

# 6777

10/15/79

10/22/79 REV.

TENSPEED AND BROWN SHOE

by

Stephen J. Cannell

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ductions, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue,  
Los Angeles, California 90046

TENSPEED AND BROWN SHOE

FADE IN:

1A EXT. SMALL FARMHOUSE - DAY

1A

nestled into the hills in South America... made of old brick, it sits baking in the South American sunlight... OVER this SHOT we will SUPER the CARD...

POSADAS PARAGUAY  
JUNE 1979

OVER this we HEAR the VOICE of DR. ERHARDT BRANDT, quivering slightly in rage. The guttural traces of a German accent still present as he speaks...

BRANDT'S VOICE

The sting of smoke was in our eyes.  
The smell of burning flesh... the  
screams of agony mixed with the  
whistle of the falling bombs...

ON THIS we'll BEGIN MOVING IN ON the house, FINALLY GOING right THROUGH the WINDOW INTO the darkened living room.

1B INT. HOUSE - DAY

1B

Dr. Brandt, an old German in his seventies, sits in a massive wing chair... His eyes alive with the memory... We are in some sort of Nazi heaven... A swastika on a flag over the fireplace, the room is dark, musty, and Dr. Brandt is in profile... In the room with him is a younger man, a German-American... His name is KURT BEULER.

BRANDT

Take them... He said... Take them,  
and he thrust the bag at me, Herr  
Beuler.

(sharply)

At me... Of all the people in the  
bunker he chose me... He singled  
out me --

There is a silence in the room; the old man shakes his head in wonder...

BRANDT

(softly)

For the new order...

A long pause as he sits in silence.

(CONTINUED)

1B CONTINUED:

1B

Beuler is afraid to move, to say anything... finally the old man starts again, his voice low...

BRANDT

(repeating)

For the new order...

(a beat)

He knew he would be killed and still he thought only of the new order... He thought only about the future. Only about the dream. A dream I have lived for.

Again the old man lapses into silence... Finally he turns and looks at Beuler for the first time.

BRANDT

(biting cold)

A dream you have destroyed.

Beuler moves forward in the dark, musty room.

BEULER

Herr Brandt... It is not over... We will recover the jewels.

BRANDT

(a snort)

Ahhh...

BEULER

You must understand how this happened. We were afraid that the jewels could be traced back to you ... We felt that we could protect you better by using this Sicilian...

BRANDT

Sicilian... This man is an American gangster... Sam Diagusta ... He's a common criminal, a Mafia boss.

(losing his temper)

You give him the jewels to sell and then he steals them from you. But you say how was I to know... You should know because he is dishonest... A thief...

BEULER

Herr Brandt, we have made a terrible mistake... But steps are being taken...

(CONTINUED)

1B CONTINUED: (2)

1B

BRANDT

And then to make matters worse,  
you come here and tell me that you  
have killed him... How does this  
help... Huh... Huh...

BEULER

Herr Brandt... Before he died he  
told us where he put the money...

(a smile)

It is in his safety deposit box in  
San Francisco... It is simply a  
matter of getting the money out...

BRANDT

And how is this going to be done?

BEULER

Easily, Herr Brandt... We have  
Diagusta's wife... We are holding  
her until the banks open on Monday  
morning... We will take her in and  
we will have her open the box...

Brandt sits in his chair for a long moment, finally  
turns to Beuler and gets up slowly and moves to the  
flag.

BRANDT

I will be in Los Angeles in two  
days. When I arrive I want this  
money handed to me... With it I  
will begin the new rise to power...  
With it I will start the new order.  
The dream of the fuhrer... You  
will hand it to me, Herr Beuler,  
or you will pay for your failure  
with your life.

He is not looking at Beuler.

BEULER

Herr Doctor... I accept the  
challenge... Nothing... Nobody  
will stop us... Nobody.

Play that beat and then...

SMASH CUT TO:

1C

CLOSE SHOT - E.L. TURNER

1C

He is a black man about thirty-five.

(CONTINUED)



1C CONTINUED:

1C

He is in a sport coat and black vest with a tie. He has on black pants and is carrying a briefcase. He moves with a junior executive of the San Francisco Bank. The man's name is STEVE ROSS, and he is quite worried... As they head up the corridor of the bank toward the safety deposit area. Trailing behind them are two black San Francisco Police officers... (BILLY JACKSON and TED SHAKLEY).

E.L.

(to Ross as they  
move)

We'll just drill the box... We  
have the tools...

ROSS

I really wish that Mr. Railsworth  
was in. I've never done this sort  
of thing on my own authority  
before...

E.L.

(soothing)

It's quite normal, Mr. Ross...  
Quite normal...

They sweep into the bank vault and E.L. Turner shows  
the guard there a badge...

E.L.

Agent Claud Armbruster... Treasury  
Department...

ROSS

I guess we're going to drill Mr.  
Diagusta's safe deposit box.

E.L. reaches into his pocket and pulls out a document.

E.L.

Court order -- We're freezing Mr.  
Diagusta's estate...

(to the policemen)

Let's go, fellas... Drill it out...

The two cops start assembling a drill and move to the  
safe deposit box which is a large one near the corner.  
As they plug the drill in and start to drill, Ross is  
pacing nervously.

ROSS

I certainly wish Mr. Railsworth  
were here... I've never done this  
sort of thing on my own authority...

(CONTINUED)

1C CONTINUED: (2)

1C

E.L. gently brushes him aside so the two cops can get to the box.

E.L.

Excuse, please...

The cops put the drill on the box... You get the feeling this isn't exactly on the up and up.

1D INT. BANK AREA - DAY

1D

As two men move into the bank, flanking an old Italian woman who looks frightened... and the two men are tough and mean. One is HENRY SPEARS... The other is ART HARTMAN... They move up to the counter and wait. After a beat, a woman clerk named SUSAN comes up and smiles at them.

SPEARS

Mrs. Diagusta's here to open her husband's safety deposit box.

SUSAN

Sign the slip, please.

She hands the slip over to Mrs. Diagusta who looks frightened, but takes it and signs the slip. They push it back...

SUSAN

Just a minute.

She moves over to the file drawer, opens it up and starts to check for the signature card as we...

CUT TO:

1E INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT AREA

1E

As the drill bit comes out of the metal and the safety deposit box is pulled from the wall, play the moment as E.L. Turner opens the box and it is chock-full of hundred dollar bills... One of the police officers lets out a gasp and we can SEE that nobody expected that much money in there.

ROSS

Son of a gun... Must be over a million dollars...

(CONTINUED)

1E CONTINUED:

1E

E.L. reaches into the box and pulls the top bill out... Holds it up to the light... Folds it, checks the fiber content, shakes his head, admiringly.

E.L.

Yep, just what I thought... Queer money... perfect plates, look at that.

(to the cops)

Okay, let's get it packed up.

They open a black valise that they have with them and start to load the money into the valise. Now Ross is becoming very agitated.

ROSS

Look, I don't think we should let this leave the bank until Mr. Railsworth gets in. He should be in by ten-thirty...

E.L. is already pulling some papers and a seal out of his briefcase.

E.L.

(matter of fact)

Love to, Mr. Ross, but you probably heard that the Federal Government waits on no man... And this morning that would seem to include Mr. Railsworth.

He stamps a form he has with him with a blue ink seal ... Initials it... and hands it to Ross.

E.L.

There you go, Mr. Ross... That's your receipt.

(to cops)

Ready, fellas... I've got a meeting with the director in an hour.

One of the cops, Ted Shakley, nods and closes the valise and they head out of the vault, leaving Steve Ross standing there, a worried look on his face and a stamped form in his hand.

1F ANGLE - E.L. - TWO BLACK COPS

1F

as they move out of the bank, passing Spears, Hartman and Mrs. Diagusta on their way to the safety deposit box.

1G ANGLE - SAFETY DEPOSIT AREA

1G

HARTMAN

Mrs. Diagusta is here to open her husband's box...

ROSS

Ah... Mrs. Diagusta, I was sorry to hear about your husband's death... But the box... is...

HARTMAN

(looking at drilled box)

What's going on here?

Indicating E.L. who is just exiting the bank:

ROSS

That gentleman there is from the Federal Government. They just drilled the box...

E.L. is out the door,

HARTMAN

Ahhh, damn...

They turn and run out of the bank after E.L., leaving Mrs. Diagusta in the vault area... She sinks down into a chair... As we

CUT TO:

1H EXT. BANK - DAY

1H

as E.L. and the two black cops move down the sidewalk quickly... And then behind them we hear...

HARTMAN

(calling)

Hey, you... Come back here...

ANGLE E.L. and the two cops. They take off running and jump into a car, get the engine running and do a squealing U-turn away from the curb into traffic... As they do, HORNS BLARE and the two men on the curb run to a second car and jump in.

1-I CLOSE SHOT - SECOND CAR

1-I

Hanging from the rearview mirror is a swastika on a chain.

(CONTINUED)

1-I CONTINUED:

1-I

There are three other men in the car as Hartman and Spears jump in and they power out after E.L.'s car. The chase begins as we...

CUT TO:

1J INT. FIRST CAR - DAY

1J

It roars down the busy San Francisco streets, leaving rubber on every corner. E.L. has his foot in it and he's screaming at two black men in the back seat: Billy Jackson and Shakley.

E.L.

(screaming)

Let's go! Let's go! Get the tin off! This ain't funny!!

The guys in the back seat are ripping the badges off their shirts and throwing them out the windows. Tearing off their police uniforms, they reveal street clothes underneath.

JACKSON

You said we'd score ten grand.  
There's got to be a mill in here.  
We'll never get away with this!

E.L.

What were we supposed to do -- Put it back? Get serious, man.

1K INT. SECOND CAR - FIVE MEN

1K

in pursuit. ON the CUT:

SPEARS

He's going around the bus. Cut him off! Go on... Stand on it! Do it. Beuler says we gotta get 'em!

CUT TO:

2  
thru  
14

OMITTED

2  
thru  
14

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DRAWING OF HANDSOME MAN 15

We are ON the dust cover of a mystery novel. The title is THE SCREAMING DEAD MAN (A Mark Savage Mystery). Savage is drawn with a lean jaw, curly hair. Next to him is a beautiful girl... her dress slit to her thigh ... her gorgeous lean leg filling the slit. OVER this SHOT we HEAR:

LIONEL WHITNEY'S VOICE

(reading; filtered)

Savage says, 'Watch out for blondes with cute names. They look innocent and beautiful, but they can kill you. This one was named Tink. She stood on the threshold of my Hollywood apartment, her dress tighter than two sailors on liberty. The Russian-made Tokerev 3.5 automatic swaying slightly in her alabaster hand. She screamed at me and fired. I took the lead high in my shoulder and felt that trapdoor open. I was down the rabbit hole again... down in the darkness where Father Time wears a frocked coat and holds your life like a conductor's watch... the seconds ticking down to zero. I'd been here before... Death's Waiting Room... the outer office to Eternity.' Savage says, 'The ones with the cute names are hiding something. Tink was hiding a killer instinct. Yeah, watch out for blondes with cute names. But I hadn't, and now the old man in the frocked coat was writing in his book... under "Foolish," under "Dead," he was writing my name... "Mark Savage, Private Eye."'

A PHONE RINGS and CAMERA HINGES TO REVEAL the face of LIONEL WHITNEY.

16 ANGLE - LIONEL WHITNEY

16

He is stretched out on the bed in a three-piece suit. He is good-looking with the quality of the corporate man about him. His hair is trimmed short, sideburns clipped. He rolls over to pick up the receiver of the RINGING PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

LIONEL

(into phone)

Yeah? Oh, yeah... sorry, Mr.  
LaCross.

(a beat)

Okay... okay... be right down.

He hangs up and gets off the bed.

17 ANOTHER ANGLE

17

We SEE that we're in a small but nice hotel room... San Francisco can be SEEN THROUGH the window in the b.g. Lionel moves past a mirror. He stops for a moment, flexing his muscles. He leans in to the mirror, looking coldly himself.

LIONEL

(reciting)

... 'Under foolish, under dead...  
he was writing my name... Lionel  
Whitney, Private Eye...'

He stands back, making a gun with his finger. He fires at the mirror... bam, bam... and almost simultaneously we HEAR BANGING ON the DOOR.

HERMAN LaCROSS' VOICE

(calling through door)

We're in the elevator. Let's go!  
We're late!

18 RESUME CHASE - DAY

18

as the two cars, much closer now, flash PAST CAMERA.

19 INT. E.L.'S CAR - DAY

19

He hits second gear, steps on it, peels rubber. OVER this CHASE SEQUENCE, we may BEGIN OPENING THEME MUSIC and TITLES FOR "TENSPEED AND BROWN SHOE."

SHAKLEY

(scared pissless)

You said no trouble! Who are  
those guys?

E.L.

We're okay. No trouble.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

SHAKLEY

They got guns!

E.L.

But we're the best dancers!

20 ANGLE - INTERSECTION AHEAD

20

It is totally clogged. E.L. is forced to stand on the brake. The car goes sideways and broadsides to a stop. And he's out the door, running like a sucker, carrying a medium-sized black valise. The two other guys bolt out of the back seat and, like a cueball making a break, they scatter in all different directions.

21 INT. ALLEY BETWEEN HIGH-RISES - DAY

21

as E.L., with sprinter's speed, rips down the alley, the two blond giants hot on his tail. He throws over trash barrels, anything to set up an obstruction. The guys in pursuit hurtle the cans and keep coming. This is a city canyon in darkness as the high-rises loom thirty and forty stories above.

22 ANGLE - NEXT BLOCK OVER

22

as E.L. spots a garbage truck parked at the curb. Two black guys are loading garbage cans into the scoop in back of the truck. The ENGINE is IDLING. E.L. turns to it and jumps in the cab, puts it in gear and pulls away, leaving the two guys in the back with the garbage cans at port arms.

23 ANGLE - THE BLOND PURSUIT TROOPS - DAY

23

as they skid to a stop and watch as the garbage truck pulls away. They look back to see their car heading down the alley toward them. They motion frantically for the car which is having trouble getting past the litter that E.L. has strewn in its path. Finally the driver just guns it, blowing over garbage cans and slows to a stop to pick up the two blond giants. They roar away, past the two garbage collectors who look on in utter amazement.

24 OMITTED

24



25 EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - DAY

25

This is the place to stay in San Francisco. Wealthy out-of-towners elbow each other for the best rooms. Dallas businessmen sip bourbon and branch water in the bar while their wives go through Giradelli Square like hoards of Mexican locusts. As we WATCH, Lionel Whitney struggles out the front door with some luggage which weighs a ton. He sets them on the sidewalk and looks at the doorman who is dressed like a college drum major.

LIONEL

Hi, there. I guess we'll be needing a cab.

We HEAR Herman LaCross before we see him. His voice is deep and booming... and he is used to getting his way.

HERMAN'S VOICE

(shouting)

Get us a cab, Lionel.

Lionel turns and looks through the swinging door.

LIONEL

(calling back)

That's what I'm doing, sir.

The doorman whistles up a cab.

LIONEL

(to doorman)

Well, guess this is getaway day.  
Sure have enjoyed your hotel.

On that, the door opens and a bellhop exits, wheeling a cart with a mountain of matched luggage... maybe ten or twelve large pieces... all of them Gucci-striped. Following them, like King Saud, is HERMAN LaCROSS. He is big, greying at the temple, handsome and an asshole!

HERMAN

(calling in)

Come on, Ruth... where's Bunny?

LIONEL

(indicating cab)

I got us a cab, Herman.

(a beat)

Are Bunny and Mrs. LaCross down yet? I thought everybody was in the lobby when you knocked on my door.

(CONTINUED)

HERMAN

You only got one cab, Lionel?

LIONEL

Yes, sir.

HERMAN

What do you wanna do with the luggage? Send it Parcel Post?

LIONEL

I guess you're right. I'll get another...

He waves at a cab. The doorman grabs his arm, steps in front and WHISTLES up the second cab. On that, out come MRS. LaCROSS and BUNNY LaCROSS. (Bunny is short for Beth, which is short for Elizabeth.) She is blonde, pretty and, as Savage says, "watch out for girls with cute names... they're hiding something." In Bunny's case, it's a shallow, lascivious nature. Mrs. LaCross is well-tailored, bejeweled, befurred and angry.

MRS. LaCROSS

God, Herman... rush rush rush rush!

HERMAN

We're gonna miss the plane 'cause the boy genius booked the eleven o'clock outta Kennedy!

LIONEL

(handing him the tickets)

Well, sir, I figured with the rehearsal dinner being tonight, it would be better to have an early flight and... everything...

HERMAN

(looking at tickets)

All we got is three first-class and one tourist?

LIONEL

I'll take the tourist, sir. I don't mind.

HERMAN

You don't, huh, kid.

(CONTINUED)

By now the second cab has pulled up and the doorman is loading the mountains of luggage. Bunny moves up to Lionel and sticks her hand in his.

BUNNY

Hi, stranger. Miss me?

LIONEL

Yes.

BUNNY

Excited about tonight? I'm gonna pretend it's for real tonight and maybe afterwards I'll let you... y'know...

LIONEL

(a glance at  
LaCross)

Bunny... come on... your folks...

BUNNY

(giggles)

Hey... I mean, the birds do it.  
Right?

LIONEL

Bunny!

But the LaCrosses aren't hearing anything. They're too busy pissing on the doorman and the cabbie.

MRS. LaCROSS

I hate New Yorkers. They're so rude.

(shouts at doorman)

Get that little blue bag. That's my cosmetic bag. I need it.

No please... No thank you. She gets in the cab and, as she does, Bunny looks at Lionel while Herman is kibitzing the luggage to get it in faster.

BUNNY

(over the above)

Did Daddy tell you the surprise?

LIONEL

Surprise?

MRS. LaCROSS

(from inside the cab)

God! This cab smells awful! What makes taxis smell so bad?

26 INT. CAB

26

The DRIVER looks back at her.

