" ... did happen.

(beat)

Where were you in prison? Pass
the cream.

Waitress passes.

FRANK

Joliet. Cream's spoiled ...

(to waitress)

... some new cream here.

(to Jessie)

The warden was Joe Reagan.

WAITRESS

What's wrong with this?

FRANK

"What's wrong with this?" It's
cottage cheese.

(to Jessie)

Joe Reagan. Meatball Joe. If he's
a penologist, I'm a jet airplane pilot.

(beat)

I did 11 years. I got out four
years ago.

New cream arrives. Jessie stares at him in disbelief.
Then:

JESSIE

What did you go up for?

FRANK

I stole 40 dollars.

JESSIE

\$40?!

FRANK

It started with a two-year bit, a
parole in six months.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Right away I got into a 'problem' with two guys, tried to turn me out. Picked up nine more years on the manslaughter beef. Other things. I was 20 when I went in. 31 by the time I got out. Anyway ... you don't count months and years. You don't do time that way.

*
*
*

JESSIE

What do you mean? Why?

FRANK

'Why'? You gotta not give a fuck if you live or die. Forget time. You gotta get to nothing means nothing. When you achieve that attitude, you can survive.

(pause)

I'll tell you a story. All about everything you gotta know about me.

(pause)

Once there was this Captain Morphis: 300-pound slob who couldn't write his name. He had this crew of 16 or 17 guards and cons. Prison group. Crews. They'd go into cells, grab young guys, up to hydrotherapy in the mental wing. Gang bang. Guy puts up a struggle? Beat him half to death. Ends up in the funny farm.

(beat)

Word comes down it's my turn tonight.

(beat)

And I know I am going the route...

(snap)

... like that. 'Cause nothing means nothing anyway, including myself. If I can get hit on whenever some other guy decides. So fuck it, man. Fuck me. I am dead.

(he drinks his coffee)

11:30 or 12:00, lights come on. I got this iron pipe from the plumbing. First guard I get his knees. I go through a convict, another convict, a guard, I get Captain Morphis. I nail Morphis right across the head. Twice.

(MORE)

88 CONTINUED: (5)

88

FRANK (CONT'D)

Then they jump all over me and do
a lot of things.

(beat)

I'm in hospital section, six months.

(beat)

Morphis is also fucked up real good.
good. Cerebral hematoma. They
pension him out, he can't walk straight
and dies two years later. A real
loss to the planet Earth. Meanwhile
I'm to go back into the mainstream
population. I know the minute I hit
the yard I am a dead man from
friends, other guards.

(beat)

I hit the yard. Everyone watches
me. Guards. Convicts, bosses.
You know what happens? Nothing
happens. Nothing.

(beat)

Cause I mean nothing to myself. I don't
care about me or anything else. And from that
day I know ... I survive. Cause I
achieved that mental attitude.

Frank reaches into his pocket and unfolds the paste-up
collage we saw in the alley behind the car lot and
with Okla. He unfolds it carefully like a kid laying
out baseball cards. Meanwhile:

89 JESSIE'S

89

never seen anything like this. She looks at it, then
at Frank.

FRANK (O.S.)

Later, I worked this all out...

JESSIE

What is this?

90 FRANK AND JESSIE

90

FRANK

...in that stone cell. This is
what my life will be. No one can
stop me from making this happen.

'Cause if it don't...

(re the woman)

That would be you...

Jessie reacts.

91 THE COLLAGE

91

A house with a Cadillac glued to the front. Bits and pieces of tree drawn in. A small baby from a Gerber Foods ad. April. A blank spot where Vi was. A woman staring at us. Writing. Okla's face. Everything is creased and ripping a little bit.

JESSIE

(softly)

...who's this old man?

FRANK

David Okla Bertinneau. A Master Thief. He taught me everything I know about what I do. And I told him about you.

JESSIE

These are cut out from magazines?

FRANK

Newspapers. Whatever.

JESSIE

April?

FRANK

She's with me. Vi was a flake. She's gone.

JESSIE

Why the dead people? *

FRANK

Inside you are on ice from time. *
You can't even die right. Out *
here: people grow. Get old. *
Die. Children come after. *

JESSIE

I don't know...

FRANK (O.S.)

(cutting her off)

Yes you do...

(beat)

(MORE)

92 FRANK

92

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look: I lost 11 years. I can't work hard enough to catch up. I can't run fast enough. The only thing that catches me up is doing my Magic Act.

*

JESSIE

You'd never know one day to the next whether you're busted, dead or coming home.

*

FRANK

Yeah. But it does not go on for forever. It ends right here.

*

(the collage)

When I got this. When I got this here. It ends. I am done.

*

They don't say anything for a moment.

FRANK

(continuing)

What you said about 'arrogance'? I cop to it. You know? It's that I got no time. I lost my time. You understand? So I am asking... you: Be with me.

JESSIE

(low)

I can't have children. I don't fit, Frank...

FRANK

So we adopt... What's the difference? April and another. One to follow each of us. I got to go away. From when I come back, from that point on...

He takes Jessie's hands.

JESSIE

Frank... I'm not ready... I have my life so...

CONTINUED

FRANK

'...there's nothing in it you can't walk from in ten seconds flat.'

(beat)

What is so terrific about your life. My life's been a mess. Maybe between the two of us we can put something together. That means something.

(the collage)

I want you with me and make this happen. So I am asking: Be with me. Be my woman. I will be your man.

(beat)

I got a way... I could make it happen faster, much faster. I'm asking...

(beat)

...You know?

Jessie stares out the window into the shiny black night and lights. Then her eyes cross back to Frank.

There's a long pause. Frank holds both her hands tighter on the table.

They stare at each other across the table. She smiles.

CUT TO:

on the freeway. Jets in the O'Hare field path streak the night sky under mercury lamps. Frank drops two dimes and dials.

LEO (V.O.)

Yeah?

FRANK

(into phone)

You are on. They gotta be big scores. They gotta be fast. We're talking one or two. Tops.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED:

93

Frank hangs up the phone.

*
*

CUT TO:

94 EXT. HIGHRISE ROOF - WIDE - NIGHT

94

Frank, Barry, Leo and Mitch are in the balustrade 20 stories in amongst the large exhaust fans and elevator industrial cable housings.

LEO
That's it.

*

FRANK
Where?

LEO
Top floor, this side...

FRANK
Protection?

LEO
Six independent systems. Five
silent ringers into a company
over phone lines are infrared pots,
magnetics on door and windows,
sonic alarm, a pedal hold-up
alarm and the vault door's bugged.

*
*
*

Frank looks through blueprints.

FRANK
What's this?

BARRY
Top floor. Top of the elevator
shafts.

Frank grabs the fifth-floor blueprint.

FRANK
Floors five through ten's phone
lines conduit through the
elevator shafts.

*

Frank looks over balustrade, down at the roof of the score.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

(continuing)

We chop through the roof and get their lines.

(to Leo)

Assume we beat the alarms. What's the box?

LEO

Richmond-Lackett.

FRANK

(sarcastic)

Oh that's terrific. *

(beat)

It's a burn job.

LEO

No way to drill?

FRANK

Drill where? They're custom.

No two got the lock box in the door in same spot. We either cut ourselves our own door or forget it. You can beat on that box all day, *

nothing's gonna happen. *

(beat)

And I am exposed. A lot. 14 to 16 hours inside there...

LEO

Your end covers the risk: \$830,000. *

Four million at wholesale in unmounted stones.

Frank's satisfied.

FRANK

What's the sixth alarm?

LEO

We cannot run it down.

FRANK

Why?

LEO

'Cause it does not go out over phone company lines. But we know it is there...

(beat)

How long?

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

FRANK

Four to eight weeks. If I find
the alarm and what to cut the
box with.

*
*
*

LEO

I got a couple scores you can put
down in the meantime... One's in
Miami.

FRANK

Then I need licenses and a new
fleet of work cars. I'll drive
down.

*
*
*

LEO

I'll set it up.

FRANK

(to Barry)
You'll stay here. Get the color
codes and make out what the
number six is...
(to Leo)
... Let's go.

*

They follow Frank and Barry into the stairwell.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BLACK ELDO

95

in the drive.

96 INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - FRANK AND JESSIE - DAY

96

in the carpeted empty interior.

FRANK

You like it? You think this will
do? You sure it's okay?

JESSIE

(calming; putting
her arms over
his neck)

Frank: I love it. It's terrific!

April toddles across the empty floor to Jessie. Jessie
picks her up, naturally, no big deal, and balances
April on her hip.

96 CONTINUED:

96

JESSIE
 (continuing)
 It's super. What are you looking
 at?

FRANK
 You...that's all.

He smiles. He's looking at her with his kid, embarrassed,
 shy. Turns away and then back.

*
*

CUT TO:

97 EXT. OUTSIDE GROSSMAN SCRAP YARD - ELDORADO - DAY

97

*

driven by Frank, rumbles past the graffitied corru-
 gated fence, through the piles of scrap to the
 entrance and gets out. They pass a sign: "Buy
 American or Else!"

*
*

CUT TO:

98
 & OMITTED
 99

98
 &
 99

100 INT. SCRAP YARD FOUNDRY - FRANK - DAY

100

crosses to GROSSMAN coming from an office across the
 floor. WHOOSHING furnaces bathe both men in red.
 Grossman is a geriatric hippy.

*
*

GROSSMAN
 How ya doin'?

*

FRANK
 Golden and glowing and scoring
 like a champ. I need a favor.

*

GROSSMAN
 How's Okla?

*

DOLLY them PAST furnace fires, molten metal and black
 dust.

FRANK
 Angina.
 (touches his heart)
 I'm making moves to get him out
 of there. I got a hearing fixed
 up. Who's the guy inna white coat?

