

HEIST

A SCREENPLAY BY  
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BY DAVID MAMET

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3 E. 48th St. N.Y.C.

FADE IN:

EXT RAILROAD OVERPASS DAY.

A LOW FLYING PLANE, MAKING ITS FINAL APPROACH.

ANGLE CU.

A WELL-BUILT MAN IN HIS FORTIES, JOE MOORE, IN HORN RIMMED GLASSES  
AND MOUSTACHE, LOOKS UP, AT THE PLANE.

CAMERA TAKES HIM TO AN OLD STONE OVERPASS OVER A RAILROAD TRACK.

HE CARRIES A FOLDED MAP. HE LOOKS AROUND, AS IF LOST.

ANGLE.

MOORE, STANDING AT THE SIDE OF A TWO LANE SEMI-SUBURBAN ROAD. HE  
LOOKS DOWN AT HIS MAP.

SOUND OF A TRAIN APPROACHING.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, OVER HIM AS A TRAIN STREAMS BY BENEATH THE OVERPASS.

ANGLE.

ON MOORE, AS HE NODS, AND STARTS BACK TOWARD A PARKED STATIONWAGON.

ANGLE INS.

WE SEE THE FOLDED MAP CONTAINS A YELLOW LEGAL PAD. MOORE GLANCES

AT HIS WATCH, AND MAKES A NOTATION IN THE PAD. HE FLIPS BACK PAGES ON THE PAD TO SHOW IT IS FULL OF NOTATIONS. WE SEE A SKETCH OF THE RAILWAY OVERPASS.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE STARTS TO GET INTO THE STATIONWAGON. HE LOOKS AROUND ONE LAST TIME, SHRUGS, AS IF TO SAY "SO BE IT," AND GETS INTO THE CAR.

ANGLE INT THE CAR.

MOORE, SITTING. A POLICE CAR, SIREN AND LIGHTS ON. ROARS PAST OUTSIDE. MOORE NODS, LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

HE STARTS THE CAR. PUTS THE PAD DOWN NEXT TO HIM, IS ABOUT TO DRIVE OFF, WHEN HE GETS ANOTHER THOUGHT, AND OPENS THE PAD AGAIN.

MOORE LOOKS AROUND. SIGHS, SHRUGS, AND PUTS THE CAR IN GEAR.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET. A METAL CANE ON THE SIDEWALK, A PAIR OF MAN'S LEGS. THE SUNLIGHT GLINTS OFF THE CANE.

PAN UP, PAST THE CANE, TO REVEAL.

2.

EXT. LIMOUSINE. DAY.

A BEAUTIFUL COMMERCIAL STREET. FULL OF BOUTIQUES, POSH CARS, AND FOLKS STROLLING DOWN THE STREET. TWO MEN, JOE MOORE, AND BILLY BLANE, A WELL-BUILT MAN OF SIMILAR AGE, BOTH IN FINE BUSINESS SUITS, BOTH WEAR LEATHER GLOVES, STROLL DOWN THE STREET. MOORE WALKS WITH THE AID OF A HEAVY METAL CANE.

MOORE  
(AS HE LOOKS AROUND)  
What makes the world go around?

BLANE  
...you tell me.

MOORE  
Gold.

BLANE  
Some people say Love.

MOORE

(NODS)

It is love. It is Love of Gold.

**BLANE**

...easy to get the gold, hard to get it home.

**MOORE**

...waal, so it takes a little bit of  
thought...

ANGLE CU

ON MOORE, AS HE LOOKS ACROSS THE STREET.

ANGLE HIS POV.

A POSH JEWELRY STORE. A UNIFORMED GUARD EXITS THE STORE, CLOSING  
THE METAL GRATE BEHIND HIM.

ANGLE. ON BLANE AND MOORE. AT THEIR LIMOUSINE. BLANE FEEDS THE  
PARKING METER. AND HELPS MOORE INTO THE BACKSEAT. OVER THEM, IN  
THE B.G., WE SEE THE GUARD DISAPPEAR AROUND A CORNER. MOORE  
LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH AS HE ENTERS THE CAR.

ANGLE

ON BLANE, AS HE GETS INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

BLANE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

INT FAST-FOOD COFFEESHOP DAY.

ANGLE, INSERT.

A TRAY WITH FIVE ESPRESSO SHOTGLASSES ON IT.

3.

A WOMAN'S HAND FILLING THE LAST OF THE FIVE.

ANGLE

THE UNIFORMED GUARD, AT THE COUNTER, CHATTING WITH ANOTHER SERVER.

**CASHIER**

(TO GUARD)

...what's yours?

THE WOMAN POURING THE DRINKS RUBS HER TEMPLES, AND SIGHS.

**WOMAN**

...Five Cappuccino...

**CASHIER**

...that ought to keep you up...

**THE GUARD AND THE CASHIER LAUGH.**

**CASHIER (cont'd)**

...eleven ninety-two...

**ANGLE**

**ON THE WOMAN, A SMALL 'VISINE-LIKE' BOTTLE FROM HER POCKET, TIPS HER HEAD BACK, AND MOVES AS IF TO PUT THE DROPS IN HER EYES.**

**ANGLE XCU**

**WE SEE THAT THE CAP IS STILL ON THE BOTTLE.**

**ANGLE.**

**SHE LOWERS THE BOTTLE AND TAKES OFF THE CAP, AND PUTS SEVERAL DROPS INTO EACH OF THE DRINKS BEFORE HER.**

**ANGLE**

**ON THE WOMAN AS SHE PASSES THE TRAY FULL OF DRINKS OVER THE COUNTER TO THE GUARD.**

**WOMAN**

...you have a nice day.

**SHE LOOKS UP AT THE WALLCLOCK, AND ADDRESSES HERSELF TO THE CASHIER.**

**WOMAN (cont'd)**

I've got a break...

**THE CASHIER NODS.**

**CAMERA TAKES THE WOMAN BACK INTO THE EMPLOYEE'S AREA, WHERE SHE TAKES DOWN A LARGE SHOULDERBAG, AND FISHES A PACK OF CIGARETTES AND A LIGHTER OUT OF IT. SHE BEGINS TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE.**

**THE CASHIER TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT THE WOMAN.**

4.

**CASHIER**

...Din't they tell you can't smoke in here...

**THE WOMAN NODS, AS IF TO SAY, 'I FORGOT. I'M SORRY.' SHE TAKES**

THE BAG, PUTS IT OVER HER SHOULDER, AND STARTS OUT OF THE COFFEESHOP.

ANGLE, EXT THE COFFEESHOP.

A SMALL PARKING AREA, A DUMPSTER, THE WOMAN COMES OUT, SMOKING THE CIGARETTE. CAMERA HINGES HER AROUND THE CORNER, INTO A SMALL ALLEYWAY. IN THE ALLEYWAY SHE TAKES A THIN GRAY RAINCOAT OUT OF THE BAG, AND PUTS IT ON. IT COVERS HER STORE UNIFORM. SHE TAKES A PIN FROM HER HAIR AND LETS HER HAIR FALL. SHE TAKES A LARGE PAIR OF SUNGLASSES FROM THE GLASS AND PUTS THEM ON.

ANGLE, INT THE LIMOUSINE.

BLANE, IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, JOE MOORE IN BACK.

ANGLE ON MOORE. HOLDING A SMALL YELLOW SHEET.

ANGLE INS: IT IS THE DRAWING OF THE RAILROAD OVERPASS.

ANGLE

ON BLANE MAKING A CALCULATION ON THE SHEET.

BLANE SEES SOMETHING OUT OF THE WINDSHIELD, AND INDICATES IT TO JOE MOORE, WHO NODS AND PUTS AWAY THE YELLOW PAD.

BLANE

Showtime, Circus Time.

ANGLE, THEIR POV.

THE GUARD, HOLDING THE TRAY OF COFFEES, ENTERING THE JEWELRYSTORE.

ANGLE

ON THE GUARD. AS HE IS BUZZED THROUGH A DOUBLE GRATE. CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL THE WOMAN COMING OUT OF THE ALLEYWAY.

CAMERA TAKES HER ACROSS THE STREET. WHERE SHE PASSES THE LIMOUSINE, AS SHE DOES SHE OPENS HER HAND, SHOWING HER OPEN HAND TO THE LIMOUSINE.

ANGLE INT THE LIMOUSINE.

BLANE

...I see five.

MOORE

Five is correct.

(HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH.)

ANGLE EXT THE JEWELRY STORE.

WE SEE THE GUARD INSIDE, DRINKING COFFEE WITH THE SALESPeOPLE, A GUARD ENTERS FROM THE REAR OF THE STORE, AND TAKES A COFFEE.

WE SEE IN THE REFLECTION, THE WOMAN IN THE SUNGLASSES AND RAINCOAT LOOKING IN THE WINDOW OF THE JEWELRY STORE, SHE ADJUSTS HER HAIR, AND TURNS.

ANGLE INT THE LIMOUSINE, WHICH IS PULLING UP TO THE CURB.

WE SEE THE WOMAN TURNING AWAY FROM THE JEWELRY STORE, AND NODDING AT THE LIMOUSINE.

ON THE WOMAN, AS SHE CONTINUES DOWN THE STREET. SHE TAKES A LARGE PAPERBAG FROM HER SHOULDERBAG, AND DUMPS IT IN A TRASH RECEPTACLE.

IN THE LIMOUSINE BLANE STARTS TO OPEN THE DOOR.

MOORE

(LOOKING AT HIS WATCH)

No wait.

(PAUSE)

Alright.

ANGLE EXT THE LIMO.

BLANE GETS OUT OF THE DRIVER'S SEAT, AND HURRIES AROUND TO OPEN THE REAR DOOR.

MOORE IS HELPED OUT OF THE REAR SEAT, AND HANDED A METAL CANE BY BLANE.

THEY START ACROSS THE SIDEWALK TOWARD THE DOUBLE GRATE OF THE JEWELRYSHOP. BLANE HOLDING MOORE'S ELBOW.

AS THEY REACH THE FRONTDOOR. A HEAVYSET MAN ALSO WEARING LEATHER GLOVES, CARRYING SEVERAL BEAUTIFULLY WRAPPED PINK PACKAGES APPROACHES THE DOOR.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION. THE THREE MEN TURN THEIR HEADS.

ANGLE. AT THE DOOR TO THE SHOP.

ANGLE THEIR POV, DOWN THE STREET, THERE IS A FIRE RAGING AND A VAST COLUMN OF SMOKE POURING FROM THE TRASH RECEPTACLE.

ANGLE

AT THE DOOR TO THE STORE. THE THREE MEN, MOORE AND THE HEAVYSET MAN, PINCUS, PUT, STOCKINGMASKS OVER THEIR HEADS.

MOORE TAKES A SMALL ELECTRONIC LOOKING CONTRAPTION FROM HIS POCKET, AND HOLDS IT UP TO THE GRATING, THE GRATING POPS OPEN.

BLANE NODS AT THE TWO OTHER MEN WHO START INTO THE STORE.

6.

THEY TAKE OFF THEIR LEATHER GLOVES REVEALING SURGICAL GLOVES UNDERNEATH.

ANGLE, ON PINCUS, AS HE RESTRAINS MOORE. BOTH LOOK INSIDE THE STORE.

ANGLE, THEIR POV.

ON THE COUNTER, ONE CAPPED, UNOPENED COFFEE CONTAINER, AND A YOUNG WOMAN, SALESGIRL, STANDING BESIDE THE COUNTER, TERRIFIED.

ANGLE

ON THE TWO MEN. BEAT. PINCUS REACHES FOR A GUN. MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD NO. THEN MOORE TAKES OFF HIS MASK, AND MOTIONS TO PINCUS WHO HESITATES FOR A SECOND, THEN HANDS A SMAL OBJECT TO MOORE.

MOORE PROCEEDS INTO THE STORE.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM IN, TO SHOW A GUARD SLUMPED UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR.

MOORE (cont'd)  
...what is it, I'm a doctor...  
(HE KNEELS AT THE HEAD OF THE  
FALLEN MAN)  
Come here, hold his head up. Now...

THE YOUNG WOMAN COMES OVER, MOORE TAKES OUT THE OBJECT PINKY PASSED HIM, A SMALL CANISTER, AND SPRAYS THE WOMAN IN THE FACE. SHE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR. MOORE MOTIONS PINKY INTO THE SHOP.

ANGLE EXT THE STORE.

SEVERAL BYSTANDERS ARE MOVING TOWARD THE FIRE. ONE COMES UP TO BLANE, AS IF TO ENTER THE STORE. BLANE PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS EAR, AS IF LISTENING TO AN EARPIECE, AND POINTS AT THE FIRE, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

**BLANE**

Move along, please... This area must be  
secure while the Secretary's on the  
street... just move alone...

ANGLE INT THE STORE.

PINCUS HAS REMOVED THE COVER FROM HIS PACKAGES, REVEALING THEM TO BE  
A LARGE RECEPTACLE.

CAMERA PANS HIM ACROSS A COUNTER, OVER WHICH COUNTER WE SEE SLUMPED  
THE FORMS OF THE TWO SALESPEOPLE. PINCUS POINTS AT THE DESK. MOORE  
NODS. IN THE B.G. WE SEE MOORE HIT A BUZZER UNDERNEATH A DESK.

A PANEL IN THE WALL SWINGS OPEN, AND WE SEE A LARGE WALK IN SAFE  
BEHIND, ITS DOOR OPEN.

IN THE FOREGROUND THE HEAVYSET MAN IS SHOVELLING THE CONTENTS OF  
THE DISPLAY CASES INTO HIS CARRYALL.

7.

ANGLE

ON MOORE IN THE WALK IN SAFE, AS HE CONSULTS A SMALL INDEX CARD  
TAKEN FROM HIS POCKET.

HE WALKS TO THE SLUMPED FORM OF AN EMPLOYEE, AND TAKES A KEY FROM  
AROUND HER NECK, MOVES TO THE SAFEBOXES IN THE REAR.

THE KEYS DO NOT WORK. MOORE NODS AS IF TO SAY, "WELL, THAT WOULD  
HAVE BEEN TOO EASY..."

HE UNSCREWS A SECTION OF HIS METAL CANE, AND REMOVES SMALL SURGICAL  
TOOLS, HE OPENS NOW ONE AND NOW ANOTHER OF THE SMALL SAFE BOXES AND  
EMPTYES THEM INTO THE CARRYALL. MOORE WIPES HIS FOREHEAD WITH HIS  
ARM AS HE WORKS.

HEAVYSET MAN (PINCUS)

(VO)

...two minutes...

MOORE NODS.

PINCUS MOTIONS UP, THEY BOTH LOOK UP AT A TELEVISION CAMERA...

ANGLE

A BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE--THE TWO MEN--PINCUS IN A STOCKINGMASK,  
MOORE SEEN PLAINLY, AS IF THROUGH THE SURVEILLANCE CAMERA...

ANGLE

MOORE NODS, FINISHES SCOOPING THE CONTENTS OF THE BOXES INTO THE CASE.

HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH, AND UP, AGAIN, AT THE TV CAMERA.

PINCUS

Forty seconds...

MOORE NODS, CAMERA TAKES HIM ALONG A WALL OF CABINETS, HE OPENS NOW ONE, AND NOW ANOTHER, DISSATISFIED...

ANGLE, HIS POV.

AN ELECTRONIC CABINET. SEVERAL TAPEDECKS, BEHIND A METAL, LOCKED GRATING.

THE TAPEDECK BEHIND IT, ITS LIGHTS GLOWING.

PINCUS (cont'd)

...thirty seconds...

ANGLE

ON MOORE, WHO USES THE TOOLS IN HIS CANE, TO ATTEMPT TO OPEN THE GRATING.

8.

THE GRATING DOES SO, BUT HIS TOOL SLIPS, SHATTERING THE TAPEDECK BEYOND. ITS LIGHTS GO OUT.

PINCUS (CONT'D)

Ten seconds...

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE TRIES, FURIOUSLY, TO DESTROY THE TAPE MACHINE, TO GET TO THE TAPE.

ANGLE INS. XCU. THE TAPE MACHINE. MOORE SMASHING AT IT.

PINCUS (CONT'D)

...that's it, that's gotta be it...

MOORE CONTINUES TRYING TO PRY LOOSE THE TAPE.

ANGLE

PINCUS, PULLING MOORE AWAY. THE HEAVYSET MAN PUTS THE PINK PACKAGES CAMOUFLAGE ON HIS CASE.

ANGLE, CU ON MOORE, AS HE LEAVES THE BACK ROOM.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE TAPE MACHINE.

ANGLE: IN BLACK AND WHITE, AS IF THROUGH THE VIDEO SURVEILLANCE CAMERA--THE MEN LEAVING THE STORE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT THE DECK OF A SLOOP IN THE OCEAN, DAY

A MAGNIFICENT 60-FOOT WOODEN SAILBOAT. A BEAUTIFUL DAY, LIGHT CHOP. A FLORID FELLOW IN HIS FIFTIES, SMOKING A CIGAR, AT THE WHEEL.

ANGLE

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, THE SAME WOMAN WE SAW IN THE PREVIOUS SEQUENCE, IN SHORTS AND A T-SHIRT, AND SUNGLASSES, NEAR THE MAST OF THE SAILBOAT. BEYOND HER A MARKER BUOY AND BEYOND A SMALL HARBOR AND MARINA. SHE TURNS TOWARD THE CAMERA.

WOMAN

(FRAN. CALLING BACK)

Y'got your marker, five, six hundred yards.

(PAUSE)

Y'might want to start your turn.

ANGLE

ON THE FLORID MAN, AS HE NODS. AND BENDS TO LOOK UNDER THE SAIL. HE IS BLINDED BY A FLASH OF LIGHT. HE SCREWS UP HIS EYES.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

9.

THE LIGHT, BOUNCING OFF A GLEAMING RAIL. THE MAN FLINCHES.

ANGLE: ON THE BOAT, AS IS COMES UP INTO THE WIND, THE SAIL LUFFS, AND THE BOAT BEGINS TO ROCK.

ANGLE: FRAN COMING UNDER THE SAIL BOOM, GOES HURRIEDLY, TO THE WHEEL, AND MOVES TOWARD THE MAN. PUSHING HIM OUT OF THE WAY, AND CORRECTING THE COURSE OF THE BOAT.

ANGLE:

**FLORID MAN**  
**(SMILING)**

...you lookin to make friends...?

**FRAN**

No. I've got my friends...

**THE MAN MOVES TO THE WHEEL AGAIN, AND FRAN HOLDS HIM OFF.**

**FRAN**

You put this boat on the rocks, you bought it.

**FLORID MAN**

I got the sun in my eyes.

**ANGLE**

**AS FRAN TAKES THE WHEEL.**

**ON THE BOAT, AS IT HEELS AND TURNS, PASSING THE RED MARKER BUOY INBOUND FOR THE HARBOR.**

**INT SHIPYARD DAY.**

**A SMALL MARINA. THROUGH THE OPEN DOORS WE SEE THE MARINA BEYOND.**

**GLEAMING, MOLTEN METAL IS BEING POURED INTO A SMALL MOULD BY A WORKMAN.**

**JOE MOORE, NOW WITHOUT MOUSTACHE AND GLASSES, WITH LIGHT, GREYING HAIR, IN A CHEAP SPORTCOAT, COMES OVER, AND GIVES THE WORKMAN A FEW DIRECTIONS. THE WORKMAN NODS. CAMERA TAKES MOORE PAST SEVERAL BOATS IN THE SHED, IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DISASSEMBLY. OUT OF THE SMALL SHED, AND TO THE PIER OF THE MARINA, WHERE WE SEE FRAN TYING UP THE SLOOP, AND THE FLORID MAN DESCENDING THE GANGPLANK.**

**MOORE**

What do you think?

**FLORID MAN**

Think you're too old for that girl--How'd you ever get a girl like that...?

10.

**MOORE**

I won her in a raffle...

**FLORID MAN**

No, I'm serious. What's a girl like hh...

**MOORE**

**(SHRUGS)**

She's got this "father" thing. You like the boat?

**FLORID MAN**

Waal... your price is rather high...

**MOORE**

I'll tell you what, then why'nt you go build one...

**FLORID MAN**

No offense, no offense, I told you I liked the boat.

**(TO FRAN)**

What is he, a touchy fella...?

**FRAN**

You have to ask him.

**FLORID MAN**

**(TO MOORE)**

What I'd like to do: I'll take'er out again, me and some people... The Weekend...?

**FRAN, IN THE B.G. COMES DOWN THE GANGPLANK.**

**MOORE**

...we'll be here...

**ANGLE, ON FRAN, AS SHE TURNS HER BACK ON THE FLORID MAN, AND STANDS CLOSE TO MOORE, HER FACE SURPRISED, MOORE IGNORES HER.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

...we'll be here.

**FLORID MAN**

...I like this boat...

**FRAN**

...Mister Fletcher, tell you what, you put down your deposit, we're gonna fit you one out. Your specs.

**FLORID MAN**

I don't want you, fit me one out, I want to buy this one here. This is a hell of a boat.

**FRAN**

Well, this one's not for sale.

**FLORID MAN**

Everything's for sale. I'm gone tell you what: you want, sell the boat to me, this weekend, you want to name your price, we'll...  
**(HE HANDS FRAN A BUSINESS CARD AND SCRIBBLES ON THE BACK OF IT.)**

**FRAN**

**(SMILES)**

Well, Mr. Fletcher, this weekend, we're gone on a little trip, but...

**FLORID MAN**

How often do you see a live one...? I'm talking cash. You want a premium, I'm going to pay your premium, and I...

**FRAN DISASSOCIATES HERSELF FROM THE FLORID MAN (MR FLETCHER)**

**FRAN**

Excuse me...

**SHE WALKS TOWARD MOORE**

**MOORE**

What do you want me to bring you back?

**FRAN**

You just come back... Stay in the shadows.

**MOORE**

Everybody's lookin' in the shadows.

**FRAN**

Then where's the place to be...?

**MOORE**

**(AS HE SQUINTS AT THE SUN, HE PUTS ON HIS SUNGLASSES)**

Place to be's in the Sun...

**FRAN**

Well, then, you stay there, then...

**BEAT.**

**HE TAKES HER TO HIM AND KISSES HER.**

FLETCHER  
(IN THE B.G. JOCULARLY)

...pretty little girl like that, wouldn't stay  
away too long...

MOORE EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH FRAN.

SOUND OF A CARHORN. THEY BOTH TURN.

ANGLE, THEIR POV.

12.

A CAB, EXT, THE MARINA.

ANGLE

FRAN AND MOORE, HE SHRUGS, STARTS TO TURN. FRAN PUTS A HAND ON  
HIS ARM.

FRAN  
Stay here. Let Bobby do it...

MOORE  
(AS HE KISSES HER AGAIN)  
You take care, Baby. I'll see you tonight.

HE TURNS TOWARD THE CAB.

INT BOXING GYM DAY.

SOUND OF SPEEDBAGS, AND ROPESKIPPING.

TWO YOUNG MEN SPARRING IN THE SMALL, DARK, DIRTY GYM.

ANGLE

BLANE, IN HOODED SWEATSHIRT AND JEANS, SMOKING A CIGAR, LOOKS DOWN,  
FROM A WOODEN BALCONY, ON THE GYM BELOW.

BEHIND HIM WE SEE MOORE ENTER THE BALCONY, AND WALK SILENTLY,  
AND STAND TWO FEET BEHIND THE CHAIR. BEAT.

BLANE  
You shouldn't sneak up on a fella like that.

MOORE  
...what's he likely to do...?

BLANE  
He's likely to do all sorts of unpredictable

shit.

**BLANE TURNS, AND THE TWO START DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS TO THE MAIN FLOOR.**

**ANGLE**

**MOORE TURNS. TO SEE TWO WORKMEN UNBOLTING A SMALL METAL PIPE SCAFFOLDING, ON WHICH HANG SOME OLD HEAVYBAGS.**

**BLANE (cont'd)**

Yeah, I was going, put in some new equipment.

**MOORE**

What'd you, come into some money?

**BLANE SMILES.**

**ON THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE GYM, A WIZENED OLD MAN SITS AT A SMALL COATROOM.**

13.

**BLANE GESTURES AND THE MAN THROW HIM AN OLD LEATHER JACKET, AND HANDS HIM A LARGE BOXING GYM BAG. MOORE AND BLANE EXIT THE GYM.**

**EXT 47TH STREET DIAMOND DISTRICT. NYC DAY.**

**BLANE AND MOORE WALKING DOWN THE STREET. THEY PASS INTO A BUILDING WHICH WE SEE ADVERTISED AS GOLDENSOHNS DIAMOND MART.**

**BLANE**

Where you goin to go with the gelt?

**MOORE**

You know where I'm going. Me and the girl,  
gone get on the boat.

**BLANE**

You gone go South somewhere... rub yourselves  
all over, Cocoa butter...

**MOORE**

...that's right.

**BLANE**

Get one of them cocker spaniel dogs, pull down  
your bathingsuit...

**MOORE**

...that's right...

**BLANE**

...stick your white ass out at the world...

**MOORE**

I worked for it.

**(PAUSE)**

What're you gonna do...?

**BLANE**

I'm gonna open a carwash, n'torch it for the insurance... hold on a second...

**ANGLE THEIR POV.**

**TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN, WALKING DOWN THE STREET, OUT OF A DELI.  
BLANE AND MOORE TURN.**

**BEAT. THE POLICE TURN AWAY FROM BLANE AND MOORE. BLANE AND MOORE  
PROCEED.**

**ANGLE INT GOLDENSHON'S DIAMOND MART.**

**BLANE AND MOORE ENTER. BLANE HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN FOR AN EXITING  
MATRON. THEY PROCEED DOWN THE AISLES OF STALLS AND JEWELS.**

**CAMERA TAKES THEM TO A HEAVYSET FELLOW STANDING IN FRONT OF A DOOR.**

14.

