

Marty Elfant -
657-3390

Over: P. P.

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

#600

Written by
Frank R. Pierson

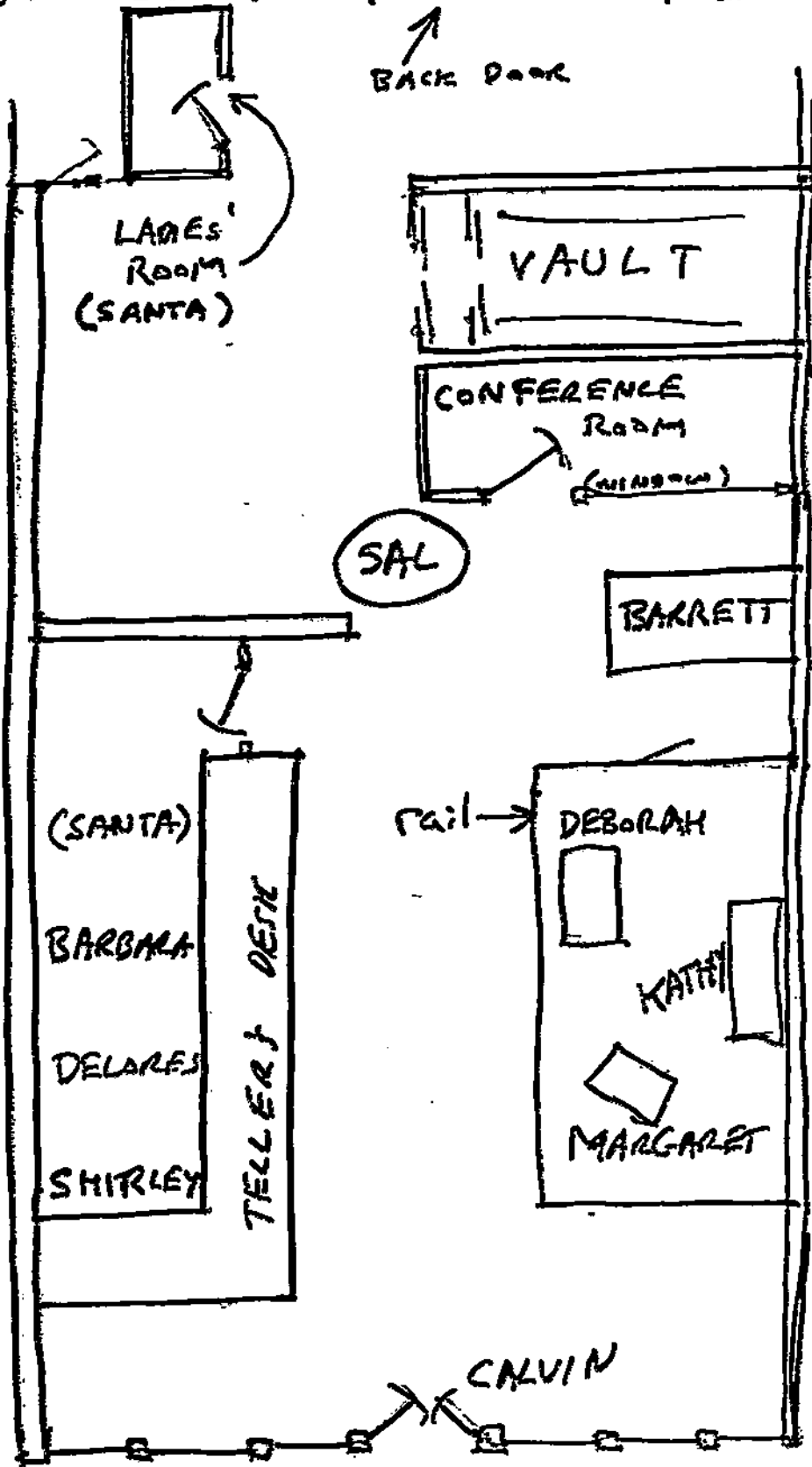
After typing return this copy
to Frank Pierson
17810 TRAMONTO DR
PACIFIC PALISADES
CA 90272

Phone number - 454-6911 !!!

June 10, 1974 2nd ~~REVISION~~ DRAFT

PLEASE NOTE: ALL NAMES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE FOR LEGAL REASONS. BEFORE RELEASING PRESS MATERIAL CHECK WITH PRODUCER'S OFFICE.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE BANK.



(Location of characters at start)

(This is based on the actual bank but altered to assist staging in script.)

← STREET →

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

Wilma 5

FADE IN:

ELECTRIC SIGN

It FILLS THE SCREEN (designed to exactly fill the FRAME size of whatever ratio we're shooting in). It says:

2:51

This message will be a little cryptic to the movie audience on an essentially BLACK SCREEN. HOLD for a beat, then it changes: the lights flash this sign, which should explain it to everyone:

940

And a slow distant ROLL OF THUNDER in the far distance; now the sound of media begin to come up loud, under:

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - DAY

LONG SHOT down the Avenue, 400 mm. lens, heat waves shimmering, thousands of old people and people with children in strollers moving restlessly about in the heat on those endless miles of benches.

The SHOT is ON SCREEN only for a beat or two, then gone...

SOUND TRACK COMES FROM A THOUSAND TRANSISTOR RADIOS, TV SETS, AUTO RADIOS, BLENDED IN THE OPEN AIR...

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1 (v.o.)

... the situation continued tense in the Middle East today, as...

EXT. SHEA STADIUM - DAY (TV CLIP)

An unnamed player swings and hits a high pop up...

ANNOUNCER 2 (v.o.)

... hits a high inside pitch foul into the upper stands...

ANGLE ON CROWD

As the ball comes down they scramble and fight for it...

A touch of viciousness...

(CONTINUED)

DO NOT REMOVE

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER 3 (v.o.)
... B-52s meanwhile, unleashed
the heaviest bombing of the war...

EXT. ROCKAWAY BEACH - DAY

We are seeing CARMEN, though we don't know it yet -- she's just another pretty 175 pound Italian girl with two kids, DAWN, SHAWN, about four and five years old. Right now she is a lump of browning flesh, shining with oil among rows of similar ladies (mostly thinner, but all with a certain unhealthy softness about them) laid out in rows and groups across the sand. SHOOT LOW AND LONG, so heat shimmers rise, as though the heat were baking the oil out of this mob, visible suntan oil pollution... Carmen's transistor blasts ROCK MUSIC into the air.

LYRICS (over)
(Roberta Flack)
Reverend Lee, she said. Lord knows
I love you, Reverend Lee -
Do it to me (Etc., etc.)

ANNOUNCER 3 (v.o.)
... the American High Command
announced the famed 25th Cavalry
Division would be coming home!
The 25th Cavalry, long since afoot,
hardened in battle in the jungles
of World War II...

FAR DISTANT THUNDER ROLLS...

INT. JOHN'S CAR - EXTREME CLOSEUP IN REAR VIEW MIRROR - DAY

We see JOHN WOJTOWICZ. He is in his mid twenties, dark, with a mobile face, merry eyes, a mouth with tough defiant twist. Right now he's looking at himself in the mirror, and with a little spit on his finger adjusts his already tidily combed hair, pasting a lock back in place. As he ducks away...

It is parked in a drab Brooklyn street. Beside the car stands SAL NATURILE, medium height, also good looking in an intense boyish way. His eyes dart about suspiciously, the ever-watchful Sal.

There is a watchful reserve in Sal that contrasts to John's outgoing bounciness: first impression is John is all bark; Sal is the bite. Sal is dressed in impressive blue suit style, he looks like a kid trying to impress the boss ~~as if he were a kid~~ ~~of the Godfather~~. He even wears a hat. Now, matching John's preparations inside the car, he checks his tie's alignment, shoots his cuffs and is ready...

Meanwhile, on their car radio:

ELTON JOHN

(Amoreena)

And she dreams of crystal streams
Of days gone by when we could lean
Laughing fit to burst upon each other...

ANOTHER ANGLE BY CAR

As he turns, from the back of the car, BOBBY appears with two huge florist boxes, tied with ribbon. Bobby is an eighteen year old with bad complexion and in contrast to John and Sal is dressed in teenage sloppiness. Adidas, T-shirt, bowling jacket, jeans. He is uncertain: waits for directions from John. John takes the florists boxes from him.

ANGLE INSIDE CAR

Sal leans and turns off the radio. It hardly matters, it's never quiet in this ~~metropolitan~~ city; through open windows a wordless din of mixed scraps of soap opera, ball games, news shows, music, shouts of false enthusiasm, laugh track laughter never stops.

~~Sal leaves the keys in the ignition~~
Then as he stands out of the SHOT.

INT. BANK - DAY

A slightly seedy little branch bank, old yellow brick, blond varnished wood, a rubber plant, an American flag. Through the windows we see CALVIN, the black bank guard, in uniform, taking down the American flag from outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Past him comes Sal, carrying an attache case. He passes Calvin coming toward us through the door into the bank. As he passes CAMERA:

INSERT: BANK CLOCK

as it clicks from 2:57 to 2:58 PM.

MOVING SHOT WITH SAL

as he moves directly to the back of the bank, past tellers' cages to stand before the desk of BOB BARRETT, bank manager (as a sign on his desk proclaims).

ON DOOR

as John bustles through in his bouncy dancer's walk. He carries the big florist's box. He moves toward a teller.

ON CALVIN

as he gets out keys... Bobby steps into the door and stops, neither in nor out, as though he can't make up his mind. Calvin watches him, waiting patiently, keys in hand, folded flag under his arm.

CLOSE - SAL

He's standing over Bob Barrett's desk...

SAL

You the manager?

ON BARRETT

Barrett is on the phone, gestures at the sign on his desk that says so, and gestures for Sal to sit down.

ON SAL

As he sits, and produces a machine pistol, which he holds on Barrett's chest, out of sight from others in the bank.

BARRETT

His mouth simply stops, and he stares at the gun. Barrett is a comic opera Irishman in his early fifties, florid, cheerful, bushy eyebrows; he acts out everything he says...

~~BARRETT~~
You must be kidding - I wouldn't lead you a cent on that.

SAL

Just go on talking, like nothing was happening, okay?

BARRETT

(into phone)

Listen, lemme call you back.

~~BARRETT~~

He hangs up and looks from the gun up to Sal's blank hard face. To his own amazement he grins: a hopeful grin that says "Like me - don't hurt me." And he's embarrassed by it. As we ~~cut~~, his smile turns sour.

watch

HIS POV - FLASH

Sal's absolutely unmoved face.

ON DOOR

Bobby is still half in/half out. Calvin speaks to him:

CALVIN

Closing time; you want in or out?

Bobby steps in and as Calvin locks the door to prevent more customers from entering he walks to John, CAMERA FOLLOWING. John is about to step up to a teller but a lady with a baby in a stroller is behind him, and he motions her forward. Bobby reaches him.

TWO SHOT - JOHN AND BOBBY

BOBBY ^{John}

I don't like this bank; I get real bad vibes.

JOHN ^{John}

Hey, Bobby!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

6

He taps him playfully, trying to reassure him...

BOBBY
(flinching, anxious)
~~Let's check out another bank...~~
~~I don't think this one...~~
Let's check another bank... (try)

JOHN
Asshole-- it's three o'clock!
All the banks are gonna close. *id can't*
Listen, we checked out how many banks? Whattawe have to do? ~~wait~~ wait till tomorrow?

BOBBY
Maybe we should just take a Spanish grocery.

JOHN
Spanish grocery? They *got no* ~~money~~
~~give us the money, they're~~
~~they're~~

The lady with the baby moves out of the way toward the door. Calvin waits for her there, unlocking as she approaches... and handing the baby a lollipop, courtesy of the bank.

CLOSE - NEW ANGLE - JOHN

glancing at clock, taking a sharp deep breath...

SAL

staring at Barrett.

BARRETT

The ruins of his smile still on his face.

CALVIN

straightens up from locking the door: the figure of the lady and baby can be seen receding outside...

JOHN

Seeing they're locked in with no customers, he grabs the end of the flower box and rips it out: he shakes out a rifle, and turns to level it on SHIRLEY BALL, who stares at it a split second...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIRLEY

(reflex)

Sorry, this window is shut...

And starts to put up the closed sign...

TWO SHOT - BARRETT AND SAL

as Barrett stands and screams...

BARRETT

For God's sake, give him some money...

JOHN

The cues have got all fucked up, but he's so programmed and ready he can't adjust, so the speech he had ready comes out now:

JOHN

Okay, this is a fucking stickup!

(to Bobby; re Shirley)

If the old bag moves blow her guts out...

(swivelling on the rest of the bank)

Just freeze, now goddammit!

BARRETT

Aghast at his own outspokenness... Sal holding the gun levelled on him.

BARRETT

Okay, okay, we know it's a stickup!

TWO SHOT - JOHN AND BOBBY

Bobby, staring at the real guns, turns to John...

BOBBY

I'm sorry, John...

And runs to the door, where Calvin stands paralyzed with shock.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Hey, for Christ sake, now...

Calvin dodges away from the door, afraid of Bobby, who now finds he can't get out without Calvin unlocking the door...

BARRETT & JOHN
(together)
Let him out!

They have to yell at Calvin a couple of times to get him moving. He unlocks the door and Bobby with a last apologetic glance vanishes into the sweltering afternoon. John has a sudden afterthought - he races to the door and shouts after Bobby.

EXT BANK DAY.
JOHN
Don't take the car!

BOBBY
(on sidewalk)
Well, how'll I get home?

JOHN
Take the subway. We need the car.
(Bobby starts to go)
Fer, ~~gammant~~ the keys?

Bobby stops, fumbles for keys, tosses them to John.

BOBBY
John, I'm sor---

JOHN
It's okay!

He turns into the bank, Bobby ~~starts~~ walks off toward the subway...

INT BANK, DAY

JOHN
(to Calvin)
Lock it.

John turns back to the bank employees, everyone just watching him. As though it's all in the game...

JOHN
(continuing)
Okay, now we got rid of him, let's get it over with... Okay? Is the vault open?

BARRETT
Be my guest.

John starts to move toward the back of the bank. Sal turns so he covers everyone.

JOHN
(to Calvin)
Pull the drapes.

Calvin doesn't move.

JOHN
(continuing)
Pulla drapes!

Calvin belatedly leaps to work, pulling drapes that screen off the interior from outside. The door has no drapes or blinds and thus when the drapes are closed there is a corridor of space across the street we will always be able to see. And from which people outside will always be able to see in.

John on his way to the back of the bank is digging in his jacket pocket; he swings around as he passes the camera that is bolted to a wall bracket covering the tellers' area. He whips out a spray can and gives the lens a shot of red paint.

JOHN
(grinning)
No replay folks, no alarms...

He's caught up to Barrett and they're heading for the vault at the back of the bank.

BARRETT
We're hip, let's just get you all fixed up and on your way!
BARBARA) ~~Barbara~~ a young, ~~and~~ ^{awkward, overweight Jewish girl, cheating} ~~girl~~ moving toward the vault. The gate is closed, and she holds one key and Barrett the other. They pass Sal, who now holds the others in the bank under his gun while at the vault gate:

Sum with nervous machine like rapidly

NEW ANGLE

~~Barbara~~ ^{Barbara} as ~~she~~ drops her keys in nervousness. Barrett is about to insert his key in his lock.

NOTE: The vault gate has two locks, with separate keys: both keys must be inserted and turned at the same time to open it without setting off an alarm. Normally, at this time of day, the gate would be open on Barrett's side and ~~Barrett's~~ key would be sufficient, but either we are taking license for dramatic purposes or Barrett is Barbara trying a little ploy...

John reaches out and grabs Barrett's hand, and looks at the key he has extended. He explodes.

CONTINUED:

10.

JOHN

Son of a bitch!

He almost hits Barrett with his fist.

JOHN

(continuing)

What the fuck you tryin' to do? Use the spur key?! Use the other one...

Trip the alarm?

He's grabbed the keys from Barrett and holds up the key Barrett was going to use... we're in a:

VERY TIGHT TWO SHOT - BARRETT AND JOHN'S HEADS

John holds the key right in the middle of the frame where Barrett and the audience can see the key has a tiny projection or spur on the end. If this key is used the spur triggers a silent alarm.

BARRETT

(mumbles, scared)

I must of been outa my mind.

JOHN

(furious)

Well, you get your mind right. I'm a Catholic and I don't wanna hurt nobody, but goddamn it, don't you play no games with me. Unnastand?

Barrett nods and picks out a key that is identical except for the spur. He shows it to John. John nods.

NEW ANGLE

Barbara

as Barrett carefully uses the safe key to unlock the gate. ~~Katey~~ is crying as she unlocks her side. The gate swings open. John shoves Barrett inside and, as he passes ~~Katey~~ notices her tears.

Barbara,

JOHN

What's the matter with you?

She just stands there staring into his face like a hypnotized chicken, the tears streaming down her face.

John stops, staring at her. Barrett, inside the vault, is impatient...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRETT

Come on, lemme load you up...

~~BARRETT~~ BARBARA

There isn't any money...

John looks at Barrett, alarmed...

~~BARRETT~~ BARBARA

(continuing)

I shipped it all out this morning.
He's going to shoot us...

JOHN

No money?!

~~BARRETT~~ BARBARA

There's only about four thousand
in singles, and maybe a few hundred
in larger bills... he's going to
kill us!

John storms into the vault...

NEW ANGLE IN VAULT

as Barrett pulls a cash drawer out to show John: even
we can see there isn't much there.

JOHN

This is it? What am I gonna do
with this?

BARRETT

It's all we got.

JOHN

Stick it in a bag...

Barbara

He turns and sees ~~Barrett~~ still staring at him terrified,
his rifle swings around and she reels back with a
little screech of terror...

JOHN

(continuing)

Aw, Jesus!

(suddenly gentle)

What are you crying for? It's not
your fault there's no money...

(CONTINUED)

BARRETT

She's afraid you're gonna shoot.
(hands him bag
of money)

He starts out of the vault toward the teller area.
Barrett moves with him...

JOHN

What the hell would I shoot her
for? Hey, Sal.

Tosses the bag to Sal, who catches it and puts it into
the attache case which lies open at his feet. The phone
starts to RING... John vaults over the barrier into
the tellers' area where he faces Shirley Ball. Shirley
is a fortyish zoftig blonde you picture drinking beer
in the back of a camper, tough, bawdy but deep down,
conservative.

JOHN

(continuing)

Ah Jesus, the mouth! Let's see
what you got...

She reaches for money in her cash drawer, but John
grabs her hands... alarmed...

JOHN

(continuing)

Don't grab it all out!

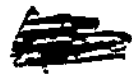
He grabs a piece of paper or cardboard...

CLOSE SHOT - JOHN'S HANDS AND CASH IN DRAWER

He takes all the singles but one out of the singles slot
in the drawer, leaving the bottom single in place. It
is held there by a metal clip. He carefully slips the
paper under the clip and then removes the single. It
is clear this is an automatic alarm - meanwhile -

JOHN (V.O.)

Roy, I can't trust a one of you...
I worked in a bank, I know the
alarms, so don't try to fool
around with me!



BACK TO SHOT OF JOHN AND SHIRLEY

John is stuffing money into a bag. Some fives, packaged
in the drawer he holds up so Sal and all can see them...
He laughs!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(continuing)
~~He~~ Decoy money, right, it's
marked! Shit!

He throws it in the air, so the bills flutter all
around him, gaily...

JOHN
(continuing;
mimicking Shirley)
"This window is shut..."

John indicates Shirley is to move to the back of the bank near Sal *and the others,*
He moves to the next desk. ~~DOLORES~~, the teller there, is
an elderly silent woman, ~~she~~ a e tinx the robbery with
the dull calm of a mule standing in the rain. As John scoops
money out of her ~~desk~~ desk...

JOHN
Guser up, you'll be the ~~veteran~~ veteran
of a robbery, the bank sends you a dozen
red roses, you know that?

Dolores only stares at ~~his~~ his hands, stealing the money...

