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THE ROCKFORD FILES

JOEY BLUE EYES

by

Walter Dallenbach

THE ROCKFORD FILES

JOEY BLUE EYES

CAST

JIM ROCKFORD

JOEY BLUE EYES
SWEET TOOTH LONDON
PAULETTE
BETH DAVENPORT
BURT STRIKER
LARRY MITCHELL
ANGEL MARTIN
ED BARROW
GANNON
BILL EVANS
WAITER
FULTON
TOBY (WINO)
FRED
SHEP
JAIL GUARD
BANK GUARD

DINERS
JAKE (DRIVER)
MECHANIC
HOTEL MANAGER
HELEN

SETS

INTERIORS:

JOEY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN
"SLAMMER" RESTAURANT
STRIKER'S HOUSE/DEN
MOTEL ROOM
HOSPITAL ROOM
ROCKFORD'S CAR
STRIKER'S OFFICE
(X) BEER BAR
ROCKFORD'S TRAILER
HOLDING CELL
BEER BAR
GANNON'S CAR
MITCHELL'S LIVING ROOM
BARROW'S LIVING ROOM

EXTERIORS:

HIGH-RISE APARTMENT
"SLAMMER" RESTAURANT
AND FRONT
STREETS
MOTEL
MODERN OFFICE BUILDING
AL'S BODY SHOP
GOLF COURSE/REFRESHMENT STAND
ROOFTOP (X)
ALLEY
LITTER BOX
AMUSEMENT PARK
SIDEWALK COUNTER
FERRIS WHEEL
COUNTRY CLUB
PARKING AREA
BEER BAR
PHONE BOOTH
TACO STAND

THE ROCKFORD FILES

JOEY BLUE EYES

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT 1

A black Cadillac pulls up. Two men, Sweet Tooth and Shep, brush past a lady and poodle and toward the lobby elevator.

2 INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

An attractive, late 20ish woman, Paulette, preparing her dinner. The doorbell rings. Paulette checks the spaghetti, then moves through the living room. She opens the door only as wide as the chain lock.

PAULETTE

Who is it?

SWEET TOOTH

Joey here?

PAULETTE

No, I'm sorry. He should be at the restaurant.

(suspicious)

Who are you?

Bang! The door crashes open from Shep's kick; Paulette goes sprawling back as the men burst in. Gun drawn, Sweet Tooth quickly searches the apartment.

PAULETTE

(rising)

Who are you?

(shoved back
by Shep)

Are you nuts?!

Chewing his ever-present candy, Sweet Tooth gives her an evil eye -- angrily motioning Shep to secure the open door.

SWEET TOOTH

(picks up
ornate vase)

This worth much?

PAULETTE

Not what it's going to cost you.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

SWEET TOOTH

Maybe you're right.

He smiles and throws the vase violently into the gold-veined mirror, and moves threateningly toward her!

CUT TO

3 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - RUNBY

3

Rockford's car pulls past camera.

4 INT. ROCKFORD'S CAR - NIGHT

4

Beth and Rockford are in the front seat. Rockford looks startled.

ROCKFORD

What was that again?

BETH

What?

ROCKFORD

What'd you just say?

BETH

I said, while we're eating dinner, I'd like you to talk to my friend Joey Blue Eyes, who owns the restaurant, because he has a little problem and I thought you might be able to solve it.

ROCKFORD

That's what I thought you said.

BETH

Then your hearing's just fine, Jim. Congratulations.

ROCKFORD

Joey Blue Eyes?

(a beat)

You don't suppose he's a hood, do you?

BETH

A reformed hood, like you.

(a grin)

His real name is Joseph DiMenna.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

ROCKFORD

Look, Beth...we're supposed to be on a date, right?

BETH

Right.

ROCKFORD

Then, what's with this charity case? I don't want to talk to your friend who has a problem. I've got problems of my own.

BETH

Well, Jim, that's just great... and if I do say so myself, just a little bit selfish.

ROCKFORD

I'm a selfish guy....

That stops the conversation cold.

BETH

Well, we have reservations, and we're going to keep them. If you don't want to talk to Joey, that's fine....

ROCKFORD

Deal.

BETH

Now, before we get there, let me tell you about the problem he has.

CUT TO

5 INT. "SLAMMER" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

5

This is a very nice restaurant with low lighting and red velvet wallpaper. Beth and Rockford are sitting in a booth, drinking wine from crystal goblets. A huge man in a white dinner jacket angles toward the table. This is Joey DiMenna (Joey Blue Eyes). He is two hundred and fifty pounds of well-conditioned muscle crammed into a white dinner jacket. His face is slightly flushed from being in the kitchen.

BETH

(noticing his approach)
Here he comes. Now, be nice.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

ROCKFORD

(glancing
at Joey)

You kidding? It would take a
full-blooded jerk to smart off
to something that big....

She shoots him a stern look and Joey approaches the table and
leans down and gives her a kiss, then reaches over and without
waiting for an introduction sticks his hand out to Rockford.

JOEY

Hear you did time in Quenton.

Rockford shakes the hand.

ROCKFORD

Thank you. Nice to meet you, too.

Joey looks slightly puzzled and sits down.

JOEY

How's the dinner?

ROCKFORD

Just great. You have a nice
restaurant here.

JOEY

(to Beth)

Did you tell him?

BETH

Well, sort of. I told him you
had a problem, and I went into a
few details....

Joey looks at Rockford and smiles at him. Rockford smiles
back.

ROCKFORD

(trying to
duck it)

We all have problems, Mister
DiMenna...that's part of the
joy of life.

Joey looks over at Beth.

JOEY

What's he talking about?

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED - 2

5

BETH

He's, uh -- just kidding....

JOEY

(to Rockford)

All my life I been taking care of myself and now this deal comes along and I'm up to my knees in air-tight clauses and holding companies that don't hold nothing. Beth says you can help and I figure 'okay' if he's a con, maybe we should parley.

(X)

(a beat)

If I want a comic, I go to an agent and I book one. I don't want a comic. I want a guy who can help me out of a jam.

Rockford looks at him and then smiles.

ROCKFORD

Listen, Mister DiMenna....

JOEY

Joey. Make it Joey....

ROCKFORD

Right. Listen, Joey...what I meant was I'm sort of semi-retired right now. Oh, I like to keep my hand in. Every now and then I'll run out and try to find a car to repo or something like that...but from what Beth told me, you have some very heavy corporate problems, possibly a nice juicy fraud case. And, well, con-to-con, I'd absolutely be at sea in a deal like that...

(a smile)

I don't even balance my own check book very well.

(a beat)

So, it's been nice to meet you and you serve a great steak.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED - 3

5

ROCKFORD (Cont'd)

(a beat)

I guess we might as well get the
bill and mosey along....

He looks over at Beth, who is fuming. He smiles at Joey, who
looks disgusted.

JOEY

You makin' fun of me, Mister?
Nobody gets away with that.

ROCKFORD

Look, I don't want any trouble.

JOEY

(to Beth)

This chicken-hearted creep is the
square John you said was gonna
help me?

ROCKFORD

Listen, Joey, be nice. Just 'cause
I don't want to get messed up
in ---

JOEY

Drift Mister...get outta my joint.

ROCKFORD

Now, just a minute....

BETH

Stop it.

JOEY

You heard me.

ROCKFORD

I'd like it better if you said
'please'....

JOEY

You're gonna rot waiting for it.

Rockford and Joey are both beginning to rise out of their
chairs and this is quickly becoming a dangerous situation.

BETH

Please...please, stop it.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED - 4

5

ROCKFORD

Tell this guy to back off.