DRIVER

Drunks throw up in them.

Mrs. LaCross looks at him coldly. Her stare would wilt a flower. He stares back: fuck her! A standoff. Meanwhile, the garbage truck flashes past the Hopkins Hotel with the scoop arm down, followed at bumper-chasing distance by the sedan with the five blond men and the one black hostage.

MRS. LaCROSS

Would you look't that maniac?!

And Herman LaCross gets in the cab along with Bunny.

HERMAN

Here's your little blue bag. Can we go now? Lionel, get in the front seat.

Lionel gets in the front seat with the cabbie and smiles at him.

LIONEL

Well, guess we're off to the airport.

The Driver looks at him. The doors are closed and, as the cab pulls out, we:

CUT TO:

27 INT. GARBAGE TRUCK IN FLIGHT - DAY

27

It roars along. E.L. is flipping switches, finally he hits the right one and the scoop arm tips and drops its garbage in the street.

28 LOW ANGLE - SEDAN

28

It gets hit with the garbage but plows valiantly through the mess, its tires splattering melon rinds out the back.

29 EXT. TAXI - DAY

29

On its way to the airport. We HEAR Bunny's VOICE OVER:

BUNNY'S VOICE

Daddy, tell Lionel the surprise.

30 INT. CAB - DAY

30

Herman is reading the Wall Street Journal and Mrs. LaCross is working on her eye makeup, drawing under her lash with a pencil.

HERMAN

Okay, I was saving it for tonight, but, okay. You and Bunny are getting married and, I don't need to tell you, I don't want a son-in-law sitting at a floor desk at Gray, Johnson and Smith taking securities orders over the phone like some kinda dress clerk, so I pulled rank with my department manager and I got you moved.

MRS. LaCROSS

Can you get this car to stop bumping?

Lionel looks at Herman.

LIONEL

Moved, sir?

HERMAN

That's right. I talked to Harrison Page, who happens to be one of our best institutional men. I told him you had the horsepower for the job. That means you're gonna be dealing with the big institutional boys.

There is a beat as Lionel looks at them, nonplussed.

BUNNY

Isn't that fantASTic?! You'll have your own office instead of a cubicle. You'll be dealing with really important stockbrokers...

Lionel looks at LaCross who is glaring at him.

LIONEL

Sir, I don't want you to think that I'm not really appreciative ... but... well... Y'see, I been giving the whole securities business a lot of thought lately ... and, with the recession and all...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL (CONT'D)

... and people sort of getting out of the stock market... I think we're looking at a whole new decade in stocks about which... well, sir, if I might speak candidly... isn't all that optimistic.

HERMAN

Nonsense. The dress clerks jump out when things get rough. The tigers jump in and make the profits. That's the way it is, Lionel. You just gotta figure out whether you're a tiger or a dress clerk.

LIONEL

Well... see, sir... what I was thinking was maybe now, before Bunny and I have too many financial responsibilities... well, maybe now is the time to... as the saying goes... change horses. And... well, sir... I've been giving a lot of thought to commercial real estate. A lot of thought.

HERMAN

Are you playing around with me, here, Lionel?

LIONEL

No, sir.

HERMAN

I went out on a limb. You start on Monday, Lionel. And don't mess it up!

MRS. LaCROSS

Does this driver have to hit every bump in the road? I'm trying to get my lashes on.

CUT TO:

as the garbage truck races through traffic and BLARING HORNS and stops in front of the Western Airline Terminal.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Turner jumps out. He is minus his checkered coat, still carrying the black valise. He runs into the lobby.

32 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES LOBBY - DAY

32

Turner enters and stops.

33 TURNER'S POV - LOBBY

33

Travelers milling around. Turner sees the sedan squeal up outside and the five heavies pile out and head into the airport terminal.

34 INT. TERMINAL - FIVE MEN

34

as they scan the crowd looking for Turner. They don't see him... and neither do we, until...

35 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

35

The door opens and Turner quickly enters the room, out of breath, and unbuttoning his vest. He removes his shirt and tie, then puts his shirt and vest on backwards. He is adrenalized and moves around the room like a caged tiger. He moves over to the toilet stalls and looks down at the pant legs of the stalls' occupants. After a moment he finds what he's looking for: a dark pair of wing tips and black pants. He moves to the stall, reaches over to the hook on the inside of the stall and grabs the man's suit coat and homburg, whipping it over the top of the stall. We HEAR the man from inside:

MAN'S VOICE

Hey... hey...!

E.L. sticks the hat on his head, slips into the coat, takes the wallet out and flips it over the stall onto the man's lap.

E.L.

Keep the change, brother.

And he heads out of the toilet, moving fast.

36 EXT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

36

Wearing the homburg and the coat over the blue silk-backed vest, we now have the Reverend E.L. Turner, moving with pious dignity through the lobby, still carrying the valise.

37 E.L.'S POV - BLOND GIANTS

37

as they move around quickly, searching the lobby. They haven't spotted him as he moves to the magazine counter, keeping his back to them. He smiles at the middle-aged WOMAN behind the counter.

E.L.

(cultured, almost  
Jamaican accent)

Do you stock the Lord's work, my dear?

LADY

We have Bibles. The condensed New Testament, and an illustrated book on the life of Christ.

E.L.

King James, if you have it.

She reaches down, takes out a Bible and hands it to him.

LADY

Ten-fifty.

He looks around at the men who still haven't spotted him. He pays for the Bible and smiles at her graciously.

E.L.

If you would be so kind, what is the name of the airport manager?

LADY

Joseph Rupert.

E.L.

And the head of airport security?

LADY

(smiles)

Head of security is Lieutenant Klinehurst.

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

E.L.

Your kindness will be your reward.

He tips the brim of his hat and moves away from the counter, passing within ten feet of Spears, Hartman and the others. They look at him but don't "make" him as he moves to the security check, still carrying the valise. He motions to a security guard who comes over. The guard wears a name tag which reads: LEW O'LEARY.

E.L.

I'm Father Timothy Flack. I'm looking for a Lieutenant Klinehurst. I was told by your airport manager, Mr. Rupert, that he would meet me here. I haven't been able to find him.

LEW

Lieutenant Klinehurst is head of airport security. He could be anywhere. Maybe I could help you.

E.L.

Quite possibly. I'm traveling with a large sum of money, the proceeds from our May Carnival for the Church's Greater Aid Society. I'm supposed to board a plane in a while, but...

38 ANGLE - HARTMAN, SPEARS

38

as they spot E.L. talking to the security guard and move toward him. E.L. sees them out of the corner of his eye.

39 ANGLE - E.L.

39

E.L.

I was wondering... could you escort me to a safe place to wait. I hate to be of trouble, but it really is quite a tidy sum.

LEW

(embarrassed)

Right this way, Father.

He takes E.L. by the arm and leads him through the security check up the corridor.

40 ANGLE - HARTMAN AND SPEARS

40

They see the security guard escorting E.L. Turner and they know they can't get through the security check, so they turn and move quickly toward the men's room.

HARTMAN

(on the move)

Damn, he's slick!

Moving quickly across the lobby, almost at a run, they pass the LaCross family who are just entering with their mountains of luggage being pushed along by a skycap.

MRS. LA CROSS

(braying at the  
skycap)

Watch that bag, it's gonna slip off!

HERMAN

Get me a Forbes to read on the plane. I've got to call the office.

He heads to the pay phones and Ruth goes to the magazine stand. Lionel and Bunny are trailing in last. They're having a low-toned, hissing fight. Lionel is carrying his overnight bag which he is not checking through.

41 ON LIONEL AND BUNNY

41

BUNNY

It's ridiculous.

LIONEL

No, it's not ridiculous. I've been really biting my tongue this weekend. I'm trying to be nice to your folks, but they're treating me like a bag of dog chow.

BUNNY

Nice? I mean daddy like almost kills himself so you can get a big break... Institutional sales! That means you'll be going to lunch and be dealing with major people, Lionel,

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

(a beat)

I don't like him making decisions  
on my career without asking me.  
I don't want the Institutional  
Department. I'm bored with the  
stock market. I want something  
with more... more

BUNNY

(overlapping)

Lionel... I'm only going to tell  
you this once...

(a beat)

This is my life, too. We're going  
to have our house in University  
Park and we're going to take trips  
and have a wonderful life. And I  
think it's about time you realized  
that Daddy isn't the enemy.

LIONEL

I don't want to live in University  
Park. I don't like it there. I  
told you that. I told your father  
that.

BUNNY

And you're angry because he paid for  
the down payment and you think he's  
going to act like he owns the  
house just because he paid for it.

LIONEL

(she understands  
at last)

Exactly. That's exactly what I  
think. He's gonna come over there  
and tell me the lawn needs cutting  
and that I should paint the front  
door... and, damn it, Bun, that  
isn't the way I want to live!

BUNNY

(no sale)

I'm gonna pretend we never had this  
conversation. I'm gonna erase it  
from my mind, Lionel. I'm gonna  
pretend it was five minutes ago and  
we never said any of this.

She turns and walks off, leaving Lionel standing there.  
A frustrated man.

42 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

42

as Hartman Spears and the others quickly deposit all of their weapons on one of the five guys who stays behind. Then they move quickly out of the men's room, on the run.

43 INT. AIRPORT LOBBY - DAY

43

as the four men now run past Lionel, through the security check and up the jetway. Lionel stands there with his suitcase. After a moment, he goes to the magazine stand where Ruth and Bunny are standing, talking... gesturing, being obnoxious.

44 LIONEL'S POV

44

his fiancée and mother-in-law. They're talking a little too loud. In that moment, they seem to bear a frightening resemblance to one another. Then Lionel turns and looks at something on his right. It is the lean, handsome face of MARK SAVAGE - PRIVATE EYE on a display card set up on the magazine counter. It reads:

Number two on the San Francisco best sellers' list:  
THE SCREAMING DEAD MAN  
A Mark Savage Mystery

CUT TO:

45 INT. PILOTS' LOUNGE - DAY

45

as the door opens and SGT. LEW O'LEARY shows E.L. into the lounge.

LEW  
Wait here, father. I'll try and  
find Lt. Klinehurst.

Lew leaves and E.L. enters the room. It is an airy room with windows that overlook the runway. There are half-a-dozen pilots and second officers hanging around in the room, watching the Raiders/Rams FOOTBALL GAME on TV, drinking coffee, checking the weather telex as E.L. enters. Several of the pilots glance at E.L. who reaches up and holds his hand over his chest.

E.L.  
My angina... took a glycerine tablet.  
Sgt. O'Leary said I could lie down  
in here.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

PILOT

Okay, Reverend. There's a sofa  
in the locker room, through that  
door. Sure you're okay?

E.L.

With the Lord's help, I will be.

E.L. smiles weakly and exits the lounge into the locker  
room. He pauses on his way out to look at the flight  
board.

46 E.L.'S POV - FLIGHT BOARD

46

The next flight out is Western, Flight #365 to Los  
Angeles. The pilots are listed under the flight:

Capt. Dwight Auerback  
1st Officer - Kenneth White  
Nav. Sherman Kingsley

47 RESUME E.L.

47

He moves into the pilots' locker room. It's empty.  
Several of the lockers are marked with names. He  
moves slowly around. The SOUND of the FOOTBALL GAME  
coming from the TV in the other room.

48 INT. JET PAD AREA - DAY

48

We SEE Hartman and Spears and the two others have  
moved through the area searching for E.L., with no  
luck. They gather together.

SPEARS

He came down here. There's no way  
out. You guys check the bathrooms.  
I'll stay here. Art, you watch  
the gates.

CUT TO:

49 INT. PILOTS' LOCKER ROOM - CLOSE ON OPEN LOCKER

49

as a HAND COMES IN and picks a pilot's hat off the  
top shelf. FOLLOW IT as it is placed on the head of  
E.L. Turner, who we will now SEE is dressed in a full  
pilot's uniform stolen from the locker. He is moving  
fast, trying to get this done before anybody enters.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

He turns, sets the hat at a rakish angle, then looks at his watch. And moves to a phone; dials a number.

E.L.  
(into phone)  
Clancy Turner please...

There is a long moment and then...

INTERCUT:

49A INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

49A

Lying in the room is CLANCY TURNER. He is forty years old and he is bandaged head to foot... In the b.g. is MARGUERITE TURNER, his wife. Clancy picks up the phone with some effort. And when he speaks, his voice is weak...

E.L.  
Clance... It's the kid brother.

CLANCY  
Hey... How you doing?

E.L.  
(a grin)  
Depends on who you talk to. How're you?

CLANCY  
I'll live... but it's the last time I borrow from one of Sam DiAgusta's loan sharks. I lose the store and six ribs all at once.

E.L.  
Well, see, that's why I called, Clance... I had a little time in my schedule and I decided since somebody killed Sam DiAgusta anyway, I'd just stop at his bank and make a little withdrawal on your behalf.

CLANCY  
Oh no... You didn't, man... Them guys are mob... They'll kill ya...

E.L.  
Look, Clance... I got your money back. It's just I'm not gonna be able to get it to you right away because of a lot of complicated circumstances...

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED:

49A

CLANCY

Every time I see you, you're either running or sitting in jail... When you gonna learn, E.L.?

On that we HEAR...

A P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT

Final call for Globe Airlines Flight 365 from Los Angeles. All passengers holding tickets on Flight 365 should be on board...

E.L.

Look, Clance... I'm late. I gotta go. Kiss Maggie and the kids. I'll be in touch.

He hangs up and we stay with Clancy... who looks over at Marguerite and we...

CUT TO:

49B CLOSE SHOT - THE LOCKER

49B

as E.L. reaches in and pulls out a flight hat and a pair of darks; puts them on and checks himself in the mirror... and exits from the pilots' lounge carrying the valise.

50 INT. JET BOARDING MODULE - DAY

50

as the four blond men react to the page. They look around. People are moving toward the boarding gate, including the LaCross family and Lionel. The blond men don't know which way to go.

Hartman moves to the information desk and Spears watches him go, missing E.L. coming out of the pilots' lounge. E.L. heads briskly to the plane boarding ramp and passes through the gate just as the attendant is closing it.

51 ANGLE - SPEARS

51

He turns around in time to see E.L. passing through the doors and the doors closing behind him. E.L., looking over his shoulder, exchanges a look with Spears who sprints toward the boarding gate which, by now, has been double locked.

52 INT. BOARDING RAMP

52

E.L. is the last one down the ramp. He picks up a clipboard from the maintenance locker, steps aboard the airplane.

53 INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

53

E.L. enters the plane, looks at the stewardess, a pretty black girl with the name "MARIE WINSLOW" on her blouse. Now, he's brisk. All business.

E.L.  
(reading name tag)  
Let's close 'em up, Marie.

MARIE  
Yes, sir.

She closes the cabin door, looks after him with a puzzled expression.

54 ANGLE - E.L.

54

He passes through the galley toward the pilot's compartment, carrying the empty clipboard. On his way, he plucks a dinner menu off the galley table, sticks it in his clipboard and moves into the pilot's compartment.

55 INT. PILOT'S COMPARTMENT

55

E.L. enters the pilot's compartment and the flight crew, which consists of Auerback, Kingsley and White, turns to look at him as he closes the door. AUERBACK, the pilot, is gray-haired and muscular, an old Marine jock. WHITE and KINGSLEY are both crew-cuts with Listerine smiles.

AUERBACK  
What's this?

E.L.  
Pilot check ride.

He glances down at the menu on his clipboard.

E.L.  
(to Captain)  
You're Auerback.  
(a beat)  
Which one's White?

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED:

55

White looks at him, smiles nervously.

WHITE

I am.

E.L.

(to the navigator)

That makes you Kingsley.

KINGSLEY

Yes sir.

E.L.

(a sigh)

Okay, fellas, I'm Buster Hutchins,  
Global Airlines check pilot.

I'll be riding the jump seat to  
L.A. I want you to do exactly  
what you do normally. I'll stay  
out of your way... you wanna hear  
the speech or not?

AUERBACK

Might as well. I never heard it  
before.

E.L.

(as if from memory)

This is a random flight check.  
Federal law requires me to report  
any procedure that is questionable  
under F.A.A. Domestic Flight Standards.  
I will be evaluating ground handling,  
air worthiness, navigation and radio  
procedure as well as over-all service  
to the customers.

(a smile)

If I find this crew to be in need  
of brush-up, I have the authorization  
of assigning you to the flight  
training simulator in Palmdale,  
California.

All their faces fall.

E.L.

Don't worry, fellas. I almost  
never do that.

(a smile)

Palmdale's a toilet.

They relax slightly.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

E.L.  
How 'bout a cuppa java? And then  
let's get this soup can upstairs.

He slumps into the jump seat and marks on his official clipboard with his pencil.

56 INSERT - CLIPBOARD

56

E.L. has circled "Greek omelet with grape leaves and anchovies" and put a check next to it.

CUT TO:

57 INT. FIRST CLASS - THE LACROSSES

57

The LaCrosses are settling in. Lionel is helping get Ruth settled by putting her cosmetic case in the overhead compartment.

RUTH

(loud)  
Don't drop it. It's got all my  
perfumes in it.

LIONEL

(closing compartment)  
Yes, ma'am.

(a beat)  
I guess I'll just go on back and  
find my seat.

BUNNY

(from across the  
aisle)

Lionel...

He looks at her and leans down.

BUNNY

(a whisper)  
I'll miss you.

He looks at her and she squiggles up her nose. Hopefully, by now, we've all got a stomach-full of this ditzel.

LIONEL

Okay. Me too.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Marie Winslow, the black stewardess, is moving down the corridor of the plane with newspapers for the first-class passengers.

MARIE

San Francisco paper? News and Evening Star.

She passes CAMERA. The unsmiling face of Sam Destefano is on the front page. He is a cool-looking, thug-of-a-man. And we see that the Nazis made good their threat. The headline announces:

SAM DESTEFANO FOUND DEAD  
Mafia Kingpin Believed Tortured

58 INT. JET PORT - DAY

58

Hartman is on a pay telephone. Spears is looking out the window nearby, watching the plane being tractored away from the terminal.

