

"MIDNIGHT RUN"

Screenplay by

George Gallo

SHOOTING DRAFT

The screen is BLACK. TRAFFIC HUMS on the SOUNDTRACK. MUSIC KICKS IN.

FADE IN:

The CREDIT SEQUENCE starts.

EXT. AVALON STREET - WATTS, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

An Olds creeps slowly along the street. BADASSES loiter. Pass before the headlights. A fight is in progress out front of a topless bar. Punches are thrown. STRAGGLERS laugh at the mayhem.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

This street is DEAD SILENT. The sidewalk is empty. A junkyard dog trots by on his nightly rounds. The Olds pulls into a spot at the curb. Tires CRACKLE over broken glass. The car engine DIES.

INT. OLDS - NIGHT

The driver taps a Camel cigarette. Raises it to his lips. Lights it with his Zippo. The flame reveals the face of JACK WALSH. Strong. Haggard. A killer stare. Pressure-cooker of a man. Always about to explode. The flame dances. Blue smoke swirls. The flame fades.

Walsh smokes his cigarette and stares at a four-story slum across the street. He glances at his watch. It's an old and battered Timex. It's been with Walsh for many years.

He checks his .45. It's loaded. Slips it back into his

shoulder holster. Opens the door. Gets out.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Walsh raises his collar against the Santa Ana wind and trots toward the slum.

INT. HALLWAY OF SLUM - NIGHT

Walsh enters. Eyes darting. Quietly moves up the first flight of stairs. The joint is SILENT.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Walsh turns the corner and moves up the stairs of the second floor. Catches a liquor bottle with his foot. BOUNCE. CLANK. CRASH. Walsh grimaces. A dog BARKS from a first-floor apartment. Cursing, Walsh moves for the third floor.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Walsh hits the top step. Squints. Finds apartment 3C. Approaches. Stops. Puts his ear to the door. Removes a lock pick. Crouches. Slips it in. Jiggles it quietly. Drops it. Walsh bends over to retrieve the lock pick, when SUDDENLY:

BLAMMM!!! A shotgun UNLOADS from the other side of the door. Wood chunks fly. A gaping hole appears in the door right where Walsh's head was a moment before. Walsh bounces on his ass. Curses. Gets up. Pulls out his .45. Doesn't need to open the door to see into the apartment. Twenty-two-year-old MONROE BOUCHET climbs out of his window into the night. Clanging down the fire escape. Walsh runs down the stairs.

INT. BOUCHET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Walsh runs through the apartment to the window. Looks out. Sees Bouchet making his way up the fire escape. He goes out after him.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Bouchet makes his way up to the roof and starts running. The lights of downtown L.A. sparkle in the distance. Walsh hoists

himself up to the roof, pursuing the fleeing Bouchet. Bouchet leaps from his building over to the next. Walsh, hot on his trail, does the same thing. Bouchet vaults over another alley to a third building. Ditto Walsh. Amazed that Walsh is still on his tail, Bouchet makes his most daring jump yet. He lands with a tumble, scoops up his shotgun and keeps moving. Without missing a beat, Walsh makes the leap and MISSES! He grabs at the ledge with his armpits. He slides slowly, grabbing for dear life as the old ledge cracks. It's a four-story drop. Some debris falls away. Walsh manages to pull himself back onto the roof. Winded, he spots Bouchet going down a fire escape at the far end of the building. Walsh is up and after him.

EXT. BOUCHET'S BUILDING - NIGHT

As Walsh appears at the rooftop, Bouchet opens FIRE. Walsh ducks. Bouchet continues down the metal staircase. Walsh clangs down after him. Bouchet hits the ground and runs into an alley. Walsh drops to the concrete in pursuit. As he turns into the alley, Bouchet fires again. Garbage cans EXPLODE. HEADLIGHTS of a car turn into the far end of the alley, aiming at Bouchet. Bouchet tries to avoid the car. Can't. He gets side-swiped. Growls with pain when he lands. The car SKIDS to a stop. From it emerges MARVIN DORFLER. If Walsh is the "Avis" of bounty hunters, Dorfler is the "Rent-a-Wreck." He makes up for his deficiencies with force. He's loaded with dim, impulsive behavior. Walsh approaches. He and Dorfler lock eyes. They know each other well. Too well.

WALSH

What the hell are you doin', Dorfler?

DORFLER

He's mine, Jack. Get lost.

WALSH

Fuck you, he's yours. He's mine.

Moscone assigned this guy to me.

Dorfler places his foot on Bouchet's chest. Bouchet still
MOANS.

DORFLER

Well, go straighten it out with
Moscone. I'll collect the money.

WALSH

(Closer)

Goddamn you, Dorfler. I nearly got
killed tryin' to get him!

Dorfler WHIPS out a .45. Points it at Walsh.

DORFLER

Back off, Walsh. I said I'm takin'
him.

Walsh stops. Smiles. Ear to ear.

WALSH

Marvin. Why are we fightin'? You and
me are friends.

DORFLER

This clown's worth fifteen hundred,
Jack. It's nothin' personal. Now get
lost.

WALSH

Alright, alright.

Suddenly Walsh points over Dorfler's shoulder.

WALSH

Marvin! Watch out!

Walsh decks Marvin.

BOUCHET

(Still dazed)

What the fuck's goin' on? You guys
ain't cops.

WALSH

No, we're musicians. Get in the car.

Walsh gets inside Marvin's car and takes off with Bouchet.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Walsh drives down the street, slowing Dorfler's car outside of the L.A. County Jail parking lot. He pulls in. Partway.

INT. DORFLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Bouchet looks at Walsh.

WALSH

Open your door.

Bouchet, confused, opens the car door. Walsh does the same with his car door. Then he BACKS UP quickly.

EXT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Both doors are RIPPED off the car by the two pillars at the entrance. Then Walsh swings Dorfler's car into the parking lot through the exit. The tires EXPLODE as Walsh proceeds the wrong way over the metal teeth that block incoming traffic. Walsh keeps moving and SLAMS into a brick wall, CRUNCHING the front end. Then Walsh puts it in reverse and ROARS into the parking spot he targets, CRUNCHING the rear end of the car against another brick wall.

INT. DORFLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Walsh looks at Bouchet.

WALSH

We get out here.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

A few PRISONERS mill about with their lawyers. A JANITOR mops the floor. Handcuffed to Walsh, Bouchet almost starts to cry.

BOUCHET

All I did was come home and he was

sleepin' with my old lady. And I shot him. Then I heard on the TV that the dude was "lucid." I didn't do that to him. I swear.

Walsh looks at Bouchet. Feels sorry for him.

WALSH
"Lucid" means he was coherent. Makin' sense when he talked.

BOUCHET
Shit. He wasn't "lucid" before I shot him.

Behind the window, a cop named GOOCH.

WALSH
Hey, Gooch, I've got a delivery.
(Sliding papers)
Monroe Bouchet.

GOOCH
Give you any trouble?

WALSH
Nah, he was real cooperative. A regular charm.

Bouchet thanks Walsh with his eyes as a GUARD takes him away.
Gooch hands Walsh a booking slip.

WALSH
Take care of yourself, Monroe.

BOUCHET
You too.

EXT. VIGNES STREET - DAWN

Walsh leaves the L.A. County Jail. The street glows with early blue of dawn. Across the way, there's a carnival of bail bond offices. All with lights. Inviting signs. Walsh heads for the sideshow.

INT. JOE MOSCONE'S BAIL BOND OFFICE - DAWN

Second floor. Huge glass doors. Three desks. Fourteen tons of paper. A thirty-year-old weasel of an assistant, JERRY GEISLER, reads a newspaper. He sucks toothpicks for a living. Walsh enters.

WALSH

Is Moscone in? I just dropped off Bouchet.

JERRY

You finally caught somebody, Jack?

WALSH

Jerry, is he in?

Jerry flips through the Los Angeles Times.

JERRY

It says here that eleven percent of people, in the course of dreaming, are aware of that fact while they're in the dream state.

Walsh has no patience for Jerry.

WALSH

Where is he, Jerry?

JERRY

That ever happen to you, Jack?

JOE MOSCONE exits his cubicle. He's a man on edge at all times. Juggling cash and clients and a thousand lies at once. He is slipping into a cheap sports jacket.

MOSCONE

Hey, Jerry, this ain't a library.

Walsh hands Moscone the booking slip. He glances at it.

MOSCONE

Bouchet was twelve hundred, right?

WALSH

No, fifteen.

MOSCONE

Oh, yeah, right. I was just going over to Denny's to catch the "grand slam breakfast." They start serving at six-thirty.

WALSH

Do you have my fifteen hundred?

MOSCONE

Of course. Did you think I was gonna stiff you?

WALSH

You? Never.

MOSCONE

Jack, you really are the best at what you do. Let me buy you some breakfast.

WALSH

I don't eat breakfast.

MOSCONE

Then have an early lunch. Hey, Jerry. Watch the phones.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - EARLY MORNING

Walsh and Moscone move down the street, heading for Denny's.

WALSH

You'll never guess who I ran into while I was taking in Mr. Bouchet.

MOSCONE

Who's that?

