

March, 1999

GENE HACKMAN

HEIST

A SCREENPLAY BY
DAVID MAMET

COPYRIGHT © 1998, 1999
BY DAVID MAMET

ROSENSTONE/WENDER AGENCY

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

FADE IN:

EXT RAILROAD OVERPASS DAY.

A LOW FLYING PLANE, MAKING ITS FINAL APPROACH.

ANGLE CU.

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

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

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

ANGLE.

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

SOUND OF A TRAIN APPROACHING.

ANGLE

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

ANGLE.

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

ANGLE INS.

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE INT THE CAR.

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

PAN UP, PAST THE CANE, TO REVEAL.

EXT. LIMOUSINE. DAY.

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

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

BLANE
...you tell me.

MOORE
Gold.

BLANE
Some people say Love.

MOORE
(NODS)
It is love. It is Love of Gold.

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

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

ANGLE CU

ON MOORE, AS HE LOOKS ACROSS THE STREET.

ANGLE HIS POV.

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

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

ANGLE

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

BLANE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

INT FAST-FOOD COFFEESHOP DAY.

ANGLE, INSERT.

A TRAY WITH FIVE ESPRESSO SHOTGLASSES ON IT.

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

ANGLE

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

CASHIER
(TO GUARD)
...what's yours?

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

WOMAN
...Five Cappuccino...

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

THE GUARD AND THE CASHIER LAUGH.

CASHIER (cont'd)
...eleven ninety-two...

ANGLE

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

ANGLE XCU

WE SEE THAT THE CAP IS STILL ON THE BOTTLE.

ANGLE.

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

ANGLE

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

WOMAN
...you have a nice day.

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

WOMAN (cont'd)
I've got a break...

THE CASHIER NODS.

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

THE CASHIER TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT THE WOMAN.

CASHIER

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

THE WOMAN NODS, AS IF TO SAY, 'I FORGOT. I'M SORRY.' SHE TAKES THE BAG, PUTS IT OVER HER SHOULDER, AND STARTS OUT OF THE COFFEESHOP.

ANGLE, EXT THE COFFEESHOP.

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

ANGLE, INT THE LIMOUSINE.

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

ANGLE ON MOORE. HOLDING A SMALL YELLOW SHEET.

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

ANGLE

ON BLANE MAKING A CALCULATION ON THE SHEET.

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

BLANE

Showtime, Circus Time.

ANGLE, THEIR POV.

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

ANGLE

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

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

ANGLE INT THE LIMOUSINE.

BLANE

...I see five.

MOORE

Five is correct.

(HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH.)

ANGLE EXT THE JEWELRY STORE.

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

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

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

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

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

IN THE LIMOUSINE BLANE STARTS TO OPEN THE DOOR.

MOORE
 (LOOKING AT HIS WATCH)
 No wait.
 (PAUSE)
 Alright.

ANGLE EXT THE LIMO.

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

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

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

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

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

ANGLE. AT THE DOOR TO THE SHOP.

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

THEY TAKE OFF THEIR LEATHER GLOVES REVEALING SURGICAL GLOVES UNDERNEATH.

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

ANGLE, THEIR POV.

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

ANGLE

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

MOORE PROCEEDS INTO THE STORE.

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

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

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

ANGLE EXT THE STORE.

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

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

ANGLE INT THE STORE.

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

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

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

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

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

HEAVYSET MAN (PINCUS)

(VO)

...two minutes...

MOORE NODS.

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

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

PINCUS

Forty seconds...

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

ANGLE, HIS POV.

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

THE TAPEDECK BEHIND IT, ITS LIGHTS GLOWING.

PINCUS (cont'd)

...thirty seconds...

ANGLE

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

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

PINCUS (CONT'D)

Ten seconds...

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

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

PINCUS (CONT'D)

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

MOORE CONTINUES TRYING TO PRY LOOSE THE TAPE.

ANGLE

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

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

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE TAPE MACHINE.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT THE DECK OF A SLOOP IN THE OCEAN, DAY

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

ANGLE

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

WOMAN

(FRAN. CALLING BACK)

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

(PAUSE)

Y'might want to start your turn.

ANGLE

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

ANGLE, HIS POV.

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

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

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

ANGLE:

FLORID MAN
(SMILING)
...you lookin to make friends...?

FRAN
No. I've got my friends...

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

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

FLORID MAN
I got the sun in my eyes.

ANGLE

AS FRAN TAKES THE WHEEL.

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

INT SHIPYARD DAY.

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

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

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

MOORE
What do you think?

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

MOORE
I won her in a raffle...

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

MOORE
(SHRUGS)
She's got this "father" thing. You like the boat?

FLORID MAN
Waal... your price is rather high...

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

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

(TO FRAN)
What is he, a touchy fella...?

FRAN
You have to ask him.

FLORID MAN
(TO MOORE)
What I'd like to do: I'll take'er out again, me and some people... The Weekend...?

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

MOORE
...we'll be here...

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

MOORE (cont'd)
...we'll be here.

FLORID MAN
...I like this boat...

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

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

FRAN
Well, this one's not for sale.

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

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

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

FRAN DISASSOCIATES HERSELF FROM THE FLORID MAN (MR FLETCHER)

FRAN
 Excuse me...

SHE WALKS TOWARD MOORE

MOORE
 What do you want me to bring you back?

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

MOORE
 Everybody's lookin' in the shadows.

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

MOORE
 (AS HE SQUINTS AT THE SUN, HE
 PUTS ON HIS SUNGLASSES)
 Place to be's in the Sun...

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

BEAT.

HE TAKES HER TO HIM AND KISSES HER.

FLETCHER
 (IN THE B.G. JOCULARLY)
 ...pretty little girl like that, wouldn't stay
 away too long...

MOORE EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH FRAN.

SOUND OF A CARHORN. THEY BOTH TURN.

ANGLE, THEIR POV.

A CAB, EXT, THE MARINA.

ANGLE

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

FRAN
Stay here. Let Bobby do it...

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

HE TURNS TOWARD THE CAB.

INT BOXING GYM DAY.

SOUND OF SPEEDBAGS, AND ROPESKIPPING.

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

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

BLANE
He's likely to do all sorts of unpredictable shit.

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

ANGLE

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

BLANE (cont'd)
Yeah, I was going, put in some new equipment.

MOORE
What'd you, come into some money?

BLANE SMILES.

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

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

EXT 47TH STREET DIAMOND DISTRICT. NYC DAY.

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

BLANE

Where you goin to go with the gelt?

MOORE

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

BLANE

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

MOORE

...that's right.

BLANE

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

MOORE

...that's right...

BLANE

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

MOORE

I worked for it.

(PAUSE)

What're you gonna do...?

BLANE

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

ANGLE THEIR POV.

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

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

ANGLE INT GOLDENSHON'S DIAMOND MART.

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

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

INT OFFICE SUITE DAY.

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

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

ANGLE

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

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

BERGMAN MOTIONS HIM TO TAKE THE CASE AND LEAVE, THE MAN (BELLA) NODS AND BEGINS TO DO SO.

BERGMAN
(INTRODUCING HIM)
My nephew, Jimmy.

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

BERGMAN
Did you...?

MOORE
Yeah, I think I did.

BEAT.

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

BERGMAN
You should of shot the girl.

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

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

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

MOORE
I'm burnt. They got my picture.

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

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

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

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

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

MOORE
Waal, they're honorable scars.

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

BLANE
Well, you're looking at it.

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

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

BERGMAN
No, you're the Boss Hog, Joe.

MOORE
Kind of you to say so.

BERGMAN
(OF THE SLIP OF PAPER)
Nobody... gets the goods like you...

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

BERGMAN
Uh huh.

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

BERGMAN
Ebbet's Field's gone...

MOORE
What'd I tell ya...?
(BERGMAN HANDS HIM A SLIP OF
PAPER. OF THE SLIP OF PAPER)
Higher than the estimate.
(HE PASSES THE PAPER TO BLANE)

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

MOORE
Yeah, why're you telling me that?

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

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

BERGMAN
...the other thing?

MOORE
...you remember that?

BERGMAN
It's the shot of the century.

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

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

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

BERGMAN (CONT'D)
...I put myself, n'my friends in hock, set
the deal up...

MOORE
I need my money. I owe the crew...
(PAUSE)
I owe my crew, Bill...

BERGMAN

If it was me...

MOORE

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

(PAUSE)

And I got to go.

(PAUSE)

I got to get outta town.

BERGMAN

You should of popped the girl... Look:

(HE PICKS UP A SHEAF OF PAPERS

FROM HIS DESK.)

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

MOORE

Woul'da shoul'da coul'da.

BERGMAN

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

MOORE

You're too kind.

BLANE

Why don't you publish the plans?

BERGMAN

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

MOORE

What is it I understand...?

BERGMAN

You understand my position.

MOORE

Here's mine? I did the job. Me and my crew. We brought you the swag, we're going to take our cut.

BERGMAN

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

(PAUSE)

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

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH BLANE

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

BERGMAN (cont'd)
...let's all remember where we are...

BLANE
(AS HE MOVES TOWARD THE BAG)
...that's very literary.

BELLA PUSHES HIM BACK.

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

BLANE
I'm what...?

BELLA
...you're...

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

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

ANGLE

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

ONE OF THE THUGS NEXT TO BLANE PULLS A PISTOL, AND POINTS IT AT
BLANE WHO BATS IT OUT OF THE WAY. THE GUN DISCHARGES. BLANE STEPS
UP TO THE THUG AND HITS HIM IN THE HEAD WITH THE GUNBUT. THE THUG
FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

BLANE (cont'd)
(AS HE MOVES TOWARD THE GYMBAG)
You wanna play "O.K. Corral?" Is this the
plan of the Day? You wanna go dress warmly,
n'go play Outside? Go for it. Go for it,
motherfucker: you know where I am, I'm right
here...
(PAUSE)

BERGMAN
Yeah. You're a pitbull.
(TO MOORE)
Your friend's a pitbull.

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

BERGMAN

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

MOORE

I got to go.

BERGMAN

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

(HE HOLDS OUT HIS HANDS FOR A LIST)

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

MOORE

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

BERGMAN

I want you do do the Swiss job.
(PAUSE)

MOORE

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

BERGMAN

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

BLANE

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

BERGMAN

(TO MOORE)

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

BLANE

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

(HE DRAWS A PISTOL AND POINTS IT AT BERGMAN)

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

SEVERAL OF THE THUGS DRAW THEIR WEAPONS.

BERGMAN

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

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

BLANE MOVES TOWARD THE GYMBAG.

BLANE (cont'd)
 How about them rosy' red apples...?

MOORE
 Bag's empty...
 (PAUSE)
 The bag's empty, Billy...
 (PAUSE)
 Put the bag down, it's empty...

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

MOORE (cont'd)
 Alright.

BLANE
 What?

MOORE
 I said alright.
 (PAUSE)

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

MOORE
 No.

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

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

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

BLANE
 ...don't get up.

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

BLANE AND MOORE BACK OUT OF THE ROOM.

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

ANGLE HIS POV.

HIS SAILBOAT, IN THE MARINA BELOW.

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

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

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

MOORE
I'm sorry...

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

MOORE
What is it I tell you?

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

MOORE
Izzat right...

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

MOORE INTERRUPTS.

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

ANGLE ON FRAN AS SHE DIALS THE PHONE.

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

FRAN
For cash?

MOORE
That's the sweetener.

FRAN
I don't get it.

MOORE

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

FRAN

Where's he gonna get the cash at night?

MOORE

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

FRAN

And you?

(ON THE PHONE)

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

(PAUSE)

Would you tell him Fran, from Moore Marine.

(SHE LOOKS AT MOORE)

MOORE

...I'll meet you in Mexico.

FRAN

How're you going to Mexico...?

MOORE

(PAUSES, AS IF AT THE OBVIOUS)

...I'm taking the boat.

(BEAT)

I'm not proud...

FRAN

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

MOORE

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

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

FRAN

Well, would you tell him...

MOORE

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

FRAN

What're you gonna do about the Other Guys?

MOORE

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

INT NYC DELICATESSEN DAY

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

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

BLANE
Yeah? What were you gonna do with the money?

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

BLANE
...with what?

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

BLANE
Joe? He's got something in reserve.

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

BLANE (cont'd)
He's got something in the Hole. He wouldn't
change his mind without a diversion.

PINCUS
...may it be so.

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

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

BELLA STOPS, SHEILDED BEHIND SOME COATS.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE OTHER TWO MEN IN THE BOOTH.

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

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

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

BLANE PERCEIVES BELLA, AND PINCUS STOPS TALKING.

BLANE LOOKS UP, ALL TURN.

ANGLE, THEIR POV. BELLA, AT THE BOOTH.

BELLA
How're we all today?

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE EXT 47TH STREET, DIAMOND DISTRICT, DAY.

THE GROUP EMERGES FROM THE DELI.

ANGLE INT. A GOLD AND JEWELRY SHOWROOM.

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

ANGLE INS.

BERGMAN'S HAND, HOLDING THE COINS.

ANGLE

BERGMAN, LOOKS UP.

ANGLE HIS POV.

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

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

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

WE SEE BERGMAN, CROSSING THE STREET, LOOKING AROUND.

ANGLE

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

ANGLE HIS POV

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

BEAT

MOORE

Alright.

BERGMAN

You'll do the job?

MOORE

That's right.

BERGMAN

I'm sorry I put you in a position.

MOORE

It's very sporting of you to say so.

BERGMAN

Well...

MOORE

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

(BERGMAN NODS)

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

BERGMAN

That's not unreasonable.

MOORE (cont'd)

Give it to me

(HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND.)

BERGMAN

...now?

MOORE

...you got it in your pocket.

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

BERGMAN

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

MOORE

...stunning.

BERGMAN

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

MOORE

...how do I insure my cut?

BERGMAN

I swear to you...

MOORE

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

(PAUSE)

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

(PAUSE)

BERGMAN

...so be it.

MOORE

Now: what's your little surprise.

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

BERGMAN (cont'd)

(MOTIONING AT BELLA AS THEY JOIN THE OTHER GROUP)

...my boy goes on the job with you.

(PAUSE)

MOORE

...he's got terrible manners.

BERGMAN

Nobody's perfect.

(PAUSE)

THE TWO HAVE WALKED UP TO PINCUS AND BLANE.

MOORE

(TO BERGMAN)

Gettin over here...

(BERGMAN MOTIONS TO BELLA)

BELLA

(PAUSE)

...I'm sorry for what I said.

BLANE

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

BELLA

(PAUSE)

I'm sorry for what I said.

(PAUSE MOORE MOTIONS TO BLANE)

BLANE

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

BELLA

...that's right.

MOORE

Okay, so You called us one, we called you one. The way you get along's you're gonna go along.

(TO BERGMAN)

Okay, we're done negotiating, gimme the money

(BERGMAN HANDS HIM AN ENVELOPE)

I'll see you on the fourteenth...

MOORE AND BLANE START TO WALK AWAY.

BLANE

You going to take that lame onna job?

MOORE

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

BLANE

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

MOORE

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

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

MOORE

You want to show me another way?

BLANE

(OF BELLA, AS HE STOPS MOORE)

...why does he go with the gold?

BERGMAN

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

(PAUSE)

MOORE

Then we go together.

BERGMAN

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

(PAUSE. BLANE AND MOORE START TO WALKAWAY)

BLANE

You're losing a step, Joey.

MOORE

Zat so?

BLANE

Time was, you wuun't of asked him.

MOORE

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

BLANE

And now...?

MOORE

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

HE TURNS BACK, HANDS THE ENVELOPE TO PINCUS.