HARTMAN

(into phone)

Look, Kurt, I'm sorry. I mean...  
I know that hardly covers it...  
but he's smart. He's slippery.  
He just got past us. He's on  
Western, Flight 365.

59 INTERCUT SAN FRANCISCO NAZI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

59

On the other end of the phone is Beuler. He is terrified. His ass is on the line.

BEULER

How did this... this racial end up  
with the money? You said you had  
Mrs. Diagusta. She was going to  
open the safety deposit box.

HARTMAN

All I know is when we got in there,  
this guy already had the thing  
emptied out. We chased him to the  
airport.

(a beat)

Look, Colonel... He can't get off  
that plane. He's got the dough.  
All we gotta do is have people in  
L.A. when it lands and he's ours.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

Impatiently, Beuler lets out a little sigh.

BEULER

Okay. Okay. I want that terminal in L.A. covered. I want as many people there as it takes. I'll be on the next plane out of there. Book me a reservation.

HARTMAN

Yes, Colonel.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. JET AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY (STOCK)

60

OVER THIS SHOT we'll HEAR Lionel's voice again. He is reading from his Mark Savage mystery.

LIONEL (V.O.)

'I was down there again. Sitting on the old man's faded black couch, the one with the bloodstains. Old men and dead hookers lounged there with me. The voices of my companions came through a rusty wire and spilled out at me through a broken speaker screeching my obituary... Mark Savage, Hollywood tough guy, iced by a dippy dame with a ten-pound Russian cannon. I should have known she was a wrongo the day her mother came into my office spilling cigarette ashes and wheezing at me through yellow teeth, 'Find my daughter,' she said. I found her and she's punched my ticket with cold lead and sent me to this place. Savage says if you want to know about a girl, take a look at her mother, 'cause that's what she'll be in twenty years. Her mother was a pig and, under all that beauty, so was she. I had ignored my own advice and so I got what I deserved.

61 INT. AIRPLANE - ON LIONEL

61

He is holding the Mark Savage novel, but he is looking out the window... a strange, regretful look on his face. After a beat, he turns away from the window.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

LIONEL

(sotto)

Oh boy!

MARTHA'S VOICE

Is this seat taken?

62 WIDEN TO SHOW MARTHA GRIBB

62

She is twenty-eight and gorgeous... not Hollywood gorgeous but corn-fed gorgeous. Mark Savage would call her a fox in a letterman's sweater. She has an upturned nose, full lips and a dazzling smile.

LIONEL

No. Go ahead.

She sits down.

MARTHA

I was in B-23, next to this yucky stockbroker who kept trying to get me to invest in his sex life.

She smiles, holds out her hand.

MARTHA

Martha Gribb. I'm a singer.

LIONEL

Lionel Whitney. I'm a... stockbroker. Wingtips, conservative tie, Aqua Velva... the whole depressing package.

They smile at each other. There is a moment of getting-to-know-you quiet and then, simultaneously:

LIONEL

What kind of singer...

MARTHA

What kind of stockbroker...

They laugh. Then:

MARTHA

You first.

LIONEL

(trying to drum up  
some enthusiasm)

Well, I'm in institutional sales. It's really a great field. I mean... you get to go to lunch with important executives... and... ahh, well... go to New York and... Well, it's just really... what it is is...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

LIONEL (CONT'D)

(a long beat)

Institutional I guess is the word  
I'm looking for.

She looks at him.

MARTHA

Were you in San Francisco on business?

LIONEL

No. No. I was here with my fiancée  
and her family to buy our wedding  
silver... and Bunny's trousseau.  
Bunny's my fiancée. And then  
Mr. LaCross had some business... he's  
Bunny's father and my boss at Gray,  
Johnson & Smith in L.A.... and what  
we did was he and I... we went to the  
San Francisco office. It was... uh...  
well, a terrific weekend. And we had  
lots of fun.

He looks at her. This is bullshit and she knows it.  
She senses his distress.

She smiles and hands him a slip of paper with a list of  
names on it.

MARTHA

Which one do you like? I'm trying  
to decide on a new name... a stage  
name. My New York agent made them  
up. He doesn't think Martha Gribb  
is a winner.

Lionel looks at the list.

LIONEL

(reading aloud)

Sissy Sherman... Amber Lane.

MARTHA

I don't like that one.

LIONEL

Gigi Wilson... Mimi St. Cloud...

He looks up at her.

LIONEL

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

MARTHA

Lousy, huh?

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

I have this theory... beware of girls with cute names. They're hiding something.

MARTHA

That's why you're marrying a girl named Bunny?

Lionel looks at her, doesn't say anything. She's hit the bullseye.

MARTHA

Hey, I'm sorry. I was only kidding.

LIONEL

It's okay. She was a cheerleader at S.C., and that's what everybody calls her.

MARTHA

I'm sure she's darling.

LIONEL

She is. She... we have a lot in common.

MARTHA

Like what?

LIONEL

Well... what we do is... we spend... time. We like to... read... and... she's really got this terrific sense of humor... and she collects antique chess sets, and...

MARTHA

You play chess?

LIONEL

(out of gas)

No. No... I don't. I watch sometimes when Bunny and her father play.

MARTHA

(a long beat)

You play Clue?

LIONEL

I haven't played in years, But it was a terrific game, I remember.

MARTHA

I've got one in my bag. Wanna play?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

LIONEL

Yeah. Let's.

She reaches into her bag and pulls out a game of Clue.  
She sets up the board and the cards, the whole schmeer.

MARTHA

It's gonna be okay, Lionel.

He looks at her, surprised that she can read him so accurately.

MARTHA

I mean... when people get married,  
they tend to have second thoughts...  
and evaluate where they're going.  
And the thing you have to do is  
listen to yourself... listen to what  
you want.

He turns toward her slightly... impressed by her wisdom  
at such a young age.

LIONEL

I'd like to... like maybe buy a boat  
and go sailing... just me'n Bunny.  
Up the coast to Vancouver... the  
inland waterways. Give Bunny'n me  
a chance to get to know one another  
a little better.

MARTHA

Get to know one another?

LIONEL

Well, see, it was very quick with  
us. Only three months. We have  
this sexual attraction, and...

(a beat)

Well... I don't really get along  
with her father. As a matter of fact,  
I think he was about to can me when  
we announced our engagement and,  
subconsciously, maybe I was trying  
to save my job... and Bunny was  
trying to get back at her folks  
for something... and then, well, it  
was... we sort of got caught up in  
it. It was fun and parties, and...

(a beat)

Did I tell you she's very pretty?

MARTHA

(softly)

No, you didn't.

(CONTINUED)



62 CONTINUED: (4)

62

He looks at her during a moment of silence. Finally she hands him a little Clue figure.

MARTHA

You be Col. Mustard. He's an adventurer like you. I'll be Miss Scarlet. She's sexy and has a past.

There is a long beat as she readies the board.

LIONEL

Do you think daughters turn out to be like their mothers? I mean, do they end up looking and talking like their mothers twenty years later?

MARTHA

I don't know, Lionel. I suppose it's possible. I guess you'll have to roll the dice to find out.

She smiles and hands him the dice. HOLD ON him for a moment and...

CUT TO:

63 EXT. SMALL AIRFIELD - DAY

63

A sign indicates that this is located on the outskirts of San Francisco.

64 ANGLE - PICKUP TRUCK

64

It rolls through a chain-link fence and out onto the apron of the field. The truck is shiny and new and has a compliment of hunting rifles in the back window. The truck pulls up to a shiny new Lear jet and a man gets out. This is TOMMY TEDESCO. He is six feet tall, with dark, brooding good looks. He is known by his associates in the outfit as Crazy Tommy T because he is a full-out crackling crazy who shot his dog when he was ten years old. After that, he started shooting people. He's a mob enforcer. He wears a Pendleton shirt and jeans along with hobnail boots. He moves over to the Lear jet and bangs on the door with his fist. After a moment, the door opens and CHIP VINCENT looks at him. Chip is a mob three-piece-suiter. He looks and dresses like a corporate executive except for one thing. He has ten grand in diamonds on his cufflinks. He is on the phone. He covers the mouthpiece with his hand.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

CHIP

(to Tommy T)

I'm getting a patch through now.  
They picked up your aunt. She's  
okay. I'm trying to get Don Rico.

(into phone)

Donato... I'm with Tommy.

65 INT. LEAR JET

65

Tommy enters and takes the phone.

TOMMY

Okay, gimme this thing fast, Chickie.

66 INTERCUT - DONATO RICO

66

He is forty, dark-skinned and tough. He's in a small  
room somewhere. The shades are drawn. Mrs. Destefano  
is in a chair, sobbing softly.

DONATO

Okay. First, your aunt Celeste  
is okay. These creeps picked her up  
outside the funeral home and dumped  
her out at the bank. She was bummed  
out over your uncle Sam being killed.  
And you know, she's kinda in shock  
or something. But I had Dr. Goldberg  
look her over. He give her some  
kinda pill and she's.....

TOMMY

(overlapping)

Hey, come on, will ya?! I want the  
condensed version.

DONATO

Sorry, Tommy, I just thought...

TOMMY

Who, what, where and why? Gimme  
those, Donny.

DONATO

Near as we can figure, your uncle Sam  
was selling some jewels for a Nazi  
named Beuler. We got no first name  
or nothin'. Your uncle tried to stiff  
'em and these Nazis killed him.

TOMMY

Where?

DONATO

We ain't sure yet. We picked up one  
a' his drivers, but the guy didn't  
stand up too well under pressure. Mike  
n'me chopped a couple of fingers. He  
went out before we could brace him.

(CONTINUED)

On that, Donato moves across the room, carrying the phone, CAMERA TRUCKS with him to pick up one of the five guys we saw at the airport with Spears and Hartman. He's now tied to a chair, his head slumped down on his chest. He's out cold. We don't see his hand.

TOMMY

I need a town, Donny. Until you give me a town, I'm sitting on the ground with my finger up my nose!

DONATO

Maybe L.A. He was yelling something sounded like L.A., when he fuzzed out on us.

TOMMY

You got a 'why'?

DONATO

We're doing the best we can. Mike says he hears your uncle was fencing a pile of hot jewelry for this Beuler ... so, maybe jewels. When this guy comes back from sandy-land, I'll start working on that.

TOMMY

Get what he knows and then help him find the river.

DONATO

Tommy, don't you think we should maybe clear this with your uncles before we kill anybody?

TOMMY

If it makes you feel any better, you tell 'em.

DONATO

Hey, Tommy, one other thing... your aunt Celeste says these Nazis were chasing a shine outside the bank. Nobody knows who he is, but Celeste says he had a valise.

TOMMY

(disgusted)

Terrific. Just terrific. I love it more and more by the minute!

He hangs up... looks at Chip.

TOMMY

L.A.

SMASH CUT TO:

67 EXT. LEAR JET

67

as if streaks past CAMERA and climbs into the sky and we:

CUT TO:

68 INT. 747 COCKPIT - AFTER TAKEOFF - DAY

68

The three pilots are finishing their take-off protocol as they bank out of the air traffic pattern. In the jump seat sits E.L. Turner with the clipboard upside down on his lap.

KENNEDY TOWER VOICE

(over radio)

Western 365 heavy final check control. Maintain three-fifty diamond four departure squawk 4141. Departure controlled 124. You're cleared direct to LAX. You're going off the scope. Have a good one.

AUERBACK'S VOICE

That's a roger, Kennedy. Thanks for the safe out. Adios.

OVER THIS, E.L. is watching the dash, studying the signs put there by the Western Airlines and the F.A.A. One says: USE SHOULDER STRAPS FOR TAKE-OFF. One says: RESTRICTION TWO HUNDRED FIFTY NAUTICAL MILES UNDER TEN THOUSAND FEET.

69 RESUME E.L. AND OTHERS

69

as Auerback unbuckles his shoulder straps but the navigator, Kingsley, didn't even bother to put his on.

AUERBACK

(turning)

Smooth as a kiss on a baby's bottom. How about a sandwich up here? I missed breakfast. Ask Karen.

(a beat)

You want anything, Hutchins?

E.L. smiles a tired smile.

E.L.

Well, what I'd like is if from now on, we could get Navigator Kingsley to use his shoulder straps on take-offs.

Kingsley turns around.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

KINGSLEY

I was working the transponder,  
captain.

E.L. picks up the clipboard and makes a mark on it.

70 INSERT: CLIPBOARD

70

E.L. circles 'pork chops with Russian cabbage' and  
makes a little check alongside.

E.L.

No sweat... but I gotta chart it.  
I'm off to the head. Be right back.

E.L. exits the cabin. As soon as he's gone, Auerback  
looks at the other guys in the cabin. They exchange  
worried looks.

AUERBACK

Okay, fellas, we got us a regulation  
freak. Just stay loose and we'll  
get past him.

CUT TO:

71 INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - CLOSE SHOT - CARRY-ON  
LUGGAGE LOCKER

71

as a hand reaches in and pulls out a random bag. Then  
we WIDEN and SEE that E.L. is taking somebody else's  
bag. He smiles, tips his hat at the pretty black  
stewardess and she smiles back.

72 INT. TOILET

72

E.L. enters, closes the door, locks it and puts the  
bag up on the sink.

E.L.

Let's see who we got here.

He looks at the tag on the luggage handle.

73 INSERT: I.D. TAG

73

It says:

Mr. Lionel Whitney  
2365 Elm Circle Drive  
No. Hollywood

74 RESUME E.L.

74

He snaps the bag open and starts to rummage around in it, being careful not to disturb the contents too much. He finds Lionel's wedding invitation:

Mr. and Mrs. Herman LaCross announce  
the wedding of their daughter Elizabeth  
Ann to Mr. Lionel Whitney on June 10th  
at four o'clock in the afternoon at Our  
Lady of Grace Church in Bel Air.

He puts it back, then finds some detective novels in the Mark Savage series... a can of Desenex... a blood test certificate and physical exam, some boxer shorts, and some letters from Payne Webber Jackson and Curtis. He opens one of the letters and reads it:

75 INSERT: LETTER

75

Under the letterhead: FROM THE DESK OF TOM GUSTAFSON,  
it reads:

Dear Lionel:

Send the price earnings on A.T. & T.  
Mr. Freedle in Miami. He's going  
to short five thousand shares.

Gusty

76 RESUME E.L.

76

He folds the letter up and puts it back in the suitcase. He picks up one of the novels and scans it for a beat. Then spots a magnifying glass (Sherlock Holmes variety). He picks it up and looks at it.

E.L.

Hmmm.

He puts it back, closes the suitcase and snaps it shut.

CUT TO:

77 TIGHT SHOT - CLUE GAME

77

We are VERY TIGHT ON the characters of Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet. One the CUT a hand comes in and moves Col. Mustard five places into the bedroom where Miss Scarlet is.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

LIONEL'S VOICE

(no sexual reference  
intended)Okay. I'm in the bedroom with you,  
at last.

(a beat)

Let's see...Prof. Plum killed Mr.  
Green in the library with a rope... =

MARTHA'S VOICE

Nope... my turn...

WIDEN to INCLUDE them both, the Clue set between them.  
She rolls the dice and comes up with a six. She moves  
Miss Scarlett six places and exits her from the bedroom  
to the kitchen.

MARTHA

Mrs. White killed Prof. Plum in  
the kitchen with a pipe. =

LIONEL

Oh-oh... I think that's it. I  
don't have them.

Martha smiles. She reaches out and turns over the down  
cards, revealing the fat-faced Mr. Plum and then she  
reveals the pipe. She smiles at him. Martha starts to  
put the game away. After a long beat:

LIONEL

I woulda had that if I coulda  
got to the kitchen. What kind of  
songs do you sing?

MARTHA

All kinds. Pop... forties... some  
show tunes... a little cross-over  
country-western...

LIONEL

Boy, I'd love to hear you.

MARTHA

I've got two weeks solid at the  
Orchestra Pit. It's a little  
nightclub off Sunset. My  
Agent says Patti Page started  
out there about a million years  
ago. It's my first real booking.  
I've been at the music conservatory  
in New York for three years, but  
it's time for me to sort of bust  
loose and take the shot. =

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

It must be exciting.

And now Martha's eyes glow with excitement, excitement that Lionel envies. She is so alive and hopeful about her future and he is so bummed out about his.

MARTHA

(rhapsodic)

Oh, is it ever! I mean, when I'm up there, y'know, with that mike in my hands... singing a number... Entertaining, it's like being on top of the highest mountain. And if they love you... if they stand up and applaud... your heart races and you can't get enough air, and you feel warm all over.

LIONEL

And if they don't?

MARTHA

It's horrible. Just horrible. You have cold sweat on you and your stomach knots. But the way I look at it, you'll never get the highs if you don't risk the lows.

Again she hits him dead center.

LIONEL

Yeah, yeah. I guess you're right.

MARTHA

I hope you'll come and see me.  
I'll write it down for you.

She jots an address on a magazine cover, tears it off and hands it to him.

LIONEL

(taking the paper)

I wish I could. Well, maybe... who knows. Trouble is, with the rehearsal dinner tonight, and all our friends coming in from all over... family and everything...

MARTHA

(what a bummer)

Oh, I forgot... Well, anyway...

She hands him the piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)



77 CONTINUED: (3).

77

LIONEL  
(pockets it)  
Well, anyway...

He smiles at her and she smiles at him and we:

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

78 EXT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY - (STOCK)

78

OVER THIS we'll HEAR the L.A. Tower:

L.A. TOWER VOICE  
LAX to Global 365 heavy... this is  
L.A. radar control... you're on  
the scope... welcome to smogsville...

AUERBACK'S VOICE  
That's a roger, L.A. control. You  
have a stacking pattern.

79 INT. COCKPIT - DAY

79

as Auerback, White and Kingsley are working the flaps,  
the trim tab boosters, the hydraulics of the giant  
airplane, E.L. is sipping a cup of coffee..