(CONTINUED)

GROSSMAN

Metallurgist. To analyze the scrap metal scientifically. Son-in-law's idea. I bet this putz 100 dollars I come within two percent of what he does with his computer... a load of tubing comes in. I taste it, I chew it, I smell it.

(acts out)

I spit it out.

(like Moses)

'Hey, scientist cocksucker! 18 percent zinc! 43 percent copper! 38 percent tin! And one percent I dunno!'

(pause)

I'm taking 200 dollars a week from this schmuck.

(beat)

A white coat. Around here he wears a white coat. What's he? Gonna discover penicillin? You gotta be a real putz to wear a white coat around here.

100A INT. LOCKER ROOM - GROSSMAN - DAY

100A

looks around.

Frank pulls a drawing: a cross section of wall.

GROSSMAN

(examining)

What kind of steel?

FRANK

Swedish cold-rolled. 247 here, here, here and here in one-inch plates.

Grossman is skeptical.

GROSSMAN

Copper to bind drills. Titanium alloy here.

(understatement)

This is a well-made and expensive, very special vault... English? Richmond and Lackett?

FRANK

And I need a very special piece of equipment.

CONTINUED

GROSSMAN

Cut a hole in the lock box?

*

FRANK

Each is different. No way to know where to drill. I want to cut me a whole new door and walk in.

*

GROSSMAN

Seven. Eight thousand degrees. Portable equipment...

*

(shrugs)

... There's no other way to do it?

FRANK

No.

GROSSMAN

Sonny. If I can make something...

*

(beat)

... It's gonna be a son-of-a-bitch to use. Okay? So is it worth it?

FRANK

It's worth it.

Grossman bends over the drawing. Dusty shapes, black debris, shadows.

*

FRANK

(continuing)

You sweep this phone?

GROSSMAN

(absorbed in drawings)

Weekly... it's clean.

*

FRANK

(dials; then)

I'm Frank. Leo said to call. I need licenses that match three new cars' bill of sales...

(pause)

Okay... Jeff Laverne. L.A.V.E.R.N.E.
223 Washtanaw. Dave Alberg.
A.L.B.E.R.G. 7706 Cicero. And
Gene Files. F.I.L.E.S. 123 North
Oak. I'll be in Division 126 in
an hour. I got a grey leather
coat.

He hangs up.

CONTINUED

100A CONTINUED: (2)

100A

FRANK
 (continuing)
 Whaddya think?

GROSSMAN
 (shrugs)
 I gotta build a section of vault
 to tell you. See me in a week.

*
 *

CUT TO:

101 INT. COOK COUNTY DIVISION 126 COURTROOM - GARNER - 101
 DAY

is Frank's attorney.

GARNER
 (machine-gun delivery)
 ... and the nature of this
 petition is that David Okla
 Bertinneau -- pleads for Your
 Honor to modify the instruction
 on his 1958 conviction.

102 OMITTED 102
 & &
 103 103

104 JUDGE RICHARD RAMSEY 104

is weary, respectable. Young lawyers in sharp suits
 look more sinister than their clients. The bailiff and
 three guards are overweight, weary ward heelers. It
 says "No Smoking." Everyone smokes. Now the Judge
 rests his face in his outspread hands with only the
 thumbs tucked in under his jaw. Eight fingers are
 VISIBLE.

JUDGE RAMSEY
 But he committed numerous
 offenses, violating property
 rights of many individuals...

105 GARNER 105

rests his face on two fingers of each hand on his face:
four altogether. The Judge still has eight fingers up. *

GARNER
That distresses me, Your Honor.
This man...

106 GUIDO 106

from the Vehicle Bureau -- bald, avuncular, middle-
aged -- finds Frank and sits behind him.

GUIDO
(whispers)
Here ya go... Three
boogie-woogie licenses,
I fixed down in
Springfield.

GARNER (O.S.)
... is of reformed
character, advanced
age, and suffers from
an affliction of the
heart.

Guido passes licenses.

FRANK
(leans back;
whispers)
What I owe ya?

GUIDO
Thirty dollars for the
State. The rest, you
be the doctor. These
will stand a computer
check, you get tumbled
for popping a light,
whatever...

GARNER (O.S.)
... knowing him as I
do, has spent over 21
years in incarceration
and has become a
different person... *

Frank peels off five 100-dollar bills, rolls them into
a cylinder and passes them to Guido. Meanwhile: *

107 JUDGE RICHARD RAMSEY 107

rests his face on six fingers.

JUDGE RAMSEY
I don't know. I remain unconvinced...

GUIDO
(re Garner and
Judge Ramsey)
What are they? Picking their
noses up there?

107 CONTINUED: 107

FRANK
(whispers)
I want to hear this.

Now the Judge waves a hand meaning: "Take it or leave it," and leans back.

108 GARNER 108

nods with six fingers up. It means \$6,000. *

JUDGE RAMSEY
... but on deliberation... I
will issue the petition.

109 FRANK 109

rises and starts out. Guido follows OVER:

GARNER (O.S.)
(rattling on)
I'll write up the order, Your
Honor, I know how busy your
docket is this morning.

GUIDO
(leaving)
Hey. Wife's inna market for a fur
coat. *

FRANK
(leaving; beat)
I am a car salesman. *

GUIDO
(backs off)
Ah... have it your way.

FRANK
That's right.

CUT TO:

110 INT. COOK COUNTY COURT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - TRACKING 110
FRANK - DAY

and then Garner through the NOISE, flow of attorneys,
defendants, relatives, bail bondsmen, ward heelers,
bailiffs, police, hangers-on, et al.

110 CONTINUED:

110

FRANK

What do you need?

GARNER

(6 fingers on
his face)6,000 dollars for 'Earl Warren' up
there. After the Democratic
Convention in '68 that sonofabitch
threw me in jail for 72 hours for
contempt. Now?

(he laughs; beat)

Okla'll be on the street in a week.

Pushing through the crowd to get out, Frank throws an
arm around Garner.

FRANK

(hands him an
envelope)Here's ten. You're a prince.
Buy yourself a new suit...ON Frank out the door, palming a tip to the beat cop
and drives the Eldo away from the "No Parking" zone...

CUT TO:

111 INT. UNMARKED CAR AT WASHARETTE - COFFEE AND JUNK 111 *
FOOD REMAINS - DAYon the dash. RADIO NOISE AND STATIC. Beyond Frank
pockets the weeks' receipts and climbs into the
Eldorado, pulling away.

URIZZI (O.S.)

Jimmy's got better...

BOREKSCO (O.S.)

It's 'cause he charcoals 'em... *

WIDEN TO REVEAL Urizzi and Boreksco -- the two detectives *
from the stakeout outside the switching yard. Urizzi starts *
car. Boreksco burps and throws his Tab can out the win- *
dow into the street.

CUT TO:

112 INT. FRANK'S ELDO - TRAVELLING - FRANK - DAY 112
spots the tail, turns onto the Webster Avenue Bridge.

113 TRAVELLING, REAR SHOT - URIZZI AND BOREKSCO 113 *
BLOW their HORN, nothing official, both cars stop.
Urizzi and Boreksco get out, laconic. *

URIZZI
(to Frank, friendly)
Howya doin'?!

FRANK
... okay.

URIZZI
Good.
(long pause)
A very important thing for you
to remember is gonna be my name.
Sergeant Urizzi.

FRANK
And why is that?

URIZZI
'Cause I'm gonna do things for you.

FRANK
For what? A good conduct medal?

URIZZI
(laughs)
I don't want a medal. I got no
use for medals. What the fuck
good is a medal gonna do me?

FRANK
I dunno.

URIZZI
(eyeing Frank's car)
I'm here to make your life easy!

FRANK
Yeah?

URIZZI
Yeah. Smooth out the bumps and
humps.
(beat)
Your relationship with us.

FRANK
I didn't know I had one.

CONTINUED

URIZZI

We're in for 10 points of your action
with Leo. From here on out. *

(sincere)

I don't get this... What's with you?

FRANK

That's too bad you don't get it.

URIZZI

(slow and easy to
Frank)

Our information goes with the
territory.

FRANK

I am a car salesman. You want a
deal on a Buick?

No reaction.

BOREKSCO *

(grabbing at Frank)

Motherfucker!!

FRANK

(bats Boreksco's hands
off)

Don't come on to me, flash... *

(to Urizzi)

You want to pinch me? Pinch
me. I'll be out in 10 minutes.
If not, get the fuck off my
car.

Frank looks at both cops and floors the Eldorado down
the canyon-like alley between the buildings. Boreksco
looks at Urizzi who stares after Frank. *

CUT TO:

THUNDERS TO US and pulls into the drive and Barry BLOWS
the HORN -- comes out fast followed by Marie -- his
blonde wife at 24 with a white bakery box. Jessie comes
out. *

BARRY

Who lives here? Who lives here?
It's gotta be some kinda
millionaire guy!

Frank enters, hugs Barry in a big abrazo.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED:

114

BARRY
(continuing)
It's beautiful, man!

FRANK
When you get in?

BARRY
Late last night.

Jessie and Marie exit into house as men cross f.g. to yard. *

CUT TO:

115 EXT. REAR YARD - FRANK AND BARRY - AFTERNOON

115

Later. Low light. They sit cross-legged on the grass facing each other like two boys at the beach. They drink coffee. It's a suburban tableau. April in a winter jump suit crawls around in Frank's lap. *

FRANK
So what's to it?

BARRY
(low)
Alarm system number five... is a one-channel radio transmitter with a pulse. That's why no phone-line.

FRANK
(low)
How's the alarm triggered?

BARRY
(low)
Sonic detector off the ceiling. One step into the joint; ring-ring-ring-ring, it's tripped. You get ten seconds to transmit a code word to the alarm company. They go through the routine every morning at 9 a.m.

FRANK
(low)
Power?

BARRY
(low)
Nickel cad batteries. System's self-contained, neat and hard to beat.