MOORE (cont'd)

(SOTTO, TO PINCUS)

Okay it's on.

PINCUS

(AS HE TAKES THE ENVELOPE)

I'll take care of it.

PINCUS TURNS BACK TO EXCHANGE A PRIVATE WORD WITH MOORE.

MOORE

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

(PAUSE, WHILE PINCUS HESITATES)

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

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

MOORE, TO BLANE.

MOORE (cont'd)

Is he going soft on me...?

BLANE

(PAUSE)

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

MOORE

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

BLANE

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

(PAUSE.)

(MORE)

BLANE (cont'd)
 RECOGNITION LIGHTS UP BLANE'S
 FACE)

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

(PAUSE)

MOORE
 I got to Bobby...

BLANE
 I know you do.

MOORE
 Tick tock.

BLANE
 No, I know.

MOORE
 The cops got me on tape. I got to go...
 (PAUSE)

MOORE
 But everybody gets his cut from the Jewelry
 store.

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

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

MOORE TURNS BACK TO BELLA.

MOORE (cont'd)
 Awright, you want to go to work...?

BELLA WALKS UP TO THE GROUP.

BLANE SEES SOMETHING OVER MOORE'S SHOULDER.

ANGLE HIS POV.

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

ANGLE

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

BLANE
 (SOTTO)
 ...just keep walking...

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

ANGLE, ON PINCUS, WHO IS TURNED AWAY.

ANGLE

ON BLANE, WHO IS STILL TRYING TO SIGNAL PINCUS.

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

BLANE (cont'd)
(SOTTO)
...walk on... just walk on...

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

BLANE (cont'd)
...excuse me... excuse me...

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

ANGLE

ON BLANE, AS A CAR RUNS INTO HIM.

BLANE HITS THE HOOD OF THE CAR.

ANGLE

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

HE ROLLS OFF THE HOOD, AND ONTO THE GROUND.

ANGLE

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

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

ANGLE

ON BLANE, ON THE GROUND, HOLDING HIS LEG.

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

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

PINCUS
 He's too old for that.

MOORE
 (SHRUGS)
 It's his job. Let's get to work.

INT SMOKEY WORKINGMAN'S BAR NIGHT.

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

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

FRAN (cont'd)
 (TO BARTENDER)
 Could I have another, please...?

BARTENDER
 Hope you're not driving tonight.

FRAN
 Well, I hope I am driving tonight, and I run
 into some fucked abutment IF THAT'S WHAT
 THEY'RE CALLED, and
 (HE GIVES HER A DRINK)
 Thank you...
 (SHE DRINKS)

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

FRAN
 Yeah, but I get to drink it first...
 (SHE SHAKES HER HEAD)
 Can I ask you something...

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

HE TAKES OUT A POLAROID CAMERA AND TAKES A PICTURE.

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

EXT RAILROAD OVERPASS. DAY.

A STATIONWAGON, PARKED BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

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

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

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

BELLA
 Croft. Betty Croft.

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

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

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

ANGLE

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

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE, INT THE STATIONWAGON. BLANE AND BELLA.

BELLA

What's the story on your pal?

BLANE

He was born, he suffered, he died.
(PAUSE)

BELLA

How long's he been with the girl?

BLANE

What business is it of yours?

BELLA

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

PINCUS

How long is a chinaman's name.
(PAUSE)

BELLA

Can he do the thing?

BLANE

He was doing the thing before you were born.

BELLA

Well, you see, that's what, that's what troubles me.
(PAUSE)

BLANE

Maybe you wanna pray about it.

BELLA

No, I'm not a religious man.

BLANE

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

PINCUS

...I got em...

BLANE

...the rental trucks...?

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

BLANE (cont'd)
Whaddaya got?

MOORE
I got to redo some of these figures.

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

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

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

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

BELLA
...why should it go sour?

MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF.

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

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

BELLA
...what...?

MOORE
D'you ever do that?

BELLA
Yeah.

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

BELLA

Yeah.

MOORE

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

BEAT. MOORE WALKS AWAY.

BELLA

What was that about?

BLANE

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

(PAUSE)

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

BELLA SHRUGS.

BLANE (cont'd)

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

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

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

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

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

BLANE (cont'd)

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

MOORE

I found a Hotwalker for him.

BLANE

...Fran...?

MOORE

Well, it could be...

BLANE

I don't mean to 'pry'

MOORE

...then don't pry.

(NODS, GESTURES TO THE CLIPBOARD)

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

THEN HE SEES SOMETHING OVER BLANE'S SHOULDER.

ANGLE, HIS POV

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

ANGLE

ON BLANE AND MOORE

MOORE (cont'd)
(TO HIMSELF. SOTTO)
Don't move the car... don't move the car...

BLANE
(WHO IS TURNED AWAY FROM THE
CRUISER)
...is he moving the car...?

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE.

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

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

ANGLE, TIGHT TWO ON MOORE AND BLANE.

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

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

BLANE TURNS. ANGLE, HIS POV

THE DRIVER'S DOOR OF THE STATIONWAGON OPENING.

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

BLANE AND MOORE. BLANE NODS TO HIM.

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

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

HE PUSHES PAST BLANE.

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

MOORE

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

BLANE TAKES HIM BY THE ARM.

BLANE

...Bobby...?

(MOORE PULLS AWAY)

No, it's no big deal, but we're standing out
here...

TROOPER

...who did you...?

BLANE

(PULLING MOORE AWAY)

Forget about...

MOORE

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

(TO THE TROOPER)

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

TROOPER

...who did you...?

BLANE

...our boss talked to...

MOORE

If this was the first time...

BLANE

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

BLANE AND MOORE WALK AWAY FROM THE TROOPER.

BLANE (cont'd)
 (SOTTO)
 (TO MOORE)
 ...He ain't sure yet...
 (MOORE WALKS BACK TO THE TROOPER.)

HE CONTINUES WALKING MOORE BACK TOWARD THE STATIONWAGON.

MOORE
 (TO THE TROOPER)
 I'm sorry, I know it's not you, but...

TROOPER
 Hey, nothing to it. If...

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

BLANE
 We'll call from the office.
 (TO TROOPER)
 He didn't mean any offense... He didn't mean
 any offense.
 (TO MOORE, AS HE WALKS AWAY)
 ...the man's only doing his job...

MOORE BRUSHES BLANE'S ARM OFF.

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

ANGLE HIS POV.

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

ANGLE

ON PINCUS AND BELLA IN THE CAR

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

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

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

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

BELLA
 Izzit gonna be cool...?

PINCUS

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

MOORE

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

(TO BELLA)

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

BELLA

I...

MOORE

You fucken cowboy, I oughta

(TO MOORE)

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

(TO PINCUS)

Get us the fuck outtahere.

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

BLANE

(SHRUGS SHOULDERS)

Hey, I vote we do...

MOORE

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

BELLA

...I only

MOORE

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

BELLA

...I'll...

MOORE

You do it, you do it.

(PAUSE)

You do it, Pinky...

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

INT BOAT REPAIR SHOP NIGHT

A SPRAY OF SPARKS FROM A WELDING UNIT.

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

IN THE B.G. A RYDER RENTAL TRUCK.

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

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

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

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

PINCUS AND BLANE CONVERSE, V.O.

PINCUS

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

BLANE

How's that?

PINCUS

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

BLANE

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

PINCUS

Who said that?

BLANE

Anybody ever applied for a loan.

ANGLE

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

PINCUS (cont'd)

...load it up?

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

BLANE LOOKS OUT OF THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

BELLA
(TO FRAN)
Well, then...

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

BELLA
...long time.
(PAUSE)

FRAN
...that's right.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, LOOKING AT THEM.

ANGLE, HIS POV:

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

ANGLE

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

BLANE
The plan gonna work?

MOORE

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

BLANE

Looks like he maybe wantsa take her to the Prom.

MOORE SMILES, AND NODS.

MOORE

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

BLANE

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

MOORE

That's what I hear.

BLANE

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

(LOOKS AT FRAN AND BELLA)

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

MOORE

I'm very resilient.

BLANE

Yeah, so's Gumby.

MOORE

I got a more striking profile.

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

BLANE

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

MOORE

I never liked the way I looked anyway...

PINCUS

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

...seems to be coming along nicely.

BLANE

(SOTTO)

My boy there, like to Fertilize the Flowers.

PINCUS

...how's your leg?

BLANE
You should see the other guy...

PINCUS
(TO MOORE)
...when we do the switch, the Highway...

MOORE SHAKES HIS HEAD, INDICATING BELLA.

PINCUS (cont'd)
...he can't hear...

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

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

MOORE FIRES UP THE TORCH, AND BEGINS CUTTING AGAIN.

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

BLANE WALKS PINCUS AWAY FROM MOORE.

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

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

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

BLANE
I'll get the beer and pretzels.

BELLA
...what made you a criminal?

BLANE
Nobody made me a criminal. I am a Criminal.

MOORE WALKS OVER.

MOORE
How we doing?

HE GATHERS THEM AROUND A TABLE.

BLANE
How you doing?

MOORE

I'm done.

(PAUSE)

Well, that's it them.

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

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

MOORE (cont'd)

You got the detonators?

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

BELLA

...din we check'em?

MOORE

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

BELLA

What happened to Check It an Forget it?

MOORE

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

PAUSE. THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK.

BELLA WALKS AWAY SHAKING HIS HEAD.

BLANE

Then we ready to Go Do it?

PINCUS

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

(PAUSE)

What kind of sick mentality is that?

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

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

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

BELLA

Z'he gonna hold up?

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

BELLA
What is that, your philosophy?

FRAN
That's right.

BELLA
...what is it to you?

FRAN
...he's my Husband.

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

MOORE
(IN THE B.G.)
I...

ANGLE, ON BELLA, AS HE TURNS.

BELLA
...you gonna make an Impassioned Speech?

MOORE
Yeah: Let's go get the money.

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

PINCUS LIGHTS A FIRE IN A 55 GALLON DRUM.

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

FRAN COMES UP BEHIND HIM.

FRAN
Z'it gonna work?

MOORE
It's either gonna be a monumental heist, or a
real amusing anecdote.
(PAUSE)

FRAN
...I love you, Joe...

MOORE
Why?

FRAN

You know why? Because you're thorough.

MOORE

I hope to tell you...

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

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

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

MOORE STOPS TO LOOK AT HIS BOAT.

BELLA

You gonna miss it?

MOORE

What?

BELLA

Your boat?

MOORE

Well, it's a nice boat.

BELLA

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

MOORE

That's right.

PINCUS GOES TOWARD MOORE EXCITEDLY.

MOORE (cont'd)

...what is it?

PINCUS

...they found the car.

MOORE

...what car?

PINCUS

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

MOORE

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

PINCUS

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

MOORE

Did you wipe it down...?

BLANE

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

MOORE

Did you wipe it down...?

BELLA

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

BLANE

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

BELLA

...what about the Job...?
(PAUSE)

MOORE

The job stands...

PINCUS

...I'm sorry, Joe.

MOORE

Shut up. The job stands.
(HE LOOKS AROUND)
This joint is burnt.

BLANE

(TO BELLA)
Come with me...

MOORE

Meet at the Overpass.

BELLA

...the job stands...?

MOORE

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

PINCUS

Joe. Joey, I...

MOORE

Get him out of here.

PINCUS

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

BLANE STARTS MOVING BELLA OVER TO A CAR.

BELLA
 (AS HE GETS INTO A CAR)
 You go on...

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

ANGLE, TIGHT ON PINCUS AND MOORE.

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

MOORE
 (LOOKS OVER PINCUS SHOULDER)
 They're gone.

PINCUS
 Well, then, you get gone, too.

MOORE
 ...that's right.

BEAT. THEY EMBRACE.

MOORE TAKES OUT THE MONEY ENVELOPE.

PINCUS
 You take care, Pally.

MOORE
 You get his cut to Bobby...?
 (PINCUS NODS)

PINCUS
 You gonna be Okay?

MOORE
 I'm okay now.

PINCUS
 (OF THE ENVELOPE)
 Yeah? What do you do for cash?

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

PINCUS
 You're taking down the boat guy...

MOORE
 That's right.

PINCUS
 That's your case money...

MOORE
It's enough, get us away...

PINCUS
And then Aloha.

MOORE
That's right.
(PAUSE)

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

MOORE
So was World War One.

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

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

PINCUS
Izzat so?

MOORE
That's what they tell me.
(PAUSE)

PINCUS
See you, Joe.

MOORE
I'll send you a Papaya.

PINCUS
They're good for digestion.

MOORE
Say good-bye to your niece.

PINCUS PINCHES MOORE ON THE CHEEK.

THEY EMBRACE.

PINCUS (cont'd)
Joe, you're the motengator.

MOORE
Cute, huh?

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

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

INT THE BOAT'S CABIN

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

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

MOORE
I would of done that.

FRAN
No, I'm the Frontier Wife.

MOORE
...that's right...

FRAN
You ready to go?

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

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

MOORE (cont'd)
Landline.

HE COMES UP ON THE DECK.

ANGLE

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

FRAN
You'll miss the guys.

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

FRAN
...that's right...

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

FRAN
No, but you do.

MOORE

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

FRAN

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

MOORE

...that's right.

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

MOORE (cont'd)

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

FRAN

You did, Baby...

MOORE

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

FRAN

...that's right...

(PAUSE)

MOORE

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

FRAN

We'll get the boat money...

MOORE

...yeah?

FRAN

That's enough to start over.

MOORE

Is it enough for you...?

FRAN

The Lord hates a coward...

(SHE REACTS TO THE TELEPHONE)

(TO PHONE)

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

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

(TO MOORE)

How you doing?

MOORE

I'm about ready to go South.

FRAN
South we go, Baby.

MOORE
...that's right.

FRAN
(LOOKING AROUND)
You set to walk away from it?

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

FRAN
(ON PHONE)
Hello Mr...

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

(FRAN NODS)

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

ANGLE, ON MOORE, NODDING HIS ENCOURAGEMENT TO HIM.

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

SHE SMILES AND NODS AT MOORE, HE SMILES BACK.

FRAN (cont'd)
Superior... Well:

SHE LOOKS TO MOORE FOR DIRECTION.

MOORE
(SOTTO)
Tell him what he needs to hear.

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

FRAN
 (TO PHONE)
 Could, you, could you, hold...

SHE COVERS THE MOUTHPIECE.

MOORE
 Flirt with the guy.

FRAN
 (COVERING THE MOUTHPIECE, TO
 MOORE)
 No problem. Can we meet him at His Bank.

MOORE
 Superior. You get the address. When?

FRAN
 (TO MOORE)
 I caught him going out of town, he... he
 wants to meet next...

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

ANGLE. SHE LOOKS OVER MOORE'S SHOULDER.

ANGLE XCU

FRAN LOOKING FRIGHTENED.

ANGLE HER POV

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

ANGLE

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

A DARK FORM, A MAN MOVING.

ANGLE

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

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

ANGLE FRAN, ON THE PHONE.

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

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

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

MOORE

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

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

MOORE (cont'd)

What do you want?

(PAUSE)

What're you, the Social Service Lady?

(PAUSE)

BELLA

...I...

MOORE

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

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

MOORE (cont'd)
What do you want?

BELLA WALKS TO A WORKTABLE.

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

BELLA
I forgot my copy of the plans.
(PAUSE)

MOORE
How about that.
(HE LOOKS AT BELLA AND THEN AT
FRAN)
(PAUSE)

BELLA
You got to do the job, Joe.
(PAUSE)
Lookit me like I'm your Good Angel. You
can't walk away from it.