BETH

(to Joey)

Please!

Joey and Rockford are now both on their feet. A Waiter moves quickly up to the table.

WAITER

Mister DiMenna, telephone....

JOEY

Later.

WAITER

It's the hospital, an emergency...
I think you better take it, sir.

ROCKFORD

Is that the way you duck the action,
Joey?

JOEY

If you wanta wait in the alley,
Slick, I'll be out in a few minutes.

ROCKFORD

I'm a spur-of-the-moment guy...I
don't wait in alleys.

Rockford takes Beth by the arm and leads her out of the restaurant. Joey DiMenna watches them for a beat, then turns to take the phone call.

6 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

6

Rockford and Beth leave the restaurant. Beth is furious.

BETH

That was some great macho performance....

ROCKFORD

Look, Beth...we came here to eat dinner. Your friend barges in two hundred and fifty pounds of gristle dressed up like Fred Astaire and I'm supposed to roll over and say 'please don't hurt me'...

CONTINUED

ROCKFORD (Cont'd)

...I'm sorry. I don't like him.
I don't want to work for him. And
that's my prerogative.

Beth spins on Rockford, fury in her eyes.

BETH

Good-bye. I'll walk.

ROCKFORD

Now, wait....

He grabs her by the arm.

BETH

Let go of my arm, please.

ROCKFORD

What was I supposed to do?

BETH

You don't have to act like some
kind of high school dropout who's
gonna go get in a fight behind the
gym....

ROCKFORD

Okay, I'm sorry...that was stupid.

BETH

You didn't give him a chance.

The doorman is looking at Beth and Rockford.

BETH

Taxi, please.

ROCKFORD

Listen, Beth, you're not taking a
taxi....

BETH

Tell Joey you're sorry.

ROCKFORD

Come on...why doesn't he tell me
he's sorry?

Off her look:

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED - 2

ROCKFORD

Okay, I'll tell him....

On that, the door to the restaurant flies open and Joey DiMenna runs out. Rockford tries to speak to him but Joey runs past Rockford and on his way by he accidentally hits Rockford's shoulder, spinning him around. Rockford is almost knocked down. Joey jumps into his car and peels out, leaving them standing there. The doorman is dumbfounded.

ROCKFORD

But you gotta admit he's kinda hard to talk to....

CUT TO

7 INT. ROCKFORD'S CAR - NIGHT

7

Rockford is driving and Beth is silent beside him.

ROCKFORD

Okay, look...I'll talk to him.

BETH

Forget it.

ROCKFORD

Y'know something, Beth? It's not all my fault. He wasn't exactly charming.

BETH

Joey used to be a collector for the mob. He must've broken a lot of bones in his day. Then he got caught about ten years ago and he went to jail. When he got out he tried to go straight. I never saw a man try so hard...

(a beat)

You, of all people, must know how tough that is.

ROCKFORD

(not buying it)

Okay.

BETH

Five years ago, when he got out, he decided to go into the restaurant business. He bought a place and he made a go of it.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

BETH (Cont'd)

He wanted to expand, so he took in a partner, a man named Striker. They signed a lot of contracts set up by Joe's lawyer, Larry Mitchell, who was working under the table for Striker.

(a beat)

They gave Joey forty-nine percent of the 'Slammer' restaurant and he was given full ownership of the supply companies. The idea was that in four years Joey would have the option to buy his partners out at a fixed price and own the whole restaurant. His option date is due in two days.

ROCKFORD

Only all of the assets he thought he had turn out to be nothing but paper....

BETH

That's right. Now they're about to franchise the 'Slammer' restaurants. It's worth a fortune, but Joey's partners have it rigged so he won't be able to exercise his option.

(X)
(X)

ROCKFORD

You can't sell any of the subsidiary companies for anything?

BETH

(X)

I tried to sell some of the subsidiary companies this afternoon to come up with the cash and found out that they are all deeply in debt. In fact, they're in debt to the restaurant itself...which he doesn't have controlling interest in. His partners are about to foreclose on him to collect the debts they forced on him.

ROCKFORD

So he's gonna lose the whole shebang. It sounds like he got fleeced pretty good.

BETH

If he appears to be a little brusque and angry, maybe you could find it in your heart to understand that he's in a lot of trouble and is about to lose his dream.

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED - 2

ROCKFORD

Okay, I forgive.

BETH

Will you do me a favor?

ROCKFORD

Depends.

BETH

Will you talk to Paulette?

ROCKFORD

Who's Paulette?

BETH

Joey's daughter. We're friends.
We went to college together.

ROCKFORD

(a smile)

Okay, now it makes more sense...
you're doing it for Paulette, not
that overstuffed gorilla.

(X)

BETH

(pissed)

Jim!

ROCKFORD

(quickly)

I'll meet her.

8

INT. DEN - STRIKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

8

Burt Striker lies back in his contour chair...flicking TV channels with his remote control as he talks on the phone. A tape recorder is attached to the phone; the phone voice of Metchell comes over the speaker attachment. Intercut with Larry Mitchell in his living room. Mitchell is a small middle-aged legal shark with glasses.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

I know the law firm; they're
pretty heavy. But I don't know
who she is...or why she's involved
with Joey's case.

STRIKER

He's got a new lawyer, that's all.
Probably doesn't trust you, Mitchell.
Can't say as I blame him.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

MITCHELL'S VOICE

So what should I tell her?

STRIKER

Just what I pay you for...nothing.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

That's a point I've been meaning to
bring up, Mister Striker. I think
my retainer should be higher.

Striker flicks off the TV.

STRIKER

We have a contract with you,
Mitchell.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

So did Joey. Say...another thousand
a month?

Striker looks to his tape recorder...smiles into the phone.

STRIKER

You blackmailing me, Larry?

MITCHELL'S VOICE

If you want to call it that.

STRIKER

(pats tape
recorder)

I'll take care of you, Larry. You
can depend on it.

9 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

9

Helen, a hooker, munches a Popsicle as she lounges against the
wall. A car pulls to the curb. Smiling, Helen saunters over;
Joey leans out the window.

JOEY

You seen Sweet Tooth?

10 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

10

The manager, Cliff, is pulling a Coke from the outdoors
machine. He sees a car pull into the parking lot. Joey gets
out and heads for Room 14...knocks...then crashes inside.
Cliff heads for the phone.

11

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

11

Joey, in an awesome fury, hurls Shep against the wall; Sweet Tooth tries to get past. Joey belts him into a corner. Shep staggers at Joey...a big mistake as Joey levels him. Lamps and furniture fly and crash. Sweet Tooth dives for his gun; Joey gets there first...choking Sweet Tooth and pointing the gun into his face.

SWEET TOOTH

Don't...no...

(hammer is cocked)

Joey, I swear. I didn't mean....

JOEY

You mess with me, you're takin' chances. You mess with my daughter...you're dead.

SWEET TOOTH

It was Shep...not me! It was an accident....

Joey's ear picks up the sound of police sirens; he lowers the gun...then throws it under the bed.

JOEY

So was this.

He punches Sweet Tooth as hard as he can.

12

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

12

Beth is embracing a bruised, bandaged Paulette. Rockford stands to one side.

BETH

I just got word from my service when I got home. Thank God you're all right.

(X)

PAULETTE

I'm fine, really. You're Mister Rockford?

ROCKFORD

Jim.

BETH

Does Joey know?

(X)

PAULETTE

He's already been...and gone.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

ROCKFORD

Where to?

PAULETTE

I don't know. I mentioned a name
I heard...of one of the men who
beat me up...Sweet Tooth...and Dad
took off out of here like a train.