~~JOHN~~ JOHN CONT.
(shouting to Barrett)
Answer t e goddamn phones, they're
driving me crazy. Look at this chickenshit!

ON SHIRLEY

She is comforting Kathy, who is looking sick.

SHIRLEY
Listen, we got young girls here,
you could watch your language.

BACK TO JOHN

JOHN
I can't speak what I feel! Fa
Christ's sake... gimme the travellers
checks and the register...

She ^{points to them...} ~~points to them...~~ He takes sheets of checks,
stuffing them into teller's money bags. He tosses the
bags down the length of the bank where they slide along
the floor to Sal, who drops them in the attache case.

Barrett is talking on the phone, b.g. John moves,
CAMERA FOLLOWING toward the main bank area. *holding*

Dolores ahead of him...

JOHN CONT
(to Barrett)
Hey, you, manager...

JOHN INTED:

Barrett cups his hand over the phone to listen...

JOHN CONT.

Don't get ideas fucker, I bark and that man back there bites...

Barrett looks at Sal...

BARRETT

Believe me, I'm on your side.

BACK TO JOHN

Moving along behind the teller's desks, he reaches BARBARA, ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~reaches~~ ~~over~~ ~~his~~ ~~shoulder~~ ~~and~~ ~~grabs~~ ~~her~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~right~~ ~~hand~~ ~~and~~ ~~pulls~~ ~~out~~ ~~a~~ ~~cash~~ ~~sack~~ ~~toward~~ ~~her~~...

still chewing gum, still crying silently. do his hands

JOHN

Here, you fill it up...

Please - just that. It's not necessary.

And moves past her, but as he lets go of the sack her nervous fingers drop it. She fumbles the cash, can't hold on to it... John is holding up the traveller's check register over a wastebasket, and now strikes a match with a match book and tries to burn the register... smoke billows up...

JOHN

"On my side," shit!

BARRETT

Can you hurry it up?

Kathy, a young tense but competent type stares at him as though hypnotized

ON JOHN

Standing over the smouldering fire. He looks around... ~~DEBORAH~~ and MARGARET, two ordinary looking Brooklyn types sitting at their accounting machines. Nobody has given them specific orders so they have ^{gone} on working, trying to pretend nothing is happening.

JOHN

Hey!

ON DEBORAH and MARGARET

They look around, frightened...

JOHN

It's all right -- quit! Go on... back to him...

He indicates to move to back of the bank with Sal, Barrett, Shirley, Kathy, Delores. They stand and move quickly toward the rear.

BACK TO JOHN

Standing over his fire, airing matches. It's smokey ashell, but not burning well...

JOHN
(referring to girls)
Not too swift.

It's a comment on their brainpower, not their speed afo t.

JOHN CONT.
You got the backdoor key?

BARETT
Calvin?

ON CALVIN

The old man is denicked, great patches of sweat spreading around his armpits. He breathes in asthmatic gasps; now he flinches at his name, as though he'd been hit.

BARETT
Give him the keys...

Calvin tries to look out the door, his hand on the knob,
~~xx~~

ON JOHN

Seeing this, trying to get his fire going... he has a sudden thought...

JOHN
Watch him, Sali

He leaves the fire and moves swiftly toward Calvin, who watches him coming, terrified. Before John gets close enough to touch him, Calvin dodges away, tripping in awkward terror over a chair. John stops, realizing he can't get close to him to search him, which is what he was going to do.

CLOSE: CALVIN

Gasping like a fish.

BACK TO JOHN

BARETT O.S.
Give him the keys.

JOHN
You got a gun?

CALVIN
Oh, no. They don't let ~~me~~ have no gun.

JOHN

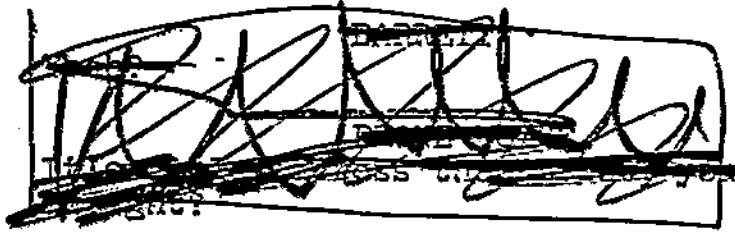
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
Listen, calm down, huh? You're
gonna have a heart attack. Just give
the keys, is all.

He has his hand out like one reaches toward a frightened
puppy, leaving a safe distance... Calvin gets out his keys and
tries to toss them, and they fall short. John scoops them
up and at his movement, Calvin skitters back.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

ON SAL, BARRETT F.G. ON PHONE

CONTINUED:



SAL
(sharply -- look-
ing past CAMERA)
John! Who the fuck is that?

ON JOHN

as he looks up at door sharply; smoke is pouring up...

BARRETT (o.s.)
(as into phone)

~~_____~~ No, it was one credit rating. The
credit rating. I don't know, you'd have to find that
out from him.

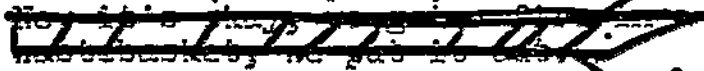
ANGLE ON DOOR - JOHN'S POV

A man in a business suit, sweaty and harassed looking is walking from an insurance office across the street directly toward the bank... Calvin is standing by the door, his spine against the frame, his head back, looking sick and frightened. The man outside continues coming straight toward them and us...

REVERSE

John, f.g., staring, the burning ledger in the top of a sand filled cigarette extinguisher. Behind him, further in the shadows of the bank, Sal, his gun at the ready. Barrett is on the phone... They all stare at the approaching man...

BARRETT
(into phone)



It was something
a couple years ago
in St Louis, I
don't know...

ANGLE ON DOOR

The man walks straight toward the glass door, already lifting his hand to shadow his eyes, so when he reaches the door he'll be able to see inside...

REVERSE ON SAL AND BARRETT

Sal brings the gun up so he can shoot the man, at the same time crabs himself aside so he is concealed behind a desk or pillar or whatever cover there is. Barrett, his eyes on the approaching man, caps hand over phone -

BARRETT

(to John)

~~It's the insurance guy across the street. He probably saw the god damn smoke!~~

It's the insurance guy across the street. He probably saw the god damn smoke!

ON MAN

The last few feet from the door...

ON JOHN

picks up the cigarette extinguisher and carries it, with the smouldering ledger and all toward the back of the bank.

CLOSE - SAL

bringing gun up on:

DOOR

The man actually kicks the glass with his foot, startling Calvin into awareness, then he leans against the glass, shades his eyes, trying to see in:

BARRETT'S VOICE

~~Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm all right & I'm sorry I can't talk now - I'll call you back.~~

SOUND of hanging up. The man is looking all around. Calvin stares back into the bank.

SAL AND BARRETT

SAL

Get him outa here.

BARRETT

Calvin, wave him off. Tell him we're closed. Whatever...

ON THE DOOR

~~Calvin is useless. Calvin steps out in front of the glass and waves the man away.~~

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

~~Calvin~~ CALVIN

ON BARRETT

as he stands and moves ~~immediately~~ ^{quickly} across the bank.

BARRETT

For God's sake, John, put out the fire.

CAMERA FOLLOWS him to the door.

CLOSE ANGLE IN DOOR

as Barrett takes keys from Calvin who is reduced to jelly by all this and starts to unlock the door...

JOHN

He's standing over the still-smouldering ledger, trying to extinguish it; clouds of smoke pouring up...

JOHN

The gun's right on your back...

VERY CLOSE SHOT - SAL

He raises the gun and sights it now, and in this moment we should sense a kind of luxurious relaxation into anticipation on Sal's part. He is smiling a little, and for the first time looks happy, and that's what makes him seem dangerous. He's looking forward to an excuse to kill. It's here now: survival. There is something almost sexual about the way he settles his body down behind the weapon, getting ready for the squeeze on the trigger, the report, the violent shove of recoil against his muscles and sinews.

ANGLE ON DOOR

emphasizing the small of Barrett's back. The man is somebody he knows from across the street. Calvin stands there gasping, shaking. The man glances at Calvin a couple of times, worried and mystified...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRETT

Sam... it's okay. We had a cigarette butt in a wastebasket, it's all okay now.

SAM

You okay?

BARRETT

Yeah, just a cigarette got in a wastebasket.

Silence. Sam stares around... thinking.

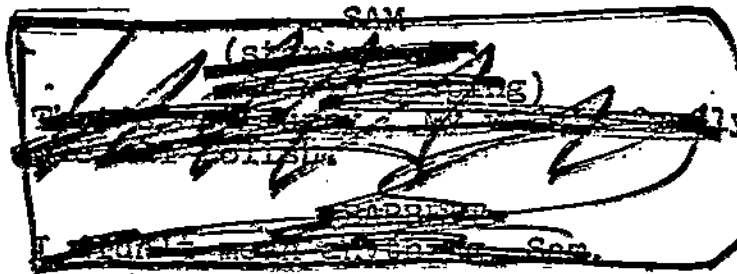
SAM

You all right?

BARRETT

Little smoke: like a Polish four alarm fire, is all.

SAM



SAM

Yeah. Well, you're okay?

BARRETT

Yeah, thanks for keeping an eye out.

SAM

Okay.

He's not satisfied, but he can't see anything and he can't think of anything more to say, so...

BARRETT

Thanks again, Sam.

SAM

I'm glad it's okay.

BARRETT

It's okay.

And similar improvisation along the lines of dissatisfaction and not being able either one of them to get off.

INTERCUT John and Sal in the back of the bank. Kathy sobs, and has to be restrained by Shirley. Sal waits for the one misstep or sign anything is wrong....

BACK AT DOOR

Sam at last goes. Barrett shuts the door. Calvin groans
Barrett turns to face:

SAL

The gun laid uncompromisingly on his gut now. And

JOHN

grinding out the last of the smoking ledger pages in the
sand. There's quite a bit of smoke in the bank.

BACK TO BARRETT

BARRETT

For God's sake, will you please go,
now? We gave you every nickel we got.

The phone rings, rings, rings...

JOHN

Answer it.

Barrett shrugs helplessly and sits down. Picks up phone.

BARRETT

Hello, Barrett speaking...

TWO SHOT - JOHN AND SAL

JOHN

Sal, get 'em in the vault.

They begin shoving and herding the girls toward the vault.
They pass Barrett...

BARRETT

(tired)

What property is that, Mrs. Anterio?
The Third Avenue property you already
got a second mortgage on...

ANGLE AT VAULT

The girls are afraid. Kathy unlocks the gate as John uses
Barrett's keys to the matching lock.

KATHY

You won't close the vault? How can
we breathe?

JOHN

No, that's okay, just close the gate...

SHIRLEY

Listen, I'll never make it. I ~~have~~
have to go to the toilet.

John pushes her gently on...

JOHN

What's the matter they never house-broke you?

SHIRLEY

It's not funny; I got this terrible fear of being locked in...

John takes her by the elbow and takes her out of the group moving into the vault, and steers her toward the rear of the bank. *At the jaws...*

JOHN

Go on, hurry up!

He watches them crowding inside. As Barrett hangs up the phone and starts back toward him, John ~~gestures~~ gestures to him to stay put...

JOHN CONT.

You're going outside with us, ~~if~~ if there's no ~~one~~ comes around we just split. Otherwise you go with us...

His reading on this line has grown more and more absent minded as he thinks about Shirley going into the ladies' room. Abruptly he turns and runs...

JOHN

~~Wait~~ Watch it Sal!

*Wait JOHN
Wait a minute
& warn the*

NEW ANGLE

He sprints to the door of the Ladies' Room, which is just closing behind Shirley, and wrenches it open.

ANGLE IN DOOR

It is a little lounge, ~~with~~ ^{sitting} on a couch under the window, *making up her face* oblivious to all that's happened is SANTA, a heavily painted and voluptuous Latin girl. ~~She is sitting on the couch and~~ ~~and~~ Shirley is ~~just~~ in the act of trying to tell her what's going on...Shirley has forgotten Santa was in here...They react to John in the door.

JOHN

Who the hell is that? God damn it! No, now you go to hell. Just get in there!

Santa is about to protest, but Shirley grabs her and hustles her out...

JOHN

~~Embarrassed~~ What are you tryin to pull?

SHIRLEY

I forgot she's in there. She's always mulling this, ten minutes she's supposed to leave, she stays fifteen twenty minutes...it's not fair to the other girls, Santa!

SAL
I do not!

SARRETT
Don't tell me no, because I
know what I see...

JOHN
Shut up, both of you!

He pushes them into the vault. As he reaches to start closing it,
Barrett is revealed, holding the telephone...

SARRETT
John?

Something about his tone turns John to him: they all
look at Barrett. Barrett holds the instrument out to him. *MACG THE BEAT ---*

SARRETT CONT.
It's for you.

ON JOHN AND SAL

They stare at him. John is paralyzed. Then he slowly
~~puts down his attached case.~~ *more do Barrett,* For the first time since
he entered the bank he's quiet and slow. He takes
the instrument and slowly puts it to his ear.

JOHN
Yeah?

DETECTIVE MORETTI (filter)
What are you doin' in there?

JOHN
Who is this?

DETECTIVE MORETTI (filter)
This is Detective Sergeant Moretti,
asshole, we got you completely by
the balls. You don't believe me,
I'm lookin' you right in the eye.
Right now, I can see you...

John turns and looks out through the door. Sure enough,
in the window of the office across the street the dim
figure of a man on a telephone can be seen looking out
towards us. He wears a hat in spite of the weather and
a cigar is clamped in his mouth. He is an old time,
hard-nosed, uneducated, street-wise sarcastic New York
cop, outspoken, rude and sentimental. Right now he's
a distant silhouette and a voice on the telephone.

CLOSE - JOHN

Holding the phone. Listening to the voice of his death
speaking in New York accents.

CONTINUED:

23

MORETTI (v.o.)

Okay? Let's be reasonable and not stupid and not get anybody hurt. You come to the front door with hands folded on your head, unnastan? Nobody's gonna shoot or...

John slowly, almost sadly puts the telephone down, cutting off the little voice at the other end. He looks up at Barrett.

JOHN

Who did that?

BARRETT

I swear to God...

JOHN

(exploding)

Did I treat you badly, did I do anything to hurt you, God damn you?

BARRETT

No, John, Jesus. On my salary I'm not gonna be any hero.

SHIRLEY

You got a plan or what? What did you do, just barge in on a whim?

Without realizing it, John is drawn into a squabble...

JOHN

Listen, you people...

BARRETT

I told you, just go, get out when you could, but no, you just got to hang around.

SHIRLEY

He doesn't have a plan. It's all whim.

(sarcastic)

"Rob a bank!" Why not?

JOHN

I did! I had it planned, only the fucking money was supposed to be delivered, not taken away. That God damn ~~man~~, downtown, he gave me the wrong information.

Jack

(CONTINUED)

(Jack) SHIRLEY *(Jack)*
What ~~is~~? Who's this ~~is~~ supposed
to be? A master mind! Now look
at what happened to you!

JOHN
(screaming)
What am I arguing with you people
for?

BARRETT
We're all in the barrel together,
John, you got...

The phone has been ringing, ringing, ringing...

JOHN
Boy, you need time to think and
you...

(grabs phone)
All right bastards! You keep
away from the bank or we start
throwing bodies out the front
door. You got that?

A startled apologetic man's voice speaks: The other
phone begins to ring.

MAN'S VOICE (filtered)
I just called to ask Kathy what
time she's gonna get off.

John abruptly holds the phone out from his body at
arm's length, disgusted.

JOHN
Is there a Kathy here?

They stare at him.

JOHN
(continuing)
Go ahead, answer it. It's some
guy.

KATHY
What do I say?

JOHN
Tell him the truth! Tell him
whatever you tell him!

He puts down the phone for her to pick up, and reaches
for the other line that is ringing.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
What a fucking comedy!
(into phone -
angry - playful)
Wahwah plays all the hits!

MORETTI'S VOICE
Listen, first off, is anybody hurt
in there?

~~JOHN
Who the fuck
is that? For sure that's
him!~~

He hangs up phone. Kathy, phone in hand, is turned to him respectfully like a child in an authoritarian household addressing her father:

KATHY
He wants to know what time you
think you'll be through.

ON JOHN

Stares at her. For the first time he realizes how frightened she is, how serious, grotesque and funny it all is. He takes the time to be tender with her, as though she were a not-too-bright child in the presence of a tragedy she'll never understand.

JOHN
(gently)
Tell him I don't know. Maybe he
should go out and get something
to eat, you know?

They are silent and Kathy speaks to whoever: now that John is not so noisy we can hear the filtered voice on her line:

MAN (filtered)
Kathy?

KATHY
He says he doesn't know. Why don't
you cook whatever's there?

MAN (filtered)
It looks like a whole roast...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kentucky fried chicken 26

KATHY
Honey, send out for ~~the~~
The baby, just open a bottle of
the prunes, and one of the ~~beef~~
~~meat~~. The bottles are in the
fridge. You warm them up on the
stove.

MAN (filtered)
(irritated)
I know how to fix the bottle. They
got guns?

KATHY
(her mind with
baby)
What guns?

MAN (filtered)
The robbers, in the bank. They
got guns?

KATHY
Yeah. A lot of guns.

MAN (filtered)
Well, stay away from them. Don't
get close.

KATHY
Oh, yeah, I will...

John is signalling to her: enough.

KATHY
(continuing)
Hon? I got to go.

MAN (filtered)
I love you.

Kathy hesitates. Everyone is looking at her. They
look away, as though to give her privacy.

KATHY
Yeah, well. I got to go now.

A beat of silence. Realizes she can't talk...

MAN (filtered)
I'll kiss the baby for you.

KATHY
(past embarrassment)
I love you.

She hangs up the phone.

NEW ANGLE

As John looks around: this thing has turned too serious.

JOHN

Well now, moving right along,
folks,

(to Barrett)

Is there a back door, or anything?

BARRETT

There's a back door, locked on
the inside.

John motions him to show him through the back... he has to pass Sal, as though reminded of his presence -- Sal is so quiet -- he hesitates, to reassure Sal out of some guiltiness about trapping him in this situation. His tone apologetic, almost tender...

JOHN

I don't know what happened, Sal,
somebody must of tripped some
alarm or something. We still got
some aces to play...

SAL

(softly)

I just wanted to say, if you want
to kill one and throw 'em out,
I'll do it. You don't have to
worry about it, I'll be glad to
do it.

John himself is taken aback at that one and turns almost sheepishly to face Barrett.

JOHN

Aw shit, what a mess we're in.

(to Barrett)

See, you think we're kiddin'?

BARRETT

No, Joh, none of us think you're
kidding.

JOHN

He's staying here to cover them
and the door. You an' me are
checking the other ways in and
out.

He nods to Sal, who nods back. Sal takes a position where he can cover the door, and also to see the girls and Calvin, crowded into the vault.

As they move toward the rear of the bank.

JOHN

(continuing)

Where's the back door?

(Barrett indicates)

I hate that, a man breaking down
in fear, Jesus, it's embarrassing.
And he's the guard?

BARRETT

Well, they go to guard school.

JOHN

To what, learn how to shoot? They
don't get a gun.

BARRETT

I don't know what they learn, John.
They make \$105 a week to start.
They fold the flag, check the place
out in the morning. That's the
back door.

They look at it. It is big, black, steel, and seems
solid. John tests it.

JOHN

They could shoot the lock... I
want to block it, so if they try
comin' here we're gonna hear it.

He has found a big office machine, a xerox or what-
ever which he now starts to push against the door. He
indicates he expects Barrett to help. Barrett bends
to the task. It's too heavy and they have to strain
to budge it at all... meanwhile:

JOHN

(continuing)

You got kids?

BARRETT

I got two kids, John. All I want
is to see them again.

JOHN

Ah, I know! You're being very
cooperative. I got no complaint
against you whatever, you got bank
insurance?

(CONTINUED)

BARRETT

You know I do. You seem to know
a lot about bank procedure.