ANGLE, AS MOORE LOOKS AT FRAN.

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

MOORE
...try him back...

FRAN
...hello...?

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

MOORE
...call him back...

IN THE B.G. FRAN REDIALS THE PHONE.

BELLA
You got to do the job...

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

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

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

MOORE
Din't you just make yourself dispensable?

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

MOORE
You my self-help program...?

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

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

MOORE
That would be my wife.

BELLA
Is that so?

MOORE
That's correct.

BELLA
What does she see in you, anyway?

BELLA TURNS TO LOOK AT FRAN.

BELLA (cont'd)
...you must be hung like Man of War...

MOORE LUNGES FOR HIM AND GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT.

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

FRAN
Joe, leave him...

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

FRAN
...Joe

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

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

MOORE (cont'd)
...the boat guy?

FRAN
...slipped off.

MOORE
Call him back.
(PAUSE)
Get him back.

FRAN
...he's gone.
(PAUSE)
I'm sorry, Joe.

MOORE
(TO BELLA)
Get up.

BELLA
What're you gonna do.

MOORE
I'm gonna be Don Ameche in a taxi, honey.
(PAUSE)
Get up.

BELLA
...and what?

MOORE
Get out.
(PAUSE)
Get out.

BEAT. BELLA RETREATS.

MOORE LOOKS AT FRAN.

MOORE (cont'd)
You wanna tell me what I'm going to do...?
(PAUSE)

FRAN
I...

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

INT DARK BOXING GYM NIGHT.

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

ANGLE, HIS POV.

MOORE, MOVING THROUGH THE DARK GYM.

ANGLE INT. SMALL EQUIPMENT ROOM.

ANGLE INS.

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

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

ANGLE INT THE ROOM.

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

ANGLE

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

MOORE

It's me, put it away.

ANGLE

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

BLANE

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

MOORE NODS, HALF-CLOSES THE DOOR.

ANGLE EXT THE GYM.

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

ANGLE

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

BOXER

What you doin here?

FRAN

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

BOXER

I don't see nobody else here...

FRAN

No, that's right...

ANGLE, ON HER, POV.

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

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

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

BLANE
The move is:
(PAUSE)
The move is we got to get the gold.

BLANE MOVES OUT OF THE ROOM.

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

MOORE AND BLANE COME DOWN THE STAIRS.

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

ANGLE INT GARAGE.

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

BLANE (cont'd)
...kids on the street. Always kids on the street.

THEY MOVE TO A BENCH. WHERE BLANE STARTS FILLING A PERCOLATOR FROM A UTILITY SINK. MOORE SITS ON SOME OLD, DISCARDED BOXING EQUIPMENT--A DISASSEMBLED SET OF PIPES, WHICH STILL HOLD AN OLD, ROTTEN, LEATHER "HEAVYBAG."

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

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

FRAN
(AS SHE ENTERS THE ROOM.)
Yes. That's right.

BLANE
The nephew don't come back, the first place, you're down on the Tropic Isle.
(PAUSE)
You shoul'da left him on the side of the road.

MOORE

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

BLANE

Why'd I leave him what?

MOORE

Why'd you leave him the plans?

BLANE

What...?

MOORE

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

BLANE

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

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

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

MOORE

He said that's why he came back.

FRAN

He came back for me

(PAUSE. THEY TURN TO LOOK AT
HER.)

He came back to make sure I was okay.

(PAUSE)

I knew him from before.

MOORE

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

FRAN

Yes.

MOORE

You want to suit up?

FRAN

...that's right.

BLANE

What's the shot?

MOORE

(TO FRAN)

You got to Kiss Rings.

FRAN
 ...you point me.

INT LOWER MIDDLE CLASS TRACT HOUSE KITCHEN NIGHT.

SHOT FROM THE KITCHEN INTO A SMALL HALLWAY.

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

ANGLE

ON PINCUS AS HE COMES INTO THE KITCHEN.

ANGLE, HIS POV

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

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

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

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

BLANE
 How did we get away with the Gold?

MOORE
 Oh yeah.
 (PAUSE)

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

MOORE
 Uh huh...

PINCUS
 Til finally...

MOORE
 Yeah?

PINCUS
 He succeeded.
 (PAUSE)

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

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

PINCUS

(SHRUGS)

And it gave him the Idea. To conquer
Scotland.

BLANE

I don't get the connection.

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

MOORE

(TO PHONE)

Put him on.

INT MANSION NIGHT.

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

BERGMAN

(TO PHONE)

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

(PAUSE)

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

(PAUSE)

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

(PAUSE)

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

(HE HANGS UP)

(TO FRAN)

I'm sorry for my language.

FRAN

Well, it's only words.

BERGMAN

That's absolutely right.

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

BERGMAN (cont'd)
 (TO BELLA. SOTTO)
 You're in my position, what do you do?
 (PAUSE)
 What did she tell you?

BELLA
 He's scared.

BERGMAN
 I've never known him scared.

BELLA
 She says he's getting old.

BERGMAN
 ...she said that...

BELLA
 He's broke. He's made. The cops're looking
 for him. He don't want to go out there with
 nothing.
 (PAUSE)
 She says that he'll do the job.

BERGMAN
 ...she does...

BELLA
 ...she...
 (HE HESITATES)

BERGMAN
 ...please...

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

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

BELLA
 I think so.

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

BELLA
 She came to me...

BERGMAN
 To you.
 (PAUSE)
 Ah.

BELLA

...yes.

BERGMAN

He put her up, to come to you.

BELLA

I think she came to me on her own.

(PAUSE)

BERGMAN

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

BELLA

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

BERGMAN

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

ANGLE

ON FRAN. AS BERGMAN AND BELLA REEMERGE.

BERGMAN (cont'd)

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

BELLA

(TO FRAN)

I'm going to see you back.

(HE TAKES HER BY THE ARM.)

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

FRAN

I'll be alright...

BELLA

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

Hey, you're alright now...

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

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

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

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

BLANE
...what?

MOORE
...a freight forwarder.
(HE THROWS HIM A YELLOW PAGES)
Okay. Alright.

AS BLANE LOOKS THROUGH THE YELLOW PAGES MOORE GRILLS PINCUS.

MOORE (cont'd)
...what's the Lady's name?

PINCUS
...Mrs. Croft.

MOORE
What do we chat her up about?

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

BLANE
Average, forty five minutes.

MOORE
(SHAKES HEAD)
Too quick...
(PAUSE)
On the day. Half hour before the thing, call up, three false breakdown calls. Keep'em buys.

PINCUS
...that's right...

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

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

BLANE
(AS HE LOOKS THROUGH THE YELLOW PAGES)
What, what kind of "freight do you want to..."

MOORE
 (AS HE TAKES OUT HIS PAD AND
 PENCIL AND BEGINS TO DRAW)
 ...look here:

INT POOLSIDE CABANA DAY.

FRAN AND BELLA, FINISHING DRESSING.

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

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

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

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

INT BOATSHED DAY

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

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

HE LOOKS UP AS FRAN AND BELLA ENTER.

MOORE (cont'd)
 ...where have you been...?

BELLA
 ...tucking Betty Croft in...

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

BELLA
 She's a wild, wild woman...
 (HE HANDS MOORE A POLAROID, HE
 TOOK AT THE BAR.)

MOORE
 (AS HE TAKES THE PHOTO, AND
 STUDIES IT.)
 Alright, then. No Hard Feelings...?

BELLA
 ...last thing in the World...

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

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

FRAN

...I...

MOORE

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

HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE, INS. HIS POV

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT THE RAILROAD UNDERPASS. NIGHT.

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

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE.

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

EXT RAILROAD OVERPASS NIGHT.

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

ANGLE INT THE TRUCK.

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

ANGLE, INT THE TRUCK.

BLANE, LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

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

BLANE

...you feeling?

BELLA
I'm fine...

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

BELLA
I'm alright.

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

BELLA
I'm fine.

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

HE LOOKS OVER AT BLANE.

BLANE
...nothing wrong with prayer.
(PAUSE)

BELLA
...you think so...?

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

BELLA
No shit.

BLANE
My hand to god. That bible, stopped a bullet,
would have ruined that fucker's heart.
(PAUSE)
And had he had another bible, in front of
his face, that man would be alive today.
What time you got?

BELLA
Five eighteen.

BLANE
...make the call.

BELLA TAKES OUT A CELLPHONE AND DIALS.

BELLA
(ON PHONE)
Hello? I've, hello?
(MORE)

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

ANGLE, EXT THE TRUCK.

THE TRUCK STOPS AT THE OVERPASS. BLANE HOPS OUT.

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

ANGLE INS.

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE INT THE SECURITY TRUCK.

BELLA (cont'd)
 (ON PHONE)
 to fix the...

BLANE GETS INTO THE TRUCK

BLANE
 ...let's go...

BELLA
 (ON PHONE)
 ...would you do that? Thank you...

ANGLE EXT.

THE TRUCK. PULLING OUT INTO THE ROAD.

INT COMMUTER TRAIN COACH. DAWN.

AN OLD TIRED CONDUCTOR WALKING DOWN THE AISLE. PAST A SLEEPING
 BUSINESSMAN. THE BUSINESSMAN WALKS, TO REVEAL IT IS MOORE. HE
 STRETCHES, LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW. AND WALKS BACK IN THE CAR,
 HOLDING HIS BRIEFCASE.

ANGLE INT. THE LAVATORY.

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

EXT SUBURBAN STATION DAWN.

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

INT A BANK OF PHONES DAY

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

EXT AIRPORT DEPARTURES DRIVEWAY.

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

MOORE LOOKS DOWN AT THE POLAROID PICTURE WE SAW EARLIER.

ANGLE

ON A COFFEETRUCK PARKED OUTSIDE AN EMPLOYEE'S ENTRANCE.

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

WOMAN

(MRS. CROFT)

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

ANGLE

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

MOORE

Mrs. Croft?

(PAUSE)

Betty Croft...?

MRS. CROFT

(SOMEWHAT SURPRISED)

Yes?

MOORE

(AS SHE DRAWS HER ASIDE)

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

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

MRS. CROFT

...just coming to work...

MOORE

I understand. ...I believe we've met before, on my last...?

(MORE)

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

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

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

MRS. CROFT
 I wouldn't...

MOORE
 (SHRUGS)
 ...you've been warned. Now: the guard under
 your supervision will be graded on the
 following:

ANGLE, INT THE AIRPORT CONCOURSE.

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

ANGLE EXT, AIRPORT DRIVETHROUGH.

AT THE STATIONWAGON.

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

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

FRAN LOOKS UP.

FRAN
 Here they come.

MOORE LOOKS IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE SECURITY TRUCK, PULLING INTO THE DRIVETHROUGH AREA.

ANGLE

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

FRAN (cont'd)
Where's the girl...?

MOORE LOOKS AROUND.

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

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS TO THE SECURITY GATE.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

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

MOORE LOOKS AROUND. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

HE TURNS BACK OUT TOWARD THE STREET.

ANGLE. HIS POV.

THE SECURITY TRUCK. PULLING UP.

ANGLE

ON MOORE. AS HE WALKS TOWARD THE COFFEETRUCK.

MOORE (cont'd)
(TO THE COFFEEMAN)
What happened to Betty? Betty Croft...?

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

MOORE
Gimme a cuppacoffee.

ANGLE

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

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

MOORE (cont'd)
(TO COFFEEMAN)
Gimme one of those...
(MOORE POINTS)

THE COFFEEMAN HANDS MOORE A SMALL OBJECT.

MOORE TAKES A WRAPPED PACKAGE OUT OF HIS POCKET.

ANGLE INS.

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

MOORE TURNS AWAY FROM THE COFFEETRUCK.

ANGLE INS.

MOORE DIGS IN HIS POCKET AND TAKES OUT A VERY SMALL AUTOMATIC PISTOL. HE PUTS THE PISTOL IN THE CONDOM, AND TIES IT SHUT, HE DROPS THE CONDOM INTO THE STEAMING COFFEE. HE STARTS TOWARD THE SECURITY GATE.

ANGLE

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

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

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

SECURITY GUARD.
...up early or up late.

MOORE
(OF THE COFFEE)
Not up at all, till I get that down...

SECURITY GUARD.
I heard that.

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

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

MOORE
Uh huh...

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

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

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

ANGLE EXT THE AIRPORT DRIVE-THROUGH.

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

PINCUS
(TO PHONE)
I have to inform you we have placed three
bombs... Three bombs. Inside your facility.

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

ANGLE

INT PASSENGER CONCOURSE.

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

ANGLE INT THE SECURITY SHED.

THE GUARD TURNS, AS MOORE REENTERS.

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

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

THE GUARD TURNS TO MAKE A JOKE.

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

MOORE
Please tell me the code for the main gate.

GUARD
(LOOKING AT THE PISTOL)
Who the hell d'you think you're kidding with
that lll...

MOORE SHOOTS THE PISTOL TOWARD THE GUARD'S FOOT.

MOORE
Please tell me the code.

ANGLE

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

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

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

THE AIRLINE EMPLOYEE HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN AND PINCUS ENTERS.

INT SECURITY SHED, DAY.

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

ANGLE

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

WE HEAR ON THE LOUDSPEAKER.

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

EXT AIRPORT DAY.

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

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

ANGLE INT THE COCKPIT, AEROHELVETICA CARGO PLANE.

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

PILOT
 ...clearance for...
 (BEYOND, ON THE TARMAC, WE SEE
 THE SECURITY TRUCK COMING
 TOWARD THE PLANE.)
 ...Yes. Aero, 294. Requests permission to
 take the Active...
 (PAUSE. HE LISTENS. NODS)
 Aero 294 for runway two-six.
 (TO HIS CO-PILOT, IN GERMAN)
 Let's get out of here...

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

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

ANGLE

THE SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE STONE ARCH.
 WE SEE THE LIGHT GO FROM STEADY RED TO BLINKING RED.

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

THE TRAIN SLOWING DOWN, BRAKES SCREECHING.

ANGLE

IN THE LAVATORY, AS THE DEVICE EXPLODES.

ANGLE

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

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

ANGLE

INT THE JET COCKPIT

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

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

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

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

HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE HIS POV

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

ANGLE ON THE PILOT

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

HE SIGHS. AND MOTIONS TO THE CO-PILOT, WHO PROCEEDS BACK INTO THE
CARGO AREA. CAMERA TAKES HIM PAST SEVERAL LARGE CRATES MARKED
"MACHINE PARTS" TO HYWEST FOUNDRY, PAST SEVERAL LARGE METAL
CONTAINERS. TO THE CARGO DOOR. WE SEE THE PLANE JOLT TO A STOP.
THE CO-PILOT ENTERS A CODE IN A PANEL NEAR THE DOOR. AND THE DOOR
SLIDES OPEN TO REVEAL THE SECURITY TRUCK BELOW, AND TWO MEN GETTING
OUT OF IT.

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

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

ANGLE. INT THE CARGOPLANE.

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

ANGLE. INT THE COCKPIT.

AS THE PILOT TURNS AROUND.

AS MOORE ENTERS.

MOORE
...we have a report of...

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

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

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

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

ANGLE

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

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

ANGLE

ON MOORE.

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

ANGLE

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

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

BLANE DROPS DOWN NEXT TO HIM.

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

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

ANGLE INT THE CARGOPLANE.

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

INT SECURITY SHED DAY.

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

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

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

TROOPER

Get the gate open...

PINCUS

(AS HE MAKES A NOTATION ON A CLIPBOARD)

I got to take down your badge nnn...

