

"METRO"

Screenplay by

Randy Feldman

**SHOOTING DRAFT**

**FADE IN:**

**CLOSEUP OF SCOTT ROPER**

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

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

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

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Roper's police radio SQUAWKS.

**DISPATCHER (V.O.)**

One-one-four to Roper.

He picks up the radio.

**ROPER**

Dig in, Cozy Girl...  
(into the radio)  
Roper go.

**DISPATCHER (V.O.)**

One-four, Roper. Code 2.C.P. 4th and

Grand.

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

It's Cozy Girl holding on... Cozy  
Girl and Backtrack...

**ROPER**

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

He tosses the radio down. Punches the accelerator.

**ROPER**

Stay up there, Girl...

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

Cozy Girl in front by a neck... Now  
a head...

**EXT. TRANS AM - DAY**

Weaving through traffic on the bridge.

**ROPER (V.O.)**

Where's the damn wire?!

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

Here comes the wire... and...  
Backtrack gets up in the last jump.  
Cozy girl a very game second.

**ROPER (V.O.)**

**SHIT!**

The Trans Am streak off toward the city.

**EXT. BANK - DOWNTOWN - DAY**

cars,  
Roper's  
out,  
A hostage situation. Police barricades. Dozens of squad  
ambulances, spectators, SWAT team. It's a stalemate.  
Trans Am pulls to a stop at the barricades. He hops  
weaves through the spectators and past the barriers.  
A FEMALE DETECTIVE, EIKO KIMURA, rushes up to him.

**KIMURA**

Hi, Roper.

**ROPER**

Hi, Kimura. Where's the command post?

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

**KIMURA**

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

**ROPER**

...a car.

**KIMURA**

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

**ROPER**

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

**KIMURA**

That's right.

**ROPER**

What's the suspect's name?

**KIMURA**

Earl.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

is  
staff  
Across from the bank. This is where the "command post" setup. About a dozen cops and the accompanying support are here. Lieutenant SAMUEL BAFFERT is in charge. Roper saunters in.

**ROPER**

Hello, guys.

**BAFFERT**

Hello, Roper. Glad you could join us.

standing.  
Roper walks over to the counter where Baffert is

**ROPER**

Do we have a profile on Mr. Earl?

Baffert hands him a folder. Roper opens it.

**BAFFERT**

This guy is no genius.

Roper scans the profile.

**ROPER**

They're not usually graduate students.

**BAFFERT**

SWAT wants to go in.

**ROPER**

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

Roper refers to the folder.

**ROPER**

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

**KIMURA**

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

**ROPER**

I have to go face to face.

**BAFFERT**

No -- you can't do that.

**ROPER**

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

**BAFFERT**

I don't know.

**ROPER**

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

**BAFFERT**

Not that we know of.

**ROPER**

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

**BAFFERT**

Maybe we can get a throw phone in there.

**KIMURA**

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

**BAFFERT**

What do you mean?

**KIMURA**

He urinated on it and shorted out the circuits.

**ROPER**

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

(beat... beat)

Give me a dozen donuts.

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

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Roper eats the donut as he crosses toward the bank.

**EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET - DAY**

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

his

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

**FORBES**

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

**MCCALL**

Donuts.

**FORBES**

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

**INT. BANK - DAY**

a

around

few

conscious

toward

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

The other bank employees are cowering on the floor. A  
are giving aid to the wounded bank guard who is half-  
and oozing blood from his side.

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

**ROPER**

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

frisking

still

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

**ROPER**

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

seems to

back up

Roper smiles reassuringly at the pretty teller. It  
help. Earl finishes patting Roper down, straightens

and puts his hand around the teller's neck.

**EARL**

Where's the car?

**ROPER**

I need to get something straight first.

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

**ROPER**

Who's the manager?

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

**MANAGER**

I am.

Roper takes a step toward him.

**ROPER**

When did you start keeping longer hours?

**MANAGER**

Last spring.

**ROPER**

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

**EARL**

**HEY, SHUT UP!**

Earl wags his gun against the Teller's ear.

**EARL**

Do you want me to start killing people?!

Roper holds his hand up defensively.

**ROPER**

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

**EARL**

Then where's my FUCKING car!

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

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

**TELLER**

(voice trembling)  
Debbie...

**ROPER**

Point the gun away from Debbie.

**EARL**

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

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**EARL**

What are my chances of getting out of here?

Roper calmly moves toward where the wounded guard is laying.

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

How ya doin'?

back

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

**ROPER**

(to Earl)

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

Earl is encouraged by that.

**EARL**

Really?

**ROPER**

Absolutely. Bank robbers are generally your smartest criminals.

Roper looks directly into Earl's eyes.

**ROPER**

He didn't kill anybody, though.

Roper bends over the guard.

**ROPER**

This is gonna hurt.

him

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

**EARL**

Hey, leave him alone. What are you doing?

Roper keeps dragging the guard toward the front door.

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

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

**ROPER**

(whispering to Jennings)  
Give me your gun.

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

**ROPER**

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

**JENNINGS**

Why not keep the streak alive?

**ROPER**

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

**INT. BANK - DAY**

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

**EARL**

(yelling)

**HEY, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE!**

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

**ROPER**

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

Tears  
brave.  
Roper glances at Debbie. Gun pressed against her head. start rolling down her cheeks. She's being tremendously

**ROPER**

Give me Debbie.

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

**EARL**

Take the old guy.

The other hostages watch this exchange tensely.

**ROPER**

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

**EARL**

Am I gettin' the car?

**ROPER**

You're gettin' the car.

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

**EARL**

Take them.

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

**ROPER**

You two, leave.

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

**EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY**

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

**FORBES**

This guy is good.

**MCCALL**

That's what they say.

**INT. BANK - DAY**

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

Oh, there's one last thing.

Earl looks like he's right on the edge.

**EARL**

What?!

**ROPER**

You want a convertible or hardtop?

Earl thinks about that for a beat...

**ROPER**

Hardtop.

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

**ROPER**

(without turning around)

Manual or automatic?

**EARL**

Automatic.

**ROPER**

You got it.

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

One SHOT. It tears into Earl's shoulder. One inch from Debbie's neck. Earl is blown back against the counter.

Debbie

shrieks at the top of her lungs.

everybody

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

**EARL**

I give up! I give up!

gently

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

**EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY**

the

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

**RADIO**

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

the

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

**EXT. STREET - SHORT TIME LATER**

when

Roper is exiting the bank and putting back on his gun he hears the sound of a CAMERA SHUTTER. He turns to see VERONICA (RONNIE) TATE holding the camera. She snaps

one of

Roper with Earl in the b.g. being placed in a squad

car.

**RONNIE**

There's one for the front page.

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**RONNIE**

Don't start.

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

**ROPER**

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

(shaking his head)

He's no good for you.

**RONNIE**

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

**ROPER**

I worship you.

**RONNIE**

You worship yourself.

**ROPER**

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

**RONNIE**

Greg.

**ROPER**

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

Ronnie stops. Looks him in the eye.

**RONNIE**

You know what I think? I think you

only want me now, because I'm with somebody else.

**ROPER**

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

Ronnie smiles, but offers no response.

**ROPER**

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

**RONNIE**

I'm going out with Greg tomorrow.

**ROPER**

(frowning)  
This Greg is really getting in my way.

Roper gets down on his knees.

**ROPER**

Please. I'm begging you.

**RONNIE**

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

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

**ROPER**

Hey, that's my car.

A REPO MAN stands off to the side watching  
dispassionately.

**REPO MAN**

Not anymore. Now it belongs to Silver  
Hills Financial.

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

**INT. METRO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY - RAINING**

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**BAFFERT**

Floor seats.

**ROPER**

You're my hero.

**BAFFERT**

Dinner's on you.

**ROPER**

Deal.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY - RAINING**

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

**INT. CAPTAIN SOLIS' OFFICE - RAINING**

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

**SOLIS**

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

Roper smiles as he sits down.

**ROPER**

Tell him to give me a raise.

**SOLIS**

(into the phone)

He says, "Thank you very much."

(a beat)

I'll discuss it with him right now...

Good-bye, Chief.

Solis hangs up. Looks across the desk at Roper. A long  
pause.

He knows he's got leverage.

**SOLIS**

Roper.

**ROPER**

What?

**SOLIS**

Are you going to make this hard for  
me?

**ROPER**

Depends. What's up?

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

Define concern.

Solis dumps his cards on the table.

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

Your concern is heartwarming.

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

Is that what the guy in the Sunday School suit is doing outside?

**SOLIS**

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

Roper grabs McCall's folder off the desk.

**ROPER**

Let me see that.

Roper scans it.

**ROPER**

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

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME - RAINING**

Solis  
hear

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

**INT. SOLIS' OFFICE - SAME - RAINING**

**ROPER**

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

Roper throws the folder back on the desk.

**ROPER**

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

**SOLIS**

You let us worry about that.

**ROPER**

Is there going to be an expression of your appreciation?

**SOLIS**

(gloomily)

What kind of appreciation are we talking about?

**ROPER**

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

**SOLIS**

What do you think would be in order?

**ROPER**

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

(boldly)

Five thousand dollars.

**SOLIS**

(calmly)

Okay, I think I could swing that.

Uh-oh, Roper thinks maybe he sold short.

**ROPER**

(quickly)

And a car.

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

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

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

(firmly)

The car is part of the deal.

**SOLIS**

What happened to your Trans Am?

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

**ROPER**

Repoed this morning.

**SOLIS**

(relenting)

I'll provide you with transportation.

**ROPER**

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

McCall enters the office.

**ROPER**

(instant character change)

Hey, glad to meet you. I've heard nothing but good things about you...

Roper reaches out. They shake hands.

**MCCALL**

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

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

I'm ready to do it.

(a beat)

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

Roper's face darkens.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

Sorry... Habit.

**SOLIS**

(intervening)

Let's move past this, gentlemen.

Roper smiles.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

If you say so.

**SOLIS**

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

Roper and McCall head out the door.

**SOLIS**

Roper...

Roper turns back around.

**SOLIS**

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

Roper smiles. Total victory.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY - RAINING**

MOVING with Roper and McCall.

**ROPER**

You ever been in a hostage situation?

**MCCALL**

Only at the very end.

**ROPER**

How do you feel after a shooting.

**MCCALL**

(self-assured)  
Like it had to be done.

They enter the squadroom, wind through the cubicles.

**ROPER**

It rarely has to be done.

**MCCALL**

I've rarely shot anyone.

**ROPER**

SWAT is a lifesaving unit, you know.

**MCCALL**

(flatly)  
I know.

**ROPER**

Try to remember that.

They arrive at Roper's desk.

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

Extract that pen cap without touching  
or moving the bottle.

McCall looks at the bottle quizzically.

**MCCALL**

What's the point of this?

**ROPER**

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

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

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT**

including  
Roper and Baffert walking past the row of cars,

Solis' cadillac, searching for Roper's "new" transportation...

Roper is holding the keys in his hand.

**BAFFERT**

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

**ROPER**

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

**BAFFERT**

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

**ROPER**

Yeah, okay.

Roper is looking at the numbered parking spaces.

**BAFFERT**

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

**ROPER**

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

**BAFFERT**

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

**ROPER**

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

**BAFFERT**

(impressed)  
No shit! He's good!

**ROPER**

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

**BAFFERT**

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

Roper bends over like an old man.

**ROPER**

Yep, my rheumatism's been acting up.

They arrive at their destination. A parking space with

a

**1957 DODGE PICKUP.**

**BAFFERT**

This is it. Space 742.

Roper looks at the pickup truck in disbelief.

**ROPER**

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

who

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**BAFFERT**

Where's the stereo?

**ROPER**

Fuck the stereo. What's that smell?

**BAFFERT**

Come on. Just get in. We gotta go.

**EXT. MARKET STREET - NIGHT**

The pickup in traffic.