CONTINUED

FRANK

(low)
The word?

BARRY

(low)
Changes every week.

FRANK

You call Joseph to fix you a bug.
You go right back out there and
bug the joint for the word of the
week.

April falls down. Frank reaches over and hugs her.
She squirms. He sits her in his lap.

BARRY

If I'm in L.A., how you gonna
take Miami? *

FRANK

With Mitch.
(beat)
It's getting too cold for April.
Let's go in.

Frank rolls April over in the grass and tickles her.
She squeals. Business is over. He carries her across
to the house.

FRANK

(continuing)
I bought a bar. I call it the
'Green Mill.' What do you think?

BARRY

What the hell kinda name is that?!
Who goes there? Rhonda Fleming?

FRANK

What do you want me to call it?
The Rock-A-Go-Go?
(beat)
This L.A. move -- is Home Free for
me... It's over. After...

BARRY

You happy?

FRANK

(big; low)
Yeah.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

JESSIE

Frank, honey? You ready to eat?

FRANK

We're starving!

Frank throws his free arm over Barry's shoulder. They walk inside as the sun is low and paints the lawn emerald. ON Frank's back as he enters the house.

FRANK

(continuing)

For out here, I'm gonna buy peach trees, maybe.

The screen DOOR SLAMS.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. PORCH - CHARCOAL GRILL - NIGHT

116

WIDEN, Jessie has fallen asleep. It's the pleasant dishevelled exhaustion of the first night in a new house.

*

117 FRANK

117

enters with a steaming cup of coffee. He enters and sees her.

FRANK

(low)

Hey, honey?

No answer. Frank sits and pulls Jessie onto his chest. He strokes the hair of her forehead. He leans to the side and closes her coat more tightly around her. In her sleep she cuddles closer to him and mumbles something.

118 CLOSE - FRANK'S FACE

118

looking into the red coals, stroking Jessie's hair and WIDEN all the way out TO REVEAL his piece of the planet Earth: this property.

CUT TO:

119 INT. COOK COUNTY SOCIAL SERVICES OFFICES - WIDE - DAY 119

VIOLET KNOWLES is behind the desk. She's a 45-year-old, upper-middle-class recent divorcee. Suburban. She reads Frank's application. A CLOCK TICKS. Frank and Jessie wait. They wait some more. Then:

MRS. KNOWLES

I see on your application here,
by the way you misspelled 'male.'
It's...

(write)

... m... a... l... e. The other
is what we put in post-boxes.

Frank exchanges a look with Jessie. Jessie puts her hand on his thigh. Mrs. Knowles smiles.

MRS. KNOWLES

(continuing)

I see you put under "employer"
1959-1976 Joliet State Penitentiary.

FRANK

Yes.

MRS. KNOWLES

You worked for the state I take it?

FRANK

After a fashion.

MRS. KNOWLES

What did you do at the prison?

Mrs. Knowles smiles.

FRANK

Desks.

(beat)

I spot-welded desks. Then I got
promoted to shoes.

119 CONTINUED:

119

MRS. KNOWLES

You were in charge of the shop?

FRANK

Lady. I was a convict. I was doing time.

MRS. KNOWLES

Oh. You were what?

120 MRS. KNOWLES

120

looks at Jessie.

121 JESSIE

121

looks away. Then Jessie looks at Frank. Frank has decided something about Mrs. Knowles.

JESSIE

Frank... Let's go.

MRS. KNOWLES

You see you have to understand we have more applicants than children...

FRANK

So why you still got kids here?
 As a kid I wouldn't fall all over
 myself to stay in this place. We'll
 relieve some of the burden.

*

*

MRS. KNOWLES

The point is we establish criteria
 for parenting and an ex-convict
 compared to other desirable...

FRANK

So we'll take a kid that's not so
 desireable. I mean you gotta black
 kid? We'll take a black kid. You
 got some chink kid?

MRS. KNOWLES

You...

FRANK

No one likes older kids. Maybe you
 got an eight-year-old chink black
 kid. We'll take him.

JESSIE

Frank!

CONTINUED

FRANK

... if it's a matter of.

Frank takes off his ring and slips it across the table.
Mrs. Knowles recoils...

MRS. KNOWLES

What is this?

FRANK

(proud)
D. -- Flawless, three-point-two
karats. Emerald cut.

MRS. KNOWLES

(pushes back chair)
This is not a marketplace! My God!

Jessie is trying to pull Frank away.

FRANK

You are not smart enough to take
it any more than you can spot
good parents!

MRS. KNOWLES

Get out of my office.

Jessie sees a Security Guard across the outer office
noticing the noise.

*

FRANK

You didn't ask about us?! What
kind of people we are! There's
some kid waiting. And you're
denying him us and us him?! Who
are you?

JESSIE

(re guard)
Frank! Don't make a scene!

MRS. KNOWLES

Our criteria...!

FRANK

Your criteria are so far up your
ass, they can't see daylight!
(beat)
This is bullshit!

JESSIE

(yells at Frank)
Cut it out! Wake up! It's not
happening!

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

FRANK
 (beserk to Mrs. Knowles)
 I got ABC-type information for you.
 I was state-raised. This is a dead
 place! A child in eight-by-four
 green walls! After awhile, you tell
 the walls: 'My Life is yours!!
 Where'd you grow up? Inna suburbs?

Frank slams out pushing aside the guard. Jessie follows.

CUT TO:

122 OMITTED

123
 thru OMITTED
 130

*

131 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - JESSIE - NIGHT

131

asleep in front of the house on the landing. We don't know why. A coffee cup is next to her. NOTHING. HOLD. Then Frank's Eldo rounds the corner and approaches.

132 JESSIE

132

FRANK (O.S.)
 Jessie!

Jessie rouses. WIDEN TO INCLUDE Frank with his duffle bag. His hand goes inside... Jessie puts a finger to her lips and mouth: "Don't talk!"

CUT TO:

133 INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - FRANK AND JOSIE - NIGHT 133

enter. The counters and floor are marbled but unfinished. A gaping hole is where the dishwasher will go. Josie leads Frank to the table and a note: "Look at phone!"

134 WALL PHONE 134

Frank sees scratch marks.

135 UNDER SINK 135

Frank pulls a tool kit and extracts a screwdriver.

136 FRANK 136

carefully removes the plastic cover. It's bugged.

137 JOSIE 137

writes: "Sam someone called."

138 FRANK 138

writes "What he say?" Josie shakes her head: "Nothing."

139 SINK - EXTREMELY CLOSE: FAUCET 139

turns on full blast. Frank and Josie enter and talk under the water noise.

FRANK

You all right...?

JOSIE

Yes. What does it mean?

FRANK

Heat. Police.

(beat)

It means it's hard for me to make moves from now on... beepers on the cars, the works.

JOSIE

(scared)

Are there more in the walls? Are they listening to us?! All the time?!

FRANK

Probably only the phones. I'll check. You uneasy? Fuck this house. We'll move!

139 CONTINUED:

139

JOSIE

(thinks)

I'm okay...

He looks at her to be sure. She nods again. He turns off the water. Silence. They've been invaded.

CUT TO:

140 INT. MALTZ SCRAPYARD, REAR SHED - FRANK AND SAM - 140
EARLY MORNING

in front of a sandwich-like fragment of wall held in a vise. Sam constructed the fragment to duplicate the vault.

141 NITROGEN BOTTLE 141

PAN OFF the bottle PAST the shield and ALONG an air hose TO a section of 2 inch pipe held on a stand. The end of the pipe is 3 inches away from the vault fragment.

142 PIPE - FROM FRONT 142

in cross-section is stuffed with thin copper and magnesium rods insulated from each other by non-conductor cement material.

143 SAM 143

lights a hand held acetylene torch and places it so the flame will ignite the pipe end.

144 CONTINUED: 144

Their caution seems excessive for so small a piece of pipe. Sam nods. Frank will open oxygen. Frank opens the nozzle:

145 PIPE 145

EXPLODES white light.

146 WHITE LIGHT 146

and NOISE smash into the vault section.

147 VALUT SECTION - FROM REAR 147

the layers of steel and concrete hold back red, then white, then the steel melts and white light EXPLODES THROUGH TO CAMERA like a phosphorous bomb. Sam shouts.

148 FRANK 148

kills the gas.

149 WIDE 149

tremendous smoke. Smoldering metal. Slag on the floor. Sam and Frank exchange an ironic look: recognition of Sam's work.

CUT TO:

150 INT. GREEN MILL - WIDE ON BOOTH - DAY 150

Leo's in the booth by himself, eating. Mitch is there. A DRUNK (Casey Jones) dances in the aisle. *

151 FRANK 151

enters. Gestures to bartender. *

BARTENDER *

Hey! Jose Grecco! Take a walk. *

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

151

Jones stops dancing, Bartender throws a switch and jukebox music stops. Frank sits, Leo slips an envelope of money to Frank.

*
*

LEO
\$210,000 expenses. You want me to put some to work for you?

*

FRANK
(cynical)
Onna street? Juice?

LEO
What? Juice? You couldn't get me out of bed for that. We're not cutting up nickles there. Shopping centers. Jackson, Fort Worth, Davenport. Strickly legit.

*
*
*

FRANK
My money goes in my pocket.

Bartender brings him a coke.

*

LEO
... Yours if you want in. I'm gonna give you everything you need, kid. Don't tell me now. Let me know later.

*

FRANK
Yeah well, something I want to know, now.

*

(hot; slow)
Why the hell as soon's I get involved with you everyone knows my business? I got the house bugged. My wife's upset. The Vehicle Bureau guy wants a fur coat. A cop tail's a half block down the street. My car's bugged. This one behind the bumper I'm supposed to find.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(slams bug down)
A second one they got in the wheel well's supposed to fool me. What is this?