TROOPER

(AS HE GESTURES AT THE VIDEOCAMERA)

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

PINCUS

...the video's out.

HE STARTS BACK TOWARD THE SECURITY SHED. ONE OF THE TROOPERS FOLLOWS.

TROOPER

(IN CAR)

Get the gate open...?

ANGLE

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

TROOPER (cont'd)

Can we get the gate open...?

PINCUS

You're looking at me doing it...

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

TROOPER

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

PINCUS

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

TROOPER

(AS HE WALKS TOWARD THE LAVATORY)

Gimme a list of any...

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

THE TROOPER STARTS TO OPEN THE DOOR TO THE LAVATORY

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

ANGLE, EXT, THE TARMAC

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

ANGLE EXT THE PLANE.

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

ANGLE INT THE CAB OF THE TRUCK.

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

ANGLE, THEIR POV

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

ANGLE

THE THREE MEN IN THE TRUCK.

BEAT.

MOORE
(TO BELLA, WHO IS DRIVING)
Honk the horn.
(PAUSE)
...what'm I telling you...?

BELLA HONKS THE HORN, TENTATIVELY.

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANGLE, ON PINCUS, LOOKING AT THE SHOT.

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

ANGLE

IN THE TRUCK. AS THEY DRIVE THROUGH THE GATES.

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

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

BLANE
 Well, that's just gonna have to be as it is...
 (HE TAKES OUT A CELLPHONE AND DIALS AS HE SPEAKS.)
 (INTO PHONE)
 I got a broke down truck, excuse me, I called, could I speak to your supervisor please...? I got one of your trucks, engine failure, I called first at Five, five twenty, this... this is my forth call... Right outside the Airport.

(MORE)

BLANE (cont'd)

(PAUSE)

Industrial and 2-0-seventh, I... Yes, thank you. I'm an attorney... could I have your name please...? Could I have your name, please, because I'm going to have to speak to your supervisor...

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE STEALS A GLANCE BACK AT PINCUS.

ANGLE HIS POV

ON PINCUS, TALKING WITH THE TWO TROOPERS.

INT THE CARGOPLANE DAY

THE THREE METALLIC CRATES OPEN, PAN PAST THE "MACHINE PARTS" CRATES, ONTO THE TWO MEN IN THE COCKPIT. THE PILOT STARTS TO STIR, GROGGILY.

ANGLE EXT

ON THE VAN AS IT COMES ONTO A SMALL ACCESS ROAD. WE SEE THEIR AIRPORT IN THE B.G.

ANGLE

EXT THE STATIONWAGON, DRIVEN BY FRAN, PULLING INTO THE ARRIVALS AREA. SHE DRIVES SLOWLY BY THE SECURITY GATE.

ANGLE HER POV

IN THE B.G. WE SEE PINCUS STILL TALKING TO THE TROOPERS.

ANGLE

ON PINCUS, AS HE STEALS A GLANCE AT HIS WATCH. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE HIS POV

IN THE B.G., FRAN, DRIVING THE STATIONWAGON SLOWLY.

ANGLE, INT, THE SECURITY STATION.

ONE OF THE TROOPERS GETS A CALL ON THE WALKIE-TALKIE.

TROOPER

(INTO THE WALKIE)

Four nine, go.

(PAUSE)

Where...? Oh shit...

HE HURRIES OUT TO THE CAR. HE TURNS BACK, TOWARD PINCUS.

TROOPER (cont'd)

(CALLING)

Aerohelvetica. Cargo...?

PINCUS
Bay Five. Go Left. Bay Five...

WE SEE THE TROOPERS IN THE CAR HURRY OFF.

PINCUS STARTS STRIPPING OFF HIS SECURITY UNIFORM, AS WE WALKS OUT OF THE SECURITY SHED, TOWARD FRAN IN THE CAR.

ANGLE INT THE STATIONWAGON AS PINCUS GETS UP, AND MOTIONS FRAN TO DRIVE QUICKLY. WE HOLD ON THE STATIONWAGON LEAVING THE AIRPORT DRIVETHROUGH.

FRAN
How...?

ANGLE. THE STATIONWAGON DRIVING PAST A ROW OF ORANGE-VESTED ROADWORKERS, WHO ARE LAYING TAR ON THE ROADWAY.

THE STATIONWAGON SLOWS.

ANGLE INT THE CAR.

PINCUS
Wait wait wait wait wait.
(HE GESTURES HER TO STOP)

ANGLE EXT THE STATIONWAGON.

ON PINCUS AS HE TAKES A TRASH BAG, AND THROWS IT INTO A ROADSIDE TRASH CONTAINER.

ANGLE

ON THE VAN, AS IT PULLS INTO A PARKING GARAGE.

ANGLE -

A MOSTLY EMPTY FLOOR OF THE PARKING GARAGE.

THE VAN PULLING UP.

MOORE AND BLANE GET OUT, AND START TO LOOK DOWN TOWARD THE AIRPORT.

MOORE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. BLANE GOES TO THE SIDE OF THE VAN, HESITATES, AND LOOKS AT MOORE.

BLANE
...where's your explosion...?

MOORE
(HE LOOKS AROUND, THEN, TO
BLANE)
Do it...

BLANE NODS TO MOORE, AND THEY BEGIN TO STRIP THE "SKINS" OFF THE SIDE OF THE SECURITY TRUCK, TO REVEAL IT IS A RYDER RENTAL TRUCK.

ANGLE INT THE TRUCK

MOORE OPENS THE BACK PANEL, HE REMOVES A LARGE GARBAGE BAG. AND ACCEPTS THE REMOVED SKINS AND LICENSEPLATES FROM BLANE.

IN THE FRONT WE SEE BELLA, GETTING OUT OF HIS SECURITY UNIFORM.

AND, IN THE REAR, BLANE AND MOORE DOING THE SAME.

MOORE OPENS THE FAKE ENGINE, AND STUFF THE UNIFORMS, ET CETERA, INSIDE.

BELLA
(LOOKING BACK)
Here she comes...

ANGLE ON BLANE, AS HE TURNS.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

THE STATIONWAGON, COMING UP THE RAMP. FRAN AND PINCUS IN IT.

ANGLE

ON THE MEN IN THE TRUCK.

ON MOORE, AS HE LOADS THE MATERIALS INTO THE ENGINE.

MOORE
Is he with her...?

BLANE
Yeah he's there.

HE PICKS UP ONE OF THE BARS FROM THE FAKE ENGINE AND PULLS OFF THE COVERING, TO REVEAL IT IS GOLDEN. HE SMILES

BLANE (cont'd)
Yeah, he's there.

THE STATIONWAGON PULLS UP BY THE TRUCK. PINCUS GETS OUT AND WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

MOORE
(TO PINCUS)
Where's my diversion...?

PINCUS
I... I threw it in the garb... Joe: Joe,
Listen:

MOORE
Where's my explosion, I'm up here naked...

PINCUS
Joe: they got your...

HE LOOKS INSIDE THE TRUCK. HE TAKES OUT AND LOOKS AT THE HALF-OPENED BAR OF GOLD.

PINCUS
Joe... they got your...

BLANE SHOWS HIM THE GOLDEN BAR.

PINCUS (cont'd)
 Go sell chocolate, you Heidi Motherfuckers.
 Go see Cookoo Clocks. WE GOT YOUR GOLD...

ANGLE

ON BLANE, AS HE TAKES THE ROLL OF TAPE FROM HIS BELT, AND TAPES THE COVERING AGAIN OVER THE BAR. HE REPLACES THE BAR, AND MOORE SHUTS UP THE FAKE ENGINE.

FRAN
 (TO MOORE)
 How'd it go?

BLANE
 It got a little tight in there.

PINCUS
 (TO MOORE)
 They got your photo.

MOORE
 Who?

PINCUS
 The Staties. I saw it in the car. I.

MOORE
 Forget it. Let's...

BLANE MOVES TO A SEDAN, WHICH THEY ARE PARKED, TAKES OUT KEYS, OPENS IT, AND BEGINS PUTTING ON A SUITCOAT AND A HAT WHICH ARE FOUND ON THE SEAT.

BELLA
 ...they got your photo...?

MOORE
 Yeah, well, that's a Hazard of the jjj...

BELLA
 You can't go through the roadblock if...

MOORE
 I told you on the day, they had me, you...

BELLA
 Yeah, but you... I can't have you going through the...

MOORE
 I stay with the gold.

FRAN
Joe, he's right if...

MOORE
You're gonna side with the guy, you're gonna side against me? You gonna talk against me, Fran?

FRAN
I'm saying...

BELLA
Fuck it... if they got you on film I am not going through that with the gold and you in the truck.

MOORE
I stay with the gold.
(PAUSE)
I stay with the gold.

BELLA
They got you on film, you got to go. You'll never make the road block... Joe...

MOORE
I got to go with the gold.

BELLA
You know, your wife said it...

ANGLE, ON BLANE, AS HE LOOKS OUT OF THE PARKING GARAGE.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

ON THE ACCESSROAD, SEVERAL STATE POLICE CARS, SETTING UP A ROADBLOCK.

BLANE
Joe, we gotta go.

MOORE
You go. See you at the rendezvous...

ANGLE ON BLANE, AND PINCUS, WHO IS TAKING CLOTHES FROM THE SEAT OF THE SEDAN. HE STARTS TO GET IN. REACHES BACK, AND HANDS PIECES OF PAPER TO MOORE.

PINCUS
...parking tickets, you've been here two days...

HE GETS INTO THE SEDAN, AND THE SEDAN PULLS AWAY.

MOORE STARTS TO GET INTO THE VAN.

BELLA
...you're burnt.

MOORE
Then we'll all go together.

BELLA
I do not see the percentage...

MOORE
You don't have to, Baby...

FRAN
...you can't make the Roadblock, Joe...

BELLA
You're burnt, for chrissake. You're fucken
burnt Old Man... What're you, telling your
Beads "I go with the Gold"... Look here: You
tell me: what're they gonna be looking
harder at? You tell me, you here with us, or
you in an empty car.

(PAUSE)
You tell me.
(PAUSE)
You tell me? You follow us. Through the
roadblock, for chrissake.

(PAUSE)
Eh? You follow us thr...

MOORE TURNS TO BLANE.

BLANE
You're burnt, Joe. You're burnt. It's the
wise thing. What do you lll...?

MOORE
I follow you to the rendezvous...
(TO FRAN)
Gimme the keys...

SHE PASSES THE KEYS TO BELLA, WHO HANDS THEM TOWARD MOORE.

PINCUS
...Joe, get in the c...

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE ADDRESSES FRAN, AS SHE GETS INTO THE TRUCK.

MOORE
...stay with the ggg...
(HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE KEYS. WE
SEE THEY ARE NOT THE SAME KEYS
WHICH FRAN HANDS TO BELLA)
(TO BELLA)
You palmed the keys, you palmed the keys, you
motherf...

HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE KEYS IN HIS HAND. HE GRABS BELLA'S WRIST, AND
TURNS IT OVER TO SHOW A SECOND SET OF KEYS IN BELLA'S HAND.

MOORE (cont'd)
 ...what's, what's the deal, you're gonna
 leave me, alone, in the...

THERE IS A SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION. MOORE TURNS HIS HEAD, WE SEE
 BEYOND AND BELOW HIM, THE GARBAGE CAN, BURSTING INTO FLAMES, AND
 SPOUTING SMOKE.

ANGLE, ON BELLA, AS HE TAKES OUT HIS PISTOL AND CLOUTS THE
 DISTRACTED MOORE.

ANGLE XCU.

ON FRAN.

FRAN
 ...no...

BELLA
 Get in the truck. Get in the truck... Get in
 the truck...

ANGLE

HE FORCES HER INTO THE VAN.

ANGLE

THE VAN COMING DOWN THE RAMP.

ANGLE INT THE VAN. BELLA DRIVING, COMING UP ON THE CASHIER'S
 BOOTH.

BELLA
 (TO FRAN)
 Gimme the ticket.
 (PAUSE)
 Gimme the ttt...

FRAN
 ...you left'em up there with Joe...

ANGLE, AT THE CASHIER'S BOOTH.

CASHIER
 ...morning...

BELLA
 I, uh...

FRAN
 (SOTTO)
 ...get us out of here...

BELLA
 I seem to've lost my ticket...

CASHIER
Oh, man. I'm sorry.

BELLA
...just...

CASHIER
Look, f'you c'n show me some... something,
your airline ticket, something...

BELLA (cont'd)
...just tell me what the full freight is,
for...

CASHIER
Sure, but, between you 'n me? They give me
some leeway, so, f'you c'n show me some
"Proof," 'bout, how long...

FRAN
Just, would you just, however long, the...

CASHIER
...lost Ticket charge, hundred fifty dollars.
I don't think you...

FRAN DIGS IN HER POCKET, AND STARTS PAYING HIM.

CASHIER (cont'd)
I'm telling you, I hate to...

FRAN
We're in a hurry...

THE CASHIER SHRUGS.

CASHIER
...you must be some kind of rich...

HE HANDS THEM A RED RECEIPT, WHICH IS PRINTED "STAYS OVER 72 HOURS.
LOST TICKET CHARGE. PAID."

ANGLE

ON BELLA, AS HE TAKES THE RECEIPT, AND THROWS IT ON HIS DASHBOARD,
AND DRIVES OFF.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, ON THE PAVEMENT, AS HE STIRS, AND SHAKES HIS
HEAD...

ANGLE

ON THE VAN, COMING OUT OF THE PARKING GARAGE, AND ONTO THE ACCESS
ROAD.

ANGLE

ON THE VAN, GOING ONTO THE SHOULDER OF THE ACCESSROAD.

BELLA JUMPS OUT OF THE VAN, AND RAISES THE HOOD. HE TAKES OUT A SCREWDRIVER, AND USES IT TO DISCONNECT SEVERAL WIRES.

HE WALKS BACK TO THE VAN.

FRAN
You didn't have to hit him...

BELLA
Yea? When'd you get so tough. You didn't used to be so tough...

FRAN
I...
(SHE SEES SOMETHING IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR)

ANGLE BELLA'S POV.

A WRECKER TRUCK COMING DOWN ALONG THE ROAD. IT VEERS ONTO THE ACCESS ROAD, AND PUTS ON ITS FLASHES.

ANGLE

BELLA AND FRAN

BELLA
Yeah, that's about as close as I ever want it to be...

FRAN
...why did you have to hurt him...?

BELLA
...hey, din't we make that decision...?

ANGLE

AS THE MAN FROM THE WRECKER BACKS HIS TRUCK UP TO THE HOOD OF THE RENTAL TRUCK.

FRAN COMES OUT TO TALK TO HIM.

FRAN
Where the, where the hell, excuse me. Good morning. We've been sitting here, since...

THE MECHANIC FROM THE WRECKER ADVANCES TOWARD THEM.

MECHANIC
I'm sorry, we've got a full day... I got four false calls this morning, four false calls.
I...

HE STARTS TO OPEN THE HOOD.

FRAN

That's not going to do you a whole raft of good. That's dead as Kelsey's nuts...

ANGLE

SEVERAL COP CARS ESTABLISHING THE ROADBLOCK. WE SEE TWO OF THE COPS GET INTO A CRUISER, AND PULL UP TOWARD THE WRECKER AND THE VAN.

ANGLE

ON BELLA AND FRAN IN THE VAN. BELLA TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE.

FRAN (cont'd)

Don't smoke the cigarette.

BELLA

...what kind of people try to look calm...?

ANGLE INT THE POLICE CRUISER. AS IT COMES UP ON THE TOWTRUCK, WHICH IS HAULING UP THE "BROKEN" RENTAL TRUCK.