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**EXT. KORDA'S BUILDING - NIGHT**

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

**INT. PICKUP - NIGHT**

Baffert pulls out a slip of paper.

**BAFFERT**

Apartment 306.

**ROPER**

You want me to go up with you?

**BAFFERT**

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

**ROPER**

Good. I don't want to be late.

Baffert gets out. Roper grabs his cell phone.

**ROPER**

You want anything on the game?

Baffert turns back around.

**BAFFERT**

What's the line?

**ROPER**

It was Warriors plus 6 this morning.

**BAFFERT**

I'll take half of your action.

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

**DETAIL SHOT**

A message on the display reads: RECHARGE BATTERY.

street. He

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

**INT. BUILDING - NIGHT**

kept up.

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

**INT. KORDA'S APT. - NIGHT**

chair  
as  
door.

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

**KORDA**

Who is it?

**BAFFERT (V.O.)**

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

make  
door.

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

**KORDA**

What happened? Is there a problem?

**BAFFERT**

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

the  
the

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

**BAFFERT**

Count Basie?

Korda smiles back. Another jazz aficionada.

**KORDA**

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

**BAFFERT**

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

plays

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

**BAFFERT**

Where did you find an old recording like that?

**KORDA**

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

(searching for the name)

Memories... Memory Lane or something...

**BAFFERT**

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

**KORDA**

You mean Frank who owns the bakery down the street?

Baffert smiles.

**BAFFERT**

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

look out

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

**HIS POV**

Nobody there. Just the truck.

**KORDA**

I certainly wouldn't.

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

**BAFFERT**

Could I please have a little water?

**KORDA**

(the perfect host)

Of course.

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

**BAFFERT**

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

Baffert notices something in the trash can.

**HIS POV**

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

**INT. KITCHEN**

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

**KORDA**

(calmly)

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

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

**KORDA**

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

**BAFFERT**

This cousin of yours... What's his

name?

**KORDA**

(forthrightly)

Clarence Teal.

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

**KORDA**

Your cough seems to be better.

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

**BAFFERT**

Thank you.

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

**BAFFERT**

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

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

**KORDA**

Lieutenant...

Baffert turns back around.

**KORDA**

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

Baffert muses along with Korda.

**BAFFERT**

Could be.

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

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Baffert gets into the elevator.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Baffert takes out his cell phone. Dials.

**BAFFERT**

(as the elevator  
descends)

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

The elevator hits the first floor.

**BAFFERT**

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

The elevator opens.

Korda is standing there with a knife.

Baffert has no time to react...

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

**EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. BUILDING - NIGHT**

Baffert is laying in the open elevator, knife wounds to  
his

look neck and chest. Roper rushes over to him. It doesn't  
good.

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

**ROPER**

(to the woman)

Get an ambulance!

**INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

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

**INT. KORDA'S APT. - NIGHT**

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

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

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

**INT. APT. 302 - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT**

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

**INT. SOLIS OFFICE - NIGHT - RAIN**

window  
phone.

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

**SOLIS**

(on the phone)

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

Solis hangs up the phone.

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

(still looking out  
window)

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

(beat; turning to  
Solis)

I want to be put on this case.

**SOLIS**

I can't do that.

**ROPER**

(emphatic)

I want to be put on this case.

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

Who's running it?

**SOLIS**

Roper...

**ROPER**

Who's running it!

**SOLIS**

Kimura and Glass will head the

investigation.

Roper turns to leave.

**SOLIS**

Scott. Go home. Get some sleep.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. METRO OFFICE AREA - NIGHT**

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

**ROPER**

Hey, hey, hey...

Roper intercepts them.

**ROPER**

Anything on Korda so far?

**KIMURA**

Solis said to keep you clear of this.

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

**ROPER**

I don't give a damn what Solis said.

(to the detectives)

If you get a lead, I want to know.

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT - RAINING**

Roper's pickup drives by.

**INT. PICKUP**

Thru the windshield. We see Roper as the windshield wipers

flap back and forth. His face seems dazed and lost.

**INT. RONNIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT**

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

**RONNIE (O.S.)**

Just a minute.

door  
dressed

Roper makes no effort to pull himself together. The

opens and Ronnie's face registers surprise. She's

casually in jeans, a nice shirt, but wears make-up and earrings.

**RONNIE**

Hey.

**ROPER**

Hey yourself. Came by to see Troy.

**RONNIE**

(like hell)

A little late for that, Scottie.

He's asleep.

(smells his breath)

Jack Daniels?

**ROPER**

I'm not drunk. Yet.

**RONNIE**

Maybe you should be.

**ROPER**

You heard.

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

**RONNIE**

Yeah. I'm sorry.

**ROPER**

Can I come in?

Ronnie opens the door reluctantly.

**INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

hangs

Roper enters. Instantly we see he's at home here. He

notices  
style.

his coat in the closet, puts his keys on the table,  
a photograph on the wall. Quite imposing. Very unique

**ROPER**

That a new picture?

**RONNIE**

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

Thoughts  
He's  
couch

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

**ROPER**

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

his

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

He misses me.

She nods. A moment's silence.

**ROPER**

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

**RONNIE**

(a bit surprised at  
his openness)  
You don't usually talk to anyone  
when you're hurting.

**ROPER**

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

**RONNIE**

Scott, You can't save everyone.

**ROPER**

I've proved that, didn't I?

She's not coming closer. She wants to, but she won't do it.

She seems uneasy, glances towards the door. Roper rises.

**ROPER**

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

**RONNIE**

(gentle)

What do you want from me?

**ROPER**

Something I guess I can't have anymore.

**RONNIE**

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

**ROPER**

(surprised, hurt)

You think I didn't need you?

**RONNIE**

If you did, you never showed it.

**ROPER**

Ronnie...

He reaches for her and she looks like she might give in to

Ronnie him, but at that moment there's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR.  
pulls back, confused and guilty.

**ROPER**

You expecting someone?

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

**ROPER**

This day just keeps getting better.

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

**RONNIE**

(soft)

They're on the table where you always  
leave them.

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

**GREG**

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

Greg's smile fades as he sees Roper.

**ROPER**

I was just leaving.

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

**RONNIE**

Scottie... take care of yourself.

Roper doesn't look back. He just goes.

**EXT. PIER 26 - EARLY MORNING**

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

coffee to go. He enters the warehouse.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME**

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

**INT. WATCHMAN'S QUARTERS - SAME**

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

**KORDA**

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

Clarence is scared. He offers no defense.

**KORDA**

You told Antonucci that shit came  
from me.

**CLARENCE**

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

Korda tosses Clarence down onto the cot.

**KORDA**

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

**CLARENCE**

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

**KORDA**

Not the fucking cop that showed up  
at my door!

**CLARENCE**

What happened, Mike.

**KORDA**

You don't want to know.

Tears start to come to Clarence's eyes.

**CLARENCE**

I'm sorry, Mike.

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

**KORDA**

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

**CLARENCE**

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

**KORDA**

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

(a beat)

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

add  
Clarence watches Korda warily. Things are beginning to  
up in his head.

**CLARENCE**

Did you kill him, Mike?

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

**CLARENCE**

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

We're talking major fear here...

around  
against

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

**KORDA**

It's not your fault you're stupid.

Tears of relief from Clarence.

**INT. METRO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

walks

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

chair,

Measures in

bottle

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

**ROPER**

(to Kimura and Glass)

What do you got on Korda?

**KIMURA**

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

**ROPER**

(rapid fire)

Did you check out DMV for any vehicles  
registration?

**KIMURA**

Being faxed over now.

**ROPER**

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

**KIMURA**

Roper...

**ROPER**

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

**KIMURA**

Roper, we're into it...

Suddenly Solis appears at their side.

**SOLIS**

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

Roper looks at him icily.

**SOLIS**

It's in everyone's best interest.

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

**ROPER**

(softened)  
You guys are doing good work.

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

**MCCALL**

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

I don't see much progress here.

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

**CLOSE ON THE BOTTLE**

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

**ROPER**

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

squadroom.  
Just then a SERGEANT calls to Roper across the

**SERGEANT**

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

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

**EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY**

The pickup is weaving through traffic.

**INT. PICKUP - DAY**

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

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

**ROPER**

So, McCall, how come you ended up in

San Francisco?

**MCCALL**

They recruited me. Promised me fast advancement.

**ROPER**

Recruited you from where?

**MCCALL**

National Marksman Competition.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

Furthest point I could find from New York.

**ROPER**

You don't like New York?

**MCCALL**

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

**ROPER**

You'd never been out of New York?

**MCCALL**

Been to Toronto. My mother was born there.

**ROPER**

How did you like Toronto?

**MCCALL**

It was okay.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

You caught me on an "up" day.

(a beat)

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

**ROPER**

I grew up in Oakland... Crossed the

Bay Bridge and here I was.  
(a beat)  
So you're looking for "fast  
advancement".

**MCCALL**

Is there something wrong with that?

**ROPER**

I'm not sure.

**EXT. 6TH STREET - DAY**

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

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

**ROPER**

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

**OFFICER #1**

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

**ROPER**

Which apartment?

The Officer points up to the third floor.

**OFFICER #1**

That one with the bars on the windows.

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

**ROPER**

How are we gonna get him out of there?

**MCCALL**

We could fill it with water.

the  
duffel

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

**ROPER**

(to Officer #1)  
Have you evacuated anyone?

**OFFICER #1**

Only that floor.

**ROPER**

Is the hostage injured?

**OFFICER #1**

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

**ROPER**

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

McCall slams the truck door, sniper rifle in hand.

**MCCALL**

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

(surveying the area)

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

McCall marches off across the street.

**ROPER**

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

McCall calls back over his shoulder.

**MCCALL**

I know my job.

floor

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

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

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

**INT. 6TH ST. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY**

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

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

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

**ROPER (V.O.)**

I'm coming in. I'm not armed.

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

**WIFE**

(shrieking)

No, Raymond!

**RAYMOND**

(to Roper)

Stay the fuck out of here!

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

**ROPER**

I know how you feel, Ray.

**RAYMOND**

You don't know shit, and I suggest

you leave.

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

Her chest heaves.

**ROPER**

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

**RAYMOND**

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

**ROPER**

Let me show you something, Ray.

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

**CLOSEUP PHOTO**

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

**ROPER**

holds it up so Raymond can see it.

**ROPER**

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

**RAYMOND**

I ain't interested in your life story.

**ROPER**

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

**RAYMOND**

She's the one to blame. Not me.

**EXT. ROOF ACROSS THE STREET - ON MCCALL**

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

**POV THROUGH SIGHT**

of Raymond's open window.

**INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT**

utter

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

**ROPER**

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

**RAYMOND**

What am I giving up? I'm laid off last year. I'm down to my last unemployment check. I'm out on the streets looking for work and this bitch is banging some asshole in my bed.

not

And now Ray is crying. Blubbering actually. And he's that coherent.

**RAYMOND**

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

(deep sigh)

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

Roper reaches out to him.

**ROPER**

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

**RAYMOND**

Doing what? Cleaning toilets?

**ROPER**

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

**RAYMOND**

And why the fuck would you do that for me?

**ROPER**

Not for you, Ray. For me. A close friend of mine was killed this week. The way I figure it, I stop you from doin' what you said, I'm one up on body count.

**RAYMOND**

Who the fuck are you, Mother Teresa?

**ROPER**

My name's Scott Roper.

knife  
eyes  
beat...  
Then...

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

**RAYMOND**

I need my coat.

has  
turns

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

coat.  
floor.

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

**ROPER**

**NOOOO!!**

coat.  
wall. A

He rushes over to Ray. Circle of blood soaking into the  
carpet. Ray's empty eyes. His hand still wrapped in his  
He was dead instantly. Roper slams his fist into the

Roper couple of cops, guns drawn, arrive at the doorway.  
bolts out of the room... Pounds down the hallway...  
Pounds down the stairs... down another flight...