80 CLOSE SHOT - CLIPBOARD AND E.L.

80

It is alive with checks and doodles. After a moment,  
we HEAR the announcement (We are preparing for landing  
in L.A. Please extinguish all cigarettes and smoking  
material, etc.) As this is playing over the loudspeaker:

E.L.  
Well, I have to tell you, fellas,  
except for a few minor little  
goodies, it was a smooth, well-  
handled flight.  
(a laugh)  
I'm late for a check hop to San Diego.  
They schedule us too tight. Tell  
you what... if you put this thing  
down in one piece, and can arrange  
for me to get a special car at the  
jet pad to take me to Global flight  
control, I'll just sign you fellas  
off and we'll skip Palmdale this  
year.

The captain picks up the mike.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

AUBERBACK

This is Western 365 heavy to L.A. tower requesting a ground unit to meet us at the dock. Special transport to Global Airlines flight operations. We have a check pilot with a tight one.

CUT TO:

81 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL AT LOS ANGELES

81

We now SEE maybe twenty guys, all of them dressed differently, some are in Hawaiian shirts, some in shorts, some in jeans, a couple in chinos and white shirts, moving down the jetway. All of them look tough and we know they aren't there to meet their grandmothers.

82 CLOSE ON ONE OF THE MEN

82

He is in charge. He is overweight... wears a Hawaiian shirt with teutonic wrinkles on the back of his neck. His name is HARRY BRAUN. He carries a photograph of E.L. Turner in his hand. As they race up the corridor, the P.A. is announcing the arrival of Western Airlines Flight 365.

3 83. INT. GATE AREA - DAY

Several of the men go to the observation window to watch the jet taxi up.

BRAUN

Okay. This guy doesn't get past us. Anybody screws up on this, he's in deep, deep trouble!

One of the men, DICK HEMMET, nods his head.

HEMMET

He's not getting past us.

CUT TO:

84 INT. TERMINAL - NEW ANGLE - DAY

84

as the ten guys have the place staked out six ways from Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

34

Now way E.L. could survive in there. But he's not going in there. He exits the plane carrying the hat and coat in one hand, draped over the valise. He's across the apron, headed toward the car.

85 INT. LOBBY - THROUGH WINDOWS - DAY

85

This is a tie-in shot and Braun and Dick Hemmet watch with dismay as E.L. gets in the airport car.

BRAUN

How'd he work that?!

(a beat)

Let's go!

86 EXT. PLANE - DAY

86

as the airport ground handing car moves away from the jet.

87 INT. CAR - TOWARD TERMINAL

87

E.L.'s POV of the terminal. We can SEE Braun and Hemmet and half-a-dozen other guys running through the terminal, from window to window, parallel to the airport car.

88 INT. TERMINAL - ON BRAUN, HEMMET AND OTHERS

88

as they've lost sight of E.L.

BRAUN

(to Hemmet)

Take five guys and cover every exit from the field! I'll take the rest and check the terminal. Move it!

They split up, moving fast.

89 INT. AIRPLANE - LIONEL, MARTHA - DAY

89

The passengers are exiting the airplane. The LaCrosses are already out of the first class section.

LIONEL

(eyeing empty seats)

I guess they're already in the terminal.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

39

MARTHA

I guess.

(smiles)

Well, have a terrific life, Lionel.

LIONEL

You too.

And then, suddenly, unexpectedly, she leans forward and gives him a peck on the cheek. Then she turns and hurries off ahead of him.

CUT TO:

90 INT. AIRPORT LOBBY

90

as Lionel enters and joins up with the LaCrosses.

MRS. LA CROSS

(bitching as usual)

Can you believe airline food? You could retread a tire with that omelet.

BUNNY

(to Lionel)

Miss me?

LIONEL

(glances around terminal)

Oh... yeah.

Lionel watches as Martha Gribb is met by a man in a dark green suits, presumably her west coast agent. He hurries her off, her high-heels clicking beautifully on the terrazzo floors. And then we HEAR the P.A:

P.A.

Will Mr. Lionel Whitney please come to the white courtesy telephone.

Lionel, puzzled, looks at the LaCrosses.

LIONEL

Wonder who that is. Be right back.

91 ANGLE - COURTESY PHONE

91

as Lionel moves in and picks it up.

During this conversation E.L. is stripping the pilot's badges off his coat and pilot's hat.

LIONEL

This is Lionel Whitney.

E.L.

Mr. Whitney, this is Sam Mayfield,  
your limousine driver...

LIONEL

Limousine...?

E.L.

Mr. Gustafson an' all the folks  
down at gray, Johnson sent me  
out ta get you.

LIONEL

Gusty did that? No kidding? A  
limousine.

E.L.

He say to me... Sam, Mr. Whitney  
is gettin' married, he say, so you  
pick him up an' you take him wherever  
it is he wants to go.

LIONEL

(knocked out)

That's terrific. What a terrific  
thing!

E.L.

Yes, sir. Now, sir, I got Mr.  
Johnson own limo parked at the  
curb. I'm on the phone out here  
by the baggage claim.

(a beat)

If you tell me what you got on,  
well, I'll find you around about  
the luggage area...

LIONEL

Great! Good idea. I'm real tall,  
dark hair and I'm wearing a gray  
three-piece suit and maroon tie.

E.L.

I'll find ya. An' welcome back  
home, Mr. Whitney.

LIONEL

(proud)

Thank you, Sam. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

He hangs up and walks over to his father-in-law, swaggering just slightly.

HERMAN

Who was that?

LIONEL

Limo. The guys from Gray Johnson sent a limo for us. Isn't that great?

MRS. LA CROSS

God, I hope they were smart enough to make it a stretch or we'll never get all the luggage in one car.

They move off, leaving Lionel standing there. He's the only one excited about it.

93 ANOTHER AREA - BRAUN AND THE OTHERS

93

as they move quickly down the concourse, pausing every so often as one of them breaks off and looks down a stairwell or into an open door.

CUT TO:

94 ANGLE - FRONT SIDEWALK - DAY

94

E.L. is moving quickly down the sidewalk. He knows he's hot and he is still carrying his coat over his arm, the valise hidden under the coat. He glances around, not knowing where the trouble will come from.

95 E.L.'S POV - THE CURB

95

Along with station wagons and taxis and the normal compliment of limo drivers waiting for their passengers. He selects a driver who is leaning on his limo fender with his arms crossed. His body language tells us he's been there a while.

96 RESUME E.L.

96

He moves in on the DRIVER, looks at him for a beat.

E.L.

Scottie Maitland, Western Airlines curb attendant. Gonna have to ask you to move the car. This is a five-minute zone.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

(lying)

I just got here.

E.L. smiles a tired smile.

E.L.

Come on, Ace... don't put me through it. I gotta do this for a living. It's hard enough as it is. Just take it around.

DRIVER

Come on. Be a buddy. It's gonna take me twenty minutes in this traffic. My people will be here in a minute. Be a good guy. Please.

He reaches into his pocket, comes out with a bill and hands it to E.L. who hands it back.

E.L.

My supervisor catches me takin' money, I'm out on my kishkabob.

He looks at his watch, then sighs.

E.L.

Go on in there and see if you can find 'em. But make it quick. Okay?

DRIVER

Hey, man, you're a pal. Be right back.

He starts off and E.L. waits till he goes, then moves around, gets the keys from the ignition, opens the trunk to put in his valise, closes it, then puts the keys in his pocket. He snaps on the hat (now sans the I.D. piece) and puts on the coat, and then, bobbing his head slightly as he walks, he moves into the baggage area, a liveried limo driver.

97

E.L.'S POV - LIONEL WHITNEY

97

as described.

98

ANOTHER ANGLE - E.L. AND LIONEL

98

E.L.

Mister Whitney?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

LIONEL

Sam?

E.L.

Can I be givin' ya a hand with  
yer luggage? You have a bag?

HERMAN

You're damn sure right, we got  
bags.

99 E.L.'S POV - THE LUGGAGE

99

piled ten-high... a mountain of Gucci. These people  
are a tribute to overindulgence. Their luggage says  
it all.

100 ON E.L.

100

as he views the luggage.

E.L.

(sotto)

Oh no!

They don't hear this, and he has no choice.

E.L.

You folks have a nice trip?

He grabs the first two bags. They're hernia-makers.  
He grunts his way toward the exit.

MRS. LA CROSS

Driver... put my little cosmetic  
case in the back seat.

E.L.

(grunting)

Yes, ma'am.

He lugs their bags out onto the curb, passing Braun and  
two of the heavies on the way. They glance at him, but  
see a limo driver being bitched at by a woman, and pass  
him right by, steaming into the baggage area. E.L. puts  
the bags in the trunk, along with his black valise.

MATCH CUT:

101 BAGGAGE AREA - TIGHT SHOT - MORE BAGS

101

as E.L. grabs two more.

(CONTINUED)



101 CONTINUED:

101

He grunts with them as Herman walks alongside carrying none. Lionel reaches down and gets his own bag and the remaining one.

HERMAN

(to Lionel)

The driver will get those, Lionel!  
That's what he's paid for.

E.L.

(sweating; with effort)

Don't you do nothin' with them bags.  
Sam'll get-'em.

LIONEL

I'll do it.

And they struggle past the heavies again who are now exiting the building, looking for E.L. who keeps his head down and spouts a steady stream of camouflaging bullshit.

E.L.

Bet you folks are sure excited about the weddin'. My wife, Mary Ellen, she says, 'Sam you sure do like weddings. All the nice cakes and them crunchy cookies an' all them folks throwin' rice...'

Herman, Bunny and Ruth aren't listening.

HERMAN

God, it's four-thirty already.

RUTH

(strident)

Put that little blue one in the backseat, driver.

LIONEL

(to E.L.)

Lemme give you a hand.

E.L.

(at the trunk)

I got 'em, sir. Y'all just get in the coach.

He starts loading the trunk with the monstrous suitcases. The last one to go in is Lionel's overnighter and E.L. is trying to fit it in with no success. The curbside door is still open and E.L. is about to put it in the front seat when Braun passes him, giving him a better look. Even though E.L. has his hat pulled down, Braun makes him this time.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

BRAUN

Hey. Hey!

He starts for E.L. who is still near the trunk of the car. Without hesitation, E.L. flings Lionel's bag at Braun, knocking him down. He runs for the driver's seat, jumps in, key in the ignition, quick start and, amidst blaring horns, he fires it away from the curb as the heavies run out of the terminal to help Braun to his feet. Lionel's bag is laying on the sidewalk.

102 INT. LIMO

102

The rear passenger door is still open and Mrs. LaCross screams:

MRS. LA CROSS

The door! The door!

E.L.

I'll get it, ma'am. Watch your fingers!

He hits the brakes a jab and the door slams shut. He then hits low and powers out again, laying on the horn.

103 EXT. LIMO

103

as it hurtles across three lanes of traffic, ducking in and out and accelerating all the time.

104 INT. LIMO

104

MR. LA CROSS

What the hell are you doing, driver?!

MRS. LA CROSS

(hysterical)

Slow him down, Herm! He's crazy!

E.L.

Sorry for the little bump. Throttle sticks a little. We been tryin' to get it fixed, but they don't know what's causin' it. I'll be slow, now.

There is a beat that seems to put the fire out.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

E.L.

So you folks happy to be home in the City of Angels? We been havin' great weather.

LA CROSS

I read in the paper there was a third stage smog alert.

E.L.

Yes sir. But I pay that no nevermind. My wife's sister, she's the barometer in our family. She got emphyzema an' if she be breathin', we know it ain't too bad. But when that gal gets to wheezin', well that's when I say we got us some smog.

MRS. LA CROSS

Driver, would you mind? I could really use a little silence.

CUT TO:

105 ANGLE - AIRPORT CURB

105

Braum is holding Lionel's suitcase.

BRAUN

We've lost him.

He looks at the leather I.D. tag from Lionel's bag, rips it off and drops the bag where he's standing. The strength required to rip it off is awesome. They move off toward the parking lot and we:

CUT TO:

106 EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

106

This house was built by Jacqueline Susann but she died before she moved in. It was sold to John Dean, and he stole it from Mike Silverman Real Estate for a measley seven-hundred and fifty-thousand dollars. Trimmed lawns, oversized pool and a pair of black jockey boy statues next to the door. A pair of struggling legs MOVES PAST the CAMERA and we PAN them by and SEE that they belong to E.L., fighting the mountains of luggage up the steps into the house.

REV. 10/22/79

107 ENT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

107

as E.L. deposits the bags in the huge entry. As he does, Lionel is getting reamed by Mrs. LaCross.

RUTH

Now, Lionel, be on time. The rehearsal dinner is at nine o'clock sharp. And nine o'clock dinners mean wear a tie!

LIONEL

Of course I'd wear a tie, Mrs. LaCross. And I'm always on time.

RUTH

We have all our friends from Michigan coming in and, for God's sake, try and remember names. It makes a better impression.

HERMAN

(from upstairs)

Ruth... can we shake a leg, here? We're supposed to have lunch at the Sherman's at two.

By now E.L. is back out the door.

108 EXT. HOUSE

108

E.L. is slamming the trunk of the limo on the black valise.

HERMAN

(from inside house)

Where's my three-suiter, driver? Bring in the three-suiter.

E.L. looks up, then grabs the bag. Lionel moves out the front door with Ruth following like a well-aimed mortar barrage.

RUTH

Make sure Fred has all the boutonnières on Friday. And, for the love of God, be sure that all the ushers have their tuxedos picked up by ten, tomorrow.

HERMAN

(calling from inside)

Ruth, two o'clock is in twenty minutes! How 'bout it, huh?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

She turns, and without saying goodbye, hurries into the house. Bunny is on the lawn waiting for Lionel. E.L. moves to the trunk, slams it, making sure that his valise is still in there. Then he gets behind the wheel. He can hear Bunny and Lionel, off some distance, by the steps.

109 INTERCUT BUNNY AND LIONEL WITH E.L.

109

BUNNY

You gonna miss me?

LIONEL

(a little pissed)

Yeah, Bunny. Of course. Why do you keep asking me that?

BUNNY

'Cause I'll miss you.

110 INTERCUT E.L. reacting to this shit.

110

LIONEL

I'll see ya tonight.

Lionel leans over and pecks her on the cheek. Then he gets into the front seat of the car. E.L. starts the engine and pulls out, down the drive and onto the street.

111 EXT. LIMO RUNBY - DAY

111

as it heads to Lionel's house.

112 INT. LIMO - DAY

112

as Lionel and E.L. ride in silence. Then:

E.L.

They seem like mighty nice folks, the LaCrosses.

LIONEL

Oh, yeah... real nice.

E.L.

(smiling)

Yes sir, and Mrs. LaCross, she does know how to snap the whip.

Lionel looks at E.L.

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

You mind if I ask you a hypothetical question?

E.L.

What kind'a question is that?

LIONEL

A not-for-real question.

E.L.

(got it)  
Okay. Go ahead.

LIONEL

Do you think that girls turn out to be like their mothers? I mean, like twenty years later?

E.L. looks at Lionel, and he decides to try and help this schlub.

E.L.

It's funny you would say that, sir. See... in the Mayfield family, we go us nothin' but girls... 'cept for me'n my brother Tom, there's fifteen girl cousins an' I been watchin' them gals grow up an', to tell you true, there ain't a one'a them ain't a spittin', breathin' image'a her mother. Yes sir. You look at the mommy, you find out about the girl, is what I always say.

He looks at Lionel to see if this will stick.

LIONEL

Savage says that too. Course with a sure thing like that, there're no sure rules.

E.L.

No... but I s'pose you gots to look at the odds.

LIONEL

Yeah. I suppose you do.

E.L.

Where to?

LIONEL

2365 Elm Circle Drive, North Hollywood.

MATCH CUT TO:

113 CLOSE SHOT - TAG ON WHITNEY'S LUGGAGE

113

The tag is in Braun's hand and it says 2365 Elm Circle Drive. WIDEN to SHOW that he is in a car full of guys, driving along. Hemmet has a map book in his hand.

HEMMET

Take a left on Flower. It's about two blocks up.

MATCH CUT TO:

114 INT. LIMO - DAY

114

as Lionel gives E.L. the directions.

LIONEL

Take a right on Flower. It's about a black-and-a-half up.

115 INT. LIMO - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

115

as Lionel points to his house which is off to the right. A Datsum in the driveway.

LIONEL

That's it, there. The light blue duplex.

E.L.

I'll pull in the driveway, sir.

He starts to make the turn and then he spots the sedan coming in on the right. He sees Braun at the wheel and, instead of putting it in the driveway, he floors it, smoking it around in a circle and heading out the way he came.

LIONEL

(screaming)

No! No! I'ts back there, on the right! Whatta you doing?! Whatta you...?

But this is drowned out by sheer fright as the limo jumps a curb, bangs across the sidewalk, over a lawn and out onto Flower Street. E.L.'s foot to the floor, he goes like hell!

116 ANGLE - THE PURSUING CAR - DAY

116

as they take the same route, airborne over the sidewalk, coming down, laying rubber. They fishtail up the street after the limo.

117 SERIES OF SHOTS - RUNBYS - DAY 117

as the chase continues, fast and hard, the sedan clinging to the slower limo.

118 EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION - DAY 118

There are cars at a read light in front of E.L. He has nowhere to go. The cross traffic blocks him from going around on the wrong side, so he does the next best thing. He hits the brakes and the limo smokes to a stop, slewing sideways, the sedan a beat behind it.

119 ANGLE - E.L. 119

He bolts from the limo, leaving Lionel there, his mouth agape. E.L. takes off running up the street.

120 ANGLE - THE HEAVIES 120

as they pile up out of their car all excited. Hemmet runs after E.L., past Lionel who is sitting in the limo, watching his driver being chased by five unknown men. He slowly gets out of the car, now knowing what to do.

121 ANGLE - E.L. 121

He is fast as hell, running up the street.