**INT OFFICE SUITE DAY.**

**THE GYM CASE IS PLACED DOWN ON A HEAVY DESK. MOORE SITS IN A CHAIR,  
BLANE STANDS BEHIND HIM IN THE SMALL SPARSELY FURNISHED ROOM, ACROSS  
FROM BERGMAN, A FELLOW WHO LOOKS LIKE A GANGSTER. BERGMAN OPENS THE  
CASE.**

**ANGLE INS: THE CASE IS FULL OF OLD BOXING EQUIPMENT--GLOVES, A  
SPEED BAG, ETC. A HAND COMES INTO THE SHOT, TAKES OUT A KNIFE, AND  
RIPS OPEN THE SPEEDBAG--WE SEE THE GLINT OF JEWELS INSIDE. THE  
KNIFE PROCEEDS TO OPEN OLD BOXING GLOVES, ETC. ALL ARE FULL OF  
JEWELS.**

**ANGLE**

**THE MEN AT THE DESK. SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING.**

**IN THE B.G. A DARK, HANDSOME YOUNG MAN IS SEEN OPENING THE DOOR TO  
THE OUTSIDE.**

**BERGMAN MOTIONS HIM TO TAKE THE CASE AND LEAVE, THE MAN (BELLA) NODS**

AND BEGINS TO DO SO.

**BERGMAN**  
(INTRODUCING HIM)  
My nephew, Jimmy.

**MOORE**  
I met him a long time ago.  
(NODS)

**BERGMAN**  
Did you...?

**MOORE**  
Yeah, I think I did.

BEAT.

BLANE AND MOORE EXCHANGE A LOOK, THE DARK YOUNG MAN IS HANDED THE GYM CASE. HE CLOSES THE DOOR LEAVING BERGMAN, BLANE, AND MOORE ALONE. MOORE NODS, TO INDICATE, "IT'S ALRIGHT," AND BLANE BEGINS, RELUCTANTLY, TO LEAVE.

**BERGMAN**  
You should of shot the girl.

**MOORE**  
(SHRUGS)  
You know, you're right...

BERGMAN SHRUGS, AS IF TO SAY "WELL, THAT'S WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE."

**BERGMAN**  
On the other thing, Good News! We got the go ahead, we got a date. I got a firm date on the swiss thing.

15.

**MOORE**  
I'm burnt. They got my picture.

**BERGMAN**  
(SHRUGS)  
They got your picture in drag. Witcher  
warpaint on.

**MOORE**  
(SHAKES HIS HEAD)  
--I got to go.

**BERGMAN**

You goin down, a Body Shop?  
(HE RUNS HIS HANDS OVER HIS  
FACE.)

**MOORE**

Yeah, I'm gonna have'em pound the dents out.

**BERGMAN**

...old as you are, it's a good deal.

**MOORE**

Waal, they're honorable scars.

**BERGMAN**

That they are and indeed they are.       How you  
doing, Bobby?

**BLANE**

Well, you're looking at it.

**BERGMAN**

Anything you guys want, you're here? Y'want  
to get a present for the Little Lady...

**THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. BELLA, THE YOUNG HANDSOME MAN  
ENTERS WITH THE GYM BAG AND A PIECE OF PAPER, AND WALKS TOWARD  
BERGMAN. BERGMAN TAKES THE PAPER, AND SMILES.**

**BERGMAN**

No, you're the Boss Hog, Joe.

**MOORE**

Kind of you to say so.

**BERGMAN**

(OF THE SLIP OF PAPER)

Nobody... gets the goods like you...

**MOORE**

Anybody can get the goods, the tough part's,  
getting away.

**BERGMAN**

Uh huh.

16.

**MOORE**

Plan a good enough getaway, you could steal  
Ebbetts Field.

**BERGMAN**

Ebbet's Field's gone...

**MOORE**

What'd I tell ya...?

**(BERGMAN HANDS HIM A SLIP OF  
PAPER. OF THE SLIP OF PAPER)**

Higher than the estimate.

**(HE PASSES THE PAPER TO BLANE)**

**BERGMAN**

And half of that's yours.      You n'your team.

**MOORE**

Yeah, why're you telling me that?

**BERGMAN**

...I told you we're on for the "other"  
thing? The Swiss thing?

**MOORE**

...why're you telling me that, Bill? That  
half of it's mine. I know half of it's  
mine. Because, you'll remember, me and my  
crew? Went in there and got it.

**(PAUSE)**

**BERGMAN**

...the other thing?

**MOORE**

...you remember that?

**BERGMAN**

It's the shot of the century.

**MOORE**

Yeah--well, it's a shame...

**BERGMAN**

I'm locked into it. It's such a beautiful  
deal, Joe... we waited so long.

**HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND MOORE, AND WALKS HIM INTO THE OUTER OFFICE,  
WHERE WE SEE BLANE AND BELLA AND SEVERAL BODYGUARD TYPES.**

**BERGMAN (CONT'D)**

...I put myself, n'my friends in hock, set  
the deal up...

**MOORE**

I need my money. I owe the crew...

**(PAUSE)**

I owe my crew, Bill...

17.

**BERGMAN**

If it was me...

**MOORE**

Yeah, if it was you n'if it was me. I owe my crew.

**(PAUSE)**

And I got to go.

**(PAUSE)**

I got to get outta town.

**BERGMAN**

You should of popped the girl... Look:

**(HE PICKS UP A SHEAF OF PAPERS  
FROM HIS DESK.)**

This Swiss thing? After how long we waited...?

**MOORE**

Woulda shoulda coulda.

**BERGMAN**

...I was a publisher man, I'd publish the plans... it's the Mona Lisa.

**MOORE**

You're too kind.

**BLANE**

Why don't you publish the plans?

**BERGMAN**

Yeah, no, I'm saying, that's what I would do, f'I was in the book business. Unfortunately, I'm a thief, so, I have to do that thing. You understand... Joe:

**MOORE**

What is it I understand...?

**BERGMAN**

You understand my position.

**MOORE**

Here's mine? I did the job. Me and my

crew. We brought you the swag, we're going to take our cut.

**BERGMAN**

Well, look here, it's the Golden Rule. You know the Golden Rule. Whoever's got the Fucken Gold, he gets to make the Rule... Huh?

**(PAUSE)**

Huh...? Look: The normal course of events...

**ANGLE**

**ON MOORE, AS HE EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH BLANE**

18.

**THEY LOOK AT THE GYMBAG. BLANE STARTS TO EDGE TOWARD THE GYMBAG.**

BERGMAN (cont'd)

...let's all remember where we are...

**BLANE**

**(AS HE MOVES TOWARD THE BAG)**

...that's very literary.

**BELLA PUSHES HIM BACK.**

**BELLA**

Look here, Pal... Look here, Pal... You're the help...

**BLANE**

I'm what...?

**BELLA**

...you're...

**BLANE**

I'm the "help," motherfucker? You were sitting behind a desk, we were on the street, it seems to me. Furthermore:

**ANGLE, HIS POV, INSERT, THE GYMBAG. WE SEE ONE OF THE BODYGUARDS MOVE IN FRONT OF IT.**

**ANGLE**

**MOORE AND BLANE AS BELLA PUSHES BLANE AWAY FROM THE GYMBAG. BLANE PUNCHES HIM, HE FALLS TO THE GROUND. BLANE PULLS A PISTOL.**

**ONE OF THE THUGS NEXT TO BLANE PULLS A PISTOL, AND POINTS IT AT**

**BLANE** WHO BATS IT OUT OF THE WAY. THE GUN DISCHARGES. **BLANE** STEPS UP TO THE THUG AND HITS HIM IN THE HEAD WITH THE GUNBUT. THE THUG FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

BLANE (cont'd)

**(AS HE MOVES TOWARD THE GYMBAG)**

You wanna play "O.K. Corral?" Is this the plan of the Day? You wanna go dress warmly, n'go play Outside? Go for it. Go for it, motherfucker: you know where I am, I'm right here...

**(PAUSE)**

**BERGMAN**

Yeah. You're a pitbull.

**(TO MOORE)**

Your friend's a pitbull.

**MOORE**

What do you want, we're supposed to do, sit back, put our feet up while you fucken rob me?

19.

**BERGMAN**

I'm in HOCK to my PEOPLE for the TOYS, all the TOYS YOU told me you need, do the Other thing...

**MOORE**

I got to go.

**BERGMAN**

While I what? Go WEE WEE all the way home to my ? Go WEE WEE all the way home to my Backers? You told me this:

**(HE HOLDS OUT HIS HANDS FOR A LIST)**

the Truck, two Trucks, the stuff the Train, the plans? ... you told me, "Go Out, Spend the Money," I did. Now:

**MOORE**

What do you want from me? They got my face on a Cereal box...

**BERGMAN**

I want you do do the Swiss job.

**(PAUSE)**

**MOORE**

Gimme our cut, we worked for, my crew, we do the Swiss Job.

**BERGMAN**

Well, now, that's bullshit, Joe, you know that, you just tol me you're goin travelling-- I give you the Money now, and you're gone. You gone play me for some kind of sucker? The other job. It's set up.

**BLANE**

You trine to play us for, you over-the-hill, short-weight motherfucker...

**BERGMAN**

**(TO MOORE)**

...I don't think your friend likes me...

**BLANE**

Like you? I'd like you to spend the rest of your life with me... RIGHT NOW...

**(HE DRAWS A PISTOL AND POINTS IT AT BERGMAN)**

**RIGHT NOW, MOTHERFUCKER. HERE YOU ARE: YOUR WEIGHT AND FATE.** How 'bout that... how 'bout that...?

**SEVERAL OF THE THUGS DRAW THEIR WEAPONS.**

**BERGMAN**

...alright... alright... let's just...

20.

**BLANE**

How about that, n' we'll let someone else clean up...

**BLANE MOVES TOWARD THE GYMBAG.**

**BLANE (cont'd)**

How about them rosy'red apples...?

**MOORE**

Bag's empty...

**(PAUSE)**

The bag's empty, Billy...

**(PAUSE)**

Put the bag down, it's empty...

**BLANE OPENS THE GYMBAG AND WE SEE THAT IT IS EMPTY--HE LOOKS TO MOORE FOR DIRECTIONS.**

MOORE (cont'd)  
Alright.

**BLANE**  
What?

**MOORE**  
I said alright.  
**(PAUSE)**

**BERGMAN**  
...you'll do the Swiss Job?

**MOORE**  
No.

**BERGMAN**  
Well, then, it's not alright.           What are you  
telling me...?

**MOORE**  
I'm telling you I'll think about it.  
**(PAUSE)**  
Lemme think about it.

**THE THUG STARTS TO RISE FROM THE FLOOR.           BLANE ADDRESSES HIM.**

**BLANE**  
...don't get up.

**BERGMAN**  
You think about it, Joe. I got your money  
sitting for you, right here. You do the job,  
and I swear to you...

**BLANE AND MOORE BACK OUT OF THE ROOM.**

21.

**INT BEDROOM NIGHT. MOORE AND FRAN, ON THE BED. WRAPPED IN A SHEET.  
MOORE IS STANDING AT THE WINDOW, WEARING PAJAMA BOTTOMS.**

**ANGLE HIS POV.**

**HIS SAILBOAT, IN THE MARINA BELOW.**

**ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE TURNS BACK TO FRAN.**

**FRAN**  
...alright: what if we...

**MOORE HOLDS UP HIS HAND FOR HER TO BE QUIET. BEAT.**

**MOORE**  
I'm sorry...

**FRAN**  
...what do you tell me? What is it you tell me?

**MOORE**  
What is it I tell you?

**FRAN**  
"Any situation, stand it on its head."

**MOORE**  
Izzat right...

**FRAN**  
So: stand it on its head.  
**(PAUSE)**  
What if we...

**MOORE INTERRUPTS.**

**MOORE**  
Sell the beat.  
**(PAUSE)**  
Call the guy, sell the boat.

**ANGLE ON FRAN AS SHE DIALS THE PHONE.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**  
You quote him our figure, sell it to him for cash.

**FRAN**  
For cash?

**MOORE**  
That's the sweetener.

**FRAN**  
I don't get it.

You say "cash," he knows we're hungry. He'll counter ten, twenny percent less, you kick around, and accept it.

**FRAN**

Where's he gonna get the cash at night?

**MOORE**

Let him get it tomorrow. You bring him the title for the boat.

**FRAN**

And you?

**(ON THE PHONE)**

Hello, Mr. Fletcher...? Could you, I'm looking for Mr. Robert Fletcher.

**(PAUSE)**

Would you tell him Fran, from Moore Marine.

**(SHE LOOKS AT MOORE)**

**MOORE**

...I'll meet you in Mexico.

**FRAN**

How're you going to Mexico...?

**MOORE**

**(PAUSES, AS IF AT THE OBVIOUS)**

...I'm taking the boat.

**(BEAT)**

I'm not proud...

**FRAN**

F'you're taking the boat, Baby, take the boat tonight...

**MOORE**

I ain't going til I make sure we're goin get the money...

**FRAN GESTURES FOR HIM TO BE QUIET, AS THERE IS SOMEONE ONE THE LINE.**

**FRAN**

Well, would you tell him...

**MOORE**

...I can't go down there with nothing...

**FRAN**

What're you gonna do about the Other Guys?

**MOORE**

We're gonna play some ringolevio. I'm gonna  
need your help--Look here:

23.

**INT NYC DELICATESSEN DAY**

**MIDTOWN BUSY DELI. PINCUS AND BLANE SEATED AT A BOOTH IN THE REAR  
OF THE DELI, DRINKING COFFEE.**

**PINCUS**

You know, in many ways, it isn't their  
arrogance that hurts, it's the money.

**BLANE**

Yeah? What were you gonna do with the money?

**PINCUS**

I was gonna buy a scooter for my niece. You  
know, this's the goddamndest thing I ever saw:  
They got his face on tap, he's got to Steal  
Away like the Arabs.

**BLANE**

...with what?

**PINCUS**

Well, what about Times Two. If they stiffed  
him on Monday, what're they gonna do on  
Wednesday...

**BLANE**

Joe? He's got something in reserve.

**PINCUS SHRUGS, AS IF TO SAY "MAY IT BE SO."**

**BLANE (cont'd)**

He's got something in the Hole. He wouldn't  
change his mind without a diversion.

**PINCUS**

...may it be so.

**BLANE**

...and a back-up plan...

**ANGLE, ON BELLA, WHO IS WALKING BACK THROUGH THE DELI, TOWARD THE  
BOOTH HOLDING PINCUS AND BLANE.**

**BELLA STOPS, SHEILDDED BEHIND SOME COATS.**

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE OTHER TWO MEN IN THE BOOTH.

PINCUS (cont'd)  
...b'cause, b'cause I've spent my cut, the  
last thing...

BLANE  
...you hold tight with the Crew...

24.

PINCUS  
...I hold tight with the Crew, the Crew holds  
tight with me, is all I'm...

BLANE PERCEIVES BELLA, AND PINCUS STOPS TALKING.

BLANE LOOKS UP, ALL TURN.

ANGLE, THEIR POV. BELLA, AT THE BOOTH.

BELLA  
How're we all today?

BLANE  
F'we got somewhere to go, let's go.

ANGLE

THE GROUP IN THE BOOTH RISES, BELLA MOTIONS THEM OUT OF THE FRONT  
OF THE STORE.

ANGLE EXT 47TH STREET, DIAMOND DISTRICT, DAY.

THE GROUP EMERGES FROM THE DELI.

ANGLE INT. A GOLD AND JEWELRY SHOWROOM.

BERGMAN BEHIND THE COUNTER, TALKING TO A MAN AT AN OPEN SAFE, THE  
MAN IS HANDLING SEVERAL GOLD COINS.

ANGLE INS.

BERGMAN'S HAND, HOLDING THE COINS.

ANGLE

BERGMAN, LOOKS UP.

ANGLE HIS POV.

ACROSS THE STREET, THE GROUP, AND BELLA, MOTIONING MOORE ACROSS THE STREET.

ANGLE, EXT, THE GOLD AND JEWELRY SHOWROOM. BERGMAN COMES OUT, COMING ACROSS 47TH STREET.

IN THE B.G. WE SEE A BUNCH OF SCANDINAVIAN LOOKING TOURIST, EACH WITH HIS MAP, CAMERA SLUNG AROUND THE NECK, ET CETERA, WALKING DOWN THE STREET.

WE SEE BERGMAN, CROSSING THE STREET, LOOKING AROUND.

ANGLE

PINCUS, BELLA, AND BLANE, BLANE IS SCANNING THE STREET, HE TURNS BACK IN THE DIRECTION OF BERGMAN, AND NODS.

ANGLE HIS POV

25.

BEHIND BERGMAN, ONE OF THE TOURISTS DETACHES HIMSELF FROM THE GROUP AND WALKS UP BEHIND BERGMAN. CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM, AS MOORE (THE TOURIST) TAKES BERGMAN'S ARM, AND THEY WALK DOWN 47TH STREET.

BEAT

MOORE

Alright.

BERGMAN

You'll do the job?

MOORE

That's right.

BERGMAN

I'm sorry I put you in a position.

MOORE

It's very sporting of you to say so.

BERGMAN

Well...

MOORE

I'm going to need some walking-around money.

(BERGMAN NODS)

And I'm going to need my men's share, on the last job.

**BERGMAN**

That's not unreasonable.

MOORE (cont'd)

Give it to me

(HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND.)

**BERGMAN**

...now?

**MOORE**

...you got it in your pocket.

**BERGMAN SIGHS, TAKES OUT AN ENVELOPE, AND SHOWS IT TO MOORE.**

**BERGMAN**

...you're ahead of me every turn. How about that.

**MOORE**

...stunning.

**BERGMAN**

...the date holds, you got the shipment on the fourteenth.

**MOORE**

...how do I insure my cut?

26.

**BERGMAN**

I swear to you...

**MOORE**

...you lost your amateur standing. Here's what the thing is: I go with the gold.

(PAUSE)

I go with the gold, or there's no deal. I take my half, you take your half on site, we're done.

(PAUSE)

**BERGMAN**

...so be it.

**MOORE**

Now: what's your little surprise.

ANGLE, OVER THEM, ONTO THE GROUP OUTSIDE THE DELI, AS WE SEE THAT THEIR WALK HAS TAKEN MOORE AND BERGMAN AROUND THE BLOCK.

BERGMAN (cont'd)  
(MOTIONING AT BELLA AS THEY JOIN  
THE OTHER GROUP)

...my boy goes on the job with you.  
(PAUSE)

MOORE  
...he's got terrible manners.

BERGMAN  
Nobody's perfect.  
(PAUSE)

THE TWO HAVE WALKED UP TO PINCUS AND BLANE.

MOORE  
(TO BERGMAN)  
Gettim over here...  
(BERGMAN MOTIONS TO BELLA)

BELLA  
(PAUSE)  
...I'm sorry for what I said.

BLANE  
...what'd he say...?

BELLA  
(PAUSE)  
I'm sorry for what I said.  
(PAUSE MOORE MOTIONS TO BLANE)

BLANE  
Well, you were prolly just overcome by the heat of the moment. Is that the thing?

27.

BELLA  
...that's right.

MOORE  
Okay, so You called us one, we called you one. The way you get along's you're gonna go along.  
(TO BERGMAN)  
Okay, we're done negotiating, gimme the money

**(BERGMAN HANDS HIM AN ENVELOPE)**

I'll see you on the fourteenth...

**MOORE AND BLANE START TO WALK AWAY.**

**BLANE**

You going to take that lame onna job?

**MOORE**

I'll tell you what, you make the decisions,  
and I'll bitch at you. It's Fun to Play  
Pretend!

**BLANE**

You going to roll over for these guys, I got  
to walkaway... It's one thing, put your head  
in the Lion's Mouth. It's another thing,  
put your head in the Lion's Mouth and shoot  
yourself. I...

**MOORE**

You do whatever the fuck you have to do...

**MOORE STARTS TO WALKAWAY FROM THE GROUP, FOLLOWED BY BLANE.**

**MOORE**

You want to show me another way?

**BLANE**

**(OF BELLA, AS HE STOPS MOORE)**

...why does he go with the gold?

**BERGMAN**

Y'ever split a piece of cake? One kid gets  
to cut the cake, the other gets to choose.  
We're gonna get the gold. Your guy gets to  
go, my guy gets to go.

**(PAUSE)**

**MOORE**

Then we go together.

**BERGMAN**

You go with the gold. That's the deal.

**(PAUSE. BLANE AND MOORE START TO  
WALKAWAY)**

**BLANE**

You're losing a step, Joey.

**MOORE**

Zat so?

**BLANE**

Time was, you wuun't of asked him.

**MOORE**

Yeah, well, the time was I was the Law West  
of the Pecos.

**BLANE**

And now...?

**MOORE**

And now the Time Was, I got to get out of  
Town.

**HE TURNS BACK, HANDS THE ENVELOPE TO PINCUS.**

MOORE (cont'd)

**(SOTTO, TO PINCUS)**

Okay it's on.

**PINCUS**

**(AS HE TAKES THE ENVELOPE)**

I'll take care of it.

**PINCUS TURNS BACK TO EXCHANGE A PRIVATE WORD WITH MOORE.**

**MOORE**

You wanna wash any laundry out inna  
street...? ...you said you were gone take  
care of it, take care of it.

**(PAUSE, WHILE PINCUS HESITATES)**

...are you in or out...?

**PINCUS EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH BLANE. SHRUGS, AND NODS AND WALKS  
OFF.**

**MOORE, TO BLANE.**

MOORE (cont'd)

Is he going soft on me...?

**BLANE**

**(PAUSE)**

He'd never go soft on you, Joey...

**MOORE**

Well, then. What's the thing? Am I missing  
something...?

**BLANE**

He's just countin' the tricks, and the tricks don't add up. Tricks don't add up. These guys. You get the gold, they never let you walk away wi... why would you want to...

**(PAUSE.)**

**(MORE)**

29.

BLANE (cont'd)

**RECOGNITION LIGHTS UP BLANE'S  
FACE)**

We ain't doin the job. Izzat it? You're just going to take the up front money, walk away.

**(PAUSE)**

**MOORE**

I got to Bobby...

**BLANE**

I know you do.

**MOORE**

Tick tock.

**BLANE**

No, I know.

**MOORE**

The cops got me on tape. I got to go...

**(PAUSE)**

**MOORE**

But everybody gets his cut from the Jewelry store.

**BLANE**

Yeah, thanks, but after which, what're you going to live on?

**MOORE**

I'm trine a figure out a way, get somebody, throw me inna briar patch.

**MOORE TURNS BACK TO BELLA.**

MOORE (cont'd)

Awright, you want to go to work...?

BELLA WALKS UP TO THE GROUP.

BLANE SEES SOMETHING OVER MOORE'S SHOULDER.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE TWO POLICEMEN WE SAW EARLIER, WALKING THEIR BEAT, ONE LOOKS IN MOORE'S DIRECTION, AND DOES A DOUBLE TAKE, AND THEN KEEPS LOOKING AT MOORE.

ANGLE

ON MOORE AND BLANE, MOORE STARTS TO HALF-TURN, BLANE PUTS HIS ARM ON MOORE'S ELBOW, AND STARTS TO WALK HIM AWAY.

BLANE

(SOTTO)

...just keep walking...

30.

BLANE TURNS BACK, AND LOOKS AT PINCUS, WHO STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLOCK, HE TUGS ON HIS EAR, AND INCLINES HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY TOWARD THE TWO POLICEMEN, ONE OF WHOM IS WALKING, TENTATIVELY, TOWARD MOORE.

ANGLE, ON PINCUS, WHO IS TURNED AWAY.

ANGLE

ON BLANE, WHO IS STILL TRYING TO SIGNAL PINCUS.

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD MINUTELY, AND TURNS BACK TO MOORE.

BLANE (cont'd)

(SOTTO)

...walk on... just walk on...

ANGLE

ON THE TWO POLICEMEN, WHO ARE WALKING TOWARD BLANE AND MOORE, WE SEE MOORE DETACH HIMSELF FROM BLANE, AND CONTINUE WALKING, TURNING THE CORNER.

ANGLE

ON BLANE, AS HE WALKS UP TOWARD A PASSERBY. HE TAKES A PIECE OF PAPER OUT OF HIS POCKET, AS IF LOOKING FOR DIRECTIONS.

BLANE (cont'd)

...excuse me... excuse me...

THE PASSERBY IS CROSSING THE STREET, BLANE STEPS OUT INTO THE STREET. WE HEAR THE BLARING OF CAR HORNS, AND THE SQUEAL OF BRAKES.

ANGLE

ON BLANE, AS A CAR RUNS INTO HIM.

BLANE HITS THE HOOD OF THE CAR.

ANGLE

ON HIS HAND, AS IT COMES DOWN, WITH A THUMP, ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR.

HE ROLLS OFF THE HOOD, AND ONTO THE GROUND.

ANGLE

ON THE TWO POLICEMEN, TURNING TO THE SOUND OF THE ACCIDENT.

IN THE B.G. WE SEE MOORE, TURNING THE CORNER.

ANGLE

ON BLANE, ON THE GROUND, HOLDING HIS LEG.

31.

BLANE (cont'd)  
...oh god... oh god...

ANGLE ON THE CROWD OF ONLOOKERS, AS THE POLICEMEN KNEEL TO BLANE. BLANE STARTS TO HIS FEET. IN THE BACK OF THE CROWD WE SEE PINCUS, WHO LOOKS ON FOR A SECOND, AND THEN MELTS AWAY.

ANGLE

SIDEWALK, PASSERBY. MOORE WALKING IN THE STREET. PINCUS COMES UP BEHIND HIM.

PINCUS  
(SOTTO)  
...he's okay.

MOORE  
Yeah, well, you know, that was his road game.

PINCUS  
He's too old for that.

**MOORE**

**(SHRUGS)**

It's his job. Let's get to work.

**INT SMOKEY WORKINGMAN'S BAR NIGHT.**

**FRAN**

**(IN BLUE JEANS, ON A PAYPHONE)**

...an if, an if... well, why didn't you, no, wait a sec... wait a second, f'it's about your wife, F'it's about your wife, why din'tcha... no, wait a... will you WAIT, what I'm saying, if the whole thing is about your wife, you know what, you know what, the hell with it.

**SHE HANGS UP, SHE GOES TO THE BAR, TWO PACES AWAY, AND SITS NEXT TO A MIDDLEAGED WOMAN.**

**FRAN (cont'd)**

**(TO BARTENDER)**

Could I have another, please...?

**BARTENDER**

Hope you're not driving tonight.

**FRAN**

Well, I hope I am driving tonight, and I run into some fucked abutment IF THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE CALLED, and

**(HE GIVES HER A DRINK)**

Thank you...

**(SHE DRINKS)**

32.