**EXT. APT. BLDG.**

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

**ROPER**  
**WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?**

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

**INT. APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

Roper follows, screaming his head off.

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

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

**INT. APT. - DAY**

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

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

Roper doesn't miss a beat.

**ROPER**

(still angry)

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

McCall gets to his feet.

**MCCALL**

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

**ROPER**

(fiercely)

Not the ones I'm at.

McCall and Roper glare at each other. Toe to toe. A beat.

McCall's face softens just perceptibly.

**MCCALL**

Sorry. My mistake.

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

**INT. METRO DIVISION - NIGHT**

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

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

**INVESTIGATOR**

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

disappear  
cooled

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

**ROPER**

Come on. Let's go for a drink.

**MCCALL**

I don't really like to drink.

**ROPER**

You have to. It's a tradition.

**MCCALL**

Well, if I have to, I have to.

**INT. BILLY GOAT TAVERN - NIGHT**

Half-  
over  
Roper

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

**ROPER**

You got a girlfriend?

**MCCALL**

Why? You like my ass?

McCall misses the shot.

**ROPER**

Better than your pool game.

Roper lines up his shot.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

I don't gamble.

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

**MCCALL**

Yeah, I've got a girlfriend.

**ROPER**

You living together?

**MCCALL**

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

**ROPER**

Explain how that works.

**MCCALL**

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

**ROPER**

She grow up in Livingtston, too?

**MCCALL**

(as if that were  
unthinkable)

No, no, no...

(a beat)

She's from Hoboken.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

We see each other every couple of months.

**ROPER**

Every couple of months, huh?

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

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

Do you really?

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

Thanks for clearing that up.

(a beat)

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

**ROPER**

Where did you hear that?

**MCCALL**

Around. Barnett's tough competition.

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

I think I can handle that one.

**ROPER**

Yeah, you think so, but it comes up.

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

**ROPER**

Zack, another round.

Roper turns back to McCall.

**ROPER**

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

(takes the last sip)

Weird thing is, if he was alive,

he'd probably do it again.  
(a beat)  
Some people never learn.

Roper puts down his glass.

**ROPER**

You think you can learn, McCall?

**MCCALL**

I think so.

Roper nods. Maybe he can.

**INT. ROOM - DAY**

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

**MCCALL**

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

**REVERSE ANGLE**

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

**BAD GUY**

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

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

**MCCALL**

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

(looks off to his  
right)

I feel stupid talking to a dummy.

holding  
Roper enters the training room from a side door. He's

the other walkie-talkie.

**ROPER**

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

Roper comes up beside him.

**ROPER**

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

(addressing the mannequin)

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

(turns back to McCall)

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

**MCCALL**

No.

**ROPER**

It'll come. Try again.

**INT. TRAINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

same  
immediately

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

**MCCALL**

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

Roper's voice crackles back at him hostilely.

**ROPER (V.O.)**

How are you going to help me?

McCall's confidence is growing.

**MCCALL**

Tell me what you need.

**ROPER (V.O.)**

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

Now he's stumped.

**MCCALL**

(hesitantly)

I can't do that.

**ROPER (V.O.)**

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

McCall looks up to his right.

**MCCALL**

Is all the name calling necessary.

Roper re-enters the training area.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

(exasperated)

So what do I say to this guy?

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

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

Roper turns to McCall.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

I'm not good at lying.

**ROPER**

Get good at it.

**MCCALL**

It's against my nature.

Roper gives him an amused smile.

**ROPER**

You know the ten commandments?

**MCCALL**

Yes.

**ROPER**

What's the first commandment?

**MCCALL**

Thou shall have no other God before me.

That's not the answer Roper wanted.

**ROPER**

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

McCall is tired of guessing.

**MCCALL**

You tell me.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

Yes.

**ROPER**

Why?

**MCCALL**

To save lives.

**ROPER**

So why would you hesitate to lie to save lives?

back

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

**ROPER**

Let's try it again.

**INT. TRAINING ROOM - LATER**

setup  
behind  
the

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

**MCCALL**

My name's McCall. I'm unarmed.

**ROPER (V.O.)**

Okay, stop.

Roper comes through the side door.

**ROPER**

Close your eyes.

Roper

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

**ROPER**

What did you see?

**MCCALL**

(rapid-fire)

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

McCall opens his eyes. Roper's impressed.

**ROPER**

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

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

video  
sporting  
holding a  
hands  
The  
gunman  
his  
safety.

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

over  
face.

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

**MCCALL**

Was that your partner?

Roper nods.

**MCCALL**

Why did he do it?

**ROPER**

(quietly)

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

(a sad beat)

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

back

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

**EXT. GOLDEN GATE RACETRACK - DAY**

rail at  
saddled.

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

**ROPER**

You know why I like the track?

**MCCALL**

You're a compulsive gambler?

Roper ignores that.

**ROPER**

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

Roper points across the ring to a particular horse.

**ROPER**

See the four horse. Dropping in class. No works. Front wraps. Looks like he's broken down. But notice the woman in the sun hat. She's the owner. She wouldn't have come if her horse was broken down. He's live. We use him.

McCall listens indifferently.

**ROPER**

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

(turns to McCall)

What do you think?

**MCCALL**

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

**ROPER**

I have three words for you... Ex-acta.

**INT. BETTING WINDOWS - DAY**

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

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

(puzzled)  
I do.

**EXT. SEATING AREA - DAY**

Roper and McCall pass by a gambler.

**GAMBLER**

Hey, Roper.

**ROPER**

How you doin', Marv?

They sit down in a box right up front.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

(no enthusiasm)  
Fine.

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

**MCCALL**

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

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

**ROPER**

Ronnie... Yeah, so.

**MCCALL**

Now she's going out with Greg Barnett?

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

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

Roper throws McCall a skeptical look.

**MCCALL**

(straight-faced)

I'm just practicing my lying.

**ROPER**

Still needs work.

**MCCALL**

(downcast)

You're right. I'll never be as good a liar as you.

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

And they're racing!

**ON THE TRACK**

call

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

**IN THE STANDS**

sits

Roper watches intently through the binoculars. McCall impassively.

**ROPER**

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

McCall looks across the track.

**MCCALL**

The 6 horse is last.

**ROPER**

That's okay. That's his style.

**MCCALL**

To run last?

**ROPER**

To run late!

Roper follows the horses into the turn.

**ROPER**

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

McCall sits like a wax figure.

**MCCALL**

(cynically)

The 6 horse is still last.

**ROPER**

He'll be running at the quarter pole.

**ON THE TRACK**

lead  
horses

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

**ROPER (V.O.)**

There he goes.

**IN THE STANDS**

McCall sits forward slightly.

**MCCALL**

They need to run first and second?

**ROPER**

Yeah, first and second.

Roper gets to his feet.

**ON THE TRACK**

in

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

**IN THE STANDS**

Roper is on his feet screaming.

**ROPER**

Come on, Russell! Come on, Russell.

McCall jumps to this feet and joins him.

**MCCALL**

**COME ON RUSSELL!...**

(to Roper)

Who the fuck's Russell?!

**ROPER**

The jockey!

**MCCALL**

**COME ON, RUSSELL!**

Roper and McCall cheer together.

**ON THE TRACK**

SIX

second...

the

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

**IN THE STANDS**

McCall, really excited, turns to Roper.

**MCCALL**

We won!

**ROPER**

(disheartened)

We lost.

**MCCALL**

(confidently)

We won.

**ROPER**

How much you wanna bet?

**MCCALL**

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

**ANGLE ON TOTE BOARD**

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

**IN THE STANDS**

**ROPER**

Yes!

High fives.

**ROPER**

That's eight hundred bucks.

**INT. BET/CASH WINDOW - DAY**

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

**MCCALL**

How long you been coming here?

**ROPER**

About six years. My partner took me.

**MCCALL**

Is it always like this?

**ROPER**

Occasionally you lose.

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

**ROPER**

(into the phone)

Roper here.

(he listens)

I'm on my way.

He hangs up and turns to McCall.

**ROPER**

We gotta go.

**EXT. JEWELRY STORE - UNION SQUARE - DAY**

sealed  
behind  
operation

Marble facade. Tastefully reinforced windows and door. Choppers circle overhead. Both ends of the street are off. Barricades are up. Spectators and news crews crowd those. Numerous police circulate. This is a major in full swing.

**INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

story.  
of  
SWAT are  
out on  
of

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

**SOLIS**

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

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

walking  
the

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

**MCCALL**

This does not look good.

Solis'  
travel

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

**ROPER**

See this. Solis has me driving the

shit-mobile, and he picked this up straight out of impound for fourteen grand. Probably worth thirty.

**MCCALL**

Police corruption. It's everywhere.

**INT. COMMAND POST - DAY**

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

**SOLIS**

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

(he listens)

Okay, you relax, and I'll --

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

**ROPER**

What do we got?

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

Any verification on numbers.

**SOLIS**

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

**ROPER**

What have you promised them?

**SOLIS**

Just that I'd talk to my superiors.

McCall returns from checking out the blueprints.

**ROPER**

Any good points of entry?

McCall shakes his head.

**MCCALL**

The place is designed to be a vault.

Roper picks up the cellular phone. It dials automatically.

**ROPER**

(into the phone)

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

(he listens)

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

(listens)

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

**INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY**

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

**KORDA**

You don't have to come here.

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

**ROPER**

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

A long pause... Then a bit sinister.

**KORDA (V.O.)**

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

**ROPER**

Good. I won't be armed. We gotta  
operate on trust here. We're going  
to wrap this up and have you guys  
out of here as soon as possible.

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

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - DAY**

the Roper, bulletproof vest, hands in the air, walks across  
store. eerily deserted street straight toward the jewelry  
It's quiet now. The choppers have been pulled back.  
Korda Roper reaches the sidewalk right in front of the store.  
cracks the door open.

**KORDA**

(warningly)  
Stay there.

Roper stops in his tracks.

**ROPER**

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

Roper slowly lowers his hands.

**INT. COMMAND CENTER**

Everybody watching through the window.

**EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY**

hand Korda takes a half step out the doorway. The gloved  
of that is visible is not holding a weapon. The other half  
a his body is hidden inside the doorway. He wears jeans,  
fiercely black shirt, and black Nike tennis shoes. He stares

him.  
from behind the ski mask. There's no sign of fear in

**KORDA**

Are you in charge, Roper?

**ROPER**

Yep.

**KORDA**

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

Korda lets that sink in.

**KORDA**

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

**ROPER**

Is that all?

**KORDA**

For now that's all.

**ROPER**

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

**KORDA**

No. You just do shit for me right  
now.

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

**ROPER**

Joe, I'm doing a lot for you. I think

you could give me something to cement  
the deal... One hostage.

**KORDA**

I'll give you something.

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

**DETAIL SHOT**

It's a human ear.

**KORDA**

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

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

**ROPER**

I understand you completely.

Korda disappears back behind the door.

**EXT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

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

**ROPER**

(flatly)

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

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

**SOLIS**

Can't we wear him down?

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

eyes it with dismay.

**ROPER**

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

(a beat)

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

McCall calmly offers his opinion.

**MCCALL**

Let him come out. Too many unknowns in there.

Solis nods. That'll be the plan.

**MCCALL**

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

(to SWAT Captain)

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

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

**SWAT CAPTAIN**

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

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

Roper dejectedly.

**SOLIS**

I feel this thing going sideways on us.

Roper tries to buck him up.

**ROPER**

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

(big pause)

Yet.

**INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY**

Korda.  
The  
TWO  
CUSTOMER,  
against  
The  
jeweler

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

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

**KORDA**

Drag them behind the counter.

the  
The  
haven't  
glass,  
open  
gemstones  
gets to

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

Korda moves over to the remaining display cases that been looted. With the barrel of his gun, He SMASHES the reaches in and picks out the jewelry. He dumps it in an satchel already half-filled with packets of raw and gold chains. Suddenly, the older woman customer

her feet. She seems fairly out-of-it. Maybe in shock.  
She starts walking toward the front door frowning with dissatisfaction.