WALSH
Marvin Dorfler.

MOSCONE
No. Funny how that guy keeps poppin'
up.

WALSH
Hysterical.

MOSCONE
Jack, I'm not gonna bullshit you. I
got a little problem right now.

WALSH
Hey, can we stop and buy a copy of
Playboy, because when I'm being jerked
off, I like to look at something.

MOSCONE
What are you talkin' about?

WALSH
I've been through this. You're about
to tell me you don't have my fifteen
hundred.

MOSCONE
Jack, I've got something better than
fifteen hundred.

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

A typical Denny's interior. Walsh and Moscone sit at a table.
Walsh sips coffee and watches Moscone wolf down his "grand
slam breakfast."

MOSCONE
Do you know who Jonathan Mardukas
is?

WALSH
The Duke? Yeah, I know who he is.

MOSCONE

What do you know?

Walsh taps a Camel. Lights it.

WALSH

He's that accountant that embezzled a couple million from some Vegas wise guy and gave it to charity.

MOSCONE

That's pretty good, only it wasn't a "couple of million," it was fifteen million and it wasn't just "some Vegas wise guy," it was Jimmy Serrano.

WALSH

Yeah, I can read a newspaper.

MOSCONE

Well, I don't want to bring up the past, but isn't Serrano the guy that ran you out of Chicago when he was running things there years back?

Walsh tenses up.

WALSH

He didn't run me out.

MOSCONE

Sure. You left being a cop to do this shit.

WALSH

What's the point?

MOSCONE

The point, Jack, is twenty-five thousand bucks. I bailed the accountant out. Only, I didn't know who he was at the time. If I knew, I never would of put up the bond. I mean it would only be a matter of

time before Serrano vanished him from the planet and I'm out my four hundred and fifty grand.

WALSH

You're out four hundred and fifty grand on this guy?

MOSCONE

No.

WALSH

No?

MOSCONE

No. Because I've got you. And you're gonna go find him and bring him back.

WALSH

Right. How do you even know he's still alive?

MOSCONE

Because he sends Jimmy Serrano postcards from everywhere, telling him what a great time he's having with his money.

Walsh can't help but smile.

WALSH

How much time you have left?

MOSCONE

(Sick again)

Friday midnight I default and have to eat the four-fifty.

WALSH

That's five days. Forget it. You go find him.

MOSCONE

Jack, hear me out. I'll give you

fifty thousand. I'm in jam city.

WALSH

I've got to chase you down just to collect fifteen hundred. No dice.

MOSCONE

Jack...

WALSH

Jack, nothin'. What else have you got?

MOSCONE

If you don't get this guy, I might be out of business. I can't absorb this kind of loss.

WALSH

I'll do it for a hundred grand.

MOSCONE

A hundred grand! Are you out of your mind? Jack, this is an easy gig. It's a midnight run, for Christ sakes.

Walsh gets up.

MOSCONE

C'mon Jack, sit down.

WALSH

If you want me for a job this big, you pay me what's right. Maybe you haven't noticed but I'm tired of getting shot at.

MOSCONE

This guy's an accountant! He's not going to shoot you. Just put a bag over his head, hit him with a rubber hose and stick him on an airplane.

WALSH

I'll do it for a hundred grand and then I'm out of this business forever. And I want a contract. I want it in writing. A hundred grand, and I'll have the Duke here by Friday night.

Walsh sees that Moscone is about to give in.

WALSH

Now, do you think I could have my fifteen hundred?

Moscone starts reaching for his pocket.

INT. RAMPART DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Walsh moves through the homicide division with DETECTIVE DAVE HAMMOND. Other DETECTIVES sit at their desks. Phones RING. The joint is JUMPING as usual.

HAMMOND

I was just saying to myself that this has been the worst day in memory. All I need is Jack Walsh to appear, and look what blows in.

WALSH

Dave, look, I need a favor.

HAMMOND

What do you need? A case of Jack Daniels?

WALSH

The booking slip for a guy named Jonathan Mardukas.

HAMMOND

I'll get you a copy.

WALSH

No, Dave. I need to see the original.

HAMMOND

Copies were good enough for the FBI.

WALSH

They're looking for him, too?

HAMMOND

The guy's wanted in seven states.

INT. FILE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A dark cavern filled with file cabinets. Hammond pulls the police booking slip and hands it to Walsh. Walsh glances at the front. He crosses his fingers, takes a hopeful breath and turns it over. Scribbled on the back is a telephone number with a 212 area code. Walsh smiles.

HAMMOND

What did you find?

WALSH

The number Mardukas called after he was arrested.

Walsh starts to copy it down.

WALSH

Two-one-two. Looks like I'm going to New York.

EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY

Walsh exits Rampart Division Police Station. A very large black man -- with steel-rimmed sunglasses, dressed in a sharply pressed navy-blue suit -- stands alongside a car. His name is ALONZO MOSELY. As Walsh walks down the street, Mosely blocks his way. They lock eyes.

WALSH

Excuse me.

MOSELY

Are you Jack Walsh?

Walsh senses trouble.

WALSH

Do I know you?

Mosely starts to reach for his identification. Before he can get it out, Walsh starts to walk. Mosely moves to block him.

WALSH

Hey, get the fuck outta my way.

Walsh shoves Mosely back. A SCUFFLE ensues. SUDDENLY from out of nowhere, three men in suits appear. They surround Walsh. Shove him through the crowds and into a green Plymouth.

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

One of the men slides in behind the wheel. Mosely gets in the front. Walsh is wedged in the backseat between two men. Each of them wears sunglasses. Walsh sits in the silence as the four men stare him down through their dark green lenses.

MOSELY

Inspector Mosely, Federal Bureau of Investigation.

WALSH

Did you know there's a ten-dollar fine for jaywalking in Los Angeles?

No response. The other men are AGENTS PERRY, TUTTLE and PLUMIDES.

MOSELY

Are you working on anything having to do with Jonathan Mardukas?

WALSH

Who's that?

MOSELY

The Duke.

WALSH

Never heard of him.

MOSELY

I think you have heard of him.

Walsh slowly reaches into his breast pocket and puts on his own sunglasses. He smiles back at the group and then Mosely. Now everyone's wearing sunglasses.

MOSELY

Let me tell you something, asshole. I've been working six years trying to bring down Jimmy Serrano and Mardukas is my shot. I want to take him into Federal Court.

Without missing a beat, Mosely reaches over and whips off Walsh's sunglasses.

MOSELY

So I don't want to see some third-rate rent-a-thug who couldn't cut it as a cop in Chicago bring him into L.A. for some bullshit local charge. Do I make myself understood?

WALSH

Let me ask you somethin'. Those sunglasses. Are those government-issued or do all you guys go to the same store to get them?

MOSELY

You can go now.

Plumides opens the door.

WALSH

Have a nice day.

EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY

Walsh gets out. Plumides shuts the door. The car STARTS up.

WALSH

Do you think I could have my sunglasses back?

As the car begins to ROAR off, Mosely tosses Walsh's sunglasses out. Walsh catches them. He watches the car disappear. Then he turns. Squints. Spots a wallet on the sidewalk. Picks it up and opens it. It's Mosely's FBI identification. Walsh smiles.

INT. 747 - NIGHT

Walsh hums a tune while he inserts his photo over Mosely's FBI identification. A CHILD sits next to him watching. Walsh smiles at the kid and then flashes his badge.

WALSH
Mosely, FBI.

The kid looks scared.

WALSH
Just kidding.

EXT. RUNWAY J.F.K. AIRPORT, NEW YORK - MORNING

The 747 THUNDERS down in the rain.

INT. J.F.K. AIRPORT TERMINAL - MORNING

Long faces march off the red-eye. Walsh moves with purpose over to a pay phone. Looks through his black book. Dials.

WALSH
(Into phone)
Harold Longman, please.
(A beat)
Harry. Jack Walsh. Did ya get me that address check on that phone number?
(Starts scribbling)
I've got it. Thanks, Harry. Say hello to Julie for me.

Walsh hangs up.

INT. AIRPORT CAR RENTAL OFFICE - MORNING

Walsh completes filling out a rental form and hands it over to an EMPLOYEE.

DARUVO

Large. Somewhere between muscular and overweight approaches with JOEY RIBUFFO. Tall and thin, a New York Post under his arm.

DARUVO

You Jack Walsh?

WALSH

Who wants to know?

JOEY

That's a yes.

Joey's got a staring problem. He can't take his eyes off of Walsh's coat.

DARUVO

We'd really like to have a word with you.

WALSH

What about?

JOEY

It involves big cash and lots of prizes.

Walsh lights a Camel. Joey stares at that, too.

DARUVO

I'll make it short and sweet. The people I work for are very interested in your visit here.

WALSH

Oh yeah? Who are the people you work

for?

DARUVO

An old friend of yours from the
Chicago days.

Walsh turns, locks eyes with Joey's stare.

WALSH

How are ya?

DARUVO

You're here for the Duke. You think
he's in New York. We think you're
right.

JOEY

Where'd you get that coat? Is that a
London Fog?

WALSH

What the hell are you talkin' about?