**MIDDLE AGED WOMAN**

...take it easy, Baby... stuff'll eat your stomach lining...

**FRAN**

Yeah, but I get to drink it first...

**(SHE SHAKES HER HEAD)**

Can I ask you something...

**ANGLE. ON BELLA, SITTING IN THE BACK OF THE BAR, WATCHING FRAN.**

**HE TAKES OUT A POLAROID CAMERA AND TAKES A PICTURE.**

**WAITRESS**

(TO BELLA, AS SHE PUTS DOWN A  
DRINK NEXT TO HIS EMPTY GLASS)  
...see anything you like...?

EXT RAILROAD OVERPASS. DAY.

A STATIONWAGON, PARKED BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

ANGLE INT. BELLA AND BLANE AND PINCUS, IN THE STATIONWAGON.

BLANE HOLDS A NOTEPAD, AND IS TALKING TO BELLA, WHO IS TAKING OUT A  
MOBILE PHONE.

BLANE  
(AS HE LOOKS AT A POLAROID PICTURE  
OF THE WOMAN WE SAW IN THE BAR)  
(READING OFF THE NOTEPAD)  
...what's the woman's name...?

BELLA  
Croft. Betty Croft.

BLANE  
...and she's on what shift...?

ANGLE, ON PINCUS, AS HE DIALS HIS NUMBER, AND MOTIONS BLANE TO BE  
SILENT. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

BELLA  
(RECITING)  
She's on the swingshift. She's got two kids.  
She's got an ulcer. Betty Croft...  
(TO PHONE)  
I got to report a Bomb throat, I got to  
report, you've got a bomb in...

ANGLE

UNDERNEATH THE OVERPASS. WE SEE THE HIGHWAY ABOUT, AND THE  
STATIONWAGON.

33.

MOORE, WEARING A HARDHAT, AND CARRYING A CLIPBOARD, IS PACING OFF  
THE TRACK. HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH. NODS. KEEPS PACING. HE  
MAKES A NOTATION IN HIS CLIPBOARD.

ANGLE

MOORE, CLIMBING THE BANK, UP TO THE ROADGRADE, TOWARD THE  
STATIONWAGON.

**ANGLE, INT THE STATIONWAGON. BLANE AND BELLA.**

**BELLA**

What's the story on your pal?

**BLANE**

He was born, he suffered, he died.

**(PAUSE)**

**BELLA**

How long's he been with the girl?

**BLANE**

What business is it of yours?

**BELLA**

How long's he been with her...?

**PINCUS**

How long is a chinaman's name.

**(PAUSE)**

**BELLA**

Can he do the thing?

**BLANE**

He was doing the thing before you were born.

**BELLA**

Well, you see, that's what, that's what troubles me.

**(PAUSE)**

**BLANE**

Maybe you wanna pray about it.

**BELLA**

No, I'm not a religious man.

**BLANE**

That's a shame. Who's got the Uniforms...?

**PINCUS**

...I got em...

**BLANE**

...the rental trucks...?

**MOORE WALKS UP TO THE CAR, AND HOLDS A CONFERENCE, LEANING IN THE WINDOW. HE STARTS TO SPEAK, AND A PLANE SCREAMS OVER, HE LOOKS UP AND PAUSES.**

BLANE (cont'd)  
Whaddaya got?

**MOORE**  
I got to redo some of these figures.

**BELLA**  
They worked out on the plan, why all a sudden now, you...

**MOORE**  
Because, lemme explain it to you: because when it starts to go sour, someb'y's gonna be pissing their shit, look'n around, shoot someb'y inna head, I'd like to have an alternative idea, is the explanation.  
(PAUSE)

**TWO POLICE CRUISERS SCREAM BY, LIGHTS FLASHING. BLANE AND MOORE LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND NOD. MOORE MAKES A NOTE ON HIS CLIPBOARD.**

**MOORE (CONT'D)**  
One minute twenty seconds...

**BELLA**  
...why should it go sour?

**MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF.**

BELLA (cont'd)  
No, no. No. Teach me something: why should it go sour. Was that such a stupid...?  
(PAUSE)

**MOORE**  
Y'ever cheat on a woman?  
(PAUSE)  
Your girl, something...  
(PAUSE)  
Stand her up?

**BELLA**  
...what...?

**MOORE**  
D'you ever do that?

**BELLA**

Yeah.

**MOORE**

When you called her up, d'you have an excuse?

35.

**BELLA**

Yeah.

**MOORE**

What is she didn't ask? What was your  
alibi, a waste of time?

**BEAT. MOORE WALKS AWAY.**

**BELLA**

What was that about?

**BLANE**

Well, you see, that's why he's running the  
crew, n'you're somebody's fucken nephew--

**(PAUSE)**

You don't do anything without: a diversion  
and a back-up plan. Wu'un that your  
question...?

**BELLA SHRUGS.**

BLANE (cont'd)

Now: why'd you ask about his wife...?

**PAUSE. THERE IS THE SCREECH OF A TRAIN WHISTLE. IN THE B.G. WE SEE  
MOORE MAKE A NOTATION, AND WAVE TOWARD BLANE. IN THE STATIONWAGON  
BLANE MAKES A NOTE ON A CLIPBOARD, AND WAVES BACK.**

**IN THE B.G. WE SEE MOORE BECKONING, AND BLANE GETS OUT OF THE CAR.**

**ANGLE, EXT, THE OVERPASS. BLANE AND MOORE WALKING TOWARD EACH  
OTHER.**

**MOORE LOOKS BACK TOWARD BELLA, IN THE CAR. AND LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY  
AT BLANE.**

BLANE (cont'd)

Yeah, he's holding up. What're you...?

**MOORE**

I found a Hotwalker for him.

**BLANE**

...Fran...?

**MOORE**

Well, it could be...

**BLANE**

I don't mean to 'pry'

**MOORE**

...then don't pry.

**(NODS, GESTURES TO THE CLIPBOARD)**

I have to redo the figures on the train...

**THEN HE SEES SOMETHING OVER BLANE'S SHOULDER.**

36.

**ANGLE, HIS POV**

**ANOTHER CRUISER, WHICH BRAKES, AND SLOWS DOWN, TO EYE THE STATIONWAGON.**

**ANGLE**

**ON BLANE AND MOORE**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

**(TO HIMSELF. SOTTO)**

Don't move the car... don't move the car...

**BLANE**

**(WHO IS TURNED AWAY FROM THE CRUISER)**

...is he moving the car...?

**ANGLE**

**ON THE STATIONWAGON, WITH BELLA PUTTING IT IN GEAR, AND MOVING IT TOWARD BLANE AND MOORE. WE SEE THE POLICE CRUISER TURN IN, TO CUT THE TWO MEN OFF FROM THE STATIONWAGON.**

**ANGLE**

**ON MOORE AND BLANE. AS BLANE OPENS HIS JACKET TO REVEAL A PISTOL IN HIS WAISTBAND. WE SEE MOORE SHAKE HIS HEAD MINUTELY.**

**ANGLE.**

**THE POLICE CRUISER, ROLLING UP BETWEEN THEM AND THE STATIONWAGON. A YOUNG TROOPER GETS OUT OF THE CAR.**

TROOPER WALKS TOWARD THEM UNBUTTONING THE SAFETY SNAP ON THE HOLSTER. HE LOOKS WARILY AT BELLA AND BLANE.

ANGLE, TIGHT TWO ON MOORE AND BLANE.

BLANE (cont'd)  
(TO HIMSELF)  
Oh, maaan...

MOORE  
(SOTTO)  
Is he getting out of the car...?

BLANE TURNS. ANGLE, HIS POV

THE DRIVER'S DOOR OF THE STATIONWAGON OPENING.

ANGLE

BELLA GETTING OUT OF THE DRIVER'S DOOR. HE TAKES A PISTOL FROM THE SEAT BESIDE HIM.

ANGLE

37.

BLANE AND MOORE. BLANE NODS TO HIM.

MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST. HE REACHES INTO HIS PANTS POCKET AND EXTRACTS A MINI-AUTO PISTOL THE SIZE OF A HALF-A-DECK OF CARDS.

ANGLE: INS: HE CYCLES THE ACTION, JACKING A SHELL INTO THE CHAMBER.

HE PUSHES PAST BLANE.

MOORE WALKS UP TO THE TROOPER, PUTTING THE HAND WITH THE MINI-PISTOL IN HIS POCKET.

MOORE  
Hey: what the hell...? What the hell...?  
Scuse me, scuse me, officer, we were sposed to have a detail, doing security for us...

BLANE TAKES HIM BY THE ARM.

BLANE  
...Bobby...?  
(MOORE PULLS AWAY)  
No, it's no big deal, but we're standing out here...

**TROOPER**

...who did you...?

**BLANE**

**(PULLING MOORE AWAY)**

Forget about...

**MOORE**

No, it burns my butt... we're out there,  
we're out there, side-of-the-road, workin' on  
the highway, for...

**(TO THE TROOPER)**

I know it's not you, I'm sorry, I know it's  
not you, but...

**TROOPER**

...who did you...?

**BLANE**

...our boss talked to...

**MOORE**

If this was the first time...

**BLANE**

Hey, forget about it, we'll sort it out back  
at the office...

**BLANE AND MOORE WALK AWAY FROM THE TROOPER.**

38.

BLANE (cont'd)

**(SOTTO)**

**(TO MOORE)**

...He ain't sure yet...

**(MOORE WALKS BACK TO THE TROOPER.)**

**HE CONTINUES WALKING MOORE BACK TOWARD THE STATIONWAGON.**

**MOORE**

**(TO THE TROOPER)**

I'm sorry, I know it's not you, but...

**TROOPER**

Hey, nothing to it. If...

**MOORE**

But it's not the first time... we're sposed  
to have police pro...

**BLANE**

We'll call from the office.

**(TO TROOPER)**

He didn't mean any offense... He didn't mean any offense.

**(TO MOORE, AS HE WALKS AWAY)**

...the man's only doing his job...

**MOORE BRUSHES BLANE'S ARM OFF.**

**BLANE WALKS AHEAD OF MOORE, GETS INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT. BLANE LOOKS IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR.**

**ANGLE HIS POV.**

**MOORE WALKS AWAY, AND THEN, BACK TO THE TROOPER.**

**ANGLE**

**ON PINCUS AND BELLA IN THE CAR**

**WE SEE BELLA LOOKING IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR. HE STARTS TO REACH INSIDE HIS JACKET, AND EXTRACT A PISTOL. PINCUS PUTS HIS HAND ON BELLA'S ARM.**

**PINCUS**

...keep it together... keep it together...

**BELLA**

...can he cool the guy out...

**PINCUS**

Just pick up your clipboard, and make like you're writing in it.

**BELLA**

Izzit gonna be cool...?

39.

**PINCUS**

...my motherfucker is so cool, when he goes to bed, sheep count him...

**ANGLE**

**EXT THE CAR. ON MOORE AND THE TROOPER AS BLANE GETS INTO THE CAR. AS MOORE, OBVIOUSLY APOLOGIZING, SHAKES HANDS WITH THE TROOPER, AND THEN STARTS TO WALK AWAY. CAMERA TRACKS WITH MOORE, AS HE TAKES OUT A PACK OF CIGARETTES AND A MATCH. ANGLE, INS.**

ON HIS HANDS, AS THEY SHAKE SO BADLY HE CAN HARDLY LIGHT THE CIGARETTE.

ANGLE, INT. THE CAR. AS MOORE GETS INTO THE BACKSEAT.

MOORE

I'm trina... I'm trina...

(TO BELLA)

You fucken lame, you want to leave me dead, th'whole crew, the side of the highway?

BELLA

I...

MOORE

You fucken cowboy, I oughta

(TO MOORE)

Tell me why I don't leave him out inna ditch somewh...

(TO PINCUS)

Get us the fuck outtahere.

PINCUS MOVES BEHIND THE WHEEL, AND THE CAR BEGINS TO DRIVE OFF.

BLANE

(SHRUGS SHOULDERS)

Hey, I vote we do...

MOORE

...put you down like the fucken dog you are... you gonna come, shoot your way to stardom? Don't do any...

BELLA

...I only

MOORE

I don't want you to do anything unless and until... we hit the City, ditch the car.

BELLA

...I'll...

MOORE

You do it, you do it.

(PAUSE)

You do it, Pinky...

HE WIPES HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUSTACHE. TAKES OFF HIS HARDHAT, AND  
WIPES THE SWEAT FROM HIS BROW.

INT BOAT REPAIR SHOP NIGHT

A SPRAY OF SPARKS FROM A WELDING UNIT.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE PUTS UP THE SHIELD ON A WELDER'S MASK, WIPES HIS  
BROW, PUTS THE SHIELD DOWN AGAIN, AND CONTINUES CUTTING WITH AN  
ACETYLENE TORCH ON A LARGE, INDUSTRIAL AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT.

ANGLE

IN THE B.G. A RYDER RENTAL TRUCK.

ANGLE. ON PINCUS AND BLANE, AS A LONG ASSEMBLY TABLE.

BLANE HOLDS A LEGAL PAD, AND IS MAKING NOTATIONS ON IT.

HE SPEAKS TO PINCUS, AS CAMERA PANS OVER THE TABLE, HOLDING ON  
BLANE'S HANDS AS HE CHECKS THE VARIOUS PROPS.

WE SEE: A SECURITY GUARD'S UNIFORM. A LEATHER BADGECASE, HOLDING  
A GOLD BADGE, SEVERAL SMALL METAL CANNISTERS, A TOOLKIT, A UTILITY  
BELT HOLDING TOOLS. SEVERAL WALKIE TALKIES.

PINCUS AND BLANE CONVERSE, V.O.

**PINCUS**

The thing of it is, the thing of it is, it's  
a question of redistribution...

**BLANE**

How's that?

**PINCUS**

The question: how do we get the money from  
there to here... it's just a question in  
logistics.

**BLANE**

"What is the robbing of a bank, compared with  
the founding of a bank?"

**PINCUS**

Who said that?

**BLANE**

Anybody ever applied for a loan.

ANGLE

ON THE TWO, AS BLANE HANDS THE CLIPBOARD TO PINCUS.

PINCUS (cont'd)  
...load it up?

41.

BLANE NODS. THEY BEGIN HAULING THESE PROPS AND SUPPLIES INTO THE TRUCK, AND LOADING THEM INTO THE "FALSE" (HOLLOW) ENGINE.

BLANE LOOKS OUT OF THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE, HIS POV. A CAR PULLS UP OUTSIDE THE SHED. BELLA GETS OUT.

ANGLE

ON BELLA, AS HE WALKS INTO THE SHED. HE TAKES OUT AN ENVELOPE.

ANGLE, ON BLANE, WHO OPENS THE ENVELOPE. TO REVEAL CASH INSIDE.

BELLA  
...expenses for the truck, and...

BLANE  
Yeah, I got it. I got it. Okay.

BELLA WALKS OFF, AS FRAN ENTERS FROM THE "LIVING" AREA OF THE BOATSHED, HOLDING TWO CUPS OF COFFEE.

FRAN STARTS TO OPEN HER MOUTH, SMILING, AS HE STARTS TO PUT DOWN THE CUP OF COFFEE, MOORE GIVES HER AN INFINITESIMAL SHAKE OF HER HEAD. AND MOTIONS TOWARD BELLA. FRAN NODS IN AGREEMENT, AND, NOT BREAKING HER STRIDE, WALKS TOWARD BELLA.

BELLA  
(TO FRAN)  
Well, then...

FRAN  
...that's right.  
(PAUSE)

BELLA  
...long time.  
(PAUSE)

FRAN  
...that's right.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, LOOKING AT THEM.

ANGLE, HIS POV:

BELLA AND FRAN, IN THE B.G., BELLA CHATTING FRAN UP.

ANGLE

ON BLANE AS HE WALKS OVER TO MOORE, AT THE WELDING STATION. HE  
HANDS MOORE THE ENVELOPE.

BLANE

The plan gonna work?

42.

MOORE

It's gonna work if we make it work. How's  
Fran doing?

BLANE

Looks like he maybe wantsa take her to the  
Prom.

MOORE SMILES, AND NODS.

MOORE

Well, it's always the pretty girl stays  
home, innit?

BLANE

Izzat what they said in the White  
Community...?

MOORE

That's what I hear.

BLANE

And I hear, if you get a goose, it keeps the  
fox off the chickens.

(LOOKS AT FRAN AND BELLA)

What does that lady see in you, by the way?

MOORE

I'm very resilient.

BLANE

Yeah, so's Gumby.

**MOORE**

I got a more striking profile.

**PINCUS WALKS UP. HE AND BLANE WALK ACROSS THE SHOP FLOOR, BLANE LIMPS SLIGHTLY.**

**BLANE**

They're gonna leave that on the cutting room floor, Buenos Aires.

**MOORE**

I never liked the way I looked anyway...

**PINCUS**

**(AS HE LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER AT FRAN AND BELLA, SOTTO)**

...seems to be coming along nicely.

**BLANE**

**(SOTTO)**

My boy there, like to Fertilize the Flowers.

**PINCUS**

...how's your leg?

43.

**BLANE**

You should see the other guy...

**PINCUS**

**(TO MOORE)**

...when we do the switch, the Highway...

**MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD, INDICATING BELLA.**

**PINCUS (cont'd)**

...he can't hear...

**MOORE**

...he can't hear what you don't say...

**PINCUS**

I'm gonna be as quier as an ant pissing on cotton.

**MOORE FIRES UP THE TORCH, AND BEGINS CUTTING AGAIN.**

**ANGLE, IN THE B.G. FRAN AND BELLA.**

**BLANE WALKS PINCUS AWAY FROM MOORE.**

**BLANE**

**(SOTTO)**

Don't think it, Baby. Don't think it: Don't be as quiet as an ant pissing on cotton, don't be quiet as an ant thinking about pissing on cotton. You be quiet as an ant not even thinking about pissing on cotton.

**THEIR WALK TAKES THEM TO BELLA AND FRAN. FRAN IS LAUGHING.**

**FRAN**

...our friend was telling me "What Made Him a Criminal..."

**BLANE**

I'll get the beer and pretzels.

**BELLA**

...what made you a criminal?

**BLANE**

Nobody made me a criminal. I am a Criminal.

**MOORE WALKS OVER.**

**MOORE**

How we doing?

**HE GATHERS THEM AROUND A TABLE.**

**BLANE**

How you doing?

44.

**MOORE**

I'm done.

**(PAUSE)**

Well, that's it them.

**MOORE GETS UP, CAMERA TAKES HIM TO THE RYDER TRUCK. HE OPENS THE BACK, AND WE SEE HIM OPEN WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE SOLID MOTOR, WHICH IS REVEALED TO BE HINGED AND HOLLOW.**

**BLANE FOLLOWS HIM, AND HANDS HIM SEVERAL FIREARMS, WHICH HE SECRETS IN THE HOLLOW SPACE.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

You got the detonators?

**BELLA HOLDS UP SEVERAL PUTTY COLORED PACKAGES OF PLASTIQUE, WHICH HE TAKES OFF OF THE TABLE, BEARING THE PROPS.**

**BELLA**

...din we check'em?

**MOORE**

I know we checked'em. What I'm doing, I'm. I'm asking you a question.

**BELLA**

What happened to Check It an Forget it?

**MOORE**

Yeah, well, I went to the Other camp, which is Fuss it to Death, and Fuck it into a Cocked Hat, or do you want to run the show...?

**PAUSE. THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK.**

**BELLA WALKS AWAY SHAKING HIS HEAD.**

**BLANE**

Then we ready to Go Do it?

**PINCUS**

I'm ready to go do it, you know why? I never liked the Swiss in any case. You know why? They make those little clocks, two cocksuckers come out of them, little hammers, hit each other on the head.

**(PAUSE)**

What kind of sick mentality is that?

**ANGLE, ON BLANE AND BELLA, AS BELLA LOOKS OVER AT MOORE.**

**ANGLE. ON BELLA, AS HE WALKS OVER TO FRAN.**

**THEY BOTH LOOK BACK AT MOORE, WHO IS LOADING UP THE TRUCK.**

**BELLA**

Z'he gonna hold up?

45.

**FRAN**

Why would you put a man in a position, he's got no way out?

**BELLA**

What is that, your philosophy?

**FRAN**

That's right.

**BELLA**

...what is it to you?

**FRAN**

...he's my Husband.

**BELLA**

Whose fault is that, you wanna think about it? Listen:...

**MOORE**

(IN THE B.G.)

I...

**ANGLE, ON BELLA, AS HE TURNS.**

**BELLA**

...you gonna make an Impassioned Speech?

**MOORE**

Yeah: Let's go get the money.

**BLANE**

(TO BELLA AND PINCUS)

You clean the place down, n'y'thing'll burn, burn it..., nobody's coming back here, nothing that we need, don't leave it f'somebody else.

**PINCUS LIGHTS A FIRE IN A 55 GALLON DRUM.**

**ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS TO THE FRONT OF THE SHED, AND LOOKS OUT AT HIS BOAT.**

**FRAN COMES UP BEHIND HIM.**

**FRAN**

Z'it gonna work?

**MOORE**

It's either gonna be a monumental heist, or a real amusing anecdote.

(PAUSE)

**FRAN**

...I love you, Joe...

**MOORE**

Why?

46.

**FRAN**

You know why? Because you're thorough.

**MOORE**

I hope to tell you...

**SHE TURNS TO WALK BACK INTO THE SHED. HE TURNS TO LOOK AT HER.  
IN THE B.G. WE SEE PINCUS FEEDING PAPERS INTO THE FLAMES.**

**ANGLE. EXT THE BOATSHED, ON THE GROUP, BLANE MOORE, PINCUS AND  
BELLA, AS THEY WALK TOWARD THEIR CARS.**

**PINCUS IS ON THE PHONE IN THE B.G. (ON A CELLPHONE)**

**MOORE STOPS TO LOOK AT HIS BOAT.**

**BELLA**

You gonna miss it?

**MOORE**

What?

**BELLA**

Your boat?

**MOORE**

Well, it's a nice boat.

**BELLA**

Hey, baby, after this job, you're gone have  
enough money, make this look like a Boat inna  
Bathtub.

**MOORE**

That's right.

**PINCUS GOES TOWARD MOORE EXCITEDLY.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

...what is it?

**PINCUS**

...they found the car.

**MOORE**

...what car?

**PINCUS**

...the car we used at the Overpass. The cops found it, I heard it on the police band.

**MOORE**

...they found it, how'd they find it? I tole you to it? I tole you to ditch it in...

**PINCUS**

I, I. I stopped off to see my niece, I...

47.

**MOORE**

Did you wipe it down...?

**BLANE**

You sonofabitch, what do you mean, you stopped off to see your...

**MOORE**

Did you wipe it down...?

**BELLA**

...what does this do to the Job...?

**BLANE**

Man, you din't wipe it down, they're gonna be on you, they're gonna be on all of us...

**BELLA**

...what about the Job...?

**(PAUSE)**

**MOORE**

The job stands...

**PINCUS**

...I'm sorry, Joe.

**MOORE**

Shut up. The job stands.

**(HE LOOKS AROUND)**

This joint is burnt.

**BLANE**

**(TO BELLA)**

Come with me...

**MOORE**

Meet at the Overpass.

**BELLA**

...the job stands...?

**MOORE**

The meet at the overpass. The 14th...

**PINCUS**

Joe. Joey, I...

**MOORE**

Get him out of here.

**PINCUS**

...I don't see how they could of found the car...

**BLANE STARTS MOVING BELLA OVER TO A CAR.**

48.

**BELLA**

(AS HE GETS INTO A CAR)

You go on...

**WE SEE BELLA AND BLANE, IN TWO SEPARATE CARS, BEGIN TO DRIVE OFF.  
WE SEE MOORE, IN FOREGROUND, BEGIN TO WALK BACK TOWARD THE  
BOATSHED, AND PINCUS, IMPLORING, HANGING ON HIS ARM.**

**ANGLE, TIGHT ON PINCUS AND MOORE.**

**PINCUS**

Joe. Joe, I swear to God. I swear to God,  
I... are they gone...?

**MOORE**

(LOOKS OVER PINCUS SHOULDER)

They're gone.

**PINCUS**

Well, then, you get gone, too.

**MOORE**

...that's right.

**BEAT. THEY EMBRACE.**

**MOORE TAKES OUT THE MONEY ENVELOPE.**

**PINCUS**

You take care, Pally.

**MOORE**

You get his cut to Bobby...?

**(PINCUS NODS)**

**PINCUS**

You gonna be Okay?

**MOORE**

I'm okay now.

**PINCUS**

**(OF THE ENVELOPE)**

Yeah? What do you do for cash?

**MOORE**

...we're taking down the Boat guy.

**PINCUS**

You're taking down the boat guy...

**MOORE**

That's right.

**PINCUS**

That's your case money...

49.

**MOORE**

It's enough, get us away...

**PINCUS**

And then Aloha.

**MOORE**

That's right.

**(PAUSE)**

**PINCUS**

S'a shame, you know what, we din't get a chance, actually do the thing. The Swiss job. At's a beautiful plan.

**MOORE**

So was World War One.

**PINCUS**

...no, it's a beautiful plan, Joe. You're the maestro.

**MOORE**

Yeah, well, it's all in a lifetime...

**PINCUS**

Izzat so?

**MOORE**

That's what they tell me.

**(PAUSE)**

**PINCUS**

See you, Joe.

**MOORE**

I'll send you a Papaya.

**PINCUS**

They're good for digestion.

**MOORE**

Say good-bye to your niece.

**PINCUS PINCHES MOORE ON THE CHEEK.**

**THEY EMBRACE.**

**PINCUS (cont'd)**

Joe, you're the motengator.

**MOORE**

Cute, huh?

**PINCUS**

...cute as a pail full of kittens...

50.

**PINCUS GETS INTO HIS CAR. MOORE CHECKS HIS WATCH, AND GETS INTO HIS CAR. CAMERA FOLLOWS MOORE ONTO HIS BOAT, WHERE WE SEE HIM BEGIN CASTING OFF LINES.**

**INT THE BOAT'S CABIN**

**WE HEAR A THUMP. ON THE DECK. MOORE LOOKS UP.**

**CAMERA TAKES MOORE UP ONTO THE DECK, WHERE FRAN HAS PLACED A LARGE SUITCASE. MOORE TAKES IT DOWN INTO THE CABIN. FRAN FOLLOWS.**

**MOORE**

I would of done that.