**WOMAN CUSTOMER**

I'm not staying here another minute.

**SALESGIRL #1**

(panicky)  
No, Mrs. Dotson.

Korda rushes around the display case.

**KORDA**

Come here, hag.

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

**MANAGER**

Leave her alone!

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

**KORDA**

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

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

**SALESGIRL #2**

(pleading)  
Sit down, Doug.

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

**KORDA**

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

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

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

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

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

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

**ROPER**

Okay. Time to give this fucker a  
call.

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

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. BUILDING - SAME**

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

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME**

Roper holding the phone. It's still ringing.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - DIFFERENT BUILDING - SAME**

Another sharpshooting team. Poised. Waiting.

**EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - SAME**

And still another sharpshooter team.

**INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME**

The phone is still ringing.

**ROPER**

This fucker's not answering.

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

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

**MCCALL**

There's your answer. He's smart.

**ROPER**

He's cutting down the visibility.

**MCCALL**

And doing a very good job of it.

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

**MCCALL**

Come on. Give us one clean shot.

**SWAT CAPTAIN**

(into his radio)

All positions, you have the green  
light.

**MCCALL**

They're out.

Roper grabs a pair of binoculars.

**HIS POV**

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

McCall watches intently.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME**

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

**ANGLE THROUGH THE SCOPE**

mask  
momentarily by  
The  
Low visibility through the haze. The figure in the ski  
wavers in and out of the crosshairs, shielded  
the jeweler, then he flashes back into the crosshairs.  
sniper tries to lock him in.

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

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

**ROPER**

It's Korda.

McCall sees him now, too.

**MCCALL**

They switched clothes.

Roper drops the binoculars and grabs his police radio.

**ROPER**

(urgently)

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

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

**ROPER**

Shit! Where'd that shot come from?

Hold your fire!

More SHOTS ring out.

**DOWN ON THE STREET**

with  
lies  
The white vapor cloud swirls. The hostages, spattered  
blood, scream and scatter. The figure in the ski mask

three  
and  
grabs

dead on the sidewalk. Korda, dressed in the manager's  
piece suit, holding the satchel of jewels in one hand  
his gun in the other FIRES back at the snipers. He  
salesgirl 1 and drags her into the Explorer.

**INT. COMMAND CENTER**

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

**MCCALL**

He's got the girl.

**ROPER**

Damnit!

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

**ROPER**

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

**SOLIS**

Yeah, they are but...

**ROPER**

(to McCall)  
Come on!

As Roper and McCall move toward the door...

**SOLIS**

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

And Roper and McCall are gone.

**SOLIS**

...car.

**DOWN ON THE STREET**

Explorer  
the  
Police come rushing onto the street. Guns drawn. The  
ROARS off down the block. Roper and McCall burst out of

tear

command center building, leap into Solis' Cadillac and  
off after the van. McCall is behind the wheel.

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**EXT. POLICE BARRICADES - DAY**

scatter.

The Explorer comes barreling toward it. Spectators

to

Two squad cars SCREECH up behind the barricades, trying

metal

block Korda's escape. The Explorer PLOWS through the

screams

barricades. BASHES the squad cars out of the way. And

off around the corner.

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

congested

The Explorer careens up an alley and bursts into the

swerves to

traffic of a side street. HONK-SCREECH! A Toyota

fishtails

miss it and broadsides a parked car. The Explorer

off down the street.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

mirror.

The salesgirl is terrified. Korda checks the rear view

No one on his tail... At first. Then the Cadillac comes  
speeding up behind...

**INT. CADILLAC - DAY**

ahead.

Roper and McCall have the Van in sight, about a block

Roper picks up the radio.

**MCCALL**

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

A voice comes back.

**VOICE (V.O.)**

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

**INT. VAN - DAY**

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

**UP AHEAD**

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

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

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

**THE VAN**

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

**INT. VAN - DAY**

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

**THE CADILLAC**

reaches the top of the hill. Going fast.

**INT. CADILLAC**

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

**VAN**

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

**THE VAN**

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

**THE CADILLAC**

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

**THE VAN**

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

**THE CADILLAC**

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

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

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

**INT. VAN**

short Korda, checking the rear view mirror. The Caddy is a  
enters distance behind. Attention still focused behind, Korda

TRAFFIC...

an intersection, running a red light... CROSS-  
Korda stiffens... Pulls on the wheel

**THE STREET**

metal...

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

**BRIEF CUT - LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD**

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

**THE VAN**

After a  
satchel of  
car  
descend.

...and CRASHES back down to the street upside down.  
beat, Korda crawls from the wreckage carrying the  
jewels. The salesgirl does not emerge. He spots a cable  
reaching the top of the hill and starting its long  
He heads toward it...

**INT. CABLE CAR**

the

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

**THE CADILLAC**

McCall to

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

**CABLE CAR**

he is  
back...

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

Cadillac is

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

off a

Korda moves to the back exit, pulls his gun and FIRES

couple of shots at the Caddy.

**INT. CADILLAC**

A bullet fractures the windshield. McCall swerves.

**BACK ON THE CABLE CAR**

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

Korda takes aim on the Caddy again and FIRES!

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

hand... Almost works... but Korda is able to hang on by one

involuntarily He swings around toward the Brakeman who turns  
as he sees the barrel of the gun pointed at him...

BANG!

Korda shoots him in the back.

the The brakeman staggers down the aisle and slumps across  
brake lever, releasing it more.

**EXT. UNDER CABLE CAR**

The brakes are stressed.

**EXT. STREET**

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

**THE CABLE CAR**

Korda and the remaining passengers are rocked around.

**THE CABLE CAR**

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

**A SIDE ANGLE**

Shows the cable car leaving the wreckage in its wake.

**CADILLAC**

speedometer

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

**MCCALL**

What the fuck is going on.

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

You're crazy.

**ROPER**

Pull up alongside.

**EXT. INTERSECTION**

traffic

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

**THE CADILLAC**

cable

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

**THE CABLE CAR**

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

**KORDA'S POV**

off

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

**THE CADDY**

sidewalk...

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

**THE CABLE CAR**

Another

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

**INT. CAR OF MAN TRAPPED IN INTERSECTION**

He

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

**THE CABLE CAR**

SLAMS into the back of the car. Major impact.

**THE CABLE CAR**

Korda and the passengers are thrown to the floor.

**THE REAR-ENDED CAR**

rolls

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

**THE CADILLAC**

the

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

**INT. CABLE CAR**

side

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

**CABLE CAR**

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

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

safety of  
hand

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

**CABLE CAR**

Korda aims as Roper re-enters...

**CABLE CAR**

As it CRASHES into the back of a car turning left.  
Everyone is thrown toward the front of the car. Korda's  
gun  
punches.  
goes flying. Roper dives on top of him. They trade  
McCall is in b.g. with the Caddy pacing the cable car.

**INTERSECTION**

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

**THE CABLE CAR**

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

**ROPER'S POV**

The cable car.

**ROPER**

Leaps to the brake lever. Pulls on it.

**ANGLE UNDER THE CABLE CAR**

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

**THE CABLE CAR**

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

**INT. CADDY**

down  
He lands in the passenger seat. Roper pounds his foot

car...  
the  
on the accelerator. The Caddy lunges ahead of the cable  
McCall can't figure out what he's doing. Roper yanks  
steering wheel hard right...

**EXT. STREET**

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

**BOTTOM OF STREET**

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

**THE CABLE CAR**

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

**STREET**

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

**THE CABLE CAR**

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

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

position.  
He  
Roper moves up an interior stairway, gun in "ready"  
He knows Korda is somewhere in the parking structure.

over  
the  
gun...

glides up the stairway to the third level. Checks back  
the rail... No one around... Then a sound from inside  
garage... Footsteps maybe.

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

**INT. THIRD LEVEL - GARAGE**

to  
Scans

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

van...  
toward

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

teeth...

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

**NEW ANGLE**

steps  
The  
frightened 30  
backseat.

As a BMW crawls through the parking structure. Roper  
into the FOREGROUND, right into its path, gun visible.  
BMW rolls to a stop. Roper approaches with caution.  
Roper comes up beside the car and sees a very  
year old blonde. Roper takes a check out of the

**ROPER**

Sorry, go.

**INSIDE THE CAR**

drives

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

**INT. GARAGE**

final  
might

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

tires...  
drives

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

the  
make  
rear  
rail  
it.

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

#### **GARAGE - 2ND LEVEL**

and

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

satchel

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

the  
open car  
of his

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

#### **ROPER**

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

won't

Korda stares back at Roper defiantly. He knows a cop kill him in cold blood...

about

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

**ROPER**

You know Sam Baffert was a friend of mine. He had a wife... and he had a daughter.

Korda stares past the barrel of the gun.

**KORDA**

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

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

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

**KORDA**

You can't kill me like this.

**ROPER**

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

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**ANGLE - MCCALL**

moving across garage into position.

**MCCALL**

Roper! Put it down!... Put it down  
man, we got him.

(beat)

Come on... Put it down.

when  
kicks  
pulls

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

**ROPER**

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

walks

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

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. METRO DIVISION - NIGHT**

of  
adjoining  
walls,  
bids  
squadroom.

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

**RONNIE**

You weren't at the press conference.

Roper keeps tapping away at the computer.

**ROPER**

I wanted to get this out of the way.

**RONNIE**

You got a bet on the game tonight?

**ROPER**

As a matter of fact, I do.

She nods knowingly.

**RONNIE**

It's already started.

**ROPER**

I was going to catch the last half  
on TV.

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

**RONNIE**

Good-night.

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

**ROPER**

You having dinner with Mr. Baseball?

She turns back around.

**RONNIE**

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

He takes a few steps toward.

**ROPER**

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

**RONNIE**

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

**ROPER**

I've been craving that stuff all  
week.

**RONNIE**

And it's hard to get.

He looks at her innocently.

**RONNIE**

Just dinner.

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

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

**ROPER**

What do you think?

**RONNIE**

Mmm, needs a little something.

**ROPER**

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

(beat; he tastes)

Well, maybe just a pinch more sugar.

**RONNIE**

Yeah that's it.

**ROPER**

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

**RONNIE**

(laughing)

Scottie...

There is a long pause as he looks at her.

**ROPER**

What would you say if I quit gambling?

Ronnie stirs the macaroni.

**RONNIE**

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

before

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

**RONNIE**

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

**ROPER**

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

**RONNIE**

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

**ROPER**

(beat)

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

He

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

**INT. RONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

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

**ROPER**

What about Greg? What are you gonna  
tell him?

**RONNIE**

It's okay. We broke up.

**ROPER**

(surprised)

When?

**RONNIE**

Just now.

**INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING ROOM - DAY**

plexiglass  
visits

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

Korda  
and

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

**CLARENCE**

How ya doin', man?

the

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

**KORDA**

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

Clarence is totally unnerved by this request.

**CLARENCE**

Hey, Michael, that's not my thing.

Korda glares at him murderously.

**KORDA**

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

**CLARENCE**

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

**KORDA**

(exploding)

Fuck you! You know what he did to me?!...

controls

Korda starts to draw the attention of the guard. He

there. himself, lowers his voice. But the viciousness is still

**KORDA**

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

He doesn't finish that thought.

**KORDA**

You do this for me Clarence.

Clarence is getting very upset.

**CLARENCE**

Don't make do it, Mike.

**KORDA**

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

**CLARENCE**

I won't get away with it.

**KORDA**

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

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

**EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A gray San Francisco evening. It starts to rain.

**INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

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

**INT. PICKUP - NIGHT**

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**RONNIE**

How's Paco doing?