BETH

Who were they? Who's Sweet Tooth?

- PAULETTE

I haven't the slightest. Beth,
you've got to do something; Dad
can't afford any more trouble.

(with hope)

Did you talk to Mitchell?

ROCKFORD

That's Joey's lawyer, isn't it?
The one who sucked him into the
deal?

Beth nods...then turns to Paulette with a helpless shrug.

BETH

He's also on Striker's payroll;
\$36,000 a year. So I hit him with
a threat of 'conflict of interest';
told him we'd take him to the Bar
Association.

PAULETTE

What happened?

BETH

He laughed. It seems the law firm
has the contract with Striker
Industries...not Mitchell personally.

PAULETTE

(sinks back)

Pursuant to...pursuant to; just
more of that fine print wallpaper
you people play with.

(apologizing)

I didn't mean you, Beth.

BETH

I know.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED - 2

12

PAULETTE

(to Rockford)

So what do we do now?

ROCKFORD

You need a C.P.A., not a P.I.

BETH

We've tried that. Their books are pure fiction...but by the time I could get them into court, Joey would already have forfeited his option and would be out with nothing.

PAULETTE

(to Rockford)

Do you have any ideas, Mister Rockford?

BETH

(nailing him)

Jim doesn't want to help, Paulette.

PAULETTE

Oh no...why?

BETH

He doesn't like your father.

ROCKFORD

Listen, I didn't say that.

BETH

Oh...I'm sorry. I thought that was it.

PAULETTE

Please help him, Mister Rockford. He needs somebody. He needs a friend.

ROCKFORD

Well...I'm sort of ---

BETH

Yes....

He looks at Paulette then at Beth. It is a very awkward moment for him. Hold for a beat and the phone rings and she reaches to pick it up. She listens for a beat.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED - 3

12

PAULETTE

(into phone)

Oh no...when...okay.

She hangs up and looks at them both.

PAULETTE

You've got to help him...he's
back in jail.

(X)

13 INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY - CLOSEUP

13

of Joey's face as he sits, restively, at the table...suffering
Beth's recriminations. Rockford, nervous about jails, paces
the cell.

JOEY

What'ya expect me to do?! Kiss
him?! He beat up on Paulette. Ah,
you wouldn't understand.

BETH

Not assault and battery I don't.
And more than that; you promised
you'd stay cool.

JOEY

Not when it comes to family!
(tries to calm)
Sweet Tooth knows better. At least
he does now.
(looks at
Rockford, pacing)
You gotta do that?

ROCKFORD

Old habits.
(a beat)
How'd you get into Sweet Tooth for
fifty grand?

JOEY

He's a shark! Who else I got
collateral with?!

ROCKFORD

I didn't ask that! Why? You into
book...or what?

JOEY

(to Beth)

I told you about it. I needed that
to pay off Striker on the first
option...to pay off...to pay off...
to have the right to buy my own
place back.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

BETH

You didn't mention where you got
the money.

JOEY

I wasn't important, was it!?
(anxious)
Am I gettin' out of here or not?

BETH

(nodding)
It's in the works. You're just
lucky he wouldn't sign the complaint.

JOEY

I'll bet he wouldn't. Come on,
let's shake this place.

ROCKFORD

You in a hurry to get back and
beat up on Sweet Tooth again?

Joey reacts violently...slamming his fist into the wall.

JOEY

If it would help, damn right!
Right over the side!

BETH

(frightened
by his anger)
Joey...it's going to work out....

JOEY

(slams wall
again)
I know that story!

ROCKFORD

And everybody knows yours, too;
and it doesn't begin...'once upon
a time', and the way you're going
it isn't going to end 'they all
lived happily ever after'.

Joey seethes. Joey looks at Rockford for a long moment.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED - 2

JOEY

Whatta you doing here, anyway?
You just come around to stick the
needle in? What's your story,
Rockford?

Rockford looks at Joey for a long moment.

ROCKFORD

Okay, Joey...I'll give it to you.
(a beat)

I think you're nothing but a skull
crusher who slings hash on the
side. You got a problem, you figure
the best way out is to lay some-
body up.

BETH

Jim...stop it.

ROCKFORD

No, let me finish, Beth. I never
wanted in on this and if I'm gonna
go along, I gotta tell Mister Blue
Eyes how it's gonna play.

(back to Joey)

I got my own style in these kinda
things and it doesn't include
hospitalization. I like to do
things with finesse. If you want
me to help you, then you gotta put
away your brass knucks and do it
my way.

There is a long moment and finally Joey Blue Eyes smiles.

JOEY

You got a lotta guts. Most people
don't talk to me that way.

Rockford doesn't say anything.

BETH

Shake hands....

ROCKFORD

If I work for you I get paid two
hundred a day plus expenses

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED - 3

ROCKFORD (Cont'd)
starting from last night.

After a beat, Joey sticks out his hand to shake. Rockford is a beat slower, and finally they shake. A Guard approaches and unlocks the door.

GUARD
Okay, you're free to go. You can pick up your personal effects at Property in the main building.

Joey gets up and looks at Rockford.

JOEY
Okay, Rockford. You call it... where do we go?

ROCKFORD
First I want you to put your hands in your pockets and keep them there.

JOEY
And then?

ROCKFORD
And then we go and see Sweet Tooth London.

Hold on Beth's worried expression as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

14 EXT. SIDEWALK COUNTER - AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

14

Sweet Tooth, wearing bruises and bandages, eats a taco. Shep, also wearing battle scars, lounges alongside. This is a small amusement park -- a Ferris wheel spins in the b.g.

SWEET TOOTH

It don't matter, dummy; he'll get his someday. But always...business first.

SHEP

I could take care of him.

Shep glances up and spots Joey and Rockford. His macho look changes quickly. Sweet Tooth follows his gaze.

SWEET TOOTH

Now hold on, Joey, it's all fine. I dropped the charges, you know that.

ROCKFORD

Prizes come in crackerjack boxes.

JOEY

We wanta talk to ya.

(X)

Sweet Tooth notices Rockford for the first time...then his attention goes back to Joey.

ROCKFORD

Hold it, Joey. I'd like to talk to him alone. Why don't you wait for me here.

(X)

Joey glares...slumps, arms folded, against the building wall. Shep moves to protect Sweet Tooth.

ROCKFORD

Him too.

Rockford and Sweet Tooth move off.

(X)

ROCKFORD

I'm Jim Taggart. Joey's lawyer. I got a deal for you.

(X)

CONTINUED

14

CONTINUED

14

Sweet Tooth gains confidence; he motions Shep to get lost.
Shep shuffles to a wall...safely away from Joey.

SWEET TOOTH
(moving to Ferris
wheel)
This private enough?

(X)

15

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

15

Rockford and Sweet Tooth get on and ride.

SWEET TOOTH
There ain't any deal I can see.
(points outside)
He's into me for a bundle of
fifty; I gone far enough not
nailing him for five to ten.

ROCKFORD
Yeah, that was real big of you.
'Course, it had nothing to do with
the fact he can't pay you back if
he's in jail.

SWEET TOOTH
So talk. I got work.

ROCKFORD
I want you to lend Joey another
two hundred thousand.

Sweet Tooth looks...then starts to laugh.

SWEET TOOTH
You're a funny man!

ROCKFORD
Joey owes you fifty grand. If
he loses that restaurant, you're
left eating it.

SWEET TOOTH
Maybe.

ROCKFORD
And maybe...just maybe you loan
him the money...he gets back con-
trol of the restaurant...and the
profits...and he pays you back.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

SWEET TOOTH

I don't play horses with heart conditions, pal.