**FRAN**

No, I'm the Frontier Wife.

**MOORE**

...that's right...

**FRAN**

You ready to go?

**MOORE**

Soon as we get the money. Call the guy. Get  
us the money...

**FRAN TAKES OUT A CELL PHONE. MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

Landline.

**HE COMES UP ON THE DECK.**

**ANGLE**

**MOORE AND FRAN, ON THE DECK, WALKING TOWARD THE MARINA.**

**FRAN**

You'll miss the guys.

**MOORE**

Buncha Old Men, talkin' about Old Touches...

**FRAN**

...that's right...

**MOORE**

Cuttin up Old Touches, th'time So and So  
overslept. You know what...?

**FRAN**

No, but you do.

51.

**MOORE**

Then I'll tell you what, is pee ess, if my  
name's on the thing, then whose fault is it  
in the First Place, we're having, fight our  
way Back to Even.

**FRAN**

Well. You've been kicking yourself some...

**MOORE**

...that's right.

**CAMERA TAKES THEM UP INTO THE LIVING QUARTERS. MOORE GOES THROUGH THE DRAWER OF A DESK. AS FRAN PICKS UP A PHONE AND DIALS.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

In a contest of Cunning, a Stupid Person will get the better of a Smart one Every Time... Who said that...?

**FRAN**

You did, Baby...

**MOORE**

Well. Help me remember it, huh...?

**FRAN**

...that's right...

**(PAUSE)**

**MOORE**

You know, we're goin' down there with nothing...

**FRAN**

We'll get the boat money...

**MOORE**

...yeah?

**FRAN**

That's enough to start over.

**MOORE**

Is it enough for you...?

**FRAN**

The Lord hates a coward...

**(SHE REACTS TO THE TELEPHONE)**

**(TO PHONE)**

Mr. Mr. Fletcher -- Mr. Robert Fletcher...

Well, do you... he asked me to call him back at... Thank you...

**(TO MOORE)**

How you doing?

**MOORE**

I'm about ready to go South.

**FRAN**

South we go, Baby.

**MOORE**

...that's right.

**FRAN**

**(LOOKING AROUND)**

You set to walk away from it?

**MOORE**

Hey, I got you, what do I care...?

**FRAN**

**(ON PHONE)**

Hello Mr...

**MOORE**

**(SOTTO)**

Smile at the man, tell im cash, I'm coming to get the money. Right now... find out where he...

**(FRAN NODS)**

**FRAN**

Hello, Mr. Fletcher, I... This is Fran, from... Yes, I'm sorry to... you gave me this number. On your ccc... Yes, I'm... Well, no, yes, I'll be glad to call back Monday, but we aren't going to have a boat... but we, we just had a situation where, if, No, I realize that, Sir, I don't want to keep you from your pl... I'm calling, because you told me that...

Well, it could wait till Monday, but we have another buyer interested in the bbb...

**ANGLE, ON MOORE, NODDING HIS ENCOURAGEMENT TO HIM.**

**FRAN (cont'd)**

I'm calling to say that if, if you want to make a cash, an immediate cash deal, at the figure which... Well, thank you, sir, that is exactly my attitude.

**SHE SMILES AND NODS AT MOORE, HE SMILES BACK.**

**FRAN (cont'd)**

Superior... Well:

SHE LOOKS TO MOORE FOR DIRECTION.

MOORE

(SOTTO)

Tell him what he needs to hear.

SHE OFFERS THE PHONE TO MOORE, WHO SHAKES HIS HEAD "NO."

53.

FRAN

(TO PHONE)

Could, you, could you, hold...

SHE COVERS THE MOUTHPIECE.

MOORE

Flirt with the guy.

FRAN

(COVERING THE MOUTHPIECE, TO  
MOORE)

No problem. Can we meet him at His Bank.

MOORE

Superior. You get the address. When?

FRAN

(TO MOORE)

I caught him going out of town, he... he  
wants to meet next...

MOORE

Right now. Right now, tell him we got  
another buyer, we...

ANGLE. SHE LOOKS OVER MOORE'S SHOULDER.

ANGLE XCU

FRAN LOOKING FRIGHTENED.

ANGLE HER POV

OVER MOORE, HE SEES SOMETHING OVER HER SHOULDER.  
KEEP TALKING.

MOTIONS HER TO

ANGLE

MOORE POV. OVER HER SHOULDER, THROUGH A PLATEGLASS WINDOW, INTO  
THE SHED, INTO THE DARK MACHINESHOP/FOUNDRY AREA OF THE BOATYARD.

A DARK FORM, A MAN MOVING.

ANGLE

ON FRAN, AS SHE BEGINS TO LOWER THE PHONE, AS SHE LOOKS AT MOORE.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE LEAVES THE BEDROOM AREA THROUGH A BACKDOOR.

ANGLE FRAN, ON THE PHONE.

FRAN (cont'd)  
...hello... hello...?

ANGLE ON MOORE, GOING OUT THE BACK DOOR, GESTURING HER TO MOVE AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.

54.

ANGLE, ON FRAN, AS SHE CONTINUES TALKING, MOVING OUT OF THE SHOT.

ANGLE

ON THE PHONE CORD JACK, IN THE WALL, AS IT PULLS OUT OF THE WALL.

ANGLE

ON MOORE CLIMBING DOWN AN IMPROVISED STAIRWAY-LADDER, TO THE LEVEL OF THE BOATYARD, IN THE B.G., WE SEE FRAN, STILL TALKING ON THE PHONE, MOVING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

ANGLE

MOORE, MOVING THROUGH THE MACHINESHOP AREA, PAST SEVERAL MOTORS AND MARINE TRANSMISSIONS, HUNG FROM THE CEILING ON HOISTS.

ANGLE

THE FORM OF THE MAN, SILHOUETTED IN THE LIGHT FROM THE OPEN SHED DOOR, LEADING TO THE MARINA. ANGLE, ON MOORE COMING UP BEHIND THE MAN, MOORE LOOKS OUT OF THE SHED, CHECKING FOR THE PRESENCE OF OTHERS. HE TURNS BACK, AND COMES UP BEHIND THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS.

MOORE  
...would you move into the light...? No,  
don't turn around. Just move into the  
light...

ANGLE

FROM THE FRONT, THE MAN MOVES FORWARD, AND WE SEE IT IS BELLA,  
THE YOUNG MAN FROM BERGMAN'S OFFICE.

ANGLE

FROM THE REAR, WE SEE BELLA WALK FORWARD TO A GLASSED OFFICE  
AREA. WE SEE HIS REFLECTION, AND, BEHIND IT, MOORE'S REFLECTION.

WE SEE MOORE STICK A PISTOL BACK INTO THE WAISTBAND OF HIS PANTS.

MOORE (cont'd)

What do you want?

(PAUSE)

What're you, the Social Service Lady?

(PAUSE)

BELLA

...I...

MOORE

...what did you, come to take the Baby  
back...?

HE MOTIONS HIM FORWARD, INTO THE OFFICE AREA. MOORE FOLLOWS HIM  
AND TURNS ON THE LIGHTS.

55.

MOORE (cont'd)

What do you want?

BELLA WALKS TO A WORKTABLE.

ANGLE: ON MOORE, AS HE EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH FRAN.

BELLA

I forgot my copy of the plans.

(PAUSE)

MOORE

How about that.

(HE LOOKS AT BELLA AND THEN AT

FRAN)

(PAUSE)

BELLA

You got to do the job, Joe.

(PAUSE)

Lookit me like I'm your Good Angel. You  
can't walk away from it.

ANGLE, AS MOORE LOOKS AT FRAN.

FRAN  
(ON PHONE)  
Hello... Hello...?

MOORE  
...try him back...

FRAN  
...hello...?

ANGLE, ON FRAN, AS SHE FOLLOWS DOWN THE CORD, TO WHERE IT HAS PULLED OUT OF THE WALL.

MOORE  
...call him back...

IN THE B.G. FRAN REDIALS THE PHONE.

BELLA  
You got to do the job...

MOORE  
Hold on, here...  
(HE WALKS OVER TO FRAN.)

FRAN  
(ON PHONE)  
Mr. Fletcher. I... I was just talking with him. I... well, can you give me that number...? Well, can you re... can you reconnect mmm...  
(PAUSE)  
I... I see.

56.

SHE HANGS UP. SHE AND MOORE EXCHANGE A LOOK. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD. MOORE WALKS BACK DOWN TOWARD BELLA.

MOORE  
Din't you just make yourself dispensable?

BELLA  
You got to do the job. Can you shoot me and walk away from it? You know they'll kill you.

MOORE  
You my self-help program...?

**MOORE TURNS TO LOOK AT FRAN, WHO SHAKES HER HEAD.**

**BELLA**

You gone shoot me, go on the run, with nothing? With that pretty little thing?

**MOORE**

That would be my wife.

**BELLA**

Is that so?

**MOORE**

That's correct.

**BELLA**

What does she see in you, anyway?

**BELLA TURNS TO LOOK AT FRAN.**

**BELLA (cont'd)**

...you must be hung like Man of War...

**MOORE LUNGES FOR HIM AND GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT.**

**MOORE**

You wanna play the dozens. Here you go: They called, there was a bookkeeping error at the Hospital, you died at birth. Your turn...

**FRAN**

Joe, leave him...

**MOORE**

Eh? Cat got your tongue? You wanna make peace.

**FRAN**

...Joe

**MOORE**

Don't you know when a man's whipped, for chrissake?

57.

**MOORE WALKS BACK TOWARD HIS WIFE. HE MAKES A "TELEPHONE" GESTURE, AND LOOKS A QUESTION AT HER.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

...the boat guy?

**FRAN**

...slipped off.

**MOORE**

Call him back.

**(PAUSE)**

Get him back.

**FRAN**

...he's gone.

**(PAUSE)**

I'm sorry, Joe.

**MOORE**

**(TO BELLA)**

Get up.

**BELLA**

What're you gonna do.

**MOORE**

I'm gonna be Don Ameche in a taxi, honey.

**(PAUSE)**

Get up.

**BELLA**

...and what?

**MOORE**

Get out.

**(PAUSE)**

Get out.

**BEAT. BELLA RETREATS.**

**MOORE LOOKS AT FRAN.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

You wanna tell me what I'm going to do...?

**(PAUSE)**

**FRAN**

I...

**MOORE WAVES HER OFF, AS IF TO SAY, "I'M THINKING..."**

**INT DARK BOXING GYM NIGHT.**

**A YOUNG FIGHTER HITTING THE HEAVY BAG. IN THE DARK GYM. HE LOOKS AROUND.**

ANGLE, HIS POV.

58.

MOORE, MOVING THROUGH THE DARK GYM.

ANGLE INT. SMALL EQUIPMENT ROOM.

ANGLE INS.

A DOORKNOB. A SMALL PILE OF QUARTERS RESTING ON THE TOP.

THE KNOB TURNS, AND THE QUARTERS FALL OFF, CLATTERING ONTO THE FLOOR.

ANGLE INT THE ROOM.

BLANE, IN HIS UNDERWEAR, COMING OFF OF A COT. HE THROWS OFF A BLANKET REVEALING A SMALL SHOTGUN, WHICH HE LEVELS AT THE DOOR.

ANGLE

THE DOOR, SWINGING OPEN, NO ONE BEYOND. WE HEAR MOORE'S VOICE.

MOORE

It's me, put it away.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS INTO THE ROOM. TO CONFAB WITH BLANE.

BLANE

...the fuck you doing, sneaking in on a man,  
middle of the

MOORE NODS, HALF-CLOSES THE DOOR.

ANGLE EXT THE GYM.

SEMI-INDUSTRIAL AREA. FRAN, STANDING BY THE GYM'S DOOR. SEVERAL  
SMALL CHILDREN PLAYING UNDER A STREETLIGHT.

ANGLE

ON FRAN, AS SHE COMES INTO THE GYM, AND STANDS, WATCHING THE  
BOXER, WHO IS GOING BACK TO HITTING THE HEAVY BAG. HE TURNS TO  
LOOK AT HER.

BOXER

What you doin here?

**FRAN**

Well, you know, I'm with my friends...

**BOXER**

I don't see nobody else here...

**FRAN**

No, that's right...

**ANGLE, ON HER, POV.**

59.

**MOORE AND BLANE, THROUGH THE HALF OPENED DOOR, AS BLANE FINISHES DRESSING.**

**BLANE**

Baby, you shuunt be on the streets, the first place...

**MOORE**

...what's the move...?

**BLANE**

The move is:

**(PAUSE)**

The move is we got to get the gold.

**BLANE MOVES OUT OF THE ROOM.**

**WE FIND HIM AND MOORE ON THE SECOND FLOOR RICKETY BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE SMALL GYM BELOW. WE SEE FRAN BELOW**

**MOORE AND BLANE COME DOWN THE STAIRS.**

**THEY MEET FRAN. AND BLANE STARTS DRIVING THEM IN THROUGH A SMALL DOOR.**

**ANGLE INT GARAGE.**

**BLANE TURNS ON THE LIGHTS TO REVEAL A SMALL RUSTED PICKUP TRUCK, ONE WHEEL GONE, UP ON COMING IN THROUGH DIRTY WINDOWPANES SET IN THEY ENTER THERE IS A NOISE OUTSIDE, MOORE** **FILTHY GARAGE. AN OLD A JACK. STREETLIGHT THE GARAGE DOOR. AS FLINCHES.**

**BLANE (cont'd)**

...kids on the street. Always kids on the street.

**THEY MOVE TO A BENCH. WHERE BLANE STARTS FILLING A PERCOLATOR FROM A UTILITY SINK. MOORE SITS ON SOME OLD, DISCARDED BOXING**

**EQUIPMENT--A DISASSEMBLED SET OF PIPES, WHICH STILL HOLD AN OLD, ROTTEN, LEATHER "HEAVYBAG."**

**MOORE**

I can't go for the gold til I can see how to get it home...

**BLANE**

Well, then, we just got to think a little harder.

**FRAN**

**(AS SHE ENTERS THE ROOM.)**

Yes. That's right.

**BLANE**

The nephew don't come back, the first place, you're down on the Tropic Isle.

**(PAUSE)**

You shoulda left him on the side of the road.

60.

**MOORE**

Uh huh... why'd you leave him the plans?

**BLANE**

Why'd I leave him what?

**MOORE**

Why'd you leave him the plans?

**BLANE**

What...?

**MOORE**

He forgot his "cheat sheet." S'why he came back.

**BLANE**

Yeah, no, he din't forget his cheatsheet, cause I got it right here.

**(HE RUMMAGES IN THE GYMBAG, AND PRODUCES SEVERAL SMALL FOLDERS)**

What'm'I, going to go leaving papers in the hands of some lame? Are you kidding me...? He said what?

**MOORE**

He said that's why he came back.

**FRAN**

He came back for me

**(PAUSE. THEY TURN TO LOOK AT  
HER.)**

He came back to make sure I was okay.

**(PAUSE)**

I knew him from before.

**MOORE**

Well, hell, for the luvva god, we're going to  
do something, let's do it. Okay. Okay:

Fran:

**FRAN**

Yes.

**MOORE**

You want to suit up?

**FRAN**

...that's right.

**BLANE**

What's the shot?

**MOORE**

**(TO FRAN)**

You got to Kiss Rings.

61.

**FRAN**

...you point me.

**INT LOWER MIDDLE CLASS TRACT HOUSE KITCHEN NIGHT.**

**SHOT FROM THE KITCHEN INTO A SMALL HALLWAY.**

**PINCUS, KISSING GOODNIGHT TO A LITTLE GIRL, THE LITTLE GIRL'S MOTHER  
COMES INTO THE SHOT, AND LEADS HER OFF. THE LITTLE GIRL WEARS A  
BATHROBE.**

**ANGLE**

**ON PINCUS AS HE COMES INTO THE KITCHEN.**

**ANGLE, HIS POV**

**MOORE, SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE, BLANE NEXT TO HIM, A CUP OF  
COFFEE AHEAD OF HIM, STARING DOWN AT SOME SHEETS OF PAPER.**

PINCUS SITS DOWN, AND PICKS UP A LEGAL PAD. PAUSE.

MOORE PICKS UP A PHONE, LISTENS FOR "DIALTONE," REPLACES IT.

MOORE  
(OF THE PLANS IN FRONT OF HIM)  
What're we forgetting...?

BLANE  
How did we get away with the Gold?

MOORE  
Oh yeah.  
(PAUSE)

PINCUS  
Robert the Bruce. Watched this Spider, try,  
three hours, to spin this web...

MOORE  
Uh huh...

PINCUS  
Til finally...

MOORE  
Yeah?

PINCUS  
He succeeded.  
(PAUSE)

BLANE  
That's the worst story I've ever heard.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE SITS THINKING, WITH PINCUS AND BLANE IN THE  
B.G.

62.

PINCUS  
(SHRUGS)  
And it gave him the Idea. To conquer  
Scotland.

BLANE  
I don't get the connection.

MOORE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. THE PHONE RINGS. MOORE PICKS UP THE  
PHONE.

**MOORE**

**(TO PHONE)**

Put him on.

**INT MANSION NIGHT.**

**THE SUMPTUOUS STUDY OF BERGMAN'S HOUSE. BERGMAN, IN ROBE AND PYJAMAS. A BODYGUARD IN A SUIT, BELLA, AND FRAN. THE BODYGUARD PASSES THE PHONE TO BERGMAN.**

**BERGMAN**

**(TO PHONE)**

Are you fucken with me? Are you fucken with me, or are you done fucken with me? Because I've just "financialized" the problem, and you've just become more trouble than you're worth.

**(PAUSE)**

She says you're gonna do the job. You said that before, why now? What is it, all a sudden...?

**(PAUSE)**

Everyone needs money. That's why they call it "money..."

**(PAUSE)**

Well, let me add this sweetener. You do the job. You do the job, r'else I turn you over, I drop a fucken dime on you, you're so hot, I on'y got to dial five digits. How strict is that? How strict is that, you fucken lame? ...I'm sorry that I have to speak this way, in front of a Woman... were it not for who, I'd waste your fucken ass. You said you're goin' the job? Do the job, you're done with the Charade. Save your bold moves for the brilliant players.

**(HE HANGS UP)**

**(TO FRAN)**

I'm sorry for my language.

**FRAN**

Well, it's only words.

**BERGMAN**

That's absolutely right.

**BERGMAN MOTIONS BELLA TO HIS SIDE, THEY WALK INTO A KITCHEN AREA WITH FRAN IN THE B.G.**

BERGMAN (cont'd)

**(TO BELLA. SOTTO)**

You're in my position, what do you do?

**(PAUSE)**

What did she tell you?

**BELLA**

He's scared.

**BERGMAN**

I've never known him scared.

**BELLA**

She says he's getting old.

**BERGMAN**

...she said that...

**BELLA**

He's broke. He's made. The cops're looking for him. He don't want to go out there with nothing.

**(PAUSE)**

She says that he'll do the job.

**BERGMAN**

...she does...

**BELLA**

...she...

**(HE HESITATES)**

**BERGMAN**

...please...

**BELLA**

I think, the thing, she came to plead for him.

**BERGMAN**

...she did. She came to plead for him?

**BELLA**

I think so.

**BERGMAN**

The sonofabitch screwed me once, he's gone screw me again. Why, why, why would she think that I'd believe her?

**BELLA**

She came to me...

**BERGMAN**

To you.

**(PAUSE)**

Ah.

64.

**BELLA**

...yes.

**BERGMAN**

He put her up, to come to you.

**BELLA**

I think she came to me on her own.

**(PAUSE)**

**BERGMAN**

Well, no, but as Rational Men, don't we have to "doubt" her?

**BELLA**

She thinks the guy's weak, he's scared, she's scared, I think she's sincere.

**BERGMAN**

Then, let me put a question to you: you had the job... you had the job... how would you test her sincerity...?

**ANGLE**

**ON FRAN. AS BERGMAN AND BELLA REEMERGE.**

**BERGMAN (cont'd)**

Okay, we're All on One Team, all arrayed against a Common Enemy? Thank you for coming, I'm an old Man, I'm going to bed...

**BELLA**

**(TO FRAN)**

I'm going to see you back.

**(HE TAKES HER BY THE ARM.)**

**ANGLE EXT THE MANSION, VARIOUS CARS PARKED IN THE CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY. BELLA WALKS FRAN TO HER CAR. HE STARTS TO GET IN.**

**FRAN**

I'll be alright...

**BELLA**  
**(AS HE WALKS OVER TO HER SIDE OF  
THE CAR)**

Hey, you're alright now...

**HE GRABS HER AND GOES INTO A CLINCH. SHE RESISTS FOR A MOMENT,  
CAMERA PANS THEM AS BELLA TAKES HER BEYOND THE DRIVEWAY TOWARD A  
POOLSIDE CABANA.**

**INT PINCUS'S KITCHEN DAWN. LEANED BACK AGAINST THE WALL. BLANE  
ASLEEP AT HIS CHAIR. PINCUS PLAYING SOLITAIRE. MOORE SITTING.  
HOLD.**

**MOORE KICKS THE CHAIR, SO THAT BLANE COMES FORWARD, AND AWAKE.**

65.

**MOORE**

...get me the name of a freight forwarder.

**BLANE**

...what?

**MOORE**

...a freight forwarder.

**(HE THROWS HIM A YELLOW PAGES)**

Okay. Alright.

**AS BLANE LOOKS THROUGH THE YELLOW PAGES MOORE GRILLS PINCUS.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

...what's the Lady's name?

**PINCUS**

...Mrs. Croft.

**MOORE**

What do we chat her up about?

**PINCUS**

She is active in the church choir. She has had her job for sixteen years. Last time I saw her, she had stomach problems... what's the response time on the tow truck...?

**BLANE**

Average, forty five minutes.

**MOORE**

**(SHAKES HEAD)**

Too quick...

**(PAUSE)**

On the day. Half hour before the thing,  
call up, three false breakdown calls. Keep'em  
buys.

**PINCUS**

...that's right...

**MOORE**

You got to givvem breakdown calls on actual  
vehicles, which means you'll have to go to  
the Rental...

**ANGLE, ON PINCUS, LOOKING AT HIM AS IF TO SAY "DO YOU THINK YOU'RE  
PLAYING WITH CHILDREN...?"**

**BLANE**

**(AS HE LOOKS THROUGH THE YELLOW  
PAGES)**

What, what kind of "freight do you want  
to..."

66.

**MOORE**

**(AS HE TAKES OUT HIS PAD AND  
PENCIL AND BEGINS TO DRAW))**

...look here:

**INT POOLSIDE CABANA DAY.**

**FRAN AND BELLA, FINISHING DRESSING.**

**BELLA**

...and how's he getting his share away...?

**FRAN**

...what difference, you're going to screw it  
out of him anyway...

**BELLA**

...what are you telling me...?

**FRAN SHAKES HER HEAD AND STARTS OUT OF THE CABANA. BELLA FOLLOWS  
HER.**

**INT BOATSHED DAY**

**MOORE IS APPLYING "SKINS," (I.E. REMOVABLE COVERINGS) TO THE SIDE OF  
A VAN, ADVERTISING IT AS THE VAN OF A SECURITY COMPANY. BLANE  
ARRIVES, CARRYING SEVERAL UNIFORMS, IN PLASTIC, DRY CLEANERS WRAP.**

**MOORE**

...take the wrappers off, hang em in the air,  
get the drycleaning smell out.

**HE LOOKS UP AS FRAN AND BELLA ENTER.**

**MOORE (cont'd)**

...where have you been...?

**BELLA**

...tucking Betty Croft in...

**BLANE**

What's she, out all night partying...?

**BELLA**

She's a wild, wild woman...

**(HE HANDS MOORE A POLAROID, HE  
TOOK AT THE BAR.)**

**MOORE**

**(AS HE TAKES THE PHOTO, AND  
STUDIES IT.)**

Alright, then. No Hard Feelings...?

**BELLA**

...last thing in the World...

**ANGLE, C.U. MOORE, LOOKING AT FRAN.**

67.

**FRAN COMES OVER TOWARD MOORE, WHO IS HOLDING A YELLOW PAD.**

**FRAN**

...I...

**MOORE**

...I don't give a fuck. The only thing is:  
Get the Gold. Get the gold, Baby. Get the  
Gold. They ain't gonna pay for Yardage...

**HE LOOKS DOWN.**

**ANGLE, INS. HIS POV**

**THE YELLOW LEGAL PAD, WITH THE SKETCH OF THE RAILROAD OVERPASS.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

EXT THE RAILROAD UNDERPASS. NIGHT.

ANGLE INS: A MAN'S HANDS, IN WORKGLOVES, HOLD THE SKETCH OF THE UNDERPASS, COVERED IN FIGURES.

ANGLE: MOORE, IN WORKCLOTHES, WALKING DOWN FROM UNDERNEATH THE UNDERPASS, TO THE LEVEL OF THE TRACKS. HE TURNS AND LOOKS UP AT THE UNDERSIDE OF THE VAULT.

ANGLE

ON THE TRACK. MOORE WALKS INTO THE SHOT, PACING OFF STEPS DOWN THE TRACKS.

ANGLE.

IN THE SCRUB ALONGSIDE THE BANKS, HE WALKS UP AND SITS NEXT TO A BLACK NYLON BACKPACK. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH.

EXT RAILROAD OVERPASS NIGHT.

A SMALL TRUCK, IT'S SIDES PAINTED TO ADVERTISE A SECURITY COMPANY, GOES OVER THE OVERPASS.

ANGLE INT THE TRUCK.

BELLA AND, BLANE, DRESSED IN COVERALLS, ADVERTISING A SECURITY COMPANY.

ANGLE, INT THE TRUCK.

BLANE, LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

BELLA, CHEWING GUM, TAKES OUT THE PACK, AND BEGINS CHEWING ANOTHER PIECE.

BLANE

...you feeling?

68.

BELLA

I'm fine...

BLANE

Sometimes, th'drenaline, hits you, gives you the shakes...

BELLA

I'm alright.

**BLANE**

I'm saying, some people, adrenaline, gives'em  
the shakes... some people, mistake it for  
cowardice...

**(PAUSE)**

**BELLA**

I'm fine.

**HE TAKES OUT A SCAPULAR, HOLDS IT, AND SAYS A SMALL PRAYER**

**HE LOOKS OVER AT BLANE.**

**BLANE**

...nothing wrong with prayer.