DARUVO

Never mind him.

(Beat)

The way I hear it, you didn't
cooperate with my boss a few years
back.

Walsh takes a thoughtful drag on his Camel. Thinks. Joey's
attention shifts to Walsh's cigarette.

JOEY

You smoke Camels?

(A beat, smiling)

I smoke Kools.

The importance of this statement is known only to Joey. A
poker-faced Walsh looks at him uncomprehendingly.

DARUVO

My boss would pay you a hell of a
lot more for the Duke than that putz

bail bondsman in L.A.

WALSH

How much more?

DARUVO

How about a one with six zeros?

Walsh feels the heat of Joey's stare. Walsh turns.

WALSH

Are you gonna propose?

JOEY

Propose?

WALSH

'Cause if you ain't, quit fuckin'
starin' at me.

DARUVO

Yeah, Joey. Back off, for Christ
sakes.

Joey steps back. The Employee reappears with the contract
and keys.

EMPLOYEE

Here are your keys, sir. Just exit
through the glass doors. The parking
lot is to your left.

Walsh takes the keys. Tony has scribbled down his number on
the back of a card. He puts it in Walsh's pocket.

DARUVO

Ask for Tony Daruvo. That's me.
They'll put you through to wherever
I am
(Beat)
Be good to yourself, this time.

Walsh heads out through the glass doors.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY

Walsh cruises along in his rented Pontiac approaching the bridge leading into Manhattan.

INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY

As he drives, he suddenly notices that he's being tailed by Tony and Joey in a Lincoln. After a few moments of thinking, he GUNS the car hard.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY

Walsh gets the jump on Tony and Joey. They TEAR off in pursuit.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

As Tony and Joey try to keep up with him. Several trucks impair their view. Walsh disappears around a corner.

JOEY

I think he's onto us.

DARUVO

Figured that out, did ya?

EXT. QUEENS PONTIAC DEALERSHIP - DAY

Tony and Joey cruise by the dozens of parked Pontiacs. When they are out of sight, one of them starts up and moves off in the opposite direction with Walsh behind the wheel.

INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY

Walsh grins as he watches the Lincoln disappear in his rearview mirror.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - DAY

The CAMERA FOLLOWS a wire from a telephone junction box, mounted on the side of a brownstone. It leads into the passenger window of Walsh's car where it is attached to a small cassette recorder. A taxi rounds the corner and pulls

up to the brownstone that Walsh is staking.

INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY

Walsh licks his fingers. Finishing off his lunch of jelly donuts, he eyeballs the older couple that exits the cab. They enter the brownstone. Walsh hits the "record" button on the recorder and gets out of his car.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - DAY

He trots up to a phone booth on the corner and dials.

WALSH
(Into phone)
Mrs. Nelson?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
Yes?

WALSH
Alonzo Mosely, FBI. How are you this afternoon?

No response.

WALSH
Let me get right to the point, if I may, Mrs. Nelson. An agent in our Los Angeles office discovered a detail that somehow was overlooked until now. It seems that when Jonathan Mardukas was arrested, you were the first person he called. Isn't that correct, Mrs. Nelson?

Still no response.

WALSH
Are you there, Mrs. Nelson?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
(Weakly)
Yes.

WALSH

Needless to say, this is a matter of great concern to us. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I would like you to come down to 26 Federal Plaza tomorrow at nine o'clock and ask for Agent Mosely. Do you think you could do that, please?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)

I suppose so.

WALSH

Thank you for your cooperation. Good afternoon, Mrs. Nelson.

He hangs up and runs back to his car.

INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY

As he gets in, he hears TOUCH-TONE BEEPS through the cassette recorder's speaker. Mrs. Nelson is making a call. Walsh has tapped the line.

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)

Dana? Helen. The FBI just called. They want to speak to me about Jonathan.

Walsh LISTENS. Then he HEARS a male voice. It's THE DUKE himself.

Walsh hangs on every word.

THE DUKE (V.O.)

Helen? What's going on?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)

Jonathan, the FBI just called. They know we spoke the night you were arrested.

THE DUKE (V.O.)

Hang up the phone, Helen. Right now!

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Walsh hits the rewind on the cassette recorder. Replays the touch-tone beeps. Smiling, he GUNS the car away.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT

Manhattan looms across the East River. As Walsh's car glides down the street, he notices a woman placing a suitcase in the trunk of a car. She heads back into her house, leaving the door ajar. Walsh checks the address of the house. Stops. Gets out. Sneaks toward the front porch.

EXT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT

Walsh stops at the front door. Removes his .45. Listens. He pushes his way inside quietly.

INT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT

Downstairs is dark. Walsh creeps across the living room. HEARS MOVEMENT going on upstairs. Walsh inches for the stairs, moving up them SILENTLY. Walsh is not alone. A pair of eyes watch him. A shadow moves across the wall. A huge German shepherd follows him across the living room floor.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Walsh craftily moves up the steps with his back to the wall. Walsh may be stalking the Duke, but the huge shepherd is stalking Walsh as well. Walsh disappears around the corner to the upstairs hall. The shepherd follows its prey.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

.45 at the ready, Walsh approaches the bedroom. Walsh is beginning to sweat. About to make his move. He turns. Locks eyes with the shepherd. Walsh's eyes bulge. The shepherd bares its teeth. Begins a low guttural GROWL. Walsh tries to stand his ground with an intimidating stare, but this is one contest that he won't win. He reaches for the doorknob behind him. Opens it. Bolts inside. The shepherd lunges against the closing door, barking wildly. JONATHAN MARDUKAS, the Duke,

appears from the bedroom. DANA MARDUKAS, his wife, follows. The Duke appears almost bookish. Yet, there is an enigmatic quality about him. A man with many facets which are not apparent at first glance.

THE DUKE

What is it, Heidi?

Heidi throws herself at the bathroom door.

DANA

What is it, John?

THE DUKE

I don't know.

He reaches for the bathroom door. Opens it. Heidi bolts inside.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

It's instantaneous. The Duke and Dana enter. Heidi throws herself against the glass enclosed shower door. Walsh is on the other side. His FBI badge plastered against the glass door with one hand. The .45 pointed against the glass with the other.

WALSH

Alonzo Mosely, FBI! Get that fuckin' dog outta here!

The Duke hesitates.

WALSH

Don't move! I'll drop you right through the fuckin' glass!

THE DUKE

(To Dana)

Do what he says. Get her out of here.

Dana grabs the BARKING dog. Drags her out of the bathroom. Walsh steps out of the shower. The Duke has his hands up.

WALSH

You're the Duke?

THE DUKE

That's right.

Walsh cuffs him.

EXT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT

Walsh leads the Duke to the Pontiac. Dana follows along-side, panicked. Heidi BARKS from inside the house.

DANA

John. What do I do?

THE DUKE

Don't do anything, sweetheart, I'll be alright.

WALSH

Yeah. He'll be fine.

Walsh shoves the Duke into the car.

WALSH

Nice watchdog.

THE DUKE

For five hundred dollars she should have taken your head off.

Walsh climbs behind the wheel, swings a mad U-turn and tears away.

INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT

They speed through the night.

THE DUKE

Congratulations.

WALSH

For what?

THE DUKE

You just did what no one else could do. You found me.

WALSH

You got that right.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Walsh GUNS the car onto the expressway, heading for J.F.K. Airport.

INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT

The Duke looks behind him. Manhattan is in the distance. He turns. Airport signs are up ahead.

THE DUKE

You're taking me to the airport, aren't you?

No answer. The Duke looks around the car with apprehension.

THE DUKE

You don't seem like an FBI agent to me.

WALSH

Well, you don't seem much like a "Duke" to me either.

THE DUKE

If you're an FBI agent, why don't you just take me to the FBI office?

WALSH

If you don't be quiet, this is gonna be the worst trip of your fuckin' life.

THE DUKE

You work for Jimmy Serrano, don't you?

WALSH

No, I don't work for that piece of shit. Your bail bondsman hired me to bring you back to L.A.

THE DUKE

I've got money, you know.

WALSH

I'm sure you do.

THE DUKE

I'll give you whatever you want.

WALSH

Start by shuttin' up.

Walsh slows the car as he takes an exit ramp. The Duke sizes up his situation. As Walsh turns the car to blend into the traffic of a busy street, the Duke opens the door and tries to jump. Walsh grimaces and reaches for him.

EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - NIGHT

As Walsh tries to pull the Duke back inside, he almost loses control of the car. Nearby cars screech away to avoid him. Horns BLARE. Swerving hard, he just misses an eighteen-wheeler.

INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT

Walsh yanks the Duke back inside, slams the door and forces him to the floor. Cocks his .45 and levels it in the Duke's face.

WALSH

It is truly in your best interest for you to just fuckin' relax.

THE DUKE

I'm relaxed. I'm totally relaxed.

EXT. AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

Walsh pulls up and SLAMS the brakes. They both get out. Walsh puts his .45 into his bag.

WALSH

I can't keep you cuffed on a commercial flight and I gotta check my gun in with the luggage. But, fuck with me once, and I'll break your neck.

THE DUKE

I can't fly.