LEO
(alarmed)
... when you downed the stones...?!

*

CONTINUED

FRANK

I used the work car. I only let them tail the Eldo. But they'll get hip to that trick. *

LEO

(puzzled)
Leave it to me. What about the burning bar?

FRANK

"Leave it to you"... just do it! *

LEO

I said: I'll take care of it!
Will the bar cut it?! *

FRANK

Yes!

LEO

Okay!
(relaxes)
... fifth alarm system.

FRANK

Nothing yet.

LEO

What else you got on your mind?

FRANK

What are you talking about?

LEO

You got family problems? Something with the old lady?

FRANK

What is this? Fucking Dear Abby?

LEO

(pause)
You trying to adopt a kid?

CONTINUED

FRANK

(long pause)

How'd you know?

LEO

Barry mentioned to Mitch... Mitch to me... You got friends! Lighten up for chrissake!

(beat)

Whyn't you come to me with your problem? What am I? A fucking stranger? I take care of my people.

*

FRANK

You and me do 'business.' I don't mix apples and oranges.

LEO

Ah bullshit! With my wife, my kids, I am very tight.

(beat)

Kids are special. A miracle. A little hoochie-koo! A drop of energy and Wham Bam, Magic Sam. Something sacred's there.

(beat)

Now that's my attitude!

*

*

FRANK

(pause; thinks; then)

What happens?

LEO

You state your model: black, brown, yellow or white! Boy or girl.

FRANK

Where from?

LEO

Couple of ladies... they got babies ... to sell. Their own. And they sell 'em.

Frank looks at Leo. Leo looks at Frank directly.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED: (4)

151

LEO
(continuing)
... it's not the baby's fault
his mother's an asshole. And
you are not buyin' the mother. And
you are not gonna get a kid onna
straight...

*
*

FRANK
(simply)
I want a boy.

LEO
Done. You got a boy. See
that?

Frank throws an arm around Leo's neck and grabs his
leg.

FRANK
(kidding)
You sonofabitch!

LEO
Mitch! Get him off me!

*

Leo's benign, paternalistic. Mitch laughs. Frank's
gone to the phone.

152 FRANK

152

at phone handed across bar to him by bartender, he
dials.

*

FRANK
(into phone)
Jessie?

CUT TO:

153 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - JESSIE - DAY 153

JESSIE
 (into phone)
 God, Frank! Garner's calling and
 calling!

CUT TO:

153A INT. GREEN MILL - DAY 153A *

Frank runs out. *

154 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - FRANK WITH JESSIE - DAY 154

following runs down the corridor to the Intensive Care
 Section to Garner who points across the hall. Frank
 exits into the room.

CUT TO:

155 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FRANK - DAY 155

with Jessie enters.

156 REVERSE - OKLA 156

on the bed, tubes and fluid connected everywhere.

157 WIDER 157

FRANK
 (smile)
 Hi ya, pop? Whaddya doin' in
 here playing sick? I got three
 chicks onna street waiting for
 ya. You're gonna get me in
 trouble.

Okla can barely nod.

FRANK
 (continuing)
 This is Jessie, my wife...

Then Frank has to look away out the window.

158 JESSIE 158

knows the depth to which Frank's hit. And she sees
 Okla gesture for Frank.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED: 158

JESSIE

(soft)
... Frank.

159 FRANK 159

puts his ear to the old man's mouth. Okla whispers to Frank something we can't hear.

160 WIDER 160

Frank half-smiles and leans back and holds Okla's hand and wipes some liquid from the side of the old man's mouth and smooths his hair.

161 OKLA'S FACE 161

worn, creased, ancient -- slowly reshapes into a half-smile, half-grin. And all the BUZZERS GO OFF. Intensive Care nurse and two DOCTORS rush in.

DOCTOR

You'll have to leave.

FRANK

No...! I stay right there!

JESSIE

Frank!!

Frank's not in control.

CUT TO:

162 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THREE SHOT - DAY 162

They wait on red leatherette and chrome tube settees from 1958. The sonorous-voiced P.A. Is LOW and INCESSANT. Garner smokes.

JESSIE

What did he whisper to you?

FRANK

(somewhere else;
pause)

He said thanks.

(MORE)

162 CONTINUED:

162

FRANK (CONT'D)
 'Cause I got him out. He don't
 have to die in there.
 (beat)
 That's the big thing... Not to
 die in there...

163 ANGLE - DOWN HALL

163

Doctor emerges from Intensive Care. The Doctor ap-
 proaches.

DOCTOR
 (soft)
 You're Mr. Bertinneau's family?

FRANK
 I am.

DOCTOR
 (sorry)
 I am real sorry. He's gone... Is
 there anything...? You okay?

He takes Frank's wrist and arm, professional, together.
 He cares. Jessie holds on to Frank.

JESSIE
 (tears)
 Oh, baby, I'm so sorry...

Frank is just there, like stone. We SEE emotions pass
 through. Then he holds on to Jessie and doesn't know
 what to do...

CUT TO:

164 EXT. BROWN BRICK APARTMENT BUILDING - FRANK AND
JESSIE - NIGHT.

164

*

with a FAT LADY at a door, takes a bundle and crosses
 to the Eldo ... the lady hollars after them.

*

*

FAT LADY
 (smiles)
 Any questions, just give Ruthie
 a call. Don't hesitate to call...

CUT TO:

*

164A INT. ELDO - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

164A *

JESSIE
 The poor guy's all wet.
 (horrified)
 God!!

Going down, Jessie already maternal and wrapping the baby in another blanket to keep him warm. Frank drives away.

*

CUT TO:

165 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - TABLE - WAITER - NIGHT

165

carries tea. ON the enamelled pot through the almost empty restaurant. The ceiling is high. The walls are lacquered bright red. He refills Frank's cup. Then Jessie's. They've eaten. Waiter hangs out. Jessie cuddles the baby boy who CRIES.

WAITER
 (big accent; fast)
 That's nice baby. You lucky you
 got such a nice baby!

That makes Jessie feel good. It wipes away "Ruthie."

JESSIE
 Thank you very much. Thanks.
 Could you warm the bottle?

WAITER
 Ho! No problem. What he name?

JESSIE
 (looks at Frank)
 We don't know... Not yet.

The Waiter takes the bottle and leaves.

166 BABY

166

asleep in Jessie's arms. She rocks the baby gently.

166 CONTINUED:

166

Frank's arm is around Jessie's shoulders. He moves his chair next to hers.

FRANK

Well...?

They look at the baby. This is their child.

FRANK

(continuing)

Here we are...

Frank doesn't know what to say. Holding their baby. Jessie touches his thigh. It's a very special connection: his woman and his child.

*
*
*

FRANK

(continuing)

... long, long time. See that?
Okla dies, our kid is born...

JESSIE

You want to name him after Okla?

FRANK

(kisses her
lightly)

Okla's real name was David.

JESSIE

David.

(likes the sound)

David.

FRANK

(to Waiter; shouts)

Hey! My kid's name's David.
David!

167 WAITER

167

eating at a table with his family, pauses -- chopsticks in air -- and thinks.

WAITER

(thinks; sincere)

'David' good name...

168 FRANK 168

folds the collage on the table and puts it away and takes his son.

CUT TO:

169 INT. L.A. SERVICE STAIRCASE - OVERHEAD - DAY 169 *

a VERTIGO SHOT down 10 stories. In a corner with dust and newspapers:

170 BARRY 170

connects a small tape recorder to a lead in a small radio receiver. He hits the "record" button and waits. Nothing. Checks watch: 8:59:14.

171 INT. CORRIDOR - TWO MEN - DAY 171

One yawning, one with a bag of coffees-to-go approach.

172 INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - BARRY'S WATCH 172

9:00:27.

173 INT. CORRIDOR 173

a key's inserted in one and then a second dead-bolt lock.

174 HANK 174

turns knob, opens door.

175 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - FLOOR - DAY 175

opening door pushes aside mail.

176 CLOSE - ONE FOOT 176

falls on showroom floor.

177 CEILING - SONIC SENSOR 177

with red light. LIGHT starts BLINKING.

178 INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - BARRY'S EAR - DAY 178
to tape recorder speaker HEARS: beep...beep...beep.

179 BARRY'S WATCH 179
9:00:59.

180 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - MAN - DAY 180
approaches rear of a showcase.

181 HAND 181
grabs radio microphone on alarm unit. The unit BEEPS
LOUDER, FASTER.

182 MACRO-DISPLAY WINDOW CORNER: HALF-INCH PICK-UP 182
is taped to the glass.

183 INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - BARRY'S WATCH - DAY 183
9:01:06... 9:01:07... 9:01:08... BEEPING is LOUDEST.

184 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - MAN'S MOUTH - DAY 184
says:

MAN
'Mexico.'

185 INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - BARRY 185
hears, through earphone:

MAN (O.S.)
(radio filter)
'Mexico.'

BEEPING quits. There's a CLICK..

186 RECORDER POTENTIEMETER 186
needle goes flat.

187 BARRY 187
rips his gear down, throws it in a salesman's case and takes off.

188 THE STAIRCASE - OVERHEAD ON BARRY 188
descending in the vertigo angle with "Mexico" the code word.

CUT TO:

188A INT. L.A. BOOTH - BARRY - DAY 188A *
dials. *

189 INT. GREEN MILL - FRANK - DAY 189
collecting receipts and going over the tally sheet with the BARTENDER. LOUD NOISE of an argument and the jukebox BLASTING in the b.g. Frank pockets an envelope of cash and leaves. On the open door... *
HOLD. As it starts to close on the air piston: *

190 BARTENDER 190

BARTENDER
(into phone)
Yeah. Green Mill
(pause) *
A minute *
(shouts) *
Frank!

Bartender taps on window.