**(PAUSE)**

**BELLA**

...you think so...?

**BLANE**

I was in this firefight? One time?  
Motherfucker, always carried a bible, next to  
his heart. And we used to mock him. But  
that bible stopped a bullet.

**BELLA**

No shit.

**BLANE**

My hand to god. That bible, stopped a bullet,  
would have ruined that fucker's heart.

**(PAUSE)**

And had he had another bible, in front of  
his face, that man would be alive today.  
What time you got?

**BELLA**

Five eighteen.

**BLANE**

...make the call.

**BELLA TAKES OUT A CELLPHONE AND DIALS.**

**BELLA**

**(ON PHONE)**

Hello? I've, hello?

**(MORE)**

BELLA (cont'd)

I've got one of your trucks...? The, the engine quit on me... Hello? Yeah, the..., I got a delivery I have to... from when? Well, it's twenty after fi... I'm on, where am I? I'm on Industrial and two-oh-seventh, well, your truck's dead...

ANGLE, EXT THE TRUCK.

THE TRUCK STOPS AT THE OVERPASS. BLANE HOPS OUT.

ANGLE. IN THE SCRUB. ALONGSIDE THE BANK. THE BLACK BACKPACK MOORE LEFT EARLIER. BLANE PICKS IT UP. CAMERA PANS HIM BACK TOWARD THE OVERPASS.

ANGLE INS.

INSIDE THE SPAN OF THE STONE OVERPASS. A SMALL ELECTRONIC LOOKING DEVICE. BLANE'S HAND COMES INTO THE FRAME, HOLDING IT. HE AFFIXES IT TO THE STONE, FLIPS A SWITCH. A REDLIGHT BEGINS TO GLOW ON THE DEVICE.

ANGLE

EXT THE SECURITY TRUCK AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, BY THE OVERPASS. BLANE, RUNNING BACK TOWARD THE TRUCK.

ANGLE INT THE SECURITY TRUCK.

BELLA (cont'd)

(ON PHONE)

to fix the...

BLANE GETS INTO THE TRUCK

BLANE

...let's go...

BELLA

(ON PHONE)

...would you do that? Thank you...

ANGLE EXT.

THE TRUCK. PULLING OUT INTO THE ROAD.

INT COMMUTER TRAIN COACH. DAWN.

AN OLD TIRED CONDUCTOR WALKING DOWN THE AISLE. PAST A SLEEPING BUSINESSMAN. THE BUSINESSMAN WALKS, TO REVEAL IT IS MOORE. HE

STRETCHES, LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW. AND WALKS BACK IN THE CAR,  
HOLDING HIS BRIEFCASE.

ANGLE INT. THE LAVATORY.

MOORE ENTERS, HE TAKES A SMALL BOX FROM HIS BRIEFCASE, TURNS A  
DIAL, AND AFFIXES IT TO THE CEILING.

70.

EXT SUBURBAN STATION DAWN.

THE TRAIN SLOWING DOWN. MOORE ALIGHTS FROM THE LAST CAR, A  
STATIONWAGON PULLS UP FROM THE EMPTY PARKING LOT, MOORE WALKS  
TOWARD IT.

INT A BANK OF PHONES DAY

PINCUS, IN A BUSINESS SUIT. STANDING BY WHAT APPEARS TO BE A LARGE  
SAMPLE CASE, WAITING AT A BANK OF PHONES. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

EXT AIRPORT DEPARTURES DRIVEWAY.

THE STATIONWAGON PULLS UP. FRAN DRIVING, AND MOORE RIDING. HE  
GETS  
OUT, WEARING COVERALLS.

MOORE LOOKS DOWN AT THE POLAROID PICTURE WE SAW EARLIER.

ANGLE

ON A COFFEETRUCK PARKED OUTSIDE AN EMPLOYEE'S ENTRANCE.

A FORTYISH WOMAN IN A SECURITY GUARD'S UNIFORM IS DRINKING COFFEE,  
ONE OF A NUMBER OF AIRPORT EMPLOYEES.

WOMAN

(MRS. CROFT)

...of my ulcer--Doctor said it's... it isn't  
the caffeine, but the acids in the coffee  
that...

ANGLE

ON MOORE, WALKING UP TO THE WOMAN. HE CONSULTS A PIECE OF PAPER.

MOORE

Mrs. Croft?

(PAUSE)

Betty Croft...?

**MRS. CROFT**  
**(SOMEWHAT SURPRISED)**

Yes?

**MOORE**  
**(AS SHE DRAWS HER ASIDE)**

My name is... could I see some identification,  
please? My name is Wilson, I'm with the  
F.A.A. Could I see your badge, please?

**MRS. CROFT TAKES OUT AN EMPLOYEES BADGE AND SLIPS IT TO HER UNIFORM.**

**MRS. CROFT**  
...just coming to work...

**MOORE**  
I understand. ...I believe we've met before,  
on my last...?  
**(MORE)**

71.

**MOORE (cont'd)**  
**(HE CHECKS HER NAME AGAINST A**  
**LIST ON A CLIPBOARD. HE TAKES**  
**OUT A BADGE AND SHOWS IT TO HER.)**  
...You are on Gate twenty-one this morning?

**MRS. CROFT**  
...that is correct, Sir.

**MOORE**  
We will be conducting a Security Check. I  
will be coming through the metal detector in  
**(HE CHECKS HIS WATCH)**  
approximately ten minutes. I will be quote  
Armed, and carrying a toolkit in which are  
hidden three potentially lethal or dangerous  
items. This is a test of the security  
personnel and of the apparatus under your  
control. Now. I must caution you that, from  
that time to this you will be under covert  
surveillance, and should you attempt to  
communicate

**MRS. CROFT**  
I wouldn't...

**MOORE**  
**(SHRUGS)**  
...you've been warned. Now: the guard under

your supervision will be graded on the following:

ANGLE, INT THE AIRPORT CONCOURSE.

PINCUS, DRESSED AS A SECURITY GUARD. STANDING BY A BANK OF PHONES. A YOUNG MOTHER WITH A CHILD COMES UP TO ASK DIRECTIONS OF HIS. HE DIRECTS THEM, AND TOUCHES HIS HAT, AND THEY MOVE OFF.

ANGLE EXT, AIRPORT DRIVETHROUGH.

AT THE STATIONWAGON.

MOORE LEANS IN, AND TAKES A LARGE TOOLCASE OUT OF THE BACK.

IN THE B.G. WE SEE MRS. CROFT. STILL STANDING BY THE COFFEETRUCK.

FRAN LOOKS UP.

FRAN

Here they come.

MOORE LOOKS IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE SECURITY TRUCK, PULLING INTO THE DRIVETHROUGH AREA.

ANGLE

FRAN AND MOORE. AS FRAN LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

72.

FRAN (cont'd)

Where's the girl...?

MOORE LOOKS AROUND.

MOORE

...yeah... okay... okay... it's okay.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS TO THE SECURITY GATE.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

THE SECURITY WALKTHROUGH. A METAL DETECTOR, A GUARD SEATED AT A CONSOLE.

MOORE LOOKS AROUND. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

HE TURNS BACK OUT TOWARD THE STREET.

ANGLE. HIS POV.

THE SECURITY TRUCK. PULLING UP.

ANGLE

ON MOORE. AS HE WALKS TOWARD THE COFFEETRUCK.

MOORE (cont'd)

(TO THE COFFEEMAN)

What happened to Betty? Betty Croft...?

COFFEEMAN

Hey, I don't know... she...

MOORE

Gimme a cuppacoffee.

ANGLE

ON MOORE AS HE TAKES THE COFFEE AROUND THE SIDE OF THE COFFEETRUCK.  
HE PUTS IT UP ON THE HOOD.

HE SCANS THE AREA. THE SECURITY TRUCK IS GETTING CLOSER.

MOORE (cont'd)

(TO COFFEEMAN)

Gimme one of those...

(MOORE POINTS)

THE COFFEEMAN HANDS MOORE A SMALL OBJECT.

MOORE TAKES A WRAPPED PACKAGE OUT OF HIS POCKET.

ANGLE INS.

73.

WE SEE IT IS A FOIL WRAPPED CONDOM PACKET. MOORE TAKES OUT THE  
CONDOM.

MOORE TURNS AWAY FROM THE COFFEETRUCK.

ANGLE INS.

MOORE DIGS IN HIS POCKET AND TAKES OUT A VERY SMALL AUTOMATIC  
PISTOL. HE PUTS THE PISTOL IN THE CONDOM, AND TIES IT SHUT, HE

DROPS THE CONDOM INTO THE STEAMING COFFEE. HE STARTS TOWARD THE SECURITY GATE.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, CARRYING A CASE OF TOOLS, AS HE WALKS TO AN EMPLOYEE'S ENTRANCE, SEVERAL EMPLOYEES IN WORK WEAR, STREAMING IN. MOORE TAKES AN EMPLOYEE'S BADGE, AND AFFIXES IT TO HIS COLLAR.

ANGLE INT SECURITY SHED. EMPLOYEES STREAMING THROUGH THE METAL DETECTOR.

MOORE PUTS HIS STEAMING COFFEE ON TOP OF THE MACHINE, AND PASSES THROUGH.

SECURITY GUARD.

...up early or up late.

MOORE

(OF THE COFFEE)

Not up at all, till I get that down...

SECURITY GUARD.

I heard that.

MOORE

Where's the, uh, where's the girl's usually here, your Supervisor? They lett'n you play all ? They lett'n you play all by yourself?

SECURITY GUARD.

Na, she's got this stomach thing. Least little...

MOORE

Uh huh...

SECURITY GUARD.

...least little thing, sets her off...

MOORE STANDS WAITING FOR HIS CASE OF TOOLS TO COME THROUGH THE X-RAY MACHINE.

MOORE PICKS IT UP, AND GOES BACK TO TAKE HIS COFFEE, AND START OUT OF THE DOOR, INTO THE AIRPORT. HE LEAVES HIS CASE BEHIND HIM.

ANGLE EXT THE AIRPORT DRIVE-THROUGH.

WE SEE THE STATIONWAGON PULLING OUT, AS, IN THE B.G., WE SEE THE SECURITY TRUCK PULLING INTO THE ARRIVALS AREA.

ANGLE

IN THE STATIONWAGON, AS FRAN LOOKS DOWN AT HER WATCH.

ANGLE

PINCUS, AT THE BANK OF PHONES, HE DOES THE SAME, AS HE TALKS ON THE PHONE.

PINCUS  
(TO PHONE)

I have to inform you we have placed three bombs... Three bombs. Inside your facility.

HE HANDS UP THE PHONE AND CAMERA AT A BAGGAGE HANDLING AREA SHOWS HIM GOING INTO A MEN'S ROOM. MOORE RETRIEVES THE PISTOL FROM HIS COFFEECUP. HE STARTS BACK TOWARD THE SECURITY AREA. AS HE WALKS HE TAKES APART THE FLASHLIGHT HANGING IN THE UTILITY BELT AT HIS WAIST, HE REMOVES A SMALL CANNISTER FROM THE BATTERY AREA.

ANGLE

INT PASSENGER CONCOURSE.

PINCUS, COMING OUT THE MEN'S ROOM, WEARING THE UNIFORM OF A GUARD. AS HE COMES OUT OF THE DOOR, WE SEE HE HAS LEFT HIS UTILITY CASE BEHIND.

ANGLE INT THE SECURITY SHED.

THE GUARD TURNS, AS MOORE REENTERS.

ANGLE ON MOORE, TO SHOW HE HOLDS THE PISTOL DOWN ALONG ONE THING, THAT HE HOLDS THE CANNISTER ALONG THE OTHER.

MOORE  
...how tired I am, I left my...  
(HE GESTURES AT THE TOOLCASE HE  
HAS LEFT BEHIND)

THE GUARD TURNS TO MAKE A JOKE.

MOORE WALKS UP TO HIM, AND DISPLAYS THE SMALL PISTOL.

MOORE  
Please tell me the code for the main gate.

GUARD  
(LOOKING AT THE PISTOL)

Who the hell d'you think you're kidding with  
that lll...

MOORE SHOOTS THE PISTOL TOWARD THE GUARD'S FOOT.

75.

MOORE

Please tell me the code.

ANGLE

IN THE CONCOURSE. PINCUS, DRESSED AS A GUARD, EXTRACTS A SMALL SHIM  
FROM A LEATHER HOLDER. HE STARTS TOWARD A SECURITY DOOR. AN  
AIRLINE EMPLOYEE IN UNIFORM ENTERS BEFORE HIM.

AS HE STARTS TOWARD THE DOOR, THERE IS AN EXPLOSION BEHIND HIM, AND  
SMOKE FILLS THE HALL.

PINCUS

...hold that door... hold that door...

THE AIRLINE EMPLOYEE HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN AND PINCUS ENTERS.

INT SECURITY SHED, DAY.

MOORE IS GLANCING AT THE VIDEO DISPLAYS. WE SEE ON ONE OF THE  
DISPLAYS, THE SECURITY TRUCK TURNING TO ENTER THE SECURITY GATE  
AREA.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE DISCONNECTS THE VIDEO, AND WE SEE THE SCREEN GO  
BLANK. HE TURNS TO SHOW PINCUS, COMING INTO THE SHED BEHIND HIM.

WE HEAR ON THE LOUDSPEAKER.

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention... Attention, we have a code Four,  
and a Fire. I repeat, a code Four, and a  
Fire, at...

ANGLE

ON THE SECURITY TRUCK, AS THE GATES SWING OPEN, AND IT ENTERS THE  
SECURITY AREA.

ANGLE

ON PINCUS, AS HE TAKES A SEAT AT THE SECURITY CONSOLE. AND MOORE  
GETS ONTO THE SLOW MOVING SECURITY TRUCK. WE SEE THE SECURITY

GATES CLOSE BEHIND IT.

EXT AIRPORT DAY.

THE TAIL OF A PLANE WITH A HUGE SWISS CROSS AS PART OF ITS LOGO.

CAMERA PANS TO SHOW IT IS A CARGOPLANE, MARKED AEROHELVETICA.

ANGLE INT THE COCKPIT, AEROHELVETICA CARGO PLANE.

THE PILOT IS CONVERSING WITH SOMEONE ON THE RADIO. HE SPEAKS ENGLISH WITH A FOREIGN ACCENT.

76.

PILOT

...clearance for...

(BEYOND, ON THE TARMAC, WE SEE  
THE SECURITY TRUCK COMING  
TOWARD THE PLANE.)

...Yes. Aero, 294. Requests permission to  
take the Active...

(PAUSE. HE LISTENS. NODS)

Aero 294 for runway two-six.

(TO HIS CO-PILOT, IN GERMAN)

Let's get out of here...

ANGLE, INT THE COMMUTER CAR LAVATORY. THE SMALL DEVICE AFFIXED TO THE CEILING.

ANGLE EXT THE OVERPASS. WE SEE A TRAIN APPROACHING IN THE DISTANCE.

ANGLE

THE SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE STONE ARCH.

WE SEE THE LIGHT GO FROM STEADY RED TO BLINKING RED.

ANGLE THE OVERPASS. AS THE TRAIN APPROACHES. THE ARCH EXPLODES.

ANGLE

THE CAB OF THE TRAIN. AS THE ENGINEER SEES THE ARCH CRUMBLING BEFORE HIM.

ANGLE

THE TRAIN SLOWING DOWN, BRAKES SCREECHING.

ANGLE

IN THE LAVATORY, AS THE DEVICE EXPLODES.

ANGLE

EXT THE TRAIN, TO SHOW THE TRAIN SLOWING, AND THE LAST CAR  
SPOUTING FLAMES. CAMERA CRANES UP TO SHOW THE TRAIN STOPS.

JUST BELOW A BANK OF LANDING LIGHTS, AND, BEYOND, IS THE AIRPORT.

ANGLE

INT THE JET COCKPIT

THE JET IS TAXIING, AND, IN THE B.G., WE SEE THE FLAMES FROM THE  
BURNING COMMUTER TRAIN CAR.

CO-PILOT  
(IN GERMAN)  
...what the hell is that...?

77.

THE PILOT MOTIONS "KEEP QUIET." HE PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS EARPHONES.  
AND LISTENS.

PILOT  
Affirmative. 294, to return to Area A  
(PAUSE)  
294.  
(TO COPILOT)  
Back to the barn...

HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE SECURITY TRUCK, COMES ALONGSIDE, AND KEEPS STATION WITH THE  
MOVING PLANE. WE SEE, FROM THE PILOTS POV, MOORE, IN THE TRUCK,  
MOTIONING, "BACK TO THE GATE."

ANGLE ON THE PILOT

PILOT (cont'd)  
(TO HIMSELF)  
...yes. We understand...

HE SIGHS. AND MOTIONS TO THE CO-PILOT, WHO PROCEEDS BACK INTO THE  
CARGO AREA. CAMERA TAKES HIM PAST SEVERAL LARGE CRATES MARKED  
"MACHINE PARTS" TO HYWEST FOUNDRY, PAST SEVERAL LARGE METAL

CONTAINERS. TO THE CARGO DOOR. WE SEE THE PLANE JOLT TO A STOP.  
THE CO-PILOT ENTERS A CODE IN A PANEL NEAR THE DOOR. AND THE DOOR  
SLIDES OPEN TO REVEAL THE SECURITY TRUCK BELOW, AND TWO MEN GETTING  
OUT OF IT.

ANGLE

ON THE TARMAC. MOORE, IN A SECURITY UNIFORM, HOISTS HIMSELF UP ONTO  
THE HOOD OF THE CAR, AND INTO THE CARGO DOOR.

ANGLE

ON BLANE AND BELLA, BELOW, BELLA STARTS TO FOLLOW MOORE. BLANE  
RESTRAINS HIM.

BLANE

...stick with the program. Stick with the  
program...

ANGLE. INT THE CARGOPLANE.

ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS PAST THE CRATES OF MACHINE TOOLS AND THE  
UNMARKED METAL CRATES, TOWARD THE COCKPIT.

ANGLE. INT THE COCKPIT.

AS THE PILOT TURNS AROUND.

AS MOORE ENTERS.

78.

MOORE

...we have a report of...

PILOT

Yes, we're getting it over the radio...

MOORE TAKES A SMALL BATON FROM HIS BELT AND CLOUTS THE PILOT AND  
THEN THE COPILOT WITH IT. BLANE MOVES UP TO HIM. TAKES A ROLL OF  
GAFFTAPE FROM HIS BELT, AND BEGINS BINDING THE TWO MEN TO THEIR  
SEATS, FIRST GAGGING THEM WITH THE TAPE.

MOORE

...make sure they're breathing...

ANGLE. IN THE CARGO AREA. ON BLANE. BEYOND HIM WE SEE MOORE  
STANDING OVER THE TWO SPRAWLED FORMS OF THE PILOT AND THE CO-  
PILOT.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE REMOVES A KEY FROM THE NECK OF THE CO-PILOT, AND WALKS BACK TO MOORE, THEY OPEN ONE OF THE METAL CASES.

ANGLE, INT THE METAL CASE. IT IS FILLED WITH LARGE INGOTS COVERED IN BURLAP. MOORE HANDS OPEN ONE TO REVEAL IT IS GOLD. THE GOLD INGOT IS STAMPED CREDIT NATIONAL DE GENEVE.

ANGLE

ON MOORE.

AS HE DETACHES A SMALL CONVEYOR FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE CARGO AREA, AND LOWERS IT DOWN TO THE BACK OF THE SECURITY TRUCK.

ANGLE

IN THE SECURITY TRUCK. BELLA, ACCEPTS THE CONVEYOR. THE BELT OF THE CONVEYOR BEGINS TO MOVE, AND THE COVERED INGOTS TO DESCEND DOWN THE SLIDE.

ANGLE. ON BELLA AS HE UNCOVERS ONE OF THE INGOTS, TO REVEAL IT IS GOLD.

BLANE DROPS DOWN NEXT TO HIM.

BLANE

...let's get with it...

HE AND BELLA MOVE TO THE HUGE ENGINE HELD IN THE BODY OF THE TRUCK. THEY PIVOT IT OPEN, AND BEGIN TO FILL THE EMPTY INTERIOR WITH THE COVERED BARS.

ANGLE INT THE CARGOPLANE.

MOORE LOADING THE COVERED INGOTS ONTO THE CONVEYOR. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

INT SECURITY SHED DAY.

79.

ON PINCUS, DRESSED AS A SECURITY GUARD. AS HE LUGS THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD ACROSS THE FLOOR, AND INTO A LAVATORY. HE CLOSSES THE DOOR, AND STARTS BACK TOWARD HIS POSITION AT THE SECURITY CONSOLE.

AS HE STARTS BACK, TWO STATE TROOPERS PULL UP IN THEIR CRUISER. AT THE MAIN GATE. THEY HONK THE HORN.

ANGLE, ON PINCUS, AS HE PROCEEDS OUT TO THEM. WE SEE ONE OF THE POLICEMEN IS HOLDING HIS BADGEHOLDER OUT OF THE WINDOW, TOWARD THE

VIDEO CAMERA. PINCUS WALKS UP TO THE CAR.

TROOPER

Get the gate open...

PINCUS

(AS HE MAKES A NOTATION ON A  
CLIPBOARD)

I got to take down your badge nnn...

TROOPER

(AS HE GESTURES AT THE  
VIDEOCAMERA)

I'm holdin' it up to the damn...

PINCUS

...the video's out.

HE STARTS BACK TOWARD THE SECURITY SHED.  
FOLLOWS.

ONE OF THE TROOPERS

TROOPER

(IN CAR)

Get the gate open...?

ANGLE

INT THE SECURITY SHED. PINCUS COMING BACK IN, FOLLOWED BY THE  
OTHER TROOPER.

TROOPER (cont'd)

Can we get the gate open...?

PINCUS

You're looking at me doing it...

PINCUS PUNCHES NUMBERS INTO THE BOARD, AND WE SEE THE GATE SWING  
OPEN BEYOND THEM. THE TROOPER, IN THE B.G. STARTS TO OPEN THE DOOR  
TO THE LAVATORY.

TROOPER

...who's been through here...?

PINCUS

Well I. I can tell you who's...

TROOPER

(AS HE WALKS TOWARD THE LAVATORY)

Gimme a list of any...

**PINCUS**

I put it on, it's all on the computer, n'the  
computer went down...

**THE TROOPER STARTS TO OPEN THE DOOR TO THE LAVATORY**

PINCUS (cont'd)

**(SCREAMING)**

Don't touch the door. For Godsake. Don't  
touch the door-- din't you hear, on the rrr...  
one guy, got his arm blown off, the bombsquad  
said not to...

**ANGLE, EXT, THE TARMAC**

**MOORE IN THE CARGOPLANE. LOOKS AROUND. HAULS UP THE CONVEYOR,  
PUNCHES A BUTTON ON THE CONTROL PANEL, THE HATCH STARTS TO CLOSE.**

**ANGLE EXT THE PLANE.**

**ON THE TARMAC, THE TRUCK. WE SEE, INTERIOR. BELLA AND BLANE,  
SWINGING CLOSED THE HOLLOW ENGINE, THEY PULL THE REAR DOOR OF THE  
TRUCK CLOSED. AS MOORE JOINS THEM, IN THE CAB OF THE TRUCK.**

**ANGLE INT THE CAB OF THE TRUCK.**

**BLANE, HOLDS UP A WALKIE TALKIE, WHICH IS SPOUTING SECURITY UPDATES.  
HE NODS AT MOORE TO SAY "I THINK WE ARE ALRIGHT."**

**ANGLE, THEIR POV**

**THE SECURITY GATE AHEAD OF THEM. THE TROOPER'S CRUISER PARKED  
INSIDE OF IT. BLOCKING THE EXIT.**

**ANGLE**

**THE THREE MEN IN THE TRUCK.**

**BEAT.**

**MOORE**

**(TO BELLA, WHO IS DRIVING)**

Honk the horn.

**(PAUSE)**

...what'm I telling you...?

**BELLA HONKS THE HORN, TENTATIVELY.**

**ANGLE, THEIR POV THE TROOPERS, ONE IN THE CAR, ONE INSIDE THE  
SECURITY AREA, TALKING WITH PINCUS.**

ANGLE

INSIDE THE TRUCK. AS MOORE LEANS OVER AND LEANS ON THE HORN.

ANGLE

81.

THE TROOPER IN THE CAR SIGHS, AND PULLS HIS CAR UP, SO THAT THE TRUCK CAN PASS.

ANGLE EXT THE SECURITY SHED. AS PINCUS MOVES PAST THE TROOPER, TO THE TRUCK, WHICH IS MOVING THROUGH THE SECURITY AREA.

PINCUS  
(TO THE TROOPER)  
Would you please, would you please...?  
(TO THE TRUCK)  
Excuse me. Excuse me... No one is to leave this...

BLANE  
(CALLING OUT OF THE TRUCK)  
...would you get out of the way...?

PINCUS  
I'm trying to do my job, I'm  
(APPEALING TO THE POLICE OFFICERS)  
I am a, like you, just like you, I am trying to do my Sworn...

ANGLE, ON PINCUS, AS HE SEES SOMETHING, IN THE POLICE CRUISER.

ANGLE HIS POV. TAPED TO THE VISOR OF THE POLICE CRUISER.

INS. OF A SHOT OF MOORE (A PHOTO TAKEN FROM AND WHICH WE RECOGNIZE AS TAKEN IN THE VIDEO AT THE JEWELRY STORE, I.E., MOORE LOOKING UP AT THE VIDEOCAMERA.)

ANGLE, ON PINCUS, LOOKING AT THE SHOT.

HE WIPES HIS FOREHEAD. AND CONTINUES TALKING TO THE TROOPERS WHILE HE PASSES AN INFINITESIMAL "GET OUT OF HERE..." SIGNAL TOWARD THE SECURITY TRUCK.

ANGLE

IN THE TRUCK. AS THEY DRIVE THROUGH THE GATES.

BLANE  
Don't look back... don't look back...

**BELLA**

How's he... how is he...?

**BLANE**

Well, that's just gonna have to be as it is...

**(HE TAKES OUT A CELLPHONE AND  
DIALS AS HE SPEAKS.)**

**(INTO PHONE)**

I got a broke down truck, excuse me, I called, could I speak to your supervisor please...? I got one of your trucks, engine failure, I called first at Five, five twenty, this... this is my forth call... Right outside the Airport.