WALSH

What?

THE DUKE

You heard me. I can't fly.

WALSH

You're gonna have to do better than that.

THE DUKE

I don't have to do better than that because that's the truth. I can't fly. I suffer from aviophobia.

WALSH

What does that mean?

THE DUKE

It means I can't fly. I also suffer from acrophobia and claustrophobia.

Walsh takes him firmly by the arm.

WALSH

When we get to L.A. you can tell the prison psychiatrist all about it. You fuck with me you'll suffer from fist-O-phobia.

INT. AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

A row of pay phones. Walsh is on the phone. The Duke is cuffed to him. Walsh jabs a bunch of numbers.

WALSH
(Into phone)
Jerry, give me Moscone.

JERRY (V.O.)
Hold on.

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE Moscone picks up the phone. Jerry quietly listens in on the extension.

MOSCONE
Jack...

WALSH
I got him.

MOSCONE
Got who?

WALSH
The Duke. He's standing right here.

MOSCONE
You got him? Already?

WALSH
You wanna say hello?

Walsh yanks the Duke to the phone. Forces it to his face.

WALSH
Say hello to your bail bondsman,
Eddie Moscone.

THE DUKE
(Flatly)
Hello.

Walsh yanks the phone back.

WALSH

There you go. Jonathan Mardukas in the flesh.

MOSCONE

Where are you now?

EXT. VIGNES STREET - NIGHT

DEAD QUIET. The street is empty except for a van parked up the street from Moscone's.

WALSH (V.O.)

I found him in New York. We're at J.F.K.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

TWO FEDERAL AGENTS have tapped into Moscone's phone lines. Both wear headphones. The van is filled with cables. Meters. Phone-tapping equipment.

WALSH (V.O.)

We're comin' in on Flight 97. American Airlines. We'll be there at eleven, your time.

Agent 1 scribbles down the information.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MOSCONE

I love you. Jack, goddamnit! I really do!

WALSH

See you soon.

Moscone hangs up. Races out of his cubicle. Something is afoot with Jerry. He hangs up slowly.

MOSCONE

Walsh picked up the Duke.

JERRY

No kidding. That's great, Eddie.
Let's celebrate. Do you want some
donuts?

MOSCONE

Yeah. Run down to Winchell's and get
a dozen. And get me a few of those
apple fritters.

JERRY

You got it, Eddie.

Jerry grabs his jacket and moves out the door.

EXT. VIGNES STREET - NIGHT

Jerry zips up his jacket. Moves quickly toward the pay phone
at the corner. Passes right by the FBI van.

ANGLE ON PHONE BOOTH Jerry grabs the receiver. Dials.

JERRY

(Into phone)

Hello. This is Jerry Geisler. Can
you put me through to Tony Daruvo.

INT. BROOKLYN STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Joey eats his dinner in the background. Still chewing his
steak, Tony approaches the phone. He picks up the receiver.

DARUVO

Yeah.

INTERCUT TONY AND JERRY

JERRY

Tony, this is Jerry Geisler. How are
you?

DARUVO

(Still chewing)

I'm eating dinner.

JERRY

I'm sorry to bother you, but Walsh found the Duke and he's bringing him in on American Airlines, Flight 97. They'll be at L.A.X. at eleven o'clock. Don't forget me, huh?

INT. STARLIGHT CASINO, LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

PHIL, a pit boss, moves through the crowds and approaches the high-roller crap table. A man, who exudes importance, has his back to us. He's laughing with a group of VIP gamblers. Phil taps the man on the shoulder, who turns. It is JIMMY SERRANO. Two thousand dollar suit. You can take Jimmy out of the streets, but you can't take the streets out of Jimmy.

PHIL

Mr. Serrano?

Serrano turns. Phil leans in. WHISPERS.

PHIL

Daruvo called. Your friends are going to be flying into L.A. at eleven o'clock.

Serrano excuses himself from the group.

INT. L. A. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

A long hallway. Mosely strides with determination. Steel-rimmed sunglasses hanging from his breast pocket. In his wake, Perry, Tuttle and Plumides struggle to keep up. Tuttle just has to ask.

TUTTLE

How did Walsh find him so fast?

Plumides winces and gestures to Tuttle to keep quiet before further enraging Mosely. They all move for the door.

INT. 747 - NIGHT

Walsh and the Duke enter the first-class section. Walsh smiles, already spending his money. They are directed to their seats. Walsh eases back in his spacious seat. Stretching out, he takes full advantage of the legroom. The Duke, of course, sits next to him, looking nervous.

WALSH

First class is nice. I could make a habit out of this. America. What a country? Huh?

The STEWARDESS approaches.

STEWARDESS

Good evening, gentlemen.

WALSH

Good evening to you.

She hands them menus.

STEWARDESS

Would you gentlemen like something to drink once we're in the air?

WALSH

We'd like your best champagne.

She leaves. Walsh enthusiastically studies the menu.

WALSH

(To the Duke)

I'm gonna have the steak. How about you, John?

THE DUKE

I'm not hungry.

WALSH

Well, then, get the lobster so I can get a little surf-and-turf action goin'.

Walsh happily straps himself in. The Duke is not doing well.
Walsh straps the Duke in.

EXT. 747 - NIGHT

The jet pulls away from the jetway.

INT. 747 - NIGHT

The Duke is sweating.

WALSH
Enjoy the ride.

THE DUKE
I'm not going to make it.

The Duke grabs the STEWARDESS. Unstraps himself.

THE DUKE
I can't go through with this.

STEWARDESS
Sir, you'll have to sit down. We're
taxiing.

The ENGINES increase. ROAR. People turn. Start watching the
unfolding scene.

THE DUKE
I will not sit down! This is MY LIFE!

Walsh gets up. Tries to calm the situation down.

WALSH
Stewardess, relax. This man's my
prisoner and I'm taking him back to
Los Angeles.

The Duke regresses. Sounds more and more like a child.

THE DUKE
I'm getting claustrophobic. I can't

take it. I've got this recurring nightmare, where I feel as if I'm losing control. And this feels the same way.

WALSH

You're right. You're not in control. I'm in control. Now sit down!

THE DUKE

(To Stewardess)

How long is this flight?

STEWARDESS

We should be in Los Angeles in just over five hours.

THE DUKE

(Losing it)

Should? Should be in Los Angeles? That means you're not sure! If you were sure, you'd say we'd be in Los Angeles in just over five hours.

The Stewardess backs away from the situation and moves up the aisle. She enters the cockpit.

WALSH

(Grabbing the Duke)

Alright. Enough. Now sit down!

THE DUKE

(Having a tantrum)

I'm in a casket and they've buried me alive! I'm in a casket and they've buried me alive! I can't get out! I can't get out! I can't breathe!

The Duke breaks free. Turns.

THE DUKE

You can't do it. You can't make me fly. I'll go back to Los Angeles with you, but you can't make me fly!

EXT. 747 - NIGHT

The ENGINES DIE. The plane stops.

INT. 747 - NIGHT

The CAPTAIN appears from the cockpit moving down the aisle.

CAPTAIN

Alright, everyone. Just calm down.

WALSH

(Flashing badge)

Alonzo Mosely, FBI.

CAPTAIN

You can't take a prisoner aboard an airplane if he doesn't want to fly.

You should know that.

WALSH

I do. I'm sorry. I thought he was bluffing. Let's forget the whole thing.

CAPTAIN

I suggest you find some other mode of transportation.

Walsh nods. Closes his eyes. Hates what's coming next.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

The P.A. system echoes forth departure times. COMMUTERS run for trains. Some BUMS hang out at a news-stand while others sleep on benches. Walsh strides through the crowd with the Duke in tow. He notices a slight smile on his face.

WALSH

What the fuck are you smiling at?

THE DUKE

I love to travel by train.

WALSH

What do you think this is, the class trip?

THE DUKE

Are you always this angry?

WALSH

I'm in a great mood right now. You wait until I've been cooped up on this thing for awhile. You'll be running for that jail cell.

INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Packed with PASSENGERS and PORTERS. The Lake Shore Limited is on the platform.

THE DUKE

Are you still going to make your deadline, Jack?

WALSH

With fourteen hours to spare.

Walsh shoves the Duke onto the train.

INT. HALL OF SLEEPING CAR - NIGHT

Walsh and the Duke follow MILES, the porter. Walsh blocks Miles' view of the cuffs.

MILES

(With passenger list)
You are?

WALSH

Jack Walsh.

MILES

(To the Duke)
And?

WALSH
Guest.

MILES
This way, gentlemen.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles leads Walsh and the Duke to a small sleeping compartment. Two bunk beds. Miles leaves. Walsh unlocks his side of the handcuffs and opens the bathroom door.

THE DUKE
You know, Jack, it really shows me that you're a quality human being for not forcing me to fly against my will.

Walsh cuffs the Duke to the handicap railing and SLAMS the bathroom door.

INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

The Lake Shore Limited lurches to a start. Picking up speed, it begins its journey west.