John laughs and pushes the machine.

JOHN

Don't ask me questions! You find
out ~~who I am~~, you're cold meat.

STET 5

He has to put the rifle down on the machine as they push, in order to get real leverage. It is now between them. They shove, huff and puff, and always between them is the rifle. They become increasingly conscious of it, especially as they move and it gets closer and closer to Barrett, so that conceivably he could grab for it, if he had it in mind to be a hero. John watching him, smiling, almost taunting, and Barrett, for all his common-sensical attitude is tempted. That is what the scene is about, though meanwhile they talk against the grain of the visuals:

BARRETT

I don't give a flying...

(shove)

... who you are. I just want to
get you outta here, safe, right?

JOHN

What if I take you with me?

Barrett stops and rests for a beat; thinking.

BARRETT

If you take anybody, you take me,
all right?

JOHN

They'll shoot you; the fucking
cops'll shoot you...they don't give a damn.

In spite of the bank insurance.

You see what they did in Attica, this

prison, where they just went in

and they shot everybody, the hostages, prisoners,

cops, guards, forty two people they killed,

the innocent with the guilty.

~~They'll shoot you; the fucking~~

They have the machine almost to the door. The rifle
is very close to Barrett.

CLOSE - JOHN

Staring at him Barrett could make a lunge and get it.
Maybe. Then there's still Sal, out there with the girls.

Shoves at desk. Stands. Looks down at the gun, up to John.

JOHN

Anyway, I'm not gonna take you.
I'm gonna take one of the girls, a
married one with a couple kids.
The cops don't like it in the papers
when they kill a mother, especially
if she's got young kids.

John stands up and smiles at Barrett. The gun is still there, now the challenge has been laid out.

JOHN

(taking the gun)

You're just a nice guy, Mister
Barrett.

They start back to Sal.

CUT TO:

EXT. (AERIAL) - ANGLE FROM INT. POLICE HELICOPTER
(OVER BANK)

As it banks steeply we can see past pilot to bank, and cops around car. We see a small crowd being held back by a few police still setting up barricades. It is the first indication of the crowd event it became. It also sets the geography for us, but very quickly another copter swims into view and the two circle each other. The other copter -- only feet away -- is a TV news helicopter, with a big camera sticking out the open door on our side. It is turned down by the cameraman to focus on the bank. A cop in the police helicopter yells through his bullhorn at the TV cameraman.

BULLHORN COP

This is a restricted area. You
are flying in a restricted area...

The TV cameraman swivels his camera up to focus on the cop, and as the lens hits us dead center...

INT. APARTMENT NEAR BANK.

Through an open window a fire escape can be seen and beyond it an angle of street and the bank. Near the window in a corner is a TV set, and on the TV set we are seeing the shot of the police helicopter and the cop yelling on the bullhorn as seen from the TV copter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

31

A couple of elderly men are sitting watching the TV set, ignoring the bank, which they can see in the flesh, as it were. Outside we are HEARING THE COPTERS, and on the TV set likewise, and the voice of the announcer.

ANNOUNCER

... police as yet have made no contact with the bank robbers who are locked in the bank...

There is a hammering at the door, and the men at the TV set barely have time to look around before several burly cops wearing flak vests and helmets and carrying sniper rifles with telescopic sights move through the room, ignoring the men. They move out onto the fire escape, a couple going up higher, settling themselves down to aim in their rifles on the front of the bank. A lot of ad lib dialogue, but what we note is the cops, as a man, take a look at themselves on the TV.

EXT. BANK - DAY

THE FRAME IS FULL OF COP FACES... tough mesomorphic faces with a layer of fat under the skin, increasing as age. They have the look of cops: alert, curious, weighing. They are city cops; they don't have that old-fashioned condemnatory expression, there is an element of playfulness in their nature -- the fact is they love their work, which is criminals. There is a peculiar delight in ferretting out the criminal impulse in everybody, and a matching fury in punishing it -- which is the action of repressing their own strongly developed criminal unconscious. These are tense, funny, violent, and rigidly controlled men.

Moretti is an old line cop, a lot more relaxed than the younger men and the cold professionals of the FBI, who as a group resemble astronauts, and like them hide (but do not deny) the psychic chaos underneath.

Right now they are looking at the sky. We HEAR A HEAVY HELICOPTER TRACK.

We feature BAKER, the silver haired FBI Agent-in-Charge, who looks like an accountant, and Moretti, with hat and cigar, and a face out of Warner Brothers movies of the Forties. In spite of Baker's age, Moretti plays as though he's a smart kid who still needs a little help. Baker is getting out of a gray car, wears a gray suit. Three men with him are carbon copies of him at younger ages. The three hang around him. They approach Moretti who looks at them without moving.

(CONTINUED)

MORETTI

(to no one)

Here comes the FBI.

(to Baker)

You men lookin' for protection?
We got all the police right here.

BAKER

Why didn't you just wait and try
to take 'em out there in the street?

Moretti looks at him defiantly sarcastic.

MORETTI

I made an error in judgment, Baker.
I thought the sons of bitches would
be overwhelmed with remorse at the
sight of a police officer. And you
know somethin'? Nobody has said
hostage yet. Unnastan?

They are moving past cops on the corner heading toward
a small barber shop across the street from the bank.
We now sense the growing crowd, standing quietly, just
staring not yet knowing what's going on.

NEW ANGLE

From down the street come a group of odd looking men in
suits, carrying all kinds of electronic junk: the news
reporters. They run heavily, sweating martinis and
cigarette smoke... they run up to Moretti and Baker,
who walk along, trying not to catch an eye.

MOVING SHOT - MORETTI AND BAKER AMONG NEWSMEN

VOICES

How many in the bank?
Have they got hostages?
Any shots exchanged?
Etc., ad lib.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORETTI

No, we don't know that yet. This young fella without the hat is FBI. I'm Detective Inspector Eugene Moretti... M-O-R-E dcuble T-I. Eugene. I don't give a shit but my wife cries if you spell it wrong.

They have arrived at the barber shop where Moretti fights his way inside.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

A cop is talking on the wall phone as Moretti, Baker, etc. are trying to get inside.

COP ON PHONE

... no, just get hold of Al, tell him to get the catering truck over to 26th and Avenue B, there's a bank robbery in progress and big crowd. Big! Tell him to bring ice cream... I got to hang up.

He hangs up and immediately begins thumbing through a pocket phone book. Throughout, this cop is engaged in personal business on the fringe of this affair, and though he's on duty he hardly knows what's happening on the robbery. He's trying to get his brother-in-law with the ice cream truck down here, etc.

Moretti has got the crowd cleared back, so that now we see why this has been chosen as a tactical command post. From here, while talking on the phone, Moretti can see the bank, and through the uncurtained door he can even see some distance inside.

Moretti picks up the phone.

MORETTI

(to phone cop)

You get the phone company?

PHONE COP

It's being set up... this phone'll be a direct line into the bank.

Moretti is already dialing. The phone is answered. WE DO NOT INTERCUT IN THIS SCENE.

MORETTI

Okay, you're in there and we're out here. What do we do now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (filtered)

I told you keep away.

MORETTI

Awright, but I wanna talk to you.
First off we wanna know if the
people in the bank are okay.

JOHN (filtered)

They're swell.

MORETTI

You alone, or you got confederates?

JOHN (filtered)

I got Sal.

MORETTI

Sal? What's that for? Salvatore?

JOHN

Sal. He's the killer. We're Viet
Nam veterans so killing don't mean
anything to us.

A cop passing by presses a portable two-way radio into Moretti's hand: He accepts it and holds as though he expected it. The cop passes the same type of set to certain other officers. These sets are tuned in to each other, and throughout the movie there is a constant background talk on these sets. This is police procedure; the orders are for everyone to talk about everything. If anyone has a question, has heard a rumor or a sound, whatever, it is immediately responded to, so that there can be the fewest possible surprises. Sample dialogue might go: "Did I hear a shot?" "Over here, by the bank, there was a report like a gunshot, inside." "Roger, we heard that from the barber shop -- it was inside the bank." "Barber shop, you can see inside?" "Roger, this is barber shop, we see inside, the perpetrator is moving toward the rear of the bank." "Who's that guy walking through the barricade?" "The blue suit?" "Yeah." "Off duty Inspector come down to see can you use him." Etc. They really do use the word Perpetrator, felon, etc. The cop handing out radios makes Moretti sign for it -- which Moretti does during the following:

MORETTI

Okay, so there's you -- what's
your name?

JOHN (filtered)

Oh, noi I don't tell you nothin'!

(CONTINUED)

MORETTI

Give me a name, any name, just so I got somethin' to call you.

JOHN (filtered)

Call me Littlejohn.

MORETTI

Littlejohn, One word?

JOHN (filtered)

One word. You won't find it in the phone book.

MORETTI

Listen, John, can I call you John for short?

JOHN (filtered)

I guess so.

MORETTI

Okay, John, I want to see if the people in the bank are okay. Then what I want to do is work out a way to get them out of there. I want to come over there, John. I'll come over without a gun, you can frisk me. So you can see you can trust me. So we can talk and find a way outta this mess.

JOHN (filtered)

(fervently)

I'm with you, buddy!

MORETTI

I'd like just some sign I can trust you, John. I don't want to thrust my body out where you could just shoot me. Some sign -- right?

JOHN (filtered)

Yeah, like what?

MORETTI

How about letting the people out of the bank. Why put them in this position?

JOHN (filtered)

Fuck them, they're what's keeping me alive. You think you're dealing with an idiot?

CONTINUED: (3)

36

MORETTI

Okay, give us one of the people,
anyway.

JOHN (filtered)

Good idea! You take the son of
~~ambition.~~

JUMP CUT TO:

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR OF BANK

As Calvin, tears streaming down his cheeks, is thrust roughly out the front door and falls to his knees in terror, as:

CALVIN'S POV - QUICK CUTS

About one hundred weapons ranging from machine guns to hand guns to sniper rifles are whipped up and pointed straight at his chest and head!

The effect is as though he is about to be blown entirely away.

FRONT OF BARBER SHOP

Moretti comes charging out.

MORETTI

Don't fire!

The radio network screams:

RADIO VOICES

Did he say fire?
What fire?!
Do we fire or what?
Who fired?
Etc.

VARIOUS COPS

Confusion: They don't know if Calvin is a perpetrator or not, since they haven't yet seen Sal. Guns are up, aimed, being pushed down... cops run for better vantage points.

As Moretti and various cops race to him; they grab him roughly, knock him to the pavement, put a foot on the back of his neck, and a gun is pointed right at his skull; he is searched for weapons and handcuffed!

ANGLE IN DOOR OF BANK

John appears staring at them wildly. He's got Shirley Ball hugged to his side, a handgun at her head.

SHIRLEY

(screaming)

That's Calvin!

VARIOUS ANGLES

As they slowly realize their mistake. They stand back from Calvin, who is virtually catatonic with fear and shock now. They get him up, reluctant to believe they could have made such a mistake... John is standing a little back in the bank, in the dark.

ANGLE ON TV CAMERAMEN

Near barber shop, across the street, jockeying, trying to focus in on him, elbowing each other; they yell out:

CAMERAMEN

Hey! Come out, get in the light.

Hey, out where we can get a shot, huh?

Who's the black guy?

Etc., ad lib.

LOW ANGLE - HELICOPTER (TO AND FROM)

Swings in over street to try for a shot. Calvin is being got up off the pavement and will be led back to the barber shop.

MORETTI

To cops:

MORETTI

Get him outta here!

DOOR OF BANK

John back in shadows with Shirley. Looking at Moratti, appalled.

JOHN
You're crazy -- you almost killed him!

SHIRLEY
That's Calvin -- we voted to send him out...

ON MORETTI

Behind him a mob scene. Calvin being led away, weeping. Photographers. Cops. A phalanx of cops have their weapons levelled on John like a firing squad. It is right on the edge of violence -- of blowing up. ~~John and Shirley~~

John and Shirley are in the abater of the doorway.

JOHN
You get some of this pig outa the street!
Moratti glares at him.

MORETTI
Come out here a minute...

JOHN
Sal's in bac k, with the girls.
You do anything tomorrow no...
Boom! Boom!

MORETTI
I don't forget about Sal. ~~tomorrow~~
~~just what you want to see~~ I want you to see something. Come on. I just want you to see...

He stands well out in the street, to reassure John nobody is going to try to jump him. John stares around; he nudges Shirley out ahead of him. As they egde into sight of newsmen across the street:

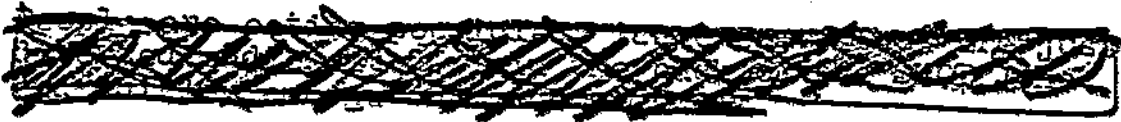
NEWSMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS
Out in the light. Hey Lady! You're on TV lady! Smile, any God damn thing...

ANGLES SHOWING CROWDS

Straining against police lines: this is where we begin to sense the size of the event. People are eating popsicles and ice cream. They are diverted and excited. John and Shirley begin to emerge: catcalls and hoots of greeting...

CONTINUED:

39



CLOSER - JOHN AND SHIRLEY

As he looks around, and the impact of his situation really hits him: he's not only totally surrounded he's an event. Some of the crowd cheer him. *An army of cops, and some all levelled on John*

MORETTI

Don't call me a pig no more.

JOHN

Aw, God what a mess.

MORETTI

Let Sal come out, take a look. What hope you got? Quit while you're ahead. All you got is attempted robbery.

JOHN

...armed robbery...

MORETTI

Well, armed, then. Nobody's been hurt. Release the hostages, nobody is gonna worry over kidnapping charges, the worst you're gonna get is five to fifteen.

John stares at him, his face utterly blank.

JOHN

Kiss me.

Moretti stops, stares back.

MORETTI

What?

JOHN

(deadpan)
When I'm bein' fucked I like to be kissed a lot.

(bursting out)
You're a city cop. Robbing a bank is a federal offense. Who the fuck are you trying to con me into some deal?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (cont'd)

I don't wanta talk to some flunky pig, tryin' to put one over on me. Look at that cop! He wants to kill me so bad he can taste it!

Indicating ~~the~~ man with ~~an~~ unwavering pistol... John in his anger steps all the way out into the street. Guns are on him from every angle. TV cameras and newsmen jockey for angles as they now get a clear view.. at the same time John gets his first view of just how much is lined up against him. The crowd screams as they get their first view, which is of John telling the cops off. They don't need to hear the words, they can see it.

JOHN

(screaming)

Attical! Attical! Go ahead! Blow off the front of the whole God damn bank!

He holds his hands wide offering himself as a target to the hulking officer.

JOHN

(to the TV)

If it wasn't for you guys they'd kill everybody and say it was me and sail!

(to Moretti)

You tell 'em to put the guns down. I can't stand it!



He means it. Moretti gestures to the officers to back away, lower the guns. The crowd yells; John has beat the cops. He is momentarily their hero.

It's a breaking point. Moretti makes a decision:

MORETTI

(cop language command to put gun away)

He has to yell it twice before the cop slowly, angrily, stuffs the gun into his holster.

SOUND: The crowd screams.

ON JOHN

Hearing the crowd applause. He turns and grins and waves to them. They scream more. He turns and waves to the media. They've been yelling:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

41

MEDIA TOGETHER

Hey! Over here! Give us a wave!

ON MORETTI

Unhappy, looking around at Baker, who shrugs. He did what he had to do.

ON JOHN

Suddenly realizing what control he has, enjoying it. He turns mockingly his left and his right profile to cameras.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

A fat woman runs heavily, stumbling, a delighted grin on her face up the stairs past CAMERA, yelling to someone unseen, upstairs.

FAT WOMAN

Vi! Oh, Jesus! Vi! Turn on the TV, turn the TV on, you can see it's him!

INT. VI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Small, jammed with little things of sentimental value and cheap furniture, clean, but well worn. Vi, a small woman in her fifties, with a perpetual smile, and the sweating fat woman trot in, just as Vi's husband, a dour man in his fifties is exiting.

FAT WOMAN

...I swear to God it looked just like him!

He hesitates in the doorway as the two women rush to the TV which is already on, the station showing live coverage of the bank robbery. On SCREEN, John can be seen ordering the cops around. Moretti looks furious.

ON THE TV SET

TV NEWSMAN

...the robber, whose identity is not known, came out of the bank, with a hostage, Mrs. Shirley Ball...

VI

(as she recognizes John)

Oh, My God in Heaven!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IMAGE OF SHIRLEY
ON TV

FAT WOMAN

(proud)

Did I tell you? He looks good!

NEWSMAN (cont'd)
...Mrs. Ball, is everyone
all right in the bank?

VI

What's he doin' this for? He
didn't tell me he needed money.
He would of told me.

SHIRLEY

Oh, yeah, the one girl
was cryin', but we're
havin' a ball, so far,
if just nobody shoots...

HUSBAND

Why rob a bank when you got a
sucker for a mother?

NEWSMAN

What about the man inside
the bank? What is he doing?

VI

Why didn't he tell me?

SHIRLEY

Sal? He never talks, only
goes: 'John, you want me
to shoot that one, this
one.'

HUSBAND

I just hope he gives the wrong
name.

NEWSMAN

Mrs. Ball, do you think
they might shoot, if they
get desperate?

He reaches for TV to turn it off.
Vi stops him.

HUSBAND

Is that all there is -- that
little bastard down there in the
bank?

SHIRLEY

Hey, wait, he's goin'
back in.

VI

You got money for the subway?

(she turns out of
picture)

HUSBAND

It's a big world. In China they
they don't know Brooklyn, in
California they don't give a shit,
and in Brooklyn tomorrow morning
there's gonna be a headless body
or a socialite in a trunk and
nobody's gonna remember.

NEW IMAGE:

John returning toward bank,
and cops grabbing Shirley,
trying to hustle her away.

CLOSER ANGLE - JOHN

FAT WOMAN

Subway! It's a special occasion --
take a cab, for God's sake!

He gestures angrily with
rifle for her to come with
him.

HAND HELD SHOT

Shakily showing struggle
between cops and Shirley,
John pulling at her--

(SOUND MEANWHILE IS CONFUSED SHOUTS
AND ROARS FROM CROWD).

EXT. BANK - TWO SHOT - MORETTI AND SHIRLEY - DAY

SHIRLEY

What the hell is it with the hands?

MORETTI

(to John)

She's out, let her stay out, you got enough people in there...

JOHN

Standing in door.

JOHN

Yeah, that's okay, who can stand her mouth anyway?

NEW ANGLE ON SHIRLEY

SHIRLEY

They're my girls! They need me in there.

MORETTI

You're out, lady, use your head and stay out!

JOHN

Let her go! Let her do what she wants! Cops!

A moment of tenseness. Moretti finally nods; they let Shirley go. She walks back into the bank with John. As the crowd realizes what has happened they applaud and scream. At the door:

ANGLE IN BANK DOOR

As John turns to grin and wave back.

CUT TO:

~~INT. BANK - DAY~~
~~Calvin is being interrogated by plain clothes; cops~~
~~come and go on screen; smoke, sweat, a con-~~
~~tinuous din of voices, and the hard carried voices~~
~~reporting endlessly: "The perpetrator John has just~~
~~entered the bank, with the female hostage following."~~
~~Saker and the FBI men circulate.~~

INT BANK DAY

As John and Shirley re-enter. Barrett is at his desk. The girls and sit and stand around the back of the bank where Sal can see them ~~in~~ from where he stands, protected from a front view and possible sniper's shot by an angle of partition. Barrett is switching on a portable TV, and holds a phone to his ear...

BARRETT
It's the TV, across the street...

His tone of voice says will wonders of modern ~~xxxxxx~~ media never cease?