**INT. PICKUP - NIGHT**

**ROPER**

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

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

**INT. KITCHEN - STORE**

**RONNIE**

Okay, dinner will be ready when you  
get here.

She hangs up.

**EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

on her  
Ronnie lifts the lid on the sauce. Stirs. It spatters

back

blouse. She regards the stain with dismay. Puts the lid on and leaves the kitchen.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

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

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

throws

She takes off the blouse, goes to the closet door...

takes

it open. She looks around. Something's not right. She

-- A

a step into the closet and finds what she's looking for

the

laundry basket -- tucked away in the corner. She puts

soiled blouse in the hamper and takes a fresh one off a hanger. She buttons the clean blouse as she walks to...

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

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

**IN THE REFLECTION**

so

Behind her the shower curtain is drawn, fluttering ever

some

slightly. She opens the medicine cabinet. Takes out

bottle and

perfume. Dabs some on her neck. She puts back the

standing

closes the cabinet. We fully expect someone to be

there.

right behind her in the reflection... There's no one

bathroom.

She turns off the light as she walks out of the

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

on the

Ronnie walks back to the kitchen... Notices something

someone is

floor further down the hallway... What is it? She moves closer... And now we get to the POV that tells us

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

**BRIEF CUT**

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

**BACK IN THE HALL**

shoeprint. Ronnie bends down. It's a wet spot. Like half a

She reaches down to touch it...

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

**INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

the She turns off the timer and pulls some chicken out of

oven. She puts it down on the counter and cross to the refrigerator. She opens the door and looks inside. The refrigerator door obscures half the FRAME... She digs

around for something... We're sure that when she closes the door,

lettuce he's going to be behind it... She takes out a head of and... Closes the door... Still no one there.

Ronnie She turns... Clarence is standing there. Dripping wet.

lid shrieks... The knife flashes forward... She grabs the from the sauce pan and CLANG... Fends off the blade.

She bolts for the hallway. Clarence grabs her by the blouse...

RIP! She pulls away.

**IN THE HALLWAY**

She She races down the hall. Clarence lunges into FRAME.

down goes down... He goes down... the knife goes skidding

has the hallway... Ronnie scrambles to get it... Clarence

of her by the ankle... She claws for the knife... Just out reach.

**EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

jumps Roper's pickup pulls up in front. He gets out. Paco

walkway  
wine.  
grabs the  
check  
front  
it  
front  
Roper  
out

out behind him. It's raining harder. They hurry up the  
toward the house. Suddenly Roper realizes he forgot the  
He goes back to the truck. Paco pads after him.  
Roper opens the driver's side door, reaches in and  
wine. He closes the door, starts away, but pauses to  
himself in the window.  
Suddenly, a floodlight comes crashing through Ronnie's  
bay windows. It SPARKS and FLASHES. Still plugged in,  
bungees to a stop hallway down the front of the house.  
FLICKERING and FLASHING.  
Roper rushes toward the house... Crashes through the  
door... Up the stairway... Paco bounds after him...  
hits her front door running... Wham! He bounces off. He  
shoulders it again... The door doesn't give... He pulls  
his gun... BAM! BAM! Shoots off the lock.

**INT. RONNIE'S APT. - NIGHT**

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

**INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT**

Roper kicks open the door. Charges in.

**INT. RONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

marks  
his

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

**ROPER**

You okay?!

She nods. Points out the back way.

**ROPER**

(to Paco)

Stay.

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

**EXT. BACK OF RONNIE'S - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT**

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

**NEAR THE TOP OF THE HILL**

Clarence staggers into an alleyway...

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

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

out.  
sight.  
rising  
checks  
locked.  
light

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

down  
Roper

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

Roper's gun  
Clarence  
the car

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

Clarence  
the  
fights  
pins him

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

#### **WIDER SHOT**

quickly.  
the  
Turns  
top of  
headlights.

Headlights radiate over the crest of the hill. Coming  
Roper sees this. He rolls out of the way, abandoning  
battle for the gun. Clarence struggles to his knees.  
the weapon on Roper... A speeding cab lunges over the  
the hill. Clarence turns, trapped in the searing

WHAM!  
body  
out of

Tires squeal. Brakes lock. Clarence is transfixed...  
He's launched through the air like a ragdoll... His  
lands limply 30 feet down the street. The CABBY gets  
his vehicle.

**CABBY**

Jesus Christ. What was he doing?!

follows.

Roper walks down the hill to the body. The cabby

**CABBY**

There was no way I could miss him.

body,

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

**CABBY**

This isn't my fault.

**ROPER**

Shut the fuck up!

The cabby immediately clams up.

**ROPER**

Get on your radio and get the police  
here.

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

**INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING ROOM - DAY**

registers

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

**KORDA'S POV**

Roper is sitting stoically behind the plexiglass wall.

**KORDA**

his

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

**ROPER**

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

Korda feigns total innocence.

**KORDA**

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

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

**ROPER**

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

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

**KORDA**

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

He motions around.

**KORDA**

You're threatening me? You think I  
give a fuck? You think you can scare  
me off?

(a laugh)

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

Roper glares at him mounting rage.

**KORDA**

(smirking)

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

Roper sits there, suddenly feeling powerless.

**KORDA**

You came here to threaten me? That's

a laugh. Maybe you should BEG me...  
Go ahead. Get down on your knees.

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

**ROPER**

You motherfucker, I swear I'll kill  
you!

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

**INT. ROPER'S OFFICE - DAY**

mirror. McCall is practicing his negotiating techniques in a

**MCCALL**

I'm here to help you.

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

**MCCALL**

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

He's still not satisfied.

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. ROPER'S OFFICE - DAY**

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

**SOLIS**

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

**MCCALL**

Where's Roper?

**SOLIS**

He's on his way. Get over there.

**EXT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - DAY**

WHEELCHAIR  
front

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

**VET #1**

(rambling incoherently)

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

tipped  
very

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

**VET #2**

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

But he's not getting through to his friend.

**VET #1**

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

**INT. STAIRWELL - DAY**

THE  
rant  
OFFICER  
onto

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

**OFFICER #4**

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

**MCCALL**

Why is he up there?

**OFFICER #4**

Something about a microchip in his brain.

**MCCALL**

Who is he?

A NURSE answers him.

**NURSE HERRIN**

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

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

**VOICE (V.O.)**

Somebody help me out here. Somebody stop him.

The nurse turns to McCall.

**NURSE HERRIN**

What are you waiting for?

**MCCALL**

Another negotiator is on his way.

**NURSE HERRIN**

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

**MCCALL**

What about the doctors?

**NURSE HERRIN**

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

**VET #1 (O.S.)**

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

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

**EXT. ROOF - DAY**

overhead  
the  
McCall's

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

**DAVE**

Get the fuck out of here!

McCall is tense and stiff. He stammers.

**MCCALL**

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

**DAVE**

You can't help me, man.

So much for McCall's opener. Now what?

**WALTER**

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

Dave ignores Walter.

**DAVE**

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

McCall moves a couple steps closer.

**MCCALL**

Who's controlling your mind?

**DAVE**

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

McCall fumbles for the right response.

**MCCALL**

This has nothing to do with Walter.

**DAVE**

They want Walter dead!

**EXT. STREET BELOW - DAY**

trucks and  
straight  
over

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

**EXT. ROOF - DAY**

sweat,

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

**MCCALL**

Dave, look at me.

lost  
those

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

**MCCALL**

Tell me what's wrong.

**DAVE**

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

**MCCALL**

How can I help you with the particles?

**DAVE**

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

Walter  
the

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

**MCCALL**

(blurting out)

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

**DAVE**

Huh?

sheer  
see

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

**DAVE**

Huh?

**EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT**

to a

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

**ROPER**

Whata ya got?

**FIREMAN**

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

**ROPER**

Can you get a net out here?

**FIREMAN**

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

**EXT. ROOF - DAY**

McCall nods slowly. Sweat pouring off him.

**MCCALL**

We've been onto them for a long time.

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

**MCCALL**

Let me show you something.

his

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

**MCCALL**

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

Dave listens to his head.

**WALTER**

He's jamming them, Dave. Pull me  
back in.

**MCCALL**

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

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

**DAVE**

Tell my dad.

**MCCALL**

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

**DAVE**

Tell my dad I'm sorry about the watch.

**MCCALL**

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

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

**DAVE**

I hate fucking Springfield.

**MCCALL**

Is that where you're family lives?

Then with sudden swiftness.

**DAVE**

I still hear them, man. You can't  
jam them. They've got the technology,  
man. They've got the satellites,

Jack. They keep shooting beams off those satellites. What power do I have?

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

**MCCALL**  
**NOOOO!**

**WALTER AND HIS WHEELCHAIR**

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

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**EXT. ROOF - DAY**

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

**INT. LOBBY - DAY**

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

**ROPER**  
McCall!

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

**ROPER**  
McCall!

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

**BAY BRIDGE - DAY**

is in  
him

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

**ROPER**

Where are we going?

**INT. CAR - DAY**

sign

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

**EXT. RACETRACK**

Establish grand stands.

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. BETTING AREA - DAY**

up

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

**MCCALL**

Give me a twenty dollar four-six exacta.

**TELLER**

The six is scratched.

This throws McCall for a beat.

**MCCALL**

Then give me a fucking four-seven exacta.

ticket  
couple of

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

**EXT. BOX SEAT AREA - DAY**

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

**EXT. TRACK - DAY**

The horses go into the gate.

**EXT. BOX SEAT AREA - DAY**

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

**MCCALL**

Come on four horse! Come on Seven  
horse!

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

McCall is screaming his head off.

**MCCALL**

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

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

**ROPER**

It might have happened no matter who  
was up there.

**MCCALL**

Bullshit! Would it have happened to  
you?

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

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

(beat)

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

**ROPER**

That it is.

A long silent beat.

**MCCALL**

How many have you lost?

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

And what about the ones you don't save?

**ROPER**

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

**MCCALL**

And what if you can't live with it?

**ROPER**

You've got to decide that for yourself.

vet

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

**ROPER**

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

(a beat)

There's a million people in this city with all kinds of twisted shit going on in their heads, and the

bitch of this job is that we expect to go out every day and do the impossible -- to somehow control all this craziness... and we can't.

(a beat)

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

McCall hears him but is still undecided.

**MCCALL**

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

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

**ROPER**

Let's get out of here.

McCall slowly gets up and they walk out.

**INT. JAIL - DAY**

bondsman

It's a small interview room. Korda sits opposite bail

JOHN HAWKINS (white, grizzled, forty).

**HAWKINS**

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

**KORDA**

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

**HAWKINS**

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

**KORDA**

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

Hawkins gets up and goes to the door.

**HAWKINS**

Gimme a fuckin' break.

**KORDA**

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

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

**EXT. POSTRIO - NIGHT**

Establishing shot.

**INT. POSTRIO - NIGHT**

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

**ROPER**

(snootily)  
It has a nice "nose".

**WAITER**

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

Roper looks at him a long beat.

**ROPER**

That's my favorite.  
(smiles)  
Why don't you give us a minute.

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

**ROPER**

You like this place?

**RONNIE**

It's very nice.

**ROPER**

I guess you realize that there's

something special that I want to talk to you about.

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

**RONNIE**

There is?

**ROPER**

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

Now she's really worried.

**RONNIE**

Yeah?

**ROPER**

...Let me just show you.

Roper reaches into his coat pocket.

**RONNIE**

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

He pulls out two airline tickets.

**ROPER**

Tahiti.

Ronnie is immensely relieved.

**RONNIE**

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

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

**ROPER**

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

Ronnie averts her eyes, a bit embarrassed.

**ROPER**

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

out...

Roper picks up his menu and peruses it.

**ROPER**

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

**INT. HALLWAY JAIL - DAY CLOSE ON**

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

**INT. PROPERTY ROOM JAIL - CONTINUOUS**

As the cart rolls into the room TILT UP to see

**KORDA**

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

**KORDA**

Got another load.