ROCKFORD

He goes broke...you got the short end of nothing.

SWEET TOOTH

(rising)

Uh-uh not me. But the people I gotta answer to: they don't want to hear about shakedowns they ain't shakin'. So you tell Joey ...for me and for them. He don't get it up by Friday...he's gone. And so's his daughter.

The Ferris wheel comes down and they get off.

CUT TO

16 EXT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

16

Rockford's car pulls to the curb.

17 INT. CAR

17

Angel, chewing some candy, slouches in his seat. Rockford kills the engine.

ROCKFORD

Who's pushing you into anything?
You're the one said he could do it.

ANGEL

I said it 'cause you're always comin' on like you were in a fox-hole with me in Anzio. I'm always owing you a favor 'cause you saved my life.

ROCKFORD

I don't even want you to consider that. I did what I had to do... for a friend.

ANGEL

But you figure it! Only time my life needs saving is when I get mixed up with you. And why am I the guy goin' into the pit to begin with? Comes to con, you're the champ!

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

ROCKFORD

You're right there...but you got experience. You've been a book.

ANGEL

(indignant)

Numbers, Jimmy...numbers! Guys into bookin', that's a whole different thing! That ain't respectable!

ROCKFORD

Okay, okay...sorry about that. But you got the right attitude that's the important thing.

ANGEL

Attitude my ear! Why don't you just go in there and give Striker some of that grease!

ROCKFORD

If I could...believe me, Angel, I would. But I need a free hand ...just in case it doesn't work.

ANGEL

Now that's fantastic! Never mind your hand...how about my head?!

ROCKFORD

Angel, buddy, this is Wall Street, not Main Street. Worse that could happen to you is they stab you with a pen.

ANGEL

You sure?

Jim nods...gives Angel a reassuring smile; points to candy.

ROCKFORD

Just keep chewing.

ANGEL

And what if this Striker doesn't buy it?

ROCKFORD

Then you say thank you and offer him a line on the Dow-Jones. But don't mention my name.

CONTINUED

17

17 CONTINUED - 2

ANGEL

Right behind me, huh, Lieutenant?

Angel shakes his head...climbs out of the car.

18

18 EXT. BUILDING

Angel emerges...straightens his shoulders...and strides into the office building. He passes a plainclothes guard, Gannon, standing near the entrance. They barely notice each other.

19

19 ANGLE TO CAR

Rockford watches Angel...then pulls his car forward into a loading zone. He pushes his stereo player...sits back to wait.

20

20 INT. STRIKER'S OFFICE

Burt Striker sits behind his large executive desk. Ed Barrow, his comptroller, paces nervously.

Striker smiles...pushes the intercom button.

STRIKER

Muriel...send Mister London in.

They sit back...as the door opens and Angel enters. (Striker activates a tape recorder in his desk drawer.)

STRIKER

Mister London? Nice to see you.
This is Mister Barrow.

ANGEL

(shakes hands)

It's a pleasure.

Angel sits...trying to match Striker's cool.

STRIKER

You're an associate of Joey DiMenna's, I understand.

ANGEL

I wouldn't give him the time to die.

(they react)

But he owes me \$50,000. Which he gave to you.

CONTINUED

20

CONTINUED

STRIKER

Really. What business are you in,
Mister London?

ANGEL

I'm a banker. Twenty percent per
week.

Striker understands; pulls a cigar out...offers one to Angel.

STRIKER

A shylock, you mean.

ANGEL

We all do business like we can,
don't we?

(looks around)

And I admire your style.

BARROW

Mister London, you said when you
phoned for this appointment....

ANGEL

(interrupting)

...that I could save you a lot of
money...I can.

ANGEL

Joey's into me for fifty thousand...
plus interest...my money -- which
he paid to you for the first option
on his restaurant.

(they stare

at him)

He told me the whole setup...

(sits back)

...under pressure, I admit.

Striker sits back...waiting. Barrow jumps in, nervously.

BARROW

Let's make one thing clear. Where
Mister DiMenna got his money to
payoff the option is not of any
concern to the corporation. There
is no legal....

ANGEL

(interrupting)

Don't waste my time with that
whole bit! I got accountants
and lawyers, too.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED - 2

20

ANGEL (Cont'd)

(turns to
Striker)

Joey gave me a quick story. He told me he needs fifty grand to beat off the wolves; normally he's a tuna, so I give it.

(slowly)

Fif-ty thou-sand. And now what'ya think? He don't pay back; he comes back. Says he needs two hundred more; if I don't cough, he chokes. And so do I.

Angel sits back. Barrow is totally confused. Striker understands.

STRIKER

So you want two hundred thousand dollars from me. Your interest rates have gone up.

ANGEL

Times are rough.

BARROW

Two hundred thousand for what?!

ANGEL

So I don't lay the same zeroes off on Joey. If I give him the two hundred thou he wants...he pays off ...you're out.

(X)

(to Striker)

How much those new 'franchise' restaurants worth to you; Joey tells me there's at least eight million wrapped into it already.

(smiles)

Say, I'll bet you got a piece of the construction jobs, too. You give me a present of two hundred G's, and I'll get lost.

STRIKER

I'm prepared to make you a counter-offer. Zero.

Angel half-crumples; his performance has failed. He tries to recover.

CONTINUED

ANGEL

Maybe I didn't make my point clear enough....

STRIKER

It's terribly clear, but I'm not interested. Good day, Mister London.

He guides Angel toward the door...patting him on the back. Angel pulls back from the "friendly" hand.

Angel leaves. Striker closes the door...then heads back toward his desk.

BARROW

Burt, I don't like this. If they lend Joey the money, he'll pay us off and we're out.

STRIKER

It's a bluff -- and there are too many 'ifs.' If they were that smart; if they even had it to begin with...

(shakes head)

I'm surprised he didn't ask me to validate his parking ticket.

(thinks)

Still...it wouldn't hurt to make sure.

(dials phone)

This is Mister Striker. Gannon around? Get him; hurry up.

He waits on phone. Barrow is fearful.

BARROW

I didn't mean that way; that's just not good business. It's not smart.

STRIKER

(cold)

Just stick to your books. I'll run the company.

(into phone)

Gannon? Something I want you to do.

He is on his C.C. unit; acknowledges orders received. He looks toward the glass entrance doors...then waves a waiting sedan to pull in front.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE

22

Angel hurries out through the glass doors; Gannon is suddenly at his side, menacing and whispering. The bulging pocket convinces Angel; he is escorted toward the sedan at the curb.

23 INT. ROCKFORD'S CAR

23

watching in the mirror...two car-lengths ahead of the sedan. He suddenly starts the engine...shifts to reverse...and careens backward.

24 EXT. CURB - POINT OF VIEW

24

The rear door of the sedan beckons Angel...when Rockford's car violently crashes into the sedan. Angel and Gannon are both thrown to the ground; Angel reacts first and races to the safety of Rockford's car. Rockford burns rubber.

25 ANGLE TO SEDAN

25

Jake, the driver, leaps out...raising gun. Gannon waves him down; they both jump into the car and give chase.

26 INT. ROCKFORD'S CAR

26

Rockford watches the rear-view mirror; Angel is still in shock.

ROCKFORD

What happened?

ANGEL

Tell me, tell me!

(looks back)

Thought you said these were
creampuffs!

ROCKFORD

Nobody's perfect, Angel.

Rockford abruptly accelerates and skids around a corner, throwing Angel against the door.

27 CAR CHASE - SERIES OF SHOTS

27

thru
30

thru

30

Gannon's car stays close as Rockford weaves and veers through the city streets. Suddenly, Rockford turns sharply (X)
...then sharply again through an open materials yard. Gannon has to back up to pursue.