The CAMERA ANGLE HOLDS the TV set in a corner, Barrett, and behind him, Sal with his rifle. John moves into the FRAME, while on the TV screen we see the image of the TV NEWSMAN across the street. Then, as his ~~xxxx~~ Director cuts we will see on the ~~xxxxxxx~~ TV set an angle on the bank as seen from across the street. TV The CAMERAMAN ZOOMS and the TV image zeroes in through the door to show a partially screened but quite clear image of John talking during the following scene. They all watch it, including John, fascinated...

~~IBEN~~ JOHN
(to Sal)
They got everybody, FBI, the works out there.

ON SAL
Absorbing this...

TV NEWSMAN 'S VOICE O.S.
We can see the robbers inside the bank, and we're trying now to establish contact. We're on the telephone to the bank manager, Bob Barrett. Mister Barrett?

BARRETT'S VOICE O.S.
Yeah, I can hear you.

SAL
It's okay, John. We do what you ~~xxxxxx~~, ~~and if it doesn't work we~~ ~~xxxxxx~~. said

JOHN
Serious, nodding to Sal.

TV NEWSMAN'S VOICE O.S.
Can you put the robber on the phone? Will he talk to us?

75

BARRETT'S VOICE O.S.
You wanna talk to him, John?

John turns, trying to understand...

NEW ANGLE

JOHN
What?

BARRETT
They want to talk to you.

He holds out phone. John takes it. On the TV screen we can see him doing it...

JOHN
Yeah? Who's this?

↑
TV NEWSMAN
WABC, ~~JOHN~~ sir, you're on the air. I wonder if you'd answer a few questions.

JOHN
~~Interruption~~ No, that's okay.

TV NEWSMAN
Why are you doing this?

JOHN
Doing what?

TV NEWSMAN
Robbing a bank.

JOHN
(doesn't understand
why the question)
It's where they got the money. I mean if you want to steal you go where the money is, right?

TV NEWSMAN
But I mean why do you need to steal? Couldn't you get a job?

JOHN
(outraged)
Get a job doin' what? You want ta drive a cab, you gotta join a union, dig ditches, run a jackhammer, name it they got a union. Bank teller - they pay one hundred and five dollars a week to start, what do you make a week?

TV NEWSMAN
(swiftly evasive)
We're here to talk about you, John, not...

JOHN

What gave you that idea? Bullshit.
You got me and Sal on TV, we're
not entertainment, right?

TV NEWSMAN

You're news, John, not...

JOHN

How much you have to pay an
entertainer to fill this slot?

TV NEWSMAN

Newsman, not...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

~~46~~
46

JOHN

Okay, newsman. How much you make a week?

(beat)

You're not talkin'. You payin' me? What have you got for me?

TV NEWSMAN

(indignant)

You want to be paid for...?

JOHN

I'm here with Sal and nine people and we're dyin'! They're gonna blow our guts out, man! You're gonna see our brains onna sidewalk! How's that for all you shut-ins and housewives to look at? You gonna help, or you just put it on instead of World Turns? We're dying here!

TV NEWSMAN

You could give up.

JOHN

(eyeing Sal)

You ever been in prison?

TV NEWSMAN

No, John, I...

JOHN

Then talk about somethin' you fuckin' know about...

TV NEWSMAN

Listen, John, we have a large family audience out there, I don't want to cut off meaningful communication but maybe you could moderate your language, you know?

JOHN

You don't want to hear this shit anyway.

TV NEWSMAN

John, I'm going to have to cut you off unless you can control your language.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

JOHN

The kiddies lookin, huh?
Save the rough stuff for prime time.
Right now we'll stick to straight
blood and guts. See the pretty
lady...

He suddenly and with great violence, though he
doesn't actually touch her, sticks the muzzle of his
gun against Shirley's temple. You might think
he was going to kill her right now! He watches
the TV. Shirley gasps, closes her eyes, waits. The
TV holds, waiting for the journalistic coup of the year:
murder on live! *After a full tele beat...*

TV NEWSMAN

John? John?

JOHN

~~I wouldn't give you the satisfaction.~~

I told you, I'm not performing without compensation

He drops the gun. Smiles at TV camera.

JOHN CONT.

Up your gigi.

The TV screen switches to another image. John
turns it off, laughs bitterly...pats Shirley's head.
His eyes are on Sal.

~~JOHN CONT.~~

~~I wouldn't shoot, you know that, I'm more your friend than they are...~~

JOHN CONT.

(to Shirley)

I wouldn't shoot, you know that, I'm
more your friend than they are...

~~JOHN
The kiddies lookin', huh? Awright,
we'll save the rough stuff for
prime time: right now, it's up
your giggy! Caaa! Wee weel!~~

~~The TV screen switches to another picture. John laughs
bitterly and turns down the sound. He sits staring
at the space. His eyes are on Sal.~~

BARRETT

What now, John.

John ignores him and moves to Sal, who sits with his gun covering the women.

JOHN

(over him)

Sal? They might deal. They might let us come out if we give up.

SAL

(instantly)

That's not what we promised. You were supposed to get your wife down here -- it was the first pact we made. Just because Bobby is gone doesn't mean it doesn't still hold: you get her in here and if anything goes wrong you kill her and we kill ourselves.

JOHN

(to them)

You see what we're up against? Prison is a living death to Sal, so he's got nothin to lose.

SAL

We get out or they kill me. Either way.

JOHN

Yeah, well you shoot the first cop through the door. Jesus. They'll kill the whole bunch of us and say mad dog killers slay hostages, are gunned down by police.

SAL

The gun makes me horny, John. I want to use it.

The phone is ringing again. John reaches for it...

believe

48

JOHN

I believe it, Sal...
(into phone)
You're on the phone!

FIRST CRANK (V.O.)

~~(filter)~~
Kill them all. Now.

It's a heavy adhesive voice that can be heard clearly throughout the bank. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

JOHN

You fuckin creep! Don't call here again.

He hangs it up, shuddering in horror. He leaps up and paces, full of anguish and despair barely controlled.

BARRETT

What now, John?

JOHN

We gotta get a jet outa here. We gotta get a helicopter. Okay, Sal? We got a helicopter on the roof, and a jet, and we fly to the sunny Caribbean. Algeria. We got to look on the bright side. We got them by the balls, we got the hostages, we can get anything we want. I'm flyin to the tropics, fuck the snow. Mouth? You ready for Algeria?

SHIRLEY

Anything, it's boiling in here.

It is: they are beginning to shed whatever clothes they can: the process of wearing them down has begun, and will continue throughout from here. Sal will lose his natty Mafia look; John strips to T-shirt; Shirley unzips her blouse, etc.

JOHN

We're all goin' to sunny climes!

He starts for the front door. He stops and turns, serious, to face Sal.

JOHN (CONT.)

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
I'm gonna ask for a helicopter.
And a jet. And I'll get my wife.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I made it all happen so far.

SAL

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ If anyone can do it, you can, John.

JOHN

Anybody you want to talk to, Sal?

48A

SAL

No.

JOHN

You unnastan' something? Even if we get outa here, we're gonna have to leave the U.S. forever? Men without countries. I mean we'll never be able to come home until we die. So if there's anybody...?

The hostages look at them with a new level of feeling. John is being very tender and protective of Sal.

SAL

No, there's nobody ~~to get anything~~
~~to get anything~~

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

58.
49

John nods and starts for the front of the bank, bounding back into his jaunty manner... as he approaches the front of the bank where he can see.

JOHN
Oh, joy to a policeman's heart,
Law and order as far as the eye
can see. Walk toward p. 6.

He exits... Sal is loosening his tie.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Much as before. John steps out. The guns start to come up.

JOHN

Put them down!

The cops lower their weapons. Moretti comes out on the sidewalk. He's eating an ice cream bar, and stands seemingly at ease, an island of calm and control in a storm of passion about to be let loose. The cops are always about to explode.

MORETTI

John, ya want somethin'?

John is about to open his mouth when a medium size dark haired man who has been standing among people behind the barriers puts his head down and runs at astonishing speed right across the street toward John. He catches everybody so by surprise he is already on John before anyone can do more than start to yell at him to stop. John himself can't believe it! He is slammed to the ground and the man begins to punch him and beat him viciously. Cops charge in and with great difficulty pull him off. Yelling on the radio network; TV reporters and the crowd up and screaming for blood!

CLOSE ANGLE

as Moretti steps in. John gets up, dazed. The man goes on kicking and fighting cops...

MORETTI

Who the hell is that?

ANGLE SHOWING DOOR OF BANK

Shirley and Barrett stand in the door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

11
50

SHIRLEY

That's Santa's boyfriend. He's got Latin blood.

MORETTI

(to Santa's boyfriend)

Hey! What the fuck you tryin' to do? You don't think the whole police department can do the job?

SANTA'S BOYFRIEND

I think he's got Santa in there, and I see blood, man! I wanta jam him up...

MORETTI

Jesus, the Spanish! You gotta do it yourself, right? Eye for an eye! Go wan get outa here, we'll take care of her.

(turns to John)

You okay, John? Boy, he hung a couple good ones on you there!

BARRETT

(from door - alarmed)

Sal wants to see John. He says he'll shoot unless he can see John!

He means Sal. John, dazed and bleeding, reels to the door and calls in...

JOHN

It's okay, Sal.

He turns back to face Moretti, Shirley, Barrett.

JOHN

(hurt, wondering)

He wanted to kill me!

MORETTI

It's okay, you got a lot of protection.

CLOSE - JOHN

Looking around, bewildered, the crowd is yelling and now it sounds unfriendly. He is really shaken up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

51

JOHN

Did you hear that phone in there:
kill them all! Everybody wants
to kill. That cop.

He shakes himself - stops that line and starts over in a
business-like tone.

JOHN

(continuing)

I want a helicopter to get outa
here! And a jet to take us to...

(cagey)

... wherever we want to go. Outa
the country, so no little jets. A
big one with a bar and a piano
lounge.

MORETTI

I don't know, John. I don't know
if he can land in here. I'll have
to check it out. I got superiors,
unnerstan? They don't always see
eye to eye with me. I'll do what
I can.

John looks him in the eye. Suddenly he makes kissing
motions and sounds with his lips. We know what he's
referring to: he thinks Moretti's trying to fuck him over.

MORETTI

John, be reasonable!

JOHN

I want to see my wife.

MORETTI

Okay, what do you give me?

JOHN

What do you want?

MORETTI

The girl hostages.

JOHN

Nothin' doin'. I give you one
hostage when you bring my wife,
and one for the helicopter, one
for the jet, and the rest can come
home on the jet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORETTI

I'll see what they'll do.

John smiles and pantomimes kissing.

MORETTI

Okay, you pick out who you're gonna give us. Where's your wife?

EXT. ROCKAWAY BEACH - DAY

There's Carmen. Her body lies exactly as before, baking in the sun. The transistor radio plays... she seems to be asleep...

RADIO

... the leader of the pair, Viet Nam veteran John Wojtowicz has demanded in return for releasing one of the hostages that police allow his wife to visit him at the bank. Police spokesmen...

Carmen sits bolt upright, stares at the radio, which continues to blather on. Abruptly she begins to gather up her things, her children, in a characteristically scatter brained and hyperactive sort of way. Carmen is a one woman panic: she hustles away across the broiling sand carrying the radio wadded up in towels, and lugging a child, crying helplessly, by one elbow, as though it were a handle, a silhouette against the late afternoon sun, out of Fellini... meanwhile on the SOUND TRACK WE ARE HEARING HER VOICE. It is a breathless, harsh childish voice that pours out the words in a torrent:

CARMEN (v.o.)

The transistor goes John what?
I couldn't believe my ears, so I shut the transistor, get outta here, who needs this? And to this day I say Johnny didn't do it. It's not him to rob a bank. It's not him to hurt anybody, to threaten anybody, to steal or do anything wrong. Cause he's never done nothin' wrong from the day I know him.

She is stumping off into the sunset as she says these words and we

CUT TO.

EXT BROOKLYN STREET ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ DAY

Out of a subway crowd, she struggles, pulling the two kids by the hand, a very ordinary woman in a most ordinary New York scene...

CARMEN 'S VOICE OVER

...Only he tells me this and he tells me that, he's with the mafia, I say John, where do you get the money, you're on welfare, how can ~~that~~ you rent a new Eldorado, red, you don't like the color you rent a yellow.

EXT CRAMEN'S APARTMENT HOUSE DAY

A working class block, dirty, shops in the first floor, three story walkups above... Carmen appears and truns up the stoop. Two cops get out of a squad car where they've been staked out and move up to her. They never really get in a word edgewise. They follow her into the hall... How as we cut closer to her we will see Carmen's

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
mouth in sync with the words...

CARMEN

So, right before last we're at Coney Island, he's on the rides with the kids, an' I have this habit of goin' in glove compartments an' all, an' I see...

INT HALL DAY

Carmen struggles up the stairs, dragging the kids - the cops following...

COP I

Lady they want you down at the bank...

CARMEN

Me? Down there... they got guns, an army, I'm not got down there, He's got guns -

I'm tellin you in his glove compartment this gun with bullets in there, an' I go to myself, oh God, Johnny! That's all I had to see, I didn't say anything.

37

She's got her door unlocked. Below and on the stairs behind
the cops curious neighbors peer in...

INT CARMEN'S APARTMENT DAY

Chaos out of cut-rate furniture stores. Full of unwashed
glasses, kid's clutter. Throughout, the children rush
around unchecked. Neighbors enter without
ceremony and listen. The cops stand, trying vainly
to communicate... As they enter...

CARMEN

(continuing)

And things are adding in my head,
how crazy he's been acting, and in
with a bad crowd, an' I look at him,
he's yellin' at the kids like a
madman. An' then he wants me to
go on this ride with the kids, this
caterpillar about from here to
there fulla one year old kids. It's
ridiculous. I'm not about to go on
this ride, so he yells right there,
'You pig, get on the fuckin' ride!'
Well, everything fell out of me,
my heart, my liver fell to the
floor, you name it. So inna car
I said to him, Johnny, what you
gonna do with the gun? You gonna
shoot me and dump my body inna
river or what? I was so scared of
him and I never been scared of
Johnny never. You know, his
mother says the cops was always at
our house, we was always fighting,
~~the cops was always at our house, we was always fighting,~~
~~the cops was always at our house, we was always fighting,~~
nothing heavy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

55

CARMEN (cont'd)

I hit him with the jack in the car once, but I only missed and hit myself, you should of seen my leg. And all he would ever do is put on his coat and go out. So they say it's Johnny but I don't believe it.

handy You saw him, ~~you~~ *COP I* You saw the gun.

CARMEN

He might of done it, his body functions might of done it, but not he himself.

INT. BANK - LATE AFTERNOON

It should begin getting dark in through here. It is very hot and sweaty in the bank. OPEN SCENE ON:

CLOSE - BARRETT ON PHONE

He is sweating, worried. He is listening to a conversation we can hear... as it goes on SHOT WIDENS to reveal the others in various postures of waiting. Sal more dishevelled. John's restlessness is unabated; he paces about like a caged animal. The voice on the phone is breathy and youthful: John has been listening for a long time

(V.O.)

JESUS FREAK'S VOICE

Jesus Christ is coming back and He's really pissed.

JOHN

(gently)

~~Hey, listen, man couldn't you see~~

Yeah, well I don't blame him x

JESUS FREAK

You know, John, I used to dope a lot, and I was into dipping? And I did a couple bank jobs, and the Lord Jesus in his everlasting mercy saved me, you know how?

John is desperate to get off the phone but doesn't dare risk the wrath of God by hanging up on this guy. He might have the secret after all.

JOHN

No. Look, we're kind of...

JESUS FREAK

~~That's why I can talk to you, as an equal John.~~ That's why I can talk to you, as an equal John.

~~In order to do this you have to be the same as Jesus for us~~

You got to merge your whole soul with God. And then you are Him and one with the Holy Ghost.

JOHN

Yeah, well... maybe you better talk to one of these others, okay?

He hands the phone to Shirley who hastily passes it to someone else...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

56

JESUS FREAK
John? Don't send me away!
I can help you save your soul...

ANGLE HOLDING JOHN

JOHN
It's hot.

SHIRLEY
The air conditioning is off or
something. Look at Kathy, she's
sick.

John looks around: noticing for the first time: no
air conditioning...

JOHN
(to Barrett)
Where's the air conditioning?

BARRETT
I don't know, John, on the roof
somewhere I guess.

JOHN
Come on...

He gestures to Barrett, and carrying his gun, the two
move toward the back of the bank...

HOLD ON SAL

He's got the gun on the girls. ~~Sal is restless~~

~~SHIRLEY~~
~~You afraid?~~

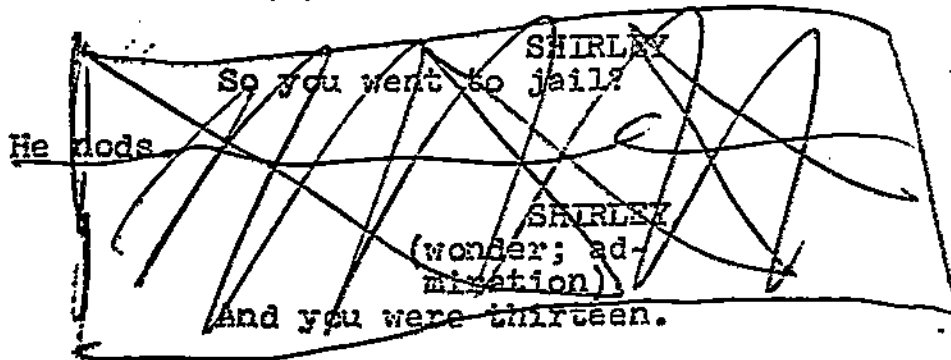
~~Sal is surprised at being talked to.~~

SAL
(after a pause)
~~...yeah~~ I never been up in
a plane before.

Shirley laughs, Sandra laughs. Sal stares at them,
wondering what's funny.

SHIRLEY
You thought about what this is
gonna do to your mother? Your
family?

(CONTINUED)



INT. BANK - NIGHT - AT BACK OF BANK

Barrett and John stop just by the back door of the bank, under a trap door in the ceiling. Barrett looks up at it.

BARRETT

It's gotta be up there.

As John is staring up at the trap door thinking about what to do, he hears a tiny scratching SOUND.

JOHN

What's that?

They listen, John tensing like an animal. He peers around wildly, trying to locate the source of the tiny little scratching SOUND: like mice at a steel door.

ON JOHN

as he whirls toward the back door. He strides to it and listens near the crack. The SOUND is slightly louder. He looks to:

ANGLE ON BARRETT

Somebody or something is working on the other side of the door!

NEW ANGLE ON JOHN

as moves back from the door, turns and levels the rifle on the door...

JOHN

(whispering)

They're trying to come through the door!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

6.
58

BARRETT

John, if you shoot, shoot high,
my car's parked out there.

ON JOHN

staring at the door. Abruptly he swings the rifle up so the bullet coming through the door will clearly go over the head of any normal man. He FIRES!

EXT. BANK - REAR DOOR - LATE DAY

A knot of half a dozen police are working at the door. Two were trying to work tubes under it to pump in gas, others were tying a nylon line to the doorknob, the idea being that if John came out that way, the moment he began to open the door the cops would yank it open, exposing him completely and gun him down. The cops SCREAM as the SHOT comes through the door, showering them with brick fragments. They scramble over cars, over each other, over fences, running into other cops, who also, not knowing what's happening turn and flee, running into the crowd, which panics.

VARIOUS ANGLES

On men, women, children, cops, detectives, dogs, cats, reporters all in the area of the rear of the bank fleeing in waves over fences, cars, etc. A flood of people like lemmings.

ANGLE ON BARBER SHOP

Moretti, Baker, others come charging out, wondering what the hell, pulling guns out.

BACK OF BANK

The cops safely distanced and back in cover peek out at:

BANK DOOR

it is okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

59

RADIO NETWORK

What's happening?
He shot through the door.
Is he coming out?
Can you see in..
(etc., etc.)