INT. LOS ANGELES AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

As the PASSENGERS start to deplane, several HITMEN, scattered about the terminal, scan each face looking for the Duke. As the crowd grows thinner, they exchange puzzled glances. As it becomes apparent Walsh and the Duke are not on this plane, Mosely and his men appear, as if out of nowhere. Perry flashes his I.D. at the Flight Attendant as the Agents board. The Hitmen shoot glances back and forth, reading the situation clearly.

INT. COCKPIT OF PLANE - NIGHT

Mosely and Perry stand in front of the Captain.

MOSELY
Inspector Mosely, FBI.

CAPTAIN

Mosely? Are all you guys named Mosely?

MOSELY

What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN

You're here to pick up a prisoner,
right?

MOSELY

How'd you know that?

CAPTAIN

He was afraid to fly so he got off
the plane. He left with an Agent
Mosely.

Once again, Tuttle needlessly expounds on the obvious.

TUTTLE

Sir, that must mean that Walsh has
your identification.

Mosely can barely contain himself.

INT. SERRANO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The Las Vegas skyline twinkles outside floor-to-ceiling
windows. Serrano is on the phone speaking with restrained
rage.

SERRANO

I thought you said he was going to
be on that plane.

INT. MIDTOWN BAR - NIGHT

Tony is on the other end of the phone. Joey leans in, trying
to hear what Serrano is saying. The closeness irritates Tony,
who turns away.

DARUVO

That's the information we got.

INTERCUT SERRANO AND TONY

SERRANO

You listen to me. I want this motherfucker's lights out. And you better get more personally involved and stop sending other people to do your job.

DARUVO

You got it.

SERRANO

If you don't, I'll stab you right through the heart with a fucking pencil.

They hang up. Tony, relieved to be off of the phone, turns to Joey.

DARUVO

What did I tell you? It's going to be our ass.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The Lake Shore Limited thunders past, into the night.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Walsh lies on the bed, writing on a pad. The Duke's voice can be heard from the bathroom.

THE DUKE (O.S.)

Jack...

Walsh ignores him.

THE DUKE (O.S.)

Jack...

Walsh tries to shut him out.

THE DUKE (O.S.)

Jack...

WALSH

What the fuck do you want!

THE DUKE (O.S.)

I told you I was claustrophobic.

(Beat)

Jack, I know you're upset with me
but it's stuffy in here. Come on,
Jack, what do you think I'm going to
do? Jump off a train going ninety
miles an hour?

Walsh finally gets up and opens the bathroom door. Uncuffs
the Duke. Leads him over to the second bed. Cuffs him to
that. Walsh sits back on his bed and continues his writing.

THE DUKE

Thank you, Jack.

(Beat)

What are you doing?

WALSH

Arithmetic.

THE DUKE

Maybe I can help you. I am an
accountant.

WALSH

Well, I was thinking. After I turn
your ass in and collect my money, I
want to open up a restaurant.

THE DUKE

How much is it, exactly, that you're
getting for me?

WALSH

A hundred thousand.

THE DUKE

Does that mean you'd let me go for a hundred thousand?

WALSH

I never took a payoff in my life.
I'm not going to start now.

The Duke considers this for a second.

THE DUKE

A restaurant is a very tricky investment, Jack. More than half of them fail within the first year. As an accountant, I would have to advise you against it.

Walsh studies the Duke for a moment.

THE DUKE

What kind of restaurant were you thinking about opening?

WALSH

A family restaurant.

THE DUKE

Why a family restaurant? Do you have a family, or did they break the law and you took them in, too? I'm sorry, Jack. That was uncalled for.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A cigarette butt dangling from his lips, Moscone looks at his watch. He turns to Jerry.

MOSCONE

How the hell could he miss that plane?
He called from the goddamn airport.
(Puts out cigarette)
Look at this. I'm smokin' again. Get Dorfler on the phone. See if he's still in Pittsburgh.

Jerry reaches for the phone.

INT. PITTSBURGH MOTEL - NIGHT

A cheap room. Lit only by glow of the TV set. Eating junk food, Marvin Dorfler sits on the bed watching ROBIN LEACH wax euphoric about the French Riviera. Nearby, we can make out a thin, wired PITTSBURGH THUG, handcuffed to a radiator.

PITTSBURGH THUG

Could I at least have a french fry?

DORFLER

I told you, no. Shut up!

The phone RINGS. Dorfler picks it up.

INTERCUT DORFLER AND MOSCONE'S OFFICE

JERRY

Marvin. Hang on a second.

(Calling out)

Eddie, I got him.

Mosccone picks up the phone.

MOSCONE

Marvin. I got a job for you. Big money. I gave it to Walsh, but he's fuckin' it up.

DORFLER

Well, I don't know why you keep hirin' that guy.

MOSCONE

I know, Marvin. You're right. You're the best. You always come through for me. So, here's the job.

DORFLER

I'm listenin'.

MOSCONE

You ever hear of the Duke?

DORFLER

No.

MOSCONE

Jonathan Mardukas. The Duke.

DORFLER

I never heard of him.

MOSCONE

That's okay, Marvin. It's not important. What is important is that you've got to find him and get him back here as soon as possible. Last I heard, Walsh had him in New York. But I don't know where the hell he is now. You pick him up, I'll pay you exactly what I'm payin' Walsh.

DORFLER

What's that?

MOSCONE

Twenty-five thousand. But you got to get him back by midnight, Friday.

RESUME DORFLER

DORFLER

Don't worry. I'll get him.

Dorfler hangs up.

DORFLER

(To thug)

Hey, scumbag.

PITTSBURGH THUG

You talkin' to me?

DORFLER

No, the guy behind you. Today's your

lucky day.

PITTSBURGH THUG

How's that?

Dorfler glances into his little black book. Filled with dark tidbits. He picks up the phone. Dials.

DORFLER

(into phone)

American Express? This is Jack Walsh.
Excuse me. John Wesley Walsh. I lost
my card. I wanna know the last place
I used it. Here's the card number.

Dorfler reads off the credit card number. It checks out.

DORFLER

The Amtrak office at Grand Central
Station?

Dorfler smiles. He's gotten what he needs.

DORFLER

Thank you very much. By the way.
Maybe we better cancel that card.

Dorfler hangs up and stands. Shoves all of his wrinkled belongings into a huge duffelbag. Grabs his .45 and heads for the door.

PITTSBURGH THUG

Where are you going?

DORFLER

I'll be back in a few minutes, jerk-
off. Wait here.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Dorfler closes the door. Moves for his rent-a-car. Tosses the duffelbag inside. Climbs in. Starts the car. SPINS his wheels toward the Pittsburgh turnpike.

INT. DINING CAR - NIGHT

Walsh eats his fried chicken dinner. The Duke, hand-cuffed, struggles to lay out a row of vitamins.

THE DUKE

Jack, this is very difficult.

WALSH

(Re: vitamins)

What are you, a drug addict?

THE DUKE

No, these are vitamins.

WALSH

You piss ninety percent of that out of your system.

THE DUKE

I'm not going to discuss nutrition with a man who eats deep-fried food and smokes cigarettes. And by the way, people who smoke should take extra vitamin C. If you'd like, I could outline a complete program for you.

WALSH

Mail it to me from "C" Block.

THE DUKE

I don't think you're as mean as you pretend to be. Why do you smoke? You know it's not good for you.

WALSH

I don't think about it.

THE DUKE

Well, that's living in denial.

WALSH

I'm aware of that.

THE DUKE

That sounds kind of foolish. Don't you think, Jack?

WALSH

No. Stealing fifteen million dollars from Jimmy Serrano sounds foolish.

THE DUKE

I didn't think I'd get caught.

WALSH

That's living in denial.

THE DUKE

I'm aware of that.

WALSH

Oh, so you're aware of your behavior but continue to do things that aren't good for you? Sounds sort of foolish, don't you think, John?

THE DUKE

What I did helped a lot of people.

WALSH

So, you pissed off a mafioso killer just to be loved by a bunch of fucking strangers. That makes a lot of sense.

THE DUKE

Jack, do you have a family?

WALSH

I don't like sharing the intimate details of my life with strangers.

THE DUKE

How far is it going to go? I'll probably be dead in a few days.

WALSH

How do you figure that?

THE DUKE

With what I know about Serrano and his business, I won't last twenty-four hours in jail. You know that.

WALSH

I have an ex-wife and daughter living in Chicago.

THE DUKE

Oh, are we going to stop off and see them?

WALSH

I haven't seen either of them in nine years.

THE DUKE

You haven't seen your wife and daughter in nine years?

WALSH

What is there, an echo in here?

THE DUKE

Your job must have been tough on them.

WALSH

I was a cop then.

THE DUKE

You were a cop in Chicago? You must know all about Jimmy Serrano.

WALSH

Yeah, I even met him a couple of times.

THE DUKE

Really? What's he like in person?

WALSH

You have a way of worming things out of people that I don't like.

Walsh shoves his food aside. Walsh gets up. Leaves two bucks for a tip.

THE DUKE

Two dollars? Is that all you're going to leave?

WALSH

It's fifteen percent.

THE DUKE

It's thirteen percent. Look at the bill. I'm an accountant, I know about these things.