**JAIL GUARD #3**

Rack 'em up.  
(into the phone)  
Look, man, if it doesn't make it  
down here by five it's not my problem.

bags,  
to  
As the guard continues, Korda hangs several garment  
zipped and tagged, onto an ELECTRIC TROLLEY -- similar  
the kind used by dry-cleaners to move clothing.

**KORDA**

All done.

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

**ON THE GUARDS BACK**

We hear Korda wheeling the cart out the door.

**CLOSE ANGLE**

on the door sliding shut.

**ON THE GUARDS BACK - CLOSE**

suit  
feet  
the  
bag's moving on the trolley. BOOM DOWN to FIND Korda's  
just as they lift off the ground and disappear behind  
bags.

**ANGLE ON KORDA**

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

**INT. BASEMENT JAIL - CONTINUOUS**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LONG HALLWAY JAIL - LATER**

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

**KORDA'S POV - DOWN THE HALLWAY**

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

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

**TRACKING - KORDA'S FEET**

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

**CLOSE ON KORDA'S FACE**

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

**A VOICE (O.S.)**

Hey!

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

**THE GUARD POV - MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO KORDA**

**KORDA**

...Yeah?

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

**JAIL GUARD #1**

You dropped your card.

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

**JAIL GUARD #1**

You guys are the scum of the earth.

**KORDA**

Just tryin' to make a living.

Korda turns and walks out the door into...

**INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A  
glass,  
arguing

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

**JAIL GUARD #2**

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

**WOMAN**

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

**JAIL GUARD #2**

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

his

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

**KORDA**

Listen, can I just sign outta here?

**WOMAN**

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

**JAIL GUARD #2**

(to Korda)  
Who are you again?

**KORDA**

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

**JAIL GUARD #2**

Johnny who?

**WOMAN**

(to Korda)  
Can you believe these people?

**KORDA**

It's the criminal justice system.

What can I tell ya? It's a mess.

The guard shoves the sheet under the glass.

**JAIL GUARD #2**

Alright, alright, just sign.

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

**KORDA**

If you find him, gimme a call.

And Korda walks out.

**EXT. JAIL SALLY PORT - CONTINUOUS**

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

**A VOICE (O.S.)**

Hey!

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

**JAIL GUARD #2**

Hold on a second here.

**KORDA**

Is there a problem?

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

**JAIL GUARD #2**

You signed out twice.

**KORDA**

I what?

**JAIL GUARD #2**

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

**KORDA**

Wait a minute, lemme see that.

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

**KORDA**

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

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

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**ROPER**

How come in those foreign movies the  
young girl is always with some fat,  
old guy.

**RONNIE**

In Europe women find older men very  
sexy.

Roper closes the door.

**ROPER**

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

Ronnie suddenly remembers something.

**RONNIE**

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

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

**ROPER**

Damn, my eyes are tired from reading  
that movie.

**FOLLOWING RONNIE**

She moves down the hall to the kitchen.

**RONNIE**

(doggie voice)  
I'm sorry, Paco. I forgot --

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

**RONNIE**

Paco?

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

**RONNIE**

Paco?

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

**SUDDEN CUT**

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

**RONNIE**

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

**RACK FOCUS**

as a  
Ronnie

Roper standing at the other end of the hallway. Tense wire. Gun at his side. One look at his demeanor tells something is very wrong.

**RONNIE**

(very concerned)  
What is it, Scottie?

Roper untenses. Puts away his gun.

**ROPER**

Korda escaped.

**RONNIE**

And you think he'll...

Her voice trails off. He can see she's worried now,  
too.

**ROPER**

Hey, I'm on edge a little. Let's relax. I'm sure he's just going to try to get out of town. Anyway we leave tomorrow.

He puts his arms around her waist.

**ROPER**

Why don't we do some of that European movie stuff.

She puts her arms around his shoulders.

**RONNIE**

I don't think you're old and fat enough for me.

**ROPER**

Use your imagination.

**EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

ANGLE looking up at her window... The light goes out.

**EXT. RONNIE'S DOORSTEP - DAY**

A suitcase THUMPS to the ground. Looks like somebody  
packed  
for a six month trip around the world.

**ANGLE WIDENS**

McCall grimaces as he lugs the bag toward the truck.

**MCCALL**

You sure you packed everything? Maybe  
you forgot your bowling ball.

Ronnie stands on the doorstep.

**RONNIE**

I sent that ahead, wise guy.

Paco is on the sidewalk exploring from tree to tree.  
Roper calls to Ronnie from the stairway.

**ROPER (V.O.)**

Why don't you come back up with me,  
Ronnie.

**RONNIE**

I think I'll stand out here in the  
sun.

**INT. STAIRWAY - DAY**

Roper is still very edgy.

**ROPER**

It's better if you stay inside.

She climbs up the stairs toward him.

**RONNIE**

You've got to calm down --

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. RONNIE'S HALLWAY - SAME**

Roper reaches the top of the stairs.

**ROPER**

Ronnie, come on baby, we gotta go.  
Time to get movin'.

**INT. RONNIE'S APT. - SAME**

response.

Roper moves into the room, listening. There's no

**ROPER**

(continuing)

Ronnie?

the

She doesn't answer. He calls out again, moving through  
living room.

**ROPER**

(continuing)

Ronnie, where are you? Time to go.

PISTOL

checking

No answer, the room is very quiet. Roper eases his  
out from under his shirt, moving more urgently now,  
out the bathroom, bedroom...

**ROPER**

(continuing)

Ronnie.

entrance to

the

the

spinning...

Then he HEARS Paco, WHINING. He moves around the  
the kitchen. The back door is open, Paco standing in  
doorway. Roper rushes forward, quickly looking outside,  
alley way empty. He senses a presence behind him,  
McCall standing in the doorway to the kitchen.  
Roper's lowers the weapon...

**ROPER**

(continuing)

She's gone.

GLASSINE

jewelry

McCall sees on the kitchen table, a folded piece of  
PAPER, just like the one Korda gave Roper at the  
store.

**MCCALL**

(nodding)

Scott...

edges, Roper sees it, approaching, barely able to unfold the  
a momentary tremble in his hand.

**ROPER**

That son of a bitch. If he...

inside We PUSH IN as his fingers open the paper... revealing  
a MICRO CASSETTE TAPE.

**ROPER**

(continuing; to himself)  
He's fucking with you, Scott, be  
cool... keep your head.

**CUT TO:**

CLOSE ON a TAPE RECORDER, Korda's VOICE heard over the  
speaker.

**KORDA (V.O.)**

(filtered)  
I got your lady, Roper.  
(laughs)

Roper and McCall are listening closely to the tape.

**KORDA (V.O.)**

(continuing)  
You got something that belongs to  
me, and I want it back.  
(beat)  
Twelve-fifteen, Mare Island, North  
Entrance off Dixon. Building twenty-  
eight, by the dry docks.  
(beat)  
I so much as smell another cop, I'll  
be sending you parts of this bitch  
for a month.

Roper punches off the tape.

**ROPER**

He's gonna kill her no matter what.  
If I take him these jewels he's gonna  
kill me and her.

**MCCALL**

So what do you want to do?

**ROPER**

That's a chance I gotta take.

**MCCALL**

Then we better get moving... But there's no way we can get the jewels out of evidence.

Roper stares at him, the wheels beginning to turn...

**CUT TO:**

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. POLICE PROPERTY/EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY**

property  
on  
Roper is standing at the counter to the steel-caged room. On the other side is FRANK, the property sergeant duty. The two men speak in hushed, urgent tones...

**FRANK**

Scott, we go back a long way but you can't expect me to do this!

**ROPER**

Frank, this guy is a psychopath and he's got Ronnie. It's the only way I'm going to get close to him.

**FRANK**

Then go to the Lieutenant or the D.A. with it, for Christ's sake. You're asking me to put my fucking job on the line!

**ROPER**

They'll never approve it, you know that. Besides, I involve the department and she's dead. I got one chance with this guy, Frank, alone.

(beat)

He killed Sam and he'll kill her.

at  
Frank just stares at him, compassion and anger tearing  
him.

**ROPER**

(continuing)

What if it were Mary?

(beat)

You'd break every fucking rule in  
the book... wouldn't you?

Frank continues to stare at him, a long beat.

**FRANK**

I hope to God I never have to make  
that decision...

He pushes back from the counter.

**FRANK**

(continuing)

...and this conversation never  
happened. I never saw you today. Now  
I gotta go take a leak.

He turns and walks away. Roper looks down, SEEING that  
the drawer beneath Frank's counter has been left slightly  
open.

Roper reaches over, easing it further open -- inside a  
set of KEYS. He looks around, then takes the keys.

**ROPER**

I owe you one, Frank.

He walks down the hallway.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ROPER'S PICKUP - DAY**

CLOSE ON the SATCHEL Korda used in the robbery.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Roper and McCall, Roper at the wheel,  
McCall reading a folded MAP featuring MARE ISLAND.

**MCCALL**

Mare Island is an abandoned shipyard,  
cranes, high buildings... he'll be  
in place where he can see everything.

(to Roper)

How are we going to get me in there?

**ROPER**

Good question.

of  
McCall  
other...  
Roper thinks a moment, then turns, looking out the back  
the pickup, in the bed a loose CANVAS TARPAULIN. He and  
study the tarp a beat, then turn, looking at each

**EXT. MARE ISLAND - DAY**

facility.  
WIDE VIEW reveals the immensity of the abandoned  
At one end near the chain link fence, Roper's pickup  
approaches the gate.

**EXT. MARE ISLAND - NORTH GATE - DAY**

securing  
been  
Roper cautiously drives toward the gate -- the CHAIN  
the gate has been cut. Roper swings open the gate.  
As he drives past we see that the bed of the truck has  
loosely covered with a TARP.

huge  
NOTE:  
it's  
town. We  
Roper drives on, winding through the maze of roadways,  
buildings and equipment dwarfing the truc PRODUCTION  
The idea is to take us into the facility to sell that  
abandoned, immense, eerie in it's scale -- a ghost  
end up wherever we want for the next scene.

**INT. ROPER'S PICKUP - DAY**

huge  
off  
the  
As he rounds a corner, approaching the dry dock area,  
CRANES and mothballed SHIPS in the b.g. He parks near a  
building, a weathered SIGN reading: BLD 28. Roper shuts  
the engine, leaving the keys in the ignition. Taking  
satchel he opens the door.

**EXT. DRY DOCK AREA - DAY**

cranes... Roper steps out, eyes scanning the buildings, the  
Korda could be anywhere up there, watching.

**INT. BUILDING - UPPER LEVEL - DAY**

below, KORDA'S POV through the filthy windows, Roper far  
standing beside his pickup.

**EXT. ROPER - DAY**

As he moves away from the truck, holding the satchel.

**ROPER**

Korda!

whisper, In response he HEARS Korda's VOICE, eerie, almost a  
the coming from everywhere and nowhere as if emanating from  
ground and the buildings all at once.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(filtered)

Nice of you to make it, Roper. Take  
your jacket off, put it on the hood.

is Roper complies, his eyes searching the buildings, where  
his voice coming from?

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(continuing)

Now, over to the chains, to your  
left.

few Roper SEES a chained off section nearby. Roper takes a  
steps when Korda's voice stops him...

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(continuing)

But first, let's have a look under  
the tarp. Pull it back.

the A momentary anxious look from Roper, then he walks to  
before bed of the truck, pausing a moment, gripping the cover  
whipping it back, revealing... Ronnie's LUGGAGE.

CUT TO:

**LOW ANGLE BENEATH THE TRUCK**

around  
McCall supported under the frame by a makeshift HARNESS  
his waist and legs.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

All right, move it.

harness,  
SMOKING  
the  
McCall watches as Roper heads away, then releases the  
lowering himself to the ground. Quickly he moves the  
LEATHER GLOVES he was wearing, burned by contact with  
hot exhaust pipe.