ON MORETTI

reaches out his hand for a bullhorn that is thrust into it immediately.

MORETTI
(on bullhorn)

John?

A few louts in the crowd yell out in imitation:

LOUTS

John?

MORETTI

John?

CROWD
(echoing)

John?

Moretti shrugs off his irritation and raises the bullhorn one more time: the crowd is ready and SCREAMS in unison as Moretti says:

MORETTI & CROWD

John!

You could hear it for a half a mile!

ANGLE ON BANK

as John comes charging out: he starts to YELL at Moretti, but their speech is lost in the yells of the crowd. They have to walk close to each other.

ON MORETTI AND JOHN

JOHN

Keep away from that back door!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORETTI

(angry)

You don't have to shoot -- what was that shot?

JOHN

What are they doin' back there?

MORETTI

~~They're~~ they'll stay away from the door.

They reach the middle of the street -- John looks around, restless.

JOHN

Boy -- I don't like that shit. What about the air conditioning?

MORETTI

(suddenly innocent)

I don't know, John. What happened to it?

John pantomimes with his lips: kiss, kiss.

~~MORETTI
I'll tell you that -- I'll tell you
a couple air conditioning men
to look it over.~~

*You would do it
let us,
Moretti
(try anything)
send in
a couple air condition
ing men to look it
over...*

John pantomimes kiss, kiss.

MORETTI

(continuing)

Then send out the girls. They shouldn't have to suffer in the heat.

John pantomimes kiss, kiss.

MORETTI

(continuing)

Why don't you quit now, John.

~~JOHN
(angry)
You can't quit to kill, you've
already got off on killing me.~~

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I'd be a real feather in your cap, right? If you bagged me. Picture in the Daily News and everything.

MORETTI

(I'm tryin to keep you alive,)

~~JOHN~~ John. I like you.

JOHN

(sarcastic)

I want to talk to the FBI.

MORETTI

You see over there, the man ~~with no hat, no cigar and no sweat?~~ ~~That's the FBI.~~ ~~He don't~~ He don't give a shit. They shoot a lot, the FBI. Think about it.

the hat and the cigar and he don't

JOHN

What about the jet?

MORETTI

They're working' on it, John. But the helicopter, they can't land in here because of the wires. We gonna getcha a big limousine or a bus, okay?

JOHN

What about my wife?

MORETTI

We sent for her. What else you want, John? ~~What's his name?~~

~~JOHN~~
~~He's over there, in the...~~
~~...~~

~~...~~
~~...~~
~~...~~

JOHN

Can we get some pizza? (CONTINUED)

I got some hungry people in there...

CONTINUED: (3)

MORETTI

~~Is alcohol, John~~
~~(to his~~
~~puzzlement)~~
 How's it gonna look if somethin'
 goes wrong, and somebody gets
 shot, the word gets out, the
 police sent in beer? I got to
 know she line! Pizza, a half
 dozen? Cokes? You want straws?

John and Moretti chatting as shown on the TV set on the balcony where the old lady is beginning to get her puzzle going. She is a whiz. A Cop is watching her do the puzzle with interest, helps her find a piece, but she's annoyed and pantomimes him to mind his own business.

INT. BANK - DAY

Sal sits straining to see out where John and Moretti talk. Barrett talks on the phone, Maureen on the other. Kathy is lying down, looking ill. The others are sitting about in various postures and moods. Shirley looks at Sal.

SHIRLEY

What's he talkin' about?

SAL

I wish I knew.

SHIRLEY

Anybody got a cigaret?

SAL

(looks at her
for the first
time)

Whatta you want to poison your-
self for. With that stuff?

SHIRLEY

I never smoked in my life; I
got a right to smoke now if I
want.

SAL

What do you want to smoke now for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIRLEY

Because I'm scared shitless, if you want to know. Look at them: they get some relief from tension, smoking, why shouldn't I? Look at you, you're like a piano string, maybe you oughta smoke, let off some tension.

SAL

I don't want cancer.

SHIRLEY

Oh, Jesus! You're about to getcha head blown off, you're worried about cancer. Gimme a cigaret somebody.

SAL

(to girl; offering cigaret)

No. Don't give her one.

(to Shirley)

I'm not kidding. You never smoked before?

SHIRLEY

No, don't I deserve something for that?

SAL

You shouldn't start now.

SHIRLEY

For God's sake! As soon as I'm outa this bank robbery I won't need to smoke, I'll stop.

SAL

I hate to see you break a perfect record. You oughta take care of your body.

SHIRLEY

My body? What for?

SAL

Your body is the temple of the Lord.

SHIRLEY

(staring at him)

You're serious.

(CONTINUED)

SAL

You're really pure, you know? You got a perfect record. You never did anything with tobacco to ruin your body, why start now?

SHIRLEY

How old are you?

SAL

Nineteen.

SHIRLEY

Just like my son! They're all the same: who can understand them! Mine walks around with hair down to his knees, lookin' like something that should eat berries and roots outa the ground, and he goes: "Mom, I love that you never smoked." But God forbid I say, "Listen, if you're smoking marijuana, will you remember it's illegal", he goes: "Mah-ahm!" So rob the god damn bank, but keep your body pure!

SAL

Are you gonna smoke the cigaret or not?

SHIRLEY

Yes. If I die of cancer it's half your fault.

SAL

No. It's because you're weak.

SHIRLEY

I'm weak.

(accepting cigaret)

How do you smoke this thing?

They laugh. Barrett instructs her in how to light and smoke: improvise a silent routine. They all watch intently as she takes her first drag. She inhales, coughs, tears up...

JOHN'S VOICE (o.s.)

What's that in your mouth?

NEW ANGLE

He's re-entered and is looking at her critically: Shirley, coughing slightly, but by and large, liking it.

BARRETT
Are you getting us outa here?
Let's get the ball rolling!

JOHN
I ordered us all pizzas and cokes.

Barrett looks dismayed: the news does not produce the cheering effect John hoped for. They only realize the situation is going to last longer.

BARRETT
Food? What do we want food for?
Who can eat?

SHIRLEY

JOHN
I'm workin' on it! I'm trying to keep the cops cooled out, I'm tryin' to keep you all happy, I'm tryin' to keep us alive, and nobody is helping. I got to have all the ideas, I got to do it all!

He's been rummaging in the cash drawers and looks up impatiently.

~~JOHN~~ JOHN (CONT)
(continuing)
Where are the marked fives?

But he's found them as:

~~What for? You don't want them...~~

JOHN
I got to pay for the pizza...



He moves to the door with the wad of fives in his hand, tearing the bands off as he goes.

EXT. BANK DOOR - ~~JOHN~~
as John appears in it.

66
MORETTI

looks up from a cup of coffee -- what now?

ON JOHN

He checks the crowd, waves to them cheerily.

JOHN

Hey! Here's for the pizza!

He hurls the wad of fives across the street at Moretti: the wind picks the bundle apart and five dollar bills start peeling off and fluttering away in the wind down the street towards the crowd.

VARIOUS ANGLES

as cops move forward and try to catch the bills. Some blow into the crowd. Fights break out in the crowd as they scramble for the money. The crowd breaks the barriers and swarms after the cash. Cops try to retrieve bills; fist fights, arrests.

MORETTI

staring at the mess.

JOHN

also watching the people. There is in both of them the same reaction of faint disgust at the greed unleashed. John angrily hurls another bundle after the first... then laughs as he watches the people fighting.

We are CLOSE ON JOHN as he is startled by someone behind him:

NEW ANGLE TO REVEAL THE DELIVERY BOY

guarded by a couple of cops.

DELIVERY BOY

You the guy wanted the pizza?

JOHN

Pick up what you need off the street. Keep the change.

Takes pizza..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

67

DELIVERY BOY

Already paid for -- the guy with
the hat and the cigar...

John looks across: Moretti nods ironically at him.
John turns and enters the bank with the food. The
fighting goes on in the street.

INT. BANK - DAY

as John enters carrying food.

JOHN

Chow!

He puts it down in front of Barrett, on Barrett's desk.
Barrett looks at it, sickly. As Barrett looks up at
John:

JOHN

You eat it first. I don't know
what dope they put in it.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR BANK - DAY

Moretti, Baker, other top cops march fast-time toward
the barrier where uniform cops stand around a limou-
sine that has drawn up to the barrier. It is full of
white-haired officials, one of them the Commissioner.
He has a voice broken by whiskey, cigars, good food
and yelling at football games.

DOLLY AT A LOW DRAMATIC ANGLE WITH MORETTI AND ETC.

It looks like they may be going into action. Moretti's
attitude is not that subtly different now he's talk-
ing to brass. Commissioner doesn't get out: he talks
through window.

The Commissioner's hand, pudgy and freckled with age
covers Moretti's where it rests on the door: he
massages Moretti's hand fondly.

Gene - COMMISSIONER
~~John~~ you smilin'?

MORETTI
No. I never smile anymore.

COMMISSIONER
Whattaya think: we gonna kill any
civilians tonight, Johnny?

MORETTI

I never make bets or guesses, that way I'm never wrong and I never have to pay out.

COMMISSIONER

Johnny. Jesus, what a bull he is!

A lot of comfortable CHUCKLES inside the limo. The Commissioner's hand lingers on Moretti's -- they are fond of each other, these men, linked in a relationship of a lifetime of shared experience, of attitudes, of maleness -- an accumulation of years of jokes about being late for dinner, of women waiting and women panting with desire, men secure in the bastion of their roles. What is being passed on here is a purely emotional force of approval and acceptance from top to bottom of a social institution that is the last totally masculine society: police. The homosexual content of this should not be lost: it lies in the comfortable fit of their feelings, in the fact, simply, that they love each other, for what they share.

MORETTI

So whatsa deal?

COMMISSIONER

The jet's comin' out. But don't let 'em off the ground.

MORETTI

What if we gotta kill a whole lot of people?

COMMISSIONER

Don't let 'em off the ground.

MORETTI

Listen.

He leans down to get close to his Commissioner, because he's not fooled by the camaraderie into a false sense of security.

TIGHTER TWO-SHOT - MORETTI AND COMMISSIONER

COMMISSIONER

(anticipating)

If you're right I'm gonna back you a hundred per cent, you know that.

MORETTI

(pleasantly)

Fuck you, sir, if I'm right, I don't need you. What I want is, if I make an honest mistake, I

The Commissioner nods -- presses a button and the window goes up to keep the air-conditioning in and the heat out.

69-

MAIN BANK AREA

as John emerges from the back. The TV set is playing -- source of track above. Barrett is just answering a RINGING phone. Kathy is talking irritably on the phone to her husband. The others are scattered about in various moods and positions, under Sal's vigilant eye.

KATHY

... well, just pick him up and hold him. No, he's not spoiled, he's just got to settle his stomach after eating. He's used to me feeding him that's all...

BARRETT

(overlapping Kathy into phone)

Barrett.

(listens)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

70

KATHY
(into phone)
I don't know.

BARRETT
(to John)
It's for you. Moretti.

John waves the phone away... Barrett turns back to it.

BARRETT
(at phone)
He says he's busy -- you want to
leave a message?

Barrett listens for a second... Shirley is sitting with her head down in that posture that indicates a tension-stiff neck. John almost idly stops beside her, in a thoughtful mood and is beginning to massage her neck when Barrett speaks:

BARRETT
He says they're bringing in your
wife.

ON JOHN

He comes alert, looks around at Sal, nods, and starts for the door of the bank.

EXT. FRONT OF APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

The fire escape with the old lady and her jigsaw puzzle, the flak vested snipers, etc. Below in the street a police car ploughs through the crowd with red lights flashing but no sirens -- or perhaps just a low growl to help move the human sea aside. People are leaning over trying to see inside.

BARBER SHOP

Moretti and Baker and staff move out into the street. The cop car is moving through police lines, cops lifting barricades aside to let it pass.

MOVING SHOT

With Moretti and others as they move to intercept the police car where it will stop in front of the barber shop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

78.
71

As they stop, we can see John step into the door of the bank, in the distance. He is greeted with cheers from the crowd. But is intent on the car.

WE ARE NOW SHOOTING ACROSS THE CAR, OVER MORETTI'S BACK TOWARD THE BANK AND JOHN.

The DRIVER of the police car gets out, with a huge grin on his face and nods to Moretti. The back door opens and another cop gets out, also grinning. They look around toward John, as his wife gets out of the police car, on this side. She is spectacularly good looking in a lithe cruel sort of way, like Lauren Bacal.

This is ERNIE AARON, nee LIZ EDEN, or MRS. ERNIE (LIZ) WOTJOWICZ LITTLEJOHN, depending on your point of view. We expect the audience to be momentarily confused, shocked, and hopefully piqued with curiosity at the appearance of a wife completely different to Carmen, introduced earlier. Ernie is salacious, suggestive, gross in the style of old-fashioned 4 ayem Las Vegas burlesque -- line readings somewhere between Hank Henry and Marilyn Monroe. He seems constantly to parody and mock his role as a transvestite homosexual, while at the same time he is sexual and attractive as a woman. Another facet: although Ernie looks like a woman, walks and talks like a woman, has breasts (via silicone inserts and hormone treatments), etc., there is some indefinable element of appearance and manner that betrays the performance: she is obviously a man, though you couldn't put your finger on what makes you know it. This is what makes Ernie so fascinating... the entendres are doubled and redoubled in everything he/she says. And underneath it all is tragedy and agony barely concealed. It is this pain, unending and deep as the stars, that fatally attracts John, the mothering instinct in him drawn to Ernie's suffering. They are allied in their shared sense of loneliness and pain. And in John there's a desperate need to try to alliviate it, to soothe it away.

Now Ernie looks around as though nearsighted, trying to get her bearings. The crowd grows quiet, already sensing something wrong.

JOHN

Ernie? Over here, Doll?

Ernie turns, sees John, and very prettily, faints. The crowd CHEERS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORETTI
(to Cop driver)
What's that?

COP DRIVER
We went to the hospital, where he
told us and asked for his wife.
He...
(indicating Ernie)
... says they got married in a
church.

MORETTI
Jesus.

He looks at John reproachfully, as though John had
betrayed him.

MORETTI
(continuing)
Is that true?

JOHN
Why don't you help her?

MORETTI
Faggots.

JOHN
(weakly)
Hey, Moretti.

Moretti leans over Ernie, starts to get her up... ROARS
from the crowd...

ON JOHN

staring around: the first cries of...

CROWD
Faggot!

ring out. The mood of the crowd has instantly changed
from rebellious encouragement to derision. John stares
around wildly...

FULL SHOT

The crowd yelling in increasing waves of SOUND: Moretti
trying to revive Ernie...

John, a banty, proud defiant little figure, contemplating
the disaster of his life... He moves to Ernie and Moretti...

CLOSEUP - MORETTI, JOHN AND ERNIE

73

JOHN

Is she alright?

MORETTI

(to Ernie)

You're all doped up, they give you a shot down the hospital or what?

ERNIE

(weakly)

Oh, God, they shot me with like unreal!

JOHN

Ernie? Ernie?

The crowd is SCREAMING so loudly he can hardly make himself heard.

JOHN

(continuing)

Ernie, come on in the bank. Come on with me.

ERNIE

Go to hell, John.

ON JOHN

JOHN

What do you mean, go to hell?

ERNIE

I'm sick of you trying to kill me! I don't want to go near you! Why do you think I tried to kill myself. To get away from you!

John stands up, staring at Ernie.

CLOSE - LOW ANGLE ON JOHN

as he hears Ernie... the crowd is screaming now a solid wall of derisive NOISE: FAGGOT FAGGOT FAGGOT. He looks around at:

COPS

laughing at him.

HIS POV - VARIOUS

Everyone is laughing and jeering at him.

BACK TO JOHN

Suddenly breaks for the bank, on a dead run...

INT. BANK

John comes piling in. The people inside don't know what's going on, but they can hear the waves of SOUND and they're scared... John grabs the first person he can find, ~~Sal~~ Deborah, and slams her into a steno chair and rolls her roughly toward the door...

JOHN

Oh, God damn, Sal, you hold tight, you hear anything go off you let 'em all have it...

Before they can ask what's happening, John has pushed ~~Sal~~ Deborah in the chair out the front door of the bank...

EXT. BANK - DAY

as John shoves ~~Sal~~ Deborah in the rolling chair into the street, he steps up to her and puts his gun right to her head.

ANGLE ON COPS

Guns come up, trained on John.

MORETTI

moving closer to John, worried...

JOHN

(screaming at crowd)

Shut up! Shut up, you ~~mother~~ creeps...

The crowd roars louder: FAGGOT!

ON MORETTI

Moving fast, he orders the closest sharpshooters to ~~lower their guns~~

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

75

~~MORETTI~~
~~We can't fire -- the one inside~~
~~is gonna open up the machine~~
~~anybody shoots out here...~~

He grabs a bullhorn and starts yelling at the crowd to quiet down.

ON CROWD

Thousands of jeering faces... FAGGOT!

JOHN

wild with fury, brandishing the gun. ~~Sal~~ ^{Deborah} is almost unconscious with fear.

INT. BANK

The hostages and Sal with his machine pistol at the ready, listening to the waves of SOUND breaking over the street, the bullhorn orders almost lost in the total volume.

EXT. BANK

Moretti gives a signal and officers turn on the crowd. They form into riot control formations. The crowd ROARS louder at being balked. Their fury changes from faggots to pigs!

VARIOUS ANGLES

as cops try to get the message across. Some use their batons. The crowd fights back. A few individuals are clubbed and dragged away. The crowd begins to throw things. It's a total nightmare!

ANGLE ON TV CREW

as they are swallowed by the crowd, beaten down, kicked. A flying squad of cops charges in and rescues them...

ANGLE BY BARBER SHOP

Baker and the FBI stand coolly by, waiting their turn.

MORETTI

on bullhorn. A rock has grazed his cheek and he's bleeding. He steps out into a moment of relative calm, and signals for silence. He just puts his arm upright and waits. There has been enough violence so the crowd is momentarily sated. Some want to hear what he'll say. Slowly the crowd quiets down.

VARIOUS CUTS

as the NOISE LEVEL drops.

ERMIE BEING REVIVED

JOHN

standing in the middle of the street, his gun at Kathy's head.

THE OLD LADY ON THE BALCONY

adding another piece to the jig saw.

LOUTS IN THE CROWD

drinking beer.

IMMATURE WEAK LOOKING GUY

yells:

WEAK LOOKING GUY
Faggot! FAG--GUEY!

BACK TO SCENE

as it gets almost totally quiet. Still Moretti doesn't speak. A final lone derisive HOWL from the back of the crowd is stifled by the crowd itself. Someone throws a beer can, empty, and it rolls TINNILY down the street in the new and eerie silence. Moretti hasn't moved. Finally:

MORETTI
(to crowd)
Thank you.

And turns and walks back to John. The crowd LAUGHS, the tension is broken.

NEW ANGLE - MORETTI AND JOHN

77

JOHN

They crazy?

MORETTI

Ah, Jesus, who are you to call them crazy? ~~Am I right?~~
~~Am I right?~~

He kneels before ~~John~~ Deborah...

MORETTI

(continuing)

You okay?

JOHN

(to her, also)

Ah, I'm sorry. Listen, you want to stay out here? I got plenty inside. Go ahead. It's real hot in there, they cut off the air conditioning.

~~Am I right?~~

DEBORAH
I'm all right...

~~Deborah... she's terrified and she's...~~

ANGLE ON CROWD

to ESTABLISH they're still yelling and talking and eating hot dogs, waiting for the next sensation. Into FRAME pops CLOSEUP: Moretti. HOLD

He stares around. Crazy. On his look:

ANGLE ON ERNIE

as he is gotten onto his feet by Detectives. He's disoriented and confused. Morette steps in...

MORETTI

Missus Littlejohn, you wanta come with me...?

JOHN

(yelling)

Hey!

MOVING SHOT WITH MORETTI AND ERNIE

as Moretti guides her toward the barber shop. The cops who brought Ernie are grinning like hell, but if Moretti notices he doesn't make anything of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORETTI

Just lean on me.