- 31 EXT. MATERIALS YARD - REAR EXIT 31
A man drops his precarious load as Rockford screeches past. Bouncing back onto a city street, Rockford takes another sharp right...then shrieks into Al's Body Shop and into the garage.
- 32 INT. BODY SHOP 32
Al, as messy as his tiny office, reacts in shock as Rockford's car roars into the pit area.
- ROCKFORD
Hey, pal...quick -- put it up
on the hoist --
(a beat)
Here's twenty....
- Rockford hands him a bill. Confused, Al responds, putting the car with Rockford and Angel inside up on the hoist.
- 33 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 33
as Gannon's car hits a dead end and turns around and heads back.
- 34 INT. GANNON'S CAR - DAY 34
as Gannon and Jake look for Rockford's car.
- 35 POINT OF VIEW - AL'S BODY SHOP - MOVING 35
They pull past, looking in the pit area. Rockford's car is on the top of the rack but isn't visible because it is up higher than the door. Only the wheels and undercarriage can be seen by Gannon and Jake. They roll on past.
- 36 INT. ROCKFORD'S CAR - ATOP THE RACK - DAY 36
Angel is shitting and Rockford lets out a sigh.
- ANGEL
You got me in some trouble, Jimmy.
- ROCKFORD
Aw, Angel...it's not too bad.
- ANGEL
You got me in some trouble, Jimmy,
and I ain't listening to no, 'Aw,
Angels' or anything like that.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

ANGEL (Cont'd)

What I'm doing, Jimmy, is I'm
telling ya you gotta get me out.
Those guys was looking to dust
me...and I'm telling ya --

(a beat for
emphasis)

-- I don't wanta be dusted. Ya
hear me, Jimmy? I'd hate to die
just yet...I'd really hate it....

Rockford looks at him and nods his head.

ROCKFORD

I'll look into it....

ANGEL

I'd sure appreciate it, Jimmy.
Now, let's get outta here.

Rockford leans down and calls out to Al.

ROCKFORD

Okay, we're through now, thank
you.

(X)

CUT TO

37

INT. JOEY AND PAULETTE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

37

Paulette is at her desk...busily signing invoices and
checks. Joey and Rockford alternately sit and pace.

JOEY

(screaming)

So I'm cool!!

PAULETTE

(concentrating)

Turn up the heat, will ya, Pop?

Joey moves obediently to the thermostat, controlling his
temper, he turns back to Rockford.

JOEY

Look, Rockford, I was hopin' to
make it just as polite as you and
Beth. But so far, nobody's hittin'
like Joe DiMaggio.

ROCKFORD

We haven't turned it around yet,
that's all.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

Paulette looks up from a check; lowers her reading glasses.

PAULETTE

And day after tomorrow's Friday.

(to Joey)

You gave Dominic another raise?

JOEY

(apologizing)

He's a good kid. He's gettin' married!

(X)

ROCKFORD

Look, this is all very nice....

PAULETTE

(overlapping)

People have to be paid, even if we're not around.

Joey, equally frustrated, lays it on Rockford's door.

JOEY

You want to talk about layin' down? Seems to me I've paid you for a lot of time that ain't gone nowhere! All we got from your tap-dancin' so far is a promise from Sweet Tooth and Striker to pipe us!

ROCKFORD

(angry)

And I got a friend now who's in your spotlight....

PAULETTE

Your friend Angel? -- I'm sorry that had to happen.

ROCKFORD

(still angry;

to Joey)

And the only reason is because I made the mistake of picking up on your case!

JOEY

So tell him to rabbit! And you too!

ROCKFORD

Point me to the right hole! You're the expert!

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED - 2

Enraged, Joey charges him; Rockford jumps aside...turns, ready to fight.

ROCKFORD

Come on...come on!

Joey lunges...Rockford cocks his fist -- then both men suddenly freeze as Paulette's scream fills the room. In a rage of her own, she scatters papers...books...everything...stomping around the room.

PAULETTE

(in Italian)

Do it by God, do it!

(English)

Kill each other! I want to see it! Do it!

Papers flutter in the air; both men cover before her awesome tantrum.

PAULETTE

That'll show them, won't it?!

Make them happy! Make me happy!

She sweeps a table clean...knocking a picture of Mrs. DiMenna flying into a corner. Paulette abruptly slumps onto the couch.

PAULETTE

(quieter)

Just leave me alone. I don't want any more.

(almost crying)

What's the difference? Who cares?

Rockford and Joey...stunned apologetic...begin picking up the scattered debris and papers. Joey picks up the portrait of his wife...returns it to the table. He tentatively reaches to touch Paulette; she pulls away.

JOEY

It's my fault; I know. You tell me...just like your mama...but I don't know how to listen.

(tries to joke)

Remember? She'd say...

(points to ears)

...only thing that ever went in my ears was knuckles.

Paulette half-cries, half-laughs; Joey rises, looking at Rockford.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED - 3

JOEY

I'm sorry, Rockford. You didn't ask in; and you tried.

ROCKFORD

(apologizing)

Not enough, I guess.

More mad at himself than anything else, Joey almost slams his fist into the wall...pulls back.

JOEY

It never is, is it?!

(to himself)

They break your backs. Then they tell you you're not tryin' hard enough. Should stand up straighter with your broken back!

(to Rockford,

firmer)

But I was askin' for no specials. I made mistakes...I paid for my county shoes. Total of nine years, startin' at fourteen. Dumb, right?

Paulette looks up from the couch.

PAULETTE

It's all so dumb. Playing by rules that don't mean what they say.

ROCKFORD

That's where we've been going wrong, you know, maybe. We've been giving them nothing but words; only thing they care about is what's written on the bottom line.

Paulette and Joey are hardly listening as she hugs him; they forgive each other for the tantrums.

ROCKFORD

You told me, Paulette. The restaurant...all the contracts, everything. They're all in your name, right?

JOEY

You know how it works. In prison they teach you how to make license plates; when they let you out, they won't let you have one.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED - 4

She is straightening up; she adjusts her mother's portrait to its normal angle on the table.

PAULETTE

He's got a felony record. You want a liquor license, owner of name's gotta be clean.

(smiles
at Joey)

So I'm the real boss. Right, Pop?

- JOEY

The one and only.

(points to
picture)

But not like your mama.

PAULETTE

Don't worry. We'll get by.

(turns)

Thank you for your help, Jim. I'm sorry we both got a little....

ROCKFORD

Emotional?

(smiles)

There is a long moment while Rockford thinks.

ROCKFORD

We've got to get him; out of his fancy office and down into the streets.

JOEY

(surprised)

You mean we should hit him?

ROCKFORD

Enough to hurt him; make him hit back.

PAULETTE

Jim...?!

ROCKFORD

Not real muscle. But I gotta admit...what I got in mind...not exactly what you might call up-and-up. But it might get the restaurant back....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

38 EXT. GOLF COURSE - 18TH GREEN REFRESHMENT STAND - DAY

38

Striker sits at a table with a polished banker-type, Bill Evans, and Barrow.

EVANS

There won't be any problem, Burt, believe me. Soon as you have clear title on the restaurant, we'll give you every extension on those loans possible.

STRIKER

Well, you can look for me when you open your doors at ten o'clock tomorrow.

(claps him
on shoulder)

Want you to know I appreciate your efforts. You people are going to get a lot of our business.

(points to drink)

You want another?

Evans suddenly looks back...sees Rockford walking toward the refreshment stand.

EVANS

Better not. I'm running late.
Thanks for the game.