122 ANGLE - LIONEL 122

As Hemmet gets out of the sedan, moves up to Lionel, looks at him menacingly:

HEMMET

Gimme the keys.

LIONEL

What?

Hemmet moves in on Lionel, takes a swing, and Lionel then does something we totally do not expect. He kicks the man in the head with a perfectly delivered karate kick and Hemmet goes down and out. It's obvious Lionel knows something about Martial Arts. Like a lot of frustrated men, he takes karate.

123 CLOSE 123

He looks at the unconscious, heavysset man.

(CONTINUED)



123. CONTINUED:

123

LIONEL  
Oh no! On no. Look't what I did! ,

124 ON E.L.

124

running like a stripe-assed zebra. He has sprinter's speed and is leaving most of the Nazis behind. But there are one or two in shape who are staying close enough to be worrisome.

125 EXT. STREET CORNER

125

The street is under construction at this corner. Several hardhats are sitting around on break with their shirts off in the heat of the afternoon. There is a Crocker Bank on the corner of the intersection and E.L. runs into it.

126 INT. BANK

126

E.L. runs through the bank, stripping his shirt off as he goes and dropping it on the floor... then exits the far side of the bank.

127 EXT. STREETCORNER

127

Stipped to the waist, E.L. exits the bank and approaches one of the white workmen. E.L. reaches into his pockets for a bill:

E.L.  
Fifty bucks for your lunchbox and  
hard hat.

MAN  
What?!

E.L.  
Yes or no?

MAN  
Yes!

E.L. snaps the hat off the workman's head and puts it on. He grabs his lunch box, sits down, leaning against a tractor or whatever street equipment is there. He pops open the box and grabs a sandwich and starts to eat it, still out of breath, as the four men exit the bank, looking for him.

128 ANGLE - BRAUN

128

He is the last one out and he's busting a lung. They look right at E.L., but see only a black construction worker. They pass within a few feet of him. He bites into the sandwich, and his face freezes. He chews it and forces it down. He looks at the man:

E.L.

What is that??

MAN

Sardines and peanut butter.

E.L.

Nobody puts sardines on peanut butter!

MAN

Ya do if you like it.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. LIMO - DAY

129

stuck in traffic. Lionel is in the street, dragging the semi-conscious Hemmet over to the curb. He props him up. The man looks at Lionel through dazed eyes. Lionel looks around for E.L.

LIONEL

(calling)

Sam... Sam...

Nothing. Then he sees the heavies coming back, but Lionel decides not to wait around. He runs to the limo, jumps in and pulls away, passing Braun and the others, making the corner at the end of the block.

130 OMITTED

130

CUT TO:

131 EXT. LIONEL WHITNEY'S DUPLEX - DAY

131

Lionel pulls the limo up in front of the house. The blue Datsun is still sitting in the driveway. Lionel gets out and, as he does, the front door of the house opens and a young man, about Lionel's age, exits. This is FRED PLATT. He is 30, white, single, and has a loopy-goopy walk. He gives Lionel a soul-slap handshake.

FRED

Whitney! How's the man.

LIONEL

Hey, Fred, you made it. How'd you get in the house?

FRED

Nine out of ten guys hide their front door keys in porch pots, Whitney. I'm surprised at you, buddy.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

LIONEL

Hey, listen... gosh it's great to see you!

He pounds Fred on the back and tries to ~~summon~~ up some collegiate rah-rah enthusiasm, but he's still shaken.

FRED

So what's up? Was that you out there spinning the donut on the street a minute ago?

Lionel looks at Fred.

LIONEL

You won't believe what just happened to me. The guys from the office sent a limo to pick me up at the airport. The driver was bringing me back... all of a sudden, about six guys in a blue sedan are chasing this guy. He blows outta here in the limo, then takes off running. I had to use my karate on one of them to get away!

Fred takes a moment to digest this.

FRED

Come on. You kidding me?

LIONEL

Do I look like I'm kidding? Look't me, I'm shaking like a leaf. I never used any of my karate before. Mr. Okahamu says you're not supposed to use it in anger. It's a sport. I... I feel so guilty about that... I....

He leans against the Datsun and takes several deep breaths.

LIONEL

Boy, I tell you one thing... it sure works! I damn near kicked that guy into next year!

Fred is looking at him. Finally, Lionel turns and moves to the trunk of the limo.

LIONEL

Gonna get my bag... have a drink... take a shower... What'm I gonna do with this car?!!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED - 2

131

LIONEL (cont'd)

(a beat)

Hey, Fred, take a look at the registration and get me the name of the owner.

Fred does. Lionel opens the trunk, looks in to find his bag is not there...only a valise, and it's got a lock on it. He pulls it out and looks at it. Fred moves over to him.

FRED

Excellsior Limo Service. Bell Gardens.

LIONEL

(staring into the trunk)

Where's my suitcase?

He moves to the back seat and looks in, then in the front seat. Then he moves to the Datsun.

LIONEL

(moving)

This must be one of Ruth LaCross's cosmetic bags that she's always braying about. That limo driver must've unloaded my bag at their house. I'll have to switch 'em at the rehearsal.

(he throws it in the Datsun)

Boy, this whole thing is starting out to be the pits!

FRED

Wait'll you'n old Bunny get to your wedding night. Take it from me, she's dynamite!

And he stops, looks at Lionel. The old cat's out of the bag! Fred puts on the brakes.

FRED

What I mean is she's probably dynamite. But that's just a guess, Whit.

LIONEL

Yeah? Sounded like you know first-hand.

He's pissed. And now he suspects that Fred and Bunny maybe made it.

CONTINUED

FRED

Hey, bunky... gimme a break. I went out with her first. Remember?

LIONEL

But you said...

FRED

I told you we never made it... and we didn't.

(a beat)

But I was talking spiritual stuff. Transcendental meditation and oneness of soul. Look, let's not have a big scene over nothing... okay?

Lionel looks at him for a beat. There seems to be nothing to say. Finally:

LIONEL

I'm gonna call this limo company.

Lionel turns and starts into the house, leaving Fred cursing himself. Fred calls to Lionel who's almost on the front porch.

FRED

Hey, pal... look, it's no big thing.

Lionel stands there, still reeling from the last few minutes. A one-two punch in anybody's book.

FRED

(after a beat)

Hey, listen, pal... can I borrow the Datsum? I gotta check on the tuxedos and the boutonnières. And then I gotta go pick up my folks at the airport.

(a beat)

I'll probably miss the dinner because their flight is in at nine. But I'll be at the rehearsal by ten.

Fred looks at him hopefully. Lionel says nothing. He reaches into his pocket, takes some keys off the ring and pitches them to Fred.

FRED

Hey, you're a pal. Thanks, buddy. And, hey, listen... about Bunny... she never liked me, y'know... not really. I mean, not after the first time. Y'know?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

FRED

(a beat)

See you, bunky. No sweat, right?  
No sweat?

He's just digging himself in deeper, so he turns, gets in the Datsun and pulls it out of the driveway. A getaway.

132 ANGLE - LIONEL

132

He looks after the car. He's really in the drumps. After a moment, he turns and enters the house.

133 INT. DUPLEX - DAY

133

This is a bachelor's pad... Shag carpets, bullfighter posters, stereo with all the accoutrements. He goes to the phone stand to look Executive Limo in the book.

134 INSERT - HIS FINGER

134

moving down the page.

LIONEL'S VOICE

Executive Limo... 555-6787.

HOLD for a beat and...

CUT TO:

135 CLOSE SHOT - BLINKING RED LIGHT

135

HOLD for a moment and WIDEN TO SHOW that it is on the top of a police car. As we PULL BACK we'll SEE two COPS leading Lionel, handcuffed, out of the house, over to the car. Lionel is protesting loudly:

LIONEL

What're you doing?! I'm the one who reported the car stolen!

COP

Sure, that happens all the time. Guy boosts the car when he's high on coke or poppers, decides to give it back when he comes down.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

LIONEL

No! No! I told you the guys at the office sent the car for me.

COP

We checked with Mr. Gustafson. He didn't send a limo for you... but my bet is when we get the latents off the steering wheel and the mirror, we're gonna get a nice set that match your fingerprints perfectly.

LIONEL

(anguished)

I told you... I drove the car home after the driver took off!

As they lead him to the squad car, we will pass the limo and notice a print man working on the steering wheel.

COP

Watch your head.

The Cop pushes Lionel in the back seat of the car and gets in beside him. Another Cop gets behind the wheel, starts the car and pulls out. All the while we HEAR Lionel protesting.

LIONEL

No... please don't do this! I'm supposed to get married on Saturday!

But the car moves out and down the street as we...

CUT TO:

136 EXT. COUNTY JAIL BUILDINGS - EARLY EVENING, STILL LIGHT

136

As we WATCH, E.L. walks up the steps. He is now dressed in a three-piece suit and vest, conservative tie, polished wing-tips and carries a briefcase. He wears horn-rimmed glasses. As he moves into the building, he passes a sign reading "ATTORNEYS' ENTRANCE."

137 INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - DAY

137

E.L. moves up the corridor to the desk of a police sergeant (SGT. MICKLIN).

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

E.L. shows him an I.D. in a leather wallet.

E.L.

Ronald Rouche... Rouche-Rittelman,  
Attorneys. Here to see Lionel  
Whitney.

CUT TO:

138 CLOSE SHOT - MESH-SCREENED DOOR

138

It opens and a frightened, bewildered Lionel Whitney,  
in pretty good fitting county denims is led into the  
Attorneys' room.

139 INT. ATTORNEYS' ROOM

139

It has long tables with foot-high wood barriers running  
down the center of them, over which attorneys confer  
with their clients. There are several other attorneys  
and prisoners scattered through the room, conferring  
quietly. A county sheriff prowls the perimeter.  
Lionel is moved by a GUARD to a table. He sits down  
... there is nobody opposite him. Then the door on  
the far side opens and a guard leads E.L. over to  
Lionel. He sits down. Lionel looks at him, but  
doesn't make him because of the horn-rimmed glasses  
E.L. is wearing and the fact that his head is bowed  
slightly.

LIONEL

Who are you? I didn't call an  
attorney. They said...

And E.L. looks up and takes off his glasses. Lionel  
recognizes him.

LIONEL

(too loud)

It's you! It's you! You're the  
one got me in here, you... you  
stole that car!

(to the Guard)

Arrest him! He stole the car!!

The Guard moves over, about to take charge.

E.L.

(shows I.D.  
to Guard)

Ron Rouche.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



E.L. (CONT'L)  
I'm with the Public Defender's  
office. I think he's gonna be  
okay, but we may want him isolated.  
Maybe do a psychiatric...

LIONEL  
A what?

E.L.  
(a beat)  
I'll try and keep him quiet. Gimme  
a minute more.

GUARD  
Okay. But if you can't, I'm gonna  
have to pull him out.

E.L.  
I understand. I'm just trying to  
get some background for our office.

The Guard moves away and Lionel looks at E.L., awe-  
struck.

LIONEL  
You're no attorney!

E.L.  
You're no car thief, either, but  
we're both in here just the same.

Lionel doesn't see the humor in it. E.L. smiles.

E.L.  
Hey, lighten up, Lionel. It's just  
a crummy little hot car beef. They  
won't tube you for that... 'specially  
not on a first offense. Hey, you  
draw a little probation... you watch  
your step and all you lose is your  
voting rights. And the way things  
are, who can pick a candidate  
these days, anyway.

Lionel leans in. He's smoking mad.

LIONEL  
(too loud)  
Listen up, you! I'm not about to  
get busted for this! You stole  
that car!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

E.L.  
(motioning toward  
Guard)

If you don't relax. He's gonna  
throw you in the head ward.

Lionel looks at the Guard, who is watching them with  
growing concern.

E.L.  
Look... what I'm also saying is  
I'm sorry. Y'know? I was moving  
fast and loose and I was improvising.  
And you got caught in the middle.  
And I'm just trying to help you  
out. Okay?

LIONEL  
Who the hell are you?

E.L. looks around at the other occupants, lowers his  
voice.

E.L.  
Okay. Okay. I'm gonna tell you.  
You got a right to know but, sir,  
you gotta keep it to yourself  
'cause I'm putting my life on the  
line here.

Lionel waits.

E.L.  
Agent Hume Stoval, A.T.F. I'm  
working a big international  
smuggle. Brown Mexican snow.  
(off Lionel's look)  
That's unprocessed heroin. It's  
coming in on donkeys, through  
Los Angeles airport.  
(off Lionel's look)  
A donkey or a mule is a carrier.

LIONEL  
(hisses)  
Feds don't steal limos! Alcohol,  
Tobacco and Firearms? That's your  
agency, huh?

E.L.  
That's right.

LIONEL  
Who's head of it?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (3)

139

E.L. is stuck on that one, but without missing a beat:

E.L.

Morrie Feldman.

LIONEL

Wrong. It's Abe Whitfield. I happen to be a law enforcement buff!

E.L. looks at him for a beat, goes on.

E.L.

It still doesn't change the fact that you're about to take a fall for G.T.A. If you want out, you gotta cooperate with me.

LIONEL

I'm not cooperating with you! First you're Stepin Fetchit, then you're Sidney Poitier, and now you're fucking Ephram Zimbalist! Just get out of here and leave me alone! Okay?!

E.L.

(a well-aimed shot)

You want me to call your father-in-law? Have him try and spring you?

LIONEL

(panicked)

No! No! He'll kill me. Why are you doing this to me?

The Guard starts to move in on them. E.L. shakes his head and holds up his hand indicating that he's got it under control.

E.L.

I'm telling you, Lionel... you gotta stay frosty. That guard is about to drop you in the hamster cage.

Lionel looks at the Guard, then at E.L.

E.L.

I think five hundred bucks will square us with the limo company. I also know a bail bondsman. I think I can get you loose.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (4)

139

LIONEL

If you pay them five hundred, what happens?

E.L.

They don't press charges and the whole thing turns to dust.

LIONEL

(a plea)

Get me outta here.

E.L.

Done.

E.L. gets up to leave.

LIONEL

What... just what is your real name, anyway?

E.L.

(leaning in)

I'm Walt Disney, but don't tell anybody 'cause I'm trying to beat a tax case and I'm supposed to be dead.

E.L. turns and moves quickly out of the room as the Guard moves over to Lionel.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. COUNTY JAIL - ATTORNEYS' EXIT - NIGHT

140

as E.L. and Lionel exit the jail. Lionel is buttoning the cuff on his shirt. E.L. is carrying his briefcase. They move across to the parking area, E.L. trying to keep up with the fast-moving Lionel.

E.L.

Slow down, will you?

LIONEL

Go away. Leave me alone.

E.L.

Look, man, I got you outta there.

Lionel's still moving fast.

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

You also got me in there. Don't forget that part!

E.L.

Look, you wanted to know who I am. Okay. I'll tell you.

Lionel turns and looks at him for a beat.

LIONEL

By all means. . . This oughta be great.

(a beat)

No. Lemme guess. You're an astronaut, right? You and John Glenn and Mickey Mouse got a bad re-entry and you just happened to land in the front seat of that limo.

E.L.

(softly)

My name is E.L. Turner.

(a beat)

I'm a bank teller downtown... and my ex-wife stole my daughter from me... I had custody because she drinks. She hired four bodyguards, they're the ones who are trying to catch me and beat me up. And all I want is my daughter back.

(sadly)

I think my ex-wife is trying to have me killed.

Lionel looks at him without sympathy.

LIONEL

(a beat)

I hate this one worst of all!

Lionel moves off toward a taxi some distance away.

E.L.

(following him)

Look... Mr. Whitney... you gotta do me a favor.

LIONEL

(spinning and  
mad as hell)

What!

(CONTINUED)

E.L.

I left my overnight bag in the trunk of that car. I need it. I was wondering if you saw it.

LIONEL

That's why you got me out! You need your suitcase!

(a beat)

What's in it? Money? Hot watches? What? 'Cause those guys sure weren't looking for Easter eggs!

E.L.

Nothing's in it. Nothing.  
(beat)

Except...

LIONEL

Yeah?

E.L.

My insulin shot.

LIONEL

You're a diabetic?

E.L.

I'm a diabetic... and I can't get a prescription here in L.A., and I need...

LIONEL

(overlapping)

You're a diabetic. Sure you are.

E.L.

I need....

LIONEL

(overlapping)

Just shut up! Okay? You want your suitcase? Fine. Fine. You can have it. The quicker I get you outta my life, the better!

E.L.

I hate to see you so exercised, Lionel. Y'know, two outta three cardiac conditions are brought on by just this sort of hyperactivity.

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

(sputtering)

Just... just... don't say another word! Look, I don't have your suitcase... at least, not now. I put it in the back of my Datsun. My best man has it. I thought it was Ruth's and I can't get to it till the wedding rehearsal tonight.

E.L.

I'll just meet you at the church.

LIONEL

I don't want you within ten miles of that wedding rehearsal. You just stay away from here. I'm not telling you where it is!

E.L.

I already know. You're getting married at Our Lady of Grace in Bel Air.

LIONEL

Aww, no! How did you find that out?

E.L.

I know all about you, Lionel. I know your blood type and what kinda books you read... I know about your magnifying glass. Everything.

LIONEL

You went through my luggage, didn't you! That's how you know. And, while we're on the subject... where is my bag?

E.L.

I left it at Baby Ruth and Horrible Herman's by mistake.

LIONEL

Lay off the cracks about my in-laws.

E.L.

If you marry into that family, Lionel, you deserve to go to Camarillo.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (4)

140

LIONEL

Stay away from me. You got it? I don't care what Mr. Okahamu says, if I see you again, I'm gonna kick your head off!

He spins and stomps off, leaving E.J. in the parking lot.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 EXT. CITY STREET - ON LIONEL - NIGHT

141

Lionel walks along the street, looking in store windows. He is troubled. He stops at a travel agency window and looks long and hard at a tropical beach scene in the window which says "COME TO PARADISE." He turns away, play this for as long as necessary. A man in deep conflict walking away. Then he spots a cab, hails it to the curb, gets in.

