

marathon man  
by william goldman

credits sequence

The screen is dark. A persistent music begins, not so much pretty as rhythmic, driving.

A Now a flash of light and briefly illuminated, we see BABE.

Now again, darkness. Each time the darkness comes, there is a credit. Paramount Pictures Presents. A Robert Evans, Sidney Beckerman Film. (Or whatever) The point is, each credit is flashed on starkly, then disappears.

And between the words are pictures -- it's as if someone was taking photos of BABE'S apartment. And the feeling we get is for the person who lives here.

B We've already seen him. Next we see a man in a framed picture on his desk: we'll come to know it's BABE'S father.

C A running hat.

D Flanking the hat: photos of Nurmi and Rikila.

E BABE'S DESK. Inundated with books and typed manuscript and yellow pages filled with notes.

F The book titles we see: they're about Fascism and they're about McCarthy, Joseph, the Senator from Wisconsin.

G And now: a body under a sheet. And on the floor, stretched out from under the sheet, a motionless hand. And on the rug a great red stain: blood.

The music continues to drive us on.

H Bookshelves piled to overflowing.

I Running shoes.

J Back to the father.

K Back to the blood.

The credits come to an end...

CUT TO

1 TIGHT SHOT: BABE

1

Exhausted; drained. He's sitting in a chair in a corner of a room, staring straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

From other parts of the room there are mutterings which we can't make out. BABE is talking to someone we don't see. His eyes blink. Again. Then --

BABE  
(Says something)

VOICE (OVER)  
(Irish American  
accent; gentle)  
I didn't quite hear you.

BABE  
(Same as before,  
only now we  
understand)  
Water?  
(Blinks again)  
I'd like some water please...

The off camera mutterings go on. BABE sits immobile. We pull back just enough to note something that wasn't clear before: BABE is sopping with blood. Now --

CUT TO

2 A BANK VAULT. 2

A LARGE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX is being shoved back into place. As it is locked inside --

2A A VERY OLD MAN is watching carefully as the BANK GUARD 2A finishes locking the box away.

2B THE GUARD hands the VERY OLD MAN the safe deposit key. 2B  
THE VERY OLD MAN takes it, carefully puts it back in-  
to his right hand trouser pocket as we

CUT TO

3 A GARAGE. 3

ANOTHER ~~VERY OLD MAN~~ -- ROSENBAUM -- is watching as a MECHANIC fiddles with his car, the hood of which is up. THE MECHANIC is not in a happy frame of mind -- it is clearly very very hot. The kind of day where it's easy to become unhinged.

MECHANIC  
What can I tell you, Rosenbaum?  
(Drops the hood)  
You got yourself some trouble.

(CONTINUED)

ROSENBAUM

Can you fix it right away or do  
I got to wait?

MECHANIC

You don't need air conditioning --  
Christ, it's October --

ROSENBAUM

And it's also 94. Now you gave  
me a written guarantee --

MECHANIC

-- it was a warranty --

ROSENBAUM

-- all right, all right, a  
warranty --

MECHANIC

-- and you didn't read it close.  
(And wiping his hands  
on a rag, he starts  
to walk away.)

ROSENBAUM

(Stunned)

You mean you won't fix it?

MECHANIC

(Walking)

On the money, Rosenbaum.

ROSENBAUM

(Louder now)

I can always take my business  
elsewhere, y'know.

MECHANIC

(Over his shoulder)

That sound you hear is my heart  
breaking.

(He walks into his  
office, slams the  
door)

is driving up First Avenue, weaving his way along.  
He is angry now, honking at cars that don't drive  
the way he wants them to. Every so often he shakes  
a fist at another driver.

4A INSIDE THE CAR.

4A

ROSENBAUM tries to get his air conditioning back going. He pats it, fiddles with the knobs, almost seems ready to start talking to it. It won't work. As his pats and knob fiddling get more irritated --

4B ROSENBAUM

4B

begins driving more and more angrily as he tools up First. He is boiling in his car, both because of temper and temperature and as he drives --

CUT TO

5 THE SHOPS on First Avenue and here is the first indication of one of the central images that will keep recurring, and it's this: cities in crisis. Stores are empty. Lots of them. And a lot of others have 'sale' signs across their fronts. Others have steel gates pulled across their doorways -- you can make out the salespeople behind the gates, but they don't look happy. From the storefronts, you can tell this was once a German neighborhood, and maybe there's a swastika amateurishly drawn across a deserted window, and from the storefronts --

CUT TO

6 AN OLD MERCEDES stalled on a narrow crosstown street. There are cars parked on both sides; no one can drive past. There comes, from behind, the sound of someone honking. The Mercedes driver -- he's the VERY OLD MAN from the bank -- is trying to make his motor catch.

There are a number of people walking by, the usual New York mix, Spanish and Blacks and Whites and, interestingly, Jews, many of them in skullcaps. It's Yom Kippur -- a synagogue is nearby. The honking sound comes more insistent, the horn held longer -- hoooonk, then again, hoooooonk! Then a man's voice is heard and as it is --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

7 ROSENBAUM, sweating in his Chevvy, trapped behind the Mercedes guy.

ROSENBAUM

-- move that heap --

(Louder)

-- I'm talkin' to you, Mister, moooooove!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

The Mercedes almost catches, but then subsides. ROSENBAUM leans out of his Chevy window, shouts. The argument starts big, builds, finally erupts into German.

ROSENBAUM

You're a goddam menace, you know that, you senile cocker?

MERCEDES DRIVER

(Sticks his head out too, says one word)

Langsamer!

ROSENBAUM

Don't you tell me 'take it easy,' you kraut meathead.

(Yelling louder)

Don't you tell me 'langsamer,' you kraut meathead.

MERCEDES DRIVER

(Louder still)

Langsamer!

ROSENBAUM

You limberger loving schmuck, mach schnell.

MERCEDES DRIVER

Sie verruckt Hund.

ROSENBAUM

Gehen Sie um Teufel.

MERCEDES DRIVER

Jude!

ROSENBAUM

Dafür werden Sie Bevahlen!!

8 ROSENBAUM backs up his car, drives it sharply forward, knocking the Mercedes maybe a foot. Pleased, ROSENBAUM backs up again, ignoring the shaking fist coming from the car in front, and clobbers the Mercedes harder. The impact is severe and ROSENBAUM smiles. 8

9 THE MERCEDES DRIVER tries again and again to get his car started. 9

10 ROSENBAUM backs up a third time, but suddenly his smile is gone, replaced by surprise as we 10

CUT TO

11 THE MERCEDES, finally starting, taking off, leaving 11  
the Chevy behind. ROSENBAUM jams his car into forward and guns it and as he does, THE TWO OLD CARS begin their lunatic race.

The people on the sidewalk stare at the two roaring vehicles, and as they watch --

CUT TO

12 THE CHEVVY, catching up with the Mercedes, but as 12  
ROSENBAUM tries to pass on the right he can't, because

CUT TO

13 THE MERCEDES DRIVER spotting what the Chevy is up 13  
to in his rear view mirror, swerving right, blocking ROSENBAUM and

CUT TO

14 ROSENBAUM, trying to get by on the left but again the 14  
Mercedes blocks the move and

CUT TO

15 THE TWO OLD MADMEN in their cars, flashing past Park 15  
Avenue, honking, motors roaring and now --

CUT TO

16 A MAN WE HAVEN'T SEEN. He's gesturing with his 16  
hands for something to back up. We don't know where we are -- there's no connection yet with either of the two OLD MEN. Across the street, in the background, is a synagogue.

CUT TO

17 THE CHEVVY AND THE MERCEDES, gunning past Park, 17  
heading along 87th, and the strain on the machines is starting to show -- the Mercedes seems about to come apart but still the DRIVER won't give ground and everytime ROSENBAUM tries passing, he's blocked, and they swerve along, dangerously close to coming out of control and now --

CUT TO

18 THAT MAN gesturing for something to back up again. 18  
Only now we can tell what he's directing: it's an oil truck that is backing out of a driveway of a building near 5th Avenue. Still no connection with the drivers.

(CONTINUED)

- 18 CONTINUED: 18
- Not visually anyway; but now, for the first time, we can hear the roaring of the motors. In the distance, not loud, not yet; but growing louder.
- CUT TO
- 19 ROSENBAUM, and for the first time he realizes he's going beyond control but he won't stop, and as they roar past Madison toward Fifth 19
- CUT TO
- 20 THE MERCEDES DRIVER, and he won't stop either and 20
- CUT TO
- 21 THE OIL TRUCK AND THE REST OF WHAT WE SEE, WE SEE FROM THIS POINT OF VIEW. The cars are visible now, jockeying, trying to pass or block, and as the Mercedes starts to slow to miss the truck it locks with the Chevy behind it and here they come, seconds from the wipe-out, six, five, four -- the cars are spinning -- three, two, one -- and as they cream into the oil truck, it flames, and the explosion is dreadful and deafening and 21
- CUT TO
- 22 A NANNY AND A RICH LITTLE KID as they both start screaming. 22
- CUT TO
- 23 THE DISASTER, the flames shooting into the air and 23
- CUT TO
- 24 A KNOT OF PEOPLE, most of them Jewish in caps -- they're standing in front of the synagogue. They move toward the crash, gaping. More of them pour out of the building toward the holocaust. Now -- 24
- CUT TO
- 25 ROSENBAUM, crumpled and dead and 25
- CUT TO
- 26 THE MERCEDES DRIVER, and he's trying with all the desperation left in his shattered body to get something out of his pocket and finally he does and 26
- CUT TO



27 WHAT'S IN HIS HAND and it's the safe deposit key. 27  
He tries to protect it but it's too much, and as he  
sprawls across the seat dead, his hand opens, the  
key falls, the flames begin to destroy it.

CUT TO

28 A CAMERA BUFF IN HIS EARLY 20's; he's got a Nikon 28  
and he's excited as he moves around, snapping pictures.  
The crowd from the synagogue continues silently to  
stare... Hold. Then --

CUT TO

29 THE RESERVOIR IN CENTRAL PARK. 29

It's later, getting on toward evening. A COUPLE OF  
PUDGY GUYS IN SWEAT SUITS COME PUFFING ALONG. As  
they reach a spot nearest Fifth Avenue, they stop,  
look off.

They're watching the remains of the accident. A  
large vehicle is disengaging the two cars from each  
other and from the cinder-like remains of the oil  
truck.

THE FAT MEN continue to watch fascinated. Now, be-  
hind them, BABE comes running. He's in track shorts  
and Addidas shoes and a track shirt and on his head  
is a long billed golf cap. He pauses behind the FAT  
MEN, looks out in the same direction.

The Mercedes and the Chevy are locked in some kind  
of final confrontation and it's impossible to sepa-  
rate them.

30 BABE presses a finger against one of his front upper 30  
teeth, briefly grimaces. He starts to run again.

Up ahead now is an experienced runner, going fast.  
BABE picks up his pace. The other runner is good.

31 In the semi-darkness of the running track now, A 31  
RELIGIOUS NUT stands, gesturing toward anyone coming  
in his direction. THE NUT looks, in this dim light,  
menacing.

32 THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER approaches the nut, makes a 32  
quick fake left, runs right, leaving the NUT easily  
behind.

32A BABE hesitates. Then runs off the track and around 32A  
the nut, avoiding any possible confrontation. When  
he's past, he goes back onto the track.

33 BABE has lost ground to the EXPERIENCED RUNNER but he begins to make it up. THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER glances back, sees BABE, and a kind of unspoken challenge begins. BABE clearly has speed. Endurance we don't know about yet. Or desire. But he continues to cut down the lead of the EXPERIENCED RUNNER. 33

34 They tear past an ancient stone building on the reservoir. (We'll see the place again later on.) A couple of BLACK KIDS are trying to spy through the hole in the center of the door of the old building, and a BUNCH OF OTHER RUNNERS are sprawled around, panting from their various exertions. A FEW OF THEM start shouting as BABE AND THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER pass. 34

35 BABE continues to gain. THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER keeps glancing back. His form is starting to go. BABE is tiring too. Now -- 35

CUT TO

36 BABE IN FANTASY and there's a crowd sound (not seen) cheering as he bursts past the EXPERIENCED RUNNER. BABE is wearing the American Olympic Team track uniform, but even in fantasy, he still keeps his golf cap. The unseen crowd roar is louder as up ahead now is the finishing line tape and the moment BABE triumphantly breaks it -- 36

CUT TO

37 THE TWO RUNNERS IN REALITY. BABE is busting his hump and he's damn near caught the EXPERIENCED RUNNER. They move along, stride for stride. Suddenly the EXPERIENCED RUNNER turns, glances at BABE, gives him the finger. 37

And with that, whap, he pulls away, opening up a big lead on BABE. BABE hangs in. The lead widens. BABE won't break. The lead holds, then slowly, very slowly, begins being cut down. BABE is tiring more than before, but he digs in and pumps and keeps after the EXPERIENCED GUY and just as it looks like he's going to break the EXPERIENCED GUY'S spirit --

CUT TO

38 BABE RUNNING IN FANTASY AGAIN. But this isn't made up -- this happened, and we're in another time, another place. It's a beautiful field, and THREE PEOPLE are running, the first two ahead of the third. 38

THE THIRD RUNNER IS BABE, maybe all of nine.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Ahead are another kid, maybe 14 or 15 who doesn't turn, and the MAN whose photo we saw on BABE'S desk. His father.

BABE

(Calling out)

...Hey you guys, wait up...

FATHER

(Turning)

...You'll have to do better, Babe...

And for a moment, BABE tries. But they're just too far ahead. He hesitates, slows, stops, and as he does --

CUT TO

39 BABE AS HE IS; he hesitates, slows, stops.

39

THE EXPERIENCED RUNNER is far ahead now, running on. BABE watches in silence, wipes his forehead, takes a deep breath. Finally he turns, puts his fingers through the thick fence, stares out at the water...  
Now --

CUT TO

40 HALF A DOZEN PUERTO RICANS

40

They are in their middle to late teens, sit bare-chested on the steps of a brownstone, swilling beer, smoking. One of them is slightly larger and brighter-seeming than the rest. His name is MELENDEZ.

STOOP KID

(To MELENDEZ)

Hey Melendez --

(Gesturing down the street)

-- here comes the Creep.

BABE is visible now, jogging toward them and then past them to another brownstone, two houses down.

MELENDEZ

Whad'ya say, Creepy?

(BABE ignores him)

Isn't it awfully chilly, running around without a sweat suit?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

MELENDEZ (CONT'D)

(BABE continues to ignore the baiting; he reaches his steps, starts up. MELENDEZ suddenly mimes having a hat on and speaks very hoity-toity)

I just adore his chapeau.

Involuntarily, BABE adjusts his cap, and as soon as he does, they start laughing. BABE heads up the stairs, away from their laughter and as he starts inside --

CUT TO

41

BABE'S ONE-ROOM APARTMENT.

41

It's strewn with books, shelves full of them, stacks of them on the floor. There's a hi-fi, a TV, desk, bed, couch, etc.

BABE emerges from the bathroom where he's just turned on the tub spigots. He's wearing a towel around his waist now and still has his golf cap on. He heads for his desk, picks up a heavy volume, flips it open. We catch a glimpse of a framed photo on the desk -- it's the man we saw briefly during BABE'S run, the man from another time and place who had his arms out to the little boy.

Book in hand, BABE turns, starts reading as he walks toward a hook on a wall. He passes the TV, flicks it on without breaking stride. The CAMERA BUFF we saw taking pictures of the crash is being interviewed -- it's six o'clock news time --

41A

41A

TV ANNOUNCER

And what happened next?

CAMERA BUFF

BOOM! -- that's what happened next.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

What were your thoughts?

CAMERA BUFF (OVER)

I thought if I took the first pictures, the Daily News might use 'em -- good chance they will.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED:

41A

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

I meant your feelings -- was it a  
terrible thing to have to see?

CAMERA BUFF (OVER)

Oh yeah; it was even worse than  
Towering Inferno.

42 BABE is by the hock on the wall now. On either 42.  
side are formal framed pictures of runners, with  
legends below. One of the men is black, one white.

PAAVO NURMI  
'The Flying Finn'  
Winner 7 Olympic Golds  
1920-1928

ABEBE BIKILA  
'The Barefoot Wonder'  
Winner 2 Marathon Golds  
1960-1964

43 BABE glances up from the book at the two other run- 43  
ners. He studies them briefly, then puts his golf  
cap on the hook between the two. Then he heads to-  
ward the bathtub, reading away. As he goes, the TV  
set is still on. The interview is over. The accident  
is being shown. Flames still rise over the oil truck;  
firemen work on the thing, trying to make it stop  
burning.

HOLD ON THE FLAMES...Then --

CUT TO

44 TIGHTSHOT: BABE 44

Same set-up as before. He sits in the chair, covered  
with blood. Now he is devouring a glass of water with  
great gulps. Finished, he fidgets with it.

BABE

Babe.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Hmm?

BABE

Babe's what people call me.

(Puts the glass down)

Listen -- I'm just a grad student,  
I don't know what's going on; I'm  
an historian, I come from a family  
of historians --

(Getting out his  
wallet)

You call Columbia, they'll tell  
you --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

BABE (CONT'D)

(He pulls out a card  
like a credit card)

See? That's my picture and my  
signature and it says where I  
go and everything. That's all  
there is about me...

He holds the card in front of him toward the camera.  
It has a passport type picture, unflattering and  
flat, and his name and signature and the name of the  
University stamped across the front.

From the shot of the card and the quiet muttering  
off camera --

CUT TO

45

A PAN AM DEPARTURE BOARD with the words LOS ANGELES  
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT printed on it -- and a lot of  
muttering going on off camera, only it doesn't stay  
off camera for long because we quickly pull back to  
reveal A CROWD staring at the board and are they  
ever unhappy -- every plane has been delayed. The  
airport looks like it's in a state of siege and the  
passengers are refugees. Now a voice comes over the  
loudspeaker, and the voice is a little frayed -- you  
get the feeling he's made this kind of announcement  
a lot lately.

45

LOUDSPEAKER

Pan American regrets to announce  
the further delay of 747 Service  
flight 909 to Hawaii. Plane 909  
should be ready to depart in  
three hours.

(There is a horrendous  
groan from the crowd)

Folks, thanks for understanding --  
the traffic controllers' slow-down  
has made all our lives a little  
difficult, but you've been terrific  
and we at Pan Am really appreciate  
it.

He clicks off. While he's been talking, we've taken  
looks at the crowd -- sitting, standing around,  
couples arguing with one another, finger pointing;  
there is the steady accompaniment of children crying  
'I'm huuuuuungry'.

46

Now a RUGGED-LOOKING MAN comes into view, quickly  
studies the Departure Board.

46

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

He's well-dressed but not conservatively so; modern, a Meledandre look. Wide knit tie. Between 35 and 40, he's obviously successful at whatever he does. Now he turns, heads for the sign saying 'Bar' and as he goes --

CUT TO

47 THE BAR. Tacky and plastic, and doing a business -- 47  
a lot of angry people sitting around drinking, playing cards, backgammon. At the far end of the bar itself, a SMALL MAN is drinking alone. His wig, from even this distance, is clearly a sad, ill-fitting thing.

48 THE RUGGED-LOOKING GUY stands in the doorway of the 48  
bar, and for a moment, he hesitates. Then, with no warning he starts to move at a faster pace than expected.

THE MAN WITH THE WIG sits drinking until suddenly the RUGGED-LOOKING GUY wraps his arms around him, and from a distance it might look like a couple of Rotarians locked in secret greeting. But close up we can see that the MAN WITH THE WIG is totally pinioned and helpless.

RUGGED-LOOKING GUY

Peace, Ape.

APE

(Quickly)

I'm unarmed.

RUGGED-LOOKING GUY

(Releasing him,  
sitting alongside)

Enjoy working for the Arabs?

APE

(Doesn't answer the  
question)

I'm glad you sat down, Scylla.

SCYLLA

Good; considering last time out  
in Brussels you tried to kill me,  
I wasn't sure how happy you'd be.

APE

Oh work is never personal, you  
know that; I've always wanted to  
meet you Scylla, truly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

APE (CONT'D)

(To the bartender)

Another for me and --

(Looks at SCYLLA)

-- Scotch, rocks, lemon twist.

That's all you ever drink, isn't it?

(SCYLLA nods; the bartender goes)

Our file on you is really very thick. 'Glorious career you're having,' Ape said enviously. You and the glass-eyed Mr. Chen are the best now.

SCYLLA

(Shrugs)

When I started, there was you and there was Fidelio.

THE BARTENDER returns. APE drinks too much of his fresh drink. SCYLLA watches, sips his Scotch.

APE

On the grand tour, are you? London, Paris, Rome? Selling the Smart Bomb I imagine. Or buying the Automated Battlefield. Which?

SCYLLA

It doesn't matter much -- it's all madness and bullshit anyway.

(Sips)

Why did you miss me in Brussels? It wasn't that hard a shot for someone like you. Not that I'm sorry, understand.

APE

Shadows, I expect. I went for your brains and got the wall.

SCYLLA

(Toasts)

To more shadows.

APE

(Drinks again)

-- You should have known me at the beginning, Scylla. When I retired Fidelio, I was something.

(CONTINUED)



SCYLLA

You retired Fidelio? I'd love to hear about that --

APE

-- best shot I ever made --  
(Drinks again)

SCYLLA

-- where are you going from here? --

APE

-- London --

SCYLLA

-- so am I, we'll sit together, you can tell me on the plane.

CUT TO

50 APE. CLOSE UP. He finishes his drink.

50

APE

They're sending me coach.

CUT TO

51 SCYLLA. For a moment, he says nothing. Then --

51

SCYLLA

For cover?

(APE shakes his head)

Mistake probably.

(Another head shake.

APE signals for the bartender to refill his glass.)

That stinks -- why hint around that your work is slipping? Why not just send you on a job you can't survive, retire you that way?

APE

(As his new drink arrives)

You know what I was thinking before you sat down? That there's never been a woman I didn't pay for, or a child who knew my name --

(He touches his dreadful hairpiece)

-- or a wig that enhanced me.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

SCYLLA  
(Without a beat)  
Sentimental crap.

APE  
(Stung)  
You can't imagine being retired.  
Well let me promise you something --  
(Stares at SCYLLA)  
-- they'll be sending you coach  
someday.

CUT TO

52 SCYLLA. CLOSE UP. There is a pause. Then --

52

SCYLLA  
Give me your ticket --

APE  
-- why? --

SCYLLA  
-- just give me the goddam thing --  
I'll change you to first class,  
and don't worry, I'll pay the  
difference.

APE  
(Without a beat)  
Sentimental crap.  
(But a moment later,  
his ticket's in  
his hand)  
But take it, take it --  
(As SCYLLA does)  
-- I am glad you sat down, Scylla  
-- and I will tell you every lurid  
detail of the Fidelio story --

SCYLLA  
-- quit bouncing around --

APE  
-- I have to, you know that --  
(And now he's off  
his stool)  
-- I'm sure my kidney problems  
are noted in your files.