ONE OF THE OFFICERS GETS OUT OF THE STOPPED CRUISER AND WALKS TOWARD THE TRUCK, THE OTHER STAYS ON THE RADIO, AND THEN FOLLOWS.

OFFICER ONE

(AS HE APPROACHES THE GROUP
AROUND THE TWO TRUCKS)

Morning,

ANGLE ON OFFICER TWO AS HE WALKS AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

OFFICER TWO

...would you stand away, please...?

OFFICER TWO MOVES INTO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, CAMERA FOLLOWS TO SHOW HIM WALKING UP TO THE OTHER SIDE.

ANGLE EXT THE TRUCK.

OFFICER ONE

(TO FRAN)

How long has this truck been here?

FRAN

(TO THE MECHANIC)

Ask him...

MECHANIC

...the, uh, we got the first call at...

FRAN

We've been here since...

OFFICER ONE
One moment, please.

MECHANIC
We got the breakdown call at five-twenty,
this.

FRAN
This is great, this is great, a four hour
breakdown n'i'm gonna get arrested, all in
One Swell Day. Whatsa Charge...?

OFFICER TWO
(AS HE COMES BACK AROUND FROM THE
BACK, COMING UP TO FRAN.)
...what you hauling...?

FRAN
Marine 'quipment.

OFFICER TWO
Marine what...?

OFFICER ONE
...would you open the rear, please...?

ANGLE

ON FRAN. AS SHE GETS DOWN, AND WALKS THE COP TO THE BACK.

FRAN
...it's an auxiliary engine, some rich guy's
toy...

SHE OPENS THE REAR OF THE VAN. THE POLICEMAN STARTS INVESTIGATING
THE ENGINE.

OFFICER
...some toy.

FRAN
(TAKES OUT A STICK OF GUM AND PUTS
IT IN HER MOUTH.)
...maybe he's compensating fr'something...
(OFFERS A STICK OF GUM TO THE
COP, WHO DECLINES)
what's the deal, what're you looking for...?

ANGLE

ON OFFICER TWO AND BELLA, WHO IS IN THE CAB.

OFFICER TWO
How long you been out here...?

BELLA
Broke down, this morning, five, five
fifteen...

OFFICER TWO
What'dja eat...?

BELLA
Nothing, you know, nothing to eat... nothin'
to eat but luckies...

HE REACHES FOR CIGARETTES ON THE DASHBOARD.

ANGLE INS. WE SEE THE LARGE RED RECEIPT PARKING OVER 72 HOURS,
ETC.

ANGLE

ON BELLA AS HE TAKES THE CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT, HE PUTS THE
MATCHES BACK ON THE DASH, NEXT TO SOME PAPERWORK.

OFFICER ONE
...you been sitting out here all morn...?

ANGLE

ON FRAN, AS SHE WALKS UP, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHER COP.

FRAN
You guys wanna wave your magic wand n'make
it different, that's awright with me...

BELLA
...look at the paperwork...

HE STARTS TO REACH FOR THE CLIPBOARD.

ANGLE, FRAN'S POV INS. THE RED LATE TICKET SLIP ON THE
DASHBOARD.

ANGLE

ON THE OFFICER ONE, AS HE REACHES INTO THE CAB FOR THE PAPERWORK.

FRAN
Yeah. Lookit the paperwork. Tell you what,
keep the paperwork.

SHE REACHES PAST HIM, PICKS UP THE RED RECEIPT, TAKES OUT HER GUM
AND PUTS IT IN THE PAPER, CRUMPLES IT, AND TOSSES IT ONTO THE
FLOOR OF THE CAB.

FRAN (cont'd)
...lest you need to Throw me in Jail,
f'sitting in a Truck...

OFFICER ONE
Back's clean...

FRAN
Hey, y'gonna leave, just when we're gettin'
to know each other...?

OFFICER TWO
Duty calls...

FRAN
Ships-in-the-night...
(SHE SHRUGS)

ANGLE

EXT THE WRECKER.

THE MECHANIC CLOSES THE HOOD, WE SEE THE TWO COPS WALKING BACK TO THEIR CRUISER. THE WRECKER STARTS TO DRIVE OFF, WE SEE ONE OF THE COPS WAVE TO THE OTHERS AT THE BARRICADE, AND WE SEE THE WRECKER PASS THROUGH.

ANGLE INT THE PARKING GARAGE.

MOORE, HOLDING A DIRTY HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS BLEEDING HEAD.

LOOKS OUT AT THE ACCESSROAD.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE WRECKER AND THE TRUCK PASSING THROUGH THE ROADBLOCK.

INT PARKING GARAGE. DAY.

MOORE, RISING TO HIS FEET. HOLDS A HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS HEAD.

HE WALKS TO THE EDGE OF THE PARKING GARAGE PARAPET, AND LOOKS OUT.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE TRUCK, DOWN, BELOW, ON THE ACCESS ROAD, PASSING THROUGH THE ROADBLOCK, TOWED BY THE WRECKER.

ANGLE

AT THE ROADBLOCK, THE COPS WAVING THE WRECKER THROUGH.

ANGLE

IN THE PARKING GARAGE. MOORE, TURNS AWAY FROM THE EDGE, AND WALKS BACK, UNSTEADILY.

CAMERA TAKES HIM TOWARD THE STAIRCASE.

ANGLE THE DRIVETHROUGH, GROUND LEVEL, AIRPORT.

A SMALL FIRETRUCK IS PARKED BESIDE THE WASTE CAN, WHICH IS SPEWING SMOKE, TWO FIREFIGHTERS ARE PUTTING OUT THE FIRE, POLICE ARE DIRECTING TRAFFIC AROUND IT.

SEVERAL ROADCREWMEN, THE ROADCREW WE SAW EARLIER. ARE SITTING ON THE CURB, AND WATCHING.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE EMERGES FROM THE CONCRETE STAIRWELL. HE LOOKS AROUND. HE PICKS UP AN ORANGE VEST AND A HARDHAT FROM A PILE AT THE BARRICADE OUTSIDE THE STAIRWELL. HE TIES THE HANDKERCHIEF AROUND HIS HEAD, HE SHUCKS OFF HIS SPORTCOAT, AND SHIRT, AND PUTS THE VEST ON OVER HIS T-SHIRT. HE PUTS ON THE HARDHAT. HE PICKS UP A HOE, AND STARTS SLOWLY WALKING DOWN THE ROAD, AWAY FROM THE FIRE AND POLICE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT RENTAL TRUCK GARAGE DAY.

FRAN SIPPING COFFEE, INSIDE A SMALL "ADMIN" SHED. IN THE B.G. WE SEE THE VARIOUS TRUCKS BEING SERVICED. BELLA, TALKING WITH A MECHANIC, COMES BACK INTO THE SHED. HE COMES AND SITS NEXT TO HER ON A BENCH, THEY SPEAK IN UNDERTONES.

FRAN NODS HER APPRECIATION.

A SUPERVISOR COMES IN.

SUPERVISOR

I'm sorry, I believe It'll take us four or five hours to... you know, f'you want, I'll be glad, transfer your load...

BELLA

...thank you, but we got that thing palletted in there, pretty good, and... I, uh, I don't want to change it, I'd rather wait.

SUPERVISOR

No problem, just thought I'd make the offer...

HE WITHDRAWS. PAUSE.

BELLA

I figure, we can't be any safer than in here.

FRAN

...you think pretty good on your feet.

BELLA

...I think pretty good off my feet, too.

(PAUSE)

F'you remember...

(PAUSE)

You remember that...?

HOLD ON FRAN, LOOKING AT HIM.

INT DINER DAY.

A POV, ACROSS AN INDUSTRIAL STREET, THE RENTATRUCK GARAGE.

WE SEE THE OPEN BACK OF THE TRUCK, AND THE ENGINE IN IT.

IT IS RAINING.

ANGLE

FRAN AND BELLA, IN A BOOTH AT THE GARAGE. BELLA LOOKS BACK AT FRAN.

BELLA

...what is it?

FRAN

Why'd you have to hit him?

BELLA

...to make him see my point of view.

(PAUSE)

FRAN

Is he going to be alright?

BELLA

Well, you know, he's gonna have a headache.

(PAUSE)

Or is that what you're asking?

(PAUSE)

In which case, we're way past that. Don't you think?

(PAUSE)

Because lemme run this down to you: And you tell me the error in my logic. One: an old man. On the run. Might as well have his face on a Postage Stamp. N'he's looking for his money. Two: You and me. For example:

(HE LOOKS ACROSS AT THE TRUCK)

And the prize in the Crackerjack.

(PAUSE)

And a wet afternoon to kill. Talking about it.

FRAN

I. Uh... let's get out of here...

SHE GETS UP.

BELLA

(AS SHE FOLLOWS HER)

I'm getting too close to you?

FRAN

Yeah, you're gettin' too close to me.

BELLA

Uh huh. What? I took the thrill out of "slumming..."

FRAN

Let's get to the Rendezvous.

BELLA
...we're going to the rendezvous.

FRAN
Let's get there.

BELLA
We got twelve hours.

FRAN
Yeah, no, let's go now.

BELLA
The truck's broken.

FRAN
Tell'im what's wrong with it.

SHE STARTS FOR THE ENTRANCE, BELLA FOLLOWS HER.

FRAN (cont'd)
Tell im, you had this same problem one time,
your truck, and maybe it's the same th...

BELLA
...why don't we just?

FRAN
(TURNING TO HIM)
Because if you sold everybody else out, why
wouldn't you sell me out?

BELLA
(PAUSE)
You remember the reason for that...
(SHE STARTS ACROSS TO THE GARAGE.
HE FOLLOWS HER.)

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

MOORE, IN A T-SHIRT, LOOKING IN THE MIRROR. HE HAS A BAD CUT ON HIS FOREHEAD. AND HE HAS FIRST-AID SUPPLIES SPREAD OUT IN FRONT OF HIM ON THE BUREAU, UNDERNEATH THE MIRROR.

HE WINCES AS HE APPLIES IODINE, AND A BANDAGE.

HE TAKES A PANCAKE MAKEUP OUT OF A SMALL PAPER BAG, AND BEGINS SPREADING IT OVER THE BANDAGE ON HIS FOREHEAD.

ANGLE

ON THE CHEAP, UNSLEPT-IN BED IS A DUFFLEBAG, IN IT WE SEE THE SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM, AND THE F.A.A. INSPECTORS BADGE.

WE SEE A MAN'S HANDS COME INTO THE SHOT AND TAKE A CLEAN SHIRT OUT OF THE DUFFLEBAG.

ON THE BED NEXT TO THE DUFFLEBAG ARE A WET AND BLOODY SHIRT AND UNDERSHIRT.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE PUTS ON THE CLEAN SHIRT. HE REACHES IN THE BAG AND TAKES OUT HORN RIM GLASSES, AND PUTS THEM ON. HE STUFFS THE BLOODY CLOTHING INTO THE DUFFLEBAG.

CAMERA TAKES HIM TO THE BUREAU, WHERE HE PUTS THE BANDAGES ET CETERA, INTO THE DUFFLEBAG.

HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM. PICKS UP THE DUFFLEBAG, AND A SMALL ATTACHE CASE WHICH RESTS AT THE DOOR.

HE OPENS THE DOOR, AND PEERS OUT INTO THE HALL.

ANGLE, IN THE HALL, MOORE EXITING THE ROOM, CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, LOCKS IT. WE SEE HE IS ATTIRED IN A CHEAP SPORTCOAT, WITH A NEW PEN PROTECTOR FULL OF PENS IN ITS POCKET.

CAMERA TAKES HIM DOWN THE HALL TO AN INCINERATOR SHOOT. HE PUTS THE DUFFLEBAG AND THEN THE KEY INTO THE INCINERATOR SHOOT.

INT CAB OF THE RENTAL TRUCK. DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. BELLA DRIVING, FRAN RIDING SHOTGUN.

HOLD

BELLA

S'alot of money we've got back there.

(PAUSE)

I said...

FRAN

Yes. Thank you. I know what you said.

BELLA

What're you, filled with Remorse, something...?

FRAN

(LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW)

...this is our exit.

BELLA

Are you filled with remorse...?

FRAN

...not yet.

BELLA

Well, good, cause...

FRAN

This is the exit for the meet.

ANGLE HER POV

THE RAINY NIGHT HIGHWAY, DIVIDING, AN OFFRAMP SHOWN A HALF MILE AHEAD.

ANGLE INT THE TRUCK

FRAN (cont'd)
...this is the...

BELLA
Yes, Indeed it is, but I'm going to tell you something...

SHE GRABS FOR THE WHEEL.

BELLA (cont'd)
(AS HE PUSHES HER AWAY)
Take your hands off the wheel...

ANGLE, EXT. THE TRUCK AS IT SWERVES TOWARD THE SIDEROAD, AND THEN BACK ONTO THE MAIN ROAD.

ANGLE INT THE CAB.

BELLA (cont'd)
What are you, nuts? Are you nuts? We're going to... I'll tell you what we're gonna do. We're gonna...

FRAN
...alright.

BELLA
...we're gonna. That lame, that old lame you were with... he was... what did you think he was? He was a non-starter... what did you think... what way in hell was he going to go home with the gold? Based on what Fairy tale...? YOU knew that... only one who didn't know that was...

ANGLE EXT THE TRUCK. THEY PASS BY A ROADSIDE SERVICE AREA, A GAS STATION, A LIT-UP COUNTRY DINER-LOUNGE BESIDE IT.

ANGLE INT THE TRUCK

BELLA AND FRAN

AS FRAN LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

FRAN
You missed the exit for the meet.

BELLA
Well, yeah, no, I told you... we aren't going to the Meet.

(PAUSE)
You know we aren't going there.
(MORE)

BELLA (cont'd)

(PAUSE)

Why would we want to go there...?

FRAN

What am I, just going to go off with you forever?

BELLA

You want me to tell you why...?

FRAN

Take me to the Meet.

BELLA

There is no meet, for the luvva God. You know that.

(PAUSE)

You know that.

(PAUSE)

You know that...

FRAN

I need a drink.

BELLA

Yeah. I'll get you a drink, and here's a bracer... We left the meet at the Airport. We left the Meet, your guy went out, got his picture on the Videott... and let's cut out the Shucking and the Jivin': what kind of man, sends you to me, sends his wife to me... to "distract" me... Oh? Surprise! I was All Taken In... How About That... What a fool I am... Would I do that to you?

(PAUSE)

Would I do that to you...? Except pee ess, who liked it?

(PAUSE)

So, Old Times Sake, I'm gonna tell you something, why'nt we cut the nonsense, and Say What It Is?

(PAUSE)

FRAN

...I need a drink. Turn around.

BELLA

...nothing simpler.

FRAN

I, uh, I need some time, I need a little time, to...

BELLA ADJUSTS THE CAR INTO A U-TURN.

BELLA

We're gonna siddown, and I'll draw you the scheme of it, the New Thing, on a Napkin.

HE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDSHIELD.

ANGLE, HIS POV, AROUND A TURN AHEAD, THE COUNTRY DINER-LOUNGE WE PASSED EARLIER, IN FRONT OF IT, A POLICE CRUISER.

ANGLE, INT THE TRUCK.

BELLA (cont'd)

uh oh...

HE TWISTS THE WHEEL VIOLENTLY.

ANGLE, EXT THE TRUCK.

THE TRUCK STARTS TO SKID ON THE RAIN-SLICKED HIGHWAY, IT CROSSES TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND GOES INTO A DITCH.