**ROPER**

DOCK,  
Reaches the the chained area, REVEALING an empty DRY  
easily one hundred feet deep and five hundred long.

hear  
At the bottom of the dry dock is a PORTABLE RADIO, the  
acoustics of natural amphitheater so intense you could  
a whisper -- the source of Korda's voice.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(continuing)

Throw in and your piece.

Roper tosses his PISTOL into the dry dock.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

And your back up.

tossing it.  
Roper removes the PISTOL from his ankle HOLSTER,  
Korda's VOICE cuts the eerie silence.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(continuing)

Walk under the cranes and down the  
alleyway. At the end, turn right.  
Building thirty-six.

The RADIO CLICKS OFF.

them,  
buildings.

Roper walks towards the megalith CRANES, passing under  
then heads down the alleyway created by the tall

**EXT. ROPER'S TRUCK - DAY LOW ANGLE BENEATH THE TRUCK**

turns  
the corner and heads down the alley way.

**OUTSIDE THE TRUCK**

building.  
leading  
McCall rolls out, scrambling for the cover of the  
Slinging the case over his shoulder he finds a LADDER  
up the side of the building, beginning to climb.

**EXT. ROPER - DAY**

Walking down the alley way, nearing the end.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - BUILDING - DAY**

Roper,  
moving fast to keep him in sight.

across  
He comes to the edge of the building, having to walk  
a narrow RAMP to get to the next building.

on,  
removing the RIFLE from its case as he goes.

**EXT. ROPER - DAY**

reading:  
Leaves the alleyway, a complex of hanger-like buildings  
revealed. To his far right is a building, a SIGN  
BLD 36. He clutches the satchel, heading towards it.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - BUILDING - DAY**

roof  
it,  
McCall negotiating another precarious crossing between  
buildings. He spots Roper, eyes quickly searching the  
tops and buildings for the sniper's position. He sees

Roper across the way, a location covering the buildings where  
is now walking. He heads out.

**EXT. ROPER - DAY**

glass Walking towards building 36, passing by a towering,  
the fronted building on his right, his eyes are searching  
roof tops of the buildings around him.

**ROPER**

(to himself)

Where the hell are you, McCall?

to the As Roper passes a set of partially open ROLLING DOORS  
from glass-fronted building, he's startled by Korda's VOICE  
within:

**KORDA (O.S.)**

Right there, Roper.

Roper's eyes go to building 36, still fifty yards away.

**ROPER**

Shit.

Roper stops, slowly turning towards the doors.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

Come on in, there's someone just  
dying to see you.

searching. Roper hesitates. He turns a bit in profile, eyes

**ROPER**

(loudly)

Where are you?

**EXT. HIGH VANTAGE POINT - DAY**

moving... POV TELESCOPIC SIGHT: Focusing on Roper, his lips

the McCall, heaving for breath, has just dropped down into  
position, providing a view of Roper and the inside of  
glass fronted building.

**MCCALL**

Right here, Scott.

a red  
He touches the LASER SIGHTING attachment to his scope,  
beam activated...

**ROPER - DAY**

From inside the building Korda's VOICE:

**KORDA (O.S.)**

Get your ass in here, Roper.

on  
behind  
Just as Roper starts to move he SEES the red laser DOT  
the back of his hand -- McCall is up there, right  
him. Roper moves inside.

**MCCALL - DAY**

RIFLE,  
Lying prone inside the operator's booth, steadies his  
looking through the scope.

vision  
the  
TELESCOPIC POV: He can see Roper enter, his field of  
limited inside the building where the light penetrates,  
room cast in HARD SHADOWS.

shapes  
now  
He MOVES to the windows, all either painted white or so  
obscured with grime and dirt he can only see vague  
and shadows inside. He MOVES BACK to the opening, Roper  
just inside.

**MCCALL**

Stay cool, real easy...

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

and  
submarines.  
Cavernous and dark, a jungle of huge MACHINES, LATHES  
EQUIPMENT once used in the design of nuclear

and  
Roper moves a few feet inside, remaining in the light  
keeping his face in three-quarter profile to McCall's

position.

**ROPER**

Where is she, Korda? I want to see her.

From the darkness beyond...

**KORDA**

Walk to the table.

Roper walks to a steel SHOP TABLE.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(continuing)

Open your shirt.

**ROPER**

I'm not wearing a wire. This is just between you and me.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

Shut the fuck up and do what I say!

holding

Roper puts down the satchel, unbuttoning his shirt, it open.

**ROPER**

Satisfied?

**KORDA (O.S.)**

Open the bag, dump everything on the table.

GLASSINE

on

is a

Roper opens the bag, the JEWELRY and the dozens of ENVELOPES spill out onto the table. He lays the satchel its side, the bottom facing Roper. Taped to the bottom short barreled .45 AUTOMATIC.

**ROPER**

It's all there.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

Spread it out.

Roper spreads the pile out across the top of the table.

**ROPER**

Only the jewels, Korda, you've got my word.

A long beat...

**KORDA (O.S.)**

Show me something.

Without looking Roper reaches to the pile of GLASSINE ENVELOPES...

**CLOSE ON ROPER'S HAND**

Palmed in his hand, the ENVELOPE containing Ronnie's diamond.

Roper, without looking, 'digs' into the pile, holding up the GLASSINE ENVELOPE between his fingers, still holding the palmed envelope. He starts to toss the envelope in his fingers...

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(continuing)

Not that one.

Roper hesitates, then drops the envelope, his hand moving over the pile...

**ROPER**

(continuing)

Right there, the one in front... yeah, that one. Toss it.

Roper reaches for the envelope.

**CLOSE ON ROPER'S HAND**

As he flips the palmed envelope into his fingers with the skill of a card shark, exchanging it for the one Korda indicated. He tosses it across the room...

From the shadows Korda's hand reaches out, picking it up. A long beat.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(continuing)

I'm impressed. I didn't think you

could do it. What did you have to do, steal them?

**ROPER**

Yeah.

**KORDA (O.S.)**

(wry)

That's not going to look too good on your service record.

**ROPER**

I'll worry about that. Let's get on with it.

Korda LAUGHS as he slowly emerges from the darkness.

**KORDA**

My sentiments exactly.

**EXT. MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV - DAY**

the  
His  
On the floor he SEES a shadow cast - Korda. He moves to windows... inside the vague, blurred OUTLINE of a man. scope goes back to the satchel and the .45 taped to the bottom.

**MCCALL**

Wait for the right moment, Scott...

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

BAG to  
Korda moves closer to the light, tossing an ATHLETIC Roper, in his hand an AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

**KORDA**

Fill it up. Just in case there's a homing device in the other one.

.45  
Roper slides the jewels into the second bag, eyeing the on the bottom of the satchel.

**KORDA**

(continuing)

Now bring it over here.

play for  
Roper hesitates, but all he can do at this point is

time, he moves forward...

**EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY TELESCOPIC SCOPE**

the  
Watching Roper as he moves away from the satchel and  
gun.

**MCCALL**

Oh, shit...

shadow  
He moves the SCOPE ahead of Roper, SEEING Korda's  
cast on the floor, still unable to see him.

**MCCALL**

(continuing)

All right, Scott, bring him out.

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

Roper growing closer to Korda's position.

**KORDA**

That's far enough. Bag on the floor.

jewels'  
Roper hangs onto the bag -- there's 'four million in  
in there -- all he has to bargain with.

**ROPER**

I've kept my end. Ronnie first.

Korda reacts in mock surprise.

**KORDA**

Oh, shit, in all the excitement I  
almost forgot. She right here...

coming  
Roper's  
A LIGHT SWITCH is thrown, a bank of lights behind him  
ON, illuminating a massive FLAT BED CIRCULAR LATHE.  
eyes in horror go to...

**RONNIE**

her  
Tied to the lathe bed spread eagle. Some distance from  
body a CUTTING DEVICE is positioned over the lathe bed.  
Roper looks into Ronnie's terrified eyes.

**ROPER**

Be cool, Ronnie, I'm gonna get you out of this.

He turns back, Korda grinning at him.

**KORDA**

No shit, this I gotta see...

held  
Korda swings into position a CONTROL BOX, the buttons  
down with TAPE.

TURN,  
table  
blade.  
Korda pulls free the tape, the huge lathe beginning to  
very slowly, the cutting device activated... if the  
keeps turning, Ronnie's body will soon be under the

of  
(PRODUCTION NOTE: Lathe will be cutting into a section  
steel plate, demonstrating what will happen to Ronnie.

releases  
Korda presses the STOP BUTTON, the lathe stopping. He  
his finger again, the lathe turning. He stops it.

'creation',  
at  
We can see that Korda is immensely proud of his  
his focus more on sadistic payback than anything else  
this point.

**KORDA**

(continuing)

Fuckin' cool, huh? I rewired the  
switch. You see, you have to keep  
your finger on the button or the  
little lady gets cut...

cutting  
He releases the button, the lathe turning towards the  
device. He stops it again, holding the button.

**KORDA**

(continuing; grins)

Right in half.

control  
He eases towards Roper, extending his arm on the

box, holding the button down.

**EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY**

Through the SCOPE, he can see Korda as he steps into  
view.

The CROSSHAIRS settle on Korda's upper forehead.

**MCCALL**

Hold it right there...

His finger tightens on the trigger...

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

Korda holds the control box towards Roper.

**KORDA**

But then, that's not my problem.

He releases the button and the box, the lathe turning,  
Korda  
grinning at Roper...

**EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY**

The RED DOT centered on Korda's forehead...

**MCCALL (O.S.)**

Light's out, fucker...

And then Roper's HEAD fills the scope, the red dot  
GLOWING  
on the back of his head.

In shock, McCall releases his finger...

**MCCALL**

Jesus!

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

Roper moving to the control box, pressing the stop  
button,  
stopping the lathe...

**KORDA**

You see, it's out of my hands.

Roper looks at the box, Ronnie's life literally in his  
hands...

**OMITTED**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY**

Korda.  
Through the SCOPE, Roper's head blocking the shot to

**MCCALL**

Roper, move...

**EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

away  
But Korda bends down, picking up the BAG, stepping back  
from Roper, clearly out of McCall's line of fire.

**KORDA**

Well, hate to run but I've got a  
plane to catch. You take good care  
of the little lady, hear?

shop,  
suddenly  
As Korda walks down the corridor of the huge machine  
we now SEE a CAR parked near the end facing us. Korda  
stops, turning, gesturing to the car.

**KORDA**

(continuing)

How careless of me. You see, there's  
only one way out of here, and you're  
standing right in the way.

(grins)

You could move, but then...

He shakes his head at Roper.

**KORDA**

(continuing)

Sure hate to be in your shoes.

LAUGHING,  
He turns, walking quickly towards his car, TALKING,  
to himself.

the  
unable  
Roper looks to the car, then back at the SACHEL where  
.45 is still taped to the bottom. But Roper can't move,

looks

to change his position more than a foot or two. He  
around him, no way to stop the lathe if he releases the  
button.

**EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY**

He can see Roper holding the box, but nothing else.

**MCCALL**

What the hell's going on?

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

up.  
turns,

Now Korda reaches his car, hopping inside, STARTING it  
In desperation Roper looks back at the satchel, then  
calling out...

**ROPER**

McCall, stop him, stop the car!

Korda REVVING the engine...

**EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY**

McCall reading Roper's lips...

**MCCALL**

What car?

is

He swings the SCOPE up but the back of the machine shop  
blocked by his vantage point.

his

Then he HEARS the faint SQUEALING of tires. He lowers  
scope, holding, waiting...

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

Korda at the end of the long building, beginning to  
accelerate.

**ROPER**

Turns toward McCall's position...

**ROPER**

McCall!

The CAR now screaming down the long corridor...

**EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY**

McCall still can't see the car...

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

The car now closing in on Roper, but Roper holds his  
ground...

**ROPER**

McCall, shoot the son of a bitch!

**INT. KORDA'S CAR - DAY**

Korda bearing down on Roper.

**KORDA**

Bye, bye, cop...

**ROPER**

Holding his position, eyes widening in fear...

**EXT. MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV - DAY**

The CAR comes into view, the CROSSHAIRS on the  
windshield...  
Korda.  
but the glare off the window is obscuring any shot of  
McCall takes aim and FIRES...

**INT. KORDA'S CAR - DAY**

The bullet punches through the window, catching Korda's  
left  
shoulder, BLOOD flying. Korda whips the wheel in  
shock...

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY KORDA'S CAR**

Spinning out of control, hitting a table piled with  
MACHINE  
PARTS, sending them flying...  
But the car is now swapping ends, still flying right  
towards  
Roper, who can't move...; who won't move.

The car flies past him, the SIDE MIRROR catching  
Roper's

shirt, tearing it, a flash of BLOOD from his arm...  
The car then collides with a series of PIPES crossing  
the floor, STEAM erupting in every direction as the car  
then slams into several PROPANE BOTTLES stacked near the  
benches, a series of EXPLOSIONS ripping through the building. .  
.

**ROPER**

Thrown to the floor by the explosions, releasing the  
button, as...

**THE CAR**

Hits the GLASSED-IN ROLLING DOORS.

**EXT. MCCALL'S POV - DAY**

The CAR explodes from the building, GLASS FLYING, the  
car rolling, flipping over, coming to a rest on its wheels,  
driver's side away from McCall's position.

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY ROPER**

On the floor, recovering. He catches a quick glimpse of  
the bottom section of the lathe, a GEARBOX, the gears  
turning...

**THE LATHE**

Turning, the cutting blade inching towards Ronnie...

**ROPER**

Staggering to his feet, grabbing the control box,  
pressing the button... nothing happens, the lathe still turning,  
SPARKS coming out of the box, it's SHORTING... Only a few more  
seconds...

Desperately his eyes search the floor, SEEING a HUGE  
WRENCH. He grabs the wrench, jamming it between the GEARS in  
the

crush gearbox, the gears shuddering violently, threatening to  
the wrench...

bonds, Roper runs to Ronnie's side, frantically pulling at her  
the cutting blade now paused an inch away from her...

**THE GEARBOX**

heartbeat Hammering and clanking, the wrench can't last a  
longer...

**ROPER**

Pulls the last of the restraints away...

**THE GEARBOX**

Just as the massive gears crush the wrench, the table  
turning...

**THE LATHE**

Roper The blade passing directly over Ronnie's position as  
hauls her away, holding her in his arms.

**EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY MCCALL'S TELESCOPIC POV OF CAR**

slings Korda is slumped over the wheel. He looks dead. McCall  
PIPE his rifle over his shoulder and moves towards a DRAIN  
attached to the side of the building.

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

turning Roper holding Ronnie, easing her away from the still  
lathe.

**RONNIE**

Scottie, Scottie...

**ROPER**

It's all over, babe, it's all over.

**EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY**

McCall slides to the ground via the drain pipe, but...

**KORDA'S CAR**

Korda is not quite dead...

in one  
McCall.

The door eases open, Korda rolling to the ground, bag  
hand, AUTOMATIC in the other. He looks up, SEEING

as

He OPENS FIRE, McCall hitting the deck and taking cover  
BULLETS hit the wall around him.

BATTLE

McCall whips out his REVOLVER, RETURNING FIRE, a GUN  
ensuing.

**INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY ROPER**

HEARING the shots outside, hauls Ronnie out of the way,  
keeping her low to the ground.

**ROPER**

Stay here, don't move.

**RONNIE**

Scottie...

**ROPER**

Do it!

bottom  
the

He pushes her towards the cover of some machines, then  
crouching low to the floor, recovers the .45 from the  
of the satchel. He heads out towards the other side of  
cavernous, machine-choked building.

**EXT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY MCCALL**

car,

FIRES a round at Korda, then trying to close in on the  
runs from his cover into the opening...

**KORDA**

knocking  
kicked

Leaps up and FIRES, McCall taking a slug in his leg,  
him to the ground. The SLIDE to Korda's AUTOMATIC has

BAG and  
open, out of bullets. He drops the gun, picks up the  
runs alongside the machine shop.

**ROPER**

Korda  
dropping  
Exits the machine shop, SEEING McCall on the ground,  
nowhere in sight. Combat-style Roper runs to McCall,  
to his side.

**ROPER**

McCall, you all right?

**MCCALL**

(in pain)

I'm okay. Korda... went down the  
side of the building...

**ROPER**

Stay put.

it,  
around the  
Roper sprints towards the building, racing alongside  
catching a glimpse of Korda just as he disappears  
other end. Roper charges on...

**EXT. MACHINE SHOP - REAR - DAY**

He  
dock  
from  
corner  
Korda runs past the building, still clutching the BAG.  
runs past another building, heading towards the dry  
area and Roper's pickup. A moment later Roper emerges  
the machine shop just in time to see Korda round the  
of the next building.

**KORDA**

it,  
starts  
Clearing the building sees Roper's PICKUP. He runs to  
jumping inside, finding the KEYS in the ignition. He  
the truck, pulling out, just as Roper runs into view.

**ROPER**

FIRES,  
Korda, the  
Roper  
he  
wiper

With the truck accelerating towards him he raises and two bullet holes in the front WINDSHIELD, missing truck still speeding towards him. Roper's gun jams. Roper leaps, sliding forward on the hood, almost falling as he grabs on to the empty window frame and the windshield blades for support, his WEAPON flying from his hand.

**KORDA**

whipping  
hanging

Speeds around the buildings and down the alleyways, from side to side, trying to shake Roper off, Roper on for dear life.

**ROPER**

(shouting)  
Give it up, Korda, you got away with nothing! Nothing but a bag of shit!  
It's all fake!

Korda can't help but look at the OPEN BAG beside him.

**ROPER**

(continuing)  
Go on, you stupid fuck, look at it!  
It's all shit! A hundred dollars worth of glass!

JEWELRY.

Korda reaches in, grabbing a handful of the COSTUME  
He can't believe it, it's all fake!

**KORDA**

You fuck!!!

right,  
anything he  
put,  
side to

Korda goes crazy, slamming the truck into the side of a building, trying to throw Roper, but Roper hangs on.  
Korda then caroms off the sides of buildings, left, SPARKS flying, then smashes into BOXES, CRATES, can see stacked alongside the road way, but Roper stays clinging on with all he's got, swinging from side to

avoid the obstacles.

FRAMING,  
hammers  
through  
with  
the

Then Korda SEES ahead a huge pile of BOXES, WOOD  
PALLETS, TRASH, stacked at the side of a building. He  
the pedal, driving the right side of the truck into the  
pile... BOXES, WOOD, PAPER, DEBRIS flying everywhere,  
the open front window as well, Korda shielding his eyes  
his arm as OBJECTS fly around in a mad flurry inside  
cab...

### **ROPER**

frame  
rolls  
truck

In the maelstrom lets go his grip, grabbing the upper  
of the window and assisted by the speed of the truck,  
over the top of the cab, landing in the bed of the  
along with BOXES, LUMBER, and TRASH.

### **KORDA**

Clears his eyes, looking up, Roper is gone! He LAUGHS  
hysterically... he knocked him off!

### **ROPER IN THE BED OF THE TRUCK**

approaching

Leaning out the passenger's side SEES they are  
the dry dock area.

SUITCASES and  
BOARD

In the bed of the truck, along with the BOXES,  
other objects, he sees several long 2x4's. Grabbing a

driving the  
wheel,  
PEDAL,

he braces himself against the cab and then in one swift  
movement, stands, swinging to the driver's side,

2x4 through the side window, through the steering  
past the dash and catching the tip of the ACCELERATOR  
pinning it to the floor.

frame,

As Roper releases the board it WEDGES inside the door

SCREAMING locking the wheel and the accelerator, the engine wide open. Korda reacts in panic...

DOCK Roper clings to the cab, looking over the top, the DRY looming towards them. He prepares to jump...

**KORDA**

brakes, Suddenly SEES the approaching dry dock. He jams on the edge... but it's not enough, the truck racing towards the

**IN SLOW MOTION THE TRUCK**

the Vaults over the edge of the dry dock as Roper runs down goes bed, leaping off the tail gate, arms windmilling as he airborne...

The truck plummets towards the bottom...

**ROPER**

piled Lands in a huge pile of CARGO NETS and CARDBOARD BOXES, near the edge of the dry dock...

**KORDA**

SCREAMS in wide-eyed terror as...

**THE TRUCK**

Hits the bottom of the dock, EXPLODING into flames.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. TAHITI - DAY**

drinking Roper and Ronnie lay on a gorgeous white sand beach, from coconuts with umbrellas in them.

**RONNIE**

I've never seen sea so blue. Tahiti is magnificent, Scottie.

**ROPER**

Yeah, I could get used to this Paradise shit.

Roper hails a waitress, serving the hotel guests.

**ROPER**

(to waitress)

I'll have another Pena Colada. And this time could you shave the ice, please.

**WAITRESS**

Oui, Monsieur. Right away.

his Roper stretches back into his chaise lounge, adjusting Ray Bans. A purring cat without a care in the world.

**RONNIE**

Scottie?

**ROPER**

Hmm?

**RONNIE**

I've been thinking.

flopping TWO GORGEOUS FRENCH GIRLS unstring their bikinis, topless on the beach in front of them.

**ROPER**

Hmm?

**RONNIE**

Things have been going pretty well between us, haven't they?

**ROPER**

(sensing something's up)

Yeah.

**RONNIE**

You've changed you know. I don't think there's anything you can't do once you put your mind to it.

the Uh-oh. He removes his shades to get a better look at curve ball.

**RONNIE**

I was just thinking...  
(here it comes)  
There's something special I want to  
talk to you about.  
(he's listening)  
I think it's time we went to a whole  
other phase in our relationship.  
(pointedly)  
A deeper level.

**ROPER**

(no longer relaxed,  
sitting up)  
A deeper level?

**RONNIE**

That's right. We've got to bare it  
all. Here and now. 'Cause I think  
I'm finally ready to go for it...

**ROPER**

(cutting her off at  
the pass)  
Whoa! Wait a minute, Ronnie. Hold  
on. I know it's beautiful here. The  
sun, the sand, the sea and all that  
nature shit can really get to you.  
But we've got to keep our perspective  
here. This place isn't real. This  
isn't reality.

**RONNIE**

Scott...

**ROPER**

I mean I said this trip should be a  
'roadtest'.

**RONNIE**

...the hell are you talking about?

**ROPER**

I'm talking about... What are you  
talking about?

**RONNIE**

I'm talking about me 'n' you stripping  
down on this beach and gettin' you  
know... 'naked in Tahiti'.

**ROPER**

You talkin' about gettin' 'nekked?'  
(off her look)  
Shit, I thought you were talkin'  
bout, you know... the "M" word.

**RONNIE**

You thought I was talking about  
getting married?!

She laughs her amazing laugh.

**RONNIE**

I'm talking about taking our clothes  
off, silly. You said you would.

AD LIBS dialogue below as CAMERA CRANES BACK and we  
ROLL  
CREDITS over...

**ROPER**

You crazy? With all those people  
around?

**RONNIE**

Know what you are?! You're a prude,  
Roper.

**ROPER**

The hell I am!

**RONNIE**

(amused)  
Prude.

**ROPER**

First you want me to put on one of  
those skinny ass bathing suits --  
tongs or thongs or whatever you call  
them -- with my butt cheeks wrapped  
around a piece of dental floss... No  
way.

Over her laughter we...

**FADE**

**OUT:**

**THE END**