SCYLLA  
(Nods)  
We Americans love detail.  
(Now as APE scurries  
off -- )

CUT TO

53 THE MEN'S ROOM out in the main area. APE enters and 53

CUT TO

54 SCYLLA at the PAN AM window. He slides APE'S ticket 54  
across and as the ticket man nods, SCYLLA looks around.

CUT TO

54A A POOL OF BLOOD. More blood continues to drip down -- 54A

CUT TO

54B A CHILD NEAR THE PAN AM window. THE CHILD holds a 54B  
melting cone of strawberry ice cream. It is melting,  
dripping the red ice cream that looks like blood onto  
the floor. SCYLLA notes all this, kind of half-smiles.

Beside the CHILD are a bunch of non-smilers -- maybe  
a dozen JAPANESE tourists, all with expensive camera  
equipment and no place to go. A JAPANESE woman stands  
in front of them, trying to get them to smile for a  
picture she's trying to take. She says, in Japanese,  
'Smile everybody'. The whole group ignores her.  
They stay as glum as before. Now from this group --

CUT TO

55 THE AIRPORT as the loudspeaker voice comes again, 55  
the groan begins even before the message is totally  
audible --

LOUDSPEAKER

Pan American regrets to announce  
that Flight 88 to New York --

(He knows he's drowned  
out -- even over the  
loudspeaker, he sounds  
tired)

Folks, we're not doing this on  
purpose, believe me.

CUT TO

56 SCYLLA, at the counter, receiving the new ticket 56  
from the agent, starting back toward the bar and

CUT TO

57 THE BAR -- SCYLLA approaches. APE'S seat is still 57  
empty. SCYLLA hesitates, then turns and

CUT TO

58 THE MEN'S ROOM AND A MAN APPROACHING THE DOOR, pushing it. It's locked. There is a sign on the door now. The man glances at it as SCYLLA comes up. The man leaves. SCYLLA looks at the sign which is typed on official airline paper and taped to the door. 58

58A INSERT: THE SIGN. 58A

'Sorry for the inconvenience.  
Pipe trouble. Please use the  
facilities located at the  
bottom of the escalator.  
Thank you.'

CUT TO

59 SCYLLA, studying the sign a moment. He half starts away, then is drawn back, looks at it again, especially the word 'facilities'. 59

Suddenly there's a tiny knife in his hand, a pocket knife and the smallest blade has been filed into a slight hook. SCYLLA slips it into the lock, rakes it up and down and

CUT TO

60 INSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM AS SCYLLA, obviously blind drunk, comes staggering in, makes it to the sink. TWO MEN look at him, surprised. ONE, AN ENGINEER WITH A WRENCH plus other tools is white. THE SECOND, A JANITOR who is pushing an enormous canvas garbage bag, is black. The bag is stuffed with linens, those long towels used to dry hands, etc. 60

SCYLLA

(Slurred)

Martinis're killers.

(He manages to get  
the 'cold' spigot  
turned on; the water  
runs smoothly)

Martinis're killers.

ENGINEER

(Very politely)

You'll have to turn that off,  
sir.

(He gestures with  
his wrench, explaining)

These facilities aren't functioning  
properly.

JANITOR

There was a sign on the door,  
didn't you see it?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

SCYLLA

(Perplexed)

Said 'Men's Room' course I saw it,  
ya think I wanna have a buncha  
women screamin' at me?!

(Blinks drunkenly)

Martinis're killers.

THE ENGINEER turns off the spigot. He couldn't be more polite. SCYLLA is looking at the mirror over the sink.

ENGINEER

I really can't let you use the  
water sir, I'm sorry.

CUT TO

61 THE LARGE CANVAS BAG WITH THE LINEN CRAMMED AT THE TOP. Beneath the linen, out of sight, it's not hard to guess that APE is lying dead, there is an outline visible of what undoubtedly is his body.

61

CUT TO

62 SCYLLA.

62

SCYLLA

(Looking at the bag  
through the mirror)

I'm sorry too.

JANITOR

(Coming back from  
the front door)

Sign's still there --

ENGINEER

-- you shouldn't have come in --

SCYLLA

-- I'm goin', I'm goin' --  
(And as he takes a  
last glance in the  
mirror -- )

CUT TO

63 A TOILET STALL. In one corner, APE'S ill-fitting wig is on the floor and

63

CUT TO

64 SCYLLA, suddenly exploding wildly --

64

SCYLLA

You should have waited, Jesus Christ!

CUT TO

65 THE ENGINEER AND THE JANITOR, surprised, and before the JANITOR can even get his wrench half-raised --

65

CUT TO

66 SCYLLA, moving like fire -- his right hand comes up with the fingers stiff as nails under the chin of the ENGINEER, lifting the other man off his feet, sending him gasping to the floor and as the JANITOR tries to defend himself he's just too slow as SCYLLA clubs him with the hard edge of his left hand near the neck and there is the sound of bones snapping as the JANITOR crumbles, falling near the ENGINEER.

66

SCYLLA

You killed him with his pants down -- he was a fucking legend --

(Huge)

-- why didn't you wait? --

CUT TO

67 THE ENGINEER AND THE JANITOR, both of them in agony; the ENGINEER can only gasp and hold his ruined throat, the JANITOR just lies there, eyes glazed, as SCYLLA comes to them --

67

SCYLLA

I think I'll take your pants down, would you like that? -- and then put you on the squat, would you like that? -- and kill you, would you like that?

(THE ENGINEER continues his terrible gasping. THE JANITOR manages a word)

JANITOR

...orders...

SCYLLA

I don't know whose side you're on and I don't care, you remember what I tell you: always-leave-a-person-something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

SCYLLA (CONT'D)

(To the JANITOR)

Understand?

(THE JANITOR nods.)

SCYLLA looks at  
THE ENGINEER)

Say it!

ENGINEER

(The rasp is barely  
audible)...al...ways...le--leave...a per...  
son...suh...some...

(A breath)

...something...

(SCYLLA continues to  
stare; his eyes will  
not stop blazing. Hold.  
Then -- )

CUT TO

67A BABE, as usual running, this time across the campus  
at Columbia. It's DAY, there are a lot of students  
walking in various directions. BABE adroitly cuts  
in and out, running past them all. Now --

67A

CUT TO

68 A LARGE RAKED CLASSROOM. A few straggling students  
are leaving as BABE pushes his way in.

68

At the front is BIESENTHAL. BIESENTHAL is smarter  
than anybody. Other than that, not much unusual  
about him.

BIESENTHAL

Levy.

(Points to the front)

Come.

(Indicates a chair)

Sit.

BABE

(As he sits)

Professor Biesenthal, listen --

BIESENTHAL

-- silence.

(BABE shuts up fast.  
BIESENTHAL goes into  
his briefcase, takes  
out a typed bunch of  
pages in a rubber band)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BIESENTHAL (CONT'D)

Your latest chapter on the McCarthy purges --

BABE

I hoped it was my best, did you think it was, I thought it was.

BIESENTHAL

Terrible. Dreadful. Hysterical. Unusable.

(Beat)

I was not, to put it bluntly, much pleased with it.

(To the remnants of the last class who are in the doorway)

Out. Away. Shoo.

(They vanish. BIESENTHAL begins to pace.)

The Rosenberg children choose to write about their parents, fine; theirs is a book meant for the general public.

(Indicates BABE'S chapter)

You choose to write about a period involving your father, not fine; this is a doctoral dissertation, and it may not become hysterical invective.

CUT TO

BABE

I'm going to get mine published, too. That's the whole point.

BIESENTHAL

Take my word, no one but a vanity press will look at this bilge.

BABE

You saying you'll fail me?

BIESENTHAL

(Nods)

Unless the tone alters completely. Facts we must have. Verifiable data.

(He glances through a few pages, then looks at BABE. The silence goes on awhile.)

(CONTINUED)



BABE

(Finally)

What is it?

BIESENTHAL

You may be very brilliant, Babe,  
I'm not quite sure --

BABE

-- thank you --

CUT TO

BIESENTHAL, studying BABE.

BIESENTHAL

-- silence -- but I am quite  
sure that you are, as the French  
say, fucked up.

(Hands into pockets)

Mars Bar? Gum?

(He holds them out)

I'm stopping smoking again.

(BABE indicates the  
Mars Bar. BIESENTHAL  
splits it and they  
chew away for the rest  
of the scene.)

Your father was my dear friend  
and teacher -- he was destroyed  
by McCarthy. I find it worrisome  
that you chose those purges for  
your subject, don't you?

BABE

I'll change the tone, Professor  
Biesenthal. From now on, nothing  
but facts..

BIESENTHAL

You can't put me off that easily --  
is your whole family involved in  
this crusade?

BABE

There's only me and Doc.

BIESENTHAL

Where is he teaching?

(CONTINUED)

BABE

(Bursts out laughing)  
Teaching? My God, he's an oil  
man, a world class dilettante in  
his button-down shirts and striped  
ties. I think father would have  
disowned him. All Doc ever dreams  
about is the oil depletion allowance  
and all he ever drinks is Burgundy  
wine.

(Beat)

Why I think he's so terrific,  
God knows.

(Now quickly)

You wouldn't really flunk me.

BIESENTHAL

Your father almost failed me.

BABE

Why?

BIESENTHAL

He felt I was a smart ass.

(Beat)

As the French say...

Now from the two of them in the empty classroom

CUT TO

BABE

(Confused)

Weapons? Why do you want to  
know if I have any weapons?

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Well, do you?

(BABE nods)

What?

BABE

Gun.

(Points)

There.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Your desk?

BABE

(Nods)

Bottom drawer.

72 AND NOW AS THE CONVERSATION GOES ON, WE MOVE BACK IN 72  
 TIME. The BOY we saw running before is now swinging  
 in a back yard. The talk continues quietly; what we  
 hear is this:

72A BABE (OVER) 72A  
 It's legal and everything.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)  
 Licensed?

BABE  
 Yessir.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)  
 Kind of odd, don't you think?

BABE  
 Nossir; it's a kind of a family  
 thing; we've had it a long time.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)  
 I just don't see why a grad student  
 would have a gun.

BABE (OVER)  
 No reason I guess.

73 Now what we see during this is that LITTLE BOY SWING- 73  
 ING until from inside the house nearby, there comes  
 the terrible sound of a shot. THE BOY takes off for  
 the house, goes to it, reaches a window, stops, looks  
 inside. We see inside with him. There is a bed.  
 Pause. From the far side of the bed now, a pool of  
 blood starts spreading. The BOY moves a bit and a  
 figure is half-visible lying still -- the man we saw  
 who stood before on the top of the hill. The blood  
 puddle continues to spread.

CUT TO

73A BABE. BACK IN THE TIGHTSHOT. 73A

BABE  
 It was my father's...  
 (HOLD ON BABE. Then --

CUT TO

74 A SUPERHIGHWAY; more specifically, that part of one 74  
 that's a tunnel. There are a lot of PEOPLE ON BI-  
 CYCLES riding along, carrying thin rectangular signs,  
 easily recognizable. We're behind them, so we can't  
 read what they say but there are a lot of riders and  
 now suddenly --

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

We rise out of the tunnel and we've been in a cab and through the rear view mirror now is visible, in all its glory, the Arc de Triomphe. As the cab speeds along the Paris highway --

CUT TO

75

SCYLLA, coming out of the great chocolatier, Godiva's, 75 and he carries a small package, beautifully wrapped. SCYLLA crosses to his cab and as he does, we see behind him the Place Vendome and Napoleon's statue.

We also see the front of the procession of cyclists and they are chanting something, what exactly we don't get, but clearly it has to do with the fact that Paris is at the moment in the middle of a garbage strike. Papers blow along the street, plastic bags full of debris are visible. SCYLLA skirts them, opens his cab door and gets in as we

CUT TO

76

SOMETHING WHITE AND LOVELY, WITH DARK OBJECTS ON IT and as we shift focus, we realize the white is an expensive bedspread, and dark objects fancy pieces of chocolate. We're in a room in the Plaza Athenee. SCYLLA is placing a marble type drawstring bag into the lower layer of the chocolate box. He covers it, deftly begins replacing the pieces of chocolate on the upper layer when the phone rings.

76

SCYLLA

(Into phone)

Yeah?

(Beat)

Janey? Which Janey, I'm intimate with so many.

(Laughs)

Up yours too, you tawdry bitch.

77

The door to the room opens unexpectedly and BELLMAN stands there, holding up a pressed jacket. He begins talking rapidly and nervously in French: 'I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but I have your jacket.' That kind of talk.

77

SCYLLA

(Into phone)

Hold a sec'.

(To the BELLMAN)

That's not... I didn't send out any...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

SCYLLA (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

What the hell's French for 'jacket'?

(Listens)

Thanks; with your looks, it's a good thing you got brains.

(To the BELLMAN)

La veste --

(Shakes his head)

La veste -- non.

THE BELLMAN gets the point, backs out. More nervous than before. SCYLLA stares after him until the door is closed.

SCYLLA

(Into phone)

That was not your everyday mistake.

(Beat)

So I'm paranoid, who said I wasn't? Listen, sweets, when are we getting together?

(Beat)

Okay; when you get unbusy, buzz me.

He hangs up, stares at the phone. Almost absent-mindedly, he touches the receiver. Gently...

CUT TO

78 THE MONA LISA, only this isn't the Da Vinci painting, 78  
it's a chalk version and as a PRAM is rolled across  
it, we realize that the chalking has been done on  
the sidewalk. As we do --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

79 THE MARCHE AUX PUCES. It's a tremendous street 79  
market that goes on forever. There's a main street  
visible. Across the street is a taxi stand, three  
cabs waiting, the drivers visible talking by the  
rear cab. Beyond it is a French cafe, the menu  
painted on the glass wall like they do there.

80 SCYLLA, holding the chocolate box all wrapped again, 80  
gets out of a cab across the street from the taxi  
stand. He pays, moves into the market.

81 Now we see the PRAM again. Lovely and expensive. 81  
Only we don't see who's pushing it and maybe that's  
kind of odd, maybe not, we don't think about it much  
because as the PRAM moves by, a BLACK MAN is seen  
sitting on his haunches playing a kind of rattle.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

It makes a hollow sound. There are dozens of similar rattles spread for sale on the sidewalk in front of him.

82 SCYLLA moves deeply into the market now, passing all kinds of stores and stands selling -- you name it. 82

African masks and U.S. Army surplus, and more denims than you ever saw and all kinds of antiques. Many of these are stands, others are little stores -- inside you can occasionally see people eating. Colorful, noisy, bustling, different. Now --

CUT TO

83 A LOVELY ANTIQUES SHOP. THE OWNER, pudgy, sits eating while two customers are browsing. He pays them no mind. 83

SCYLLA enters, stops. THE OWNER looks up and stops in the middle of a mouthful, clearly astonished to see him. SCYLLA picks up the reaction and moves across the shop to examine an antique. THE TWO CUSTOMERS, AMERICAN, fondle an art object, look at the price.

WIFE

(Whispered)

What do you think he'll take?

HUSBAND

Don't let him give you trouble -- these guys love to haggle.

WIFE

(Approaching owner who still eats)

This price --

(He glances up --

probably he doesn't understand)

-- too high... Do you speak English?

THE OWNER apologizes in French that he does not. THE WOMAN gestures, as she talks, trying to explain with her hands.

WIFE

I -- I give you -- half.

THE ANTIQUES GUY suddenly erupts from his little table, grabs the objet d'art, puts it back, all this accompanied by an explosion of what is obviously French on a Vulgate level.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

HUSBAND

C'mon -- let's go.

WIFE

(Sotto voce as  
they exit)

How do you expect to sell anything  
if they don't speak English?

HUSBAND

C'mon...

WIFE

D'you think I handled it badly?  
(And they are gone)

84

THE ANTIQUES GUY goes back to his food; SCYLLA has  
been idly browsing; The OWNER, recovered from seeing  
SCYLLA, looks at him.

84

ANTIQUES GUY (LECLERC)

(Jokingly)

I'm far too sensitive for this  
kind of work, Scylla.

SCYLLA

Why were you surprised to see me?

LECLERC

I wasn't.

SCYLLA has placed his case down on a table, as if to  
open it, but stops.

SCYLLA

You were when I walked in.

LECLERC

I expected you three days ago.

SCYLLA opens his case, takes out the box of chocolates.

SCYLLA

I'm sorry. London got busy. I'm  
over here on a dozen different  
things. You're just one.

(As he hands the  
box to LeClerc)

For your crash diet. This was  
the least I could do.

LECLERC

(As he takes the box)

Merci, Scylla.

(CONTINUED)

SCYLLA

(In a bad imitation  
of French)

You're welcome, LeClerc.

LECLERC

(As he opens box;  
pops chocolates)

It's going badly... I'm beginning  
to think I lack will power.

SCYLLA stands watching him silently. LECLERC begin-  
ning to get unnerved. Beat...

LECLERC

I haven't got anything for you  
here, Scylla.

SCYLLA

Why not?

LECLERC

Well, I couldn't keep it in the  
shop.

(Beginning to  
perspire)

Look... I'll have it for you  
tonight.

(Now a new idea)

Come to the opera with me.

SCYLLA

(As he closes his  
case)

Jesus, LeClerc... The Opera!

LECLERC

(Enjoying this)

-- it's worse than you think.  
It's a French Opera. A very  
long French Opera. And for  
someone who speaks French as  
poorly as you... it's even longer.

SCYLLA

Leave the ticket at the Box Office  
-- I'll come -- in the second act.

LECLERC waves, and when he's gone, looks worried.

CUT TO



85 THE CAB RANK 85

The drivers are still in heated conversation. THE PRAM moves past them. Then it stops. The brake is set. Now the CAMERA begins to move in slowly on the pram. A LARGE DOLL lies inside, eyes open, staring. We've never gotten a good look at the person pushing the pram. Man, woman, old, young, we can't be sure. But now a hand reaches inside, closes the eyes of the doll as we

CUT TO

86 OMITTED 86

87 SCYLLA moves out of the market, hurrying through the crowd. 87

88 THE PRAM is as before, set near SCYLLA's waiting cab. 88

89 SCYLLA crosses the street away from the market. Beyond, the cab drivers are still in conversation. Beyond the drivers, people eat in a crowded brasserie. There is a large pile of debris behind the drivers, a vivid reminder that Paris is still in the midst of a garbage strike. 89

90 THE PRAM explodes. 90

91 Screams. Shattering sounds. A rising cloud of dust. 91  
As the explosion began, SCYLLA dived desperately for cover. The dust cloud covers him now. HOLD as it continues to rise...

CUT TO

92 LE DOME 92

It's a glass-enclosed sidewalk cafe. Across from it is a busy newsstand. LE DOME bustles with activity. WAITERS move constantly around, trays almost but not quite toppling.

93 AN ATTRACTIVE MAN IN HIS 30's is seated at a table in a corner. He looks, for want of a better word, like a hero. With him is a FRENCH TYPE YOUNG WOMAN, maybe in her late 20's. Chic, sexy; all those French things. 93

94 THE HERO TYPE has a briefcase open, and he is studying some pages that look like memos and probably are. He is going over something with the FRENCH TYPE YOUNG WOMAN, then stops as there's a knock on the window behind him. 94

CUT TO

94A SCYLLA is standing outside the window, waving to them. 94A  
They raise their glasses to him. As SCYLLA starts in,  
JANEWAY and THE WOMAN wind up their business, gather-  
ing up papers and things, rise, and the WOMAN starts  
to put on her coat.

CUT TO

94B SCYLLA crossing the Restaurant toward JANEWAY and THE 94B  
WOMAN.

SCYLLA

Commander.

(Then to the Woman)

Bon Jour... we're meeting tonight?

FRENCH WOMAN

(To Scylla)

Hotel?

SCYLLA

No. No. No. Make it the...  
uh... Palais Royale.

FRENCH WOMAN

Same time?

SCYLLA

No. Make it eleven... I'm going  
to the Opera.

As WOMAN goes, SCYLLA sits in her chair, takes COM-  
MANDER's drink and gulps it down.

COMMANDER

Would you like one of your own?

SCYLLA

Something's happened we don't  
know about.

COMMANDER

Can you be a bit more specific?

SCYLLA

Somebody just tried to kill me  
and I'm very interested in finding  
who and why.

COMMANDER

That is understandable curiosity.

SCYLLA

Also... LeClerc wasn't expecting  
me.

(CONTINUED)

94B CONTINUED:

94B

COMMANDER

Sure you're not overusing your somewhat limited imagination?

SCYLLA

The bomb was not imaginary.

COMMANDER

Christ, since the garbage strike there've been three bombs a day. Every schmuck with a grievance is busy in his basement right now.

SCYLLA

Am I crazy?

COMMANDER

Yes.

SCYLLA

But you'll check it out, won't you?

COMMANDER

Of course, I'll check it out... but if you play 'Tarzan the Ape Man Goes To The Airport' -- there's bound to be consequences..

SCYLLA

(Shrugs)

I lost control.

COMMANDER

(Pressing)

It's not your job to lose control.

SCYLLA

Don't give me any of that Commander shit -- go easy.

COMMANDER

It's not my job to go easy --

(They look at each other a moment)

I'm your superior. I'd like a little respect.

SCYLLA

Screw you.

(CONTINUED)

94B CONTINUED: (2)

94B

COMMANDER  
(Beat. Then he  
smiles)  
That's better... Waiter!

As he signals for a drink. Outside, AN ORIENTAL stops by the newsstand, buys a paper. Maybe he has a glass eye; it's hard to tell... HOLD a moment, then --

CUT TO

95 THE MOST BREATHTAKING STAIRCASE IN THE WORLD. It's 95  
the Paris Opera and they don't build them like that  
no more. The opera is in session, SCYLLA is visible,  
ticket in hand, well dressed, waiting patiently while  
the MAN in front of him is searched by GUARDS. Yes,  
they do that there. Now it's SCYLLA'S turn; he waits  
patiently as the GUARD quickly runs detection device  
across his suit. SCYLLA passes, and as he enters the  
Opera House and takes the stairs two at a time --

96 Rise with him. Higher the camera goes. Higher. All 96  
the way to the top. And as it begins to slow, we re-  
alize that we've been watching SCYLLA from someone  
else's point of view, and now, and now, at last, we  
can tell who that someone is: an Oriental. With a  
glass eye. He studies SCYLLA. Very closely. Now --

CUT TO

97 A SERIES OF DOORS IN THE OPERA that lead to small 97  
boxes. SCYLLA glances at his ticket, finds a door,  
goes in and

CUT TO

98 INSIDE THE BOX. LECLERC is sitting alone, his back 98  
to us and SCYLLA. The opera is belting away now.

SCYLLA  
(Soft)  
It's me. I'm sorry if I'm late  
but...

And now his voice drifts off because we can tell that  
LECLERC is in a strange position, almost bent over in  
his chair, as if he were trying to read something in  
his lap.

LeClerc -- SCYLLA

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

And he reaches forward, grabs the other man who seems dead, only it isn't LeClerc and he wasn't dead -- he's another guy who's reading the opera score in his lap. Now as he turns, blasts SCYLLA with some obviously withering French --

CUT TO

99

SCYLLA, leaving the box, checking his ticket again, moving to the next door down, number 28, not number 26 which he had mistakenly entered. He's trying hard not to laugh and as he enters the right box --

99

CUT TO

100

LECLERC watching the opera as SCYLLA comes up behind --

100

SCYLLA

You want to hear something major league stupid?

He touches LECLERC on the shoulder.

LECLERC falls limp, his chin hitting his chest. There is a red line around his broken neck; the man has been garrotted. SCYLLA props him back up in his chair. LECLERC'S neck wobbles like a dead chicken.