Walsh turns. Fishes around in his jacket for his wallet again. Finds it. Turns. The Duke is gone. Walsh bolts for the exit.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

Walsh BURSTS into the car looking for the Duke. Spots him going through the door at the far end. Walsh runs down the aisle, shoving passengers aside as he chases after the Duke.

INT. SECTION BETWEEN CARS - NIGHT

The sliding door HISSES open. Walsh enters the compartment. The Duke has already opened the door to the outside. The night RAGES by. The Duke wants to jump. Hesitates. Locks eyes with Walsh in a panic. Walsh stops.

WALSH

What are ya gonna do? Jump out of a train goin' ninety miles an hour?

The Duke looks at Walsh.

WALSH

Go ahead. I'll get off at the next stop, scoop ya up and mail ya back

to L.A.

The Duke thinks it over. He can't do it. Walsh walks over.
Shuts the door. Yanks the Duke back toward their compartment.

EXT. CLEVELAND, OHIO TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The Lake Shore Limited ROARS to a lumbering stop. CONDUCTORS
and PORTERS step off the train. PASSENGERS start to board
and exit. We recognize one of them. It's Marvin Dorfler.
Looking as if he ran all the way from Pittsburgh.

INT. COACH PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

Dorfler boards. The car interior is dark. The CONDUCTOR
punches Dorfler's ticket. Dorfler moves down the aisle.
Scanning the CROWDS. Some asleep. COUPLES cuddled in seats.
A SAILOR sleeping across two seats. Dorfler heads into the
next car. The train begins moving.

INT. SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT

The train ROCKS with speed. Dorfler moves through the sliding
door. He approaches Miles, the porter.

MILES

Trying to find your room?

DORFLER

Nah. I'm looking for Jack Walsh's.
He told me to meet him there.

MILES

Number four. Next car.

DORFLER

Thanks.

Dorfler moves down the hall to the next car

INT. HALL OF LAST SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT

Dorfler moves silently down the hall. Finds room four. The
coast is clear. Tries Walsh's door. It's locked. He slips in

a lock pick. He opens the door silently. Removes his .45.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Dorfler peeks in. Walsh is faintly snoring. A train ROARS by in the opposite direction. Walsh stirs in his sleep. Dorfler slowly moves to the bathroom. Opens the door. Finds the Duke. Dorfler gags him with his hand and points his .45 at him.

DORFLER

One word and you're dead.

Suddenly, Walsh's fist SMASHES into the side of Dorfler's head.

INT. HALL OF SLEEPER - NIGHT

Walsh and Dorfler BLAST into the hallway. Tumble to the floor. Walsh punches Dorfler. Dorfler's .45 skids along the carpet. Miles appears in the hall. Walsh scoops up the .45 and points it at Dorfler. Flashes the FBI badge at Miles.

WALSH

Alonzo Mosely, FBI.

(To Dorfler)

How'd you find out where I was?

Walsh yanks Dorfler up. Dorfler rubs his bruised head.

DORFLER

Fuck you, shitheel. I don't have to answer you. You ruined my fuckin' car.

WALSH

(To Miles)

Radio ahead. I want the local police at the next stop to place this man under arrest.

Dorfler grins. Starts laughing.

DORFLER

What the hell are you talking about?

Walsh SLAMS Dorfler's head into the wall. He sags. Collapses.
Kisses the carpet.

WALSH

That's enough outta you.

(To Miles)

Go ahead. Get on the horn. Call the
cops.

The Duke whispers to Walsh.

THE DUKE

Who is this guy?

WALSH

Another bounty hunter. Count your
blessings he's not taking you in.

INT. HALL OF FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Perry hurries down the hall heading for Mosely's office.
KNOCKS. Enters.

INT. MOSELY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walsh's belongings from the plane flight are scattered across
his desk. Mosely looks out his window at the L.A. lights. He
turns.

MOSELY

Good news or bad news?

PERRY

Mardukas and Walsh are on the Amtrak
headed to Los Angeles. Apparently,
another bounty hunter was arrested
after he tried to take Mardukas away.

MOSELY

I want the jet ready in 20 minutes.

EXT. SOUTH BEND, INDIANA TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

The Lake Shore Limited ROARS into the station. Armed policemen line the platform. Marked and unmarked police cars are parked nearby. Mosely, Perry, Tuttle and plumides move across the platform as the train THUNDERS to a stop. They board.

INT. SLEEPER CAR - EARLY MORNING

Mosely approaches Miles. Flashes his badge. Backed by the other Feds.

MOSELY

Where's Jack Walsh?

MILES

He got off. With the other fella.

Two or three stops ago.

(Leaning in)

His real name's Mosely.

MOSELY

(Enraged)

I'm Mosely!

INT. FREMONT, OHIO BUS STATION - EARLY MORNING

The Duke stands cuffed to Walsh, who jabs a number into a pay phone. A BUM works his way through the row of phones, checking the coin returns. He reaches across Walsh, checking his phone for change. Walsh EXPLODES.

WALSH

Get outta here! Can't you see I'm on the phone!

The Bum backs off.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jerry is half-asleep. Watching an old movie on TV. Moscone is crashed out on a cot in his office. The phone rings.

Moscone yells from his sleep.

MOSCONE

Get it!

JERRY

(Into phone)

Eddie Moscone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE'S OFFICE

WALSH

Jerry, give me Moscone.

The sound of Walsh's voice snaps Jerry awake. This is the call he's been waiting for.

JERRY

Jesus, Jack, where are you?

Moscone has already heard. He grabs the phone at his desk.

MOSCONE

Jack. Where the fuck are you?

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

The two agents with headphones snap awake.

WALSH (V.O.)

How the hell did Dorfler end up on my ass? Did you put him on this, you son-of-a-bitch?

MOSCONE (V.O.)

How could I put him on you? I don't even know where the hell you are! Jack, you still got the Duke or what?

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE

Jerry is on the other line. Listening to every word.

WALSH

Yeah, I got him.

The Duke reaches into his pocket and hands the bum a few dollars.

MOSCONE

Where the hell are you?

WALSH

Somewhere between Cleveland and Toledo. We're about to get on a bus to L.A.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

The two agents lock eyes. One nods. They've gotten the information.

MOSCONE

A bus? What the hell are you doing, Jack? Are you out of your mind?

The DISPATCHER announces the departure of their bus over the P.A.

WALSH

I can't get into it right now, Eddie. I just wanted to let you know we're on our way. The bus is leaving. I'll talk to you later.

Walsh hangs up.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Moscone lights a cigarette. Jerry picks up his jacket.

MOSCONE

What the hell is this guy doin'?

JERRY

I don't know, Eddie. You want me to go get some donuts or something?

MOSCONE

What do I look like, a diabetic? And where the hell is that goddamn Dorfler?

JERRY

I don't know, Eddie. I think I'm gonna step outside for some air.

Jerry turns. Moves quickly out of the office.

EXT. VIGNES STREET - NIGHT

Jerry hits the street. Trots for the pay phone at the corner. Passes the FBI van. Grabs the phone. Starts dialing.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Agent 1 watches Geisler through the rear window of the van.

INT. FREMONT, OHIO BUS STATION - EARLY MORNING

Walsh and the Duke stand at the ticket window.

THE DUKE

How's our schedule doing now, Jack?

WALSH

Don't worry. I'll get you there on time.

A TICKET CLERK slides Walsh's credit card back to him.

TICKET CLERK

I'm sorry, sir, but this card has been canceled.

WALSH

That's impossible.

TICKET CLERK

I double checked it. Sorry, I can't accept it, sir.

Walsh digs into his pockets. It is apparent that he doesn't have enough money. He turns to the Duke.

WALSH

How much money you got?

THE DUKE

A lot.

Walsh digs into the Duke's pockets and comes up with a few bills.

WALSH

You call that a lot of money?

THE DUKE

I'm not the one who can't pay his credit card bills.

Walsh finishes counting and slaps the money on the counter.

WALSH

(To Clerk)

Just made it. Two tickets to L.A.

INT. HOLDING CELL OF ELYRIA POLICE STATION - DAY

Dorfler sits. Smoking cigarettes. A FEW LOCAL DETECTIVES nearby. Mosely enters with Tuttle and Plumides.

DORFLER

Who the fuck are you?

MOSELY

Mosely. FBI.

Dorfler panics.

DORFLER

Goddamnit! I didn't do anything!

MOSELY

Sit down. I just want to ask you some questions.

Dorfler slides back into his seat. Mosely towers over him. Takes one of Dorfler's cigarettes. Lights it with Dorfler's lighter. Pockets the cigarettes.

DORFLER

Yeah, yeah. Help yourself.

Mosely lights it. Inhales. Blows a blue wad at Dorfler.

MOSELY

What do you know about Jack Walsh?

EXT. SERRANO'S PENTHOUSE BALCONY - DAWN

Serrano, in his silk robe. Sipping coffee, overlooking the city, desert and beyond. Neon against the desert dawn. Serrano is wired and loaded with adrenaline. The door-bell rings. Serrano, still locked in thought, heads inside.

INT. SERRANO'S PENTHOUSE - DOWN

Serrano crosses the room. A BODYGUARD is heading to open the door. Serrano reaches under his desk, pushing a button that unlocks the security door.