142 INT. CAB - NIGHT

142

Lionel looks at his watch.

LIONEL

Take me to a nightclub called 'The Orchestra Pit.'

The guy jams down his flag and we...

CUT TO:

143 INT. ORCHESTRA PIT - CLOSE ON MARTHA GRIBB

143

She's giving it her all, belting out a Streisand number. There are maybe twenty people in the Orchestra Pit. It's one of those Sunset Boulevard bars that looks like half the patrons are vice cops. There's a lot of talking despite the fact that Martha is singing "I Want To Be Me." It's a very stylized treatment. Somewhere in the back a PINBALL MACHINE starts CLATTERING. Martha is still doing a trouser's job. Finally she finishes the song and a sleazy COMIC with too much collar and cuffs comes onstage.

COMIC

There she is, folks! Martha Gribb from East Turkeyneck. Real good, honey. Let's give her another round.

(CONTINUED)



143 CONTINUED:

143

And there's some listless clapping... one clapping pair of hands lasting long after the others... and without looking, we know it's Lionel.

COMIC

(into microphone)

Okay, you boozers and rapists... calm down. Next show starts in forty minutes.

He steps off the stage and hands Martha a note.

COMIC

Some clown in the back wants to buy you a drink.

She opens the note. It says:

"Col. Mustard seeks the pleasure of Miss Scarlet's company for a drink."

She smiles and moves out through the murky darkness of the bar. She finds Lionel toward the back. He stands as she approaches. She looks at him for a long moment.

MARTHA

You came. I thought tonight was the rehearsal dinner.

He looks at her and smiles.

LIONEL

Yeah, it is.

MARTHA

(smiling)

Aren't you supposed to be there?

LIONEL

Ten minutes ago.

They sit down.

LIONEL

You were great. I mean, really great.

MARTHA

Isn't this place awful? They have a stripper. She didn't go on because she says she got some bad shrimp, but I think she's just chicken.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

LIONEL

What counts is you went on and you were giving it your all. You were trying. If they aren't smart enough to realize you're great, then it's their loss.

She smiles at him.

MARTHA

(looking around)

Yuuukkk. What a bummer!

(shakes it off)

So. How's Colonel Mustard? You talk to Prof. Plum lately?

LIONEL

(a smile)

He's dead. Remember? Mrs. White beat him to death with a pipe.

On that, before anything more can be said, two men suddenly sit down at the table with them... one on the left, one on the right... and they stare at Lionel.

LIONEL

Yeah? Whatta you want?

The man on the right is the size and shape of a Sumo wrestler, his gut hanging out over his belt. His name is TINY. His partner is big and a little shorter and he's known in the trade as LITTLE MO. They look at Lionel without saying anything.

LIONEL

We're having a private conversation. Please leave this table immediately.

LITTLE MO

Lionel Whitney?

LIONEL

How'd you know my name?

Little Mo pitches something at Lionel. It bounces off his chest and lands on the table in front of him. The little leather name tag torn off his suitcase.

LIONEL

That's off my suitcase.

He leans in to him.

(CONTINUED)

TINY

I got my hand in my pocket and I'm pointing a thirty-eight at your belly button. Now you and the chirp, here, just get up slowly and we leave this place real quiet.

LIONEL

Oh, no. Look, please leave me alone. I don't know what's going on. I know you think I do, but I don't. I really don't.

TINY

Just do what I say.

LIONEL

Leave her out of it. Don't take her.

LITTLE MO

Gotta. Otherwise, soon as we're gone, she's yelling for the bulls.  
(a beat)  
Come on.

MARTHA

(scared)

Lionel...??

LIONEL

I don't know... it's been like this all afternoon.

LITTLE MO

(to Lionel)

I said let's go.

They get up and walk slowly to the exit. The Comic moves in.

COMIC

Hey, Martha, we got two more shows ... where you going?

LITTLE MO

She's going to the toilet. You got a problem with that, pally?

COMIC

(he's a survivor)

No. No. If she doesn't come back, I got no problem with that, either.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (4)

143

LITTLE MO

Good.

And they're out the door.

144 EXT. ORCHESTRA PIT - NIGHT

144

As soon as they're on the sidewalk, a dark brown Chrysler town car chirps to the curb and they're quickly hustled into the back seat, then Tiny and Little Mo get in. Seated in the driver's seat is Chip, the guy with ten grand on his cuffs.

145 INT. CHRYSLER - NIGHT

145

LIONEL

Please don't do this. I'm supposed to get married on Saturday.

CHIP

Stifle it, okay?

Chip puts it in gear and pulls out as we...

CUT TO:

146 EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT

146

This is a big Colonial on Barenson Drive. It sits back from the street fronted by a circle drive and a trimmed lawn which now has a Mike Silverman "For Sale" sign stuck into it like a stake through Dracula's heart. The house is dark. There is one car pulled up the driveway, out of view of the street. As we WATCH, the headlights from the Chrysler sweep the front of the house and the car pulls up. The headlights go out and the doors open as Tiny and Little Mo get out along with Chip, Martha and Lionel. They're prodded along with a revolver that is hidden in Tiny's picnic ham of a hand.

147 ANGLE - ACROSS CAR TO FRONT DOOR

147

as Little Mo moves around to the driver's seat and pulls the car out with the headlights off. Chip and Tiny escort Lionel and Martha into the house. (NOTE: There is no furniture in here, no carpets on the hardwood floors.)

148 INT. DEN - NIGHT

148

No lights... except the light coming from the full moon which is bright enough to highlight the swimming pool and cabana SEEN through the huge double doors. Behind them Tommy Tedesco, now in a pair of jeans and fresh Si Devore shirt along with another man whose name is PHIL RESUTO, is looking at the fuse box with a flashlight. Their backs to Lionel, Martha, et al.

TOMMY

Get the lights on. Just don't set off the alarm!

PHIL

Can't happen. We shorted it and took out the batteries.

Tommy turns around to look at Lionel and Martha.

TOMMY

Who's the skirt?

CHIP

Singer at the club where we picked him up.

PHIL

(at the electrical box)

I got it. I think I got it.

Phil throws a switch and the lights go on out by the pool.

TOMMY

(alarmed)

Come on! That's the pool! Shut it off!

Phil shuts it off and keeps working.

TOMMY

So... you're Whitney, huh?

LIONEL

Yes. Look... there's been a mistake. I don't...

TOMMY

(interrupting)

Let's you'n me get something clear up front, Whitney.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

TOMMY (cont'd)

When I don't get the straight poop,  
I take you out in the kitchen and  
cut off a couple of fingers.

LIONEL

(swallowing hard)

You what?

TOMMY

You heard me, honey boy. I like  
to get that straight. Okay, we're  
straight. Right?

(to Chip)

I like this guy, Chip. He gets  
the picture fast.

(to Lionel)

I like you, Lionel.

(to Martha)

I'd offer you a seat, honey, but  
they ain't got one... so you don't  
mind standing, I hope.

MARTHA

Please let us go. Please. We didn't  
do anything. I don't even know what  
this is all about.

TOMMY

I like that, Whitney. You don't  
tell the broad nothing. That's  
good. Real good.

(to Phil)

How you comin' with the power,  
Philip? I hate workin' in the  
dark.

PHIL

I don't know. I think...

He flips the switch and the lights go on by the tennis  
courts.

TOMMY

Come on! Kill it!

He does and Tommy turns to Lionel.

TOMMY

Okay. We start at the top. You  
work for this Turner guy, right?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

148

LIONEL

Who?

TOMMY

Turner. E.L. Turner. He's a con man. They call him Tenspeed. You're one of his operatives, right?

LIONEL

I'm... no... no... I'm a stockbroker. I'm getting married on Saturday. All of a sudden people are chasing me and kidnapping me out of bars...

TOMMY

See... already I'm gettin' tired of you, Lionel. And I'm beginning to think about kitchens and butcher knives...if you get my drift.

LIONEL

(trying to fit it)

Is E.L. Turner a black guy, good looking, medium height and muscular... about thirty-five or six...?

TOMMY

That's the guy.

LIONEL

Well, sir... what this man has done to me this afternoon would fill a book. Y'see...I was coming home from San Francisco and he claimed to be a limo driver and he picked us up... me an' my fiancée and her family... at the airport. He drove us home and a buncha guys started chasing us outside my house... and then I was arrested for stealing the limo and this Turner, if that's his name, got the charges dropped and he says he left his valise in the limo...

TOMMY

(interrupts)

Hold it. Okay... valise...

(to Chip)

Didn't that what's-his-face guy say something about a valise?

(CONTINUED)

CHIP  
Hemmet. Yeah.

TOMMY  
Get him. Bring him in here.

Chip moves out of the room and Tommy motions Lionel to go on.

LIONEL  
(rattling)  
Well, that's all. The valise is in my Datsun 'cause I thought it was Ruth LaCross's cosmetic bag... and I won't be able to get it back to Turner until the wedding rehearsal tonight at ten o'clock. That's all I know.

After a moment, Hemmet is led into the room. This is the guy that Lionel kicked in the head, but since then, somebody has done a lot more damage to him. He is being supported by Chip and another big, bull-necked man. He looks at them out of half-closed eyes.

TOMMY  
(to Whitney)  
Okay. You know this guy?

Lionel looks at him, nods his head.

TOMMY  
So... let's hear.

LIONEL  
He's one of the ones who was chasing Turner.

TOMMY  
Well, what he is, in fact, Lionel, is... he's a Nazi. Now you know me, I'm a patient guy, but when these guys go out and pop my Uncle Sam ... shoot 'em in the head. I'm losing my patience.

LIONEL  
(weak with fear)  
Sam Diagusta is... was your uncle?  
Tommy grunts "yes" and moves over to Hemmet, grabs him under the chin.

TOMMY  
You got anything more for me, chickie?

(CONTINUED)



148 CONTINUED: (4)

148

He looks in Hemmet's eyes. He's scared pissless.

HEMMET

I... please don't... I told you everything.

TOMMY

(angry)

You just lost a couple of fingers.  
Get him ready.

He nods sharply to Chip and the other man and they drag Hemmet out.

TOMMY

Okay. That guy, Hemmet, says my uncle was fencing some diamonds for some Nazi named Beuler and he says Uncle Sam sold the diamonds and then kept the whole bundle, told Beuler to go whistle for it.

(a beat)

So Beuler and his Nazi friends, they put one in Uncle Sam's forehead...

(a beat)

This makes me mad. They pick up my Aunt Celeste and scare her silly. She tells 'em that the money from the sale of the diamonds is in Uncle Sam's safe deposit box...

(a beat)

They drag poor Aunt Celeste down there to open the box and that's where I don't have a piece. How the money gets from the box to this guy Tenspeed Turner is a mystery... but he ends up with it ... and they're chasin' him.

(a beat)

The money is fine. I like money. For this money I do not lust. But for killing my Uncle Sam, this is something for which I will demand payment!

LIONEL

I don't know how to help you.  
I'm just a stockbroker.

(CONTINUED)

TINY

(from out of nowhere)

Don't believe him, Mr. T. When I picked 'em up, he and the skirt were talkin' about greasin' some guy named Plum. They hit 'im with a pipe.

LIONEL

Oh, no, that's a game. Clue. We were talking about a game of Clue.

He looks at Lionel then he snaps his fingers at Tiny.

TOMMY

(ignoring)

Gimme that number. You still got it?

Tiny hands him the telephone number.

TOMMY

You call the number there. You ask for this kraut goofball, Beuler. You tell Beuler you got his money and you tell 'im to show up at the church at ten tonight.

LIONEL

No! At the rehearsal?! Aww, come on... that's my wedding rehearsal. Please. Don't do this...

TOMMY

Hey, chickie... you think I care about your wedding rehearsal? I ain't fooling around, here. Now, do it!

He hands him the number and pushes a phone at him which is on the bar. Lionel starts to dial with shaking hands.

MARTHA

I don't believe you. Where do people like you come from?

TOMMY

(completely  
missing it)

Me? I come from the Bronx. I make my home in Manhattan...

(proud)

Fifth Avenue.

149 INTERCUT L.A. NAZI HEADQUARTERS

149

The PHONE RINGS. On the CUT we'll SEE Beuler pacing as the PHONE RINGS. Braum is off to one side, watching Beuler with concern. The RINGING PHONE is answered in the b.g. by another man who calls out to Beuler:

Beuler crosses to the phone and we INTERCUT the conversation.

BEULER

Beuler here.

LIONEL

This is Lionel Whitney. I've got the money. It's in a valise. If you come to Our Lady of Grace Church, in Bel Air at ten tonight, I'll give it to you.

BEULER

What happened to Hemmet? I want to talk to Hemmet.

150 CLOSE ON PHONE

150

Before Lionel can answer, Tommy's hand comes in and disconnects the phone.

CUT TO:

151 EXT. OUR LADY OF GRACE CHURCH - NIGHT

151

This is a cathedral-like church somewhere in West Hollywood or Bel Air... old enough to be dignified... well planted. On the CUT we'll SEE cars streaming into the parking lot. The LaCross family, et al, from the rehearsal dinner.

152 ANGLE - HERMAN LA CROSS - NIGHT

152

as he and Bunny and Ruth get out. Ruth is steaming mad.

MRS. LA CROSS

Just where the hell was Lionel, huh? We have a nice rehearsal dinner... the groom doesn't even show up! If he's not inside, I don't know how in God's name we'll be able to have the rehearsal. The best man hasn't even shown up yet.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

BUNNY

Fred's picking up his folks at  
the airport.

They move past E.L. who is leaning up against a car in  
the parking lot, dressed in a windbreaker and slacks.  
Herman looks at him, doesn't recognize him as the limo  
driver.

HERMAN

(to E.L.)

This is a private wedding rehearsal.  
Only the wedding party are invited.

E.L.

I'm Walt Rogers... but everybody  
calls me Skipper. I'm the assistant  
organ master. You need any help,  
you just ask old Skipper. That  
organ's been acting up slightly  
on the E. stops. I think she'll  
be okay now, though. You folks  
have a nice rehearsal.

They move on, leaving him alone.

CUT TO:

153 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

153

People are milling about. The wedding party is con-  
gregating. Bunny is talking to some of her bridesmaids,  
all of them are pretty blonds, natch.

154 ANGLE - HERMAN LA CROSS

154

He is looking at his watch.

HERMAN

(looking around)

Where's Father O'Brien?

MRS. LA CROSS

He left the hotel ahead of us.

HERMAN

Then he should be here. We can't  
have much of a rehearsal without  
the priest.

MRS. LA CROSS

Or the groom... or the best man...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

MRS. LA CROSS (CONT'D)  
It's a disaster. It can't get any worse.

But, of course, we know it's going to.

CUT TO:

155 INT. CHRYSLER TOWN CAR - DAY

155

as it pulls up across the street from the church and parks. Tommy T. is in the back seat with Lionel and Martha Gribb. Tiny and Chip are in the front seat.

TOMMY  
(to Tiny)  
Okay, let's take this kid in, Chipper.  
(to Tiny)  
Get on the horn and tell Mo and the other guys we're going in. And sit on the girl.

He opens the door and pulls Lionel out. Little Mo picks up a walkie-talkie.

156 EXT. CHURCH

156

Lionel is being led across the church yard toward the chapel.

TOMMY  
You see the Datsun, Kid?

LIONEL  
No. He's not here yet.

157 ANGLE - E.L.

157

watching from the shadows. He sees Lionel being led by Crazy Tommy T... from E.L.'s expression, we can tell he knows who Tommy T. is.

158 TOMMY AND LIONEL

158

As they walk toward the chapel, the headlights from the Datsun sweep across them. The little car buzzes into the parking lot and Fred jumps out.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

FRED

Traffic was awful. How you doing,  
bunky? Got the old butterflies yet?  
(a beat)

Who are you guys?

CHIP

(a smile)

Friends of the bride.

Tommy nudges Lionel.

LIONEL

You still got that bag? The black  
one?

FRED

Yeah, you want it?

He pulls out the key, goes to the trunk of the Datsun,  
opens it, takes out the valise and hands it to Lionel,  
slamming the trunk shut.

CHIP

(to Fred)

Why don't you go inside, kid. Tell  
everybody that Lionel'll be in in  
a minute.

Fred moves reluctantly toward the church. He senses  
something isn't right, but he's no hero.

159 ANGLE - E.L.

159

He sees what is happening. He moves up closer.

160 RESUME TOMMY, CHIP AND LIONEL

160

after Fred leaves.

TOMMY

Okay Whitney... now you just walk  
on in there with this bag and see  
what happens. Them Nazis oughta  
make a move. Just let 'em have the  
bag. We'll take it from there...  
Go!

He pushes Lionel in the direction of the door to the  
church.

161 INT. CHURCH

161

as Lionel walks into this wedding rehearsal like a man going to his execution. He moves slowly up the aisle, his eyes darting in all directions. Ruth spots him along with Bunny and Herman and they charge him like a herd of rhinos.

HERMAN

Where have you been?

BUNNY

Li-o-nel, where were you??

MRS. LA CROSS

Now, if that priest will show up,  
we can get started.

Lionel is looking in every direction, clutching the bag, unable to move... paralyzed with fear as these people mill about him, yammering. Then the PRIEST comes through the side door.

162 ANGLE - PRIEST

162

PRIEST

Hello... hello.

He moves down the aisle.

163 RESUME HERMAN, LIONEL AND ALL

163

HERMAN

Who are you?

PRIEST

I'm Father Dwight Morris. I'm sorry, but Father O'Brien isn't going to be able to make it. He got in a car accident on the way over from the hotel. He banged his head and they took him to the hospital. He called me and asked if I'd sub for him. He says not to worry, he's gonna be just fine.

HERMAN

Can we get this thing started?

PRIEST

Okay. Let's all gather around  
up by the altar.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

PRIEST (cont'd)  
(calling to the  
others)  
Gather around. Bridesmaids on the  
right, groom's men on the left.  
(looking around)  
Who are the parents of the bride?