INTERCUT WITH:

191 INT. L.A. BOOTH - BARRY - DAY 191

FRANK (V.O.)
(filter)
Yeah...

BARRY (V.O.)
Is that you?

FRANK
(into phone)
Yes

CONTINUED

3/29/80

80A.

*

191 CONTINUED

191

BARRY (V.O.)
(phone filter, low)
You are on. You understand?

FRANK
(into phone)
I understand... goodbye.

*

CUT TO:

192 EXT. HALSTED AVENUE - TRAVELING WITH FRANK'S CADDY - 192

--fast. HOLD. Then:

193 UNMARKED CAR

193

with Urizzi and Boreksco follows a block behind -- the
two detectives from the stake-out at the switching
yard.

*

*

*

CUT TO:

- 194 EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY EXPRESSWAY - ON-RAMP - FRANK'S ELDO 194
- through streets. Frank is about to turn off Halsted onto the freeway. Frank's turn signal CLICKS. Urizzi and Boreksco hit the SIREN and FLASHER and cut in front of Frank right in the middle of the street. TIRES SQUEAL. *
- 195 FRANK 195
- puts up his hands and doesn't move. He's careful not to provide an excuse to be shot. Traffic is blocked. HORNS BLOW. Frank couldn't care less.
- 196 URIZZI AND BOREKSCO 196 *
- approach with a 12 gauge and a service revolver drawn on Frank.
- URIZZI
(shouts; 12 gauge up)
Out'!.
- Frank climbs out. Urizzi kicks his legs apart. Boreksco frisks him, the shotgun at his head. *
- URIZZI
(continuing)
You're pinched, jagoff!
(beat)
Driving without a taillight. *
- 197 BOREKSCO 197 *
- on cue, kicks in one taillight. ON his foot going through the red plastic lens --
- CUT TO:
- 198 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FRANK - DAY 198
- is punched in the body by two bulls we've never seen before. They take turns. He's hit five, six times. Short, choppy blows.
- 199 FRANK 199
- can't breathe. His eyes are rolled back in his head. *

200 BULL ONE

200

slaps him a dozen times. Frank comes to -- choking, getting the air down. Bull one slugs Frank again in the stomach. Bull two kicks his chair over. Frank goes on the floor -- face near a drain. Bull one kicks Frank in the kidneys. The other throws wastebasket on him. Frank jerks his head against the wall.

*

*

201 WIDE FROM THE REAR

The two bulls -- totally expressionless, totally unemotional -- leave the room and close the door. Frank makes grating sounds trying to breathe. Then the door opens.

BARCELL

(laid back)

Pick him up, huh...?

*

Boreksco ENTERS the FRAME followed by another officer and LT. BILL BARCELL -- a big man with brown hair and brown moustache. Boreksco picks up Frank and stands his chair upright. Frank's gasping, hacking, coughing

*

*

202 WIDE

Urizzi enters

URIZZI

Hey car salesman; I'm 'Urizzi'
You remember my name?

*

FRANK

Sure. How could I not...

(beat)

Since the police department does
not hire... too many Puerto Ricans...

URIZZI

Asshole, I'm an Italian.

Barcell smiles. Frank hurts. He spits, turns to the wall...

*

FRANK

... pleased to meet ya... you wop
sonofabitch!

203 BOREKSCO

makes a move -- and is caught by Barcell's big hand. Frank hacks again. He spits blood against the wall.

*

*

CONTINUED

Barcell waves Boreksco out. Boreksco leaves. *

BARCELL *

(to Frank)
...stand-up guy. You're a stand-up
guy...you got a mouth...you can
take a trimming. *

FRANK

Yeah...

BARCELL *

You could make everything easy for
everybody. But, no, you gotta be
a goof. You are real good. No
violence. Strictly professional.
I probably like you personally.
Go to the track, ball games, stuff
like that? What's the diff? You
know? There's ways of doing things
that round off the corners and make
life easy for everybody. What's
wrong with that? There's plenty
to go around. We know what you
take down. We know you got
something major coming up soon.

(beat)

But you gotta come on like a
stiff prick! Who the fuck do
you think you are? What's wrong
with you?

URIZZI

Nick Pollo and Frank Sadler
started making waves. After?
They called us the Hefty garbage
bag brigade...

Big joke. Frank's still hurt.

BARCELL *

You got something to say? Or you
waiting for me to ask you to dance?

FRANK

It ever...occur to you...to work
for a living...put down your own
scores?...

BARCELL *

(nods; finality;
leaving)
...Okay. This guy's a goof.
Screw him.

(CONTINUED)

URIZZI

(leaving)

I'm gonna be on your ass so much
you'll get careless! On that
day I'm gonna be in that place!

FRANK

(after, to Urizzi
stopping him)

... That is the last place...
you want to be... no matter what
happens... I will never ever take
a pinch... from some greasy
motherfucker like you!

URIZZI

(shouts; reaches
Barcell; stops
him)

FRANK

(shouting back)
... fucking, dancing and
shooting go both ways!!

Barcell drags Urizzi out.

BARCELL

(cool; tired; deadly)

C'mon! C'mon! Cut him loose.
Get him out of here!

As Barcell holds Urizzi back...

CUT TO:

204)		204
)	OMITTED	
205)		205
206	INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1, TRAVELING - URIZZI AND BOREKSCO - NIGHT	206

Boreksco drives. In the back seat is a short wave
receiver that flashes red and BEEPS. Boreksco works
scanner. Urizzi gets on the mike:

URIZZI

(into mike)

16 Alpha 4.

MARTELLO (V.O.)

(filter)

Yeah.

URIZZI

(into mike)

We're set.

CUT TO:

207 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 2, TRAVELING - TWO SHOT - NIGHT 207

Two cops in this car are BUKOWSKI -- a large, beefy man and Sgt. Martello.

MARTELLO
(into mike)
10-4.

CUT TO:

208 INT. UNMARKED CAR. NO. 1 - URIZZI - NIGHT 208

hangs up the mike. He adjusts the ring antenna. *

209 URIZZI'S POV 209

The dish is in the f.g. We PULL PAST it and TIGHTEN INTO a very LONG SHOT of: two blocks up in the traffic ... a black Eldorado northbound on Dearborn, east on Washington. Neon. Marquees of people almost silhouetted against it.

CUT TO:

210 INT. ELDORADO - WIDE - NIGHT 210

It's Frank. Mitch is with him. They drive north on Wabash past lit show windows. Frank turns west onto Randolph. *

211 OMITTED 211

212 EXT. RANDOLPH STREET - FRANK'S ELDORADO 212

turns into the Trailways Bus Station forecourt.

CUT TO:

213 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 - URIZZI AND BOREKSCO - NIGHT 213 *

a quarter mile back. The BEEPS get LOUDER.

URIZZI
Pull in, pull in!! He'll spot us
... he stopped.

Boreksco curbs the car on North Wabash, killing the lights. *
Tense waiting.

CUT TO:

214 EXT. WABASH - UNMARKED CAR NO. 2 - NIGHT 214
Martello and Bukowski... Curbed, waiting.

CUT TO:

215 EXT. TRAILWAYS BUS STATION - FRANK'S CADDY - NIGHT 215
parked -- engine running -- Mitch Kanoff in the back seat. They don't talk. Frank rejoins him. A bus pulls out blocking them. Then Frank follows... *

CUT TO:

216 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 - URIZZI - NIGHT 216
The BEEPS change pitch and FADE.

URIZZI
(into mike; excited)
Hit it! They're moving!

CUT TO:

217 INT. FRANK'S CADDY - WIDE - NIGHT 217
gliding SOUNDLESSLY from the parking lot onto Wabash under the "El" tracks, straight across Wacker Drive -- moving through the lights. A black river reflects off everything off to the right. We HEAR the BEEPER CLICKING.

CUT TO:

218 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 - URIZZI AND BOREKSCO, TRAVELING 218 *
- NIGHT
The BEEPER CLICKS. It's a reassuring sound. It's a nice night.

URIZZI
(into mike; assured;
relaxing)
... okay, okay. We got 'em.
We got 'em... Drop back.

MARTELLO (V.O.)
(radio filter)
10-4.

Urizzi relaxes, breathes easily now.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. JFK EXPRESSWAY - TRACKING ON UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 219
- NIGHT

Urizzi and Boreksco in their cars slip onto the expressway.

BOREKSCO (O.S.)

(easy)
Whaddya think he's gonna put
down?

*

URIZZI

(cool)
I don't know. But we're gonna
be right there. On his ass.
This guy's gonna be history.
Ba-boom: Gimme some coffee.

*

*

PULL AWAY AND INTO A LOW HELICOPTER SHOT from unmarked car no. 1 up the freeway and line of cars about a half mile. As the BEEPING gets LOUDER, as we PASS trucks and cars and APPROACH the BEEPER'S source, we expect Frank's car... The BEEPING is LOUDER... Instead we FIND a Trailways Bus. TIGHTEN on baggage compartment. Frank dumped the beeper on a Trailways Bus on its way to:

220 ROLLER LABEL: "DES MOINES, IOWA." 220

Urizzi and Boreksco, Bukowski and Martello are tailing a bus to Des Moines.

CUT TO:

221 EXT. L.A. ROOFTOP - WHITE LIGHTS - NIGHT 221

like diamonds, city lights against the black night sky from an L.A. rooftop. They're taking down the L.A. score. WIDEN TO INCLUDE Frank and Barry.

222 FRANK'S 222

industrial saw blade WHINES and cuts through black tarmac and wood. Barry levers back the section, exposing tar, flashing wood planks laid crosswise over beams.

*

*

*

*

FRANK

(softly)
... okay.

223 FRANK 223

moves to the hole, lies prone: three feet down is
the conduit.

*
*

224 CLOSER 224

Frank strains.

FRANK
(whispers)
Got it.