SCYLLA is stunned, and more than that, shaken. He stands in the dark box with the corpse. The opera goes on. SCYLLA somehow tries to get himself back in control...

CUT TO

101

THE PALAIS ROYALE - NIGHT - SCYLLA is seen in the shadows, pacing nervously. The sound of footsteps. He stops. Another set of footsteps overtakes them. SCYLLA looks up.

101

CUT TO

102

THE FRENCH WOMAN who was at LeDome. She comes directly for him taking a large envelope out of her handbag. As she gets close to him:

102

SCYLLA

Keep walking... it's not safe.

Her expression changes abruptly as she walks past him quickly, putting the envelope back into her bag and disappearing into the shadows.

103 OMITTED 103

104 SCYLLA waits, staring after her. A pause. Then a hollow sound, as if someone has been clubbed hard on the head. The sound surprises him and he half takes a step forward, as if trying to see. He is more edgy now than we've seen him. The shadows are not a place he wants to visit much. 104

A long beat. Then the sound comes again, only this time we see its origin: a little kid is kicking a soccer ball and every time he does, it makes the same hollow noise.

SCYLLA half smiles at himself, watches the kid a second, then turns to go.

He is walking along a pillared walkway. You can't see what's in front or behind you, the pillars are too thick. There are a lot of closed shops, along with a few that are still lit.

Behind him, SCYLLA hears footsteps.

He stops. So do the steps.

He starts again. Again, footsteps. Or maybe not, maybe it's all in his mind and he's having a frightening game with shadows.

105 Now a sharp click and he whirls -- 105

A SHOP is being closed for the night. The click was just the iron gate being closed. THE SHOP OWNER locks it, walks away in the opposite direction.

SCYLLA begins walking again. And the instant he does, there are the footsteps tracking him. You can't see, it's dark and the pillars block any view.

Without any warning, SCYLLA breaks into a wild run. He is genuinely unsettled; the unknown does that to people.

As suddenly as he started to bolt, he stops. He forces himself to a halt. Then he banishes his fears. You can see it in his face. When he gets his control back, he walks into the night...

CUT TO

106 DAYLIGHT. SCYLLA'S HOTEL ROOM. Sun streams in through the curtains from the little balcony. Winds blow the curtains gently. A beautiful breakfast table is set. There is a rhythmic exhaling sound. 106

(CONTINUED)

- 106 CONTINUED: 106
- SCYLLA is doing push-ups. Fast and well. He finishes. Outside now, the familiar chanting we heard on our Paris arrival.
- SCYLLA listens. Curious. The wind picks up a little. A beautiful morning, cool and clear.
- There is a glass door slightly open. A closet probably. Maybe it moves, maybe not. Probably the wind.
- 107 SCYLLA picks up his glass of fresh orange juice. He moves to the balcony. 107
- 108 As he goes, the mirrored door seems to move again. The wind doesn't seem that strong now. The curtains blow. A chain appears, thin and deadly, held by hands. That's all we see as the mirrored door opens wider, the hands and the chain. 108
- 109 SCYLLA on the terrace looks down. 109
- 110 The bicyclists are there, making a demonstration. They are in front of a building down the block. 110
- 111 Directly across from SCYLLA there is a classy apartment building with terraces. A MAID appears on one of the terraces, looks down at the ruckus. She is in uniform. 111
- 112 SCYLLA watches, interested. He sips his orange juice. 112
- 113 The cyclists have stopped. One of them has taken out a cloth and spreads it in the middle of the street. Another has a picnic basket. They sit in the street and stop traffic. Horns begin honking louder, louder. 113
- 114 More maids appear across the street, chattering about the goings-on. ONE OF THE MAIDS WHEELS AN OLD MAN IN A CHAIR. 114
- 115 SCYLLA sips his orange juice again, or starts to, until the glass falls, the garroting chain is around his throat, and he is ripped back into the sun-streaked room. 115
- 116 Across, all the maids are watching the street, everyone is watching the street; all but the OLD MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR -- God knows what he's seen, but he's staring straight across at where SCYLLA stood. 116
- 116A And we're into the SCYLLA-CHEN fight; it's different from what we've seen because what happens is we cut from inside the room to outside in the street to the apartment building across and there are three stories going on. 116A

- 116B On the street, THE CYCLISTS eat and drink their wine and break loaves of bread into pieces and SEVERAL POLICEMEN come up, reasonably try to urge them to move. THE CYCLISTS wouldn't think of it. THE POLICEMEN ask a little more pointedly, their gestures getting bigger. THE CYCLISTS stay firm. It all gets very heated, and we watch it from time to time as it progresses. 116B
- 116C And we also watch the apartment across. THE MAIDS chatter on. THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR keeps watching SCYLLA'S window. All he can see are the curtains blowing. He tries to get his servant's attention. Finally, she looks away from the street. He gestures across to SCYLLA'S window. She looks, sees nothing but curtains blowing, shrugs. He gestures again. She shakes her head, and now she gestures -- back down to the street where the action is. THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR eventually gives in. He stops watching SCYLLA'S window, shrugs, looks down at the paraders. Now, the whole building is staring down. 116C
- 116D And in the room, the battle. SCYLLA has one hand across his throat, but the garroting chain has already torn into his flesh, his palm is bleeding. SCYLLA, desperate, tries to force his free hand under the chain because if he can, the pressure will be gone, and while he tries, we cut back and forth, never staying one place long. But when we're in the room, the action is quick and fast. There is blood on the curtains. The breakfast table is destroyed. More blood on the tablecloth. 116D
- 116E Now, outside, the police are starting to carry the cyclists out of the street. They don't resist, just continue to eat as they're carried away. 116E
- 116F THE MAIDS begin regretfully to file back to their jobs. 116F
- 116G And as SCYLLA slips his free hand under the chain, the tide switches, he ducks, throws, and CHEN slams into the wall. CHEN starts to move away from SCYLLA'S wounded hand but that's the last move he ever makes on his own, because SCYLLA strikes with his torn hand. He cries out with pain. CHEN slides to the floor. 116G
- 116H THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR is being wheeled inside now. He has his servant stop. One last time he stares across. Stares hard at the curtains. There seem to be spots on them now. He wipes his eyes, looks a final time. Then he shrugs, gestures and is wheeled away. 116H
- 116I IN the hotel room, SCYLLA has gotten a towel around his hand. The towel is covered with blood. SCYLLA manages awkwardly to dial. He is in pain. 116I

(CONTINUED)



116I CONTINUED:

116I

SCYLLA

(Clipped and fast)

Division? Scylla. Alert  
removals: one dead, my hotel.(His hand is hurting  
more -- he glances  
at the towel)

Alert the clinic. Now.

(And as he clicks off -- )

CUT TO

116J THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, and this is the reverse 116J  
feel of the Paris opening because now -- clonk --  
the city is gone and we're back in the underground  
tunnel.

116K SCYLLA sits in the rear of the cab. He has a rain- 116K  
coat over his hand. His pain is worse.

116L The cab SCYLLA'S riding in slows. Almost comes to 116L  
a stop. A traffic jam of sorts is starting up ahead.

116M SCYLLA waits in the cab. Nothing to do but wait it 116M  
out. He hurts...

117 A NARROW STREET on the Left Bank. The cab careens 117  
along, turns a corner, stops. SCYLLA gets out,  
throws some money, hurries toward a building.

118 A CONCIERGE waits by the building front. SCYLLA 118  
flashes a card. THE CONCIERGE nods, gestures up-  
stairs. As SCYLLA goes inside, hurries up some  
stairs --

CUT TO

119 A LARGISH ROOM. Kind of nondescript. Nothing close 119  
to an operating room, but there is a medical feel to  
the place. A DOCTOR is putting away some instruments,  
hypodermics, stitching equipment. A NURSE is begin-  
ning to roll a bandage around SCYLLA'S hand.

120 THE COMMANDER enters, goes straight to the doctor, 120  
says a quick sentence in French. THE DOCTOR replies.  
THE COMMANDER moves to SCYLLA now.

SCYLLA

What was all that about?

(CONTINUED)

COMMANDER

Your hand.

HE begins to unwrap the bandage now, gets it quickly off. He takes SCYLLA'S hand, studies it. We can see stitching across the palm.

SCYLLA

Give it to me straight, Coach.

COMMANDER

(Smiles)

You'll be able to play the violin again, Jascha.

(The smile fades -- he still studies the hand, holds it as before)

Move it.

(SCYLLA makes his fingers move slightly)

No more than that?

(More movement)

Try.

(SCYLLA makes a big effort; his fingers move more than before. THE COMMANDER lets the hand go)

Not the happiest wound for a man in your profession.

SCYLLA

I'm a quick healer.

(Looks at the other guy)

What?

COMMANDER

I called the States; you were right, something did happen. Kaspar Szell got killed. Manhattan. Accident with an oil truck.

SCYLLA just stares for a moment. Then -- almost like a kid --

SCYLLA

Wow.

(HOLD on the two men. Then -- )

CUT TO

121 A LARGE ROOM IN A LIBRARY. DAY:

121

BABE is seated at a table, taking copious notes. He has a pile of books all spread around. He glances up for a moment, then stops as a really stunning-looking creature moves toward him down the center aisle. She has an arm-load of books.

BABE goes back to his work, glances right back up. THE GIRL has taken the diagonal seat at his table, across and down from him.

CUT TO

122 THE GIRL, working. BABE is staring at her. She senses something, quickly looks up. 122

BEBE is busy studying. She looks at him a moment, then goes back to her work.

CUT TO

122A BABE, trying to study. It's a little later. He takes a quick look at the Lovely. Bad timing. She is watching him and he's caught. All this next is whispered. 122A

GIRL (ELSA)

Please.

BABE

Hmm?

ELSA

Stop watching me.

BABE

(Amazed at the  
accusation)Whaat?

ELSA

I think you hear what I say.

BABE

You got some ego problem, you know that? This was my table, I was here first, and besides, how could you know anyone was watching anyone else unless you were the one doing the watching?

(SHE gives him a look,  
and as they both go  
back to their books --

CUT TO

123 INSIDE LIBRARY STEPS. Door beyond. Light streams 123  
in. ELSA is smoking, inhaling deep. A beat, then --

BABE'S VOICE (OVER)

Match?

He is standing beside her now. As she hands him matches, he touches a few pockets. Nothing.

BABE

I'll need a cigarette too.

She hands one to him. As he starts to light it --

BABE

Now you probably think I'm going to ask you to smoke it for me.

She says nothing, but she doesn't have to say much to let him know he's going over like a turd in a punch-bowl. He lights the cigarette, inhales, immediately starts coughing. She turns, walks outside, continues her smoke alone.

BABE throws the goddam cigarette down, grinds it hard with his heel as we

CUT TO

124 ELSA'S pile of books. BABE is going through them. 124  
They're medical-looking stuff. He takes the least impressive book from the bottom of her pile, keeps it as we

CUT TO

125 BABE, later in the day carrying a load of books. He 125  
runs down the long flight of library steps, then across campus. Now --

CUT TO

126 BABE, running along a street toward a nondescript 126  
apartment building. In front of it is the remains of a car. It has had its wheels taken off. As BABE runs past, starts inside --

CUT TO

127 ELSA. Standing in her apartment doorway, smoking. 127  
BABE is hurrying along the corridor to her.

BABE

Sorry to bother you, Miss Opel --

(CONTINUED)

ELSA

-- but you need another cigarette,  
is that it?

BABE

No, no, but one of your books  
must have fallen or something;  
I happened to spot it as I was  
leaving.

(Shrugs, hands it over)

Thought it might be important.

ELSA

That was very kind.

(Starts inside)

Goodbye.

BABE

'Bye. Your name and address  
are on the inside -- Elsa Opel  
-- in case you were curious how  
I found you.

ELSA

I wasn't. Goodbye.

BABE

'Bye.

ELSA

You keep saying that but you  
keep standing there.

BABE

(Touching his jaw)

I've got this miserable toothache  
and I was about to ask you for an  
aspirin.

ELSA

If I give you some, will you  
leave?

BABE

That depends a lot on if you'll  
go out with me -- what're you  
studying, medicine?

ELSA

Nursing. Why do you want to see  
me?

(CONTINUED)

BABE

Pity, I guess, you being so weird and unattractive.

(Bigger)

What kind of question was that? -- obviously, I want to see you because I'm interested in maybe something going. I can't rave about how smart you are, you might be a real dummy -- my God, what kind of a nurse smokes?

ELSA

Did you take this?

(Indicates her book)

BABE

Of course I took it, you couldn't have believed that ridiculous story -- listen, I'm terrific with books -- people, not so hot -- I haven't even told you my name yet, how's that for proof? Tom Levy, call me Babe. And I really am smart -- I'll study about tourniquets and we'll have some deep philosophical discussions, okay?

ELSA

(Breaks out laughing)

Okay, okay.

(And now, strangely, she reaches out, touches his cheek)

But it won't come to anything...

CUT TO

128 BABE, running again, out of her building and down the street, and this time, he doesn't need fantasy to help him along, he's that up. Jumping, dodging in and out of parked cars, crazy and frolicking and it's almost like a musical sequence. Who knows, maybe it is. 128

CUT TO

129 ELSA, back in her apartment. It's small, furnished-looking. She is smoking, talking on the phone. 129

ELSA

He is terribly naive, terribly sweet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

ELSA (CONT'D)

(Listens)

Yes Erhard -- I'm quite sure  
he finds me attractive.

(Pause)

How long do I have?

(Long pause)

I would think it possible, yes.  
With any luck at all, in a week  
he'll love me.

She hangs up. Silence. There is something about her  
now that is terribly sad.

CUT TO

130 SOMEPLACE VERY DIFFERENT FROM ANYWHERE WE'VE BEEN. 130

AN ARMED GUARD stands sweating by a river. There is  
the sound, constant and irritating, of insects.  
Terrible heat -- THE GUARD perspires heavily. The  
skies clearly reflect that a tropical storm is soon  
about to break. We're in Paraguay, which we'll find  
out later.

131 And behind the GUARD is quite a remarkable house. It 131  
seems to sit on an island, and it's imposing. All  
around it, jungle.132 THE GUARD watches as a boat approaches a landing. 132  
ANOTHER GUARD drives the boat. His passenger is a  
BULL SHOULDERED WOMAN with a black shawl across her  
head and shoulders. We can't see her clearly. She  
carries a large basket.133 THE GUARD ON LAND signals for the boat to land. It 133  
does. As the WOMAN gets out with her basket, she  
walks along a veranda toward the house. She passes  
close to a THIRD GUARD who kind of gives her a  
friendly goose as she passes by. As the WOMAN passes  
on toward a door of the house --

CUT TO

134 INSIDE THE HOUSE. THE WOMAN IS IRONING, something 134  
she does beautifully. There is an enormous pile of  
beautiful shirts. Her shawl is now over a chair.  
Behind her, a few ironed shirts are immaculately  
hung on hangers. From what little we can see of the  
house, whoever lives here has a more than passing  
acquaintance with civilization.

Now, from somewhere in another part of the house, a  
MALE VOICE calls out 'Can you come here please' in  
Spanish.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

THE LAUNDRESS stops her work, leaves her ironing spot, and we travel with her, inspecting the house as she goes.

135 MUSIC is playing -- Britten's serenade for tenor, horn and strings. The living room is filled with the sound. And lovely furniture; not primitive like the jungle outside. This looks almost elegant, perhaps French, probably antique. The music continues to play, the camera to move. 135

There are books, many books, in many languages. Paintings on the walls, all obviously by the same artist and these are kind of child-like: lovely, little people, animals, children.

Outside the windows, insects are trapped in netting. Those still alive struggle to escape.

The room, incredibly, is airconditioned. As we pass the machines, their hum momentarily intrudes on the music.

Where are we? -- that's what we've got to be thinking; who lives here?

136 THE LAUNDRESS enters another room, complete with another air conditioner. In this primitive area, everything is working wonderfully well, no matter what chaos may be taking place in more civilized cities. 136

Now the promised tropical storm hits -- no preamble just wham, it starts pouring down. Thunder, terrible lightning. Still, inside, it's lovely and cool.

137 We see now a glass case filled with animal heads -- skulls if you will, all of them dead in frozen smiles. What is most prominent about them is this: teeth. We pass on. 137

138 Now a bunch of photographs on a shelf. Old maybe. Certainly from someplace other than here. A woman smiling. A man standing beside her. The man might be memorable if we had more time to study him but we don't. As it is, he might bear a resemblance to the OLD MAN IN THE MERCEDES car crash -- but taken years and years before. We pass on. 138

139 A pile of newspapers, many of them with articles cut out. It's all sprawled across a huge desk. There are Paris papers and New York papers (again, a picture of a car crash is visible briefly in one of these) and South American papers. Articles are circled, photo's are circled. Someone is keeping tabs on something; we can't imagine what. 139



140 A large pair of scissors is on the table. And now we 140  
see a hand reach into frame, pick them up.

141 The LAUNDRESS stops. She is visibly frightened now. 141  
In Spanish she says, 'You wanted to see me?' The  
answering reply, also in Spanish, is 'Please. We  
must talk. Sit down.' The LAUNDRESS sits. Fidgets.  
Then the voice comes again in Spanish. 'You must  
relax.' The LAUNDRESS nods. But she can't stifle  
her fear. She clasps her hands together tightly.  
Outside, the storm increases in tempo. Hold on her  
a moment. Then

CUT TO

142 SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL, ALL SNOWY AND WHITE. There is 142  
a sharp metallic click click going on and the thunder  
from outside still explodes. The beautiful stuff is  
hair, white hair, floating down into a sink. The  
metallic sound is scissors. This all comes clear as we

TILT UP TO

143 A MAN'S FACE REFLECTED IN A MIRROR. It's an extra- 143  
ordinary face; you know that someone very bright and  
special resides inside that skin. The incredible  
bright eyes concentrate now on the mirror as, care-  
fully, he is beginning to scissor his hair, cutting  
it off. The hair falls on. The scissors sound  
continues as we

CUT TO

144 THE THIRD GUARD. We're outside again and this is 144  
the guy who goosed the LAUNDRESS when she came in.  
She's coming out now. THE GUARD WHO DROVE THE BOAT  
precedes her by a good distance, and he is putting a  
suitcase into the boat.

The rain is still strong.

145 THE BULL SHOULDERED LAUNDRESS walks along toward the 145  
THIRD GUARD, her head and shoulders covered, as be-  
fore, by her black shawl. As the THIRD GUARD ap-  
proaches, starts into the same kind of goosing gesture  
as before, he suddenly stops and a look of wild panic  
hits his face as we

CUT TO

146 THE LAUNDRESS CLOSE UP, only it isn't, it's the GUY 146  
we saw that was cutting his hair off. Now --

CUT TO

147 THE BOAT. THE GUARD is starting the motor. The 'LAUNDRESS' sits beside, staring constantly at the deep surrounding jungle. 147

The following dialog in Spanish goes quickly.

BOAT DRIVER

What if the laundress wants to return to her village?

BALD MAN

I spoke with her. I told her she would be my guest for three day 'til my return. She agreed.

BOAT DRIVER

If she changes her mind?

BALD MAN

Handle her very gently, or you will have me to deal with.

(His eyes never stop flicking around)

I have not had shirts as crisp since '45.

CUT TO

148 THE THIRD GUARD WATCHING IN THE RAIN as the BOAT pulls away from the island. It's clear from watching this guy's face that he is still, even now, very much afraid... 148

Now, from the jungle and the frightened face --

CUT TO

149 BABE AND ELSA IN NEW YORK - MONTAGE 149

CENTRAL PARK. THE ZOO: to be exact. (We'll be seeing it again.) A CLOSE SHOT of water and two SEA LIONS. PULL BACK to see BABE and ELSA watching them being fed by A TRAINER. At the same time, ELSA is teaching BABE the names of the animals in FRENCH and correcting his pronunciation.

From the Sea Lions to AN IMMENSE GORILLA in his cage ... then to PIGEONS flying above them in the trees...

149A A Clock Strikes... followed by a tune from a Carillon: 149A

BABE and ELSA stand watching, among CHILDREN and THEIR PARENTS, THE DELACORTE CLOCK in the zoo. She identifies each CLOCK ANIMAL in FRENCH, as the metal robots move jerkily around the base of the clock.

(CONTINUED)

149A CONTINUED:

149A

BABE tries to imitate what he hears and sees. THE PIGEONS fly overhead again -- one of them depositing droppings on Babe's shoulder. This, too, is translated into French.

CUT TO

150 INT. BABE'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

150

ELSA is reclining happily in a tub of luxuriant bath water. BABE is sitting atop The John, and we hear that the FRENCH LESSONS have given way to the first principals of profanity:

BABE

Comment diton, "Go fuck yourself"?

ELSA responds with the appropriate French translation, and they continue in this vein...

150A INT. BABE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

150A

A Schubert quartet is playing. BABE and ELSA are in bed.

BABE

How do you say, "That part is very sensitive"?

As they continue...

CUT TO

151 CENTRAL PARK - THE WATERWORKS - Another time.

151

BABE is running along the RESERVOIR TRACK past the waterworks. THE WATERWORKS ATTENDANT, whom we shall see again later, is standing outside the entrance, smoking. ELSA sits on the wall with A PICNIC LUNCH and holding a stop watch. As BABE passes he asks her how he's doing, and when she suggests he stop for lunch, he insists on running around the track once again. His mood is terrific.

152 BABE is flying now - going faster - running for her. HOLD ON HIS FACE as we start to hear a letter he is composing:

152

BABE (VOICE OVER)

Dear Doc: I don't much feel like writing; too torn apart. But you ought to know about Elsa Opel. She's a nurse, Swiss, and probably not much prettier than Grace Kelly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

BABE (VOICE OVER) (CONT'D)

We've had what Louella Parsons  
used to call a whirlwind courtship,  
and yes, we are both of us smitten.

153 CENTRAL PARK LAKE - THE BENCHES - DUSK

153

BABE and ELSA sitting quietly by the lake at dusk. A postcard shot, with the buildings of the city in the background. It's too dark to be there, but they don't move, just sit close. THE LETTER CONTINUES... AND THE MUSIC...

Now we notice, in the far corner of the wide shot, TWO FIGURES walking slowly towards them.

A CLOSER CROSS-ANGLE on BABE and ELSA as the TWO FIGURES continue toward them. ELSA notices them and pulls BABE up and out of frame. THE TWO FIGURES - THE LIMPER and THE MAMMOTH - come closer...

153A THE BRAMBLES IN THE PARK

153A

BABE and ELSA walking up a path away from us. Suddenly THE LIMPER jumps in, grabs ELSA and backhands her across the mouth savagely.

As she falls she sees THE MAMMOTH on top of BABE pounding blow after blow into the middle of BABE'S back. ELSA screams for him to leave him alone.

153B THE MAMMOTH IS STILL POUNDING AT BABE. In the background, THE LIMPER has ELSA down, is grabbing for her purse. The motion is slower now, the impact dreadful.

153B

153C THE MUGGING will not stop. THE MAMMOTH is tearing at BABE'S wallet now, takes the money, throws the rest down. Then he and THE LIMPER are gone.