Evans heads off...nodding at Rockford. Rockford turns and smiles at Striker.

ROCKFORD

How's your backswing, Burt?

Striker thinks maybe he should know Rockford.

STRIKER

Too fast. How you doing?

ROCKFORD

(sitting down)
You probably don't remember me.

STRIKER

Sure, I...do.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

ROCKFORD

You never met me before.

(extends hand)

I'm Jim Taggart. I called your office for an appointment. They told me you were out here.

Striker is unsure of all this; he tentatively shakes hands.

STRIKER

What is it you're selling, Mister Taggart?

ROCKFORD

My company, Burt...in a manner of speaking. Now you got to understand, we're not on the exchange or anything; but when it comes to cash flow, we're in a lot better shape than yours. I believe you know one of our people. Sweet Tooth London?

STRIKER

(rising)

I've met him.

ROCKFORD

(a smile)

You tried to kill him.

Striker, standing, tries to dismiss Rockford. Barrows, who has been standing nearby, moves away.

STRIKER

(to Barrows)

Don't leave....

STRIKER

Mister Taggart, I run a very legitimate business...so if you don't mind....

ROCKFORD

So do we. Matter of fact, I'm an accountant.

(threatening)

And I know all your facts and figures. Including the banks breathing down your neck.

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED - 2

ROCKFORD (Cont'd)

That was Bill Evans, wasn't it?
Vice president of Home National?

Striker scowls at Rockford.

ROCKFORD

And I also know if you don't walk
into his bank tomorrow with lock-
and-stock on Joey's restaurant,
they're going to wipe you out.

STRIKER

If you want to embarrass me, I
guess you can. But what I told
your Mister London still stands.
Nothing's changed.

ROCKFORD

Oh, but it has. You see, we've
kidnapped Paulette DiMenna.

Rockford drinks his milk. Striker stares.

STRIKER

I'm afraid you've been misled....

ROCKFORD

Apparently so...into thinking you
were as smart as you think you are.
So I'll do it by the numbers.
Paulette DiMenna signs the checks;
all power of attorney is vested in
her. Now if she turns up missing?
And there's just a hint of foul
play?

(leans back)

Well, I don't have to tell you how
slow the legal system can be. To
protect the innocent, of course.
Could be months...years...before
the courts give you clear title.
I'm wasting your time, I guess.
I'm sure the banks...Mister Evans
...they'll be patient with you....

STRIKER

You kidnap this girl...then you
want me to pay the ransom?!

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED - 3

STRIKER (Cont'd)

What do you think's going to happen
when I bring in the police?

ROCKFORD

They're going to believe you, of
course. Just like the banks.
After all, you have no interest in
the girl.

(rises)

You've got a big pie to slice...
All we want is our \$50,000 invest-
ment...plus interest. \$250,000.

STRIKER

(sullen; cold)

Thought he said \$200,000.

ROCKFORD

(looks at watch)

Time is money. Make that 255. By
midnight. I can reach you at your
office?

Striker stares. Rockford gives him a slap on the back.

ROCKFORD

I appreciate that!

Rockford leaves. Striker and Barrow are left standing alone
as Rockford hikes off across the grass toward the parking
lot.

BARROW

If he's kidnapped the girl, then
he can pull it off. We can't
close our financing without the
papers signed.

Striker is watching Rockford depart and finally he smiles
slightly and turns to Barrow.

STRIKER

You don't seriously believe him,
do you?

Barrow looks startled.

BARROW

But he said....

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED - 4

STRIKER

(thinking
about it)

(X)

Joey knows we can't complete our deal without Paulette, so he and Mister Taggart cook up this phony kidnapping together...they stash Paulette in a motel somewhere and then Mister Taggart comes out here and lays this ham sandwich on me ...and I'm supposed to lay the two hundred and fifty grand on them.

BARROW

You mean it's a con?

STRIKER

Gotta be....

There is a long moment.

STRIKER

Get up to the club house and get hold of Gannon. He's probably having lunch in the grill. Tell him to get on Taggart's tail right now before he gets away. Taggart is going to lead us to that motel room eventually. When he does, we'll simply step in and borrow Paulette long enough to sign off the restaurant.

Barrow heads away at a jog as we:

CUT TO

39 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PARKING AREA - DAY

39

as Rockford gets into his car and starts it up. He pulls away. As he does, the camera hinges and we see Gannon coming out of one of the side doors of the country club. He runs toward his car, jumps in, and takes off.

40 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - RUNBY

40

as first Rockford's car -- then Gannon's -- heads past camera.

41

41

INT. ROCKFORD'S CAR

He drives along, unaware he is being followed.

42

42

INT. GANNON'S CAR

tailgating Rockford from a long way back. (Note: Be sure that Gannon doesn't get too close so that Rockford would see him.)

43

43

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

as Rockford pulls to the curb and parks the car. Some distance up the street, Gannon pulls up and parks.

44

44

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Rockford gets out of his car and moves casually over to a taco stand and buys a taco, sits on one of the stools and lazily eats the taco.

45

45

INT. GANNON'S CAR - DAY

He watches. He is perhaps a bit hungry himself and his tongue unconsciously licks his lips, but he can't do anything but watch. Hold on this for a long moment and:

CUT TO

46

46

EXT. BEER BAR - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

This is downtown joint and needs a paint job.

47

47

INT. BEER BAR - DAY

The joint is half filled and there is music coming from a jukebox. We start in tight on Joey's arm. Slam! Joey's arm pins Fred's down on the table. Fred is a middle-aged guy, slightly grimy with a hard hat still on his head that reads City Maintenance. After Joey has pinned him, Fred smiles at Joey.

FRED

And still champ...Joey Blue Eyes!
(pats Joey's arm)
I could use that as a jackhammer.

JOEY

(toasts back)
Yours ain't exactly peanut butter.
(points to
Fred's arm)

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

FRED

Been a long time, buddy. Must be doin' pretty good with that restaurant, huh?

JOEY

I'm tryin'.

FRED

(looks at watch)

I better get back.

JOEY

Can you get me the blueprints...or maps, whatever you call them?

FRED

Yeah, sure; I know this guy in the engineering department.

JOEY

I need it today.

FRED

I get off at four...What's the rush? What're you into, anyway?

JOEY

Hey, Fred...when I did favors for you in the joint....

FRED

Yeah, I know. You don't ask why.

(rises)

Later, huh, buddy.

JOEY

I'll come by around five.

48

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

48

Rockford's car is parked in front of a restaurant. Gannon is in the booth and is on the phone to Barrow. Intercut with:

49

INT. BARROW'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

49

GANNON

(on phone)

How long does Mister Striker want me to tail this guy?

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED

BARROW

As long as it takes. Mister Striker says he'll lead us to the girl eventually. Where is he now?

GANNON

All this guy does is eat. He's in an Italian restaurant....

BARROW

Stay on him. I'll be here.

Gannon is really getting upset. He hangs up the phone and moves to his car, which is parked across the street. He gets in and looks at Rockford, who happens to have a seat in the window and who is eating spaghetti, rolling it on a spoon.

50

CLOSE SHOT - GANNON

50

He licks his lips again.

DISSOLVE TO

51

LATER - IN FRONT OF RESTAURANT

51

Gannon is still watching Rockford, who's now on dessert, as a car screeches up in front of the restaurant and Joey Blue Eyes jumps out and looks in the window.

52

ANGLE - GANNON

52

He's instantly alert, sitting up and watching with intensity.

53

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

53

as Joey spots Rockford in the window and moves quickly into the restaurant.