ERNIE

I'd love to.

And does.

MORETTI

Did you know he was going to pull this job?

ERNIE

Oh, he talked about it all the time, he was going to rob this bank, that bank, but he was always talking. I didn't believe that shit.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

as Moretti gets Ernie into a place where he can talk, conveying her through the press of cops, Detectives, Newsmen, etc., all staring at them...

MORETTI

He never did anything like this before?

ERNIE

Not to my knowledge.
(looking around)
Who are all these people?

MORETTI

What line of work was he in?

ERNIE

Nobody knows: he was on welfare.

MORETTI

You want to try to talk him outa there?

ERNIE

I don't want to go near him.

MORETTI

No? Why?.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE

Ever since June he's been trying to kill me! He stabbed me. He waved this gun in my face, nobody would come near me because he's shooting all around me. He beat up all my friends. He wrote threatening letters to my family. My boss says if he's gonna kill you, he's not gonna do it in my place of business and fires me from my job. My landlady made me move out. He drags me out to the Holiday Inn, and holds the gun to my head and he goes 'go to sleep, Ernie, and then you'll never feel a thing when I pull the trigger.'

MORETTI

What happened?

ERNIE

I said, John, no amount of Somnex is going to work under these conditions.

MORETTI

Did you call the police?

ERNIE

No, why? And make him mad at me? I tried to kill him once.

MORETTI

Yeah?

ERNIE

In the Hyatt House shower. I could see his shadow on the shower curtain, and I aimed at him and cocked the gun. He just froze. I couldn't do it.

MORETTI

What happened then?

ERNIE

Then? Oh he towelled off, and we had sex, and he drove me back in town and said Ernie, I love you, I'll see you Friday, I got a surprise for your birthday. God, what a surprise!

(CONTINUED)

MORETTI

This is your birthday?

ERNIE

Uh huh, I thought, when I hear he's in the bank, I go to myself, 'what is this, a change of heart, or what?' because that's why he was trying to kill me, I wanted to have a sex change operation, and I needed seven thousand dollars.

Moretti takes a deep breath, regroups and resumes.

MORETTI

He's doing this to get you money for a sex change operation? For you?

ERNIE

Yuh, I guess so.

MORETTI

You look terrific, you could get all the guys you want the way you are.

ERNIE

That's what John said. He said, 'I married you as a man.' But I was gonna leave him if I couldn't have the operation and that's when he started up. One time we were both in the clinic with me with a broken thumb and him with a bite on the arm. The doctor goes, 'My God, I don't know how you two stay together.' I figured the hell with it, he's going to kill me before I can have the operation anyway, I might as well do it myself. So I just made my friends empty out their pockets, until I had about a half pound of pills, blues, reds, yellows, uppers, downers, screamers, you name it. But a friend of mine came by, and when I didn't wake up, they took me to the hospital.

MORETTI

You put him up to this.

CONTINUED: (3)

88f

ERNIE
Me? No, God, no!

MORETTI
Well, he's apparently doing it
for you.

ERNIE
I never asked him to.

MORETTI
You better get your ass over
there and talk him outa the bank.

ERNIE
I can't do that.

MORETTI
We're trying to save some lives
here, too.

ERNIE
Well, I'm sorry, but I'm not
responsible.

MORETTI
I think you're in it.

ERNIE
No.

MORETTI
Those people could die.

ERNIE
So could I.

Moretti regards Ernie for a very long time. Ernie
doesn't care. He's feeling faint. After a beat:

ERNIE
(continuing)
God, it was awful, did you see
his face? It was like looking
into the face of a dead man. I
wonder -- would they have a glass
of water here?

Moretti turns away, full of contempt. HOLD on Ernie
alone:

ERNIE
(continuing; to
a Detective)
Honey, would you get me some

EXT. BANK - (TURNING DARK NOW)

John still stands in the door. Moretti appears...

MORETTI

She won't come talk to you.

JOHN

Make her.

MORETTI

I can't force her to do anything
she doesn't want to do.

John stands for a long moment; then summons what dignity he can fake in the face of the derisive crowd and contemptuous grins of the cops. He turns and walks inside, limping with pain.

TWO SHOT - ~~DEBORAH~~ AND MORETTI

She has been almost forgotten: now Moretti remembers, as she automatically starts to follow John back into the bank.

MORETTI

Hey! Where you goin'?

~~DEBORAH~~ DEBORAH

(bewildered)

Back inside...

MORETTI

(grabbing her)

Hell, no, we gotcha out, stay
out.

~~DEBORAH~~ DEBORAH

I don't know -- they're all in
there, I don't feel right...

MORETTI

Forget 'feel right'...

He's hustling her away...

~~DEBORAH~~ DEBORAH

But my purse is still in there...

INT. BANK - (DARKER STILL NOW)

as John is just sitting down, warily. They are all watching him. The TV set is talking as he takes his last few steps...

CONTINUED:

83

TV NEWSTRACK

... Ernest Aarons, who is reported to have been married in a church ceremony last November to one of the robbers is being questioned by police...

(and etc., UNDER THE SCENE)

JOHN

(sitting)

How about that Ernie? He wouldn't even come in here...

SAL

You promised, John...

JOHN

(OVER him)

I know what I promised! I can't make her come in...

SAL

We can shoot one of them!
Where's the one you took out with you?

John looks around, remembers ~~Barrett~~ *Deborah*

JOHN

I'll be god damned!
(laughs)
I forgot all about her!

SAL

I don't think it's funny. Why are you laughing?

JOHN

What the hell is there to do, Sal? ~~If you don't~~ laugh you go crazy.

Sal stares back utterly humorlessly. John laughs almost uncontrollably.

NEW ANGLE

Barrett has been answering the phone, and now holds the receiver out to John, who takes it, still laughing...

JOHN

Hi, there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

84

TELEPHONE VOICE (MAN'S)

Is this Littlejohn?

JOHN

Yeah, who's this?

Ordinary jocks and
junior executives at
play

SOUNDS of other voices, a party going on, in the back-ground of the telephone conversation...

TELEPHONE VOICE

Hey, everybody, I got the bank where they're robbing it! I'm talking to the robber!

ANOTHER TELEPHONE VOICE

Hey, robber? I think you're terrific! I saw you on the TV, and...

FIRST TELEPHONE VOICE

... he wants to kiss your ass!

SOUNDS of hysterical giggles and wrestling... voices yelling "Faggot," etc.... John has stopped laughing and drops the telephone on the hook as his answer. He stares at Barrett...

JOHN

Where's the damn jet? Christ, they're always screamin' overhead goin' somewhere...

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DUSK (MAGIC HOUR)

A jet is touching down in the distance. We are in an area remote from normal operations. In foreground a caravan of police cars draws up and heavily armed men get out and begin operations of setting up sniper points, laying angles of fire, etc. They move with ominous silence and efficiency. It is clear they are laying a trap. (NOTE: This area exists at Kennedy but we will not be allowed to shoot it: we will have to set up our own simulation of it elsewhere.)

EXT. ~~APARTMENT FIRE ESCAPE~~ - NIGHT

The TV set continues on. The old lady is two-thirds through her puzzle. She now is arrested, in the act of putting a piece of puzzle into place, by the TV: for the first time she looks at it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT.

TV NEWSMAN

... found a videotape of the wedding... Ernie Aarons, the admitted homosexual bride is here with me...

Ernie is revealed on the screen...

TV NEWSMAN

Ernie...

ERNIE

Call me Liz.

TV NEWSMAN

Liz, what did you like best about the wedding?

ON TV THE WEDDING MOVIE BEGINS TO UNREEL. THIS IS A RECREATION BASED ON AN ACTUAL VIDEOTAPE OF THE WEDDING OF JOHN AND ERNIE. INTERCUT WITH PEOPLE LOOKING (THE OLD LADY ON THE FIRE ESCAPE; THE HOSTAGES AND JOHN IN THE BANK, ETC.). PEOPLE THROW RICE. KISSES. GIGGLES. CAKE IS CUT. JOHN AND ERNIE DANCE ALONE, ELEGANTLY. A FEW ODD NOTES: A SADO-MASOCHIST IN BLACK LEATHER; A FAGGY LOOK ABOUT CERTAIN YOUNG MEN; PERHAPS AN ARM AROUND A PAIR OF SHOULDERS -- BUT REALLY A SUBLIMINAL ELEMENT; IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE SCENE THESE WOULD BE ONLY SLIGHT DISCORDANT NOTES IN WHAT LOOKS VERY DOWNTOWN WICHITA. OBVIOUSLY THE IMAGES SHOULD BE ORCHESTRATED AGAINST THE QUESTIONING OF ERNIE.

THE SOUND IS A SOUND MONTAGE OF VOICES FROM THE VIDEOTAPE, COMMENTS FROM WATCHERS, AND ERNIE AND THE NEWSMAN TALKING OVER THE TRACK. ODD NOTES: JOHN IS A FOOT SHORTER THAN ERNIE, AND IS DRESSED IN HIS ARMY UNIFORM WITH MEDALS AND BRAID. ERNIE IS GORGEOUS IN WHITE SATIN AND THE BRIDAL WORKS.

LIZ (v.o.)

Where it went 'With my body I will,' no, wait: 'With my heart I will love you and with my body I will serve you,' that's the part that was beautiful...

JOHN STANDS BEFORE THE PRIEST, WHOSE FACE WE CAN'T SEE, NERVOUSLY LOOKING BACK FOR LIZ. MUSIC PLAYS: TSCHAIKOVSKY.

ERNIE'S VOICE (v.o.)

There's John's mother, she was a doll, she gave me something old.

(MORE)

SHIRLEY BALL

Izzat a real priest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERNIE'S VOICE

(cont'd)

My mother, forget it. She's enough to make me sick. She just wanted to get out of there, until the food and liquor showed up then she wanted to be bothered.

JOHN

(depressed)

Yeah, this homosexual priest.

BARRETT

Ecumenism is gone too far!

LIZ APPEARS, SMILING, WALKING DOWN THE AISLE TO THE ALTAR. SHE LOOKS FANTASTIC.

TV NEWSMAN

Where'd you go on your honeymoon?

ERNIE'S VOICE

What honeymoon? John was very disturbed because he paid \$500 for my dress. People were like vultures at the last supper. The booze went like water and the food went like unreal. We only took in 146 dollars at the reception, so after paying off what we could we went back to my apartment...

SHIRLEY BALL

Hey, he's really beautiful! He's pretty! No! That's a girl!

JOHN

No. It's a man.

THE CEREMONY IS ALMOST FINISHED NOW: WE HAVE CUT TO JOHN WATCHING MOROSELY, ON WHICH CUTS WE HEARD SHIRLEY'S DIALOGUE. ALWAYS WE HEAR ERNIE'S DIALOGUE OVER, PLUS THE FILM TRACK, THE CEREMONY AND THE MUSIC, ETC. FLASHES OF THE OLD LADY; AND:

AN OLD MAN IN THE CROWD is absorbed in his portable TV set, with battery pack. When he tries to look at it, the picture turns into rolling zigzags. He turns it around to work on the back controls and we see that the picture instantly clears. The Old Man doesn't realize it, and when he turns the set back to face him it instantly turns to zigzags again.

MEANWHILE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

87

✓. ✓
ERNIE'S VOICE

... on Tenth Street.
We were so disturbed
we didn't even have
sex. It was... a very
normal event for that
type of thing.

SHIRLEY BALL
What do you guys do?
I mean you hug and
kiss?

BARRETT
Shirley, for God's
sake?!

ON THE FILM: THE PRIEST SIGNALS; JOHN REACHES UP AND
KISSES LIZ...

✓. ✓. ✓.
ERNIE'S VOICE

Everybody held their
breath and these
spotlights hit us as
we kissed, and when we
stopped everybody
stood up and applauded.
It was really
beautiful.

SHIRLEY BALL
No! It may be the only
chance I can find out!

JOHN
(staring at TV;
with dignity)
We do whatever people
who love each other do.

SHIRLEY BALL

(as they kiss on
TV)

On the mouth!

WE ARE BY NOW BACK INSIDE THE BANK WHERE THEY ARE WATCH-
ING AS THE WEDDING FOOTAGE COMES TO AN END.

John is watching in an agony of embarrassment and self-
castigation: all his mistakes, the ridiculous aspects
of his nature well up in his soul like vomit -- his
anger and disgust with himself.

JOHN

Oh, Christ, we'd kiss
passionately, and then he'd give
me a tongue bath, and...

Shirley listens avidly: it is Barrett who rises,
furious...

BARRETT

Shut up! Keep your filth to
yourself...

NEW ANGLE - JOHN

He grins savagely at Barrett: knowing...

JOHN

What's the matter? She asked
me.

CONTINUED:

BARRETT

She don't want to hear it.

JOHN

Yes, she does. You don't want to hear it.

MEANWHILE: ERNIE HAS BEEN SAYING IN THE SILENCES:

ERNIE

It was just a beautiful,
beautiful ceremony. John's
mother cried, we all cried...

Barrett stands over John, angry, stymied, unable to express his own feelings. John smiles up at him. In the silence, the news image changes...

TV NEWS

We're giving a complete coverage to the robbery of the Brooklyn bank where two homosexuals are holding...

(etc., UNDER THE FOLLOWING)

SAL

Hey! You hear that? They go 'two homosexuals'!

JOHN

Well, what's wrong? It's what's happening, isn't it?

SAL

I'm not a homosexual!

JOHN

(still looking at Barrett)

You got some funny friends if you're not.

SAL

You always do that, you always try to laugh about things. Don't try to make me laugh, I got no sense of humor.

JOHN

That's right, Sal, you don't. I don't see how you hold together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

87

SAL

You got to make them stop.

JOHN

Stop what?

SAL

You talk to them and make them stop about two homosexuals in the bank.

As John is about to try to reason, Sal almost goes berserk: he screams and brings the gun up, on John!

SAL

(continuing)

You stop them!

ON JOHN

both frightened and compassionate for Sal: he knows why Sal fears this.

JOHN

(softly)

Okay, Sal. I'll try.

He gets up and starts for the front of the bank. Sal yells at his back...

SAL

I don't believe you any more, John. I don't believe you'll kill yourself; I think you'll wait until I shoot myself and then you'll just walk out. So I'll do it for you. Okay?

John stops at the front door. Silence except for the TV blathering on... HOLD THIS FULL SHOT. John's back to Sal, at the door. Sal talked out now. The others staring... waiting...

TV NEWS

... Meanwhile, protests from the gay community began coming into our switchboard...

John decides there's nothing to say: as he is about to open the door and step into the street -- THE LIGHTS GO OUT! First the inside lights, bank by bank -- John turns, startled. Then floodlights outside come on -- blinding them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John moves back inside further, crouching like an animal seeking cover. The TV SET stops. The PHONE ringing stops in mid-ring. It is silent and dark. They sit, alert, waiting for what may happen.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

FBI snipers are at positions, waiting. A small group of men make a last check. A signal is given. They get in their car and drive away. An FBI sniper lights a cigaret and settles down to wait, moving his rifle to a comfortable position.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

The old lady dozes over her puzzle. The police agents are being relieved. Light floods the front of the bank.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

as the door opens and John peeks out, blinking in the glare of the floodlights.

JOHN
Moretti? What the fuck is goin'
on?

There's no answer. John steps out into the street. He can't see anything any more: just glare of lights and black in between. The atmosphere is suddenly chillingly dangerous: the crowd SHOUTS come out of the dark, and we can't see from where. The street seems empty except for a few threatening silhouettes of heavily armed cops. John responds with bluster.

JOHN
(continuing)
Get the lights back on!

He steps out further into the street. From behind the glare of lights comes Baker, the FBI man. He is alone. Unsmiling. He walks up to John. John keeps talking to him...

JOHN
(continuing)
What is this, the FBI? Jesus,
now we're talkin', maybe we can
get this thing moving.

As Baker reaches him.

JOHN
(continuing)
First off, get the lights back on
and the air conditioning.

BAKER
(showing ID)
No more favors. That's all over,
John.

CONTINUED:

98.

JOHN
(sarcastically)
Aw Jesus, you been doin' us favors
all night!

BAKER
I've got a jet. I'll have an
airport limousine here in a half
hour. I want the hostages.

JOHN
Bullshit.

BAKER
I'd like to work with you on this,
not against you.

John comes around, looking for Barrett: - can he see him?

JOHN
Well, Jesus, those hostages are
keeping me alive.

BAKER
Okay, when do I get them?

JOHN
At the airport. We get on the
plane, check it out, and if it's
all okay we'll send them out.
Except one.

BAKER
I want them all.

JOHN
I want Ernie.

Pause, while Baker thinks this over.

BAKER
I want to come in, and see if
everybody's okay.

JOHN
You got guts. You think if Sal
and me have cut their throats
we're gonna let you out?

BAKER
I have to see.

John grins, grabs Baker and executes a very professional-
looking pat-down search.

(CONTINUED)

He removes Baker's .38 from a shoulder holster, producing it for the crowd with a flourish like a magician: some of the old playfulness returns for a moment. He carefully and with showbiz flourishes searches Baker's thighs and groin. The crowd HOWLS. Baker bears it with stoic calm.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

as John stands up from the search and finds Baker's eyes locked to his with flat calm.

JOHN
Jesus, you'd like to kill me, too.

BAKER
I wouldn't like to, but I will.

They start walking to the bank...

JOHN
It's your job, right?

BAKER
That's all it is, John, just a job. Nothing personal.

They are at the bank door. John stops and turns to him intensely:

JOHN
The man that kills me, I want him to do it because he hates my guts. Not because it's a job.

The moment passes: John opens the door and they go in.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

It's dark, very hot, sweaty, the hostages are looking the worse for wear. Sal sits with his gun right on Shirley's head. He stares at Baker with a feverish intensity. Baker suavely takes over: he and John are in constant battle for command:

JOHN
Nobody give their right name, it's the FBI!

BAKER
I just want to see all you young ladies are all all right in here.

TWO SHOT - SHIRLEY AND SAL

She's pissed.

SHIRLEY

Listen, we asked for the jet hours ago, what are you doin' out there?

Baker is watching Sal, trying to gauge him.

BAKER

It's all being set up, we'll have you all out of here in a couple of hours.

SHIRLEY

Just give them what they want.

BAKER

They're getting what they want. We just want to be sure we get what we want, which is to get you all out safe. Including you two boys.

JOHN

Yeah? What are you offering?

BAKER

That's for the courts to decide.

JOHN

You know the law: what's the sentence for armed bank robbery?

BAKER

Twenty-five years to life. You can get parole...

JOHN

For helping you I get twenty-five years?

BAKER

For helping, you get consideration when you come up for parole.

BARRETT

Take it.

SHIRLEY

Why not? It's better than being dead...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

94 ~~93~~

JOHN

Oh, no, man. You think prison would be like a sexual paradise for a couple faggots! But Sal's right, he's not really gay. He's a guy has never had a mother or a father, and the only people who ever took him in and gave him anything or cared if he felt all right were some gays. When he got out of reformatory. But in prison he got....

SAL

John....

JOHN

Tell 'em! It's no shame to you! You fought bravely...

(to them)

In prison they gang-banged him: eight guys up the tuchus! To this day he's screamin' in his sleep. So Sal isn't goin' back to prison, no way.

SHIRLEY

For God's sake, get them the jet...

Baker nods, and John and he start out again...

BY THE DOOR

as John is letting Baker out.

BAKER

Outside, for a second?

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

as they exit and stand in the doorway out of earshot of the others. Baker is matter-of-fact, but insinuating and conspiratorial.

BAKER

John, you handled yourself real well. A lot of men would have choked, and we'd have a lot of chaos and panic and maybe a death or a multiple death on our hands, but you handled it. I respect that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAKER (cont'd)

Don't you try to take Sal. We'll handle him. You just sit tight and you won't get hurt.

He starts to go. John grabs him...

JOHN

Wait a minute, what the fuck do you mean by that?