*

Then with a bendable prod with a mirror clipped to the
end, a voltmeter with four alligator clips and a by-
pass, he moves to the hole again...

CUT TO:

225 INT. 10-STORY ELEVATOR SHAFT - WIDE FROM BOTTOM - 225
NIGHT

The interior space with the girders and cables for four
elevators is dynamic in perspective and an agrophobic's
nightmare. From the top flutters a piece of tar paper.
Then sand. Then some wood. Then a piece of insulation.
The small debris beats a random tattoo on the top of
the elevator. Slowly ZOOM THROUGH the cavernous verti-
cal space. At the top we SEE a small hole and a dis-
embodied hand in the vast ceiling of the elevator shaft
cavity. It's the hole Frank drilled from the roof.

226 CLOSE - SMALL LIGHT AND MIRROR 226

Frank pulls loose the bundle of cable running across
the roof. Snaps drop into the shaft.

227 VERY CLOSE - BARRY 227

penetrates the bundle like a surgeon. He has exposed
the 19th floor power and telephone lines. He searches
for and finds "blue and yellow."

CUT TO:

228 EXT. ROOFTOP - FRANK - NIGHT 228

intently on the voltmeter.

229 BARRY'S POV THROUGH MIRROR - HIS HANDS 229 *

clip the alligator clips from the voltmeter into first pair. He'll "work the pairs" testing for the low 20 volt lines that carry alarms. *

230 VOLTMETER 230

reads 110.

231 FRANK'S POV - BARRY 231 *

clips into the next pair.

232 VOLTMETER 232

reads 220.

233 CLOSE - BARRY'S FACE 233 *

works. Another pair:

234 VOLTMETER 234

reads 20 volts.

235 WIDE 235

Frank reacts.

CUT TO:

236 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT CEILING - EXTREMELY CLOSE - 236 *

BARRY'S HANDS - NIGHT *

like a surgeon's in a thorax, dip into the hole, cut and clip a bypass into the first "blue with yellow stripe" 20 volt alarm line.

CUT TO:

237 EXT. ROOF - FRANK 237 *

reads the voltmeter.

FRANK
(whispers)
Voltage dropped to 16. You got a drop! *

Barry doesn't answer. *

238 BARRY'S POV THROUGH THE MIRROR 238 *

He clips into the second line of the first pair.

239 THE VOLTMETER 239

surges back up to 20.

FRANK
(into radio; tense)
We draw any heat? *

CUT TO:

240 EXT. ROOFTOP #2 - JOSEPH - NIGHT 240 *

JOSEPH
(long pause; then
into radio)
Air's clean! You caught it! *

WIDEN TO REVEAL he's prone with a Bearcat 250 scanner
and four other CHATTERING RADIOS monitoring the "air." *

CUT TO:

241 EXT. ROOFTOP #1 - TWO WIRES - NIGHT 241

leading out of the black hole into the box of bypasses.
With a penlight flash Frank consults the wiring diagram.

FRANK
Three more pairs...

Frank reaches down into the hole again... feeling...

CUT TO:

242 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - FRANK - NIGHT 242 *

outside the glass door, kneels. Alone. He pulls out
the entire deadbolt with a lock pull. Frank breathes
and enters... TIGHTEN... Making for the showcase and
microphone on the alarm unit. He grabs it and EXTREME-
LY CLOSE ON mike and Frank's lips saying: *

FRANK
... Mexico. *

CUT TO:

243 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - FRANK - PAN AROUND - NIGHT 243
(LATER)

putting on an asbestos or leather suit. WIDEN. Win- *
dows are draped with blackout tarps. Frank wears a *
full body asbestos suit. Two tanks of oxygen are on a *
trolley plus Samsonite suitcase for acetylene torches.

244 BARRY 244

moves the oxygen and acetylene rig as far from the *
vault as possible.

245 FRANK 245

reaches for the adult version of what we saw in Maltz's *
scrapyard: a ten-foot long, steel pipe -- the Burning
Bar.

246 BURNING BAR - END SECTION 246

revealing the rods of magnesium. Screwed into the rear *
is a nozzle connected to the tanks of oxygen. WIDEN. *

247 VAULT 247

The door's massive and impressive. *

248 MITCH KANOFF 248

enters with two more green chemical fire extinguishers. *
The showroom's a wreck.

249 MITCH 249 *

moves as far away from the vault as possible -- into a *
corner, face away from Frank. Their behavior looks
excessive...

250 BARRY 250

starts the acetylene. He adjusts the flame. *

251 BARRY 251 *

ignites the Burning Bar with acetylene torch. *

- 252 WIDE ON BURNING BAR END 252
 It sparks. Nothing terrific. In the b.g. Barry opens the oxygen valve. *
- 253 MASSIVE EXPLOSION 253
 White light. NOISE. Frank blew everything up. Slow pastel images -- like retinal after-images -- rise out of the white heat. Slowly... it's recognizable as Frank. The ROAR is deafening. He moves the white center of heat of the vault. *
- 254 THE VAULT 254
 is a vague outline of silver in the whiteness. The heat hits it. Cement and molten steel EXPLODE away like liquid violet pebbles.
- 255 FRANK 255
 is a pale and shimmering outline of silver and day-glo yellow in the burn-out. The silver turns iridescent blue. Frank pushes the bar through the vault. The colors shift to hotter silver. *
- 256 BURNING BAR 256
 consumes itself in yellow and white.
- 257 FRANK'S POV - THROUGH RED LENS 257
 the cascade of white flames shears through the violet edged vault like butter.
- 258 BURNING BAR 258
 is silver and white. Then it cuts out. Silence.
- 259 WIDE - THE ROOM 259
 Curtains are on fire. The black tarps over the window smolder. The rug is on fire. Frank stands there. Immobile, flames and smoke all around him. Showcases burn. The tarps smoke. Plastic lamps are melted into science fiction shapes. *

260 BARRY AND MITCH 260

extinguish themselves and small fires with green chemical extinguishers.

261 FRANK 261

takes off the helmet, stares at the vault. One hand is burned; his face is black on one side. He could not care less.

262 FRANK 262

picks up a sledgehammer in his good hand and whacks the wall of the charred, corrupted vault. The bottom half crashes out. He sprays water on molten slag. Billowing steam. *

CUT TO:

263 INT. DIAMOND VAULT - WIDE - NIGHT 263

Dark. Clouds of steam. HOLD. Light pours in. We SEE Barry and Mitch on the outside peering into the dimness ... like the first people to enter Tutankhamen's tomb.

264 FRANK 264

further back, surveys his work. He looks around the room. He removes a speck from the side of his nose. He brings a chair over. He sits down. He looks at the vault. Mitch and Barry are scrambling around inside scooping stones into nylon bags. Frank calmly looks at his hand... then at the vault. He sits quietly. Satisfied. He looks out the window.

CUT TO:

265 EXT. CALIFORNIA BEACH - SAND, WATER LINE, HORIZON AND SKY - DAY 265

nothing. An infant's face -- massive -- ENTERS THE FRAME. It's David. He's curious. April follows him.

266 WIDER - DAVID'S 266

naked. Jessie enters and puts David into a knapsack over her bikini. Frank wears his trousers rolled to the knees and no shirt. Marie Stratagakis walks next to Jessie. Frank's hand is bandaged and walks with Barry. Quiet. Then:

CONTINUED

266 CONTINUED: 266

BARRY
You talk to Leo?

FRANK
(smiles)
We go home tomorrow. Payday's
Wednesday.

267 ANGLE 267

They're the only people on the beach. It's sun
drenched.

268 WATER 268

HOLD. Barry surfaces.

269 WIDE 269

Barry runs onto the beach. He chases Marie. He
catches her and throws her into the sand.

270 JESSIE AND FRANK 270 *

blase, walk on.

271 MARIE 271

is hysterical. Barry tickles her and starts ripping
off her bikini top. He kisses her breasts. She holds
onto his neck. Tightly.

272 WIDE FROM DOWN THE BEACH - FRANK AND JESSIE 272 *

in the b.g. Barry and Marie make love at the water's
edge. Jessie takes Frank's arm. Frank found a piece
of driftwood. The driftwood is smooth, surreal,
timeless. Off of it -- *

CUT TO:

273 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY DOORWAY - NIGHT (BLACK) 273

then Jessie comes out of the bedroom. *

273 CONTINUED:

273

She just put David down. Suitcases in the hall.

JESSIE

Ssshhh!

She and Frank tiptoe down the stairs.

CUT TO:

274 INT. LIVING ROOM - WOOD FIRE - NIGHT

274

Log is fed into the fireplace. Jessie lays on the floor, her head on his thigh. Frank lays back and looks around.

*

275 FRANK'S POV - UPSIDE DOWN

275

The ANGLE SHOWS white wall, white ceiling, corners, Georgian bay windows, tops of doorways... very pleasant, very ordinary, very straight. Frank has constituted his family tableau and feels the full flush of spiritual well-being that's been coming for 19 years.

*

*

JESSIE

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

Jessie's eyes open. She looks at her husband. Her hand goes to Frank's thigh. Frank pulls Jessie up next to him and she lies on top of him.

276 ANGLE

276

Jessie, still half asleep, holds Frank's face in both hands and kisses his mouth. Frank pulls Jessie between his legs and rubs her back under her sweater and his hand goes over her buttocks which are moving warmly and slowly pressing into him. Frank slips off her jeans and she wriggles out of them and she undoes Frank's fly. She spreads her legs around Frank's hips and Frank pulls her onto him and they make love in front of the fireplace on the floor in their house. Frank turns her over and gets on top of her. His hands touch both sides of her face and they look in each other's eyes. Frank's hand caresses the hair back from her forehead -- like a little girl's.

CONTINUED

276 CONTINUED:

276

Frank's hand pushes the hair away from her ear and Frank strokes her forehead and she closes her eyes. And they make love.