54

GANNON'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH THE WINDOW - ROCKFORD AND JOEY

54

Joey appears to be furious. He snatches Rockford up out of his seat and strikes him. Rockford and Joey yell at each other. Gannon can see all of this through the window of the restaurant. Finally, Rockford swings on Joey, knocking him back, then he turns the table on him and slips out the front door. Joey pulls a huge automatic and runs after Rockford.

55

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

55

As Rockford explodes out the front door of the restaurant and runs into the street, Joey is about five yards behind. He exits the restaurant and aims his gun at Rockford, who is running away from the restaurant. Joey fires and Rockford catapults forward, screaming as he goes down not ten yards from Gannon. The back of Rockford's coat quickly soaks with blood.

56

ANGLE - GANNON

56

He starts up his car and squeals away from the scene, leaving rubber halfway up the block. Camera hinges down to Rockford, dead in the street. Hold on this shot as somebody from the restaurant screams, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

57 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

57

Gannon screeches his car up to the booth, jumps out and grabs the phone, dials a number quickly.

58 INT. STRIKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

58

Striker is in casual clothes and is going through some business papers as the phone rings. He picks it up.

STRIKER

Yes.

GANNON

You ain't gonna believe this, Mister Striker....

STRIKER

What is it? What happened?

GANNON

I don't think this guy Taggart was working with Joey Blue Eyes.

STRIKER

I'm sure of it. What's wrong?

GANNON

I'm parked out front of this Italian restaurant and Joey comes screeching up. He goes inside and he and Taggart get in a huge argument, and Joey chases Taggart out of the restaurant and shoots him dead in the street.

There is a long pause.

STRIKER

What?!

GANNON

That's right. Happened not thirty feet from me...he nailed him, Mister Striker.

CONTINUED

58

CONTINUED

STRIKER

That can't be....

GANNON

I saw it, I'm telling you...I think Taggart musta been giving it to you straight, Mister Striker. He musta kidnapped Joey's daughter and you know Joey's temper...he found Taggart and shot him.

STRIKER

Okay, okay...get ahold of Barrow and tell him we're gonna **have** to get the two hundred and fifty thousand ready....

(X)

GANNON

But Taggart's dead...who you gonna deal with?

(X)

STRIKER

I'm just hoping he wasn't working alone.

(X)

GANNON

But Mister Striker ---

(X)

STRIKER

(exploding)
Will you shut your damn mouth and do what I say?

(X)

He hangs up the phone and we stay on Striker who is now really (X) knocked back. He begins to pace in his office. He finally sits behind his desk and remains speechless for a long beat. Finally he slams his fist down on the stack of papers and as he does, we:

CUT TO

59

EXT. ROCKFORD'S TRAILER - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

59

60

INT. ROCKFORD'S TRAILER - NIGHT - ROCKFORD, ANGEL, JOEY, PAULETTE

60

Rockford is changing of his blood-soaked shirt. We can see that he has a squib kit attached to his back which was responsible for all the blood. He is cleaning up the mess and Joey and Paulette and Angel watch. He puts on a new shirt. They are all in a slightly euphoric mood.

CONTINUED

JOEY

First time I ever really scratched
a guy.

ROCKFORD

You were good, Joey. You really
looked like you wanted to kill me.

JOEY

I did. I mean, I wasn't figuring
you to paste me one -- and when I
ran out there in the street, I
was really ripe.

Joey fingers a lip which is split slightly and he smiles.
Rockford smiles back and looks at Angel and Paulette.

ROCKFORD

Whatta you think? Is it about
time?

Angel looks at his watch.

ANGEL

I don't know, Jimmy. I think we
should sweat him for a couple
more hours....

CONTINUED

60

CONTINUED

ROCKFORD

Look, Angel, you're not gonna get hurt ---

ANGEL

I know, Jimmy, but it seems a little early to me...Y'know, I been thinking if...you was to... maybe to....

JOEY

You punking out, Angel?

Angel falls silent.

ANGEL

Me...punk out...you kidding?

JOEY

Good.

ANGEL

I been actually kinda looking forward to it.

JOEY

Then get on the phone. Let's go.

Angel gets up from the table and moves over to the phone, looks at Rockford.

ANGEL

I don't have the number, Jimmy....

ROCKFORD

(hands it
to him)

Here.

ANGEL

Thank you.

He takes it like it was dry turd and sets it down on the table, then licks his lip and starts to dial the phone number.

CUT TO

61

INT. STRIKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

61

Striker is pacing and Barrow is not there. Gannon is in the b.g. The phone rings and he snatches it up.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

STRIKER

Yes.

ANGEL'S VOICE

This is Sweet Tooth London. I'm sure you remember me, Mister Striker....

STRIKER

Yes.

ANGEL'S VOICE

I understand, Mister Taggart talked to you this afternoon.

STRIKER

That's right. We're ready to deal, Mister London.

ANGEL'S VOICE

Mister Taggart had a little accident. We figured maybe you might have arranged it.

STRIKER

What? Whatta you talking about?

ANGEL'S VOICE

Well, the price goes up with every failure, Mister Striker. That's a very sound economic principle which I like to observe whenever possible.

STRIKER

I didn't kill him. Come on, whatta you think I am?

ANGEL'S VOICE

I wouldn't want to get into that just yet.

There is a long moment. Finally:

STRIKER

Okay. You've got the girl, I got the cash. Where do you want to make the drop?

ANGEL'S VOICE

There's a little box on East Adams, down at the end of the street near the factory. You put the money in there and you clear out.

(X)

CUT TO

62 INT. STRIKER'S OFFICE

62

STRIKER
(into phone)
In a litter box?

ANGEL
After you've dropped off the 255
grand...and we've safely picked
it up...we'll drop the girl off
at Joey's restaurant.

STRIKER
You expect us to deliver first?!

ANGEL
Law of supply and demand; isn't
that the way it works?

STRIKER
Mister London, I'm sure you under-
stand; to raise that much cash
on this kind of notice....

ANGEL
Midnight.
(hangs up)

63 INT. ROCKFORD'S TRAILER

63

as Angel hangs up...a big grin on his face.

PAULETTE
He bought it?

ANGEL
Yeah.

ROCKFORD
They'll make the drop...then try
and kill us when we make the
pickup.

ANGEL
(scared)
Boy, that's just terrific.

CUT TO

64 INT. STRIKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

64

Striker is loading his pistol; Ganon is exiting.

CONTINUED

64

CONTINUED

64

STRIKER

And there better not be any slip-ups, Gannon. I want that box covered from every angle.

Gannon nods and exits. Barrow...standing nearby...is increasingly nervous.

BARROW

Burt...there's no real need for any violence. All we have to do is catch them...we make sure the girl's safe...then we just turn it over to the police.

STRIKER

That would be just great, wouldn't it? All that nice publicity;

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED - 2

64

STRIKER (Cont'd)
probably give our investors a lot
of confidence in us.

BARROW
All right...then we just drop it
then. I mean, once we take title
tomorrow, there's nothing else
they can do.

The intercom buzzes.

STRIKER
Yes, Muriel.

MURIEL'S VOICE
(intercom)
The bank guard is here.

STRIKER
Send him in.
(to Barrow)
Ed, you don't understand how these
kind of people work.
(puts gun away)
We've got to have a show of force;
and I hope that's all.

The office door admits the bank Guard, carrying a valise. He
puts it on the desk.

STRIKER
Thank you.

GUARD
I'm sorry, Sir...the bank's got a
policy. I'm supposed to stay here
until you count it.

Striker flips open the valise...looks down at the wads of
money...looks back up at the Guard.

STRIKER
Okay...there's two hundred-fifty-
five thousand.
(to Barrow)
Sign for it, Ed.