**(MORE)**

82.

BLANE (cont'd)

**(PAUSE)**

Industrial and 2-0-seventh, I... Yes, thank you. I'm an attorney... could I have your name please...? Could I have your name, please, because I'm going to have to speak to your supervisor...

**ANGLE**

**ON MOORE, AS HE STEALS A GLANCE BACK AT PINCUS.**

**ANGLE HIS POV**

**ON PINCUS, TALKING WITH THE TWO TROOPERS.**

**INT THE CARGOPLANE DAY**

**THE THREE METALLIC CRATES OPEN, PAN PAST THE "MACHINE PARTS" CRATES, ONTO THE TWO MEN IN THE COCKPIT. THE PILOT STARTS TO STIR, GROGGILY.**

**ANGLE EXT**

**ON THE VAN AS IT COMES ONTO A SMALL ACCESS ROAD. WE SEE THEIR AIRPORT IN THE B.G.**

**ANGLE**

**EXT THE STATIONWAGON, DRIVEN BY FRAN, PULLING INTO THE ARRIVALS AREA. SHE DRIVES SLOWLY BY THE SECURITY GATE.**

ANGLE HER POV

IN THE B.G. WE SEE PINCUS STILL TALKING TO THE TROOPERS.

ANGLE

ON PINCUS, AS HE STEALS A GLANCE AT HIS WATCH. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE HIS POV

IN THE B.G., FRAN, DRIVING THE STATIONWAGON SLOWLY.

ANGLE, INT, THE SECURITY STATION.

ONE OF THE TROOPERS GETS A CALL ON THE WALKIE-TALKIE.

TROOPER  
(INTO THE WALKIE)  
Four nine, go.  
(PAUSE)  
Where...? Oh shit...

HE HURRIES OUT TO THE CAR. HE TURNS BACK, TOWARD PINCUS.

TROOPER (cont'd)  
(CALLING)  
Aerohelvetica. Cargo...?

83.

PINCUS  
Bay Five. Go Left. Bay Five...

WE SEE THE TROOPERS IN THE CAR HURRY OFF.

PINCUS STARTS STRIPPING OFF HIS SECURITY UNIFORM, AS WE WALKS OUT OF THE SECURITY SHED, TOWARD FRAN IN THE CAR.

ANGLE INT THE STATIONWAGON AS PINCUS GETS UP, AND MOTIONS FRAN TO DRIVE QUICKLY. WE HOLD ON THE STATIONWAGON LEAVING THE AIRPORT DRIVETHROUGH.

FRAN  
How...?

ANGLE. THE STATIONWAGON DRIVING PAST A ROW OF ORANGE-VESTED ROADWORKERS, WHO ARE LAYING TAR ON THE ROADWAY.

THE STATIONWAGON SLOWS.

ANGLE INT THE CAR.

PINCUS

Wait wait wait wait wait.  
(HE GESTURES HER TO STOP)

ANGLE EXT THE STATIONWAGON.

ON PINCUS AS HE TAKES A TRASH BAG, AND THROWS IT INTO A ROADSIDE TRASH CONTAINER.

ANGLE

ON THE VAN, AS IT PULLS INTO A PARKING GARAGE.

ANGLE -

A MOSTLY EMPTY FLOOR OF THE PARKING GARAGE.

THE VAN PULLING UP.

MOORE AND BLANE GET OUT, AND START TO LOOK DOWN TOWARD THE AIRPORT.

MOORE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. BLANE GOES TO THE SIDE OF THE VAN, HESITATES, AND LOOKS AT MOORE.

BLANE

...where's your explosion...?

MOORE

(HE LOOKS AROUND, THEN, TO  
BLANE)

Do it...

BLANE NODS TO MOORE, AND THEY BEGIN TO STRIP THE "SKINS" OFF THE SIDE OF THE SECURITY TRUCK, TO REVEAL IT IS A RYDER RENTAL TRUCK.

ANGLE INT THE TRUCK

84.

MOORE OPENS THE BACK PANEL, HE REMOVES A LARGE GARBAGE BAG. AND ACCEPTS THE REMOVED SKINS AND LICENSEPLATES FROM BLANE.

IN THE FRONT WE SEE BELLA, GETTING OUT OF HIS SECURITY UNIFORM.

AND, IN THE REAR, BLANE AND MOORE DOING THE SAME.

MOORE OPENS THE FAKE ENGINE, AND STUFF THE UNIFORMS, ET CETERA, INSIDE.

**BELLA**  
**(LOOKING BACK)**

Here she comes...

**ANGLE ON BLANE, AS HE TURNS.**

**ANGLE, HIS POV.**

**THE STATIONWAGON, COMING UP THE RAMP. FRAN AND PINCUS IN IT.**

**ANGLE**

**ON THE MEN IN THE TRUCK.**

**ON MOORE, AS HE LOADS THE MATERIALS INTO THE ENGINE.**

**MOORE**  
Is he with her...?

**BLANE**  
Yeah he's there.

**HE PICKS UP ONE OF THE BARS FROM THE FAKE ENGINE AND PULLS OFF THE COVERING, TO REVEAL IT IS GOLDEN. HE SMILES**

**BLANE (cont'd)**  
Yeah, he's there.

**THE STATIONWAGON PULLS UP BY THE TRUCK. PINCUS GETS OUT AND WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.**

**MOORE**  
**(TO PINCUS)**  
Where's my diversion...?

**PINCUS**  
I... I threw it in the garb... Joe: Joe,  
Listen:

**MOORE**  
Where's my explosion, I'm up here naked...

**PINCUS**  
Joe: they got your...

**HE LOOKS INSIDE THE TRUCK. HE TAKES OUT AND LOOKS AT THE HALF-OPENED BAR OF GOLD.**

85.

**PINCUS**

Joe... they got your...

**BLANE SHOWS HIM THE GOLDEN BAR.**

PINCUS (cont'd)

Go sell chocolate, you Heidi Motherfuckers.

Go see Cookoo Clocks. WE GOT YOUR GOLD...

**ANGLE**

**ON BLANE, AS HE TAKES THE ROLL OF TAPE FROM HIS BELT, AND TAPES THE COVERING AGAIN OVER THE BAR. HE REPLACES THE BAR, AND MOORE SHUTS UP THE FAKE ENGINE.**

**FRAN**

**(TO MOORE)**

How'd it go?

**BLANE**

It got a little tight in there.

**PINCUS**

**(TO MOORE)**

They got your photo.

**MOORE**

Who?

**PINCUS**

The Staties. I saw it in the car. I.

**MOORE**

Forget it. Let's...

**BLANE MOVES TO A SEDAN, WHICH THEY ARE PARKED, TAKES OUT KEYS, OPENS IT, AND BEGINS PUTTING ON A SUITCOAT AND A HAT WHICH ARE FOUND ON THE SEAT.**

**BELLA**

...they got your photo...?

**MOORE**

Yeah, well, that's a Hazard of the jjj...

**BELLA**

You can't go through the roadblock if...

**MOORE**

I told you on the day, they had me, you...

**BELLA**

Yeah, but you... I can't have you going

through the...

**MOORE**

I stay with the gold.

86.

**FRAN**

Joe, he's right if...

**MOORE**

You're gonna side with the guy, you're gonna side against me? You gonna talk against me, Fran?

**FRAN**

I'm saying...

**BELLA**

Fuck it... if they got you on film I am not going through that with the gold and you in the truck.

**MOORE**

I stay with the gold.

**(PAUSE)**

I stay with the gold.

**BELLA**

They got you on film, you got to go. You'll never make the road block... Joe...

**MOORE**

I got to go with the gold.

**BELLA**

You know, your wife said it...

**ANGLE, ON BLANE, AS HE LOOKS OUT OF THE PARKING GARAGE.**

**ANGLE, HIS POV.**

**ON THE ACCESSROAD, SEVERAL STATE POLICE CARS, SETTING UP A ROADBLOCK.**

**BLANE**

Joe, we gotta go.

**MOORE**

You go. See you at the rendezvous...

ANGLE ON BLANE, AND PINCUS, WHO IS TAKING CLOTHES FROM THE SEAT OF THE SEDAN. HE STARTS TO GET IN. REACHES BACK, AND HANDS PIECES OF PAPER TO MOORE.

**PINCUS**

...parking tickets, you've been here two days...

HE GETS INTO THE SEDAN, AND THE SEDAN PULLS AWAY.

MOORE STARTS TO GET INTO THE VAN.

**BELLA**

...you're burnt.

87.

**MOORE**

Then we'll all go together.

**BELLA**

I do not see the percentage...

**MOORE**

You don't have to, Baby...

**FRAN**

...you can't make the Roadblock, Joe...

**BELLA**

You're burnt, for chrissake. You're fucken burnt Old Man... What're you, telling your Beads "I go with the Gold"... Look here: You tell me: what're they gonna be looking harder at? You tell me, you here with us, or you in an empty car.

**(PAUSE)**

You tell me.

**(PAUSE)**

You tell me? You follow us. Through the roadblock, for chrissake.

**(PAUSE)**

Eh? You follow us thr...

MOORE TURNS TO BLANE.

**BLANE**

You're burnt, Joe. You're burnt. It's the wise thing. What do you lll...?

**MOORE**

I follow you to the rendezvous...  
(TO FRAN)  
Gimme the keys...

**SHE PASSES THE KEYS TO BELLA, WHO HANDS THEM TOWARD MOORE.**

**PINCUS**  
...Joe, get in the c...

**ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE ADDRESSES FRAN, AS SHE GETS INTO THE TRUCK.**

**MOORE**  
...stay with the ggg...  
(HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE KEYS. WE  
SEE THEY ARE NOT THE SAME KEYS  
WHICH FRAN HANDS TO BELLA)  
(TO BELLA)  
You palmed the keys, you palmed the keys, you  
motherf...

**HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE KEYS IN HIS HAND. HE GRABS BELLA'S WRIST, AND  
TURNS IT OVER TO SHOW A SECOND SET OF KEYS IN BELLA'S HAND.**

88.

**MOORE (cont'd)**  
...what's, what's the deal, you're gonna  
leave me, alone, in the...

**THERE IS A SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION. MOORE TURNS HIS HEAD, WE SEE  
BEYOND AND BELOW HIM, THE GARBAGE CAN, BURSTING INTO FLAMES, AND  
SPOUTING SMOKE.**

**ANGLE, ON BELLA, AS HE TAKES OUT HIS PISTOL AND CLOUTS THE  
DISTRACED MOORE.**

**ANGLE XCU.**

**ON FRAN.**

**FRAN**  
...no...

**BELLA**  
Get in the truck. Get in the truck... Get in  
the truck...

**ANGLE**

**HE FORCES HER INTO THE VAN.**

ANGLE

THE VAN COMING DOWN THE RAMP.

ANGLE INT THE VAN. BELLA DRIVING, COMING UP ON THE CASHIER'S BOOTH.

BELLA  
(TO FRAN)  
Gimme the ticket.  
(PAUSE)  
Gimme the ttt...

FRAN  
...you left'em up there with Joe...

ANGLE, AT THE CASHIER'S BOOTH.

CASHIER  
...morning...

BELLA  
I, uh...

FRAN  
(SOTTO)  
...get us out of here...

BELLA  
I seem to've lost my ticket...

89.

CASHIER  
Oh, man. I'm sorry.

BELLA  
...just...

CASHIER  
Look, f'you c'n show me some... something,  
your airline ticket, something...

BELLA (cont'd)  
...just tell me what the full freight is,  
for...

CASHIER  
Sure, but, between you 'n me? They give me  
some leeway, so, f'you c'n show me some  
"Proof," 'bout, how long...

**FRAN**

Just, would you just, however long, the...

**CASHIER**

...lost Ticket charge, hundred fifty dollars.  
I don't think you...

**FRAN DIGS IN HER POCKET, AND STARTS PAYING HIM.**

**CASHIER (cont'd)**

I'm telling you, I hate to...

**FRAN**

We're in a hurry...

**THE CASHIER SHRUGS.**

**CASHIER**

...you must be some kind of rich...

**HE HANDS THEM A RED RECEIPT, WHICH IS PRINTED "STAYS OVER 72 HOURS.  
LOST TICKET CHARGE. PAID."**

**ANGLE**

**ON BELLA, AS HE TAKES THE RECEIPT, AND THROWS IT ON HIS DASHBOARD,  
AND DRIVES OFF.**

**ANGLE, ON MOORE, ON THE PAVEMENT, AS HE STIRS, AND SHAKES HIS  
HEAD...**

**ANGLE**

**ON THE VAN, COMING OUT OF THE PARKING GARAGE, AND ONTO THE ACCESS  
ROAD.**

**ANGLE**

**ON THE VAN, GOING ONTO THE SHOULDER OF THE ACCESSROAD.**

**90.**

**BELLA JUMPS OUT OF THE VAN, AND RAISES THE HOOD. HE TAKES OUT A  
SCREWDRIVER, AND USES IT TO DISCONNECT SEVERAL WIRES.**

**HE WALKS BACK TO THE VAN.**

**FRAN**

You didn't have to hit him...

**BELLA**

Yea? When'd you get so tough.                    You didn't  
used to be so tough...

**FRAN**

I...

(SHE SEES SOMETHING IN THE  
REARVIEW MIRROR)

**ANGLE BELLA'S POV.**

**A WRECKER TRUCK COMING DOWN ALONG THE ROAD.                    IT VEERS ONTO THE  
ACCESS ROAD, AND PUTS ON ITS FLASHES.**

**ANGLE**

**BELLA AND FRAN**

**BELLA**

Yeah, that's about as close as I ever want it  
to be...

**FRAN**

...why did you have to hurt him...?

**BELLA**

...hey, din't we make that decision...?

**ANGLE**

**AS THE MAN FROM THE WRECKER BACKS HIS TRUCK UP TO THE HOOD OF  
THE RENTAL TRUCK.**

**FRAN COMES OUT TO TALK TO HIM.**

**FRAN**

Where the, where the hell, excuse me. Good  
morning. We've been sitting here, since...

**THE MECHANIC FROM THE WRECKER ADVANCES TOWARD THEM.**

**MECHANIC**

I'm sorry, we've got a full day... I got four  
false calls this morning, four false calls.  
I...

**HE STARTS TO OPEN THE HOOD.**

**FRAN**

That's not going to do you a whole raft of good. That's dead as Kelsey's nuts...

**ANGLE**

SEVERAL COP CARS ESTABLISHING THE ROADBLOCK. WE SEE TWO OF THE COPS GET INTO A CRUISER, AND PULL UP TOWARD THE WRECKER AND THE VAN.

**ANGLE**

ON BELLA AND FRAN IN THE VAN. BELLA TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE.

**FRAN** (cont'd)

Don't smoke the cigarette.

**BELLA**

...what kind of people try to look calm...?

**ANGLE INT THE POLICE CRUISER. AS IT COMES UP ON THE TOWTRUCK, WHICH IS HAULING UP THE "BROKEN" RENTAL TRUCK.**

ONE OF THE OFFICERS GETS OUT OF THE STOPPED CRUISER AND WALKS TOWARD THE TRUCK, THE OTHER STAYS ON THE RADIO, AND THEN FOLLOWS.

**OFFICER ONE**

(AS HE APPROACHES THE GROUP  
AROUND THE TWO TRUCKS)

Morning,

**ANGLE ON OFFICER TWO AS HE WALKS AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.**

**OFFICER TWO**

...would you stand away, please...?

OFFICER TWO MOVES INTO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, CAMERA FOLLOWS TO SHOW HIM WALKING UP TO THE OTHER SIDE.

**ANGLE EXT THE TRUCK.**

**OFFICER ONE**

(TO FRAN)

How long has this truck been here?

**FRAN**

(TO THE MECHANIC)

Ask him...

**MECHANIC**

...the, uh, we got the first call at...

**FRAN**

We've been here since...

92.

**OFFICER ONE**

One moment, please.

**MECHANIC**

We got the breakdown call at five-twenty,  
this.

**FRAN**

This is great, this is great, a four hour  
breakdown n'i'm gonna get arrested, all in  
One Swell Day. Whatsa Charge...?

**OFFICER TWO**

(AS HE COMES BACK AROUND FROM THE  
BACK, COMING UP TO FRAN.)

...what you hauling...?

**FRAN**

Marine 'quipment.

**OFFICER TWO**

Marine what...?

**OFFICER ONE**

...would you open the rear, please...?

**ANGLE**

**ON FRAN. AS SHE GETS DOWN, AND WALKS THE COP TO THE BACK.**

**FRAN**

...it's an auxiliary engine, some rich guy's  
toy...

**SHE OPENS THE REAR OF THE VAN. THE POLICEMAN STARTS INVESTIGATING  
THE ENGINE.**

**OFFICER**

...some toy.

**FRAN**

(TAKES OUT A STICK OF GUM AND PUTS  
IT IN HER MOUTH.)

...maybe he's compensating fr'something...

(OFFERS A STICK OF GUM TO THE  
COP, WHO DECLINES)

what's the deal, what're you looking for...?

ANGLE

ON OFFICER TWO AND BELLA, WHO IS IN THE CAB.

OFFICER TWO

How long you been out here...?

BELLA

Broke down, this morning, five, five  
fifteen...

93.

OFFICER TWO

What'dja eat...?

BELLA

Nothing, you know, nothing to eat... nothin'  
to eat but luckies...

HE REACHES FOR CIGARETTES ON THE DASHBOARD.

ANGLE INS. WE SEE THE LARGE RED RECEIPT PARKING OVER 72 HOURS,  
ETC.

ANGLE

ON BELLA AS HE TAKES THE CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT, HE PUTS THE  
MATCHES BACK ON THE DASH, NEXT TO SOME PAPERWORK.

OFFICER ONE

...you been sitting out here all morn...?

ANGLE

ON FRAN, AS SHE WALKS UP, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHER COP.

FRAN

You guys wanna wave your magic wand n'make  
it different, that's awright with me...

BELLA

...look at the paperwork...

HE STARTS TO REACH FOR THE CLIPBOARD.

ANGLE, FRAN'S POV INS. THE RED LATE TICKET SLIP ON THE  
DASHBOARD.

ANGLE

ON THE OFFICER ONE, AS HE REACHES INTO THE CAB FOR THE PAPERWORK.

**FRAN**

Yeah. Lookit the paperwork. Tell you what,  
keep the paperwork.

SHE REACHES PAST HIM, PICKS UP THE RED RECEIPT, TAKES OUT HER GUM  
AND PUTS IT IN THE PAPER, CRUMPLES IT, AND TOSSES IT ONTO THE  
FLOOR OF THE CAB.

**FRAN (cont'd)**

...lest you need to Throw me in Jail,  
f'sitting in a Truck...

**OFFICER ONE**

Back's clean...

**FRAN**

Hey, y'gonna leave, just when we're gettin'  
to know each other...?

94.

**OFFICER TWO**

Duty calls...

**FRAN**

Ships-in-the-night...  
(SHE SHRUGS)

ANGLE

EXT THE WRECKER.

THE MECHANIC CLOSES THE HOOD, WE SEE THE TWO COPS WALKING BACK TO  
THEIR CRUISER. THE WRECKER STARTS TO DRIVE OFF, WE SEE ONE OF  
THE COPS WAVE TO THE OTHERS AT THE BARRICADE, AND WE SEE THE WRECKER  
PASS THROUGH.

ANGLE INT THE PARKING GARAGE.

MOORE, HOLDING A DIRTY HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS BLEEDING HEAD.

LOOKS OUT AT THE ACCESSROAD.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE WRECKER AND THE TRUCK PASSING THROUGH THE ROADBLOCK.

INT PARKING GARAGE. DAY.

MOORE, RISING TO HIS FEET.           HOLDS A HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS HEAD.

HE WALKS TO THE EDGE OF THE PARKING GARAGE PARAPET, AND LOOKS OUT.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE TRUCK, DOWN, BELOW, ON THE ACCESS ROAD, PASSING THROUGH THE ROADBLOCK, TOWED BY THE WRECKER.

ANGLE

AT THE ROADBLOCK, THE COPS WAVING THE WRECKER THROUGH.

ANGLE

IN THE PARKING GARAGE.   MOORE, TURNS AWAY FROM THE EDGE, AND WALKS BACK, UNSTEADILY.

CAMERA TAKES HIM TOWARD THE STAIRCASE.

ANGLE THE DRIVETHROUGH, GROUND LEVEL, AIRPORT.

A SMALL FIRETRUCK IS PARKED BESIDE THE WASTE CAN, WHICH IS SPEWING SMOKE, TWO FIREFIGHTERS ARE PUTTING OUT THE FIRE, POLICE ARE DIRECTING TRAFFIC AROUND IT.

SEVERAL ROADCREWMEN, THE ROADCREW WE SAW EARLIER.           ARE SITTING ON THE CURB, AND WATCHING.

ANGLE

95.

ON MOORE, AS HE EMERGES FROM THE CONCRETE STAIRWELL. HE LOOKS AROUND. HE PICKS UP AN ORANGE VEST AND A HARDHAT FROM A PILE AT THE BARRICADE OUTSIDE THE STAIRWELL. HE TIES THE HANDKERCHIEF AROUND HIS HEAD, HE SHUCKS OFF HIS SPORTCOAT, AND SHIRT, AND PUTS THE VEST ON OVER HIS T-SHIRT. HE PUTS ON THE HARDHAT. HE PICKS UP A HOE, AND STARTS SLOWLY WALKING DOWN THE ROAD, AWAY FROM THE FIRE AND POLICE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT RENTAL TRUCK GARAGE DAY.

FRAN SIPPING COFFEE, INSIDE A SMALL "ADMIN" SHED. IN THE B.G. WE SEE THE VARIOUS TRUCKS BEING SERVICED. BELLA, TALKING WITH A MECHANIC, COMES BACK INTO THE SHED. HE COMES AND SITS NEXT TO HER ON A BENCH, THEY SPEAK IN UNDERTONES.

FRAN NODS HER APPRECIATION.

A SUPERVISOR COMES IN.

**SUPERVISOR**

I'm sorry, I believe It'll take us four or five hours to... you know, f'you want, I'll be glad, transfer your load...

**BELLA**

...thank you, but we got that thing palletted in there, pretty good, and... I, uh, I don't want to change it, I'd rather wait.

**SUPERVISOR**

No problem, just thought I'd make the offer...

HE WITHDRAWS.      PAUSE.

**BELLA**

I figure, we can't be any safer than in here.

**FRAN**

...you think pretty good on your feet.

**BELLA**

...I think pretty good off my feet, too.

(PAUSE)

F'you remember...

(PAUSE)

You remember that...?

HOLD ON FRAN, LOOKING AT HIM.

INT DINER DAY.

A POV, ACROSS AN INDUSTRIAL STREET, THE RENTATRUCK GARAGE.

96.

WE SEE THE OPEN BACK OF THE TRUCK, AND THE ENGINE IN IT.

IT IS RAINING.

ANGLE

FRAN AND BELLA, IN A BOOTH AT THE GARAGE.      BELLA LOOKS BACK AT FRAN.

**BELLA**

...what is it?

**FRAN**

Why'd you have to hit him?

**BELLA**

...to make him see my point of view.

**(PAUSE)**

**FRAN**

Is he going to be alright?

**BELLA**

Well, you know, he's gonna have a headache.

**(PAUSE)**

Or is that what you're asking?

**(PAUSE)**

In which case, we're way past that. Don't you think?

**(PAUSE)**

Because lemme run this down to you: And you tell me the error in my logic. One: an old man. On the run. Might as well have his face on a Postage Stamp. N'he's looking for his money. Two: You and me. For example:

**(HE LOOKS ACROSS AT THE TRUCK)**

And the prize in the Crackerjack.

**(PAUSE)**

And a wet afternoon to kill. Talking about it.

**FRAN**

I. Uh... let's get out of here...

**SHE GETS UP.**

**BELLA**

**(AS SHE FOLLOWS HER)**

I'm getting too close to you?

**FRAN**

Yeah, you're gettin' too close to me.

**BELLA**

Uh huh. What? I took the thrill out of "slumming..."

**FRAN**

Let's get to the Rendezvous.

**BELLA**

...we're going to the rendezvous.

**FRAN**

Let's get there.

**BELLA**

We got twelve hours.

**FRAN**

Yeah, no, let's go now.

**BELLA**

The truck's broken.

**FRAN**

Tell'im what's wrong with it.

**SHE STARTS FOR THE ENTRANCE, BELLA FOLLOWS HER.**

**FRAN (cont'd)**

Tell im, you had this same problem one time,  
your truck, and maybe it's the same th...

**BELLA**

...why don't we just?

**FRAN**

**(TURNING TO HIM)**

Because if you sold everybody else out, why  
wouldn't you sell me out?

**BELLA**

**(PAUSE)**

You remember the reason for that...

**(SHE STARTS ACROSS TO THE GARAGE.**

**HE FOLLOWS HER.)**

**INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.**

**MOORE, IN A T-SHIRT, LOOKING IN THE MIRROR. HE HAS A BAD CUT ON HIS FOREHEAD. AND HE HAS FIRST-AID SUPPLIES SPREAD OUT IN FRONT OF HIM ON THE BUREAU, UNDERNEATH THE MIRROR.**

**HE WINCES AS HE APPLIES IODINE, AND A BANDAGE.**

**HE TAKES A PANCAKE MAKEUP OUT OF A SMALL PAPER BAG, AND BEGINS SPREADING IT OVER THE BANDAGE ON HIS FOREHEAD.**

**ANGLE**

ON THE CHEAP, UNSLEPT-IN BED IS A DUFFLEBAG, IN IT WE SEE THE SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM, AND THE F.A.A. INSPECTORS BADGE.

WE SEE A MAN'S HANDS COME INTO THE SHOT AND TAKE A CLEAN SHIRT OUT OF THE DUFFLEBAG.

98.

ON THE BED NEXT TO THE DUFFLEBAG ARE A WET AND BLOODY SHIRT AND UNDERSHIRT.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE PUTS ON THE CLEAN SHIRT. HE REACHES IN THE BAG AND TAKES OUT HORN RIM GLASSES, AND PUTS THEM ON. HE STUFFS THE BLOODY CLOTHING INTO THE DUFFLEBAG.

CAMERA TAKES HIM TO THE BUREAU, WHERE HE PUTS THE BANDAGES ET CETERA, INTO THE DUFFLEBAG.

HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM. PICKS UP THE DUFFLEBAG, AND A SMALL ATTACHE CASE WHICH RESTS AT THE DOOR.

HE OPENS THE DOOR, AND PEERS OUT INTO THE HALL.

ANGLE, IN THE HALL, MOORE EXITING THE ROOM, CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, LOCKS IT. WE SEE HE IS ATTIRED IN A CHEAP SPORTCOAT, WITH A NEW PEN PROTECTOR FULL OF PENS IN ITS POCKET.

CAMERA TAKES HIM DOWN THE HALL TO AN INCINERATOR SHOOT. HE PUTS THE DUFFLEBAG AND THEN THE KEY INTO THE INCINERATOR SHOOT.

INT CAB OF THE RENTAL TRUCK. DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. BELLA DRIVING, FRAN RIDING SHOTGUN.

HOLD

**BELLA**

S'alot of money we've got back there.

(PAUSE)

I said...

**FRAN**

Yes. Thank you. I know what you said.

**BELLA**

What're you, filled with Remorse, something...?

**FRAN**

(LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW)  
...this is our exit.

**BELLA**  
Are you filled with remorse...?

**FRAN**  
...not yet.

**BELLA**  
Well, good, cause...

**FRAN**  
This is the exit for the meet.

**ANGLE HER POV**

99.

**THE RAINY NIGHT HIGHWAY, DIVIDING, AN OFFRAMP SHOWN A HALF MILE AHEAD.**

**ANGLE INT THE TRUCK**

**FRAN (cont'd)**  
...this is the...

**BELLA**  
Yes, Indeed it is, but I'm going to tell you something...

**SHE GRABS FOR THE WHEEL.**

**BELLA (cont'd)**  
**(AS HE PUSHES HER AWAY)**  
Take your hands off the wheel...

**ANGLE, EXT. THE TRUCK AS IT SWERVES TOWARD THE SIDEROAD, AND THEN BACK ONTO THE MAIN ROAD.**

**ANGLE INT THE CAB.**

**BELLA (cont'd)**  
What are you, nuts? Are you nuts? We're going to... I'll tell you what we're gonna do. We're gonna...

**FRAN**  
...alright.

**BELLA**

...we're gonna. That lame, that old lame you were with... he was... what did you think he was? He was a non-starter... what did you think...

what way in hell was he going to go home with the gold? Based on what Fairy tale...? YOU knew that... only one who didn't know that was...

**ANGLE EXT THE TRUCK. THEY PASS BY A ROADSIDE SERVICE AREA, A GAS STATION, A LIT-UP COUNTRY DINER-LOUNGE BESIDE IT.**

**ANGLE INT THE TRUCK**

**BELLA AND FRAN**

**AS FRAN LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.**

**FRAN**

You missed the exit for the meet.

**BELLA**

Well, yeah, no, I told you... we aren't going to the Meet.

**(PAUSE)**

You know we aren't going there.

**(MORE)**

100.

**BELLA (cont'd)**

**(PAUSE)**

Why would we want to go there...?

**FRAN**

What am I, just going to go off with you forever?

**BELLA**

You want me to tell you why...?

**FRAN**

Take me to the Meet.

**BELLA**

There is no meet, for the luvva God. You know that.

**(PAUSE)**

You know that.

**(PAUSE)**

You know that...

**FRAN**

I need a drink.

**BELLA**

Yeah. I'll get you a drink, and here's a bracer... We left the meet at the Airport. We left the Meet, your guy went out, got his picture on the Videott... and let's cut out the Shucking and the Jivin': what kind of man, sends you to me, sends his wife to me... to "distract" me... Oh? Surprise! I was All Taken In... How About That... What a fool I am... Would I do that to you?

**(PAUSE)**

Would I do that to you...? Except pee ess, who liked it?

**(PAUSE)**

So, Old Times Sake, I'm gonna tell you something, why'nt we cut the nonsense, and Say What It Is?

**(PAUSE)**

**FRAN**

...I need a drink. Turn around.

**BELLA**

...nothing simpler.

**FRAN**

I, uh, I need some time, I need a little time, to...

**BELLA ADJUSTS THE CAR INTO A U-TURN.**

**BELLA**

We're gonna siddown, and I'll draw you the scheme of it, the New Thing, on a Napkin.

101.

**HE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDSHIELD.**

**ANGLE, HIS POV, AROUND A TURN AHEAD, THE COUNTRY DINER-LOUNGE WE PASSED EARLIER, IN FRONT OF IT, A POLICE CRUISER.**

**ANGLE, INT THE TRUCK.**

BELLA (cont'd)

uh oh...

HE TWISTS THE WHEEL VIOLENTLY.

ANGLE, EXT THE TRUCK.

THE TRUCK STARTS TO SKID ON THE RAIN-SLICKED HIGHWAY, IT CROSSES TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND GOES INTO A DITCH.

THE TRUCK TUMBLES IN THE DITCH AND ENDS, ON ITS SIDE.

ANGLE

IN THE SCRUB WOODS ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. THE TRUCK, ON ITS SIDE, THE SIDE PANELS CRUMPLED, THE BACK SPRUNG OPEN.

ANGLE INT THE TRUCK

BELLA AND FRAN. HE CHECKS HER FOR INJURIES. SHE IS SHOCKY.

HE HELPS HER OUT OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE EXT

THE WRECKED TRUCK. IN THE RAIN. IN THE FAR B.G. THE LIGHTS OF THE DINER, AND THE POLICE CRUISER. BELLA REACHES BACK INTO THE TRUCK, TURNS OFF THE ENGINE AND THE LIGHTS.

HE WALKS AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE BACK DOOR SPRUNG OPEN, THE FAKE ENGINE OPEN, AND THE COVERED BARS LYING ALL OVER THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE

ON BELLA AND FRAN, AS SHE COMES AROUND THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

BELLA STANDS, INDECISIVE, LOOKING AT THE COVERED BARS. HE STARTS TO REACH IN FOR THEM.

FRAN

leave it.

PAUSE

BELLA LOOKS AT HER, AMAZED. HE STARTS TO GATHER THEM UP.

102.

FRAN (cont'd)  
Leave it... walk away from it. For godsake...

**BELLA STARTS SCOOPING UP THE BARS, AND CARRYING THEM BACK INTO THE WOODS. FRAN MOVES TO STOP HIM.**

FRAN (cont'd)  
Walk away from it... what are you going to  
...come on. Come on...  
**(SHE GESTURES BACK AT THE COPCAR)**  
Are you crazy...

**BELLA**  
...we can get a few, we can bury the bars, if  
we bury the bars in the...

**FRAN**  
**(PULLING ON HIM)**  
For godsake, walk away from it. Leave it...

**BELLA**  
Okay. Look: we fit'em back into the  
container. We... come on, come on...

**HE LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE COPCAR. HE WORKS HIS WAY BACK INTO THE TRUCK, AND STARTS REPLACING THE GOLDBARS IN THE CONTAINER.**

**FRAN**  
**(BEHIND HIM)**  
Come on...

**BELLA**  
**(HE REACHES FOR A FLASHLIGHT FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, TO HELP HIM)**  
The truck's clean, for chrissake, the truck's  
clean: we put it back together, we calla  
towtruck -- am I gone to walkaway from all  
this gold...?

**HE IS PLAYING HIS BEAM ON THE GOLDBARS. PAUSE.**

**ANGLE, HIS POV. INS.**

**HE PICKS UP ONE OF THE BARS. THE WRAPPING IS TORN. HE SHINES THE LIGHT ON IT, TO REVEAL IT IS A DULL LEADEN COLOR.**

**HE PICKS UP NOW ONE AND NOW ANOTHER OF THE GOLD BARS. AND DRIPS THE COVERING OFF OF THEM. EACH ONE IS LEAD. HE PICKS UP THE ONE BAR WHICH WAS OPENED AND RESEALED WITH TAPE, TO SHOW IT IS GOLD. HE STRIPS OFF THE WRAPPING. HALF THE BAR IS GOLD, THE REST OF IT IS**

LEAD.

HE STARTS RIPPING THE COVERS OFF THE BARS VIOLENTLY. ALL THE  
REST  
ARE LEAD.

ANGLE

103.

ON BELLA, AS HE TURNS TO LOOK AT FRAN.

ANGLE, HIS POV. ON FRAN. STANDING BEHIND HIM IN THE RAIN.

ANGLE

ON FRAN, AS SHE BACKS AWAY FROM BELLA, BACK INTO THE WOODS.

ANGLE

ON BELLA, AT THE TRUCK, AS HE CONTINUES RIPPING OFF THE COVERINGS.

HE TURNS AROUND.

ANGLE HIS POV.

ON FRAN, AS SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE WOODS.

ANGLE INT THE WOODS.

FRAN RUNNING IN THE DARK WOODS. SHE SLIPS, AND FALLS. WE SEE  
BELLA, RUNNING BEHIND HER.

SHE PICKS HERSELF UP, BEGINS TO RUN AGAIN. SHE STOPS, HER JACKET  
AND PURSE CAUGHT ON A TREE. SHE TRIES TO FREE HERSELF, SHE LOOKS  
BACK AT THE MAN GAINING ON HER.

SHE TAKES OFF HER JACKET AND RUNS ON. HOLD ON HER JACKET AND  
PURSE STRAP ON THE TREE.

EXT ROADSIDE DINER, NIGHT.

THE PARKINGLOT, THE POLICE CRUISER PARKED OUT FRONT.

FRAN EMERGES FROM THE WOODS, AND RUNS ACROSS THE PARKING LOT AND  
INTO A BACK DOOR OF THE DINER.

INT DINER NIGHT.

THE POLICEMAN AND A COUPLE OF CUSTOMERS AT THE COUNTER.

FRAN ENTERS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR. SHE PROCEEDS TOWARD A  
PHONEBOOTH.

SHE STARTS TO DIAL. BEAT. SHE REACHES FOR HER PURSE, IT IS GONE.

SHE DIGS IN HER PANTS. FINDS NOTHING.

ANGLE AT THE COUNTER.

FRAN WALKS UP. ALL TURN TO LOOK AT HER.

FRAN

Yeah, well, Can I, uh, can I make a credit  
card call on that phone?

COUNTERMAN

No, I don't think so.

104.

FRAN

(SHE NODS)

Then, anybody got a coin...?

(PAUSE)

ANGLE. SHE LOOKS OVER AT THE POLICEMAN, WHO IS LOOKING AT HER.

FRAN (cont'd)

(TO THE COP)

Excuse me, what are you looking at, All Due  
Respect?

COP

(PAUSE)

I was wondering, Maam, if you needed any  
assistance.

FRAN

Well, thank you, Sir. It would be nice, to  
meet a gentleman... to meet a gentleman for  
once in my life... But I, uh... I, uh...

ANGLE XCU ON FRAN, AS SHE LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE, HER POV.

AT THE BACK OF THE DINER, BELLA, COMING THROUGH THE DOOR, AND  
STOPPING BEHIND SOME CRATES, IN THE BACK.

ANGLE

ON FRAN

FRAN (cont'd)  
I, uh... thank you, I just need to uh...

THE POLICEMAN SLIPS SOME CHANGE ACROSS TO HER.

FRAN (cont'd)  
(AS SHE LOOKS BACK AT THE PHONE)  
In fact, you know, I'm fine... I had a fight  
with my husband... and he said... I said...  
"then let me out of the car..." ...  
and he did...  
(SHE STARTS TO CRY)

A WAITRESS COMES OVER AND SITS BY HER.

FRAN (cont'd)  
...that was the stupidest thing... the  
stupidest thing that...

THE WAITRESS GESTURES TO THE POLICEMAN THAT SHE WILL TAKE CARE OF  
IT.

THE COP NODS, AND PUTS DOWN SOME MONEY FOR THE CHECK, AND GETS UP.

ANGLE

105.

ON THE COP, AS HE PROCEEDS TOWARD THE CRUISER.

A TRUCKER PAYS HIS CHECK AND WALKS AFTER HIM.

ANGLE,

ON BELLA, AS HE WATCHES. CAMERA TAKES HIM AROUND THE OUTSIDE OF  
THE DINER.

ANGLE

ON BELLA, AS HE WATCHES THE POLICEMAN DEPART.

ANGLE INT THE DINER.

AS BELLA REENTERS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.

ANGLE HIS POV.

FRAN, DEPARTING THE FRONT OF THE DINER, TALKING WITH A TRUCKER,  
AS THE TRUCKER HELPS HER UP INTO HIS CAB.

ANGLE

BELLA. HOLD. HE PICKS UP THE PHONE. DIGS FOR SOME CHANGE, AND  
PUTS IT IN THE PHONE.

HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE INS.

THE HALF GOLD, HALF LEAD BAR. SOUND OF DIALLING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT RAINY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. A SMALL TRUCK.

ANGLE INT THE SMALL TRUCK.

BLANE AND MOORE IN THE TRUCK. BLANE DRIVING.

MOORE TOUCHES HIS HEAD INJURY.

BLANE

How you doing?

MOORE

I ain't feeling too well.

BLANE LOOKS AT SOMETHING UP AHEAD. MOORE TURNS.

ANGLE HIS POV.

A SECURITY CHECKPOINT, A BARRIER, A GUARD COMING FORWARD.

106.

ANGLE EXT THE TRUCK.

THE SECURITY GUARD COMES OUT.

BLANE HAND HIM A SLIP OF PAPER. THE SECURITY GUARD CHECKS IT, MAKES  
A CALL ON A WALKIE, AND WAVES THEM THROUGH A BARRIER WHICH RISES TO  
ADMIT THEM.

ANGLE

ON THE TRUCK. ENTERING WHAT IS NOW SHOWN TO BE THE CARGO AREA OF  
THE AIRPORT.

ANGLE

THE TAIL OF THE AEROHELVETICA PLANE, THE LARGE SWISS CROSS. TILT DOWN TO SHOW SEVERAL TRUCKS SURROUNDING IT, A POLICE CRUISER, AND THE TRUCK BEARING MOORE AND BLANE, PULLING UP TO THE PLANE.

ANGLE

ON THE TARMAC. MOORE GETS OUT, AS BLANE REVERSES THE TRUCK. BLANE WALKS UP TO A SMALL GROUP OF COVERALLED WORKERS, AND TWO COPS.

THERE IS A CONVEYOR RUNNING FROM THE PLANE DOWN TO THE GROUND, AND SEVERAL CONTAINERS ON THE GROUND.

BLANE PRESENTS A SHEAF OF PAPERWORK TO ONE OF THE COVERALLED MEN.

BLANE

...Hywest Foundry?

HE LOOKS AROUND, AS IF CONFUSED BY THE POLICE ACTIVITY.

OFFICIAL

(EXPLAINING)

We had a robbery of the pll...

MOORE

(OF HIS INVOICE. VERY CONCERNED)

Could you check my numbers, Please...?

TROOPER

(OVERHEARING)

Yeah, no, they got what they came for, Pal.

It wasn't yours...

MOORE LOOKS CONFUSED. HE TURNS TO THE COVERALLED OFFICIAL FOR HELP. THE OFFICIAL CONSULTS THE PAPERWORK, AND BIDS MOORE FOLLOW HIM UP THE CONVEYOR.

ANGLE, IN THE AEROHELVETICA PLANE.

SEVERAL WORKERS INSIDE. THE OFFICIAL, LEADS MOORE TO THE CONTAINERS MARKED 'HYWEST FOUNDRY.' HE POINTS THEM OUT AND MOTIONS TWO OF THE WORKERS TO START THEM ONTO THE CONTAINER.

107.

MOORE

...thank God.

TROOPER

...precious stuff, huh?

**MOORE**

It would mean my job...

**ANGLE**

THE HYWEST FOUNDRY CONTAINERS COMING DOWN THE CONVEYOR, AS BLANE OPENS THE BACK OF HIS TRUCK FOR THEM. HE LOOKS UP.

**ANGLE, HIS POV.**

MOORE, STANDING IN THE OPEN HATCH OF THE SWISS PLANE.

**ANGLE CU.**

MOORE. WITH A SLIGHT GRIN. NODS AT BLANE.

**EXT CITY RESIDENTIAL STREET DAY.**

AN OLD STYLE STREET OF SMALL BUNGALOWS. A SMALL GIRL BEING WALKED DOWN TO THE CURB BY HER MOTHER, WHO IS HANDING HER A LUNCHBOX. PINCUS WALKS OUT OF THE HOUSE BEHIND THEM, HE SHAKES HANDS AND MAKES HIS GOODBYES WITH A YOUNG FELLOW WHO IS HOLDING A CUP OF COFFEE.

**ANGLE**

TIGHT ON PINCUS, THE MOTHER AND THE YOUNG GIRL (WHOM WE SAW EARLIER, IN THE KITCHEN SCENE...) AT THE CURB. AS THE MOTHER ADJUSTS THE COLLAR ON THE CHILD.

**MOTHER**

...Uncle Donn to get up so early in the morning, Walk you to the Bus Today.

**PINCUS**

Glad to do it, glad to do it, glad to do it.

**MOTHER**

(AS PINCUS GIVES HER A PECK ON THE CHEEK)

...come over for dinner, Thursday.

**PINCUS**

Waal, we're gonna have to see...

**HE TAKES THE CHILD OUT OF THE FRAME.**

**ANGLE**

TRACKING BACK BEFORE PINCUS AND THE GIRL, AS THEY WALK.

108.

**GIRL**

...come to dinner.

**PINCUS**

We're gonna have to see.

**GIRL**

You always say that, and it means you won't.

**PINCUS**

Well, it's possible, it's possible, you see,  
that my 'business'...

**GIRL**

...uh huh...

**PINCUS**

...that I might have to go 'travelling' for a  
while...

**GIRL**

Why can't you do your business here?

**PINCUS**

Wish I could, Baby. Fact it. Fact is: I got  
to get out of here, this morning.

**GIRL**

This morning?

**PINCUS**

That's when my plane leaves.

**GIRL**

...there's the bus...

**WE SEE THE YELLOW SCHOOLBUS PULLING UP TO A SIGN, AND SEVERAL  
CHILDREN GETTING INTO IT.**

**PINCUS**

Well, there you go. Times change. My day,  
all kids, had to walk all the way to school.

**GIRL**

Yes. But the streets were safer.

**PINCUS**

Izzat so...?

(HE BENDS DOWN AND GIVES HER A  
KISS)

You take care of yourself, kid...

**GIRL**

Bye, Uncle Donny...

SHE GETS UP INTO THE BUS. HE WAVES HER GOODBYE.

ANGLE, CU. ON PINCUS, WAVING GOODBYE. HE TURNS.

109.

**ANGLE**

AS HE TURNS HE FINDS A THUG AND BERGMAN STANDING BEHIND HIM.

A BLACK SEDAN IS AT THE CURB BEHIND BERGMAN, ANOTHER THUG STANDS BY  
THE BACK DOOR, AND OPENS IT.

**BEAT.**

**PINCUS**

Good day for the race.

**BERGMAN**

What race is that?

**PINCUS**

The Human Race.

(PAUSE. HE LOOKS AFTER THE BUS)

Kids growing up, so on...

(PAUSE)

Hope of the Future.

**THUG**

Get in the fucken car.

PINCUS SIGHS, HE STARTS TOWARD THE CAR. AND THEN TURNS TO RUN.  
THE THUG PUTS THE ARM ON HIM.

**BERGMAN**

Get in the car.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT SHIPYARD SHED. DAY.**

THE HYWEST CORP CONTAINER. OPENED. ON BLANE, WHO IS SWEATING,

COMES INTO THE FRAME. CAMERA TAKES HIM INTO THE CONTAINER, WHERE WE SEE WHAT IS THE LAST SEVERAL SCORE WRAPPED INGOTS.

BLANE PICKS UP SEVERAL, AND CAMERA HINGES HIM TO A WORKTABLE, ON WHICH WE SEE MANY GOLD INGOTS, BLANE STRIPS THE FELT COVERING OFF THE NEW INGOTS TO REVEAL THEM STAMPED CREDIT NATIONAL DE GENEVE.

HE TAKES THE WRAPPINGS AND TOSSES THEM INTO A FIRE, BURNING IN THE BOTTOM OF A KILN. BLANE CLOSES THE DOOR.

TILT UP TO SHOW MOORE, WHO IS TAKING A GOLD INGOT, AND PUTTING IT INTO A CAULDRON, IN WHICH IS MOLTEN GOLD. HE WEARS A WELDER'S MASK.

HE FLIPS UP HIS MASK. AND WIPES HIS FOREHEAD. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH.

MOORE  
(TO BLANE)  
...where's pinky...?

110.

INT GARAGE DAY.

PINCUS, TIED TO A CHAIR, IS BEING INTERROGATED BY BERGMAN AND HIS THUG.

BERGMAN  
Where's the Gold?

PINCUS  
Well, I, uh, I, uh, I, you know, I'm  
reluctant to tell you.

ANGLE

ON BERGMAN, BEHIND HIM IS SEATED BELLA.

BERGMAN  
When we put it to you.

(PAUSE)

You know when we put it to you, you're gone  
be telling us the gross national product of  
Bolivia...

PINCUS  
...hey...

BERGMAN  
You're gonna be telling us the area codes,  
Belgium and Luxembourg...

**PINCUS**

Hey, look: Z'all I know...

**ANGLE INS. BERGMAN PICKS UP THE HALF LEAD, HALF GOLD BAR.**

**ANGLE**

**ON BERGMAN**

**BERGMAN**

This is all you know. This is all you know...  
This is all you know.

N'we got you, going to St. Croix

**(HE HOLDS UP A TICKET)**

Where's your share? How do you pick up your  
share, and where's the meet? **WHERE'S THE  
MEET...?**

**(BERGMAN PICKS UP THE HALF GOLD  
BAR TO THREATEN PINCUS)**

**PINCUS**

What're you, gonna hurt me...?

**BERGMAN**

Yeah, no, actually

**(TO PINCUS)**

No, I'm not going to hurt you. No.

**(MORE)**

111.

**BERGMAN (cont'd)**

But tell a guy, m fulla admiration. What was  
the deal? What was the deal?

**PINCUS**

The way you're looking at the deal the deal  
was we get away with the gold. Cute huh?

**BERGMAN**

Yeah, no. It's charming. And then what?

**PINCUS**

We, uh, we "slip away."

**BERGMAN**

You "slip away." Me and my guys go to the  
Meet, we find a truck full of Pig Iron. Zat  
the thing?

**PINCUS**

Well, you know, Joe figured, you weren't never going to the Meet.

**BERGMAN**

He did... And where's the Gold.           Where's the Gold all this time?

**(PAUSE)**

Y'know? Your guy din't get it in           his head, fly off on a Variation, we're out       on the Patio right now, and everybody's got a Margarita. Where's the Gold?

**PINCUS**

...You know:

**BERGMAN**

Yeah, no, where's the Gold, what's the Back-up Plan...?

**PINCUS**

You can understand my reluctance to tell you.

**BERGMAN**

**(TO HIS THUGS)**

Take him and show him something...

**INT SHED DAY.**

**THE DOOR TO THE KILN, OPEN, THE FIRE DIED DOWN TO ORANGE EMBERS, IN THE B.G.**

**THE OPEN, EMPTY HWYEST CONTAINERS.**

**THE DOOR OPEN, SHOWING THE MARINA.**

**AND MOORE STANDING ON THE DECK OF THE SAILBOAT.**

**HE WIPES THE BRIGHT BRONZE RAIL, THE SUN GLINTS OFF OF IT.**

**HE GETS DOWN ONTO THE DOCK.**

112.

**ANGLE.**

**ON MOORE AS HE WALKS BACK INTO THE SHED.**

**WHERE WE SEE BLANE, WHO IS SHUTTING DOWN THE FIRE IN THE FURNACE UNDER THE CRUCIBLE. BLANE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.**

**BLANE**

Fran...?

**MOORE**

No, she won't be calling in till she ditches the guy.

**BLANE**

How's she gonna ditch him?

**MOORE**

She could talk her way outta a sunburn.

**BLANE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH**

**BLANE**

...and then where's Pinky...?

**MOORE**

Let's finish up...

**INT SERVICE STATION RESTROOM DAY.**

**PINCUS. HOLDING A CELLPHONE TO HIS FACE, TALKS INTO THE CELLPHONE.**

**PINCUS**

**(TO PHONE)**

Joe.

**(PAUSE)**

...Yeah. How you doing?

**(PAUSE)**

Just to check in.

**(PAUSE)**

Fine. Finest kind.

**(PAUSE)**

Yeah, no, I saw the truck go through, too.

Innit. See you at the meet.

**(HE HANDS THE PHONE TO A THUG, WHO WE NOW SEE IS STANDING BESIDE HIM. THE THUGS REDIALS THE PHONE AND HANDS IT TO PINCUS.)**

Yeah.

**(PAUSE)**

Yeah. Checked in.

**(PAUSE)**

The meet is at.

**ANGLE INT BERGMAN'S OFFICE.**

**BERGMAN**

**(ON THE PHONE)**

...and where's the Gold...

(MORE)

113.

BERGMAN (cont'd)  
(PAUSE. BERGMAN, LISTENS,  
SMILES.)

...you're shitting me... Hah. Yeah. yeah.  
Well, no, thank you...

ANGLE EXT THE SERVICE STATION. ANOTHER BODYGUARD TYPE. KNOCKING ON  
THE DOOR.

ANGLE, INT THE RESTROOM.

PINCUS  
...alright...?

THUG  
Yeah, alright.

HE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE OUTSIDE.

ANGLE EXT THE RESTROOM

THE THUG NODS 'ALRIGHT' TO THE BODYGUARD TYPE, WHO MOVES TO REVEAL  
HE HOLDS PINCUS'S NIECE BY THE ARM. THE BODYGUARD BEGINS TO WALK  
HER OFF.

WE SEE THE DOOR TO THE RESTROOM CLOSE. HOLD. WE HEAR A SHOT.  
THERE IS A PAUSE. AND THE THUG COMES OUT OF THE RESTROOM DOOR AND  
LETS THE DOOR SWING CLOSED BEHIND HIM.

ANGLE AT THE FOUNDRY DAY.

ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS OVER TO BLANE, STILL HOLDING THE PHONE.

BLANE  
Pinky Called.

MOORE  
Yeah.

BLANE  
What's the report?

MOORE  
Says he's fine.

BLANE  
He said so, huh?