THE TRUCK TUMBLES IN THE DITCH AND ENDS, ON ITS SIDE.

ANGLE

IN THE SCRUB WOODS ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. THE TRUCK, ON ITS SIDE, THE SIDE PANELS CRUMPLED, THE BACK SPRUNG OPEN.

ANGLE INT THE TRUCK

BELLA AND FRAN. HE CHECKS HER FOR INJURIES. SHE IS SHOCKY.

HE HELPS HER OUT OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE EXT

THE WRECKED TRUCK. IN THE RAIN. IN THE FAR B.G. THE LIGHTS OF THE DINER, AND THE POLICE CRUISER. BELLA REACHES BACK INTO THE TRUCK, TURNS OFF THE ENGINE AND THE LIGHTS.

HE WALKS AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE BACK DOOR SPRUNG OPEN, THE FAKE ENGINE OPEN, AND THE COVERED BARS LYING ALL OVER THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE

ON BELLA AND FRAN, AS SHE COMES AROUND THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

BELLA STANDS, INDECISIVE, LOOKING AT THE COVERED BARS. HE STARTS TO REACH IN FOR THEM.

FRAN

leave it.

PAUSE

BELLA LOOKS AT HER, AMAZED. HE STARTS TO GATHER THEM UP.

FRAN (cont'd)
Leave it... walk away from it. For godsake...

BELLA STARTS SCOOPING UP THE BARS, AND CARRYING THEM BACK INTO THE WOODS. FRAN MOVES TO STOP HIM.

FRAN (cont'd)
 Walk away from it... what are you going to
 ...come on. Come on...
 (SHE GESTURES BACK AT THE COPCAR)
 Are you crazy...

BELLA
 ...we can get a few, we can bury the bars, if
 we bury the bars in the...

FRAN
 (PULLING ON HIM)
 For godsake, walk away from it. Leave it...

BELLA
 Okay. Look: we fit'em back into the
container. We... come on, come on...

HE LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE COPCAR. HE WORKS HIS WAY BACK INTO THE TRUCK, AND STARTS REPLACING THE GOLDBARS IN THE CONTAINER.

FRAN
 (BEHIND HIM)
 Come on...

BELLA
 (HE REACHES FOR A FLASHLIGHT FROM
 THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, TO HELP
 HIM)
 The truck's clean, for chrissake, the truck's
clean: we put it back together, we calla
towtruck -- am I gone to walkaway from all
 this gold...?

HE IS PLAYING HIS BEAM ON THE GOLDBARS. PAUSE.

ANGLE, HIS POV. INS.

HE PICKS UP ONE OF THE BARS. THE WRAPPING IS TORN. HE SHINES THE LIGHT ON IT, TO REVEAL IT IS A DULL LEADEN COLOR.

HE PICKS UP NOW ONE AND NOW ANOTHER OF THE GOLD BARS. AND DRIPS THE COVERING OFF OF THEM. EACH ONE IS LEAD. HE PICKS UP THE ONE BAR WHICH WAS OPENED AND RESEALED WITH TAPE, TO SHOW IT IS GOLD. HE STRIPS OFF THE WRAPPING. HALF THE BAR IS GOLD, THE REST OF IT IS LEAD.

HE STARTS RIPPING THE COVERS OFF THE BARS VIOLENTLY. ALL THE REST ARE LEAD.

ANGLE

ON BELLA, AS HE TURNS TO LOOK AT FRAN.

ANGLE, HIS POV. ON FRAN. STANDING BEHIND HIM IN THE RAIN.

ANGLE

ON FRAN, AS SHE BACKS AWAY FROM BELLA, BACK INTO THE WOODS.

ANGLE

ON BELLA, AT THE TRUCK, AS HE CONTINUES RIPPING OFF THE COVERINGS.

HE TURNS AROUND.

ANGLE HIS POV.

ON FRAN, AS SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE WOODS.

ANGLE INT THE WOODS.

FRAN RUNNING IN THE DARK WOODS. SHE SLIPS, AND FALLS. WE SEE BELLA, RUNNING BEHIND HER.

SHE PICKS HERSELF UP, BEGINS TO RUN AGAIN. SHE STOPS, HER JACKET AND PURSE CAUGHT ON A TREE. SHE TRIES TO FREE HERSELF, SHE LOOKS BACK AT THE MAN GAINING ON HER.

SHE TAKES OFF HER JACKET AND RUNS ON. HOLD ON HER JACKET AND PURSE STRAP ON THE TREE.

EXT ROADSIDE DINER, NIGHT.

THE PARKINGLOT, THE POLICE CRUISER PARKED OUT FRONT.

FRAN EMERGES FROM THE WOODS, AND RUNS ACROSS THE PARKING LOT AND INTO A BACK DOOR OF THE DINER.

INT DINER NIGHT.

THE POLICEMAN AND A COUPLE OF CUSTOMERS AT THE COUNTER.

FRAN ENTERS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR. SHE PROCEEDS TOWARD A PHONEBOOTH.

SHE STARTS TO DIAL. BEAT. SHE REACHES FOR HER PURSE, IT IS GONE.

SHE DIGS IN HER PANTS. FINDS NOTHING.

ANGLE AT THE COUNTER.

FRAN WALKS UP. ALL TURN TO LOOK AT HER.

FRAN
Yeah, well, Can I, uh, can I make a credit
card call on that phone?

COUNTERMAN
No, I don't think so.

FRAN
 (SHE NODS)
 Then, anybody got a coin...?
 (PAUSE)

ANGLE. SHE LOOKS OVER AT THE POLICEMAN, WHO IS LOOKING AT HER.

FRAN (cont'd)
 (TO THE COP)
 Excuse me, what are you looking at, All Due
 Respect?

COP
 (PAUSE)
 I was wondering, Maam, if you needed any
assistance.

FRAN
 Well, thank you, Sir. It would be nice, to
 meet a gentleman... to meet a gentleman for
 once in my life... But I, uh... I, uh...

ANGLE XCU ON FRAN, AS SHE LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE, HER POV.

AT THE BACK OF THE DINER, BELLA, COMING THROUGH THE DOOR, AND
 STOPPING BEHIND SOME CRATES, IN THE BACK.

ANGLE

ON FRAN

FRAN (cont'd)
 I, uh... thank you, I just need to uh...

THE POLICEMAN SLIPS SOME CHANGE ACROSS TO HER.

FRAN (cont'd)
 (AS SHE LOOKS BACK AT THE PHONE)
 In fact, you know, I'm fine... I had a fight
 with my husband... and he said... I said...
 "then let me out of the car..." ...
 and he did...
 (SHE STARTS TO CRY)

A WAITRESS COMES OVER AND SITS BY HER.

FRAN (cont'd)
 ...that was the stupidest thing... the
 stupidest thing that...

THE WAITRESS GESTURES TO THE POLICEMAN THAT SHE WILL TAKE CARE OF
 IT.

THE COP NODS, AND PUTS DOWN SOME MONEY FOR THE CHECK, AND GETS UP.

ANGLE

ON THE COP, AS HE PROCEEDS TOWARD THE CRUISER.

A TRUCKER PAYS HIS CHECK AND WALKS AFTER HIM.

ANGLE,

ON BELLA, AS HE WATCHES. CAMERA TAKES HIM AROUND THE OUTSIDE OF THE DINER.

ANGLE

ON BELLA, AS HE WATCHES THE POLICEMAN DEPART.

ANGLE INT THE DINER.

AS BELLA REENTERS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.

ANGLE HIS POV.

FRAN, DEPARTING THE FRONT OF THE DINER, TALKING WITH A TRUCKER, AS THE TRUCKER HELPS HER UP INTO HIS CAB.

ANGLE

BELLA. HOLD. HE PICKS UP THE PHONE. DIGS FOR SOME CHANGE, AND PUTS IT IN THE PHONE.

HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE INS.

THE HALF GOLD, HALF LEAD BAR. SOUND OF DIALLING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT RAINY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. A SMALL TRUCK.

ANGLE INT THE SMALL TRUCK.

BLANE AND MOORE IN THE TRUCK. BLANE DRIVING.

MOORE TOUCHES HIS HEAD INJURY.

BLANE

How you doing?

MOORE

I ain't feeling too well.

BLANE LOOKS AT SOMETHING UP AHEAD. MOORE TURNS.

ANGLE HIS POV.

A SECURITY CHECKPOINT, A BARRIER, A GUARD COMING FORWARD.

ANGLE EXT THE TRUCK.

THE SECURITY GUARD COMES OUT.

BLANE HAND HIM A SLIP OF PAPER. THE SECURITY GUARD CHECKS IT, MAKES A CALL ON A WALKIE, AND WAVES THEM THROUGH A BARRIER WHICH RISES TO ADMIT THEM.

ANGLE

ON THE TRUCK. ENTERING WHAT IS NOW SHOWN TO BE THE CARGO AREA OF THE AIRPORT.

ANGLE

THE TAIL OF THE AEROHELVETICA PLANE, THE LARGE SWISS CROSS. TILT DOWN TO SHOW SEVERAL TRUCKS SURROUNDING IT, A POLICE CRUISER, AND THE TRUCK BEARING MOORE AND BLANE, PULLING UP TO THE PLANE.

ANGLE

ON THE TARMAC. MOORE GETS OUT, AS BLANE REVERSES THE TRUCK. BLANE WALKS UP TO A SMALL GROUP OF COVERALLED WORKERS, AND TWO COPS.

THERE IS A CONVEYOR RUNNING FROM THE PLANE DOWN TO THE GROUND, AND SEVERAL CONTAINERS ON THE GROUND.

BLANE PRESENTS A SHEAF OF PAPERWORK TO ONE OF THE COVERALLED MEN.

BLANE
...Hywest Foundry?

HE LOOKS AROUND, AS IF CONFUSED BY THE POLICE ACTIVITY.

OFFICIAL
(EXPLAINING)
We had a robbery of the pll...

MOORE
(OF HIS INVOICE. VERY CONCERNED)
Could you check my numbers, Please...?

TROOPER
(OVERHEARING)
Yeah, no, they got what they came for, Pal.
It wasn't yours...

MOORE LOOKS CONFUSED. HE TURNS TO THE COVERALLED OFFICIAL FOR HELP. THE OFFICIAL CONSULTS THE PAPERWORK, AND BIDS MOORE FOLLOW HIM UP THE CONVEYOR.

ANGLE, IN THE AREOHELVETICA PLANE.

SEVERAL WORKERS INSIDE. THE OFFICIAL, LEADS MOORE TO THE CONTAINERS MARKED 'HYWEST FOUNDRY.' HE POINTS THEM OUT AND MOTIONS TWO OF THE WORKERS TO START THEM ONTO THE CONTAINER.

MOORE
...thank God.

TROOPER
...precious stuff, huh?

MOORE
It would mean my job...

ANGLE

THE HYWEST FOUNDRY CONTAINERS COMING DOWN THE CONVEYOR, AS BLANE
OPENS THE BACK OF HIS TRUCK FOR THEM. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

MOORE, STANDING IN THE OPEN HATCH OF THE SWISS PLANE.

ANGLE CU.

MOORE. WITH A SLIGHT GRIN. NODS AT BLANE.

EXT CITY RESIDENTIAL STREET DAY.

AN OLD STYLE STREET OF SMALL BUNGALOWS. A SMALL GIRL BEING WALKED
DOWN TO THE CURB BY HER MOTHER, WHO IS HANDING HER A LUNCHBOX.
PINCUS WALKS OUT OF THE HOUSE BEHIND THEM, HE SHAKES HANDS AND
MAKES HIS GOODBYES WITH A YOUNG FELLOW WHO IS HOLDING A CUP OF
COFFEE.

ANGLE

TIGHT ON PINCUS, THE MOTHER AND THE YOUNG GIRL (WHOM WE SAW EARLIER,
IN THE KITCHEN SCENE...) AT THE CURB. AS THE MOTHER ADJUSTS THE
COLLAR ON THE CHILD.

MOTHER
...Uncle Donn to get up so early in the
morning, Walk you to the Bus Today.

PINCUS
Glad to do it, glad to do it, glad to do it.

MOTHER
(AS PINCUS GIVES HER A PECK ON
THE CHEEK)
...come over for dinner, Thursday.

PINCUS
Waal, we're gonna have to see...

HE TAKES THE CHILD OUT OF THE FRAME.

ANGLE

TRACKING BACK BEFORE PINCUS AND THE GIRL, AS THEY WALK.

GIRL
...come to dinner.

PINCUS
We're gonna have to see.

GIRL
You always say that, and it means you won't.

PINCUS
Well, it's possible, it's possible, you see,
that my 'business'...

GIRL
...uh huh...

PINCUS
...that I might have to go 'travelling' for a
while...

GIRL
Why can't you do your business here?

PINCUS
Wish I could, Baby. Fact it. Fact is: I got
to get out of here, this morning.

GIRL
This morning?

PINCUS
That's when my plane leaves.

GIRL
...there's the bus...

WE SEE THE YELLOW SCHOOLBUS PULLING UP TO A SIGN, AND SEVERAL
CHILDREN GETTING INTO IT.

PINCUS
Well, there you go. Times change. My day,
all kids, had to walk all the way to school.

GIRL
Yes. But the streets were safer.

PINCUS
Izzat so...?
(HE BENDS DOWN AND GIVES HER A
KISS)
You take care of yourself, kid...

GIRL
Bye, Uncle Donny...

SHE GETS UP INTO THE BUS. HE WAVES HER GOODBYE.

ANGLE, CU. ON PINCUS, WAVING GOODBYE. HE TURNS.

ANGLE

AS HE TURNS HE FINDS A THUG AND BERGMAN STANDING BEHIND HIM.

A BLACK SEDAN IS AT THE CURB BEHIND BERGMAN, ANOTHER THUG STANDS BY THE BACK DOOR, AND OPENS IT.

BEAT.

PINCUS
Good day for the race.

BERGMAN
What race is that?

PINCUS
The Human Race.
(PAUSE. HE LOOKS AFTER THE BUS)
Kids growing up, so on...
(PAUSE)
Hope of the Future.

THUG
Get in the fucken car.

PINCUS SIGHS, HE STARTS TOWARD THE CAR. AND THEN TURNS TO RUN. THE THUG PUTS THE ARM ON HIM.

BERGMAN
Get in the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT SHIPYARD SHED. DAY.

THE HYWEST CORP CONTAINER. OPENED. ON BLANE, WHO IS SWEATING, COMES INTO THE FRAME. CAMERA TAKES HIM INTO THE CONTAINER, WHERE WE SEE WHAT IS THE LAST SEVERAL SCORE WRAPPED INGOTS.

BLANE PICKS UP SEVERAL, AND CAMERA HINGES HIM TO A WORKTABLE, ON WHICH WE SEE MANY GOLD INGOTS, BLANE STRIPS THE FELT COVERING OFF THE NEW INGOTS TO REVEAL THEM STAMPED CREDIT NATIONAL DE GENEVE.

HE TAKES THE WRAPPINGS AND TOSSES THEM INTO A FIRE, BURNING IN THE BOTTOM OF A KILN. BLANE CLOSES THE DOOR.
TILT UP TO SHOW MOORE, WHO IS TAKING A GOLD INGOT, AND PUTTING IT INTO A CAULDRON, IN WHICH IS MOLTEN GOLD. HE WEARS A WELDER'S MASK.

HE FLIPS UP HIS MASK. AND WIPES HIS FOREHEAD. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH.

MOORE
(TO BLANE)
...where's pinky...?

INT GARAGE DAY.