153C

153D BABE tries crawling to ELSA. He's in pain. But he forces himself, and as he does --

153D

153E BETHESDA FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK - ELSA is crying, and BABE can't get her to stop. She's trembling, too, and he can't stop that either. He can't do anything, and that terrible frustration shows on his face. As they try helping each other, beautiful music starts, the same Shubert quartet we heard earlier... and will hear again.

153E

153F Now we have a shot of BABE coming home later, alone. He holds a kerchief to his face. Across the street, MELENDEZ and the other Puerto Ricans make their usual cat-calls.

153F

(CONTINUED)

153F CONTINUED:

153F

We don't hear them, only see their actions as they mock BABE who slowly walks up the flight of steps to his building.

Okay: here is the rest of the letter.

BABE'S VOICE- (OVER)

So why am I torn? Because we stayed too late in Central Park and got mugged. These two guys took us apart and Doc, there was my one true woman getting creamed right in front of me and I was helpless. Believe this next: if I could find those two guys, right now, I could kill them. I never knew I had that breeding inside me before. What else is in there, do you suppose? Scary ... Other than love and bloodshed, nothing new in Magic town.

Babe.

153G Now we come out of the letter as BABE finishes writing in his apartment. The music still plays on his hi-fi.

153G

(CONTINUED)

153G CONTINUED:

153G

He gets an envelope, seals the letter, walks across the room, bent over, clearly in pain. His face is still swollen; it comes as a shock. Hold on the letter...

CUT TO

154 TIGHTSHOT: BABE

154

The same set up as the other tightshots, only now, from off to one side, a series of bright light explosions start, pop, pop, pop. BABE turns toward the brightness, then quickly away.

BABE

Can't they please stop that?

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

They have their job to do; it won't take long.

The flashes continue. BABE looks about to come apart.

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Go on about the mugging, why don't you.

BABE

(Blinks)

Why was I telling about it at all?

IRISH VOICE (OVER)

Don't you remember me asking if there had been other crimes recently?

BABE

(Looks front)

You think there's some connection?

(Headshake)

There's none. Nothing involves me.

(Louder)

Understand something will you --

(Big)

I -- don't -- know -- what's -- happening.

(Now suddenly -- )

CUT TO

155 AN AERIAL SHOT OF MANHATTAN. DAY.

155

a 747 is coming in over the city.

CUT TO

156 A BATHROOM INSIDE THE 747.

156

THE BALD MAN stands, adjusting his tie. He is wearing a neat suit that is probably not your latest fashion. Now he studies his face in the mirror, examining the bald streak up the middle of his head, checking to see that it looks all right.

Satisfied, he takes a bracelet, puts it on his right wrist, clicks it into place. The sound is surprisingly noticeable. While he has been doing this, the VOICE OF THE CAPTAIN has been heard over.

CAPTAIN (OVER)

Folks, we've been cleared for landing at JFK so if you'd all please take your seats now, we'd appreciate it.

(Brief pause)

And I'm sorry to tell you that the baggage handler's strike hasn't quite been cleared up all the way, so there may be just the least little bit of inconvenience...

(Now from his words -- )

CUT TO

156A AN ABSOLUTE SEA OF LUGGAGE. Passengers mill around, desperately trying to figure out who the hell belongs to what. Everyone is angry except for a bunch of half bombed tourists in from Hawaii wearing lei's, who are autographing the cast of one of their members who has a broken leg, and is standing in short pants.

156A

THE BALD MAN moves quietly through the morass, looking for his case. When a sudden burst of laughter explodes nearby from the Hawaiian bunch, he half twists toward them and we can tell that he too seems, for the first time, more than a little nervous. As he finds his case --

CUT TO

156B THE BALD MAN, done with customs, moving into the greeting area. His eyes are flicking again, looking around. Now --

156B

CUT TO

156C THE TWO GUYS WHO MUGGED BABE AND ELSA, hurrying to the BALD MAN. The BIG ONE takes the suitcase; the LIMPER almost looks as if he wants to bow.

156C

(CONTINUED)

156C CONTINUED:

156C

BALD MAN  
(To LIMPET)  
Good day, Erhard.

ERHARD  
Your flight was satisfactory?

BALD MAN  
It landed on the runway right  
side up: I never ask more of  
an airplane.

Now he stops, looks around. The place is chaotic, people doing their best to carry and drag and push their heavy bags. There's a lot of noise, a lot of anger and frustration and a general sense of breakdown. THE BALD MAN studies it briefly. Then --

BALD MAN  
(Shakes his head)  
The Land of Plenty.  
(Almost a smile)  
They were always so confident  
God was on their side. Now I  
think they are not so sure...

They continue again to move through the crowd. HOLD ON THE THREE STRANGE MEN. We don't know what's going on yet, but clearly, the clans are gathering...

CUT TO

157 BABE, in his room, alone, asleep. From somewhere, 157  
a sound. His eyes flutter. Again, a sound. BABE'S  
eyes are open now and he's taut, lying still.

THE ROOM is in deep shadow. Hard to make out anything.  
But maybe there is something moving.

BABE reaches out, silently takes the flashlight from  
his bed table and as he flicks it on --

BABE  
(Very Cagney)  
I got a gun, you make a move,  
I'll blow your ass to Shanghai.

He flashes the light around the walls, and we get quick glimpses of runners and fathers and suddenly, and it comes as a clockstopper, a human face is caught in the light: SCYLLA.

(CONTINUED)



SCYLLA

Don't kill me, Babe.  
(He flicks on the light  
switch)

BABE tumbles out of bed, really excited --

BABE

Aw, hey, Doc, shit, great.

DOC

(For he is SCYLLA,  
smiling now)  
Articulate as always, I see.  
(And he shuts the door,  
picks up an overnight  
Gucci bag, a bag with  
wine bottles)

CUT TO

158 DOC. And if he seems a little different than when  
he was SCYLLA, he should, because his movements are  
different, more fastidious. He's also dressed dif-  
ferently, super Ivy League. He could very well be  
the world class dilettante BABE described him as  
being. He takes out a wine bottle, glances around  
BABE's messy, book strewn room.

158

DOC

You've done wonders with the  
place.

BABE

It's not finished yet -- my  
decorator's so goddam unreliable.

DOC

(Examining the wine)  
Listen, the Taj Mahal took time.  
(Now he whirls on his  
kid brother)  
Jesus, how can you breathe in an  
armpit like this?  
(Goes to the kitchen)  
They have a higher standard of  
living in Dogpatch.

BABE

Quit fence straddling -- do you  
like the place or not?  
(Notices DOC's hand)  
What happened?

CUT TO

159 DOC, going on without a pause.

159

DOC

I was opening an old Romanee-Conti and the cork got stuck; I yanked and the bottle shattered on me --

(holds out the cut)

-- kind of thing can give you nightmares.

(Opens bottle)

Now this is just a '71 Moulin-a-Vent but even a drooler like you should find it's complexity fascinating.

(BABE stifles a yawn)

Ordinarily one doesn't associate beaujolais with power but --

(BABE is snoring now.

DOC laughs)

You're a boor and a turd but I'll shut up.

(Pours wine)

Here.

(Gives BABE a glass)

And I apologize for making any remarks about your hovel; it's a crazy world, any way you can skin it, it's your business.

(Swirls his wine, sips)

I was just reading today about three young Californians -- you won't believe this, but these guys have sunk their life savings into an invention --

(Thinks a minute)

-- Oh yeah, I remember the name, they call it a br-oooo-~~mmmm~~.

(And now BABE breaks out laughing)

It's like a long stick with hay tied to one end; these guys actually claim you can clean things with their br-oooo-~~mmmm~~, floors and stuff, just by sweeping.

BABE

(Drinks)

Never catch on.

CUT TO

160 DOC AND BABE AND FOR A MOMENT, they're quiet and if it isn't clear by now, it should be -- they may harass each other constantly, but they care. A lot.

160

(CONTINUED)

DOC goes to his Gucci bag, zips it open, starts to unpack.

DOC

Listen, I got your latest epistle and among other tidbits, you described a creature named Irmgard who, if you are to be believed, may be the first female in the history of the world to be even more desirable than Annette Funicello.

BABE

(Breaking up)

Just screw, huh?

DOC

Love to buy you lunch -- if you'll promise not to eat with your fingers.

BABE

Deal.

DOC

Tomorrow?

(BABE nods)

Hey?

(Very casual)

I wasn't so crazy about that mugging part. Come on down to D.C. with me, why don't you? Georgetown's a terrific school, I'll set you up in a decent place -- you know I've got the bread.

BABE

Thanks.

He means 'no thanks,' and DOC understands. He stops unpacking for a moment, glances at BABE'S desk; books and typed pages.

DOC

This more bullshit for your thesis?

BABE.

Elegantly phrased.

(CONTINUED)

DOC

(And now it's not  
so jokey anymore)

Babe -- you didn't even know  
Dad -- the fact is, he fucked  
up --

(Quietly)

-- do you think Dad would have  
wanted you to throw your life  
away like this --

BABE

-- I'm not throwing it away --

DOC

-- you are -- nothing you write  
can change what happened --

BABE

-- so I should turn into a  
businessman hustler like you  
and find happiness -- that  
your message? --

CUT TO

161

DOC. CLOSE UP. BIG.

161

DOC

My life's already thrown away  
-- don't you understand that? --

CUT TO

162

BABE, surprised, looking at his brother.

162

BABE

Boy, something's sure got to  
you.

DOC

You have -- all the brains in  
the world and how do you use  
them? -- trying to clear a  
drunk who killed himself

BABE

He wasn't a drunk till after  
McCarthy --

(Pointint at his desk)

-- I've got proof on that.  
Quotes from a dozen people  
who knew him.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

DOC

You're impossible -- You probably still have the goddam gun too.

163 BABE opens his bottom desk drawer, holds it out.  
DOC keeps his distance from it --

163

DOC.

For a liberal pacifist, you've got some sense of vengeance, I'm here to tell you.

(Points to the drawer)

Put it back, huh?

(BABE does -- and now the tone is lightening)

Is Helga sadistic too? -- what do you do with her for entertainment if there isn't a vampire movie in town?

BABE

You're trying to bait me, you bastard, because before you called her Irmgard and just now Helga. You know goddam well what her name is.

DOC

Sorry, I'm punchy with travelling; I promise not to get Ursala's name wrong again.

BABE

Ursala is close but Ursala is wrong and I know how hard this is for a guy like you who couldn't master toilet training til he was in his teens, and I know you'd love to get a rise out of me but you won't --

(Huge)

-- it's ELSA.

DOC

Elsa, Elsa, okay, her I got --

(Looks at BABE)

-- who the hell are you?

As he begins to pour more wine --

CUT TO

164 A TAXI pulling up to a fancy French restaurant. 164  
Lunchtime. ELSA gets out; she looks glorious, but  
nervous if you study her. BABE, in a suit but no  
tie, pays the driver as we

CUT TO

165 INSIDE THE RESTAURANT. DOC sits at a center table, 165  
perfectly attired in a Brooks Brothers type suit.  
BABE AND ELSA are seated too, introductions clearly  
finished.

166 The restaurant is dark and obviously expensive. 166  
Business is good and at a nearby table are TWO JAP-  
ANESE with an AMERICAN in between. They are going  
over what look like menus but are auction programs.  
They form a counterpoint to the central action, a  
kind of occasional chatter. Like this: The American  
says, 'It's a very good Napoleon letter' and one Jap-  
anese guy says, 'I have four Napoleons, not suitable  
for me' and the other Jap echoes, 'not suitable, not  
suitable.' and later we hear the AMERICAN say, 'The  
Keats will go for a great deal' and the JAP says,  
'I buy; very suitable.' Don't make too much of this  
-- it's just a texture, nothing more.

167 BABE by the way, is kind of embarrassed -- he's now 167  
wearing a clip-on waiter's bow tie that clearly be-  
longs to the restaurant.

DOC

(Soft)

Klutz -- how could you forget  
a necktie?

BABE

I didn't forget -- who wears  
a necktie for lunch?

DOC

(To ELSA)

I'm not upset with him -- his  
fly was buttoned and his hair  
was combed -- we can't expect  
perfection.

(She smiles -- he  
continues talking  
to her)

The truffle en crouete here makes  
a marvelous appetizer --

(To BABE)

-- and whenever you get hungry,  
just tell me, I'll send a waiter  
to the nearest McDonald's.

168 BABE laughs, ELSA too, and suddenly the lights begin 168  
to go totally out in the restaurant. The Japanese  
take out pencil lights, continue without a pause.  
Other guests take out cigarette lighters, flick them  
on.

A WAITER, almost on cue, leaps forward. There are  
candles on all the tables.

WAITER

It is nothing, another brown  
out, we are prepared --

As he lights the candle --

WAITER

-- much more romantic this way.

And now all over the restaurant, waiters can be seen  
lighting candles, and it is more romantic. ELSA looks  
just stunning. DOC leans to BABE, whispering inten-  
tionally loud.

DOC

She's not half as homely as you  
wrote she was.

It's a compliment; ELSA acknowledges it as such. DOC  
nods for the wine waiter, talks to ELSA.

DOC

I think we should start with  
Chablis. You know, the great  
Chablis are almost green eyes.  
Of all the wines in all the  
world, they're the ones that  
most resemble diamonds --

They look at each other closely for a long moment.

BABE watches them. Nods. They're hitting it off...  
Now --

CUT TO

169 A GLORIOUS CROWN RACK OF LAMB. A HEADWAITER type is 169  
finishing up carving it. Another WAITER stands by  
holding a flashlight on the meat so the HEADWAITER  
can see what he's doing.

ELSA has served, DOC too. BABE'S plate is put down  
and ELSA takes a bite. DOC still looks like he's  
having a helluva time and ELSA isn't miserable either,  
but BABE is all different. He reaches for some red  
wine, pours himself a glass full.

(CONTINUED)

DOC  
(To ELSA)

Good?

ELSA  
(Nods)

Delicious; but never show me  
the bill.

DOC  
(Smiles, shrugs)

Forget about it -- I'm coming  
more and more to believe that  
the only money I have is the  
money I've spent.

170 And now he is running his fingers across the skin of her arm, just barely grazing it, and he's looking at her eyes in candlelight and she doesn't pull her arm away, looks right back at him. 170

DOC

'Course the secret is you've  
got to spend it on special items,  
quality merchandise.

His hand never stops touching her skin. They keep watching each other and BABE is watching them, drinking his wine and there's no way he can hide that he's hurting inside. Now, the lights in the place begin to flicker back on.

DOC  
(Smiling at BABE now)

Some lady.

171 BABE manages a nod, that's about all. DOC turns to ELSA again. Throughout this, they are constantly touching, and the throb of sexuality is never spoken, always evident. 171

DOC

Miss home? Bet you do.

(ELSA nods)

What d'ya miss exactly? The  
people, the country, skiing?

ELSA

I suppose all.

DOC

I don't know Switzerland,  
whereabouts you from?

(CONTINUED)



171 CONTINUED:

171

ELSA

A tiny place, Lake Constance --

DOC

I never heard of --

(Stops, surprised)

-- hey, wait one sec' --

(Shakes his head)

-- this is incredible. See, there's this ski freak works in the office and he bores the ass off -- little slip there, excuse me -- I meant he's often dull on the subject of skiing -- But the point is that his favorite ski spot in all the world is Lake Constance, 'cause it's at the foot of Mount Rosa. Am I right?

ELSA

(Nods)

Of course.

DOC

A hundred percent?

ELSA

At the very least.

DOC

I'm making all this up.

(Beat)

There isn't any ski freak. Or any Mount Rosa next to Lake Constance.

(Beat)

How's my percentage now?

172 BABE stares at DOC, then ELSA. They aren't touching anymore, but whatever was going on between them before, this now is worse.

172

DOC

I've done too much business in Switzerland, I know the way they talk, you're not Swiss, what are you?

ELSA

Can't you guess?

DOC

Sure, German.

(CONTINUED)

ELSA  
(Fighting for control)  
Anything else?

DOC  
Yeah. How much longer are your  
work papers good for?

ELSA  
Why do you do this?

DOC  
No reason, except that a lot  
of foreigners marry a lot of  
Americans and then, when it's  
all nice and legal here, a lot  
of marriages don't work out.

ELSA  
Ask me if I'm trapping Babe --

DOC  
Why bother? You haven't told  
the truth yet.  
(As ELSA shoves her  
chair back, runs  
from the room -- )

CUT TO

173 BABE, starting up, heading after her, only DOC reaches 173  
over with one of his big hands, holds BABE back, and  
it's all been quiet and civilized up til now, but no  
more -- now voices start to raise and the other diners  
start to watch.

DOC  
-- let her go --

BABE  
(Whirling)  
-- why, because you say so?

DOC  
-- you're goddam right -- you'll  
thank me some day -- this was  
for your own good --

BABE  
-- bullshit it was --

DOC  
-- I could tell from your letter  
she was phony -- Jesus, Babe, people  
just don't fall all over each other  
like that -- not unless somebody  
wants something --

- 174 BABE rips loose, tears through the restaurant and is gone. 174
- DOC sits alone. He's still elegant and handsome in his Brooks Brothers suit, just like he was at the start of the scene: Only now there is murder in his eyes. The JAPANESE are busy as before, discussing autographs...
- CUT TO
- 175 BABE, running out of the restaurant, stopping on the sidewalk, looking one way, then the other. No ELSA. He sees a cab, races for it as we 175
- CUT TO
- 176 BABE, running down the corridor to ELSA'S door, wildly upset, pounding on it, pauses, pounds again. Nothing inside. 176
- BABE
- It's me --  
(No reply)  
-- it's okay, everything's okay --  
(Silence)
- He takes a piece of paper from his wallet, scrawls the words 'Call me,' shoves it into the crack of the door. Then --
- CUT TO
- 177 OUTSIDE ELSA'S BUILDING as BABE exits. He hesitates, touches the tooth in the front of his mouth, winces. It hurts like hell. 177
- The car that was parked there before with the wheels off is still there, only now it has been systematically stripped. The hood is up, the windows shattered, the aerial gone. Nothing remains but the corpse of the thing.
- BABE  
(Bellowing out)  
Goddamit.
- And with that he breaks into a wild run, arms pumping, going like crazy...
- CUT TO
- 178 AN EMPTY PLAZA BY A SKYSCRAPER. Evening. There is a large and striking red statue that looks like a double staircase set in the center. The statue is set in a reflecting pool of water. 178

- 179 Now a cleaning woman carrying a bucket and mop walks away down some stairs, her work done for the night. The red statue is reflected in the glass as she disappears. 179
- 179A Now we see the first floor of an office building. All the machines inside are covered for the night; work is done. Again, the red statue reflects in the window. 179A
- 179B Now we see another skyscraper. Dark. Empty. Again, the reflection of the blood red statue. 179B
- 179C Now, looking through the statue, we see THE BALD MAN pacing. There are stone tables and benches. ERHARD sits at one of the tables. 179C

BALD MAN

You ordered Scylla to be prompt?

It was not said as a question, but ERHARD nods 'yes.' THE BALD MAN grunts, continues to pace edgily around the deserted plaza. His footsteps echo. He looks at his watch, paces angrily, again, then stops.

- 180 SCYLLA is moving out of the darkness of one of the buildings, crossing toward the benches and the BALD MAN and the blood lit statue. ERHARD rises, afraid, retreats to a more distant table as the BALD MAN goes straight to SCYLLA and without salutations of any kind, they start right in. Fast. 180

BALD MAN

You kept me waiting -- why?  
To upset me? I am not one to be  
mocked and your behavior --

SCYLLA

(Interrupting)

-- don't give me any shit about  
my behavior after what you've  
been pulling --

BALD MAN

-- I have done nothing --

SCYLLA

-- you hired Chen to kill me --

BALD MAN

-- never --

SCYLLA

-- don't lie, I don't blame you  
for it --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCYLLA (CONT'D)

(Big)

-- but I goddam well blame you  
for involving my brother --

BALD MAN

-- it was nothing --

SCYLLA

-- it was a violation --

(Anger building)

-- we do not involve family --  
we never involve family --

BALD MAN

-- think of it as a warning,  
nothing more --

(And on those words --

CUT TO

181 SCYLLA, as he suddenly backhands the BALD MAN across 181  
the face, hard, and the BALD MAN half cries out in  
shock and surprise, grabbing a bench for balance;  
then rising, moving away from SCYLLA.

SCYLLA

(Quietly)

-- think of that as a warning,  
nothing more --

182 THE BALD MAN is almost panting as he touches his 182  
face where SCYLLA hit him, trying to regain control.  
SCYLLA closes in. ERHARD, eyes wide, watches.

BALD MAN

... you would... you would like  
to fight, wouldn't you?

(SCYLLA nods)

It -- will -- not -- happen --

(Quieter)

-- I am much too old and far too  
smart for that -- but we must  
talk. Truthfully. Are you to  
be trusted?

SCYLLA

(Simply)

No.

BALD MAN

Was that the truth? Or were  
you trying again to upset me?

(CONTINUED)

SCYLLA

I know why you're here -- that sooner or later you're going to the bank --

BALD MAN

-- perhaps I have already been --

SCYLLA

-- if you had, you wouldn't be meeting with me now.

BALD MAN

What else do you know?

SCYLLA

That you're panicked about being robbed once you leave the bank --

BALD MAN

-- Who would do such a thing?

SCYLLA

Obviously you think I would.

BALD MAN

Well?

(No reply)

I must know? Can I trust you? --

SCYLLA

-- You never could, you only had to --

BALD MAN

-- I told you I am not one to be mocked -- everything depends on honesty -- between us -- here, now -- we-are-talking-of-my-safety!

SCYLLA

-- may I be candid? --

BALD MAN

-- Yes --

SCYLLA

-- Your safety doesn't mean shit to me --

- 183 And probably he means to go on; his tone certainly indicates as much. But he stops talking, and a terrible look floods across his face as suddenly we realize that the BALD MAN has a weapon which we don't see -- but whatever it is, it has a hilt, and both his hands are on it, and the weapon is deep into SCYLLA'S insides. 183
- 184 SCYLLA gasps. His arm drops limply to his sides. 184
- 185 THE BALD MAN spreads his legs for better leverage, starting to bring the hilt up through SCYLLA'S body. 185
- 186 SCYLLA starts to spurt; his eyes begin to roll up into his head. 186
- 187 ERHARD, watching in silence, is biting down hard on the edge of his hand, his eyes wide. 187
- 188 As SCYLLA starts to fall, the BALD MAN pulls his weapon out and turns, hurries away. ERHARD follows. THE BALD MAN stops once, looks back. 188
- 189 SCYLLA slowly falls across one of the stone tables. 189
- 190 THE BALD MAN continues to stare. 190
- 191 SCYLLA feebly tries to rise, succeeds only in rolling off the table toward the mirroring pool, lies still. 191
- A beat. The plaza is empty. Total quiet. Not a remnant of violence. THE BALD MAN and ERHARD are gone now.
- 192 Slowly, the camera begins to move toward the mirroring pool; closer but taking its time, until suddenly -- 192
- CUT TO
- 193 SCYLLA. Motionless. Face down. His blood spreads. Now -- 193
- CUT TO
- 194 SCYLLA'S GREAT HANDS. Hold on them. Keep holding. Finally, one of the fingers, slowly, feebly, begins to move... 194
- CUT TO
- 195 BABE ALONE IN HIS ROOM, pacing like a madman. He circles and circles the phone, and we can occasionally hear the old building giving a creak, but our attention, as his, is mainly on the phone and when it rings, he's on it, before the first ring has ended. 195

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

BABE

(A Burst)

Elsa, listen, it didn't happen,  
nothing happened, it did not  
take place.