HERMAN/MRS. LA CROSS  
We are.

PRIEST  
(happily smiling)  
Over here, please.

164 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

164

E.L. is not sure what to do. He moves quickly toward  
the side door of the church and, as he does, he passes  
a man in a car parked in the shadows, making squawking  
noises.

165 ANGLE - MAN

165

He is in his underwear, gagged and tied, hand and foot.  
E.L. stops, looks at him, then opens the door and unties  
the gag.

O'BRIEN  
I'm Father O'Brien. He took my robes.

E.L. turns and enters the church on the run, through the  
side door. As he does, it starts to go down.

166 INT. CHURCH

166

PRIEST  
Lemme have that bag, son. We  
can't go through this with you  
holding a suitcase.

LIONEL  
(this couldn't be a  
German)  
I... ahh...

PRIEST  
(insistent)  
Give it here, please.

(CONTINUED)



166 CONTINUED

166

The priest reaches for it, gives it a giant yank, but Lionel holds on. =

HERMAN

(pissed)

What the devil is this?!

Then E.L. streaks into the church and all hell breaks loose. First the Priest pulls a forty-five, yanks on the bag, getting it away from Lionel...then Tommy T. and Chip appear in the wings as the Priest, holding the gun on the wedding party, starts backing out of the church. =

PRIEST

Just stay where you are. =

E.L. makes a flying tackle over the railing, bringing the priest down. The priest FIRES his gun, the bullet hitting a pew. The shot brings Beuler and two others in from the east alcove. They spot Tommy T. and Chip and let fly TWO SHOTS. Tommy and Chip return and FIRE. Herman, Ruth and the wedding party are scurrying under the pews, screaming as the bullets fly. =

167 ANGLE - E.L.

167

He smacks the priest with his fist, grabs the valise and yells at Lionel:

E.L.

Let's go! Rehearsal's over.

E.L. runs up the aisle, Lionel following. The priest gets to his feet and runs after them. =

168 INTERCUT - BEULER AND FOUR NAZIS

168

They run out of the far side of the church to intercept Lionel and E.L. coming out the front.

169 EXT. CHURCH - ANGLE TOWN CAR - NIGHT

169

Tiny piles out of the car and runs halfway across the street, leaving Martha unattended in the car. Lionel runs toward the town car and the approaching Tiny. The priest is about ten yards behind. Beuler and the Nazis are rounding the front of the church with their guns drawn. There are SCREAMS still coming from the panicked wedding party inside.

- 170 ANGLE - TINY AND LIONEL 170  
 as we again SEE the work of Mr. Okahamu as Lionel positions himself on his right foot and karate kicks Tiny over the hood of the car, jumps in the front seat, along with E.L., fires up the town car and pulls away.
- 171 ANGLE - MINISTER 171  
 robes flying, he chases the car down the street, grabbing the rear door, jacks it open and starts to jump into the back seat as:
- 172 ANGLE - TOMMY T. 172  
 FIRES his forty-five at the car and hits the Minister square in the back. The slug catapults him into the back seat. Lionel and Martha spin around to find the minister gurgling his last. E.L., at the wheel, puts his foot in it as the Nazis and the mafia exchange GUNSHOTS in the church parking lot. He wheels around the corner and away.
- 173 SERIES OF SHOTS - CHRYSLER TOWN CAR - RUNBY - DAY 173  
 as they explode up the street, going sideways on the corners.
- 174 INT. CAR - NIGHT 174  
 Lionel is clutching the valise. E.L. is driving like a wild man and Marth is wide-eyed with terror looking into the back seat at the dead minister. Play this moment and...
- CUT TO:
- 175 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 175  
 This is one of those high-income neighborhood parks with a hundred thousand dollar jogging track; mosaic drinking fountains. As we WATCH, the town car pulls in and stops. The engine is shut off but it is still TICKING LOUDLY from the heat. We CAN'T SEE inside the car. It's just sitting with the windows up... nobody moving to exit. Play this for a long beat, then:
- 176 INT. CAR - E.L., LIONEL AND MARTHA - NIGHT 176  
 The three of them just sit in dead silence... the Nazi in the back seat supplying the dead.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

Play it for a long moment, then:

E.L.

This was some wedding rehearsal  
you had, Lionel. A nine-point-  
five on the Turner scale.

Lionel is just sitting quietly, but we've gotten to know  
him well enough to suspect that he is about to blow.

LIONEL

(angry)

Get out!

E.L.

Huh?

LIONEL

Get out!

E.L. looks at Lionel for a long beat.

E.L.

Listen man... let's just hold our  
collective horses, here.

Lionel throws open the door of the car, runs around to  
the driver's side, yanks E.L.'s door open and pulls him  
out by the collar.

177 ANGLE - E.L. AND LIONEL

177

E.L. quickly scrambles away from Lionel and the two now  
stand about ten yards apart.

E.L.

Before you come any closer, I'm  
instructed to inform you that my  
hands and feet are considered lethal  
weapons, and that you proceed from  
here on at your own risk. I have  
a third-degree black belt.

LIONEL

Me too.

Lionel assumes the martial arts position.

E.L.

(backing away)

Come on.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

E.L. looks at him for a beat. He's not about to tangle with him.

E.L.

(a beat)

Okay. Okay. I give. Uncle. King's ex.

And Lionel rushes him and they begin what could be a knock-out, drag-out fight except, after the first blow, Lionel karates E.L. backwards onto the jogging track. E.L. springs back up and while Lionel is repositioning himself, E.L. takes off running around the track. Lionel gives chase but E.L. is fast... maybe a nine-five hundred. There is no way that Lionel is going to catch him. Finally he slows down and stops. E.L. is out of sight somewhere in the dark.

LIONEL

(yelling)

In ten hours you've just ruined my life! You know that?!

E.L.'S VOICE

Lionel, I think you should calm down.

LIONEL

(yelling)

Calm down? Calm down?! You... you put me in the middle, between the American Nazi party and the Mafia, and you say calm down?? I'm gonna kill you! Whoever you are! I'm gonna catch you and kill you!!

E.L.'S VOICE

Reason never prevails in an atmosphere of violence, Lionel.

LIONEL

(to Martha)

Don't you love this guy? Don't you just love him?!

E.L.'S VOICE

You're being juvenile, Lionel.

LIONEL

Yeah? Okay. So maybe it's time I was a little juvenile. I'm tired of being a doormat for everybody.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

LIONEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna start doing the stomping.  
You're gonna be my first customer.

E.L.'S VOICE

Two wrongs don't make a right,  
Lionel. Remember the Golden Rule...  
'Do unto others,' 'Live and let  
live,' 'Don't strike out in anger.'

Lionel looks out into the darkness.

LIONEL

(yelling)

We're all gonna get murdered. You  
know that, don't you? What kind  
of maniac are you, messing around  
with peoples' lives?

E.L.'S VOICE

It was an accident, Lionel. I  
thought you understood that.

Lionel, in frustration, finally moves back to the car  
where Martha has the back door open, checking on the  
dead Nazi in minister's robes.

178 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

178

MARTHA

Lionel...

(a beat)

... he's dead.

She looks at Lionel, who takes her into his arms... they  
embrace for a moment, then:

LIONEL

I don't believe this. God... how  
can this be happening?

MARTHA

Lionel...

He looks at her for a long beat.

MARTHA

I never... I never met a man like  
you before. I never did.

She looks at him... she is sincere... even in this  
moment of despair, there is a sexual victory for Lionel.  
He looks at her, unable to deal with it at the moment.  
Finally he nods.

179 ANGLE - E.L.

179

moving through the darkness toward the car. He finally comes to a stop some distance away, watching Lionel and Martha by the car.

E.L.

(ten yards away)

Is he dead?

Lionel doesn't answer. E.L. moves in closer, but still keeping his distance.

E.L.

Look, you're mad at me. Hey, I can get behind that. I mean, things have been a little strange...

(a beat)

Do you believe in situational time warps, Lionel? That's where space and time come together in little eddies of disaster sometimes sweeping innocent lives into areas of total darkness causing a...

LIONEL

(overlapping)

Gibberish! Gibberish! That's the kinda stuff that gets me mad.

E.L.

Stay cool, brother... stay frosty.

E.L. moves in closer, still on the balls of his feet. Then he slaps Lionel on the back.

E.L.

Atta boy.

The whole thing has the flavor of a horse trainer calming a restless stallion. Lionel knocks his hand away.

LIONEL

Let's see who this guy is.

E.L. moves in closer now, beginning to feel more sure of himself. They kneel over the body, look through his pockets. They find his wallet.

179A CLOSE - WALLET

179A

They open it, find fifty dollars, along with a driver's license identifying this stiff as Gerd Schmitt. He has a bunch of cards in his wallet.

180 RESUME E.L. AND LIONEL 180

E.L.  
Gimme the cards.

He takes the cards and goes through them.

181 CLOSE - CARDS 181

folded up with the cards is a slip of paper which says:

Saturday:  
E. BRANDT. Gate ten, seven a.m.

182 RESUME E.L. AND LIONEL 182

E.L. looks at it and hands it to Lionel.

LIONEL  
E. Brandt... I don't know who  
that is.

E.L.  
Look for a secret compartment in  
there.

LIONEL  
Ah, come on.

E.L.  
Nazis are cornballs and, believe  
me, cornballs go for stuff like  
that.

Lionel takes the money out and, sure enough, there is a secret compartment hidden by a leather flap and in the compartment there is a Nazi party membership card and a newspaper clipping yellowed with age... a faded picture of Dr. Erhart Brandt.

183 INSERT: CLIPPING 183

The picture shows Brandt pretty much the way he looks now. This shot is with the dark glasses and trench coat. The heading reads: Nazi Doctor Still Believed Alive In Paraguay.

184 RESUME E.L. AND LIONEL 184

Lionel stands up with the article and all of the cards and starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

LIONEL

Let's get out of here. We can read this stuff later.

E.L.

I hate to bring up details, but I don't like leaving my fingerprints on a dead man's wallet. It's just bad form any way you look at it.

Whitney hadn't thought of that. He takes out a handkerchief and wipes the wallet. He looks once more at the dead body.

185 INT. CAR IN MOTION - NIGHT

185

as they drive in silence... all of them with their own thoughts. E.L. unfolds the newspaper article and reads it.

E.L.

Oh, boy, you ain't gonna believe this.

E.L., reading, turns to the back of the article and reads some more.

E.L.

This guy was Adolf Hitler's personal doctor. He took Hitler's getaway dough when everything was caving in ... a million or more in diamonds...

LIONEL

(disgusted)

Good. Good. Now we have Adolph Hitler's doctor. What more could we ask for? It just seems to sort of round out the whole caper.

E.L.

Look, this is news to me. Okay? Stop acting like I set this whole thing up. I wasn't even born when this gig started.

LIONEL

Which brings us back to the valise. How did you end up with the money.

On the mention of the valise, E.L. picks it up. It is still in the front seat of the car and has gone pretty much unattended during the above.

(CONTINUED)



185 CONTINUED:

185

E.L.

(a beat)

My big brother Clancy is the most terrific guy in the world. When we were kids, he was like a father to me... because my dad... well, he was killed in the war and...

LIONEL

(no sympathy)

Does this come with a violin solo or do we just have to swallow it dry?

E.L.

I don't blame you. I haven't given you much on the level, but this is straight, man. Right now, my brother Clance is hooked up to a traction machine at St. Agnes Hospital... Beat up by some guys who work for Sam Diagusta over a lousy two grand he owed to one of Sam's loan sharks. My brother's got two great kids and a wife named Marguerite, and it looks like he lost his business and all his savings. He's got...

LIONEL

You're a compulsive liar, aren't you?

He leers at E.L. They sit in silence. Then:

E.L.

You wanna hear this or not? I was trying to sting Sam D... All these big Mafia hoods keep cash in banks, in safety deposit boxes. The idea is if they get busted, take a fall, they have some money to pay for laweyrs or buy a judge. It's called 'fall money.'

MARTHA

How did you end up with it?

E.L.

I found out which bank he wrote his checks on and I went in there, showed a Fed badge... drilled Sam's box, and there it was... over a million bucks in cash. Here, I'll show you.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: (2)

185

He opens the valise with a key.

LIONEL

(re: valise)

There's a million bucks in there!?

E.L.

I don't know; I haven't had a chance  
to count it.

There is a moment as they look at the stacks of money  
in the valise. Finally E.L. snaps it shut.

E.L.

I'm sorry I got you messed up in  
it, man. I really am.

(a beat)

See... you won't believe this,  
but I'm not a bad guy.

LIONEL

You should never do your own  
commercials. It reeks of  
insincerity.

(a beat)

And I still don't know who you  
are.

E.L.

My real name is E.L. Turner.

(a beat)

E.L. stands for Early Leroy.

(off their looks)

I was born in a taxi and my  
mother named me Early. This  
isn't an excuse, but you try  
going through life with a joke  
name. It distorts you.

Lionel finally pulls over to the side of the road, a  
wooded area in the Bel Air Canyon, parks and sits for  
a moment in silence.

LIONEL

So whatta we do now?

There is a long beat. They all sit there silently.  
Nobody has the answer. Play the moment. Finally  
Lionel opens the door, gets out. E.L. and Martha  
follow.

186 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

186

E.L.

(a lost leader)

I guess it's up to you, Lionel.

Lionel looks at him. There is another long moment.

MARTHA

So what do we do? We can't just do nothing.

Lionel heaves a deep sigh.

LIONEL

We aren't gonna do nothing. All my life, whenever I've come to a stop-sign, I've stopped...

(he snatches the piece of paper out of E.L.'s hand)

This once, I'm gonna keep going.  
(with resolve)

If this Nazi war criminal is planning to come into the country then, one way or the other, I'm gonna stop him.

E.L.

These guys are Nazis! They can kill you, Lionel. And I heard this rumor that when you die, it's forever.

Lionel looks at him then snatches the valise away from E.L. and puts it in the car where E.L. can't reach it.

LIONEL

Then you're out.

E.L.

I'm in.

MARTHA

Me too.

They move to the car.

CUT TO

187 EXT. RUNWAY - PLANE LANDING - DAY

187

It hits the runway and taxis. It has PARAGUAYAN AIRLINES on the sides.

188 EXT. LAX - DAY

188

Lionel, E.L. and Martha pull up to the curb behind two giant buses idling

188 CONTINUED:

103,

188

A sign on one of them says: "PAN AMERICAN GAMES."  
There are lots of people milling about and a lot of  
press corps on the sidewalk.

LIONEL  
What's this?

They start to get out of the car. E.L. stops Martha.

E.L.  
How do I know? Martha, you stay  
here with the money. We'll check  
it out.

LIONEL  
Yeah, Martha, you stay here with  
the money. We'll check it out.

189 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

189

The place is alive with people... newsmen, TV crews...  
Gate 10 is cordoned off... signs announcing the arrival  
of the Paraguayan Track Team.

190 ANGLE - BEULER, SPEARS AND BRAUN

190

They're all in suits, and they wear badges which say:  
"Official - Pan American Games." They're standing  
there, observing Gate 9. As E.L. and Lionel move past,  
E.L. spots them and points them out to Lionel who  
reacts.

191 ANGLE - E.L. AND WHITNEY

191

They find a place where they observe the activity  
over the heads of the newsmen.

LIONEL  
(on the move)  
Don't you see what he's doing?  
These old Nazis have lotsa political  
juice in Paraguay. Erhardt Brandt...  
he's going in with the track team.  
I mean, athletes don't go through  
customs. They just hand all the  
passports to a team coach and he  
puts the whole bunch through in  
two minutes.

E.L.  
Says who?

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

LIONEL

I was on the Pomona College Pistol Team. We had a match in Mexico once. And that's the way it works.

E.L.

Pistol team?

(looks at Lionel for  
a long beat)

Y'know, Lionel, when I first met you, I had you figured for just another brown shoe.

LIONEL

Brown shoe?

E.L.

That's a guy in a three-piece suit with brown wing tips... a square... a Dow Jones. But you are turning into a pleasant surprise. A marksman, huh? Like in 'drop it, mister, I got you covered'?

LIONEL

Not people. Targets.

E.L.

And then you got the old Black Belt. That can come in handy.

LIONEL

(going on)

You just don't understand... Mr. Okahamu says that karate should never be used in anger.

E.L.

Mr. Okahamu is grossly misinformed.

192 LIONEL'S AND E.L.'S POV - MORE NAZIS

192

in suits, moving down the corridor. We'll recognize these guys from the shoot-out at the church.

E.L.

Strategy meeting... in here.

He grabs Lionel by the arm and moves into the mens' room.

193 INT. MENS' ROOM - DAY

193

It is deserted.

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

(frustrated)

Those guys are killers and we gotta call the cops!

E.L.

We can't call the cops.

LIONEL

Why not?

E.L.

Well, there's such a thing as a plausibility factor in a story, Lionel. And, believe me when I say this story has no plausibility.

Lionel starts to move out of the mens' room.

LIONEL

I don't know what you're talking about!

E.L.

(stopping him)

I'll give you a hypothetical situation...

LIONEL

(nasty)

What kind?

E.L.

(not missing a beat)

Let's say you walk up to some cop who's just had a ham'n' egg breakfast and you say to this flatfoot... 'Hey, guess what? Hitler's doctor is coming to town, and the neo-Nazi party is in this airport to meet him and Sam Diagusta's nephew along with about fifty thugs are fighting with them over a package of diamonds which the Nazi party was fencing through the underworld.' Now, I ask you, Lionel... what have you got?

LIONEL

The truth.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (2)

193

E.L.

You've got a very low plausibility factor which gives this cop two options: he can believe you and risk getting laughed off the force, or he can just wrap you in old newspapers and send you to the lollipop factory where you will play cards and watch TV with a room-full of Napoleon hats.

LIONEL

It's the money, isn't it? If I tell the cops, you lose the money!

No answer.

E.L.