MOORE

That's what he said.

BLANE

Well...

(BEAT. BLANE CLAPS HIM ON THE  
SHOULDER)

HOLD. MOORE SHRUGS.

114.

MOORE

Good of him to keep in touch.

MOORE STARTS TO WALK TOWARD THE BOAT.

INT CLOTHES BOUTIQUE DAY.

FRAN, IN A DRESSINGROOM. GETTING OUT OF HER BEDRAGGLED CLOTHES,  
SHE LOOKS OUT THROUGH THE DOOR.

ANGLE HER POV.

A YOUNG WOMAN, WHO HAS JUST EMERGED FROM AN ADJACENT DRESSINGROOM,  
IN A NEW DRESS WITH A TAG ON IT. SHE TALKS TO A SALESGIRL, WHO  
TAKES HER OUT OF THE DRESSING AREA.

ANGLE

ON FRAN, IN HER UNDERWEAR, AS SHE RETREATS BACK INTO THE DRESSING  
ROOM AND THROWS HERSELF WITH ALL HER WEIGHT AGAINST THE PARTITION,  
CRASHING INTO THE NEXT DRESSINGROOM.

ANGLE HER POV

THE OTHER WOMAN'S CLOTHES AND PURSE IN THE DRESSINGROOM.

INT ENGINEROOM THE SAILBOAT DAY.

MOORE TINKERING.

EXT THE DECK OF THE SAILBOAT, DAY. MOORE GOES TO THE COCKPIT AND  
TRIES THE STARTER. THE ENGINE DOES NOT START. CAMERA TAKES HIM  
DOWN TO THE ENGINEROOM.

ANGLE INT BOUTIQUE, DAY.

FRAN, DRESSED IN THE OTHER WOMAN'S CLOTHES, EXITING THE STORE,  
CAMERA HINGES HER AROUND A CORNER, AND TO A PAYPHONE.

ANGLE, INT THE ENGINE ROOM.

MOORE, TINKERING WITH THE ENGINE. THE ENGINE SPUTTERING.

ANGLE INS, THE CELLPHONE, IN THE POCKET OF HIS JACKET, WHICH IS HUNG ON A HOOK IN THE ENGINEROOM. BLINKING.

ANGLE

AT THE PAYPHONE. FRAN. REDIALS THE NUMBER. HOLD. THEN SHE LOOKS AT HER WATCH AND HAILS A PASSING CAB.

EXT SAILBOAT DAY.

MOORE, ON THE DECK OF THE SAILBOAT. AS HE CONNS IT AROUND A MARKER, AND IN TOWARD A PIER.

THE SUN GLINTS OFF THE RAILING.

115.

EXT HIGHWAY DAY.

A TAXICAB. TURNING INTO A PIER AREA. A SMALL MARINA. A SMALL POWERBOAT BEING BACKED INTO THE WATER BY A SUBURBAN. THE CAB ENTERS THE AREA, AND FRAN GETS OUT, AND PAYS THE CABBIE OFF. SHE TURNS TOWARD THE WATER.

ANGLE, HER POV. THE SAILBOAT. FAR OUT BEYOND THE END OF A LONG PIER.

ANGLE

THE PIER. FRAN RUNNING DOWN THE PIER TOWARD THE BOAT.

AT A SMALL CABANA, NEAR THE END OF THE PIER. FRAN. SITTING ON A BENCH, LOOKING OUT AT THE SAILBOAT.

ANGLE

ON THE BOAT. AS MOORE PULLS IT UP TO THE END OF THE PIER. JUMPS DOWN, AND TIES UP THE BOAT.

MOORE

How're you doing? Blane's Okay. Billy's

Okay, Pinky called, he...  
(PAUSE)

HE LOOKS AT FRAN. HOLD.

BERGMAN AND HIS CREW EMERGE FROM THE SMALL CABANA.

MOORE TURNS BACK TOWARD THE BOAT. A THUG YELLS AT HIM AND PULLS  
A  
PISTOL. HE STOPS.

BERGMAN

Yeah, yeah, what there was a change in  
Plans...? You couldn't get to me to tell me?

MOORE

Let my wife go.

BERGMAN

Do you mind if I say something personal?

(PAUSE)

You wife's a whore. She'n'you, 've fucked  
this perfect little plan, into...

MOORE STEPS TOWARD BERGMAN. A THUG CLUBS MOORE TO THE GROUND.

BERGMAN

Get up. Get up, get  
motherfucker. I was  
I was going to make  
Score. And look how  
got to be Too Smart.  
Don't you?

(cont'd)

up, you contrary  
going to make you rich.  
you rich. The Swiss  
you treat me. Cause you  
You got to be too smart.

MOORE RISES TO HIS FEET.

116.

BERGMAN (cont'd)

You just gotta complicate it That Last Bit.

(PAUSE)

Well. Do you want to wrap it up, or you want  
to stand around out here, guess my Real Name?

MOORE

What is your real name?

BERGMAN

It's Rumplestiltskin.

MOORE

What was it before you changed it?

**THE THUG HITS MOORE AGAIN.**

**FRAN**

Don't hurt him...

**BERGMAN**

You had to go out on a limb -- you had to go out on a limb, Didn't you...? Didn't you...

**MOORE**

Let the girl go, I'll give up the gold.

**BERGMAN**

Yeah, we had, basically, we had in mind a different deal... a different deal. How bout that, I hear, if you're flexible, it Keeps you Young.

**MOORE**

I'll give up the Gold, Me and the girl leave on the boat.

**BERGMAN**

Well, that's very sentimental. But what if the gold's on the boat.

**MOORE**

Search the boat.

**BERGMAN TAKES OUT A SMALL KNIFE, AND BEGINS TO CLEAN HIS NAILS.**

**BERGMAN**

Yeah, no, I don't got to search the boat.

**ANGLE**

**ON BERGMAN, AS HE BECKONS SEVERAL OF THE THUGS ONTO THE BOAT.**

**BERGMAN**

Yeah, no, your wife just made another deal. The deal she made, we get the gold, we let you live. Whaddaya think?

117.

**PAUSE. AS MOORE LOOKS AT FRAN.**

**MOORE**

You let me walk away.

**BERGMAN**

That's right.

**MOORE**

Me and her.

**BELLA**

Well, not quite.

**MOORE**

What did you do to her...

**HE LOOKS AT FRAN.**

**FRAN**

I gave you up, Baby.            I gave up the gold.  
(PAUSE)

**BERGMAN**

Yeah, that's what we did for her, we let you live.

**FRAN**

I gave you up. I had to.

**BERGMAN**

(TO THE THUGS)

Let's get this boat out of here.

(TO MOORE)

We're letting you live cause it makes the broad happy. That's what she traded us for the gold.

**MOORE**

Hold on, hold on, let's siddown...

**BERGMAN**

Oh, yeah, let's siddown. You fucken dog inna manger, we sit here a little long enough, the Boys in Blue come visit, n'there goes the neighborhood...

**MOORE**

One second.    Hold on...

**BERGMAN**

You're bust, Baby. You got Broke... go cry a little

(TO MOORE, SOTTO)

You fortunate motherfucker, she don't step up, you're gone stay here, for, like, a little bit

of forever...

118.

BERGMAN (cont'd)  
...this way you walk away, you Lucky Dog.

**MOORE**  
Take the gold. Take the gold off, leave me  
the boat.

**BERGMAN**  
Don't make me lose my respect for you. By the  
way, we already had the gold. Pincus gave it  
up. That's what she traded for your life.  
**(PAUSE)**  
She's got a very commercial mind...

**BELLA STARTS TO TAKE FRAN AWAY, BACK DOWN THE PIER. WE SEE A BLACK  
CAR, DRIVING DOWN THE PIER, TOWARD THE GROUP.**

**BERGMAN BECKONS A HENCHMAN, AND POINTS AT THE BOAT.**

BERGMAN (cont'd)  
...take it back to the boatyard  
**(HE MAKES A DIALING MOTION)**  
Get a number, call'im up, we need a private  
slip, what do you call it, a shed. Tell'im  
we'll pay in cash. Get the thing squared  
away, we'll take the gold out...  
**(THE HENCHMAN STARTS TO GO OFF,  
NODDING)**

**BELLA**  
**(TO MOORE)**  
You don't want to stay here, pal. They're  
coming for you... they're coming for you...

**HE STARTS PUTTING FRAN INTO THE CAR.**

**FRAN**  
**(TO BERGMAN)**  
Leave him some money. Give him some money...  
don't let him go out there with nothing...  
**(SHE GETS INTO THE CAR.)**

**ANGLE CU ON FRAN AS BELLA PUTS HER INTO THE CAR.**

FRAN (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, baby.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE TURNS, AND WE SEE THE CAR DRIVE OFF.

BERGMAN

Yeah, we don't want, to send you out there  
broke... here: go buy yourself something  
nice... You don't mind if I pay you in  
Gold...?

HE STEPS OVER TO THE BOAT, FLOATING ALONGSIDE THE DOCK. HE TAKES  
HIS CLASP KNIFE, AND APPLIES IT TO THE SHINING RAIL.

ANGLE INS.

119.

THE BLADE BENDS ON THE RAIL.

ANGLE ON BERGMAN, AS HE GETS ONTO THE BOAT. HE WALKS TO ONE RAIL  
AND TRIES TO CARVE IT WITH HIS KNIFE. NOTHING HAPPENS. HE WALKS  
TO ANOTHER RAIL, AND TRIES THE SAME.

ANGLE INS. THE KNIFE. THE BLADE BENDING ON THE RAIL. MORE  
PRESSURE IS EXERTED. THE BLADE SNAPS.

ANGLE

ON BERGMAN. WHO GESTURES FOR ANOTHER KNIFE. THE HENCHMAN DOES NOT  
UNDERSTAND.

BERGMAN (cont'd)

A knife, gimme another knife...

THE HENCHMAN HANDS HIM A KNIFE. BERGMAN TRIES NOW ONE AND NOW  
ANOTHER OF THE RAILINGS. THE KNIFE CANNOT RAISE SHAVINGS ON ANY OF  
THEM.

ANGLE

ON BERGMAN, AS HE LOOKS BACK AT THE SHORE.

BERGMAN (cont'd)

...I don't... I need you to tell me where  
the gold is.

BERGMAN GETS OFF THE BOAT, AND ADVANCES ON MOORE, WHO IS STANDING ON  
THE PIER.

BERGMAN (cont'd)

Where's the gold?

**MOORE**

Where would you like it to be...?

**BERGMAN GESTURES TO THE THUGS, WHO TAKE HOLD OF MOORE'S ARMS. MOORE LOOKS AROUND WILDLY AT THE DESERTED PIER. BERGMAN ADVANCES ON MOORE, HOLDING THE KNIFE.**

**BERGMAN**

What is it, with your pal...?

**AS BERGMAN NEARS MOORE, MOORE TURNS, BREAKING THE HOLD OF THE TWO MEN. HE HITS ONE IN THE THROAT, KICKS AT THE OTHER, AND STARTS TO RUN. ONE OF THE THUGS PULLS A PISTOL, AND SHOOTS AT MOORE, AND MOORE FALLS TO THE PIER, GRASPING HIS SHOULDER, HE GETS SLOWLY UP, AND FACES BERGMAN, AND THE THUGS, WHO STAND ON THE PIER ALONGSIDE THE SAILBOAT. MOORE LOOKS AROUND.**

**BERGMAN (cont'd)**

And then where is he now. Your running buddy?  
No, It's all over, and I need to know:  
Where Is The Gold. I hate to do anything as  
dramatic as "counting to Three," but... ONE:

**(MORE)**

120.

**BERGMAN (cont'd)**

**(HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND. A HENCHMAN PUTS A PISTOL INTO IT.)**

**AS HE SPEAKS, MOORE KEEPS TURNING, SO THAT THE SUN IS BEHIND MOORE, AND SHINING INTO THE EYES OF BERGMAN AND HIS ACCOMPLICES, WHO NOW STAND WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE BOAT.**

**BERGMAN (cont'd)**

Two... why must you, oh, God, why in the world must you, why in the hell, a guy like you, would you put me in a position... Aahh, the Hell with it, life is too short, you know what? Fuck you...

**HE RAISES HIS ARM TO FIRE. BEHIND HIM WE SEE BLANE EMERGE FROM THE SAILLOCKER ON THE BOAT'S DECK, BLANE HOLDS A SHOTGUN. HE SHOOTS BERGMAN AND THE TWO THUGS, ONE OF THE THUGS TURNS AND FIRES AT BLANE, WHO IS WOUNDED. BLANE FIRES AGAIN AT THE THUG, AND STUMBLES ON TO THE PIER, AND FALLS BACKWARD INTO THE WATER BETWEEN THE BOAT AND THE PIER.**

**ANGLE**

**ON MOORE, WHO MOVES JERKILY, TO THE SIDE OF THE PIER. HE TRIES**

TO PUSH THE BOAT AWAY, TO GET THE LINE WHICH HOLDS THE BOAT AWAY. HE THROWS THE LINE TO ONTO THE PIER.

TO BLANE IN THE WATER. HE UNTIES TO THE PIER, AND PUSHES THE BOAT BLANE, WHO USES IT TO LIFT HIMSELF UP

THE TWO MEN SIT FOR A MOMENT, CATCHING THEIR BREATH.

MOORE

How you doing?

BLANE

I'm leaking?

(PAUSE)

You hurt?

MOORE NODS. HE STANDS, AND HELPS BLANE TO HIS FEET. MOORE PICKS UP THE SHOTGUN. THEY LOOK AROUND, BEHIND THEM, THE SAILBOAT IS DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.

THEY START DOWN THE PIER. STEPPING OVER ONE OF THE BODIES OF THE THUGS. THE SECOND THUG LOOKS UP.

THUG

(WEAKLY)

I... I...

BLANE KICKS HIS BODY OVER THE SIDE OF THE PIER, INTO THE WATER.

MOORE STEPS OVER THE DYING BERGMAN.

BERGMAN

Cute. Very cute.

MOORE WALKS OVER HIS BODY, AND HE AND BLANE CONTINUE DOWN THE PIER.

121.

BERGMAN (cont'd)

Don't you want to hear my dying words...?

MOORE TAKES THE SHOTGUN FROM BLANE, AND STEPS BACK TO BERGMAN.

MOORE

I just did.

HE SHOOTS BERGMAN, HANDS THE SHOTGUN BACK TO BLANE, AND THE TWO HEAD OFF, HELPING EACH OTHER DOWN THE PIER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT INDUSTRIAL DINER. DAY.

MOORE, HIS ARM IN A SLING, NOW WEARING A BEARD, SITTING IN A BOOTH,  
DRINKING COFFEE.

BLANE

(VO)

I hear...

MOORE LOOKS UP, BLANE, WALKING WITH A CANE, SLIDES INTO THE BOOTH  
OPPOSITE HIM.

BLANE (cont'd)

I hear if you put milk into it, it lesses the  
chance of stomach distress.

MOORE

Hey, you can't worry about every little  
thing...

THEY BOTH SIT, LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW.

A WAITRESS COMES BY WITH A COFFEEPOT.

WAITRESS

Heat it up?

MOORE

(AS HE RISES)

No, I think we gotta be moving on.

ANGLE EXT THE DINER, AS THE TWO WALK ACROSS AN INDUSTRIAL AREA.

BLANE

Too bad about Pinky.

MOORE

Ain't that so.

BLANE

...always made me laugh.

122.

MOORE

Well, what more can you say of anyone?

BLANE

Nothing...

BEAT. THEY CONTINUE WALKING ACROSS THE STREET TO REVEAL THEY ARE IN

**THE INDUSTRIAL AREA OUTSIDE THE BOXING GYM. THERE ARE MANY KIDS PLAYING IN THE STREET.**

BLANE (cont'd)  
Robert the Bruce...

MOORE  
Yeah?

BLANE  
Why'd they call him Robert "The" Bruce...

MOORE  
...what?

BLANE  
Why'd they call him Robert "The" Bruce?  
(PAUSE)

MOORE  
Because he asked them to.

**BLANE NODS.**

BLANE  
Y'go to that Plastic Surgeon, don't lettem put you all the way under. I knew a guy in Statesville, went to get his face fixed, woke up, sucker'd given him a pair of tits.

MOORE  
Yeah, that's no bargain.

BLANE  
Well, he landed back inside, he never had to want for Cigarettes...

**BLANE TAKES OUT A SLIP OF PAPER, AND HANDS IT TO MOORE. MOORE LOOKS AT IT.**

MOORE  
Send your cut there...?

BLANE  
Wire it there, when you get where you're going.

MOORE  
That I will, Pal.

**BLANE**

I hear it's nice down there in the Sun.

**MOORE**

Zat where I'm going?

**BLANE**

Wherever it is, Brother, don't come back.

(BEAT. MOORE NODS.)

BLANE EMBRACES MOORE. BEAT. BLANE HANDS HIM THE KEY TO THE GARAGE. AND WALKS OFF. WE SEE BLANE WALK ACROSS THE STREET, A CONVERTIBLE PULLS UP, DRIVEN BY A VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN. BLANE GETS INTO THE PASSENGER SEAT AND MOTIONS HER TO DRIVE.

ANGLE C.U. MOORE LOOKING ON.

ANGLE: HIS POV, ON BLANE'S CAR, AS IT DRIVES OFF, BLANE TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT MOORE ONE LAST TIME, THEN SHRUGS AND TURNS FORWARD.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS ACROSS THE STREET, TURNS A CORNER AND STANDS BEFORE A GARAGE DOOR.

MOORE USES THE KEY AND OPENS A SMALL DOOR SET INTO THE OVERHEAD DOORS OF THE GARAGE. HE ENTERS THE DARK GARAGE.

ANGLE INT THE GARAGE.

A NEWISH TRUCK, WITH A LARGE ENGINE LASHED ONTO ITS BED. THE ENGINE IS PAINTED IN FRESH BLACK PAINT. BEHIND IT, THE OLD BATTERED PICKUP TRUCK, UP ON A JACK, ITS BED FULL OF THE RUSTED PIPES OF THE DISCARDED BOXING EQUIPMENT, AND THE OLD ROTTEN LEATHER "HEAVYBAG." MOORE TAKES OUT A PACK OF CIGARETTES AND A LIGHTER, HE IS ABOUT TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE, WHEN HE LOOKS OVER AT THE NEW TRUCK.

HE PUTS THE CIGARETTES DOWN ON THE OLD TRUCK, BENDS DOWN, AND PICKS UP A CAN OF BLACK PAINT. HE WALKS TO THE NEW TRUCK AND APPLIES TOUCHUP PAINT TO THE ENGINE LASHED IN THE BACK. HE NODS AT IT, AND THEN, SATISFIED, HE TAKES A TARP AND COVERS THE ENGINE.

HE GETS INTO THE NEW PICKUP TRUCK AND STARTS IT.

WHILE IT WARMS UP HE GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE GARAGE, WIPING THE BLACK PAINT OFF OF HIS HANDS WITH A RAG. HE RAISES THE SHED DOOR, TO REVEAL FRAN STANDING THERE.

HE SMILES AND KISSES HER AND TAKES HER BACK TOWARD THE NEW PICKUP TRUCK. HE OPENS THE PASSENGER DOOR.

**MOORE**

Yeah, I knew you'd show.

**FRAN**

Good, good plan, baby...

**MOORE**

Yeah, I wouldn't clear my throat, without a backup plan...

124.

**FRAN**

That's the right way to do it.

**MOORE**

End of the day, though, end of the day, what's the important thing...?

**FRAN**

That's right.

**MOORE**

What's the important thing...?

**(PAUSE)**

**FRAN**

Shame about Pinky...

**MOORE**

You heard.

**(OF TRUCK)**

Come on, get in.

**FRAN**

Y'all loaded up?

**HE LIFTS THE TARP TO REVEAL THE ENGINE, COATED IN BLACK PAINT, SITTING THERE. HE RECOVERS IT.**

**MOORE**

C'mon, get in, we'll talk on the road. You heard about Pinky...

**FRAN**

Yeah. I heard. I'm sorry about that.

**MOORE**

Yeah, well, it just went bad there, that little bit. Dinnit...?

**FRAN**

Yes, It did.

**MOORE TOUCHES THE BRUISE ON HIS HEAD.**

**MOORE**

...yes, it did... it got kind of convincing.

**FRAN**

...and, so, you got hurt.

**MOORE**

Well, you can't do it halfway, can you...?

**FRAN**

No, anything you do, you got to do full-out.  
Don't you?

125.

**MOORE**

Indeed you do.

**FRAN**

And, sometimes...

**(PAUSE)**

**MOORE**

**(TOUCHES HIS FOREHEAD, AND THE  
BRUISE, WINCES)**

Then, that's just the Price.

**FRAN**

That's right. That's what you taught me.  
That's part of it.

**MOORE**

Well, but didn't you do great. Played it down  
to the last recorded syllable...

**FRAN**

I went to a good school.

**MOORE**

Never seen it done n'y better. You hotwalked  
that dude so good.

**FRAN**

...thank you, Joe.

**MOORE**

Cooled him out the livelong day. You made it  
look so real.

HE MOVES TO THE FRONT OF THE SHED. AND TURNS OUT THE LIGHTS. HE  
WALKS BACK TOWARD FRAN, WHO IS STANDING AT THE TRUCK.

MOORE (cont'd)  
(TO HIMSELF)  
...yes, you did.

FRAN  
Well, you know...  
(PAUSE)

MOORE  
...what d'you mean, "that's part of it?"

FRAN  
I don't get you?

MOORE  
I was talking about Pinky.

FRAN  
Uh huh.

126.

MOORE  
I said we paid the price. And you said. We  
paid part of it.  
(PAUSE)

FRAN  
Yes. That's right.

MOORE  
...what's the rest of it...?  
(PAUSE)  
What's the rest of it...?

ANGLE XCU MOORE. AS HE LOOKS AT FRAN.

ANGLE

FRAN, AS SHE LOOKS BEYOND MOORE.

ANGLE ON MOORE AS HE TURNS. BELLA IS STANDING BEHIND HIM.

BELLA HOLDS A PISTOL. HE MOVES TO MOORE, AND HE FRISKS HIM, AND  
FINDS NOTHING, AND TAKES A STEP AWAY.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE LOOKS FROM BELLA TO FRAN.

MOORE (cont'd)

Oh.

(PAUSE)

**BELLA**

Well. They don't always leave with the Ones  
they came In with.

**MOORE**

(PAUSE)

Oh.

**BELLA LOOKS AT THE TRUCK. HE LOOKS INQUIRINGLY, AT FRAN.**

**FRAN**

(TO MOORE)

It was dead, anyway.

(PAUSE)

You know it was.

**MOORE**

Was it...?

**FRAN**

(PAUSE)

You shouldn't of sent me to him.

**MOORE**

Well, you can't think of everything.

(PAUSE)

127.

**MOORE**

I'm sorry.

(PAUSE)

**FRAN**

Well...

**MOORE**

I'm sorry...

**FRAN**

You knew it was over...

**FRAN (cont'd)**

(TO BELLA)

...it's in the back.

BELLA WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE TARP, RAISES A CORNER, LOOKS IN.

HE LOOKS AT HIS HANDS, AND TAKES OUT A HANDKERCHIEF, AND WIPES OFF THE BLACK PAINT. HE LOWERS THE TARP DOWN.

MOORE  
(OF BELLA)

Why dun' he shoot me?

FRAN  
Cause it's over. It's all done. That's the deal.

MOORE  
He ain't gonna shoot me?

FRAN  
No.

MOORE  
Then he hadn't aughta point a gun at me.  
(PAUSE)  
It's insincere...

MOORE SITS DOWN ON AN UNOPENED WOODEN BOX, IN THE DOORWAY OF THE GARAGE.

MOORE (cont'd)  
Oh, God, I'm tired...

FRAN  
(TO MOORE)  
I'm sorry, Baby.

MOORE  
Well, no. You told me, "you knew him before."

FRAN  
That's right. I did.  
(TO BELLA)  
(MORE)

FRAN (cont'd)  
Get in and drive  
(TO MOORE)  
I'm sorry.

MOORE

You said that.

**(PAUSE)**

Well.

**(PAUSE)**

You must be under quite a lot of stress.

**FRAN**

Hmm.

**MOORE**

It was a pretty plan, though, wunnit...?

**FRAN**

Cute as a Chinese baby...

**MOORE**

Thanks for everything.

**(FRAN GETS UP INTO THE TRUCK)**

**FRAN**

You'll be alright.

**MOORE**

You think so?

**FRAN**

You always are.

**(PAUSE)**

**MOORE**

Well, I missed this trick, though, didn't I...?

**FRAN**

...the best laid plans of mice and men...

**MOORE**

...what?

**FRAN**

I said Nobody's Perfect.

**(PAUSE)**

You take care.

**(TO BELLA)**

Alright, let's go.

**THE TRUCK DRIVES OFF.**

**ANGLE**

**ON MOORE, AS HE SLOWLY SHAKES HIS HEAD. HE SIGHS. HE WALKS BACK INTO THE SHED.**

HE WALKS TO THE OLD ABANDONED PICKUP, WHERE HE LEFT HIS CIGARETTES AND LIGHTER. HE TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE, AND HOLDS IT TO HIS LIPS. HE HESITATES. HE CRUMBLES IT, AND THROWS IT TO THE FLOOR. LOWERS THE PICKUP TO THE GROUND, USING THE HYDRAULIC JACK.

HE SIGHS, AND SLAMS THE TAILGATE ON THE OLD METAL FRAME OF THE BOXING EQUIPMENT. THE TAILGATE DOES NOT CLOSE. HE SLAMS IT AGAIN. AND IT CLOSES.

HE WALKS OVER AND GETS IN THE CAB OF THE OLD PICKUP.

ANGLE

THE OLD METAL FRAME IN THE BED OF THE PICKUP TRUCK. WE SEE THAT THE TAILGATE HAS JAMMED ONTO THE OLD METAL PIPES, AND THE PIPE'S PAINT HAS CHIPPED TO REVEAL THAT THE PIPE IS GOLD, AND WE SEE, ON THE BASE OF THE PIPE, WHERE THE PAINT HAS CHIPPED, FAINTLY, THE LETTERS CREDIT INTERNATIONAL DE GENEVE.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, IN THE TRUCK, AS IT PULLS OUT OF THE GARAGE.

FADE OUT.