Barrow looks at Striker...then obeys, signing the receipt.
The Guard nods and exits. Always the bookkeeper, Barrow
starts meticulously counting the money.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED - 3

64

STRIKER

Forget it; we don't have time.
Where'd you pull it from?

BARROW

The Employee Tax Reserve. But
it's got to be back in there
before Monday.

STRIKER

Don't worry about it.
(looks at watch)
It's going to be cold. You better
get your coat.

Barrow nods...moves out the door. Striker takes the opportunity to "skim" a bundle of cash from the valise...locks it in his desk...pulls his gun out...pockets it...and heads for the door.

65 EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

65

Barrow...bundled but shivering...walks the deserted street to the corner of Shaker and Hudson. He carries a bulky laundry bag. He reaches the litter box...briefly glances upward.

66 EXT. ROOFTOP - STRIKER AND HIS POINT OF VIEW

66

Through his binoculars, Striker watches Barrow shove the money into the litter box. Striker looks over to another rooftop.

67 EXT. ROOFTOP - GANNON

67

also watching Barrow...through the point of view of a rifle-scope. He sees Barrow hurry away. A car comes down the street; Gannon tenses. The car drives past and around the corner. Gannon talks into his C.C. unit.

GANNON

You see anything, Fulton?

68 EXT. ALLEY - CROSS STREET

68

Fulton, another gunman, presses into the shadows.

FULTON

(into C.C.)
Just that car went past.

69

EXT. NEARBY STREET - NIGHT

Angel is driving Rockford's car, with a burned-out taillight, pulls to the curb. Rockford gets out.

PAULETTE

(leaning out)

This is a long way's away.

ROCKFORD

It's the easiest route.

PAULETTE

Be careful.

She nods; the car pulls out.

70

EXT. LITTER BOX - NEAR DAWN

Everyone maintaining their vigil...but tired of nothing happening. Suddenly, Toby, a wino, swings down the street; he passes the litter box...hesitates...looks around...then begins scrounging into the box.

70

71

ANGLE TO FULTON - ALLEY

FULTON

(on C.C. unit)

I don't know: just seems to be a guy looking for some empties.

71

72

ANGLE TO STRIKER - ROOFTOP

STRIKER

(in C.C.)

Don't believe what you see. Hit him!

72

73

EXT. LITTER BOX

Toby is scared out of his wits...pulled out of the litter box by Fulton...a gun to Toby's face.

73

FULTON

Don't move! Get back there!
Against that wall!

Toby is scared...but too drunk to react well.

CONTINUED

73

CONTINUED

TOBY

Hey...sorry...honest, I didn't
know it was yours. It's okay...I
got others; cans all over, you know.

Fulton roughly frisks Toby...Toby falls down. Fulton picks
him up as Striker and Gannon race into the scene. Striker
grabs the drunken Toby...points pistol into his face.

STRIKER

All right...where's London?
(menacing)

If you think I'm fooling?! Where's
the girl?

Toby wants to help...and almost falls down: Striker pulls
him up.

TOBY

I told him...I did...you can have
it; I ain't trying for trouble.
(pleading)

Just looking for a taste, that's
all.

He crumples again; Striker realizes Toby is nothing. Confused,
he looks at Gannon...then whirls as Barrow comes running
across the street.

BARROW

(excited)

You got him?! You got him?! We're
home free! I just got word from
Phil watching the restaurant!
They dropped the girl off!

Barrow's enthusiasm is not shared by the angry, puzzled
Striker.

STRIKER

It doesn't figure! They didn't
even pick it up!

BARROW

(points to Toby)

What about him?

STRIKER

Be serious.

He is getting a clue- he walks slowly to the litter box...
tests its weight- very light.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED - 2

73

Suddenly, Striker violently throws the container to one side; he looks down at the open manhole below.

GARVEY

(obvious)

It's over a manhole!

Striker goes into a frenzy...turns on Barrow...kicks the litter box.

STRIKER

He just stood down there with waiting arms! Didn't you have brains enough to check the stupid box!

(grabs Barrow)

You threw our money right down the sewer!

74 INT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - LAST NIGHT

74

Opera music blares out from a stereo cassette unit. Paulette dances around the room with the reluctant Angel. A tired and somewhat grimy Rockford sits at a table...as Joey pours more wine into his glass.

(X)

Joey doesn't hear...he toasts Rockford.

JOEY

(to Beth)

We did it, baby! We did it!

(to Rockford)

You're beautiful!

Paulette spins Angel away and grabs Rockford's groping hands.

PAULETTE

(Rockford is

reluctant)

What's a matter? You don't want to dance?

(X)

ROCKFORD

Not till I've had a chance to get a shower. It was grimy in the sewer.

CONTINUED

74

CONTINUED

74

Beth looks at Rockford and at Joey and smiles a small smile.

BETH

I still don't quite understand
where the money came from.

ROCKFORD

The money?

(X)

JOEY

The money?

(X)

BETH

That's right, the money...how did
you get the two hundred and fifty
thousand dollars?

Rockford looks at Joey, who looks at Rockford.

JOEY

Well, what we did was we set up
Striker with a kidnapping and sold
it to him with a phony murder, and
then we ---

ROCKFORD

What we did, Beth, was we convinced
Mister Striker to make a donation
to Joey...

(a beat)

...that's all.

JOEY

Yeah. That's all.

BETH

(flat)

You conned him.

ROCKFORD

(a shrug)

Kinda.

JOEY

'Kinda' my foot...we had him
cleaned and pressed.

Rockford smiles innocently at Beth, who decides not to press
it. As this is happening, the door opens and Striker moves
into the restaurant followed by Gannon and Barrow. Striker
moves up to Joey, notices Rockford -- who's supposed to be
dead. Gannon blanches.

CONTINUED

GANNON

I saw him killed, Mister Striker....

STRIKER

Shut up.

JOEY

We're closed this evening. Can't you read the sign?

STRIKER

I'm an owner- so I come in when I want.

JOEY

(a smile)

Well, let's fix that, Mister Striker.

(to Beth)

Give him the check, Beth, and the option to sign.

STRIKER

You got my money, Joey...you think I'm gonna let you use it to pick up your option with.

JOEY

I don't know what you're talking about, Mister Striker.

STRIKER

You and Taggart....

ROCKFORD

Rockford...Jim Rockford.

He reaches out to shake hands. Striker won't shake, so Rockford shrugs. Beth opens a brief case and puts it on the table.

BETH

We have prepared a check for two hundred and fifty thousand and here's the signed option. If you'll please initial in the places where I have checked and endorse this notarization, I think that will completely conclude our transaction, except we'll want all of the accounting records and tax files... please.

(X)

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED - 3

74

STRIKER

You think I'm signing this place over, you're nuts.

BETH

(a smile)

I don't think you have any choice, Mister Striker...unless you want us to sue you for your entire net worth.

Striker knows he's had, and he snatches the check, initials the deed and the option statement. Beth stamps it with a notarization and puts it in her brief case.

STRIKER

Okay, you think you're pretty smart...but I'm not through with you.

JOEY

Hey, slick...maybe I'm not through with you.

(a grin)

Ever think of that?

There is a long moment and finally Striker and Barrow and Gannon exit the restaurant, leaving Rockford, Paulette, Angel and Joey with Beth. They are all happy.

JOEY

Y'know something? All my life I been doing things the hard way. You're okay, Rockford.

(a beat)

Ya got style.

75 ANGLE ON BETH

75

She smiles at him.

BETH

But he still needs a shower.

Hold on that as she kisses him carefully, and on that, we:

FADE OUT

THE END