CUT TO

196 ELSA, on the phone, alone in her room, sitting on her 196  
bed, smoking, drained.

ELSA

(Softly)

It did, and if we ignored it,  
it would only fester.

(A rush)

I lied about the Swiss because  
you are a Jew and even though  
I was a child when Hitler died,  
there are Jews who still think  
all Germans planned the  
blitzkrieg.

(Inhales deep)

And I think we should not see  
each other for awhile.

CUT TO

197 BABE on the phone in his room.

197

BABE

-- I think that's terrific  
thinking, Elsa and I agree  
completely because 'awhile'  
officially ends tomorrow  
morning, I'll be over for  
breakfast at eight.

(Beat)

Okay, nine, but that's final.  
Now make sure you don't burn  
the bratwurst. I'll come  
goose stepping in my lederhosen,  
you'll be sure to recognize me.

(Beat; soften)

Yeah. Me too.

(Hangs up quietly,  
stands triumphantly  
by the phone)

Hot son of a bitch god damn.

Now he starts to walk again, throwing an occasional  
punch of victory at the ceiling, stopping only when  
DOC'S voice is heard --

(CONTINUED)



197 CONTINUED:

197

DOC (OVER)

(Soft)

... Babe...

CUT TO

198 BABE. EXTREME CLOSE UP and all the triumph is gone  
from his face as we

198

CUT TO

199 DOC IN THE DOORWAY, arms across himself, and

199

DOC

(One final scream)

BABE!!!(And he tries taking a  
step or two forward,  
reaches out for his  
kid brother, and as  
his stomach starts to  
slip away -- )

CUT TO

200 BABE streaking across the room and as DOC begins his  
fall, BABE'S there, grabbing him, holding him, taking  
him down gently. DOC'S blood continues to flow.  
BABE rocks him. Back and forth, back and forth.  
Hold...

200

CUT TO

201 TIGHTSHOT: BABE

201

He is sitting as before, only now there is a commotion  
over where the flashbulbs had been and as BABE turns  
to see --CAMERA SLOWLY FOR THE FIRST TIME SHIFTS TO TAKE IN  
EVERYTHING.202 We're in BABE'S room. The MAN he's been talking to is  
a uniformed POLICEMAN with a small pad and pencil.  
DOC's body is covered with a sheet --

202

203 -- AND THE COMMANDER, the man we met in Europe, is  
coming quickly through the door. As he enters, he  
looks serious, efficient and very much the kind of  
guy you want on your side when trouble erupts.

203

THE COMMANDER moves to DOC'S body, kneels, pulls the  
sheet back, stares quietly down. For a long moment,  
he simply studies DOC'S face. It's an emotional  
moment.

204 There are several police standing off to one side,  
plus one man clearly not with them, a CREW CUTTED  
YOUNGER MAN who goes to the COMMANDER, leans over,  
talks softly.

204

CREW CUT

Whoever did it must have ambushed  
him, Commander.

COMMANDER

That, or he knew them.

He replaces the sheet, stands, indicates the POLICE.

COMMANDER

They can leave now.

CREW CUT

(Nods)

I'll bring up the ambulance man.

205 BABE sits watching it all; whatever's going on, he  
doesn't understand it a bit. THE POLICEMAN WITH  
THE IRISH ACCENT rises, goes to the COMMANDER.

205

POLICEMAN

We'll be moving on then.

206 THE COMMANDER nods, gives a smile. He has a marvel-  
ous smile, quick and dazzling. He stares across at  
BABE, still moist with his brother's blood. THE  
COMMANDER hesitates -- it's an awkward time, the boy  
looks whipped. He crosses to BABE, starts talking  
quietly, as the police depart, leaving the two of  
them alone.

206

COMMANDER

I'm sorry to intrude; you see,  
I know how close you were to  
your brother --

BABE

(Suddenly exploding)

-- you do, huh? -- you know that,  
do you? -- How the hell do you  
know anything about anything? --

COMMANDER

I was just trying to ease into  
things, I'm sorry. Let's start  
over.

(Holds out his hand)

My name's Peter Janeway, but you  
can call me 'Janey.' All my  
friends do.

BABE doesn't shake. JANEWAY sighs, looks around the  
room, sees DOC'S bottles of red wine.

207 As he crosses to the wine, the CREW CUT hurries back 207  
into the room, followed by TWO MEN in white hospital  
clothes who carry a stretcher.

They go to DOC'S covered body, shift it to the stretcher.  
They are between BABE in his chair and JANEWAY across the  
room with the wine bottle. THE CREW CUT looks at JANE-  
WAY. After a moment, JANEWAY nods.

CUT TO

208 DOC'S BODY RISING. He is being lifted, of course, 208  
but we don't see the AMBULANCE MEN, just the sheet  
over the body.

209 BABE watches. Tough moment. Silence. 209

210 JANEWAY watches silently too. Then he angrily pulls 210  
on the cork, ripping it from the neck of the bottle.

211 DOC'S BODY is almost gone now. BABE AND JANEWAY 211  
still watch. Still the silence. Then DOC'S gone,  
the door closes. There is a dark stain on the tat-  
tered rug. DOC'S blood. JANEWAY brings the wine  
bottle and two glasses, sits by BABE.

JANEWAY

(Gently)

I'm looking for a motive.

(Pours wine; BABE  
doesn't want any)

I'm just as anxious as you are  
to find whoever did it, believe  
me.

BABE

Bullshit -- he was my brother,  
my father practically, he  
brought me up, and I never once  
heard your name, so I'm probably  
a little more anxious, wouldn't  
you agree?

JANEWAY

(Beat)

Well of course.

(Drinks)

I think it may have been political.

(BABE looks at him,  
surprised)

BABE.

Political? Why?

JANEWAY

Considering what your brother did  
-- and of course, your father.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

BABE

What about my father?

JANEWAY

He was H. V. Levy, for chrissakes --

BABE

-- and he was innocent --

JANEWAY

-- I never said he wasn't --

CUT TO

212 BABE

212

BABE

(It just bursts  
out of him)

-- you did, you damn well did,  
you implied it -- my father  
was a great liberal historian  
and was in Washington when  
McCarthy hit -- McCarthy was a  
fucking Nazi and he destroyed  
people and he made my father a  
joke, killed his reputation,  
but he never offered legal  
support for one single charge,  
and when my dissertation's  
published you'll see, every  
goddam one of you'll see --  
I'm clearing my father with  
truth!

JANEWAY

(Long pause. Then,  
gently)I hope it works out for you,  
Babe.

(Sips wine)

But I'm still looking for a  
motive. Start with what  
happened tonight, why don't you;  
give me all the details.

BABE

Okay. I was home. Doc died.  
You came.

JANEWAY

That's everything?

BABE

I'm a demon on details.

.(CONTINUED)

JANEWAY

You mean you want me to do some explaining first, is that it?

(BABE nods. JANEWAY stands, sighs)

This all gets so embarrassingly never never land, I just hate it.

(Looks at BABE)

You don't really think Doc was in the oil business?

BABE

How the hell do you think he earned his living.

JANEWAY

I know exactly how he earned his kopeks, and the closest he ever got to the oil business was when he filled up at his friendly Standard station.

BABE

You just can't survive without your bullshit, can you?

JANEWAY

All right, follow me now: Doc lived in Washington; what's Washington the center of?

BABE

Government.

JANEWAY

Correct; and the branches are competitive. The Army is jealous of the Navy and they both hate the Air Force. The F.B.I. hates the C.I.A. and they both loathe the Secret Service. They whine and squabble constantly, and the whining gets loudest when you approach the edges of their powers. Between these edges are crevices.

(Drinks)

We live in the crevices.

BABE

Who're you?

JANEWAY

The Division.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED: (2)

212

BABE

This is just more bullshit.

JANEWAY

(Quick smile)

You know what? -- I don't think you think that.

BABE

(He's starting not to)

What do you do exactly?

JANEWAY

Provide.

BABE

Provide what?

JANEWAY

Anything.

BABE

That's kind of vague.

JANEWAY

Yes, isn't it.

213 DOC'S SUITCASE is in the corner. JANEWAY gets it. 213  
For this next, he is packing DOC'S clothes.

JANEWAY

What does 'Scylla' mean to you?

BABE

Scylla was a giant rock, off the coast of Italy.

JANEWAY

(Quick glance to BABE)

Surely that's not all.

BABE

What do you mean?

JANEWAY

Scylla was your brother's code name, and he wasn't just a provider, he was the best provider; he had power, he took risks, he could adapt. If anything frightened him, I think it was you finding out his secrets.

BABE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

JANEWAY

Afraid you'd be disappointed in him, I expect. We were...

(Hesitates)

... very close for many years, and believe me, I know whereof I speak.

JANEWAY looks at BABE a moment. They are both drained.

JANEWAY

Look; I doubt that either of us are at our best now, so let's pick it up tomorrow, all right?

(BABE nods)

Just one last thing: Doc obviously was desperate to get here at the end. Do you remember anything he might have said?

BABE

Just my name twice; that's all.

JANEWAY

All right. Now as to the matter of your safety --

BABE

-- my what?

JANEWAY

(Very casual -- his back to BABE)

I'm just guessing that whoever killed Doc might want to chat with you.

(Pause)

You still there, Babe?

214 BABE has reached for the wine, poured himself a glass, 214 drinks.

JANEWAY

(Turns)

No one would have risked trying to kill Scylla if some situation weren't climaxing. They must have assumed he knew something -- and perhaps he passed it on to you: people say strange things when they're dying.

(CONTINUED)

BABE

But I'm ignorant.

JANEWAY

They can't be sure until they talk to you, can they?

(Closes case)

Now I'm staying just across the park at the Carlyle --

BABE

(Stunned)

-- you're leaving me here? --

JANEWAY

(Very reasonable)

Yes, I'd like to use you as possible bait; if you don't mind.

BABE

(Drinks, pours more)

Frankly, Mr. Janeway, I'm not all that wild about being left alone --

JANEWAY

Not alone -- you're under surveillance now. Undercover police are watching the building until my men can take over. All you have to do is get your beauty sleep and tomorrow we'll talk again.

BABE

(Glancing to the desk drawer where the gun is)

You don't think they'll come tonight?

JANEWAY

No. But I wish they would. I would like whoever did this very much.

BABE

Why can't you take me with you, though?

CUT TO



215 JANEWAY, CLOSE UP, and the man is under strain. 215

JANEWAY

I can, but if they're watching, they'll see, and they won't expose themselves. And if I stay here with you and they're watching, they'll have seen me come in and they won't expose themselves. Look; it's a risk and I don't want to force you to take it. It's up to you.

CUT TO

216 BABE. He stares again at the desk drawer holding the gun. Then at DOC'S BLOOD, the stain still moist. The blood rivets him. Then, his mind made up, he looks at the other man -- 216

BABE

You got your bait, Mr. Janeway...

HOLD ON THE TWO OF THEM. Then --

CUT TO

217 BABE IN THE BATHTUB. 217

218 His pajamas are tossed on a hook, his old laceless running shoes that he uses for slippers are on the floor beneath. The door is half open. 218

219 BABE lies still in the water, staring at the wall. Sometimes he blinks. He half closes his eyes. The ancient building creaks. He opens his eyes briefly, then closes them again. 219

220 And now we see a memory -- we've seen it before but the meaning is a little different now: it's BABE as a kid running after his father and the 15-year-old who we know now is DOC. 220

BABE

(Calling out)

... Hey you guys, wait for me...

221 And now the building creaks again and the memory is gone as BABE'S eyes open. This sound was kind of different, more like a click maybe, so he glances out toward the room and maybe it does look a little darker, as if a light's been clicked off, but then again, maybe it's only imagination. 221

222 BABE can see his desk where his gun rests in the bottom drawer. 222

- 223 BABE closes his eyes again, again drifts into memory. 223
- 224 We see the shot of his father, the one we saw at the 224  
start of the movie, the photo on BABE'S desk. A suc-  
cessful man at the height of his career --
- 225 And now a picture we haven't seen, it's a newspaper 225  
photo, BABE'S FATHER is leaving a courthouse type  
building, his head down --
- 225A And now the pool of blood spreading, the pool BABE 225A  
saw when he found his father's body.
- These three memories flash by fast: successful man,  
beaten man, dead man.
- 225B And out of those memories comes one of the most 225B  
frightening things you can ever hear: unexpected  
whispering. And it isn't imagination now -- BABE'S  
eyes are wide open -- he lies there only a moment  
until, from out of sight in his room, the whispering  
comes again.
- 226 BABE dives for the door, slams it shut fast, locks 226  
it. He stands there breathing hard, eyes wide. From  
beyond the door now: a sound: 'click.'
- 227 BABE turns out the bathroom light. Light from the 227  
main room comes in under the door. There is another  
'click' sound, and the light from the next room is  
dimmer. 'Click.' Dimmer yet. It's terrifying.  
Another 'click.' Then there is no more light coming  
in under the door.
- 228 BABE turns the lights the hell back on in the bath- 228  
room, grabs for his pajamas and slippers, gets into  
them. Silence for a moment. Then a different sound:  
'scratch; scratch.'
- 229 Someone is starting to pull and twist the hinges from 229  
the bathroom door. BABE stares a moment, then whirls,  
opens the cabinet, but there's nothing but an electric  
razor and toothpaste.
- 230 There are three hinges on the door and now the bottom 230  
one is pulled out. Without a pause, the middle hinge  
begins to twist. There is no window in the room, no  
place to go.

BABE

(Big)

Anybody -- listen --

(Bigger)

-- Get the goddam cops! --

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

AND NOW FROM BEYOND, someone has turned on his record player and Schubert is playing, the Quintet in C Major. It's the music we heard before during the letter to DOC, and maybe it's the single most beautiful piece of chamber music ever written but it sure doesn't sound that way now because it's turned up all the way so that it's blasting like hell and covering BABE'S cries and as the third and last hinge starts to slide

CUT TO

231 BABE, and he's doing not what you expect, because his 231 actions don't match his words; what he's saying is more pleas for assistance but what he's doing is moving to the door, his hand on the knob as the third hinge continues to move and when it's out, the door will be freed and BABE goes right on shouting --

BABE

Help -- somebody save me for Jesus  
sakes -- Please somebody -- ANYBODY  
SAVE ME -- DO SOMETHING -- PLEEEESE.

THE LAST HINGE slides free and the second it does --

CUT TO

232 BABE, AS HE YANKS THE DOOR IN and dives for his desk 232 and as the door is freed we can see whoever's out there and it's the LIMPER who mugged Elsa, and BABE shouldered him aside but now, suddenly --

CUT TO

233 THE MAMMOTH, moving out of the darkness, and BABE is 233 candy, because before he can even try for the desk drawer the MAMMOTH has him and, with terrible power, shoves him down and before BABE can rise the MAMMOTH is on him and he lifts BABE and throws him toward the light of the bathroom and the music is still blaring and

CUT TO

234 BABE, crashing down, stunned, trying to move, but the 234 MAMMOTH forces him back and into the tub. The music abruptly dies as BABE'S head goes under water.

CUT TO

235 THE MAMMOTH, and Christ, he's holding BABE under and 235 BABE'S doing what he can and he finally does get his head above the water and as he does the music is blaring but then he's being forced back under and again there is quiet and

CUT TO

236 THE RECORD PLAYER. The music is being turned down by 236  
the LIMPET. Nothing now but the glorious sound of the  
Schubert. It could not be more beautiful... Hold,  
then —

CUT TO

237 BABE, semi-conscious, wearing pajamas, damp. He sits 237  
in a chair, the chair is in a windowless room. BABE  
blinks, tries to get a better look at the place, but  
he's expertly bound to the chair. The room seems un-  
usually bright. There is a sink, a table; it all  
seems clean. There come sounds from behind him and  
THE LIMPET AND THE MAMMOTH walk around the chair.  
THE MAMMOTH carries an armload of clean white towels,  
beautifully folded.

LIMPET (ERHARD)

Give me.

(He puts the towels on  
the table as we — )

CUT TO

238 THE BALD MAN moving toward the chair, carrying a 238  
rolled up towel in one hand. He indicates that he  
wants a lamp brought closer. THE LIMPET hurriedly  
obeys; THE BALD MAN turns quickly, washes his hands.  
As he does —

BALD MAN

(Quietly)

Is it safe?

BABE

(He wasn't ready  
for the question)

Huh?

BALD MAN

Is it safe?

BABE

Is what safe?

BALD MAN

(His tone never changes;  
gently, patiently)

Is it safe?

BABE

I don't know what you mean.

BALD MAN

Is it safe?

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

238

BABE

I can't tell you if something's safe or not unless I know specifically what you're asking about.

BALD MAN

(His hands are clean now; ERHARD hands him a towel)

Is it safe?

BABE

(Rattled)

-- tell me what the 'it' refers to.

BALD MAN

(Softly as ever)

Is it safe?

BABE

Yes, it's very safe -- it's so safe you wouldn't believe it. There; now you know.

BALD MAN

Is it safe?

BABE

No, it isn't safe. Very dangerous; be careful.

For a moment THE BALD MAN stares down at BABE. There is a terrible intelligence working inside. Now a nod. Just one, that's all, and as he unwraps the towel he brought in, we see the contents: dental tools.

CUT TO

239 ERHARD, bringing the lamp closer still, and as THE MAMMOTH suddenly forces BABE'S mouth open with his powerful hands --

239

CUT TO

240 THE BALD MAN. He selects an angled mirror and a spoon excavator, not sharp, and leans forward toward BABE. He is perspiring lightly and, without a word, THE LIMPER takes a towel, dabs the BALD MAN'S forehead dry. THE BALD MAN is concentrating totally on his work and he is extraordinarily skilled.

240

CUT TO

241 BABE, helpless, while the BALD MAN gently taps and probes. His hands move expertly here, there. BABE is perspiring terribly. There is no sound in the room other than breathing. THE BALD MAN switches from the rounded spoon excavator to a new tool, needle pointed. BABE cannot stop sweating. THE BALD MAN shakes his head almost sadly. 241

BALD MAN

You should take better care of your teeth, there is a bad cavity here, is it safe?

BABE

Look, I told you before and I'm telling you now --

But that's all he has time for because the BALD MAN suddenly shoves the needle pointed tool up into the cavity and

CUT TO

242 BABE, beginning to scream, but THE MAMMOTH cups his big hands over BABE'S mouth, muffling the sound. When the scream is done, he takes his hands away. Now the BALD MAN has picked up a small bottle, opened it, poured some liquid on his finger. He brings the finger closer and closer to the cavity -- 242

BABE

-- don't -- please Jesus don't --  
I swear --

Now the finger is on the cavity and at first BABE starts to wince but then after a moment he begins to almost lick at the finger, getting as much of the liquid as he can, as if he were a starving puppy and the BALD MAN was feeding him milk.

243 THE BALD MAN watches, not taking his finger away. 243

BALD MAN

Is it not remarkable? Simple oil of cloves and how amazing the results.

He pours some more on his finger, rubs it soothingly across BABE'S cavity.

BALD MAN

Life can be, if only we allow it, so simple.

(Holding up the bottle)

Relief.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BALD MAN (CONT'D)

(Holding up the  
explorer tool)

Discomfort.

(Looks at BABE)

You seem a bright young man, able  
to distinguish light from darkness,  
heat from freezing cold. Now which  
of these I next apply --

(Indicates bottle and  
explorer tool)

-- that decision is in your hands.  
So take your time and tell me: is  
it safe?

BABE

Jesus, lis --

BALD MAN

-- you did not take your time.  
Surely by now you know the question  
and also its implications. When  
you are ready, reply.

BABE

... I can't satisfy... what you  
want... because... because...

(And now his tone  
changes)

... aw no... no...

(And on these words -- )

CUT TO

244 THE EXPLORER TOOL moving toward the cavity.

244

BABE'S VOICE (OVER)

... if I knew I'd tell... Christ...  
wouldn't I tell...

CUT TO

245 THE BALD MAN, his eyes expressionless, thrusting it  
home. There is the start of a scream and now the  
eyes look almost sad. The scream continues, builds,  
abruptly stops and

245

CUT TO

245A BABE IN THE CHAIR, head slumped forward, semi-  
conscious, not moving.

245A

CUT TO

246 THE BALD MAN AND THE OTHERS.

246

THE LIMPER

(To the BALD MAN)

You think he knows?

BALD MAN

Of course he knows, but he's being very stubborn.

(To THE MAMMOTH)

Karl -- take him to the spare room and bring him around.

CUT TO

247 THE BALD MAN IN CLOSE UP. There is a pause. Then, almost sad -- 247

BALD MAN

Next time I may really have to hurt him...

(Hold for a moment,  
then -- )

CUT TO

247A KARL dragging BABE out of the room and along a corridor. We can see the place we're in -- kind of an import export series of offices, and once that's clear -- 247A

CUT TO

248 BABE'S BODY hitting a bare mattress hard. Before he can sit, KARL is shoving smelling salts into his face and BABE reels back, coughing. KARL sits on the edge of the bed. 248

KARL

Take this.

CUT TO

249 THE OIL OF CLOVES BOTTLE as BABE grasps it, pours some on his index finger, rubs it desperately against his open tooth. THE BIG MAN takes the bottle back. We're in a bare room, nothing on the walls. Just the bed in a corner, that's all. Half groggy, BABE rubs and rubs to make the pain go away and 249

CUT TO

250 THE ROOM, from BABE'S point of view -- it's all fuzzy and frightening. 250

(CONTINUED)



250 CONTINUED:

250

BABE

... more...

KARL nods, but instead of oil of cloves he shoves the smelling salts into BABE'S face again and BABE reels down flat in surprise, coughing; the place is still fuzzy to him, bad-dream-like, only now it's going into fantasy, because in his stunned state, he almost imagines he sees JANEWAY moving silently through the door, Indian quiet.

CUT TO

251 THE DOORWAY and thank Jesus, it is JANEWAY and.

251

CUT TO

252 BABE, quickly looking away, staring up at KARL.

252

BABE

... please... for the pain...