You're just a three-piece suit, you know that! You're gonna end up in a county ice box with a tag on your toe 'cuase you got no clue about what you're doing!

LIONEL

When I try, I can be very plausible.

He exits, leaving E.L. standing there, frustrated.

E.L.

(softly)

Brown shoe.

CUT TO:

194 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

194

as the doors open and the Pan American team moves quickly through the airport, flanked by police and news crews. It is impossible for Lionel to get close to them.

195 MOVING POV - ERHART BRANDT

195

much the way he looked in the photograph. He is moving along with the beautifully-conditioned athletes, in stride with them, carrying the medical bag of the team doctor.

196 ANGLE - LIONEL

196

He gets fleeting glimpses of Brandt as he moves along through the customs area.

197 ANGLE - CUSTOMS - DAY

197

as one of the team captains moves up to the customs official with a handful of passports. We can SEE that this is not going to be much of a customs check. The team members file through while the customs officer glances at each passport and quickly hands them back to the coach. Brandt goes through clean as a whistle.

198 ANGLE - LIONEL

198

He grabs hold of a COP who is nearby watching the girl athletes, fantasizing what it would be like to make it with a tumbler. Lionel tugs at his arm.

COP

Yeah. What is it?

LIONEL

My name is Lionel Whitney. That man over there, with the glasses and the medical bag, is Erhart Brandt... Hitler's doctor.

COP

(another kook)

Hitler's dead, buddy! Or didn't you hear?

LIONEL

No, thirty years ago in Germany. That man's a war criminal. I know it sounds nuts, but he's trying to get in this country illegally. And there are members of the Nazi party here right now, along with the underworld figures, who are trying...

And he just lets it trail off because the Cop has let his hand drop to his revolver and is looking at Lionel like he's a full-out crazy.

LIONEL

Forget it. Never mind. Forget everything I said.

He turns and moves away.

(CONTINUED)



LIONEL  
(on the move)  
Damn!

And he runs right into Harry Braun, the two-ton Nazi with the wrinkles in the back of his neck. Braun has overheard him with the Cop.

BRAUN  
Let's go. You make a move, I'll shiv ya.

He shows Lionel the knife.

LIONEL  
Look, I'm... getting married on Saturday.

BRAUN  
Shut up!

He grabs Lionel's hand with a cop's "come along" (a painful finger hold -- thumb and forefinger, a little pressure turns you white with pain). Braun moves Lionel up the corridor.

199 ANGLE - ATHLETES

199

as they move at a quick but stately pace up the corridor with the newsmen chasing them with TV cameras. It is a circus.

200 EXT. FRONT OF TERMINAL - LIONEL AND BRAUN

200

as Lionel is led out of the terminal by Braun and two other Nazis. They move him over to a bus and board it.

201 ANGLE - MARTHA

201

She has gotten out of the car and is on the sidewalk in front of the terminal and sees Lionel being forced on the bus. She looks around frantically for E.L.

CUT TO:

202 INT. BUS - DAY

202

Beuler is there with three other men, all neo-Nazis we've seen at the party. All of them wear Paraguay Pan-Am Game ribbons.

He moves toward Lionel who's still in Braun's painful finger-hold.

BEULER

Well, well, it's the bridegroom.

LIONEL

I don't know what you think you're doing, but... You're in deep, deep trouble. I know about Hitler's doctor and I've told others. If you kill me, others will stop you.

Beuler backhands him sharply and Lionel falls silent. A little blood trickles from his mouth.

BEULER

I want the money. It is ours. Where is it?

LIONEL

I... I don't have it.

Beuler looks at him for a long moment.

BEULER

(every old Nazi movie)  
We have our ways of finding out these things...

On that, we HEAR the approaching athletes. They board the bus and start taking their seats.

LIONEL

(yelling at athletes)  
I'm being held prisoner here! I want some help!

And all we hear from the occupants is the buzz of Spanish... "Que pasa?" "Como se?" etc. These people don't know what he's talking about. Beuler nods at Braun who takes Lionel by the thumb and index finger.

LIONEL

(to athletes)  
I'm being...

And Braun cuts him off by applying pressure and Lionel goes white, his complexion becoming pasty and sweaty.

BEULER

We'll sit in the back.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

Beuler smiles at the athletes who look at him with blank stares. More athletes stream into the bus along with the German doctor carrying his medical bag. His eyes scan the bus. He spots Beuler and Beuler gives him a slight nod indicating Brandt nods back and pushes Lionel to the back of the bus and into a seat... flanked by Braun and Beuler. Several other men with Pan-Am badges are seated around him. The Paraguayan athletes return to their private discussions and laughter in the front of the bus, paying no attention to Lionel.

204 CLOSE - BEULER

204

He looks at Lionel.

BEULER

(softly)

I have no more time. Where is the money?

LIONEL

I gave it to the police.

There is a long moment as Beuler looks at him.

BEULER

If you have not told me where it is by the time this bus stops...

(a beat)

You're dead... because I have nothing more to lose.

He looks coldly at Lionel and we...

CUT TO:

205 EXT. AIRPORT - MARTHA - DAY

205

can't find E.L., finally turns and runs across the street to the parking lot.

206 EXT. PARKING LOT

206

Martha runs over to the Chrysler town car and comes to a halt when she sees:

207 E.L.

207

He is standing with the valise in his hand next to the town car, watching the bus. She runs up to him.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

(excited, out of breath)  
They have him! He's on the bus!

E.L.

I know. I saw. I told him to  
forget it... now look at him.

He looks at the valise of money in his hand.

E.L.

I... I came out here... I was going  
to take this money and just take off.

MARTHA

Why didn't you?

E.L.

I don't know. I...

(a beat)

I think I'm sick. Something ain't  
right with me... 'cause I oughta  
just split for the tall grass with  
Clancy's money and, instead I'm  
standin' here trying to figure out  
how to save this... this stockbroker.

MARTHA

We should call the police.

E.L.

We do that, and we could get him  
killed.

(hands her the  
valise)

Take this and get in that car and  
you follow that bus. When the bus  
tail lights start blinking, you  
start throwing the money out the  
window.

MARTHA

Do what?

E.L.

You think I like it? You know  
what I've been through for this  
dough.

MARTHA

What're you gonna do?

E.L.

I'm gonna drive the bus.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED; (2)

207

She starts to say something more, then she leans forward and kisses him on the cheek. He looks at her for a long beat. He turns and runs across the parking lot toward the bus.

208 EXT. BUS - ANGLE - E.L.

208

The bus is just about to pull out. E.L. runs in front of it and waves frantically at the DRIVER.

209 EXT. BUS - ANGLE - DRIVER

209

The Driver looks at E.L. through the closed doors, then stops the bus and opens the side door and looks out.

E.L.

One of your back tires is going flat.

DRIVER

Huh?

E.L.

Inside left rear.

210 INT. BUS - ON DRIVER

210

The Driver looks to the back of the bus, sets the brake. E.L. can't be observed by the passengers since he's talking to the Driver from outside the door. The Driver gets out of his seat.

DRIVER

(to passengers)

Just a minute, folks.

They don't understand. They're chattering in Spanish.

211 EXT. BUS

211

The Driver gets off the bus, moves around to the back to check on the tire.

E.L.

See?

DRIVER

Nothing wrong with that.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

E.L.  
 There's a nail in there. Gimme  
 your hat and go ahead, take a  
 look.

The Driver hands him his busman's hat, gets on his  
 hands and kneels and crawls under the back of the  
 bus. As soon as he's down, E.L. heads for the  
 front of the bus.

DRIVER  
 (from under the bus)  
 This better not be a joke, mister.

212 INT. BUS 212

E.L., with the busman's hat on, gets on the bus, behind  
 the wheel, releases the brake and rolls out.

213 EXT. REAR OF BUS - DAY 213

as the Driver scrambles up and starts chasing the bus.  
 It's too late.

214 SERIES OF CUTS - RUNBYS - DAY 214

as the bus heads along toward who-knows-where. The  
 press bus following.

215 EXT. CHRYSLER - RUNBY - DAY 215

as Martha pulls out of the parking lot behind the bus.

216 INT. BUS - ON E.L. - DAY 216

in the driver's seat, checking the rearview mirror.  
 He makes eye contact with Lionel and Lionel smiles.

217 OMITTED 217

218 EXT. BUS - RUNBY - DAY 218

followed by the press bus and then the Chrysler town  
 car. After they PASS CAMERA, we HOLD for a long moment  
 and then a lone van whisks past, the tinted windows  
 up. We can't see inside, but we can only expect the  
 worst.

CUT TO:

- 219 EXT. COLOSSEUM - DAY 219
- The parking lot is full. There are banners streaming; signs announcing the opening of the Pan American Games. The bus pulls into the parking lot.
- 220 INT. BUS - DAY 220
- as Spears gets up.
- SPEARS
- Pull up over there, by Parking Lot C.
- E.L.
- Yes sir.
- He heads in the direction but when he gets to Parking Lot C, he hits second gear instead of slowing the bus.
- 221 INT. BUS - QUICK CUTS 221
- As it roars past Lot C, all hell breaks loose.
- BEULER
- (screaming)
- Stop this bus!
- 222 ANGLE - BRAUN 222
- He lets go of Lionel's hand and starts to run to the front of the bus. The athletes are yammering and yelling, beginning to panic. Total chaos.
- 223 EXT. BUS 223
- It jumps a curb, banging and clanking over the grass. The sedan whips behind it.
- 224 CLOSE SHOT - YELLOW BARRICADE 224
- set up across the tunnel at the rear end of the Colosseum as the bus roars through the barricade taking streamers and debris from a banner that hangs over the head of the tunnel.
- 225 INT. COLOSSEUM 225
- Pan American Games opening ceremony. People yelling, waving banners of different nations, marching bands, pomp and ceremony... and a last minute entry...

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED;

225

... a Greyhound bus explodes into the center of the Colosseum in front of a hundred thousand cheering fans. E.L. hits the tail light switch.

226 EXT. SEDAN

226

as Martha starts throwing the money out the window. It gets caught in the wind and what started to be a nice day in the Colosseum turns into pandemonium.

227 INT. BUS

227

as Braun finally makes it to the driver's seat. E.L. has now parked the bus in the center of the field.

228 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE ACTION

228

E.L. has thrown the door open. He and Lionel are engaged in a struggle for their lives inside the Greyhound bus. People are streaming out of the stands onto the field, trying to pick up the money. Cops are converging with guns drawn.

229 EXT. BUS

229

Beuler and Dr. Brandt manage to get out, flanked by carefully-trained Nazi elite police. They try and get the doctor out of this mess.

230 INT. BUS - ON E.L. AND LIONEL

230

as they look at each other, surrounded by the jabbering athletes.

E.L.

Hate to leave it half done. How about you?

LIONEL

Let's go.

They pile out of the bus and run after the fast-disappearing German doctor.

231 ANGLE - BLUE VAN

231

parked in the mouth of the tunnel. The doors slide open and Crazy Tommy gets out along with Chip. They look at the pandemonium in the Colosseum.

(CONTINUED)



231 CONTINUED:

231

TOMMY

I'm crazy, but I ain't that crazy.  
Let's get outta here.

They get back in the van, slide the doors closed and squeal backwards out the tunnel.

232 EXT. COLOSSEUM

232

as the van makes a skidding reverse one-eighty and goes right into a news truck. Three cops run at it with guns drawn. An arrest in the making.

233 ANGLE - TUNNEL - DAY

233

as E.L., with his nine-five speed is gaining on the doctor and the others and throws a flying tackle on Dr. Brandt who goes down like a skeleton in a closet. The other Nazis turn on Lionel who goes into a karate stance and takes all but two of them. The remaining Nazis find themselves staring at fifteen cops with guns drawn. Play the moment as the action sequence comes to an end with everybody breathing hard.

234 ANGLE - E.L.

234

He looks up at Whitney.

E.L.

Okay, Whit... now you tell 'em.

LIONEL

(at last)

This man is Hitler's doctor. He escaped from Germany with a million in diamonds. The neo-Nazi party made a deal with Sam Diagusta to fence the diamonds but Sam didn't pay off. Are you listening... these Nazis made a deal with the Mafia to fence diamonds in this country. And... whatta you doing?

235 ANGLE - THE COPS

235

They move in on Lionel with guns drawn. This guy is a lulu.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED:

235

LIONEL

Wait a minute. This is the  
truth. What are you doing?

(a beat)

E.L.... help me! Whatta you  
doing?

E.L.

Morris Ashton. Track Security.  
Can I help you? What's going on  
here?

236 WIDE ANGLE - THE COLOSSEUM - FROM THE TOP

236

as the people are picking up the money and the whole  
scene is a mess.

CUT TO:

237 EXT. PADDY WAGON - COLOSSEUM PARKING LOT - LATER

237

as the parade begins, out of the tunnel and into the  
paddy wagon: first Tommy T, in cuffs, then Chip, then  
Little Mo and Tiny, then Beuler, then Spears and Braun,  
then the rest of the Nazis, including Dr. Brandt,  
then E.L., in cuffs. Last is Lionel Whitney, but he's  
in a straight jacket. He's talking fast and loud.

LIONEL

No... you don't understand. This  
is the truth! I'll take a lie  
detector test. There are others  
who can confirm this. Hey, c'mon....!

And he is put into the paddy wagon and it pulls out.

DISSOLVE TO:

238 EXT. COUNTY JAIL - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

238

239 INT. ATTORNEY'S ROOM - DAY

239

Lionel and E.L. are standing at a table and an attorney  
is seated across from them. This attorney is middle-  
aged, square looking. His name is JASON WHEELRIGHT.  
Both Lionel and E.L. are dressed in blue county denims.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

I still think we should move to separate... have two trials instead of one.

LIONEL

No. Nothing doing. If I get tried along with E.L., then the judge will have to be more lenient with the sentence. Right?

E.L.

It's a suicide move, Whitney. You could go down with me.

JASON

Yeah. He's right.

LIONEL

You said that since we gave the money back and since we did end up catching a German war criminal and ten mobsters and neo-Nazis, that the judge might go easy.

Jason looks at him for a beat.

JASON

Okay, let me see what I can do.

(to E.L.)

You got a job, Turner?

E.L. looks up at him for a beat, then smiles.

E.L.

Half a dozen. It's just I'm not licensed or commissioned to do any of them.

LIONEL

But, is he ever good at 'em. Show 'em, Tenspeed.

E.L.

The move to separate is neo-rhem pertinae. You have a difficult precedent, but if you cite Massachusetts v. Morris Wilcox, you might get the judge to buy it. In that case, the Massachusetts judge allowed that.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED: (2)

239

JASON

I know the case.

(a beat)

Jail house lawyer, huh?

E.L.

Two years at Yale Law, bounced out  
for rigging a student election and  
going to Tijuana with the campaign  
funds.

JASON

Is this guy on the level?

LIONEL

(a grin)

Almost never.

Jason looks at him for a beat, then opens his briefcase.

JASON

You wanted me to bring this.

He pulls out a Mark Savage Mystery, holds it up for the  
guard to see. The guard moves over, takes it, looks  
at it, nods, then hands it to Lionel and leaves.

JASON

Is that all you wanted?

LIONEL

Yeah.

Jason gets up and looks at them for a beat. Then he  
nods his head.

JASON

I think I'd have a better shot if  
you had a legitimate job, Mr. Turner.  
The judge will find it difficult  
to O.R. you if he thinks you're just  
going to hit the bricks and start  
running con games again.

There's a beat.

LIONEL

Tell the judge that he is going to  
be an employee of the Lionel Whitney  
Agency.

There's a beat.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED: (3)

239

JASON

Okay. I'll give it a try.

He exits, leaving them alone for a beat. The guard moves over to take them. They stand up and he leads them out.

E.L.

(on the move)

The Lionel Whitney Agency. What kinda agency is that?

LIONEL

It's... well... I've given this a lot of thought... and I'm gonna take out a license and become a private detective.

E.L.

Private eyes? Come on, Lionel. Why don't we make it a talent agency? Lotta dough in that. I been meaning to open a talent agency for years. Just never got around to it. There's some great talent scams.

LIONEL

Look, you're through with con games. Okay? I mean if you work in my agency, everything is straight up and up.

240 EXT. COURTHOUSE - TOWARD SHERIFF'S BUS - DAY

240

as another guard leads them to the bus.

The guard hands them over to another guard who leads them down a cell block to an open cell.

E.L.

Well, I don't know. Private eyes might not be so bad.

(a sigh)

Like I said... there's some good scams you can run... like you can work both ends of a divorce case. Or both ends of an insurance case... or both ends of...

LIONEL

Nothing doing! We're straight up! That's the way Mark Savage does it. That's the way I'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED:

240

E.L.  
Yeah... yeah... okay. We'll be  
great, all right. A laugh a  
minute.

(a beat)  
Tenspeed and Brownshoe.

241 INT. BUS - DAY

241

filled with other prisoners.

242 EXT. BUS - PULLOUT - DAY

242

It heads toward county jail.

LIONEL  
Hey, E.L.

E.L.  
Yeah? What is it?

LIONEL  
Wanna hear something great?

E.L.  
Don't read to me out of that thing.  
Okay?

LIONEL  
But this is really great. It's  
kinda me'n Martha. I love this stuff.

E.L.  
(a whisper)  
You gotta be cool, Lionel. Keep your  
voice down. These guys in here  
won't understand.

LIONEL  
Savage says that all's well that  
ends well. But this one had ended with  
Charlene back in New York and me with  
a lump in my throat. Oh yeah... I was  
gonna make it. I was gonna be okay.  
But all the rest of my days I'd carry  
her with me like a twenty pound weight  
on my heart. I'd smell that perfume  
wafting up out of my dreams to  
sting my cheek with tears. Yeah...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

LIONEL (CONT'D)

... I was gonna be okay. She was  
gone, but I was still Mark Savage,  
Private Eye.

(a beat)

Great, huh?

E.L.

Magnificent.

And we FREEZE FRAME as...

FADE OUT.

THE END