SERRANO

(To Bodyguard)

I got it. Get outta here.

SID LYMAN, Serrano's attorney, enters.

SERRANO

What do you want, Sid?

LYMAN

I think you and I should talk. I heard somebody picked Mardukas up in New York.

SERRANO

Yeah, it's old news. I'm on it.

LYMAN

I don't have to tell you what will happen if he becomes a government witness.

SERRANO

That won't be the case.

LYMAN

I assumed you were taking that position. I am supposed to advise you against such acts.

SERRANO

Hey, Sid. Why don't you relax and have a drink.

(Looking at watch)

It's all gonna be over in a couple of minutes.

EXT. ELKHART, INDIANA SUBURBS - DAY

The Greyhound bus speeds by.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Walsh and the Duke sit toward the back. While Walsh tries to sleep, the Duke is wide awake.

THE DUKE

You know, the way you spoke to that homeless man back there in the bus station was a perfect example of misdirected anger. You should learn to focus on what is really hurting you and work on that.

Walsh tries to ignore him.

THE DUKE

Can I ask why it is you haven't seen your wife and daughter in nine years?

WALSH

My ex-wife got married to a police captain and I'm not very popular with the Chicago Police Department.

THE DUKE

Why aren't you popular with the Chicago Police Department?

WALSH

Do we know each other?

THE DUKE

Did you do something wrong?

WALSH

That doesn't concern you.

THE DUKE

Are you hurt?

WALSH

No.

THE DUKE

I'm sorry.

WALSH

What are you sorry about?

THE DUKE

I asked if you were hurt and you said you were sorry.

WALSH

I didn't say I was sorry. You said I was sorry. You're starting to put words in my mouth.

THE DUKE

You're a grown man. You have control of your own words.

WALSH

You goddamn right I do. So, here come two words for you. Shut the fuck up!

INT. HOLDING CELL OF ELYRIA POLICE STATION - DAY

Perry enters. Motions quickly to Mosely. Mosely moves to Perry in the doorway. They talk quietly.

PERRY

Walsh called Moscone about a half hour ago from outside of Toledo. He's on a Greyhound bus headed for Chicago.

MOSELY

Let's go.

They head for the door. A LOCAL DETECTIVE calls after him, motioning at Dorfler.

LOCAL DETECTIVE

Inspector. What do we do with this guy?

MOSELY

Let him go.

Mosely moves out. Dorfler grabs his jacket. Turns to the local detective.

DORFLER

Son of a bitch took my cigarettes...

EXT. GARY, INDIANA GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

A few cars scattered in the lot. A black Chrysler is parked toward the back end.

INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

Tony sits at the wheel. Smoking. He looks annoyed. Joey plays with a tassel that hangs from the rearview mirror.

DARUVO

What's wrong with you? Do you have to touch everything? That's fuckin' annoying.

Joey glances out at the platform. A GUY casually smokes a

cigarette. ANOTHER reads a magazine. More GUYS can be seen in the terminal. It's another group of HITMEN. A SNIPER waits on a rooftop.

JOEY

Do you think we'll get 'em?

DARUVO

Fuck. They can't all miss.

EXT. GARY, INDIANA GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

The bus swings into the terminal and HISSES to a stop. The door opens.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Through the sniper's cross-hairs, we see PASSENGERS beginning to file off of the bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

The Duke looks out the window, then turns to Walsh.

THE DUKE

Can I stretch my legs?

WALSH

Yeah, if you can do it sitting down.

THE DUKE

C'mon, Jack. We're going to be stuck on this thing for a couple of days.

Walsh gives in. The two of them start down the aisle. Just as they are about to step off the bus...

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

From out of nowhere Federal cars swing up. Surrounding the bus. Mosely's car swings in. SLAMS its brakes. He gets out and heads the pack that approaches the bus.

INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

Tony and Joey's jaws drop.

DARUVO

Who the hell are these guys?

JOEY

They with us?

DARUVO

It's the fuckin' Feds.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Neither Walsh nor the Duke have time to react. Perry SLAMS Walsh against the bus. Tuttle and Plumides SLAM the Duke against the bus. More FEDS surround them. LOCAL COPS appear. Both Walsh and the Duke are forced into the stressed spread-eagle position. Mosely appears. Locks eyes with the Duke.

MOSELY

You and I have a lot of talking to do.

Mosely puts on his sunglasses for effect. Looks at Walsh.

MOSELY

Remember me?

WALSH

Oh, yeah. Agent Foster Grant. Hey, Alonzo, aren't ya gonna thank me for doing your job for ya?

MOSELY

Thanks, Walsh.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Suddenly, the sniper takes aim and FIRES at the Duke.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

He misses, hitting the side of the bus. Mosely swings out

his .38. The sniper fires again. Hits a local cop. People SCREAM. Run. Hit the deck. Perry. Tuttle. Plumides. All pull out their pieces. More GUNFIRE. The hitman with the magazine FIRES. Walsh forces the Duke to the pavement. Bullets BLAST the windows of the Greyhound. More SCREAMS. The hitmen from the terminal are now on the platform. FIRING. Bullets SCREAM all around the Duke and Walsh. The hitman with the magazine keeps FIRING. Perry OPENS FIRE. The hitman sails over the railing. Mosely fixes on the sniper.

MOSELY
Freeze!

The sniper turns to fire. Mosely BLOWS the sniper off the roof.

INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

Watching from a distance.

DARUVO
Fuck this.

JOEY
Yeah, hit it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Tony GUNS the Chrysler away.

EXT. FBI CAR - DAY

Amidst the crossfire, Walsh and the Duke crawl up to the first car they can find. Sneak inside.

INT. FBI CAR - DAY

The keys dangle in the ignition. Walsh shoves the Duke across to the passenger seat.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Walsh SLAMS the door. STARTS the car. GUNS it away.

INT. FBI CAR - DAY

The Duke is near hysterics.

THE DUKE

Oh, God! Oh, my God! Let me go.

WALSH

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

THE DUKE

What was that? Why would they shoot at us like that?

WALSH

Those were Serrano's people. He's not even waiting until you get to jail.

The Duke picks up a clipboard. He starts to read it.

THE DUKE

Alonzo Mosely? Isn't that the name you've been using?

WALSH

Give me that.

Walsh yanks it away. Reading as he drives.

WALSH

Isn't that nice. This is Mosely's car.

THE DUKE

If you want to turn me in, why are you running away from the FBI?

WALSH

I only get my money when I deliver you to L.A., not to the Feds
(Re: clipboard)
Goddamnit. They've got a wiretap on Moscone's phone line.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Walsh turns off the road. A police chopper ROARS by. Heading for the bus station.

INT. FBI CAR - DAY

WALSH

We're not gonna get too far in a stolen FBI car.

As they both get out, Walsh reaches into his pocket. Removes his sunglasses and sets them on the steering wheel.

THE DUKE

What's that for?

WALSH

It's an inside joke between me and Alonzo.

EXT. AM/PM MINI-MART - DAY

Tony and Joey are at a pay phone. Joey polishing off a box of Cracker Jack. He TAPS the bottom of the box to get the crumbs.

DARUVO

Sorry, Jimmy, it didn't happen.

INT. SERRANO'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Serrano is on the other end of the line, using the speaker box. Lyman sits at the bar, nervously sipping a drink.

INTERCUT SERRANO AND TONY

SERRANO

What was that again?

DARUVO

It didn't happen. There were about thirty Feds there, along with local

heat. A lot of heads got popped.

Lyman paces. Nervous. Shakes his head.

LYMAN

You better get off the line, Jimmy.

SERRANO

Shut up.

LYMAN

If they've got a tap...

SERRANO

(Exploding)

I said shut up!

(Into phone)

Where's Mardukas? In custody?

Joey fishes the prize out of the Cracker Jack box. Opens it.

It's a whistle. Begins BLOWING it, annoyingly.

DARUVO

I don't know. There was so much commotion, I don't know.

Joey BLOWS his whistle again.

DARUVO

(Covering phone)

Will you knock it off!

SERRANO

Let me make it simple for you guys.

I am not to get another phone call like this. If I do? I'll blowtorch the both of yuz.

Serrano hangs up, then suddenly knocks the speaker box off the table.

SERRANO

Should've killed that son-of-a-bitch Walsh back in Chicago.

EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY

Walsh climbs out of a cab with the Duke. Middle-class homes. Manicured lawns. Hands his last dollar bills over to the CAB DRIVER. The cab pulls away.

WALSH

I can't believe this. I haven't seen them for nine years and the first thing out of my mouth is gonna be "can I borrow a few hundred bucks?"

THE DUKE

I have a feeling that this is going to be very good for you.

They move toward the house. This is the first time Walsh appears unsure of himself. Slightly unkempt from the journey, he makes a feeble attempt to straighten out his hair and clothing. The Duke lends a hand, fixing Walsh's collar and adjusting a loose lock of hair.

THE DUKE

You look great.

Walsh RINGS the doorbell. They wait in expectant silence. Seven-year-old JASON opens the door and looks at Walsh and the Duke.