BAKER

(quiet)

What I said. You just sit quiet and we'll handle Sal.

JOHN

What kind of a deal is this? You think I'd sell him out? You son of a bitch!

But he has protested too long and too loud. Baker stares at him quietly and only smiles a little. John doesn't move. HOLD on John as Baker walks away across the street. John turns back into the bank.

INT BARBER SHOP NIGHT

As Baker steps into the door. The place is jammed. Moretti stands inside the door where John could not have possibly seen him. Baker quietly turns and stands beside him, both men looking back across the street.

MORETTI

~~John, what the fuck is that?~~
The little bastard miss me?

~~Baker~~

Baker smiles that supercilious Erlichman smile of his.

Where's Moretti?

INT. BANK - NIGHT

as John re-enters. He's restless, hyperactive, constantly moving during this scene, a man with a potentially guilty conscience.

JOHN

(to Sal -- over-
aggressively)

He just wanted to talk about how
we let them go.

SAL

(relentless)

Why couldn't he say that here?

JOHN

I don't know, Sal. Why won't Ernie
come over? The limousine is coming
in a half hour.

(noticing Barrett)

Hey, you okay? Those bastards -
they doped the pizza! Sal - you
didn't eat any, did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRETT

I didn't eat any pizza -

SHIRLEY

He's got diabetes, he's not a well person.

JOHN

You're supposed to balance your sugar diet, right?

Barrett nods blearily.

JOHN

(continuing)

Whattaya need? A doctor?

He's already at the door...

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

JOHN

Hey! Is there a doctor over there?
Get him over here! Come on, on
the double!

Baker and a young DOCTOR appear, concerned...

BAKER

What's wrong?

JOHN

The manager, he's diabetic, he's
lookin' bad.

(to Doctor)

You go on in...;

The Doctor hustles past. HOLD on Baker.

BAKER

He says he'll talk to you.

Ernie moves up beside Baker. John is standing in the door.
The invisible crowd ROARS!

JOHN

Happy Birthday. That's all I
wanted to say.

ERNIE

Oh, no, you don't do that to me!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

97

ERNIE (cont'd).

You didn't want me to have the sex change! You married me as a man. You didn't know if you could love me as a woman.

JOHN

I don't want you to have the operation, Ernie, but you do, and I want you to have what you want.

ERNIE

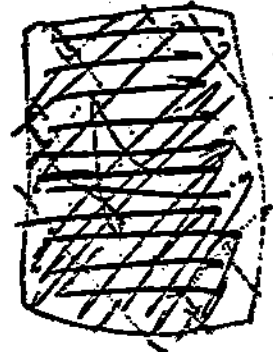
Then call me Liz.

JOHN

Maybe I'll learn to love you as a woman, then I'll call you Liz.

ERNIE

You don't know how to love, John. I'm lying in the hospital half dead because I tried to take my life in fear of you, and I wake up with tubes coming out every which way and you're standing over the bed, and do you know what you said?



John is rigid with embarrassment: he knows what he said but he shakes his head no like a kid taking punishment he knows he deserves ...

ERNIE

(continuing)

You said, 'Why? Just when everything was going so good'?

JOHN

I told you I was going to get you the money, for your birthday...

ERNIE

You didn't tell me how. They're going to kill you, or stick you in jail the rest of your life. I'll never get my operation.

JOHN

Come in the bank. Come on... with Sal and me. We'll fly away to Algeria and live there.

ERNIE

I don't know anybody in Algeria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN

You won't come?

ERNIE

Will you tell them, John? They think I knew. They think I'm part of it...

ON JOHN

JOHN

(as to Moretti before)

Kiss me.

Baker and Ernie are unaware of the significance: it must not be lost on the audience! Ernie steps forward toward John in the door.

The crowd ROARS. Baker reaches out, and as John and Ernie kiss, he grasps Ernie firmly by the belt of her dress (if she has one) and holds on tight so she can't be pulled into the bank.

They hold the kiss for a beat, then Ernie is pulled back by Baker.

TWO SHOT - ERNIE AND BAKER

Ernie waits for the word that will prevent prosecution.

CLOSE - JOHN

He smiles at Ernie.

ERNIE

Tell them - You did it on your own...

JOHN

I did it for you.

And turns back into the bank... the crowd ROARS. He disappears throwing a fuck-you finger to them as he goes...

INT. BANK - NIGHT

as John re-enters. He moves past the Doctor who is finishing giving Barrett insulin or whatever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

77

JOHN
You feelin' okay?

BARRETT
Okay, thanks...

John has picked up the phone...

JOHN
(into phone)
You cut off incoming, gimme a line
to call my wife... I want to talk
to my kids...

He dials.

SAL
John? I saw Ernie...

JOHN
She wouldn't come. I couldn't
grab her, because the FBI had her
by the belt...

SAL
John...

JOHN
(anguished; to
the air)
Here I am, I could call, and they'd
put anybody on the phone, the Pope,
an astronaut, the wisest of the
wise and who do I have to call?
(to phone)
Carmen?

CARMEN'S APT: NITE

CARMEN
(on phone; excited)
Hey, Johnny! I'm watchin' it on
TV!

JOHN
What about the kids?

CARMEN
They don't know, I sent them to
the neighbors. Johnny, Jesus, it's
not like you. I can't believe,
because you never hurt anybody
since the day I knew you.

The TV is on,
the kids up and
racing around,
neighbors around
pouring beer -
an event!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Carmen, I'm dying.

CARMEN

(oblivious)

I blame myself, Johnny. I notice you been tense, like something is happening; the night before last you're yellin' at the kids like a madman, believe me. Because you never talked like that. I was scared of you and I never been scared of you, never. I think: he's gonna shoot me and dump my body in the river.

JOHN

Carmen, for Christ sake, shut up! Will you shut your fucking mouth and listen?!

CARMEN

(afraid)

See? You're screaming with the language and all! A person can't communicate with you. You become a stranger in your own home...

John sits, dispiritedly listening to this rap: seeing her in a clear and unambiguous light as before he saw Ernie: what a waste to live in the company of people like this!

CARMEN

(continuing)

... because you hurt me, God how you hurt me. Can you imagine, marrying another man? Did I do something to make you do that? Did I ever turn you down, or anything? The only thing I couldn't do, you're gonna laugh, is go on top -- I got this fear of high places!

(giggles)

And I let myself get fat...

JOHN

Don't call yourself fat...

CARMEN

I know you can't stand me to say I'm fat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARMEN (cont'd)

Like I can't stand you being a bank robber. I guess that's what love is.

JOHN

(weakly)

Carmen -- why didn't you come down here?

CARMEN

Jesus... what -- I'm afraid. I'm gonna get shot, or whatever... you oughta see it on the TV, the guns. The cops, they got cannon, machine guns, they're loaded with bear.

JOHN

They're not after you, they're after me.

CARMEN

Listen, it's late already when I realize it's not just a couple of ordinary faggots, it's you and

Sal. ~~I couldn't get a baby sitter.~~ I couldn't get a baby sitter... *just*

Carmen goes on and on, but John just drops the phone on the hook.

The Doctor is through examining Barrett.

DOCTOR

Listen, I think I better take him back for a cardiac...

John, agitated, waves him away: anything, anything...

BARRETT

I'm okay, I'm staying here.

DOCTOR

But...

John deliberately misinterprets the Doctor's objections and plays, as usual, the fool...

JOHN

Ya can't send the bill in the morning? Here...

He stuffs money into the Doctor's pockets and pushes him to the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUOUS. (7)
The Doctor doesn't know what to do with it... he keeps trying to get rid of it, and John keeps giving him more...

JOHN

(continuing)

No, keep it! Jesus, it's a privilege to pay for a top man, to get the best! By God, my doctor doesn't vacation in the Catskills, I want him to go to Paris in the springtime! Here...

EXT. BANK DOOR

as John hustles the Doctor outside. A lot of noise: he is about to plunge back into the bank, when he stops to see what's going on now.

~~NEW ANGLES - HIS POV 3-1-52 3-1-52~~

Hastily made, huge, about forty feet long, being raised above the heads of crowd to where John can see it. We can't read it until it's all the way up. Then it reads:

WE LOVE YOU LOVE YOU, LITTLEJOHN!

As the crowd reads it, fist fights break out and it totters and staggers, but the defenders fight bravely... They are ordinary looking people - not freaks...

ON JOHN

(at them)
looking at it with mixed feelings.

ON BAKER

standing across the street looking at him. Baker indicates his watch. Holds up ten fingers: ten minutes...

ON JOHN

He turns into the bank.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

John turns back into the bank, his face mad with pain... he walks down to Barrett and from his wallet produces two pictures he puts down in front of him. Barrett and Shirley look at them.

JOHN

Dawn. Shawn.

SHIRLEY

They're beautiful!

He looks up at Sal. Sal is only a silhouette in the dark.

JOHN

How you doin', Sal?

SAL

I'm okay.

JOHN

Sal's not goin' to jail.
(referring to picture of Dawn and Shawn)

I'll never see them again.
Mister Barrett?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

105

Barrett is surprised.

JOHN

(continuing)

I had bank training. I had a good job, with Chase. I'm a Vietnam veteran, honorable discharge. I support my wife and children... wives and children... would you hire me if I asked you for a job?

BARRETT

No.

JOHN

Why?

BARRETT

Because ... you're like a fifteen year old, John. You come up and say any God damn thing to get in a conversation, but all you do is interrupt. It's all you, you, you.

JOHN

That's not true! My life is a mess, nobody gives a shit about me. I bust my gut and nuthin' do I get back.

Barrett hands him back his kid pictures, gently.

BARRETT

You got good kids.

John makes a gesture or movement of utter hopelessness...

BARRETT

(continuing)

I'm gonna assume everything you say is right, because what difference does it make? We're all pissed off, everybody's lives are fulla what? friends running off with your wife, kids get sick, die, the roof leaks, the dog runs out in the street and gets squashed; John, life is one long tale of ruin and disaster, betrayal and the headlines from abroad - you got your bombing raids and hunger and earthquakes, so you're right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

104.

BARRETT (cont'd)

All your anger is justified. Is it gonna help if you're dead, we're all dead? What good does that do, to just add to it? We got to solve this.

John is looking off at Sal.

CLOSEUP - SAL

looking at him. Implacable. This tension between them over the question of John's loyalty must be kept constantly alive with cuts and looks, over dialogue...

SHIRLEY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Somebody give me another cigarette.

Sal turns to look at her reproachfully.

ON SHIRLEY

SHIRLEY

I wish somebody would tell me I'm gonna live long enough for it to be a habit.

As she is lighted up they speak in hushed tones...

SANTA

How come Kathy got out?

SHIRLEY

She's got a baby to take care of, she should of gone first. My husband, he'll be okay. My parents will be okay... they'll all get along okay.

A brief silence to absorb the implications of this.

SHIRLEY

(continuing)

I even know who the bum is gonna marry. Terrific. She'll take good care of him. Who's that?

She has seen something in the middle of the street, and now...

as they all turn to look out through the door.

THEIR POV

Backlighted by the floodlights in the middle of street, escorted by Baker, stands a figure, dumpy and gray, tentatively waving, a figure that bends over baby carriages in the park, picks beans one by one out of supermarket bins, lip reads get-well cards in pharmacies.

ON JOHN

JOHN

It's my mother. Who needs this
shit?

But he gets up as a dutiful son and starts for the front of the bank.

SAL

(after him)

Stay where I can see you, John.

John turns briefly and smiles at him as he goes out the door.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

as John walks to his MOTHER. Baker tactfully moves away, leaving the two of them in the center of the floodlighted street. Again the crowd can be heard but not seen; armed police fringe the lights and shadows, in b.g.

JOHN

What are you doin' down here, Ma?
You could of watched it on TV.

She doesn't say anything; something like a frozen smile, desperate and almost brave is on her face, and tears gently begin to run down. The crowd loves it; John instantly tries to hide it from view and talk her out of it...

JOHN

(continuing)

I don't need you down here.

VI

You didn't tell me you needed any
money.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Where the hell are you gonna get two thousand, five hundred dollars?

VI

I got two hundred and twenty-five dollars in the savings. I got...

JOHN

Two hundred is only gonna pay for the castration. Then they got to do the rest of the operation.

VI

What's wrong with Ernie the way he is, you married him, isn't that enough?

JOHN

Don't fight with Ernie, Mom? Please? I'm gonna have to leave on a plane for a long time. I don't want to think of you fighting: I want to think of my family living together and taking care of each other and loving each other... why can't we love each other?
(she breaks down)

Mom!

VI

I told them you were a wonderful boy, you were never any trouble.

JOHN

You told who?

VI

The FBI. They're very nice, John. They are understanding... I told them you were with Goldwater at the '64 convention, Vietnam, you always had good jobs, a good son. They say if you just come out, it'll be fine.

JOHN

Aw, for Christ sake, mother.

VI

I said you were never a faggot.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

(sarcastic)

Just ac-dc. An adventurer of the heart.

VI

(oblivious)

Whatever, you would never do anything wrong. It'll be fine. I talked to them. They said because of the way you've protected the hostages they would let you come out.

JOHN

Mom...

VI

I told them, you got a lot on your mind. They said you did it because you got problems.

JOHN

Ah, for God's sake, Mom...

VI

(fire)

You sayin' I don't know what the man said to me? What have I got to do, implore you? Come out, Johnny, everybody knows it isn't really you that did it.

JOHN

Please don't get on Carmen again.

VI

Did I say a thing against her? God forbid I should say anything against that fat cunt.

JOHN

Mom. Mom. There are some things a mother shouldn't say in front of her son.

VI

If she comes down here, so help me I'm gonna mash her brains in. Everything in your life was sunlight and roses until you met her. Since then, forget it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

She doesn't have anything to do with it! You understand that? Mother? Ma!

VI

I know you wouldn't need Ernie if Carmen was treating you right. The thing I don't understand is why you come out and sleep with Carmen anyway? You got two kids on welfare now. What're you goin' to bed with her, you don't have enough with one wife and two kids on welfare, you want a wife and three kids on welfare?

JOHN

(this is old stuff)

Not now, Mom, please.

VI

What'll you do? Come out.

JOHN

(patient - I told you a hundred times)

I can't, Mom. If I come out Sal will kill them.

VI

Oh.

(she thinks for a moment)

Run.

JOHN

What the hell for? Twenty-five years in the pen? Or a shot in the back? Sal's good, he really is.

VI

Maybe...

JOHN

Maybe! Aw Christ, what dreams you live on! Maybe what?

She stares at him. He talks slowly and carefully to her.

JOHN

I'm a fuckup and an outcast. There isn't one single person in my life I haven't hurt through my love.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)

You understand that? I'm the most dangerous person in the world, because if I love you, watch out, you're gonna get fucked, fucked over and fucked out!

VI

No!

JOHN

Did Pop come down?

VI

No. This really pissed him off, John. He says he doesn't have a son.


JOHN

He's right: you all just pretend I died.

ON VI

Her desperate smile, apologetic and false at the same time, glistens with a mother's tears. After a long beat:

VI

 I remember how beautiful you were. WE had such hopes.

As a baby you were so beautiful.

ON JOHN

staring hard at her. He pantomimes - kiss kiss!, turns and walks away.

~~THE LOW SOUNDS OF HIS BREATHING~~

INT. BANK - CLOSE ON DOOR - NIGHT

as John enters and stops, controlling his emotions.

JOHN

Mister Barrett?

BARRETT

Yeah?

JOHN

Are you a lawyer?

BARRETT

No. I had some legal training,
but...

JOHN

I want to dictate my will. You
got a notary?

SHIRLEY

I'm a notary.

He's reached them by now. His urgent mood reaches them.
Shirley gets notepad. Takes the dictation...

JOHN

I want to dictate... we don't have
much time. Being of sound mind and
body, and all that shit...

(Shirley nods:
got it)

To my darling wife Ernie whom I love
as no other has loved another man in
all eternity, I leave \$2,700 from my
\$10,000 life insurance policy, to be
used for your sex change operation.
If there is money left over it is to
go to you on the first anniversary of
my death, at my grave. I expect you
to be a real woman then, and your
life full of happiness and joy.

To my sweet wife Carmen, five thousand
from the same policy. You are the
only woman I have ever loved, and I
re-pledge my love to you in this sad
moment, and to little Dawn and Shawn.
I hope you remember me, Shawn. You
are the little man of the family now,
and will have to look after them for me.

To my mother I ask forgiveness. You
don't understand the things I did and
said, but I'm me, and I'm different.
I leave you the rest of the policy
and my stamp collection. I want a
military funeral and am entitled to
one free of charge.

Life and love are not easy and we
have to bend a lot. I hope you find
the places and the people to make you
all happy as I could not. God bless
you and watch over you, as I shall,
until we are joined in the hereafter,
sweet Ernie, my Carmen, dearest Dawn
and Shawn, and my Mother:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)

John... here I'll spell the last name...

He sits and writes it for Shirley. Nobody says anything about this document. What is there to say? Shirley starts typing it up...

EXT. BANK - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT

The restless crowd stirs, sensing something happening. Turning to see something coming.

APARTMENT FIRE ESCAPE

The cops gear up their weapons; radios crackle. Something, a vehicle, is moving through the crowd, cops shoving people aside to let it through. The Old Lady pays no attention. She is down to one of the very last pieces of the puzzle and is searching for the spot for it.

LOW ANGLE IN CLEAR PLACE IN FRONT OF BANK

as the vehicle clears the crowd and slowly draws up in front. It is a long airport limousine of the type with many doors, carrying garish-advertising: BATES OF VENUS. 24 GIRLS 24 HRS. MASSAGE GREEK FRENCH ROMAN - MAJOR CREDIT CARDS.

It stops. Everyone's attention is on it. A black driver gets out, a gay Afro knit on his head, coke dealer's shades, and for the cognoscenti, one very long little finger nail. He looks around, holding a sheet of paper. Baker, others, approach. They are looking into the vehicle, opening doors, checking tires, etc.

DOOR OF BANK

John appears. He strides to the limo.

JOHN

Okay. Get away from it.

After a moment the cops all move back. John opens the front door and begins to check it out. The driver is impatient.

DRIVER

You the relief?

(nobody replies)

Nobody explain nothin' to me -

TWO SHOT - JOHN AND DRIVER

112

John's intent on searching the front part of the limo.
The Driver is trying to get his attention.

DRIVER

Hey, somebody got to sign me out?

JOHN

(busy)

You stick with me. These seats
come out?

INT. LIMO - CLOSE - JOHN AND DRIVER

Together they remove the seat so John can check for guns
concealed below, etc. Improvise to fit conditions of the
car.

DRIVER

(helping)

What's all this pig doin' out
after dark?

JOHN

(working)

They're after some guys holdin'
up this bank.

DRIVER

No shit?

(grins)

That's tough. They in there?

JOHN

Guns. Hostages. Smile, you're
on TV.

DRIVER

(pleased)

I'll be Goddammed. What are you
lookin' for?

JOHN

Guns.

DRIVER

Yeah? Hey?! You doin' it?

John stops, satisfied there are no hidden weapons in the
limo.

JOHN

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER
(delighted)
Aw shit.

JOHN
Want me to sign for it?

DRIVER
(hands over paper
and pen)
Yeah. Well, by God I'm gonna
remember you!

JOHN
(hending it back)
I hope somebody does.

~~DRIVER
Okay, I'm ready. Who are you going?~~

Driver
The cops move in and hustle ~~him~~ away. John is signaling to Baker. With Baker is a young, falsely smiling, unspiring version of himself. Murphy.

BAKER
(to Driver)
Okay, you, go on with them.
(to John)
Murphy here is driving you out.

John looks at Murphy. He has a sudden qualm.

NEW ANGLE

As John turns to see the black Driver being hustled off, arguing with the FBI men in protest...

JOHN
Hey!
(to Baker)
I want him to drive us out.
(indicates
Driver)

DRIVER
(hearing it)
Oh, hey, no. No, no.

BAKER
I can't allow that, John.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

You can't allow! I'm running this thing! What gives you the idea you can say shit? You get his ass over here. And get this bastard out!