CUT TO:

277 EXT. LEO'S HOUSE - WIDE

277

Suburban, boring, anonymous. HOLD. The TREES RUSTLE in the wind. Then a car approaches and it's Frank's Eldorado. He gets out and crosses to the door. Rosa -- the zombie -- opens it.

FRANK
(dialogue for both)
I'm... Frank. Good, Rosa.

She walks away. Frank crosses in.

CUT TO:

278 INT. LEO'S BASEMENT - MIRROR AND GLASSES - DAY

278

A hand ENTERS and reaches for one. In the multiple reflections we SEE Mitch. WIDEN. He fills it with water and drinks as FOOTSTEPS become Frank entering the knotty-pine basement. Leo in a floral bamboo tub chair with a hi-ball is waiting. Mitch joins him...

LEO
There he is!
(nice)
How ya doin', Frank? You look great!

FRANK
Couldn't be better! Hey, Mitch...
What's to it?

LEO
I know this is what you are here for, kid.

Leo tosses Frank a big envelope of money -- his payoff. Home free. Frank thumbs through it. Mitch refills his drink.

278 CONTINUED:

278

LEO
(continuing)
Mitch told me all about the score.
Said you're Dr. Wizard!!

*

Leo laughs.

MITCH
Where'd ya get the tan?

FRANK
This cabin... this...

279 LEO

279

watches Frank; looks at Mitch. They wait. Attaglia enters.

280 FRANK

280

finishes counting. Something's wrong...

FRANK
Whoa. Where's the rest?

*

LEO
Don't worry about it.

FRANK
What is this?!

LEO
That's your cash!

FRANK
It's light.
(beat)
\$830,000 is supposed to be here.
I count about seventy.

Frank is very quiet.

LEO
I put you into the Jacksonville,
Fort Worth, Davenport shopping
centers. I take care of my people.
Ask these guys... Papers at your
house. It's set up as a limited
partnership. General partner's a
subchapter S corporation. You're
included with me in that.

*

CONTINUED

FRANK

Include me out.

LEO

I can't do that. It'd be embarrassing. Plus we got a major score in Palm Beach in six weeks we got to talk about.

*

Frank looks over his shoulder as if someone was behind him.

FRANK

(to Leo)

You talking to me? Or did someone else come in the room?

LEO

What's that supposed to mean?

FRANK

It means you're dreaming. This is payday. It's over.

LEO

Houses, car. You are family. I'm taking care of you. What is this? Where is gratitude?

*

*

*

FRANK

(mild, tense)

Where is my end?

LEO

(reasonable)

You can't see day for night.

FRANK

I see my money which is from the yield of my labor is still in your pocket. What gratitude? I see you making big profits off of my risk, my work, my sweat. And that's okay. 'Cause I elected to be here. But now is the beginning of my life. Now our deal is I get my end! And now I am out!

*

*

*

LEO

Why don't you join a labor union?

FRANK

I am wearing it!

CONTINUED

280 CONTINUED: (2) 280

We know he refers to the .45 in his waistband.

MITCH

Frank...don't...

Attaglia moves.

FRANK

I get my end in twenty-four hours,
or you wear your ass for a hat!

LEO

Yeah, yeah, yeah...
(disgust)

Get this guy out of here.

Frank backs out. Leo watches Frank, calmly.

CUT TO:

281 INT. FRANK'S CAR - TRAVELLING - FRANK - DAY 281

drives quickly. The .45's on the seat at his
thigh, cocked and locked. Slow drivers block him.

He cuts through a Safeway parking lot. He pulls
through...

CUT TO:

282 EXT. ROCKET CARS - WIDE - TWILIGHT 282

Frank pulls up, reverses into the lot. He skids
to a stop and spills out leaving the door open,
the .45 in his belt.

CUT TO:

283 EXT. ROCKET MOTORS - FRANK - TWILIGHT 283

crossing through the diffused chrome and color
mosaic of cars to the sales trailer.

CUT TO:

283A INT. GARAGE - WIDE 283A

handcuffed and held by CARL and RICHARD. We
SEE Frank in the middleground and TERRY against
wall of sales office. Waiting.

284 SALES OFFICE - DOOR'S 284

open. That's strange. Frank approaches, calls in:

FRANK
Barry...Paula!

No one's inside. It's deserted.

FRANK
(continuing; yells
out door to lot)
Hey, Barry!!

285 FRANK 285

under row after row of naked light bulbs he turned on. They turn the place into a carnival. Frank through the cars and panel trucks...an ocean of chrome, color, fins and aerials.

FRANK
(shouts)
Barry...?

286 INT. GARAGE - CARL *

CARL
Answer him!

Barry doesn't. Carl whacks him across the face twice with the shotgun, opening gashes.

BARRY
Frank!

Carl relaxes; then:

BARRY
(continuing)
...You're set up!

And Barry breaks away, knocking over Richard as... *

287 FRANK'S 287 *

gun comes up, alert. *

288 CARL 288

FIRES blowing Barry into Frank's line of vision. *

289 FRANK 289

FRANK
Barry!!

Frank sees Barry on his left as...

289A LARRY 289

from his established position butts his carbine into Frank's head from the blind side.

CUT TO:

290 EXT. L & A PLATING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 290 *

It's a brown brick el grimmo building off the Chicago River across from a small blast furnace and under a mini-forest of water towers on roofs.

CUT TO:

291 INT. L & A PLATING - FRANK - NIGHT 291 *

on the floor his head near a drain. Blood, swill and other liquids flush into it from a constant hosing mechanism. Frank looks up.

292 WIDE 292

There are seven men in the room. Leo in a stained coat. Mitch, Attaglia, Carl, Larry and two 300 pound black men. Bumpers are on a motorized track of clips that take them through acid sprays and into electro-plating vats. Barely we SEE one bumper's not a bumper. It's a man. The figure's obscured by the assembly line.

Attaglia's blase. He wipes a speck from the side of his nose. He'd love to lean all over Frank.

LEO
(to Frank)
Look.

Frank looks. We REALIZE the form is Barry. Frank looks away. Leo grabs his face. Mitch helps. The two men wrestle Frank's face around.

CONTINUED

LEO

(continuing)

I said fucking look at him! Look what happened to your friend.

'Cause you gotta go against the way things go down. What's wrong with you?

(pause)

You carry a piece in my house?! You one of those burned-out demolished whackos in the joint? You're scarey. 'Cause you don't give a fuck!

*

Leo kicks Frank in the back of the neck.

LEO

(continuing)

But don't come on to me now with your jailhouse bullshit!

Frank doesn't answer. Leo kicks him again.

LEO

(continuing)

'Cause you're not that guy! Don't you get it, you prick? You got a home. Cars! Businesses! Family! And I own the paper on your whole fucking life.

(beat)

I'll put your cunt wife onna street to be fucked inna ass by niggers and Puerto Ricans. Your kid's mine 'cause I bought it. You got him on loan. He's leased. You're renting him.

Frank: it sinks in. Leo watches it.

LEO

(continuing)

I'll whack out your whole fucking family. I'll grind 'em into hamburger. People'll be eating 'em for lunch tomorrow in their Wimpy burgers and not know it!

Frank doesn't talk.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED: (2)

292

LEO
 (continuing)
 You get paid when I say. You do
 what I say. I run you. There is no dis- *
 cussion. You go nowhere. I want, you
 will work till you are burned out, busted *
 or dead. You get it? You got res-
 ponsibilities. Tighten up and do it.

Frank doesn't say one word.

LEO
 (continuing; looking
 at Frank, but to two
 black heavies)
 Clean this mess up.

One flips a switch. A heavy electric MOTOR WHINES to
 life. The line of bumpers and Barry jerks in slow
 progress towards the acid baths. Leo takes off the
 work coat. Frank has moved not at all. He said
 nothing.

LEO
 (continuing; to Frank)
 Get him outta here. Back to
 work, Frank.

Barry is about to be processed through the acid baths.
 Anything is possible. Leo leaves. Barry disappears
 into the machinery...

CUT TO:

293 INT. BATHROOM - JESSIE - NIGHT

293

*

Heard noises, got up, now enters.
 Frank is in the bathtub, clothes dumped on the floor.
 The water's pink with blood from his split scalp.

JESSIE
 What has happened?! What happened
 to you?!

FRANK
 Where's David and April?

JESSIE
 ... asleep. David's got a cold. Frank?! *

FRANK
 Barry's dead.

Frank looks away from her. It's not happening.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
(continuing; looking
away)
We cannot do what we were going to do.
I am locked in. I cannot leave.

Jessie looks at the wall. Frank looks away.

CUT TO:

294 OMITTED
thru
308

*

309 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - FRANK 309
enters, grabs the phone.

FRANK
(dials; into phone)
Joseph. Get over here. Now!
You are going on a trip.
(hangs up)
Wake the kids.

JESSIE
(shook)
Frank...
(beat)
Frank!

FRANK (O.S.)
You are going away.

CUT TO:

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(beat)
Frank!

FRANK (O.S.)
You are going away.

CUT TO:

310 INT. BEDROOM - JESSIE

310

enters, stares at Frank, wild:

FRANK
(quiet; final)
It is not what was supposed to be.
It can't be like this. You understand?
(beat)
Take nothing. Do not pack. Do it now.

JESSIE
Where are we going?!

FRANK
"We" are not going. You are going.

JESSIE
Where?! What's wrong with you?!
When will you come?

Frank's pulling white shoe boxes of money out of the closet.

FRANK
(low)
I am not. You will work out where
you go with Joseph. I can't know.
I won't know.
(two shoe boxes)
Here's \$410,000 here.

She throws them on the bed, spilling bills. Frank -- not missing a beat -- picks them up -- recovers the boxes.