PINCUS, TIED TO A CHAIR, IS BEING INTERROGATED BY BERGMAN AND HIS THUG.

BERGMAN
Where's the Gold?

PINCUS
Well, I, uh, I, uh, I, you know, I'm
reluctant to tell you.

ANGLE

ON BERGMAN, BEHIND HIM IS SEATED BELLA.

BERGMAN
When we put it to you.
(PAUSE)
You know when we put it to you, you're gone
be telling us the gross national product of
Bolivia...

PINCUS
...hey...

BERGMAN
You're gonna be telling us the area codes,
Belgium and Luxembourg...

PINCUS
Hey, look: Z'all I know...

ANGLE INS. BERGMAN PICKS UP THE HALF LEAD, HALF GOLD BAR.

ANGLE

ON BERGMAN

BERGMAN
This is all you know. This is all you know...
This is all you know.
N'we got you, going to St. Croix
(HE HOLDS UP A TICKET)
Where's your share? How do you pick up your
share, and where's the meet? WHERE'S THE
MEET...?
(BERGMAN PICKS UP THE HALF GOLD
BAR TO THREATEN PINCUS)

PINCUS
What're you, gonna hurt me...?

BERGMAN
Yeah, no, actually
(TO PINCUS)
No, I'm not going to hurt you. No.
(MORE)

BERGMAN (cont'd)

But tell a guy, m fulla admiration. What was the deal? What was the deal?

PINCUS

The way you're looking at the deal the deal was we get away with the gold. Cute huh?

BERGMAN

Yeah, no. It's charming. And then what?

PINCUS

We, uh, we "slip away."

BERGMAN

You "slip away." Me and my guys go to the Meet, we find a truck full of Pig Iron. Zat the thing?

PINCUS

Well, you know, Joe figured, you weren't never going to the Meet.

BERGMAN

He did... And where's the Gold. Where's the Gold all this time?

(PAUSE)

Y'know? Your guy din't get it in his head, fly off on a Variation, we're out on the Patio right now, and everybody's got a Margarita. Where's the Gold?

PINCUS

...You know:

BERGMAN

Yeah, no, where's the Gold, what's the Back-up Plan...?

PINCUS

You can understand my reluctance to tell you.

BERGMAN

(TO HIS THUGS)

Take him and show him something...

INT SHED DAY.

THE DOOR TO THE KILN, OPEN, THE FIRE DIED DOWN TO ORANGE EMBERS, IN THE B.G.

THE OPEN, EMPTY HWYEST CONTAINERS.

THE DOOR OPEN, SHOWING THE MARINA.

AND MOORE STANDING ON THE DECK OF THE SAILBOAT.

HE WIPES THE BRIGHT BRONZE RAIL, THE SUN GLINTS OFF OF IT.

HE GETS DOWN ONTO THE DOCK.

ANGLE.

ON MOORE AS HE WALKS BACK INTO THE SHED.

WHERE WE SEE BLANE, WHO IS SHUTTING DOWN THE FIRE IN THE FURNACE UNDER THE CRUCIBLE. BLANE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

BLANE

Fran...?

MOORE

No, she won't be calling in till she ditches the guy.

BLANE

How's she gonna ditch him?

MOORE

She could talk her way outta a sunburn.

BLANE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH

BLANE

...and then where's Pinky...?

MOORE

Let's finish up...

INT SERVICE STATION RESTROOM DAY.

PINCUS. HOLDING A CELLPHONE TO HIS FACE, TALKS INTO THE CELLPHONE.

PINCUS

(TO PHONE)

Joe.

(PAUSE)

...Yeah. How you doing?

(PAUSE)

Just to check in.

(PAUSE)

Fine. Finest kind.

(PAUSE)

Yeah, no, I saw the truck go through, too.

Innit. See you at the meet.

(HE HANDS THE PHONE TO A THUG, WHO WE NOW SEE IS STANDING BESIDE HIM. THE THUGS REDIALS THE PHONE AND HANDS IT TO PINCUS.)

Yeah.

(PAUSE)

Yeah. Checked in.

(PAUSE)

The meet is at.

ANGLE INT BERGMAN'S OFFICE.

BERGMAN

(ON THE PHONE)

...and where's the Gold...

(MORE)

BERGMAN (cont'd)
 (PAUSE. BERGMAN, LISTENS,
 SMILES.)
 ...you're shitting me... Hah. Yeah. yeah.
 Well, no, thank you...

ANGLE EXT THE SERVICE STATION. ANOTHER BODYGUARD TYPE. KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

ANGLE, INT THE RESTROOM.

PINCUS
 ...alright...?

THUG
 Yeah, alright.

HE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE OUTSIDE.

ANGLE EXT THE RESTROOM

THE THUG NODS 'ALRIGHT' TO THE BODYGUARD TYPE, WHO MOVES TO REVEAL HE HOLDS PINCUS'S NIECE BY THE ARM. THE BODYGUARD BEGINS TO WALK HER OFF.

WE SEE THE DOOR TO THE RESTROOM CLOSE. HOLD. WE HEAR A SHOT. THERE IS A PAUSE. AND THE THUG COMES OUT OF THE RESTROOM DOOR AND LETS THE DOOR SWING CLOSED BEHIND HIM.

ANGLE AT THE FOUNDRY DAY.

ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS OVER TO BLANE, STILL HOLDING THE PHONE.

BLANE
 Pinky Called.

MOORE
 Yeah.

BLANE
 What's the report?

MOORE
 Says he's fine.

BLANE
 He said so, huh?

MOORE
 That's what he said.

BLANE
Well...
 (BEAT. BLANE CLAPS HIM ON THE
 SHOULDER)

HOLD. MOORE SHRUGS.

MOORE
Good of him to keep in touch.

MOORE STARTS TO WALK TOWARD THE BOAT.

INT CLOTHES BOUTIQUE DAY.

FRAN, IN A DRESSINGROOM. GETTING OUT OF HER BEDRAGGLED CLOTHES,
SHE LOOKS OUT THROUGH THE DOOR.

ANGLE HER POV.

A YOUNG WOMAN, WHO HAS JUST EMERGED FROM AN ADJACENT DRESSINGROOM,
IN A NEW DRESS WITH A TAG ON IT. SHE TALKS TO A SALESGIRL, WHO
TAKES HER OUT OF THE DRESSING AREA.

ANGLE

ON FRAN, IN HER UNDERWEAR, AS SHE RETREATS BACK INTO THE DRESSING
ROOM AND THROWS HERSELF WITH ALL HER WEIGHT AGAINST THE PARTITION,
CRASHING INTO THE NEXT DRESSINGROOM.

ANGLE HER POV

THE OTHER WOMAN'S CLOTHES AND PURSE IN THE DRESSINGROOM.

INT ENGINEROOM THE SAILBOAT DAY.

MOORE TINKERING.

EXT THE DECK OF THE SAILBOAT, DAY. MOORE GOES TO THE COCKPIT AND
TRIES THE STARTER. THE ENGINE DOES NOT START. CAMERA TAKES HIM
DOWN TO THE ENGINEROOM.

ANGLE INT BOUTIQUE, DAY.

FRAN, DRESSED IN THE OTHER WOMAN'S CLOTHES, EXITING THE STORE,
CAMERA HINGES HER AROUND A CORNER, AND TO A PAYPHONE.

ANGLE, INT THE ENGINE ROOM.

MOORE, TINKERING WITH THE ENGINE. THE ENGINE SPUTTERING.

ANGLE INS, THE CELLPHONE, IN THE POCKET OF HIS JACKET, WHICH IS HUNG
ON A HOOK IN THE ENGINEROOM. BLINKING.

ANGLE

AT THE PAYPHONE. FRAN. REDIALS THE NUMBER. HOLD. THEN SHE LOOKS
AT HER WATCH AND HAILS A PASSING CAB.

EXT SAILBOAT DAY.

MOORE, ON THE DECK OF THE SAILBOAT. AS HE CONNS IT AROUND A MARKER,
AND IN TOWARD A PIER.

THE SUN GLINTS OFF THE RAILING.

EXT HIGHWAY DAY.

A TAXICAB. TURNING INTO A PIER AREA. A SMALL MARINA. A SMALL POWERBOAT BEING BACKED INTO THE WATER BY A SUBURBAN. THE CAB ENTERS THE AREA, AND FRAN GETS OUT, AND PAYS THE CABBIE OFF. SHE TURNS TOWARD THE WATER.

ANGLE, HER POV. THE SAILBOAT. FAR OUT BEYOND THE END OF A LONG PIER.

ANGLE

THE PIER. FRAN RUNNING DOWN THE PIER TOWARD THE BOAT.

AT A SMALL CABANA, NEAR THE END OF THE PIER. FRAN. SITTING ON A BENCH, LOOKING OUT AT THE SAILBOAT.

ANGLE

ON THE BOAT. AS MOORE PULLS IT UP TO THE END OF THE PIER. JUMPS DOWN, AND TIES UP THE BOAT.

MOORE
How're you doing? Blane's Okay. Billy's
Okay, Pinky called, he...
(PAUSE)

HE LOOKS AT FRAN. HOLD.

BERGMAN AND HIS CREW EMERGE FROM THE SMALL CABANA.

MOORE TURNS BACK TOWARD THE BOAT. A THUG YELLS AT HIM AND PULLS A PISTOL. HE STOPS.

BERGMAN
Yeah, yeah, what there was a change in
Plans...? You couldn't get to me to tell me?

MOORE
Let my wife go.

BERGMAN
Do you mind if I say something personal?
(PAUSE)
You wife's a whore. She'n'you, 've fucked
this perfect little plan, into...

MOORE STEPS TOWARD BERGMAN. A THUG CLUBS MOORE TO THE GROUND.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
Get up. Get up, get up, you contrary
motherfucker. I was going to make you rich.
I was going to make you rich. The Swiss
Score. And look how you treat me. Cause you
got to be Too Smart. You got to be too smart.
Don't you?

MOORE RISES TO HIS FEET.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
 You just gotta complicate it That Last Bit.
 (PAUSE)
 Well. Do you want to wrap it up, or you want
 to stand around out here, guess my Real Name?

MOORE
 What is your real name?

BERGMAN
 It's Rumplestiltskin.

MOORE
 What was it before you changed it?

THE THUG HITS MOORE AGAIN.

FRAN
 Don't hurt him...

BERGMAN
 You had to go out on a limb -- you had to go
 out on a limb, Didn't you...? Didn't you...

MOORE
 Let the girl go, I'll give up the gold.

BERGMAN
 Yeah, we had, basically, we had in mind a
 different deal... a different deal. How bout
 that, I hear, if you're flexible, it Keeps you
 Young.

MOORE
 I'll give up the Gold, Me and the girl leave
 on the boat.

BERGMAN
 Well, that's very sentimental. But what if
 the gold's on the boat.

MOORE
Search the boat.

BERGMAN TAKES OUT A SMALL KNIFE, AND BEGINS TO CLEAN HIS NAILS.

BERGMAN
 Yeah, no, I don't got to search the boat.

ANGLE

ON BERGMAN, AS HE BECKONS SEVERAL OF THE THUGS ONTO THE BOAT.

BERGMAN
 Yeah, no, your wife just made another deal.
 The deal she made, we get the gold, we let you
 live. Whaddaya think?

PAUSE. AS MOORE LOOKS AT FRAN.

MOORE
You let me walk away.

BERGMAN
That's right.

MOORE
Me and her.

BELLA
Well, not quite.

MOORE
What did you do to her...

HE LOOKS AT FRAN.

FRAN
I gave you up, Baby. I gave up the gold.
(PAUSE)

BERGMAN
Yeah, that's what we did for her, we let you live.

FRAN
I gave you up. I had to.

BERGMAN
(TO THE THUGS)
Let's get this boat out of here.
(TO MOORE)
We're letting you live cause it makes the broad happy. That's what she traded us for the gold.

MOORE
Hold on, hold on, let's siddown...

BERGMAN
Oh, yeah, let's siddown. You fucken dog inna manger, we sit here a little long enough, the Boys in Blue come visit, n'there goes the neighborhood...

MOORE
One second. Hold on...

BERGMAN
You're bust, Baby. You got Broke... go cry a little
(TO MOORE, SOTTO)
You fortunate motherfucker, she don't step up, you're gone stay here, for, like, a little bit of forever...

BERGMAN (cont'd)
 ...this way you walk away, you Lucky Dog.

MOORE
 Take the gold. Take the gold off, leave me
 the boat.

BERGMAN
 Don't make me lose my respect for you. By the
 way, we already had the gold. Pincus gave it
 up. That's what she traded for your life.
 (PAUSE)
 She's got a very commercial mind...

BELLA STARTS TO TAKE FRAN AWAY, BACK DOWN THE PIER. WE SEE A BLACK
 CAR, DRIVING DOWN THE PIER, TOWARD THE GROUP.

BERGMAN BECKONS A HENCHMAN, AND POINTS AT THE BOAT.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
 ...take it back to the boatyard
 (HE MAKES A DIALING MOTION)
 Get a number, call'im up, we need a private
 slip, what do you call it, a shed. Tell'im
 we'll pay in cash. Get the thing squared
 away, we'll take the gold out...
 (THE HENCHMAN STARTS TO GO OFF,
 NODDING)

BELLA
 (TO MOORE)
 You don't want to stay here, pal. They're
coming for you... they're coming for you...

HE STARTS PUTTING FRAN INTO THE CAR.

FRAN
 (TO BERGMAN)
 Leave him some money. Give him some money...
 don't let him go out there with nothing...
 (SHE GETS INTO THE CAR.)

ANGLE CU ON FRAN AS BELLA PUTS HER INTO THE CAR.

FRAN (cont'd)
 I'm sorry, baby.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE TURNS, AND WE SEE THE CAR DRIVE OFF.

BERGMAN
 Yeah, we don't want, to send you out there
broke... here: go buy yourself something
nice... You don't mind if I pay you in
Gold...?

HE STEPS OVER TO THE BOAT, FLOATING ALONGSIDE THE DOCK. HE TAKES
 HIS CLASP KNIFE, AND APPLIES IT TO THE SHINING RAIL.

ANGLE INS.

THE BLADE BENDS ON THE RAIL.

ANGLE ON BERGMAN, AS HE GETS ONTO THE BOAT. HE WALKS TO ONE RAIL AND TRIES TO CARVE IT WITH HIS KNIFE. NOTHING HAPPENS. HE WALKS TO ANOTHER RAIL, AND TRIES THE SAME.

ANGLE INS. THE KNIFE. THE BLADE BENDING ON THE RAIL. MORE PRESSURE IS EXERTED. THE BLADE SNAPS.

ANGLE

ON BERGMAN. WHO GESTURES FOR ANOTHER KNIFE. THE HENCHMAN DOES NOT UNDERSTAND.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
A knife, gimme another knife...

THE HENCHMAN HANDS HIM A KNIFE. BERGMAN TRIES NOW ONE AND NOW ANOTHER OF THE RAILINGS. THE KNIFE CANNOT RAISE SHAVINGS ON ANY OF THEM.

ANGLE

ON BERGMAN, AS HE LOOKS BACK AT THE SHORE.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
...I don't... I need you to tell me where
the gold is.

BERGMAN GETS OFF THE BOAT, AND ADVANCES ON MOORE, WHO IS STANDING ON THE PIER.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
Where's the gold?

MOORE
Where would you like it to be...?

BERGMAN GESTURES TO THE THUGS, WHO TAKE HOLD OF MOORE'S ARMS. MOORE LOOKS AROUND WILDLY AT THE DESERTED PIER. BERGMAN ADVANCES ON MOORE, HOLDING THE KNIFE.