(THE BIG MAN gives BABE the oil of cloves. BABE takes it, risks a glance toward the door -- )

CUT TO

253 JANEWAY and maybe the guy really is an Indian as he moves in silence closer, closer, and now there's a knife in his right hand, long and sharp and deadly, and BABE rubs the oil of cloves against his tooth, not looking up until we

253

CUT TO

254 KARL, turning, seeing JANEWAY, jumping up, his huge hands moving to defend himself as we

254

CUT TO

255 JANEWAY AND THE GUY IS A STREAK. He moves inside the BIG MAN'S arms, and in one motion he throws his left arm around the BIG MAN'S throat, spins him halfway, lifts him slightly using his left hip for leverage, and then as his right hand, the knife hand, starts to move

255

CUT TO

256 BABE on the bed, staring into KARL'S face as the sound of JANEWAY'S thrust hits home and the BIG MAN'S eyes bulge, glaze, and he makes one pathetic cry as we

256

CUT TO

257 KARL falling forward across the bed and as he lands 257  
 the knife handle is visible in his back, dead oppo-  
 site where his heart would be, and BABE stares but  
 only for a moment as JANEWAY grabs him roughly, yanks  
 him the hell up and out of the room and

CUT TO

258 THE HALL OUTSIDE and it's a railroad type flat, one 258  
 long corridor, and JANEWAY is pulling BABE along  
 and when they reach the stairs THE LIMPER appears  
 at the end of the hall and he's got a pistol aimed  
 and ready but JANEWAY shoves BABE out of the line  
 of fire on the stairs and

CUT TO

259 BABE ON THE STAIRS, watching as JANEWAY goes into a 259  
 roll, and now he's got a gun too and he's firing  
 again and again, and from where the LIMPER was  
 there is the sound of a dying cry and then JANEWAY  
 is on the stairs with BABE and they take them as  
 fast as BABE can and when they hit the street  
 260 it's dark and BABE is stunned by the night air but 260  
 nothing's going to stop JANEWAY, and he pulls back  
 along saying 'goddammit come on' and then they're  
 261 at JANEWAY'S car and he throws the door open, shoves 261  
 BABE in the back --

JANEWAY

-- get in there --

JANEWAY jumps in, slams the door, and as the car  
 takes off, burning rubber, we get a glimpse of where  
 we are -- a factory area somewhere, bleak and deserted.

CUT TO

262 INSIDE THE CAR. JANEWAY drives with BABE out of 262  
 sight in the back.

JANEWAY

-- okay, it's all starting to come  
 together --

(As BABE moves in  
 the rear)

-- goddammit, stay down, the less  
 your head's visible, the longer  
 it's liable to stay attached to  
 your shoulders.

(BABE is down again.

JANEWAY drives faster  
 still as we -- )

CUT TO

263 THE CAR, making a turn, two wheels. 263  
 CUT TO  
 264 INSIDE THE CAR. 264

JANEWAY

Those two guys I took care of were nothing, human pimples; but they both worked for Christian Szell -- name sound familiar?

BABE

No.

JANEWAY

He ran the experimental block at Auschwitz. The White Angel he was called. 'Der Weisser Engel.' On account of he had ~~this incredible head of~~ prematurely gray hair. He's just maybe the most wanted Nazi left alive and he's hiding out in Paraguay right now.

(As he begins another turn -- )

CUT TO

265 THE CAR, rocketing along, and as the tires start to scream -- 265

CUT TO

265A INSIDE THE CAR. 265A

JANEWAY

Word got around Auschwitz: if you paid Szell enough, he'd arrange escape, and he did let a few Jews out, to make the story seem real. He started on gold, naturally, but worked his way up to diamonds. Diamonds for freedom was his deal. You never heard this before?

BABE

Nossir.

(CONTINUED)

265A CONTINUED:

265A

JANEWAY

Szell saw the end early, and he snuck his father to America with his diamonds. He wanted it that way so if he ever got caught, the diamonds would be safe and he could use them to bargain for his freedom. It all worked fine until his old man got creamed in a car crash -- you getting this?

BABE

I think.

JANEWAY

The old man supplied Szell with diamonds -- he took them from a bank vault and a courier got them to Paris where they were exchanged by an antiques guy for top dollar cash, and then another courier got the money down to Paraguay.

BABE

Why did you say that 'naturally' he started on gold?

JANEWAY

He knocked it out of Jews' teeth before he burned them -- Szell was a dentist.

BABE

(Head up now)

He's not coming to America, Mr. Janeway -- he's here --

CUT TO

265B JANEWAY'S CAR, and it was going fast before but now it's damn near taking off and as he screams into a turn -- 265B

CUT TO

265C INSIDE THE CAR. 265C

JANEWAY

(Tension building now)

He couldn't be -- we'd have known --

(CONTINUED)

BABE

(Big)

-- I'm telling you it was a dentist  
damn near killed me -- he just kept  
asking, 'is it safe, is it safe,'  
over and over --

JANEWAY

-- did he have white hair -- get  
back down goddammit --

(BABE does)

-- did he have white hair? --

BABE

-- no, he was bald, but --

JANEWAY

-- but that doesn't mean shit, he  
could have shaved it off!

(Pounding the wheel)

-- he's here -- the bastard's here  
and panicked because once he gets  
his diamonds -- once he leaves the  
bank and hits the street, anybody  
can rob him and get away with it  
'cause Szell sure can't go to the  
cops and complain.

BABE

Why was he after me?

JANEWAY

Because Doc was the guy who got  
the diamonds to Paris, and  
obviously Szell must have thought  
Doc said something to you before  
he died.

BABE

You telling me Doc worked for Szell?

JANEWAY

-- everything we do cuts both ways  
-- Szell ratted on other Nazis; he  
kept track all around the world.  
Over a thousand have been caught  
so far, and I don't know how many  
he's responsible for, but whenever  
we wanted one of them brought in,  
I sure as hell know who we went to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

265C CONTINUED: (2)

265C

JANEWAY (CONT'D)

(His tone changes;  
more urging now)Babe -- for chrissakes listen now --  
there's one thing, just one thing  
you've got to do. For me.

BABE

Name it.

JANEWAY

Quit protecting Doc -- he kept  
himself alive long enough to see  
you -- there has to be a good  
reason why, so for Christ's sake,  
what did he tell you?

CUT TO

266 BABE. CLOSE UP.

266

BABE

... nothing...

CUT TO

267 JANEWAY. CLOSE UP.

267

JANEWAY

Shit!

(And he slams on  
his brakes -- )

CUT TO

268 ERHARD AND KARL, alive and waiting in the shadows of  
the building we saw them in; we're back where we  
started. 268

JANEWAY

I couldn't make him talk -- he's  
Szell's now --

BABE'S head appears and --

BABE

-- you killed them --

269 ERHARD AND KARL drag him from the car.

269

In the darkness, JANEWAY watches. Nothing crosses his  
handsome face, no emotion at all...

CUT TO

270 BABE, back strapped in the chair. He stares at  
JANEWAY.

270

BABE

(Quietly)

You were some buddies, all  
right, you and Doc.

JANEWAY

We were never quite as friendly  
as he thought or as he hoped,  
let's put it that way.

BABE

You lying son of a bitch --

JANEWAY

-- I'm not much of a liar,  
really; I told you: all our  
work cuts both ways.

(And now the quick  
smile is back)

Over to you.

This last was to SZELL who enters. He carries a  
wrapped towel.

271 JANEWAY LEAVES. BABE AND SZELL are alone. SZELL  
places the towel beside the chair, unwraps it.  
It contains sharp dental tools. He then turns,  
begins to fastidiously wash and wash his hands.  
BABE'S eyes are riveted on the sharp tools. His  
breathing already is starting to get just the  
least bit faster.

271

SZELL

So you are Scylla's brother.

(BABE says nothing;

SZELL continues

to wash)

Would you like to know how you  
were taken in? -- the guns had  
blanks, the knife a retractable  
blade. Hardly original, but  
effective enough, wouldn't you  
agree?

BABE says nothing. SZELL dries his hands, sits  
beside BABE. A reassuring smile. SZELL is father  
here, interested, caring.

SZELL

I am told you are a schoolboy;  
brilliant, yes?

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

271

He takes a towel, dabs BABE'S sweating forehead dry.

SZELL

The ventilation in here is dreadful, I'm sorry.

(Looks at BABE)

You are an historian and I am a part of history, I would think you would find me interesting. Frankly, I'm disappointed in your silence.

272 He glances toward the tools and the instant he does --

272

BABE

Why do you have so little accent, the German's very hard to lose.

SZELL

(Smiles)

I had alexia as a child, a disease in which --

BABE

-- it's where you can't understand written speech.

SZELL

(Impressed)

Highest marks. At any rate, my handwriting is childish still, but I am fanatical about spoken language; accents, rhythms.

BABE'S fear keeps growing. SZELL smiles gently.

SZELL

I envy you your schooldays -- enjoy them fully -- it's the last time in your life no one expects anything of you.

(Straightens a strap)

More comfortable?

BABE

You weren't so interested in my comfort before.

SZELL

I behaved terribly -- but I had to be sure what you knew.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



272 CONTINUED:

272

SZELL (CONT'D)

You see, I am positive your  
brother planned to rob me when  
I left the bank with my diamonds.

He lights a cigarette, offers to let BABE have an  
inhale.

BABE

I don't smoke.

SZELL

At my age, it matters less.

(Puts a hand on  
BABE'S shoulder,  
almost a family  
kind of touch)

I envy you your women -- I was,  
don't laugh, quite handsome once --  
(Looks at BABE)

Scylla was planning the robbery,  
wasn't he?

BABE

(The question came  
as a surprise)

I've -- there's nothing I know --

273

SZELL nods, bends down, opens a case, takes out a  
curled up extension cord, begins unwinding it. And  
now the panic is wild in BABE.

273

BABE

What's -- that for? --

SZELL

(Placid)

So you know the value of diamonds?  
I don't -- oh, I did once, but in  
today's market, how rich am I or  
am I rich at all, I haven't the  
least notion.

He plugs the cord into an outlet, goes back to the  
case, takes out something that looks like a nail.

SZELL

Tomorrow, I must go to the  
diamond center and find out,  
so I will be better able to  
estimate my worth.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

273

He has been looking at the nail under the light.

BABE

What are you going to do? --

SZELL

-- that depends, of course, on you. Your brother was a wonderful courier, and he was paid thousands over the years. But now we may be dealing with millions beyond counting, and I need to know: did he plan to rob me? And if he did, was it to be alone, and if not, who were the others, and finally, since he is dead, did the plan die with him? You will tell me those things.

BABE

Christ, I would if I knew --

SZELL

Your brother was incredibly strong -- strength is often inherited -- he died in your arms -- he traveled far to do that -- there has to be a reason.

BABE

I -- don't -- know -- anything.

274 SZELL kneels by a case, his manner still close to paternal.

274

SZELL

You should have taken better care of your teeth, Babe --  
 (Quickly reassuring)  
 -- oh please, don't worry, I'm not going into your cavity again, that nerve was already dying; a live, freshly cut nerve is infinitely more sensitive. You may not believe that, but it's true. I'll just drill into a healthy tooth until I reach the pulp --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

274 CONTINUED:

274

SZELL (CONT'D)

(Explaining)

-- the pulp is where the nerve  
fibers reside --

(Gently)

-- all will soon come clear.

And with that, he pulls out a portable hand drill,  
inserts the diamond stone, turns the drill on, off,  
on, off.

SZELL

(Calling)

Karl.

CUT TO

275 Just outside the door where KARL AND ERHARD wait. 275  
Apart from them, JANEWAY stalks impatiently. As  
KARL hurries inside --

CUT TO

276 SZELL. He gestures to KARL. 276

SZELL

His head. Very steady.

KARL goes into position, puts his powerful hands in  
place and BABE is helpless to move as we

CUT TO

277 SZELL, concentrating on his work, drilling into the 277  
front tooth on the upper part of BABE'S mouth and

CUT TO

278 THE DRILL. CLOSE UP. The sound isn't pleasant. 278

CUT TO

279 BABE, dazed, but surviving it, his eyes on the 279  
ceiling.

CUT TO

280 SZELL. He works a moment more, then flicks the 280  
drill off.

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:

280

SZELL

(To BABE)

Your brother was very strong -- strength is an inherited trait; you share it with him. Most people would have already begun breaking.

(To KARL)

Let him rest -- we are at the pulp.

KARL lets go for a moment and SZELL plays with the drill, giving it little nervous bursts, on, off, on, off, on and this time he leaves it that way as we

CUT TO

281 KARL, holding BABE who tries to somehow squirm loose but he can't, it's impossible, and as SZELL starts to work -- 281

CUT TO

282 ERHARD outside by the door, smoking in silence. Then as BABE'S scream starts, JANEWAY moves quickly to him. 282

JANEWAY

(Sharp)

What name did he use?

ERHARD

(Confused)

Name?

JANEWAY

(Snapping it out)

On his passport!

ERHARD

(Almost stuttering; frightened)

I -- I think perhaps Kaspar.

JANEWAY

I don't want any goddam 'perhaps.'

ERHARD

Kaspar. Yes. It was that.

(CONTINUED)

282 CONTINUED:

282

JANEWAY turns, starts walking quickly toward an adjoining room where there are desks and telephones as we

CUT TO

283 KARL IN CLOSE UP, and even his face is contorted, because what's happening is very bad and

283

CUT TO

284 SZELL, his eyes as placid as ever. In a moment, he turns off the drill and at last we

284

CUT TO

285 BABE, in torment but he will not cry. His head slumps. SZELL watches, and he's starting to get, for the first time, just the least bit manic. He keeps playing with the drill, flicking it, flicking it.

285

SZELL

Well?

BABE

... how... how can... you do this...?

SZELL

Shall I tell you one old Jew's answer? He said: 'we were not, for them, the same.'

BABE

... kill me...

SZELL

A Jew cannot die when he will, only when we will.

(And as KARL pulls  
BABE'S head back -- )

CUT TO

286 THE VIEW OF THE CEILING FROM BABE'S point of view as two sounds start, one from the drill, the other from BABE'S throat. The drill continues but BABE'S sound begins to soften and as it does, the ceiling starts to grow fuzzy and when that happens --

286

CUT TO

287 JANEWAY in the room with the telephones. He has one hand over one ear, blotting out the sound from the next room as he talks into the receiver. His tone is very pleasant and relaxed; he seems to be under no strain at all. 287

JANEWAY

(Into phone)

Yes that's right, Asuncion, Paraguay -- the fastest way's through Rio, isn't it?

(Beat)

Fine. When's your first plane out tomorrow?

(Beat)

Nothing before then?

(Hesitates briefly)

Book a party of one please. The name is Kaspar.

(Beat)

No, he definitely won't be returning.

(As he continues to talk -- )

CUT TO

288 SZELL'S INCREDIBLE EYES IN CLOSE UP. They seem almost sympathetic. But the drilling sound keeps on. 288

CUT TO

289 THE CEILING. BABE is starting to experience black-outs now -- it dims, brightens a little, goes dark again. 289

CUT TO

290 ERHARD standing right by the door. The drilling sound stops. JANEWAY moves into the shot as SZELL'S voice is heard calling 'Erhard!' and as ERHARD immediately opens the door 290

CUT TO

290A SZELL in a fury. It's as if he was beginning to crack. BABE is past pain; he is motionless in the chair. 290A

SZELL

-- he knew nothing -- if he had known he would have told -- get rid of him --

He storms from the room as ERHARD AND KARL begin unstrapping BABE and we

CUT TO

290B JANEWAY is waiting for SZELL and they move into another room where there is a bottle of liquor and glasses. As they go --

290B

JANEWAY

I don't think you've heard the news.

SZELL

What is that?

JANEWAY

You're flying out tomorrow on the one o'clock plane.

SZELL

(Studies JANEWAY)

You're a very confident young man.

JANEWAY

(Quick smile)

It's all front.

(The smile goes)

Just think of me as any other executive on the come -- I don't want trouble.

290C THEY are by the whisky now. SZELL pours for himself alone.

290C

JANEWAY

You're clearly uncontrollable -- what you offer us is valuable, but not worth the chaos you're causing.

SZELL

And if I'm unable to conclude my business by one?

JANEWAY

You'll have to manage, won't you? -- as far as I'm concerned, Mr. Szell, you're a relic and you're on your way.

SZELL

Thus far I find you rather detestable -- may I say that without hurting your feelings?

JANEWAY

Praise from Caesar.

(Pours some whisky)

I'm just doing my job; I believe in my country.

SZELL

So did we all.

(And as he drinks -- )

CUT TO

291 THE STAIRS leading down to the street, only this 291  
time it's not JANEWAY taking BABE to safety, now it's  
KARL AND ERHARD, taking him to die.

Silence except for their footsteps on the flight of  
stairs.

KARL controls BABE, half dragging him, half forcing  
BABE to hold to the wooden banister. BABE can't go  
under his own power, but he's at least not totally  
helpless. ERHARD goes on ahead, opens the door to  
the street --

292 KARL coming out with BABE and as the night air hits 292  
them, BABE blinks a little, coming slowly through  
pain to some sense of consciousness.

KARL

My car.

293 He gestures. They move in silence to a near corner, 293  
turn.

294 Darkness. Across, a few stores, vaguely lit, gated 294  
and locked.

295 Silence. They continue on through the night. ERHARD 295  
limps ahead a few steps. KARL continues with his  
burden of BABE, dragging him along. BABE can make  
his feet move now, he stumbles, stumbles again, man-  
ages to remain upright.

296 In a doorway, sudden movement, then a moan. ERHARD 296  
spins toward the sound. KARL keeps right on going  
with BABE.

KARL

(Gesturing toward  
the doorway)

Nothing, a drunk.

297 ERHARD nods, slows his limping pace a little, coming 297  
back closer to the protection of KARL'S size.

Ahead of them now: a car. They reach it. Stop.  
From behind them, another moan from the nightmared  
drunk.

298 Silence again. ERHARD takes BABE as KARL reaches 298  
into a pocket, brings out a key ring, carefully makes  
sure he selects the proper one which he does and as  
he does --

CUT TO



299 BABE shoving suddenly against ERHARD with whatever strength is left to him, and it isn't much, but ERHARD didn't expect it and it surprises him, he stumbles back and BABE begins feebly running down the dark street. 299

300 KARL looks up from the lock, cries 'Fool' at ERHARD, and angrily goes to retrieve BABE. 300

But it isn't that easy because BABE had a little head start and it's night, and you can stumble so you have to watch it at least a little and sure, KARL is big, really big --

-- but BABE can run.

301 Or he could once. Now he can only kind of weakly make his way along, doggedly forcing one leg after the other down the miserable street. 301

KARL hurries after him, closing.

BABE goes a little faster. Not a lot, nothing terrific, but he's summoning whatever he's got and for a moment it helps because he opens a little distance on KARL.

But only for a moment. Again KARL starts to close.

CUT TO

302 BABE, and behind him there's the sound of KARL'S footsteps and he hurts, he's been through a lot and the pain's all over his face but then -- 302

QUICK CUT TO

303 BABE'S cap. The running cap. And now we pull back to see the photos of NURMI and BIKILA. They are staring, both of them straight out and 303

CUT TO

304 BABE, staring straight ahead and then 304

QUICK CUT BACK TO

305 The faces of the legends, and for a moment they almost seem to be watching each other through time and space, NURMI AND BIKILA AND BABE, staring dead at each other -- 305

306 -- and now BABE picks up the pace! Really picks it up. We know what his mind's full of and he's still feeble compared to what he once was but KARL isn't any marathon man, he's great in the chest and shoulders, but not much for distance -- 306

(CONTINUED)

- 306 CONTINUED: 306  
 -- he's beginning slightly to labor.  
 BABE increases his lead.
- 307 KARL is having increasing trouble breathing. 307
- 308 BABE glances back, turns again and runs dead into a drunk who has appeared startlingly from the darkness -- BABE lets out a cry, the drunk holds on, holds on, BABE struggles, twists, finally pushes off, starts to gasp and run again but his lead is gone. 308
- 309 KARL is closing. 309
- 310 BABE stumbles. 310
- 311 KARL has never been this close. 311
- 312 A police siren screams through the dreadful night, up ahead, out of sight. The sound, already loud, grows louder, louder, and now, up at the head of the street the police car turns and heads toward us, the lights blinding, the siren starting to deafen -- 312
- 313 KARL hesitates, nervous. 313
- 314 BABE runs toward his salvation, arms wide, straight into the approaching lights. 314  
 The siren is painful now.
- 315 KARL looks around, stopped, undecided, trying to catch his breath -- 315
- 316 BABE continues his flight toward the police car -- 316  
 -- only it isn't a police car, it's an ambulance tearing through the night and it swerves one way, then the other, around BABE, and then he's alone in the night again with KARL behind him.
- 317 KARL starts to run. 317
- 318 Only BABE has never stopped, and KARL looks far ahead in the darkness and BABE is going faster than before and he's farther ahead than before and KARL takes a few more strides before suddenly coming to a stop and turning, calling out 'Help!' into the night, and as he does -- 318
- CUT TO
- 319 ERHARD, starting hurriedly back toward the building where they kept BABE. 319

(CONTINUED)

- 319 CONTINUED: 319
- The ambulance screams by in the night.
- CUT TO
- 320 KARL, stopping, panting terribly. As he starts to 320  
turn back --
- CUT TO
- 321 JANEWAY, exiting the house with ERHARD, and as ERHARD 321  
points, JANEWAY takes off and from the beginning one  
thing is clear: JANEWAY can goddam well fly.
- CUT TO
- 322 BABE running through the night -- he's on a wide 322  
street now, wide and empty, a highway overhead, and  
you can tell from his face that he's done it, won,  
beaten them, ERHARD AND KARL, but then behind him  
comes a footstep sound and as BABE turns --
- CUT TO
- 323 JANEWAY, racing like a ghost out of the darkness. 323
- CUT TO
- 324 BABE, winner's look gone, because JANEWAY is a 324  
sprinter, and he eats BABE'S lead away, just tears  
it to pieces, so BABE pumps, gives it everything he  
has, but JANEWAY won't break.
- 325 QUICK CUT AGAIN -- the same as before, the running 325  
cap and NURMI AND BIKILA flanking it -- it spurred  
BABE on once --
- 326 But not this time: he glances back and JANEWAY is 326  
still coming like the wind.
- 327 They run by a strange place now, the Fulton Fish 327  
Market, and what's strange is that in the night it's  
all lit up, but it's totally empty and completely  
barred and BABE continues as before --
- 328 -- and now JANEWAY takes out his pistol, raises it, 328  
but it's a problem for him, because he's running so  
hard he's got no foundation to hold the weapon steady  
but as he slows down, BABE begins to pull away. JANE-  
WAY keeps the gun in his hand, but not raised anymore.  
Ready, but he's not close enough to use it, not yet --
- CUT TO

329 ERHARD AND KARL, getting into KARL'S car. KARL is 329  
still panting, but he switches the motor on, and as  
it roars --

CUT TO -

330 A DESERTED LOT, rubble filled. A bunch of hobo types 330  
have built small fires that dot the area. There's a  
broken fence around it, and above it, one of the in-  
cline entrances to the Brooklyn Bridge --

331 BABE starts across the lot, and it's uneven and hard 331  
to make time and as he looks back, JANEWAY is closer  
than he's ever been --

And now more Quick Cuts -- a series of them, and what  
they have in common for BABE is pain, because sometimes  
that's what you need to keep you company, and BABE sees

332 -- his father staggering and drunk and looking like 332  
hell, trying to walk straight, falling, and now there's

333 -- SZELL with the drill, leaning forward, and here 333  
comes

334 -- DOC'S BLOOD, the stain on the floor of BABE'S 334  
apartment, and now the sound of the shot and the

335 -- little boy BABE was running, seeing the pool of 335  
blood spread where his father lay dead --

336 -- and now, most painful of all, DOC dying, falling, 336  
arms out wide, and the image repeats, again, DOC  
dying, and again it comes, relentlessly, over and  
over, this most dread image and --

CUT TO

337 BABE CLOSE UP. And you can see it in his face. He 337  
isn't going to lose. Fuck 'em all, he's a marathon  
man and no one alive is about to catch him, and he  
picks up his pace, really ripping across the lot,  
faster than we've ever seen him until he trips, falls  
terribly, lies momentarily stunned --

338 JANEWAY is in the lot now. Closing. 338

339 BABE makes it back to his feet, stumbles, almost goes 339  
down again, manages not to --

340 -- JANEWAY isn't so skillful, and he stumbles now, 340  
tries to keep upright, crashes down.