He has illustrated his point by beginning to search Murphy and turning up a gun in an ankle holster right from the start. He throws the gun into the crowd. The Driver stands staring at him: they all do: he means business.

JOHN

(to Driver)

All you do is drive us to the airport.

DRIVER

Whyn't you drive yourself?

JOHN

I'm gonna be busy. Come on, there's gonna be a whole bunch of us, nobody's gonna shoot! If they were gonna shoot they'd shoot me now.

The Driver looks around ^{desperately} to the FBI, to get him out of this.

He's got a...

JOHN CONT.

Don't look at him, ~~he's~~ I'm rubbing this.

Pause. Baker finally reluctantly nods. The Driver steps forward. Before he can get in the car, John stops him. Signals to him to get ready. Gives him a thorough pat search. Thighs, the whole bit.

CLOSE ANGLES AS HE SEARCHES

It is tense. The Driver seems up tight. John finds nothing until he touches a breast pocket. The Driver is very uptight. John reaches in, pulls out a -- tiny bottle, with a coke spoon chained to the lid. Before Baker can see it, but the audience has, John shoves it back, grins, slaps the Driver on the buns. The Driver laughs delightedly. He was afraid he'd get busted for the dope: the drive will be a cakewalk.

JOHN

You'll be okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

115

DRIVER
(to FBI)
You men shoot, aim for the white
meat!

He loves the joke! They act as though they hadn't heard.

JOHN

as he examines the situation. The limo is positioned in the center of the empty street in front of the bank door. It can be seen from inside. The FBI men stand well back from it. The Driver stands by the door. He also can be seen.

BAKER
Okay, John.

DRIVER
Where do I go?

BAKER
You follow my car.

Driver nods. John is satisfied and turns to the bank.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Shirley is finishing her typing. The girls and Barrett are slowly getting ready. Sal stands with his gun ready. As John enters and takes up his gun, Sal carefully and methodically begins to redress himself, comb his ruffled hair, knotting his tie carefully...

ANGLES FAVORING SAL

As he rebuilds his sartorial image before the various reflecting surfaces of the bank, knotting his tie in a glass partition, checking his suit for wrinkles in a glass door, etc. Meanwhile we are seeing the following, which Sal ignores:

JOHN ENTERING

JOHN
Hey, let's get ready!

SHIRLEY
John? Here's your... document.

116
looking at the will, taking up pen.

ON SHIRLEY, BARRETT

watching him with compassion.

INSERT

John signs fast and firmly...

INSERT

Shirley's notary seal clamps and imprints the paper...

LOW CLOSE ANGLE - JOHN

JOHN

Okay, okay, okay! What a bunch of
cold fish: it's an adventure!
Everybody's gonna remember you the
rest of your lives, the day you
got stuck up and kidnapped... hey!

His eye has struck some reminder. They handle this.

JOHN

(continuing)
You got BankAmericard?

BARRETT

(tired)
What now, John?

JOHN

(opening wallet)
Listen, I owe a couple hundred
dollars! I don't wanta leave
owing anybody anything! A clean
slate, a new leaf...

He plunks his card down before Shirley.

JOHN

I paying off.
(money from
attache case)
Here. Two hundred should do it.

(CONTINUED)

BARRETT
(to Shirley)

Take it!

They go through the action of filing the form and accepting the money...

JOHN

I want a receipt. Hey, Sal, you okay?

SAL

(deep in his
hair or tie or?)

Okay, John.

JOHN

All right.
(accepts receipt)

They are ready. A moment in the dark. John holds out the will to Barrett.

JOHN

Hold it for me?

Barrett takes it. John shakes his hand. Suddenly, emotionally, he embraces Shirley. Suddenly they are all saying silent goodbyes. Shaking hands all around, formally. Only Sal is left untouched, standing apart, watching them, in the dark.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Everyone waits in silence. The lights. The limo. The Driver waiting in the driver's seat. After a beat the door begins to open.

VARIOUS ANGLES

As cops' guns are brought to bear. On the apartment fire escape the old lady is asleep, her puzzle complete. The snipers raise their rifles.

FRONT OF BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

Baker stands there. The police radio network crackles: they're coming out. Perpetrators and hostages together. Only authorized personnel may fire. Repeat, nobody is to use a weapon unless previously authorized, and etc. Baker's eyes go to:

A middle-aged man who looks like an overweight accountant, in flak vest and helmet that seems too small, aiming through a telescopic sight at:

DOOR OF BANK

Land Sal

is thrown
some draper from
the bank

Something that looks like a multi-legged animal emerges. It is John in the center of a tight group of the girls, and Barrett. so he is completely protected on all sides by hostages. Over their heads is ~~coat or blanket~~ that further prevents the police from drawing a clear bead on John (without hitting a girl). In fact they can't be seen at all. This weird apparition appears, hesitates. The crowd yells: SHOOT! CHOREOGRAPH THE ACTION so the group hesitates, takes a step forward, then it's clear John can't see well enough to go direct to the car, and the girls are uncertain which direction to go in, not having been briefed. So they stumble about, make false starts, and finally arrive at the car, where one girl gets into the second row of seats behind the driver. Then John slides across. Then Shirley slips in beside him.

VARIOUS ANGLES TO COVER

The police have ~~no~~ no chance to shoot. ~~Now the door opens and the second multi-legged animal emerges. One girl from John's group has slipped into the first row of seats behind the driver. Sal's group also looks like a bewildered centipede finding its way. Now as they reach the car, Barrett detaches himself from the group and slips into the first row, and a girl slips in next to him. Santa gets in the rear-most row of seats. Sal next to her in the middle and then another girl. One woman, Delores, a plain middle-aged woman who has not said a word until now is left over. She stands by the side of the limo as the doors close and this phase of the operation ends, without mishap.~~

JOHN

(elated)

Fuck! We did it!

SHIRLEY

(to Delores)

Goodbye, honey. Wish us luck!

Delores pecks out dry little kisses to the nearest girls.

ANGLE THROUGH JOHN'S DOOR WINDOW

as Delores pecks... goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

~~I'm a son of a bitch - we're all okay!~~
I'll be a son of a bitch - we're all okay!

DELORES

(to John)

I'm a Christian, and my ears are not garbage cans.

John howls with laughter.

JOHN

Hey, man! Honk the horn. Let's go!

The Driver honks the HORN: they're ready. The crowd screams. Cops keep jockeying for position, but there is no way to get a shot in.

ON BAKER

No emotion.

BAKER

Phase two.

He steps into his car, a police car pulls up behind, and the procession starts to pull slowly toward the crowd.

ON DELORES AND BANK

As the limo pulls away, she is bewildered by the rush of police, bank people, FBI men who stream past her, ignoring her, all pouring into the bank. TV crews move by and finally -- one stops to interview her.

ON THE CARAVAN

Being rammed through the jam of cops and screaming people trying to get a last look. The hostages looking out, wan, worried. John and Sal inside, alert, ready with guns.

THEIR POV

Moving shots from inside the limo. The faces of the poor, the excited, the vicious, the curious, and in one SHOT some of the people from the Gay Liberation Movement carrying hastily lettered signs: one protesting John:

YOU ARE AN INSULT
TO YOUR KIND

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And another:

WE LOVE LOVE LOVE
YOU LITTLEJOHN!

Their scared and wan faces swim past in the mob. John's mother is briefly seen looking out of the barber shop window, alone and forgotten. The cops stare heavily, sullen with anger.

Now the limo is moving faster. People are running alongside, yelling insults, trying to see in, asking for handouts, but they are going faster.

Inside, they say nothing. Up ahead Baker's car flashes a red light. Behind, the police car does the same.

VARIOUS EXT. AND INT. ANGLES AS THE PROCESSION MOVES
THROUGH BROOKLYN - NIGHT

MOVING VIEW FROM GROUND

A helicopter follows above them.

VIEWS IN STREETS

They move along followed by a honking parade of kibitzing cars, like a Mexican wedding.

ANGLE AT AIRPORT THRUWAY

They turn onto the thruway, trying to out-distance the cars tagging along.

INT. LIMO

Silence. John and Sal hold their rifles ready between their knees.

ANGLE ON AIRPORT FENCE

As they veer off the Thruway, a barely seen guard swings open a gate and they roar through. The Guard pushes the gate to, and the following caravan of cars brakes, skids and a pile-up of fender bender accidents begins, cars going into the fence and each other.

Cars are strewn all around. Doors open and drivers leap out ready to yell and do battle. The cops guard the now closed gate.

KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Distant lights, some moving. Total darkness. The FBI car, the limo, the following police car move across the darkness...

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

They sit quiet, following the FBI car. The FBI car stops. They stop. Silence.

DRIVER

What now, babe?

JOHN

You just sit quiet.

DRIVER

I ain't gonna do nothin'.

~~I got a nice young baby for an old lady. And everybody that meets me likes me, so I feel real good. So all I want to do is drink, and get drunk and go to work, and miss a few days there, and argue with my boss.~~

~~JOHN
(distracted)
Yeah, well, nobody's interested, you know?~~

~~DRIVER
(reproachfully)
Oh, that's strong!~~

JOHN

Barrett -- can you see what they're doing?

BARRETT

Just sitting, talking on their radios.

DRIVER

I'm tryin' to tell you all I want is to get home and...

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Okay. We got it...

Baker is getting out of the car up ahead. John and Sal and all of them come alert.

DRIVER

Okay, I'm sociable.

As Baker and the other FBI men get out of their car, a pair of aircraft landing lights becomes visible, taxiing towards the limo.

JOHN

There it is, Sal. Sal?

SAL

I'm here.

JOHN

Oh, Jesus! Hey. How about food?
I forgot to ask to have food on board.

Baker has been walking down to the limo. He stops beside John's row of seats and knocks on the window. John rolls it down.

BAKER

That's the jet. You give us one more, now. That's the deal...

JOHN

Okay. Which one goes?

There is silence inside the limo.

BARRETT

Shirley? You go.

SHIRLEY

No. Santa. Go on, honey.

They open the door. They urge her out, and Santa goes with a show of reluctance.

ON SANTA

As she stands up outside she is revealed to have a rosary she's counting. Improvise goodbyes, tearful and fearful all around. Then:

(CONTINUED)

SANTA

I pray for your safety...
(meaning John
and Sal)
... Sal? Because I know it's
your first plane trip. Don't be
scared, you know?

And Santa walks away. Now the plane has taxied into position, where it can be seen in floodlights. It looks big and impressive. We know the FBI has snipers ringing it.

JOHN

I ain't eaten all day. I just realized it.

BAKER

We'll have hamburgers on the plane. You ready?

CLOSE - JOHN

looking at the plane, grasping his money and his gun. The rifle stands straight up between his legs. Baker leans down, peering in at him.

JOHN

Ready.

ANGLE - SAL

In front of John, behind Barrett. For the first time he smiles. He realizes that escape is within their grasp. The smile transforms him from a formidable Mafia imitation into an utterly sweet and defenseless youth.

SAL

You did it, John.

CLOSE - JOHN

JOHN

Let's move it, Goddamn it.

BAKER

(to Driver)

You ready to get out first?

DRIVER

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

Driver starts to turn in the driver's seat!

124

Baker brings up his hands to reach through the open window to grab John's rifle barrel.

Barrett sees them beginning their move and starts to duck.

Sal begins to see movement out of the corner of his eyes and is barely beginning to react.

Driver turning, has a gun over the back of the seat!

John sees it, and Baker's hand grabbing the barrel of his gun at the same moment.

Baker drives hard into the side of the limo, reaching in.

Barrett grabs the girl next to him and pulls her by the hair down toward the floor.

Sal, open-mouthed with amazement, is a split-second late bringing his gun up.

Driver completes his turn and has his gun leveled at Sal, past Barrett.

Baker grabs his rifle barrel and pulls hard. John lets it go.

Sal stares at the gun barrel, trying to get his gun up...

Driver FIRES.

Barrett hits the floor.

Baker holds John's gun.

John, CLOSE, watches.

Sal, hit, slams back into the seat; the gun flies upward. Another SHOT hits him, flinging his head back, almost into John's lap.

Driver holds his third shot, which was for John.

John looks down so he can see fully as:

Sal's head snaps back for a split second and stares directly into John's eyes, upside down.

He stares sadly, into John's eyes. As though he knew it all along -- betrayed.

And dies.

(CONTINUED)

CAPS

CONTINUED: (2)

125

The shot is echoing. Now screams, yells, slamming doors ... panic... John's voice: "Shoot me! For God's sake, shoot me!"

FULL SHOT

They come pouring out of the limo, scrambling frantically away from it. The limo -- the people fleeing it.

Driver and Baker and cops peer into the back. Sal's body lies slumped.

Driver, Baker, other cops stand about, recovering. No one makes the slightest sort of congratulatory move: it was just another job. Driver clears his weapon, hands it to Baker to be filed in case of investigation.

STET
[Handwritten initials]

ON SHIRLEY, BARRETT, HOSTAGES

They hug, cry, laugh, jump up and down: they're alive!

SHIRLEY

(to Barrett)

I been dying to do this for years!

And she kisses him hard in the mouth. He laughs and kisses back...

BAKER, JOHN

John is being searched and handcuffed, firmly. But not unduly roughly. Driver is there. John catches his eye. Echoing the Driver's earlier words:

JOHN

I'm not gonna forget you!

DRIVER

Yeah, well, I'm sorry...

JOHN

It's okay. Better him than me.

CLOSE - JOHN

Tears are beginning to flood past his defenses: that last statement is not true, or at least, he doesn't mean it.

(CONTINUED)

BAKER'S VOICE OVER

You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to counsel to be present, during your...
(etc.)

His voice is dry, as though he were reciting from memory something he learned in a language he doesn't understand.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE - ERNIE

Head-on shot, like a Warhol interview. Segue voice track. ^{TV*}

ERNIE

Well, I don't see how John can survive in prison, he was very loud, very boisterous, he was obnoxious.

CLOSE: HEADSHOT: JOHN

Being manipulated like so much beef by impersonal FBI agents...

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

ERNIE'S VOICE OVER

He was very hard to live with...

CARMEN'S VOICE OVER

He made me laugh.

~~ANGLE ON REPORTER~~

~~Holding out a microphone to an unseen person...~~

~~REPORTER~~

~~Didn't he pay for your sex change operation?~~

~~ON ERNIE~~

~~Looking ~~substantiated~~ offended, as though he felt "well what do you want to make of it?"~~

~~ERNIE~~

~~Yes.~~

~~THE END JOHN~~

~~They're getting off his belt, his shoe laces.~~

EXT BARBER SHOP NIGHT

Remnants of the crowd of sightseers, being interviewed by TV men avid for more more more news...these are people among the group that held up the big banner earlier: now we see them up close. They're folding up their banner. A very ordinary looking young guy:

PROUD YOUNG MAN

He put an end to all that pansy
limp wristed shit!

ANOTHER ANGLE: DIGNIFIED BUSINESSMAN

BUSINESSMAN

His wedding disgraced us. It was a
cheap joke.

FBI AND JOHN

They're getting off his belt, his shoe laces...

CARMEN

Because he always had a way of
getting out, always in the army
he was AWOL...

LESBIAN VOICE

The Lesbian community is in
an uproar over this...

ANGLE ON LESBIAN WOMAN BEING INTERVIEWED

LESBIAN CONT.

Why is it, just because you're
a homosexual, you're not supposed to
be president of the PTA or
fly an airplane or rob a bank?

~~SOBETMxHxMxMxM~~

~~Waxd on it by a p x o y m e m e a n z m y p r i g h t m~~
~~m x x x x o r s y m~~

TRANSVESTITE

He was a tacky little creep,

ANOTHER MAN

He's set homosexuality back about
five years.

~~voice passionate and eager is heard over...~~
~~HOMOSEXUAL MAN ONE~~
~~He put an end to all that~~
~~pansy limp wristed shit!~~
~~AGLE ON HOMOSEXUALS: BEING INTERVIEWED.~~
~~They can be at GAY Liberation HQ for a background.~~
~~Or in the context of a meeting, where these issues~~
~~were indeed discussed...the man is very ordinary~~
~~looking but very full of feeling, and nothing~~
~~limp wristed about him.~~

~~FROM YOUNG~~
~~HOMOSEXUAL MAN~~
I wish he'd of shot it out with
the cops and have taken one with him.

BACK TO JOHN

Manacled and helpless he is twisted into some
yet more uncomfortable position by the uncaring agents.

~~VOICES:~~
~~The Lesbian community is in an uproar~~
~~about this. Why should the TV say~~
~~'homos bandit this,' 'homos bandit~~
~~that?'~~
~~ERXIE J VICE~~
~~He was very hard to live with.~~

CARMEN'S VOICE
I can't help thinking how
he might ring the bell one of these days.
That's why I'm nervous, because I'm
always thinking some day he's gonna come
along and ring the bell....

Through the shot Sal's body is carried, John seeing
it out of the corner of his eye. He tries to look...

FBI MAN
Keep your eyes front.

~~SUPERIMPOSE~~ BACK TO JOHN

John is serving seven to twenty-five years in federal prison. Carmen and her children live on welfare.

~~127~~
128

PAULINE NATURILE : BEING INTERVIEWED

A faded, rattled woman, perhaps a little drunk...

NEWSMAN

How did you know ~~she~~ ^(your son) was involved?

PAULINE

It was on the TV.

NEWSMAN

When was the last time you saw ~~him~~ Sal?

PAULINE

Oh, a long time. Because I kept asking my husband where the heck could junior be? He wasn't around here. I thought maybe he was in prison or someplace.

NEWSMAN

Did you know he was a homosexual?

PAULINE

No, not until after they killed him.

NEWSMAN

Did you always call him Junior?

PAULINE

Yeah.

NEWSMAN

Do you remember anything else about Sal?

PAULINE

No, that's all.

BACK TO JOHN - AT AIRPORT

John isn't even listening... he sees something o.s.:

JOHN

Hey!

The hostages moving toward a car to take them home are passing nearby and turn to look at him...

JOHN

Goodbye! You were terrific!
Mouth! You're beautiful! ~~Goodbye!~~

THEIR REACTIONS

They stare at him; they've already begun to forget him: the moment in the bank when they said their goodbyes is already receding from their consciousness. Their smiles are forced, and they don't really know what to say.

SHIRLEY

Ah, John! Good luck, you know?

BARRETT

You were terrific, too!

SHIRLEY

Hey. It's raining!

And as the first welcome drops of cooling rain fall, they begin to move fast...

ON JOHN

Looking after them. The rain hitting his face... the adventure is over. But the everlasting smile overtakes him...

ERNIE

I'm glad. Life is easier with him
in prison.

CARMEN

It would be like always, the ball
would ring, we'd have a ball.

TV NEWS SHOW

The same TV Newsman we have used as our anchorman (though we should have used several) has obviously finished the news and looks o.s. to:

TV WEATHERMAN

The sweaty-palmed asshole we have come to know and tolerate, with a suit too big and manner that suggests he married the station owner's mongoloid daughter... he points to undecipherable maps...

TV NEWSMAN (over)
... ending their thirteen hour
ordeal. That was the day in the
news. And from the weatherman we
understand we've got relief.
Rain.

As the Weatherman opens his smiling mouth to speak, we:

BLACK OUT.

BEGIN TITLE AND CREDITS:

~~SINCE THERE WILL BE NO BEGINNING TITLE OR CREDITS
THE PICTURE LOGO WILL FLASH ON SCREEN NOW, AND
END MUSIC UP:~~

AS PACINO'S CREDIT IS SEEN, OVER A STILL OF HIM FROM
THE PICTURE: THE FOLLOWING IS SUPERIMPOSED:

JOHN IS SERVING 25 YEARS IN FEDERAL PRISON.

AS ERNIE IS SEEN:

ERNIE IS NOW A WOMAN NAMED LIZ

AS CARMEN IS SEEN:

CARMEN LIVES WITH HER CHILDREN ON WELFARE

THE END