JESSIE
We just disassemble it?! And put
it back in the box! Like some
erector set and send it back to
the store! The kids! They're alive.
(shouts)
I love you. I'm going nowhere!

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED

310

FRANK

... you give Joseph \$20,000 for month number one.

JESSIE

What are you doing?! You're... Don't you care?

FRANK

He stays with you for a month. You give him \$25,000 for month number two.

JESSIE

Doesn't anything mean anything?! I am your woman. You are my man. I made the commitment. This isn't you.

FRANK

\$30,000 for the third. It's me. The hell with me. With you. Fuck everything.

(beat)

I'm throwing you out. Get the hell out of here!

Frank looks lost, walks out. HOLD ON Jessie; desolated.

CUT TO:

311 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE, REAR YARD - FRANK

311

almost lost in shadow in the f.g. He sits on the grass in his suede windbreaker. The rear door opens. Yellow light bleeds out. O.S. a CAR DOOR CLOSES, a CAR STARTS.

CUT TO:

312 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - CRANE: JOSEPH'S CAR

312

pulling away down the street with Jessie and children inside. As an afterthought she turns her seat to look at the house. CRANE UP AND WIDEN. No one's there.

313 EXT. REAR YARD - OVERHEAD - FRANK

313

laying on his back under his trees watching them RUSTLE in the breeze. The rest of planet Earth is under his back.

- 314 FRANK'S POV STRAIGHT UP - TREES 314
 Frank's vision is lost in the stars. The BREEZE becomes a WIND. The TREES RUSTLE LOUDER.
- 315 WIDE - CRANE: LAWN'S 315
 empty. Frank's gone. CRANE move DOWN and PULL BACK slightly: Frank's: shadow's SEEN in the house. Rear door is open. Yellow light spills out.
- 316 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - WIDE 316
 The same yellow tungsten light bleeds out from the open door.
- 317 FRANK 317
 walks through the foyer buttoning his shirt over a black vest and carrying two shoe boxes. Relaxed. He does not look around. In a smooth, easy manner -- as if he cared not at all -- Frank lights a match, touches it to a book and throws it into the living room.
- 318 INT. CADILLAC - FRANK 318
 gets behind the wheel. His face lit with fine light, he looks at the house. It is the image from the collage the Frank put together during 11 years in his stone cold cell. It is that dream manifested.
- 319 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - WIDE ON FRONT - NIGHT 319
 Frank climbs into and pulls out in the Eldo. As it pulls out of FRAME CRANE DOWN and PULL BACK: the house EXPLODES. Flames fill the interior.
- 320 TREES 320
 in the front shrivel from the flames.
- CUT TO:
- 321 EXT. GREEN MILL - WIDE - NIGHT 321
 It's closed.

(CONTINUED)

321 CONTINUED 321

Frank comes out of the darkened interior carrying a gym bag. He places it on the floor of the car. Bag contains hand grenades. Frank climbs into the Cadillac and leaves. HOLD. NOTHING. The whole front of the Green Mill EXPLODES TOWARD CAMERA.

CUT TO:

322 EXT. ROCKET CAR SALES - TRACKING PAST THE FRONT RANK OF CARS FROM THE REAR - NIGHT 322

The first, second, third and fourth are blazing.

323 CLOSE - 1974 RED LINCOLN 323

the red paint blisters and peels in flame.

324 OLDS - HOOD ORNAMENT 324

The yellow point blisters black. It BLOWS UP.

325 INT. CADILLAC - CLOSE ON FRANK - NIGHT 325

climbing in. He's lit by the red firelight. Under the glow is a nihilistic satisfaction. He's destroying everything he's built. Smashing sandcastles. A smile crosses his lips. He likes it. Some paper flutters from his hand -- dropped. Frank drives away.

326 PAPER 326

is the paste-up. The jailhouse dream. It lays in the alley...discarded.

CUT TO:

327 EXT. LEO'S STREET - WIDE - NIGHT 327

Nothing. Then the Eldo comes around the corner, lights off, and parks down the street. Frank gets out the passenger door. Fast. He blends into the night and shrubbery of home fronts. As he cuts between two houses and crosses back yards, we DOLLY with him.

CUT TO:

328 INT. LEO'S LIVING ROOM - LEO - NIGHT 328

Watching t.v. with Attaglia and eating pie with their feet up.

329 INT. LEO'S KITCHEN - BACK DOOR 329

A slim-jim opens the door, Frank enters, crouched down, a .45 in his hand and moves into a corner.

330 WIDE - FRANK'S POV 330

the room. It is totally SILENT

330A FRANK 330A

just sits. Totally still. Waiting. Acclimating. Then: FADE UP HOUSE SOUNDS including distant t.v. then FOOTSTEPS.

331 ATTAGLIA 331

enters and crosses to the fridge, opens it, bathing him in light. As he closes the door, he turns. Frank smashes his chin up with his palm and smashes the back of his neck with the gun. The fridge door swings back open, lighting the crumbled body of Attaglia, spilled milk and Frank: moving to clear the den off the kitchen.

332 INT. DEN OFF KITCHEN - ROSA - NIGHT 332

Leo's 50-year-old zombie wife in her housecoat and run-down slippers, watches t.v. on the formica and chrome kitchen table and turns as Frank enters, the .45 coming. She reacts to it, not at all. She turns back to the t.v.

LEO (O.S.)
(from living room, annoyed)
Vince? Christ! What did you break?

333 INT. KITCHEN - FRANK 333

moves to clear the dining room.

334 INT. LEO'S LIVING ROOM - LEO 334

LEO
Vincent? Vince!

Nothing. He pulls a gun, hits the lights and starts toward the foyer.

335 INT. LEO'S DINING ROOM - FRANK 335

entering, moving. Dining room is west of foyer. Frank opens shadowed corners, the .45 snaps to the fire position, then down to orange. He breathes heavily, as he moves to the west corner - the most threatening...

336 INT. LIVING ROOM - LEO 336

inches out from behind the arch - east of the dining room - and sees Frank's gun up to the west. Leo darts back, trapped, in the living room by Frank's method.

337 INT. LEO'S FOYER - FRANK 337

works the east corner of the dining room and moves into the foyer. He works the space entering corners obliquely and clearing walls at his rear. INTERCUT HIS POV. At each dead area, the .45 snaps up into firing position. Then down to see.

338 INT. LIVING ROOM - LEO 338

caught, moves into the corner behind the sofa, near a lamp.

339 INT. LEO'S LIVING ROOM - FRANK 339

seen obliquely working the room with the .45 from the foyer. He sees corners, dead spaces, shadows. Finally, there's only the corner where Leo is.

340 CLOSE UP - LEO 340

waiting, tense, breathing too hard.

- 341 FRANK 341
moves through the arch, the .45 comes up.
- 342 WIDE 342
Leo FIRES a wild SHOT. Frank FIRES TWICE blowing Leo against the lamp which doesn't break. Leo raises the Magnum again. Frank's third SHOT kills him. Leo's position is bent and grotesque; the fallen lamp is lurid.
- 343 EXT. LEO'S HOUSE - ATTAGLIA - NIGHT 343
meanwhile struggles with side screen door and finally smashes it off the top hinge, falls out and stumbles across the side lawn.
- 344 EXT. LEO'S HOUSE - STREET - CARL & GUARD - NIGHT 344
are running as Frank enters from the side of the house. the Guard is hauling a carbine. Carl is bring up his shotgun as...
- 345 ATTAGLIA - NIGHT 345
across the street, running away, almost to the curb, spins and FIRES wildly TWICE. Misses. While...
- 345 FRANK 346
FIRES from a Weaver combat stance hitting Carl who's knocked back. Frank speed reloads, FIRES ONE SHOT, downing the Guard, Carl is bringing up the shotgun. Frank HAMMERS ON TWO SHOTS into Attaglia as he's panning back Carl's shotgun FIRES. Frank is knocked back, his shirt shredded, he aims coolly, FIRES TWICE. Carl's dead.
- 347 FRANK 347
walks away from the sidewalk. The shredded shirt reveals the black vest. The heavy .45 with the hammer still back, hangs at the end of his arm. His face bleeds where two of the shots hit him.

348 TRACKING - FRANK 348

down the sidewalk towards the Eldo down the street. Neighbors in housecoats and robes runs past to see what happened. Most ignore him. One or two see the blood and the gun and back off.

CUT TO:

349 EXT. PALISADES STREET - WIDE - DAY 349

It's summer. It's sun-baked. The sidewalks are pink and hot. Smoked glass and steel buildings. Ocean.

350 REVERSE - YELLOW RENTAL CAR 350

approaches, searches, stops. Jessie's driving.

351 JESSIE 351

gets out. She looks different. Time's passed. She checks an address. Goes in.

CUT TO:

352 INT. APARTMENT - WIDE - DAY 352

White walls. Light carpets. Minimal. Cell-like. A man in a T-shirt drinks coffee in REAR SHOT over glass and steel table. Beyond him is a wall of light and sky: floor to ceiling window. A DOORBELL RINGS.

353 HIS HAND 353

puts down the coffee mug. FOLLOW his hand to the door. A black .45 is holstered in the small of his back.

354 DOOR 354

opens. Jessie stands there. Hallway recedes behind her.

355 REVERSE - THE MAN

355

is Frank. He is truly astonished. New scars have healed on his face from the shotgun wound. Jessie walks past him to stand against the light. He closes the door. He crosses to her. He doesn't touch her. We don't know if she's bitter.

FRANK

(soft)

What are you doing here?

JESSIE

Finding you.

FRANK

How'd you get here?

JESSIE

By looking for five months.

Frank looks away.

FRANK

Why?

Jessie looks at him.

FRANK

(continuing)

I have never expected you would find me. I did not expect you would look.

JESSIE

(beat)

Your children are at the motel, Frank.

He touches her...

FREEZE. RUN END CREDITS.

THE END