341 BABE is running again, and JANEWAY isn't, and as 341  
JANEWAY gets to his feet BABE is in rhythm again and  
across the lot and through the fence and as he starts  
up the first incline

CUT TO

342 ERHARD AND KARL in KARL'S car, pulling up to the lot, 342  
and as ERHARD throws the door open, JANEWAY jumps in  
and they take off gunning the motor all it has.

CUT TO

343 BABE on the incline -- it's a maze, there're en- 343  
trances and exits all over, some above him fifteen  
feet, some that far below, and as the sound of a car  
motor roaring becomes increasingly loud -- it's the  
crunch now, all or nothing, live or die as we

CUT TO

344 KARL'S car, rocketing into overdrive. They see BABE 344  
running and accelerate as if to ram him.

CUT TO

345 BABE, and he suddenly leaps off the incline, falling 345  
through space toward the incline below, with a truck  
approaching from the other direction.

CUT TO

346 KARL'S car, careening across to the other side of the 346  
overpass -- screeching to a halt, as a small truck be-  
hind them suddenly brakes in a near miss with Karl's  
car.

CUT TO

347 THE DRIVER of the truck gets out and starts swearing 347  
at the occupants of Karl's car, as Janeway gets out  
and crosses to the other side of the overpass.

DRIVER

What the fuck are you doing? Are  
you crazy? You almost got me  
killed. -- Hey -- I'm talking to  
you too, Mac.

348 JANEWAY takes no notice, and looks at the underpass 348  
below him where Babe jumped.

CUT TO

349 JANEWAY POV. The empty underpass. Babe is gone. 349

350 OMITTED 350  
thru thru  
356 356

CUT TO

357 INT. TAXI. POV moving down BABE'S block toward his building. Karl's car parked across street in distance. 357

357A INT. TAXI - BABE'S face seen through iron mesh divider in taxi. Reacts to seeing Karl's car -- ducks down. 357A

BABE  
Don't stop, don't stop! Keep going and turn the corner.

CUT TO

357B EXT. Street Corner and Phone Booth. Taxi pulls up and stops. 357B

CUT TO

357C TAXI, as BABE gets out. 357C

BABE  
(To Taxi Driver)  
Quick -- give me a dime.

DRIVER  
Wait a minute, man. You got three sixty-five on the meter.

BABE  
(Takes off his watch and hands it to Driver)  
Here! It's a two hundred dollar watch. Take it -- just give me some change.

Driver checks the watch, confirms its worth and gives BABE a handful of coins.

CUT TO

357D LONG SHOT - Babe runs into phone booth. Hold on DRIVER looking puzzled. He shrugs and drives off. 357D

CUT TO

357E PHONE BOOTH 357E

BABE  
Elsa! I need your help! -- Yes, I'm okay, but I have to get out of the city right away. -- Yes... yes, that's right -- good --.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

357E CONTINUED:

357E

BABE (CONT'D)

Can you get a hold of a car? --  
Okay, now listen... meet me in  
one hour at 49th and Lex...  
Kauffman's... the all night  
pharmacy --

(Tense)

Elsa, please! I need you! You're  
the only chance I have. I've got  
to get away. -- Yes -- yes!

He hangs up and goes.

CUT TO

357F LONG SHOT - BABE exits phone booth and starts down street. 357F

CUT TO

357G BABE'S STREET - his corner. He moves quietly but quickly towards his apartment house. Looks off fur- 357G  
tively.

CUT TO

358 A CAR, parked not far from BABE'S building. TWO MEN sit inside it. We can't tell who. 358

CUT TO

359 BABE, heart pounding, breath held, he moves forward. 359

CUT TO

360 THE CAR, the angle moving as BABE moves and slowly we can make out the two men and it's ERHARD AND KARL and 360

CUT TO

361 BABE, whirling up the steps of the nearest building, then silently he's in the little foyer, looking at the names listed by the buzzers. Constantly glancing around to see if KARL AND ERHARD have moved, he pushes a buzzer, then again. No reply. He presses a third time and keeps his thumb on it until suddenly the silence is broken by a woman screaming in Spanish -- 361

BABE

(Whispering)

Mrs. Melendez -- I need your son,  
your...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

361 CONTINUED:

361

BABE (CONT'D)  
(He can't find the  
word for a moment -- )  
... hijo...  
(She screams louder  
and -- )

CUT TO

362 ERHARD AND KARL, sitting in the car, glancing around. 362

CUT TO

363 BABE, in the tiny foyer, going against the wall flat. 363

BABE  
(His voice a little  
louder -- it's  
dangerous and he  
knows it)  
Hijo -- get me your hijo --

But she hangs up. BABE pushes again, mashing his  
finger against the button. Now a different voice  
screams out at him -- it is MELENDEZ' --

MELENDEZ (OVER)  
I'll cut your goddam finger off  
you don't let go that buzzer --

BABE  
-- Melendez, listen -- it's me --

MELENDEZ (OVER)  
-- one more time I'm coming with  
a butcher knife, you got it? --

(CONTINUED)



363 CONTINUED:

363

BABE

(The loudest yet)

-- Melendez, don't you recognize me? --

MELENDEZ (OVER)

-- who's this? --

BABE. He hesitates. Then, hating himself, he says it.

BABE

The creep.

MELENDEZ (OVER)

(After a pause)

Creepy?

(There comes a click,  
the door opens)

CUT TO

364 MELENDEZ in underwear shorts, standing on first floor 364  
as BABE enters, hurries to him.

MELENDEZ

Ain't it past your bedtime, Creepy?  
(He starts to laugh)

BABE

I don't need your shit.

MELENDEZ

(Stops laughing)

What you after?

BABE

I want you to rob my apartment.

MELENDEZ

(Pause)

Why?

BABE

There's a gun in my desk and I need  
it. Some people are after me. If  
I go, they'll get me; they won't be  
so anxious to mess with you.

MELENDEZ

What's in it for me?

BABE

TV, hi-fi, books, anything you want.

(CONTINUED)

364 CONTINUED:

364

MELENDEZ

What's the catch?

BABE

The catch is it's dangerous.

MELENDEZ

(Smiles)

That's not the catch, that's the fun...

CUT TO

365 ERHARD AND KARL seated in the car. ERHARD turns, 365  
sees half a dozen PEOPLE on the sidewalk. ERHARD  
watches them; KARL is uninterested.

CUT TO

366 THE PEOPLE ON THE SIDEWALK. We can see now it's 366  
MELENDEZ and the others from the stoop. They move  
to BABE'S building, enter.

CUT TO

367 ERHARD AND KARL, watching. 367

ERHARD

They went inside.

KARL

They probably live inside. In one  
room. With all the rest of their  
brothers and sisters.

(ERHARD nods, offers

KARL a cigarette.

As they begin to

smoke -- )

CUT TO

368 BABE'S APARTMENT DOOR. Closed. Hold. Then -- 368

369 FULL BACK TO REVEAL 369

The darkness of the next stairway. JANEWAY is waiting.  
Now from below, a sound starts. Footsteps. Rising  
quickly.

CUT TO

370 JANEWAY, out of the shadows. He has his gun, listens. 370  
The footsteps grow louder. He leans over, looks  
down --

CUT TO

371 THE VIEW DOWN. It's one of those buildings where you 371  
can't see who's coming. But the footsteps continue to  
rise.

CUT TO

372 JANEWAY, back into the darkness again, waiting. The 372  
sounds are very loud now, rising, rising, and then the  
GANG appears and as MELENDEZ immediately starts to work  
on BABE'S lock --

CUT TO

373 THE DARKNESS where JANEWAY lurks. Long beat. Then 373  
he's out into view, gun ready.

JANEWAY

(And his voice has  
never been harder)

-- all of you, move, -- right now --

CUT TO

374 MELENDEZ AND THE GANG. THE GANG spins toward JANE- 374  
WAY. All but MELENDEZ. He continues to jimmy the  
door. Then, very slowly, he finally turns, looks  
dead at JANEWAY.

MELENDEZ

Blow it out your ass, motherfucker.

CUT TO

375 JANEWAY, and it's not the kind of answer he's used to 375  
receiving. He hesitates with his gun a moment and

CUT TO

376 THE GANG. They have guns too, Saturday night spe- 376  
cials. Then the door to BABE'S apartment opens and  
THE GANG slips inside. The moment they're gone,  
JANEWAY takes off down the stairs, two at a time, and  
is gone.

CUT TO

377 THE AREA NEAR KAUFMANN'S PHARMACY. It's still dark 377  
but getting closer to dawn. There is a line of people  
huddled by a lit but locked shop -- it's a bakery,  
they're waiting for bread. Papers blow along the  
street. Then as ELSA'S car comes into view BABE  
dashes out from Kaufmann's, gets in.

378 They embrace. ELSA holds him very tightly. It's a 378  
physical moment, but if you didn't know better, you  
might also think she was scared.

(CONTINUED)

378 CONTINUED:

378

From behind them, a car starts honking ending the embrace. ELSA begins to drive. BABE opens a small bottle of liquid he's had in his hand, begins rubbing it on his tooth.

ELSA

What is that?

BABE

(Shrugs)

Oil of cloves. Drive, huh?

(She nods)

ELSA

You're very tired.

BABE

(As they start  
to move)

Where we going?

ELSA

Rest.

379 Gently, she takes him, pulls him close, puts his head on her shoulder. BABE closes his eyes... 379

CUT TO

380 A JEWEL OF A LAKE. Boarded up summer houses. 380

CUT TO

381 ELSA parking in the driveway of a house. As she and BABE get out. 381

BABE

How'd you find this place?

ELSA

A girlfriend in my building; it is her family's.

382 BABE nods, they start toward the house. It's got a decent front porch, a drainpipe down one side. 382

ELSA

So close to the city, yet so quiet; amazing, yes? After the Labor Day, like now, there is never anyone.

(She starts to walk  
toward the pipe)

I must get the key -- half the lake I think keeps their key in the drainpipe.

(CONTINUED)

BABE  
(Watching her)  
Szell's?

ELSA  
(Didn't quite hear)  
Sells?

BABE  
Oh come on.

ELSA  
You're very tired.  
(She starts toward  
the pipe)

BABE  
(Calling after her)  
What did you do for Szell?

ELSA  
I hope the key is where it's  
supposed to be --

BABE  
-- where's Janeway --

ELSA  
(At the drainpipe now)  
-- I would feel such a fool if I  
did something wrong --

BABE  
-- when are they all getting here? --  
(His voice is building)

ELSA  
(Louder too)  
-- it isn't charming anymore --  
stop it --

BABE  
-- what did you do for him? --

ELSA  
-- stop it I told you --

BABE  
-- nobody's stopping, now goddammit  
tell me, when are they due?

CUT TO

383 BABE. CLOSE UP. And he's scary now. 383

CUT TO

384 ELSA, starting to get frightened. 384

ELSA

... soon...

BABE

Oh.

(Looks at her)

Good.

(Nods)

Right.

ELSA

How did you know I was involved?

BABE

I didn't; till now.

And with that he takes his father's gun out of his raincoat pocket. ELSA sees it and if she was frightened before, it's worse now. BABE gestures with the gun toward the house.

BABE

Whose place?

ELSA

-- Szell's father; it reminded him somehow of home --

(And as she twists around, glances back -- )

CUT TO

385 THE NARROW ROAD AROUND THE LAKE. Empty. 385

CUT TO

386 BABE AND ELSA, moving up the porch steps. 386

BABE

(Pointing to front door)

Unlock it --

ELSA

-- we still have time -- I can get you out of here --

BABE

-- why worry about me? --

(CONTINUED)

386 CONTINUED:

386

ELSA

It is me that I worry about --

BABE takes the key, unlocks the door, throws it open.  
 Inside, nothing moves. He glances back down the road.

CUT TO

387 THE ROAD. Still empty.

387

CUT TO

388 BABE AND ELSA ON THE PORCH.

388

BABE

What's keeping them --

ELSA

(Panicked)

-- they had to be sure there were  
 no police following --

BABE

-- no police --

(Looks at her)

-- God, you're pretty, what were  
 you, Szell's mistress? --

ELSA

-- it does not matter, we should  
 leave here, that alone matters --

BABE

-- too late --

(And as he points)

CUT TO

389 THE ROAD AROUND THE LAKE. In the distance now, a car.

389

390 BABE AND ELSA watch it come.

390

BABE

Wasn't he a little old for you?

ELSA

(Staring at the car;  
 quiet now)

I was a courier, nothing more. I  
 took money from Paris into Paraguay.

THE CAR, driving very slowly, is closer now, in no  
 hurry.

(CONTINUED)

390 CONTINUED:

390

BABE  
(Riveted on it)  
Glamour job, sounds like -- easy  
hours, lots of travel --

But now he's starting to unravel around the edges. The minute the car appeared, he began to go, and now, as it keeps on coming, his nerves are beginning to betray him. He grips his gun tighter.

BABE  
Here comes your boss now.  
(ELSA nods)

CUT TO

391 BABE. He moves a few steps away, behind her, watching the car which is closer. He gets out some more oil of cloves, rubs it against the tooth. The car is almost to the driveway. It's hard to breathe. 391

BABE  
(Whispered)  
... please... don't think too much...

CUT TO

392 THE CAR, pulling in behind ELSA'S. 392

CUT TO

393 BABE, and suddenly he whirls, throws the bottle, smashes it against the side of the house and as the bottle hits the wall -- 393

CUT TO

394 ELSA surprised, whirling, staring at the broken glass and the liquid rolling down the side of the house and 394

CUT TO

395 BABE, CLOSE UP, inhaling sharply now, deeply, sucking the morning air against the open nerve. 395

CUT TO

396 THE CAR. It stops. KARL gets out. ERHARD gets out. JANEWAY gets out. They close the car door. 396

CUT TO

397 BABE on the porch, stunned, grabbing ELSA -- 397

(CONTINUED)



397 CONTINUED:

397

BABE

-- where is he? -- where's Szell? --

ELSA

I know nothing --

JANEWAY'S VOICE (OVER)

Lovely morning.

CUT TO

398 THE THREE MEN, starting casually up toward the porch. 398

CUT TO

399 BABE WITH ELSA, watching. 399

ELSA

(Calling out)

He has a pistol.

JANEWAY

Can't be too safe nowadays, I  
suppose.(The dazzling  
smile flashes)

BABE

(Sharp)

Stop.

CUT TO

400 JANEWAY, ERHARD AND KARL. JANEWAY immediately halts, 400  
ERHARD a moment later. KARL hesitates, finally obeys,  
constantly glancing around.

JANEWAY

We're awaiting further instructions  
-- do we take three giant steps or  
what?

BABE

Tell Karl not to get upset -- cops  
should be here in less than five  
minutes --

ELSA

-- he said there were no police --

BABE

-- and I was telling the truth.

(Beat)

Probably.

401 Now ERHARD is starting to glance around too.

401

BABE

I haven't got my watch with me,  
anybody have the correct time?

JANEWAY

I don't believe the police are  
coming.

BABE

Neither do I.

(And he gives a  
dazzling smile back  
to JANEWAY. Another  
beat)

Of course I could be wrong.

CUT TO

402 JANEWAY, and now he's staring around, back along the  
empty road. He looks at BABE, hesitates; then --

402

JANEWAY

All right, how much do you want,  
and can we for Chrissakes talk terms  
inside?

CUT TO

403 BABE, standing close to ELSA, gun ready. After a  
pause, he nods, starts moving into the house, pulling  
ELSA with him.

403

403A The room we enter is a living room and it is tre-  
mendously German in feel. On a small table is a faded  
picture of a man -- it's Szell when he was young, his  
hair already a glorious white. He looks to be in his  
mid-20's, a faint smile on his face; he wears leder-  
hosen. On the wall are stuffed dead birds. And framed  
mounted butterflies, which are pretty enough but there's  
something about them that reminds us of the trapped  
dead insects in the netting outside Szell's house in  
South America. There is also the same photo of the  
woman we saw before; Szell's mother, his father's wife.

403A

The silence is long and deadly. BABE backs until he  
reaches a corner of the room keeping ELSA in front of  
him. JANEWAY enters, then ERHARD. Finally, still  
looking back nervously, KARL.

JANEWAY

You realize, of course, that I'm  
only authorized to go to certain  
limits --

(CONTINUED)

403A CONTINUED:

403A

BABE

-- oh cut the bullshit, there are  
no terms --

JANEWAY

Then why did you let us get close?

CUT TO

404 BABE. TIGHT CLOSE UP.

404

BABE

Because you're all in my killing  
range now.

CUT TO

405 THE ROOM.

405

JANEWAY

(Serene)

No, I'm sorry, you're just not  
good casting for the part.

BABE

(Gun raised toward  
JANEWAY)

I'm a crack shot --  
(But his voice wasn't  
quite under control)

JANEWAY

-- taken target practice, have you?  
A wizard at hitting paper? It's  
not the same with flesh; it's  
different when you smash bone, and  
I somehow doubt you're an old hand  
at that.

CUT TO

406 BABE, and JANEWAY'S RIGHT. BABE tries pushing him-  
self deeper into the corner. His control is going.

406

CUT TO

407 JANEWAY, watching him.

407

JANEWAY

If there were police, you wouldn't  
be panicking --

BABE

-- they're coming --

(CONTINUED)

407 CONTINUED:

407

JANEWAY

-- we'll just wait here for them  
then --

408 BABE pulls the air against his bare nerve again,  
drawing the pain toward him, using it, trying to  
anyway, anything not to fold, not here, not now,  
with JANEWAY watching.

408

JANEWAY

We'll all wait, and we don't do a  
thing, will we, Erhard, because we  
don't have to, do we, Karl, and  
Elsa, why don't you move a bit, I  
think the boy could use more  
breathing room and --

(Suddenly shouting)

-- NO!

CUT TO

409 KARL making his move, going for BABE with his big  
hands and as he's almost there as his fingers reach  
for BABE'S throat --

409

CUT TO

410 BABE, firing, and the sound explodes and ELSA is  
screaming and

410

CUT TO

411 KARL, careening into the wall, and as he falls

411

CUT TO

412 BABE, moving as ERHARD has his gun and BABE squeezes  
off a shot, another, and ERHARD shrieks and drops and

412

CUT TO

413 JANEWAY, going into his roll, gun half out, starting  
to point it, and

413

CUT TO

414 BABE, and he's graceful now, and the gun works like  
it's part of him and he fires and JANEWAY is hit in  
the arm and BABE fires again and again and the noise  
is tremendous as JANEWAY crumples, his gun skittering  
across the room, and ELSA races for it, she's got the  
angle over BABE and she's damn near there but that  
isn't good enough as he shoulders her into the wall and  
grabs JANEWAY'S gun and points it dead into her face  
and --

414

(CONTINUED)

414 CONTINUED:

414

ELSA

-- No -- Jesus --

BABE

-- where's Szell? --

ELSA

-- I don't know --

BABE

-- what bank? --

ELSA

-- I don't know! --

CUT TO

415 JANEWAY, as BABE continues concentrating on ELSA; and 415  
 he isn't dead. With whatever strength he has, he  
 crawls toward BABE and now crippled ERHARD is moving  
 too and as they come closer and closer behind BABE --

BABE (OVER)

-- you lying bitch, you do know,  
 and you're going to tell me --

CUT TO

416 BABE AND ELSA.

416

ELSA

-- you'll kill me if I tell you --

BABE

-- you're fucking right. I'm going  
 to kill you but you're still going  
 to tell me! --

And maybe he would have gone on, but to his stunned  
 surprise, his balance starts to go, something or  
 someone is pulling him down and as he starts to fall --

CUT TO

417 THE FADED FAINTLY SMILING PICTURES OF YOUNG SZELL, 417  
 and there are screams, and shots and then it's as if  
 someone had thrown a handful of blood across the  
 photo. Hold. The blood begins to slide down the  
 glass as YOUNG SZELL continues to smile...

418 DISSOLVE TO SZELL as he is today, and that same be- 418  
 mused smile is on his face. He's looking at some-  
 thing. We don't know what. No sound.

(CONTINUED)

418 CONTINUED:

418

We can see what he's looking at but not quite enough to be sure what it is. Still no sound. Then, suddenly --

PULL BACK AND BACK AND BACK TO REVEAL

419 47th Street! The diamond center of America and 419 maybe the most alive street anywhere. Jammed. We hear street noise now, loud and getting louder -- car horns and people talking and hustling and arguing, and there's blacks and Spanish and Jews young and old, capped and not, and as all this hits us, we realize what it was we were looking at and couldn't quite make out: salamis. A whole storefront of them, guarding the place like sentries. Now, in the midst of all this wonderful chaos --

CUT TO

420 CHRISTIAN SZELL, wandering along the sidewalk; he 420 carries a briefcase and is obviously enjoying himself. And if the scene at the lake was Babe in Germany, this one coming is Szell among the Jews. As he passes a clearly high-type store, he stops, then moves across the sidewalk, tries the door. Locked. A buzzer has a 'Push' sign. SZELL pushes; there is an answering buzz and as the door unlocks --

CUT TO

421 INSIDE THE STORE. Several salespeople are busy, one 421 of them talking with a woman who is trying to sell a fur coat, and their conversation continues throughout, soft. Like this: 'My God, it's a new fur, it's got to be worth something.' 'We are not a pawn shop, Madam.' 'But it's mink. Mink.' 'Yes, Madam, but I cannot give you jewelry for it, much as I might like to.' And as she keeps prodding and he keeps resisting --

422 We realize there's another woman inside too; heavy. 422 And she's busy with another salesman, only what this one's doing is trying to get her ring off her finger. Only it's stuck, and she tussles angrily with it while their conversation goes on: 'I bought it from you, you got to give me cash back.' 'Perhaps a trade might be possible.' 'I don't need trades, I need cash money is what I need.' And she continues trying to fight her flesh and get the ring off her finger.

423 Both of these conversations are background. That's 423 all. Just a sense of the quality of life is what we're interested in; crisis is evident in the diamond center too.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED:

423

But our main interest, clearly, is with SZELL, who stops as a BOUNCY LITTLE SALESMAN moves around the counter to him, all energy and smiles.

SZELL

I'd like to see a three carat diamond --

BOUNCY SALESMAN

(Before SZELL can finish)

-- why?

SZELL

(Surprised)

Be-cuss --

(He stops -- it's more German sounding than we're used to hearing him)

BOUNCY SALESMAN

-- if all you want is just to see a three carat job, go window-shop, but if you're the kind of man who's after the choicest rock on the block, then we can do business.

SZELL

I was interested in --

BOUNCY SALESMAN

(SZELL is not used to being interrupted)

-- but before anything else there's gotta be trust, so what I'll do is I'll get a three carat stone and we'll take it to this independent appraiser I know --

(Gesturing above)

-- one flight up --

(Moving in)

-- and if he doesn't swear that I'm practically giving the stone away, well --

(Shrugs)

-- I'll just have to get a new brother-in-law, that's all.

(And he laughs)

SZELL

(He isn't laughing)

Can't you just tell me what it's worth?