BERGMAN
What is it, with your pal...?

AS BERGMAN NEARS MOORE, MOORE TURNS, BREAKING THE HOLD OF THE TWO MEN. HE HITS ONE IN THE THROAT, KICKS AT THE OTHER, AND STARTS TO RUN. ONE OF THE THUGS PULLS A PISTOL, AND SHOOTS AT MOORE, AND MOORE FALLS TO THE PIER, GRASPING HIS SHOULDER, HE GETS SLOWLY UP, AND FACES BERGMAN, AND THE THUGS, WHO STAND ON THE PIER ALONGSIDE THE SAILBOAT. MOORE LOOKS AROUND.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
And then where is he now. Your running buddy?
No, It's all over, and I need to know:
Where Is The Gold. I hate to do anything as
dramatic as "counting to Three," but... ONE:
(MORE)

BERGMAN (cont'd)
 (HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND. A
 HENCHMAN PUTS A PISTOL INTO IT.)

AS HE SPEAKS, MOORE KEEPS TURNING, SO THAT THE SUN IS BEHIND MOORE, AND SHINING INTO THE EYES OF BERGMAN AND HIS ACCOMPLICES, WHO NOW STAND WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE BOAT.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
Two... why must you, oh, God, why in the world must you, why in the hell, a guy like you, would you put me in a position... Aahh, the Hell with it, life is too short, you know what? Fuck you...

HE RAISES HIS ARM TO FIRE. BEHIND HIM WE SEE BLANE EMERGE FROM THE SAILLOCKER ON THE BOAT'S DECK, BLANE HOLDS A SHOTGUN. HE SHOOTS BERGMAN AND THE TWO THUGS, ONE OF THE THUGS TURNS AND FIRES AT BLANE, WHO IS WOUNDED. BLANE FIRES AGAIN AT THE THUG, AND STUMBLES ON TO THE PIER, AND FALLS BACKWARD INTO THE WATER BETWEEN THE BOAT AND THE PIER.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, WHO MOVES JERKILY, TO THE SIDE OF THE PIER. HE TRIES TO PUSH THE BOAT AWAY, TO GET TO BLANE IN THE WATER. HE UNTIES THE LINE WHICH HOLDS THE BOAT TO THE PIER, AND PUSHES THE BOAT AWAY. HE THROWS THE LINE TO BLANE, WHO USES IT TO LIFT HIMSELF UP ONTO THE PIER.

THE TWO MEN SIT FOR A MOMENT, CATCHING THEIR BREATH.

MOORE
 How you doing?

BLANE
 I'm leaking?
 (PAUSE)
 You hurt?

MOORE NODS. HE STANDS, AND HELPS BLANE TO HIS FEET. MOORE PICKS UP THE SHOTGUN. THEY LOOK AROUND, BEHIND THEM, THE SAILBOAT IS DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.

THEY START DOWN THE PIER. STEPPING OVER ONE OF THE BODIES OF THE THUGS. THE SECOND THUG LOOKS UP.

THUG
 (WEAKLY)
 I... I...

BLANE KICKS HIS BODY OVER THE SIDE OF THE PIER, INTO THE WATER.

MOORE STEPS OVER THE DYING BERGMAN.

BERGMAN
 Cute. Very cute.

MOORE WALKS OVER HIS BODY, AND HE AND BLANE CONTINUE DOWN THE PIER.

BERGMAN (cont'd)
Don't you want to hear my dying words...?

MOORE TAKES THE SHOTGUN FROM BLANE, AND STEPS BACK TO BERGMAN.

MOORE
I just did.

HE SHOOTS BERGMAN, HANDS THE SHOTGUN BACK TO BLANE, AND THE TWO HEAD OFF, HELPING EACH OTHER DOWN THE PIER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT INDUSTRIAL DINER. DAY.

MOORE, HIS ARM IN A SLING, NOW WEARING A BEARD, SITTING IN A BOOTH, DRINKING COFFEE.

BLANE
(VO)
I hear...

MOORE LOOKS UP, BLANE, WALKING WITH A CANE, SLIDES INTO THE BOOTH OPPOSITE HIM.

BLANE (cont'd)
I hear if you put milk into it, it lesses the chance of stomach distress.

MOORE
Hey, you can't worry about every little thing...

THEY BOTH SIT, LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW.

A WAITRESS COMES BY WITH A COFFEEPOT.

WAITRESS
Heat it up?

MOORE
(AS HE RISES)
No, I think we gotta be moving on.

ANGLE EXT THE DINER, AS THE TWO WALK ACROSS AN INDUSTRIAL AREA.

BLANE
Too bad about Pinky.

MOORE
Ain't that so.

BLANE
...always made me laugh.

MOORE
Well, what more can you say of anyone?

BLANE
Nothing...

BEAT. THEY CONTINUE WALKING ACROSS THE STREET TO REVEAL THEY ARE IN THE INDUSTRIAL AREA OUTSIDE THE BOXING GYM. THERE ARE MANY KIDS PLAYING IN THE STREET.

BLANE (cont'd)
Robert the Bruce...

MOORE
Yeah?

BLANE
Why'd they call him Robert "The" Bruce...

MOORE
...what?

BLANE
Why'd they call him Robert "The" Bruce?
(PAUSE)

MOORE
Because he asked them to.

BLANE NODS.

BLANE
Y'go to that Plastic Surgeon, don't lettem put you all the way under. I knew a guy in Statesville, went to get his face fixed, woke up, sucker'd given him a pair of tits.

MOORE
Yeah, that's no bargain.

BLANE
Well, he landed back inside, he never had to want for Cigarettes...

BLANE TAKES OUT A SLIP OF PAPER, AND HANDS IT TO MOORE. MOORE LOOKS AT IT.

MOORE
Send your cut there...?

BLANE
Wire it there, when you get where you're going.

MOORE
That I will, Pal.

BLANE
I hear it's nice down there in the Sun.

MOORE
Zat where I'm going?

BLANE
Wherever it is, Brother, don't come back.
(BEAT. MOORE NODS.)

BLANE EMBRACES MOORE. BEAT. BLANE HANDS HIM THE KEY TO THE GARAGE. AND WALKS OFF. WE SEE BLANE WALK ACROSS THE STREET, A CONVERTIBLE PULLS UP, DRIVEN BY A VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN. BLANE GETS INTO THE PASSENGER SEAT AND MOTIONS HER TO DRIVE.

ANGLE C.U. MOORE LOOKING ON.

ANGLE: HIS POV, ON BLANE'S CAR, AS IT DRIVES OFF, BLANE TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT MOORE ONE LAST TIME, THEN SHRUGS AND TURNS FORWARD.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE WALKS ACROSS THE STREET, TURNS A CORNER AND STANDS BEFORE A GARAGE DOOR.

MOORE USES THE KEY AND OPENS A SMALL DOOR SET INTO THE OVERHEAD DOORS OF THE GARAGE. HE ENTERS THE DARK GARAGE.

ANGLE INT THE GARAGE.

A NEWISH TRUCK, WITH A LARGE ENGINE LASHED ONTO ITS BED. THE ENGINE IS PAINTED IN FRESH BLACK PAINT. BEHIND IT, THE OLD BATTERED PICKUP TRUCK, UP ON A JACK, ITS BED FULL OF THE RUSTED PIPES OF THE DISCARDED BOXING EQUIPMENT, AND THE OLD ROTTEN LEATHER "HEAVYBAG." MOORE TAKES OUT A PACK OF CIGARETTES AND A LIGHTER, HE IS ABOUT TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE, WHEN HE LOOKS OVER AT THE NEW TRUCK.

HE PUTS THE CIGARETTES DOWN ON THE OLD TRUCK, BENDS DOWN, AND PICKS UP A CAN OF BLACK PAINT. HE WALKS TO THE NEW TRUCK AND APPLIES TOUCHUP PAINT TO THE ENGINE LASHED IN THE BACK. HE NODS AT IT, AND THEN, SATISFIED, HE TAKES A TARP AND COVERS THE ENGINE.

HE GETS INTO THE NEW PICKUP TRUCK AND STARTS IT.

WHILE IT WARMS UP HE GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE GARAGE, WIPING THE BLACK PAINT OFF OF HIS HANDS WITH A RAG. HE RAISES THE SHED DOOR, TO REVEAL FRAN STANDING THERE.

HE SMILES AND KISSES HER AND TAKES HER BACK TOWARD THE NEW PICKUP TRUCK. HE OPENS THE PASSENGER DOOR.

MOORE
Yeah, I knew you'd show.

FRAN
Good, good plan, baby...

MOORE
Yeah, I wouldn't clear my throat, without a backup plan...

FRAN
That's the right way to do it.

MOORE
End of the day, though, end of the day,
what's the important thing...?

FRAN
That's right.

MOORE
What's the important thing...?
(PAUSE)

FRAN
Shame about Pinky...

MOORE
You heard.
(OF TRUCK)
Come on, get in.

FRAN
Y'all loaded up?

HE LIFTS THE TARP TO REVEAL THE ENGINE, COATED IN BLACK PAINT,
SITTING THERE. HE RECOVERS IT.

MOORE
C'mon, get in, we'll talk on the road. You
heard about Pinky...

FRAN
Yeah. I heard. I'm sorry about that.

MOORE
Yeah, well, it just went bad there, that
little bit. Dinnit...?

FRAN
Yes, it did.

MOORE TOUCHES THE BRUISE ON HIS HEAD.

MOORE
...yes, it did... it got kind of convincing.

FRAN
...and, so, you got hurt.

MOORE
Well, you can't do it halfway, can you...?

FRAN
No, anything you do, you got to do full-out.
Don't you?

MOORE
Indeed you do.

FRAN
And, sometimes...
(PAUSE)

MOORE
(TOUCHES HIS FOREHEAD, AND THE
BRUISE, WINCES)
Then, that's just the Price.

FRAN
That's right. That's what you taught me.
That's part of it.

MOORE
Well, but didn't you do great. Played it down
to the last recorded syllable...

FRAN
I went to a good school.

MOORE
Never seen it done n'y better. You hotwalked
that dude so good.

FRAN
...thank you, Joe.

MOORE
Cooled him out the livelong day. You made it
look so real.

HE MOVES TO THE FRONT OF THE SHED. AND TURNS OUT THE LIGHTS. HE
WALKS BACK TOWARD FRAN, WHO IS STANDING AT THE TRUCK.

MOORE (cont'd)
(TO HIMSELF)
...yes, you did.

FRAN
Well, you know...
(PAUSE)

MOORE
...what d'you mean, "that's part of it?"

FRAN
I don't get you?

MOORE
I was talking about Pinky.

FRAN
Uh huh.

MOORE
I said we paid the price. And you said. We
paid part of it.
(PAUSE)

FRAN
Yes. That's right.

MOORE
...what's the rest of it...?
(PAUSE)
What's the rest of it...?

ANGLE XCU MOORE. AS HE LOOKS AT FRAN.

ANGLE

FRAN, AS SHE LOOKS BEYOND MOORE.

ANGLE ON MOORE AS HE TURNS. BELLA IS STANDING BEHIND HIM.

BELLA HOLDS A PISTOL. HE MOVES TO MOORE, AND HE FRISKS HIM, AND
FINDS NOTHING, AND TAKES A STEP AWAY.

ANGLE, ON MOORE, AS HE LOOKS FROM BELLA TO FRAN.

MOORE (cont'd)
Oh.
(PAUSE)

BELLA
Well. They don't always leave with the Ones
they came In with.

MOORE
(PAUSE)
Oh.

BELLA LOOKS AT THE TRUCK. HE LOOKS INQUIRINGLY, AT FRAN.

FRAN
(TO MOORE)
It was dead, anyway.
(PAUSE)
You know it was.

MOORE
Was it...?

FRAN
(PAUSE)
You shouldn't of sent me to him.

MOORE
Well, you can't think of everything.
(PAUSE)

MOORE
I'm sorry.
(PAUSE)

FRAN
Well...

MOORE
I'm sorry...

FRAN
You knew it was over...

FRAN (cont'd)
(TO BELLA)
...it's in the back.

BELLA WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE TARP, RAISES A CORNER, LOOKS IN.

HE LOOKS AT HIS HANDS, AND TAKES OUT A HANDKERCHIEF, AND WIPES OFF THE BLACK PAINT. HE LOWERS THE TARP DOWN.

MOORE
(OF BELLA)
Why dun' he shoot me?

FRAN
Cause it's over. It's all done. That's the deal.

MOORE
He ain't gonna shoot me?

FRAN
No.

MOORE
Then he hadn't aughta point a gun at me.
(PAUSE)
It's insincere...

MOORE SITS DOWN ON AN UNOPENED WOODEN BOX, IN THE DOORWAY OF THE GARAGE.

MOORE (cont'd)
Oh, God, I'm tired...

FRAN
(TO MOORE)
I'm sorry, Baby.

MOORE
Well, no. You told me, "you knew him before."

FRAN
That's right. I did.
(TO BELLA)
(MORE)

FRAN (cont'd)
 Get in and drive
 (TO MOORE)
 I'm sorry.

MOORE
 You said that.
 (PAUSE)
 Well.
 (PAUSE)
 You must be under quite a lot of stress.

FRAN
 Hmm.

MOORE
 It was a pretty plan, though, wunnit...?

FRAN
 Cute as a Chinese baby...

MOORE
 Thanks for everything.
 (FRAN GETS UP INTO THE TRUCK)

FRAN
You'll be alright.

MOORE
 You think so?

FRAN
 You always are.
 (PAUSE)

MOORE
 Well, I missed this trick, though, didn't
 I...?

FRAN
 ...the best laid plans of mice and men...

MOORE
 ...what?

FRAN
 I said Nobody's Perfect.
 (PAUSE)
 You take care.
 (TO BELLA)
 Alright, let's go.

THE TRUCK DRIVES OFF.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, AS HE SLOWLY SHAKES HIS HEAD. HE SIGHS. HE WALKS BACK INTO THE SHED.

HE WALKS TO THE OLD ABANDONED PICKUP, WHERE HE LEFT HIS CIGARETTES AND LIGHTER. HE TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE, AND HOLDS IT TO HIS LIPS. HE HESITATES. HE CRUMBLES IT, AND THROWS IT TO THE FLOOR. LOWERS THE PICKUP TO THE GROUND, USING THE HYDRAULIC JACK.

HE SIGHS, AND SLAMS THE TAILGATE ON THE OLD METAL FRAME OF THE BOXING EQUIPMENT. THE TAILGATE DOES NOT CLOSE. HE SLAMS IT AGAIN. AND IT CLOSSES.

HE WALKS OVER AND GETS IN THE CAB OF THE OLD PICKUP.

ANGLE

THE OLD METAL FRAME IN THE BED OF THE PICKUP TRUCK. WE SEE THAT THE TAILGATE HAS JAMMED ONTO THE OLD METAL PIPES, AND THE PIPE'S PAINT HAS CHIPPED TO REVEAL THAT THE PIPE IS GOLD, AND WE SEE, ON THE BASE OF THE PIPE, WHERE THE PAINT HAS CHIPPED, FAINTLY, THE LETTERS CREDIT INTERNATIONAL DE GENEVE.

ANGLE

ON MOORE, IN THE TRUCK, AS IT PULLS OUT OF THE GARAGE.

FADE OUT.

HEIST

A SCREENPLAY BY DAVID MAMET

COPYRIGHT © 1998, 1999

BY DAVID MAMET

C/O HOWARD ROSENSTONE

ROSENSTONE/WENDER. N.Y.C.

MARCH, 1999