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED: (2)

423

## BOUNCY SALESMAN

-- wait -- wait -- wait just one  
second -- first you come traipsing  
in here asking to see, now all  
you're interested in is price.

(Passionately)

I'm no high pressure artist, I sell  
value. --

## SZELL

(Whirling, starting  
out)

-- you never answer me --

(And as he opens  
the door -- )

CUT TO

424 47th Street again as SZELL angrily storms out,  
moves back into the heat and the noise. He slows  
then, and by sheer will forces the anger from behind  
his eyes. A beat. The almost placid quality returns  
to his features. Now --

424

CUT TO

425 A MAN WITH A PENCIL MUSTACHE. We're in a clearly  
elegant shop. ANOTHER SALESMAN, fat, in a short  
sleeved shirt, is in the rear, talking on the phone  
while the PENCIL MUSTACHE tends to SZELL.

425

## PENCIL MUSTACHE

The value depends on the quality  
of the three carat stone, sir.

## SZELL

I'm only interested in gem quality  
-- the very best.

(Holds up a hand)

Perhaps something the size of my  
little fingernail.

(His accent here  
is British)

## PENCIL MUSTACHE

(Smiles)

You're talking six carats, sir; more  
probably.

## SZELL

Would that be prohibitive, do you  
think?

(CONTINUED)



425

CONTINUED:

425

PENCIL MUSTACHE  
Fifteen thousand.

SZELL  
(Nods -- he had hoped  
for twice that)  
Fifteen.

PENCIL MUSTACHE  
Per carat, naturally.

SZELL  
(Thrilled -- he cannot  
keep it from his eyes)  
Naturally.

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)  
I know you.  
(And on those words -- )

CUT TO

426 THE FAT SALESMAN IN THE SHORT SLEEVED SHIRT. Off the phone now, staring. He rubs his hand across his mouth; the tattoo from the concentration camp is visible on his arm and

426

CUT TO

426A SZELL, and there isn't any thrill left in his eyes. It's what he's always dreaded most and now it's happening and as the FAT SALESMAN approaches, SZELL quickly realizes his danger.

426A

SZELL  
Perhaps you do. I'm usually good  
with faces myself.

FAT SALESMAN  
(To PENCIL MUSTACHE)  
I remember this guy from someplace.

SZELL  
(Shaking hands with  
FAT SALESMAN)  
Christopher Hesse, how do you do.  
(Now with PENCIL  
MUSTACHE)  
Christopher Hesse, how do you do.  
(Now back to the FAT  
SALESMAN as a glimmer  
of memory starts)  
-- I think -- wait, wait --  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

426A CONTINUED:

426A

SZELL (CONT'D)

(Now he's got it)

-- of course -- you came to our  
antiques shop in London -- you  
were interested in some old  
jewelry we had --

FAT SALESMAN

-- that wasn't it --

SZELL

-- but you've been to London --

FAT SALESMAN

-- sure, I just don't think --

SZELL

-- Hesse of Golder's Green -- we've  
been there since '33 when we got  
out of Germany -- my wife and I --  
Our shop is quite fashionable now.

PENCIL MUSTACHE

I always wanted to visit London.

SZELL

I suggest you hurry, while it's  
still there.

(And now he moves  
slowly toward the door)

And thank you for your time. I'm  
afraid 90 thousand is far too high  
for me. Our shop isn't that  
fashionable.

(And as he waves,  
smiles, goes -- )

CUT TO

427 THE TWO SALESMEN, smiling back, waving, and

427

CUT TO

428 SZELL on the pavement again, out of their sight. The  
effort has been tremendous; he leans briefly against  
a building, wipes the perspiration from his face,  
takes a deep breath, starts walking again toward  
Sixth Avenue, faster than before. Traffic is heavier,  
going in fits and starts, and there is horn blowing  
and the sidewalks seem fuller too, and there is a lot  
of talk and a lot of salesmen and hot dog vendors  
hawking and Spanish and black guys, many of them with  
portable radios blasting away, move on by as SZELL  
continues toward Sixth Avenue, the heat oppressive  
now, perspiration visible on his forehead.

428

(CONTINUED)

428 CONTINUED:

428

He flicks it away, moves on, unmindful of the masses or the radios with all their songs about 'love' and 'angel' and the people with portables keep walking so the love songs disappear but the word 'angel' doesn't and as we realize this

CUT TO

429 SZELL, the perspiration heavier now, because it isn't 'angel' that he's hearing, it's 'engel' and then it isn't even that, it's 'der engel, der engel' repeated over and over, and as it begins to build into a scream SZELL tries to stare straight ahead but now the words are louder and now it's 'der weisser engel' and again, louder and louder, 'der weisser engel!' and SZELL whirls and as he does 429

ZOOM TO

430 AN ANCIENT OLD CRONE, BENT AND TREMBLING, ACROSS THE STREET. She holds out one trembling hand pointing it dead at SZELL, standing there crying out with whatever strength is left to her -- 430

CRONE

DER WEISSER ENGEL -- SZELL -- SZELL --

CUT TO

431 SZELL, and it takes everything he has not to break into a wild panicked run. But he doesn't. He turns away from the screaming crone, takes up his pace again, heading as before toward Sixth Avenue as the word 'SZELL' continues to be hurled into the steaming air, and -- 431

CUT TO

432 A BUNCH OF YOUNG JEWISH GUYS, moving along, ignoring it all, whatever it is, and 432

CUT TO

433 A SPANISH KID WITH HIS PORTABLE, and some Spanish tune is blaring away, he couldn't care less either and. 433

CUT TO

434 TWO SUCCESSFUL LOOKING BLACK MEN, early thirties, very conservatively attired; they glance around in the direction of the screaming, look back at each other, shrug; what the hell, New York is full of crazies and 434

CUT TO

435 SZELL, bathed in sweat now, but under control, not bolting, making his steady way, but then -- 435

CUT TO

436 AN OLD MAN WITH A BEARD. He hesitates, listens, looks around -- 436

OLD BEARDED MAN  
Szell? -- Szell is here? --  
(And as he stares -- )

CUT TO

437 ANOTHER OLD MAN, turning around too. 437

OLD MAN  
(Louder now)  
-- where is Szell? --  
(And as he looks  
around -- )

CUT TO

438 A GIANT OF A WOMAN WITH A DEEP DEEP VOICE. 438

GIANTESS  
-- he is dead -- Szell is dead --  
(Little pause)  
-- everyone is dead --

CUT TO

439 THE CRONE, still screaming, still pointing her fingers; her gnarled trembling hand following SZELL'S movement -- 439

CRONE  
(Louder still)  
-- nein -- nein --  
(Huge)  
DER WEISSER ENGEL IST HIER!!!

CUT TO

440 SZELL, still making his way through the crowd, starting ahead, as behind him now, 47th Street is starting to explode. 440

CUT TO

441 A BUNCH OF WINDOWS ON THE SECOND FLOOR. People are sticking their heads out, looking down, trying to locate the focus of what the hell's going on, and 441

CUT TO

441A SHOP DOORS OPENING, owners coming out, glancing around, and 441A

CUT TO

442 THE TRAFFIC still moving jumpily as always, but now, suddenly, the honking lessens and drivers are shouting to passengers asking what is it and 442

CUT TO

443 THE SIDEWALK and the flow of bodies is different, they don't swirl and eddy in quite the same way as before, something odd is going on and they know it, they just don't know exactly what yet, and 443

CUT TO

444 SZELL, walking, walking through the heat of 47th Street, staring as before, straight ahead, and 444

CUT TO

445 THE CRONE ACROSS THE STREET, tracking SZELL moving on her side of the street, pointing at him, dead at him and crying out. 445

CRONE

He is getting away -- see? see? --  
(Gesturing now)

-- someone stop der weisser engel! --

CUT TO

446 SZELL, and now at last he can see the traffic moving quickly up Sixth Avenue and he allows himself just the least bit to pick up the pace and 446

CUT TO

447 A SKINNY LADY standing in her doorway as SZELL passes. 447

SKINNY LADY

What's all the tumuling?

SZELL

(A Jewish shrug)

Crazy peoples.

(THE SKINNY LADY  
smiles and -- )

CUT TO

448 THE CRONE; she's hysterical now, watching helpless 448  
as SZELL moves on and without warning she hobbles  
into the street and the traffic --

CRONE

I will stop him --  
(And as she moves -- )

CUT TO

449 SZELL, daring a glance across at her as she gestures 449  
to cars to stop and get out of her ancient way and

CUT TO

450 THE CRONE, moving slowly but steadily, and she's in 450  
the midst of traffic now and

CUT TO

451 SZELL, looking away from her, picking up his pace 451  
again, and

CUT TO

452 THE CRONE, and my God, she's almost into a run as 452  
she does her best to dodge the traffic and her best  
is plenty good enough until there is a screech of  
brakes and a car tries desperately to stop, and it  
does, but not in time, as he strikes the crone, not  
hard, not a death blow, but enough to send her help-  
less to the middle of the street, unhurt but out of  
the race, and

CUT TO

453 THE DRIVER OF THE CAR, racing out, going to the CRONE, 453  
trying to help her up, and

CUT TO

454 THE CRONE, heartsick, beyond tears -- 454

CRONE

FOOL -- FOOL -- WHO WILL STOP HIM  
NOW?

CUT TO

455 SIXTH AVENUE. The traffic is moving freely. There 455  
are a ton of empty cabs.

CUT TO

456 SZELL nearing the corner. He passes a subway entrance. Beyond that there is one of those large one yard high round cement structures in which pathetic trees are planted and there's a pathetic tree in this one, maybe all of six feet high and two inches wide at the trunk, skinny as hell, just the reverse of the FAT SALESMAN from the second shop who suddenly whirls SZELL and

456

FAT SALESMAN

I knew you weren't English you  
murdering son of a bitch --

CUT TO

457 SZELL'S ARM already into its swipe and as the FAT SALESMAN spins him SZELL'S thick cutter is already in his hand and as the TWO MEN come face to face SZELL'S knife has already split the FAT MAN'S throat like a fire splits a sausage and as the FAT MAN makes a feeble grab toward his jugular --

457

CUT TO

458 SZELL, starting to cry out for help as the FAT MAN lurches forward and SZELL continues calling out as he lays the FAT MAN face down across the cement pot that holds the tree --

458

SZELL

-- there's a sick man here --  
there's a man needs help here --  
there's a man here needs a doctor,  
get a doctor --

CUT TO

459 THE FAT MAN dying, his blood draining into the dirt that supports the feeble tree, and

459

CUT TO

460 A CROWD, gathering quickly, moving in, looking at the FAT MAN, at each other, not knowing which way to go or what to do, and

460

CUT TO

461 A CAB as SZELL extracts himself from the crowd, signals for the cab to stop and as it does --

461

CUT TO

462 SZELL, getting in, closing the door, and

462

CUT TO

463 THE CROWD AROUND THE DEAD MAN, and if the street was 463  
exploding before, now it's going really crazy with  
screams and whistles and shrieks and tears and the  
noise builds and builds and for just a moment in the  
mob, the CRONE is visible again, pointing toward the  
taxi, but then she is gone, the crowd has swelled,  
there's nothing anyone can do as we

CUT TO

464 SZELL, settled comfortably in the back seat of the 464  
cab. He has his handkerchief out and his empty brief-  
case open, so that the lid blocks the driver from see-  
ing what he's doing, and what he's doing is wiping the  
blood from the blade of his cutter, then strapping it  
securely in place on his right forearm; he fastidiously  
goes about his business, leaving the noise and blood of  
47th Street far behind. Taped to the inside lid of the  
case is a key like the one his father had, a safe de-  
posit key. Now --

CUT TO

465 THE QUIET OF THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT AREA OF A BANK. 465  
THE SAME GUARD we saw with SZELL'S father is insert-  
ing a key into a safe deposit box. SZELL stands by,  
hands him another key. As the GUARD continues to  
work --

CUT TO

466 SZELL, carrying the safe deposit box toward a number 466  
of open doors, rooms where contents can be examined in  
privacy. As he moves, a COUPLE emerges from another  
room, bickering, and we just hear snippets of their  
talking as they pass.

WOMAN

-- how could we have spent it all? --

MAN

-- we didn't spend it all, you spent  
it all --

WOMAN

-- you wanted me to look nice --  
you always said that --

MAN

-- and you know what? -- you never  
did --

466A SZELL enters one of the rooms now and closes the 466A  
door. As he does, the light automatically goes on.

466B He puts the box on the desk provided. There are 466B  
envelopes, pens, a chained scissors.



- 466C SZELL sits, hesitates. His hands aren't all that steady. Then he makes a decisive move, throws the box wide open and 466C
- CUT TO
- 467 THE BOX, and inside are a large number of drawstring cloth bags, like kids use to carry marbles. And band-aid boxes. All kinds of containers, some with rubber bands holding them shut. 467
- CUT TO
- 468 SZELL, grabbing the top bag, managing to pull the strings open, and as he pours out the contents -- 468
- CUT TO
- 469 THE BOX -- a bunch of diamonds rattle out against the metal box and the sound is louder than expected and 469
- CUT TO
- 470 SZELL, covering the diamonds, heart pounding, staring at the door of the room. But nothing happens, no one comes. He takes his hand away, and we are looking at a bunch of diamonds the size of your little fingernail, maybe fifty or seventy-five of them, maybe more, it's hard to tell accurately. As SZELL grabs for the next bag -- 470
- CUT TO
- 471 THE BOX as another bunch of diamonds spill into view, some of these also the size of your little fingernail, some of them just a bit larger, and 471
- CUT TO
- 472 ANOTHER BUNCH OF DIAMONDS and these are thumbnail-sized now, and maybe there are a hundred of them and 472
- CUT TO
- 473 THE BOX as another full bag of diamonds spills across the bottom and there are hands full of them now, dazzling against the darkness of the box, and SZELL suddenly unable to contain himself cries out loud with joy and 473
- CUT TO
- 474 SZELL, amazed, as in his hands now he holds giant diamonds, incredible things, one of them the size of a baby's fist -- 474

(CONTINUED)

474 CONTINUED:

474

GUARD'S VOICE (OVER)

You call? -- everything all right? --

SZELL

(Throat dry)

... all is...

(He rubs the diamond with  
his fingertips)

... wunderbar...

(Now, as he starts putting  
the stones into the  
briefcase -- )

CUT TO

475 SZELL, leaving the safe deposit area, doing what he  
can to maintain dignity and

475

CUT TO

476 SZELL, starting up the stairs that lead to the main  
floor of the bank and his attitude is damn near jaunty  
and then he reaches the main room and crosses it  
cheerily but he may be the one cheery person in view,  
because all around him is an air of panic. AN OLD  
WOMAN, with a black shawl, stands licking her thumb,  
counting out a few dollar bills that she's gotten  
from a teller; her hands tremble as she counts, she's  
that old and that poor. Beyond her is the DOWNSTAIRS  
COUPLE and they're still bickering, only now she's  
blaming him for liquor and SZELL moves on, past a  
bank officer at his desk who is shaking his head at  
a SMALL MAN who sits in a chair, maybe trying for a  
loan or an extension of a loan but in any case, the  
answer is 'no' and another bank officer is spreading  
his hands, palms down, another 'no' to another customer  
because there's no money, there's just no money, times  
are hard, and through it all, SZELL makes his way,  
polite and smiling and finally he gets across the  
floor and as he does we

476

477

CUT TO

478 THE SIDEWALK bathed in sunlight as SZELL leaves the  
bank, moves to the curb, starts to hail a cab as BABE  
moves up behind him.

478

BABE

It isn't safe.

CUT TO

479 SZELL, spinning around, and for a moment it seems he might bolt, but that moment passes and he starts to talk, his tone level and reasonable. But he's been through a lot, and from now on, in stages, the man begins to lose it. 479

SZELL

So now you kill me? -- go ahead; it would be the mistake of your lifetime, but go ahead anyway.

BABE

Not such a mistake.

SZELL

You are wrong -- there have been changes -- items have come into my possession. --

BABE

-- let's see the items --

SZELL

(Nods)

-- not here -- here is too public for what we have to do --

(And on those words -- )

CUT TO

480 THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND WHERE BABE AND ELSA were. 480  
A POLICEMAN stands casually by the entrance. SZELL approaches, BABE behind him.

481 SZELL nods politely to the policeman who nods back 481  
and while this happens, he touches the bracelet on his arm. BABE is watching the policeman, doesn't see.

BABE

-- show me --

SZELL

-- it -- must -- be -- private --

482 THE POLICEMAN looks after them a moment. There is 482  
a beat. A pretty nurse wheeling a child in a stroller passes by. He smiles at her, tips his hat as we

CUT TO

483 THE BUSY AREA BY THE RUNNING TRACK. It's the spot, 483  
long before, when BABE ran around the nut and avoided trouble. SZELL starts toward the bushes --

BABE

-- keep going --

(CONTINUED)

483 CONTINUED:

483

SZELL

-- but --

BABE

-- you want private, I'll give you  
private --

484 SZELL stares a moment at BABE. Whatever he sees he  
doesn't like it. Again he touches his bracelet.

484

CUT TO

485 THE WATERWORKS BUILDING. THE GUY we saw before  
sunning himself when BABE ran for ELSA is working  
near the doorway as BABE and SZELL enter. Below,  
water is churning. As he sees them, he turns a handle  
and the water stops.

485

WATERWORKS GUY

-- sorry, but you're not allowed --

BABE

(His gun out now --  
quietly)

We won't be long.

486 THE WATERWORKS GUY takes off out of the building like  
a streak as we

486

CUT TO

487 THE BUILDING. There is a central area; water a long  
way below. A winding flight of steps leads down to  
it. There is a railing around the central area where  
BABE AND SZELL are; a good distance separates them.

487

BABE

All right.

SZELL

(Holding up the case)  
Come here.

BABE

I can see fine from where I am.

SZELL

(Little more upset now)  
I am almost 70 -- how many years  
have I left? -- leave me enough  
to live them comfortably, the rest,  
take --

(MORE)

. (CONTINUED)

487 CONTINUED:

487

SZELL (CONT'D)

(Bigger)

-- come here and see what I offer --  
 (He has put the case on  
 the ground now)

BABE

-- why is it so important I come  
 close? --

SZELL

-- it is not important -- but that  
 man, the one who was here, he will  
 come back, he saw your gun, he  
 will bring others -- this is for  
 us alone --

(And now he throws open  
 the briefcase)

-- do you see?

CUT TO

488 BABE.. Stunned.

488

BABE

... Jesus...

CUT TO

489 The diamonds, and it's the first time we've seen them  
 all -- in the bank we only saw a small portion -- and  
 it practically overflows the case; God knows how many  
 millions are inside.

489

CUT TO

490 SZELL starts to talk, his voice rising and rising.

490

SZELL

-- you are very young; smart, but  
 not yet wise -- in law there is a  
 statute of limitations; when does  
 mine run out? -- I have done nothing  
 wrong for thirty years --

BABE

-- you killed my brother --

SZELL

-- that is not true -- I was not even  
 present --

BABE

-- Janeway told me --

(CONTINUED)

490 CONTINUED:

490

SZELL

-- it had to be done -- I had to  
do it --

BABE

(Building)

-- Janeway didn't tell me anything  
-- so don't worry about me, I'm  
fucking wise --

And with that he explodes, lashing out at the case,  
kicking it all he has, sending it sliding across the  
floor and

CUT TO

491 SZELL, trying to stop it but too late and he can only 491  
watch as the case topples over the edge, the diamonds  
beginning to spill out and as the case falls --

CUT TO

492 The water as the diamonds sprinkle down like rain, 492  
hit, start to sink and

CUT TO

493 BABE, whirling, throwing the handle the WATERWORKS MAN 493  
turned off back on, and as he does, below, the water  
starts to churn --

SZELL

-- what does this accomplish? --  
you want to punish me? I am past  
punishment -- death is nothing;  
kill me, you join me -- does it  
matter so much if I die today in  
here or next year in Paraguay? --  
(Big)

-- let me get my diamonds --

BABE

(Raises the pistol)

I want everything you've got --

SZELL

-- what? --

BABE

(Cocking the pistol)

-- everything valuable -- throw it  
to me --

494 SZELL rips his wallet from his breast pocket, throws it to BABE who catches it, glances inside. Now -- 494

CUT TO

495 BABE. CLOSE UP. And there are a lot of things in this world you might expect but what he says isn't one of them. 495

BABE

(Quietly)

Okay; you can get your diamonds now.

(And he brings his gun down)

Goodbye, Mr. Szell.

CUT TO

496 SZELL by the stairs leading down; he takes a step, starts to take another; hesitates, looks at BABE. 496

BABE

You better hurry --

(Gestures for SZELL to go on -- SZELL takes another step, hesitates again -- )

-- the law's gonna be here pretty soon, and if I were you, I'd miss that -- they'll picnic on you --

497 SZELL moves down the stairs now. BABE speaks down to him. 497

BABE

'Course you'll probably need a new plane ticket --

(He has SZELL'S ticket in his hands, rips it up)

-- you can always get one easy enough -- (Beat)

I don't think you'll be able to get a new passport though, do you?

(And as he starts to rip it up -- )

CUT TO

498 SZELL, halfway down, frozen, staring up as BABE begins letting the passport pieces drop from his fingers. 498

BABE

All the money in the world and no place to go.

(CONTINUED)

498 CONTINUED:

498

From outside now, there comes the sound of voices.  
BABE doesn't even glance out --

BABE

That might be the authorities, Mr. Szell, so I don't think you'll have time to gather up your diamonds -- but you're a bright fellow, you can live on your wits.

(Beat)

What was it, twenty months between when they caught Eichmann and when they hung him? I'll bet they go slower with you.

(And as he turns)

Welcome to America.

- 499 BABE starts for the door. Below him now, there comes a sharp and sudden click. He turns -- 499
- 500 SZELL stands on the stairs, holding tight to the railing. A pause. Now his hand begins to loosen. The knife drops from his fingers as blood begins seeping out from the area by his heart. 500
- 501 In silence, BABE watches. 501
- 502 SZELL stands there for a moment more. And then he does an extraordinary thing: he dies. Like a lamp being switched off. Suddenly the eyes are no longer human, the body begins to slide and spin. 502
- 503 The diamonds glisten beneath the churning water as SZELL hits. Slowly, his corpse begins drifting down toward his fortune, his body covering the stones. 503
- 504 BABE still watches. He is emotionally very full. Again the sound of voices outside. It's runners going past. BABE starts to leave, then realizes he still holds his father's gun. He looks at it for a moment. Then he just opens his hand and it drops. 504
- 505 Follow the falling gun. 505
- 506 It hits, drifts down through the water. 506
- 507 BABE stares at them all: the gun, the dead man, the diamonds. The water continues to churn. 507
- CUT TO
- 508 THE DOORWAY as BABE moves into it, blinks. He is still full and he blinks again, maybe from the sudden sun, maybe not. He stands there by the track, looking one way, then the other, hesitating. 508



- 509 A BUNCH OF RUNNERS go past, all of them heading in 509  
one direction.
- 510 BABE starts after them, running easily. But only for 510  
a moment.
- 511 Now he slows. Now he stops. 511
- 512 BABE looks after the other runners, then deliberately 512  
turns, goes the other way.
- 513 HOLD ON BABE WALKING. The sun is very strong. And he 513  
doesn't need to run anymore...

FINAL FADE OUT.