JASON

Who are you guys?

WALSH

I'm your mother's ex-husband.

Jason SLAMS the door.

JASON (O.S.)

Mom!

THE DUKE

Nice kid.

The door opens revealing GAIL BROONER. Very attractive. She stares at Walsh.

GAIL
Jack...

WALSH
Hi, Gail.

The Duke watches the strained exchange.

GAIL
They mentioned you and him on the news this morning. Are you alright?

Walsh looks at her deeply. With desperate eyes.

WALSH
Can I come in for a few minutes?

She nods. Walsh and the Duke enter the house.

INT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY

They enter the foyer.

GAIL
You're in a lot of trouble. Did you impersonate an FBI agent?

WALSH
Gail, I won't stay long. I need some money to get to L.A. You know I'm good for it.

Walsh feels shame. Fear. Confusion.

WALSH
I'm so embarrassed. I'm just in a jam.
(Smiles)
You look so beautiful.

Gail bites her lip. Tears fill her eyes. She looks gorgeous.

Meanwhile, Jason has been studying the Duke.

JASON

You don't look much like a criminal.

THE DUKE

I'm a white-collar criminal.

GAIL

Jack, you shouldn't be here. If Ted comes home, he'll arrest you. And him.

WALSH

Arrest us?

(To the Duke)

Then we'd really be in trouble, 'cause I'm a little short on bribe money.

GAIL

Jack, don't start, please. Today's not a good day for this.

THE DUKE

Yeah, Jack. Don't start.

WALSH

I'm sorry my fugitive timetable doesn't coincide with your social calendar.

THE DUKE

I don't think she was saying that, Jack.

WALSH

Stay out of this, John.

GAIL

Same old Jack. Gets his feelings hurt and tries to hurt everyone around him.

WALSH

Gail, the last thing I need now is one of your lectures.

GAIL

I'm trying to protect you, stupid!
Ted's going to be home any minute.
Tonight's a very important night for us. We're all going out.

WALSH

What's so special about tonight?
Wait. Let me guess.
(A beat)
Payoff night.

GAIL

That's enough!

THE DUKE

Alright, everyone, let's not fight.

WALSH

I'm in a big fuckin' jam. I just need some money. All I've got to do is just get this guy to L.A. and I'm out of this miserable business forever.

Walsh's 15-year-old daughter, DENISE BROONER, appears in the doorway. A vision. Walsh turns with a lump in his throat. The Duke looks at her. At Walsh. Emotions fly through the room. Walsh can barely speak.

WALSH

Hi.
(Clears his throat)
Hi, Denise.

Denise floats across the room. Approaches her haggard father. Looks into his eyes. Holds him tight. Gail fights tears. Loses. Tears roll down her face. Walsh hugs Denise as tight as he can. Still cuffed to the Duke, he drags the reminder of who he is.

DENISE
Hi, Daddy.

WALSH
You're so grown-up.

They break their embrace. He looks into Denise's eyes.

WALSH
That's all I wanted to do. Just hold
you for a minute.

Walsh turns to Gail.

WALSH
I'll go now.
(A beat)
I'm sorry.

GAIL
Hang on.

She disappears into the kitchen. Walsh looks at the Duke.
Gail comes back with cash and car keys. Hands them to Walsh.

GAIL
I only have forty dollars but you
can take my car if you want. I'll
tell Ted it's in the shop. We'll
worry about it after you get to L.A.

Walsh slowly takes the keys.

WALSH
Does he take good care of you?

Gail nods affirmatively.

WALSH
That's all I want to know.
(A beat)
What will he say about this?

GAIL

He'll understand.

Walsh looks at her. There's so much distance. So much time.
So much unsaid. He nods.

WALSH

That's love.

EXT. GAIL BROONER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Walsh exits the house and cuffs the Duke inside the LTD.
Denise follows, approaching her father. She has a stack of
bills in her hands.

DENISE

It isn't much. About a hundred and
eighty dollars. Baby-sitting money.
Take it.

WALSH

I can't do that, sweetheart.

DENISE

Please...
(A beat)
Daddy.

Walsh looks at her. There's so much to say. No time. He takes
the money. Nods. Gets into the LTD. Pulls out quickly. Denise
remains on the lawn, watching them descend into the distance.

INT. LTD - DAY

Walsh is silent, watching his daughter fade from sight in
the rearview mirror.

THE DUKE

You have a beautiful daughter, Jack.

WALSH

I'd just like to be quiet for a while.

Walsh continues to drive. Then, out of nowhere, pulls a U-
turn.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The LTD SWINGS completely around. Heading back the way it came.

EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY

Denise watches the LTD returning. Suddenly, from behind her, her stepfather, Gail's husband, TED BROONER, pulls his car into the driveway.

INT. LTD - DAY

Still at a distance, Walsh slows to a stop. He watches the sad sight. All of what he could have been. Ted, well dressed and unaware of Walsh's presence, puts his arm around Denise, leading her back to the house. Just before she disappears inside the doorway, she turns, giving her real father a farewell glance. Walsh, in a trance, watches the door close. The Duke sits quietly. With a start, Walsh drives up to the house. He gets out of the car.

EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY

Walsh crosses the lawn. Approaches the front door. Out of his pocket, he takes the money that Denise gave him. Puts it in the mailbox. He turns and heads back to the LTD. Drives off.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Highway traffic roars in the background. Walsh, wrestling with a road map, punches in a telephone number. The Duke cuffed alongside of him.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry grabs the RINGING phone.

JERRY

(Into phone)

Eddie Moscone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE'S OFFICE WALSH

WALSH

Jerry, Jack. Give me Moscone.

Jerry is nervous. He keeps feeding the mob bad information.
He SHOUTS at Moscone's cubicle.

JERRY

Hey, Eddie, it's Jack.

Jerry listens in.

INT. FBI VAN - DAY

The two agents snap awake.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Moscone is in the middle of a rap with a lawyer and a
criminal. He cuts them off with a wave. Grabs the phone.

MOSCONE

Jack. Where are you?

WALSH

I'm in Boise, Idaho.

INT. FBI VAN - DAY

The agents start writing.

WALSH (V.O.)

No, wait a minute. I'm in Casper,
Wyoming.

(A beat)

No, wait. I'm in Anchorage, Alaska.

I'm in the lobby of a Howard
Johnson's. I'm wearing a pink
carnation.

The agents lock eyes with confusion.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - DAY

MOSCONE

What the hell are you talkin' about?

WALSH

I'm not talkin' to you. I'm talkin'
to the other guys.

MOSCONE

What other guys?

WALSH

Let me describe the scene to you.

INT. FBI VAN - DAY

The four agents listen.

WALSH (V.O.)

There's these guys, see? They've
probably been up for two days. So,
they stink of B.O., have coffee
breath, and they're constipated and
have hemorrhoids from sitting on
their asses for so long.

The agents shift nervously. One looks at his thermos coffee
cup.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - DAY

WALSH (V.O.)

They're sitting in a van. Probably
parked up the street from your office.

Moscone takes the phone over to the window. Parts the blinds.
Spots the van on the corner.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

WALSH

But now they're gonna have to pack
up all their shit and go home, because
I'm onto them! You dumb fucks! I'm

not usin' this line anymore!

INT. FBI VAN - DAY

The agents lock eyes realizing they've been had.

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE

WALSH

Hey, Eddie.

MOSCONE

Yeah, Jack.

WALSH

Go to Denny's. I'll call you in five minutes. They can't run a tap that fast.

MOSCONE

Right.

WALSH

(To agents)

So long, everybody.

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The phone RINGS. The MANAGER takes it. Hands it to Moscone, who leans next to the register.

MOSCONE

(Into phone)

Jack?

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE

WALSH

I need you to wire me five hundred to the Western Union Office in Amarillo, Texas.

MOSCONE

What do you need with five hundred

on a bus? And why the hell aren't you on a plane?

WALSH

Did it ever occur to you that I am a professional and that I might have my reasons? We're driving now and I only have enough cash to get me to Amarillo. We had to scrap the bus.

MOSCONE

(Starting to yell)

Fuck the bus, I'd like to know what happened to the goddamn plane?

WALSH

He doesn't like to fly.

MOSCONE

(Exploding)

He doesn't like to fly!?! What the fuck does that mean!?! You have to be back here in less than two and a half days. What the fuck are you doing out there, Jack?

WALSH

Eddie, I swear to God, don't start with me now or I'll shoot him and dump him in the swamp.

Walsh shakes his head to the Duke.

WALSH

I'm in no fuckin' mood for this. Just send me the money and I'll have him back by the deadline.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Moscone enters. Approaches Jerry.

MOSCONE

Hey, Jerry, wire five hundred dollars

to Walsh in Amarillo, Texas.

Jerry nods. Moscone walks a few steps. Turns.

MOSCONE

And maybe you ought to see if you
can't get Dorfler down there, too.

EXT. VIGNES STREET - DAY

Once again, Jerry trots for his phone booth.

INT. FBI VAN - DAY

For the second time, AGENT 1 watches Geisler through the
rear window of the van.

AGENT 1

(To Agent 2)

Let's run a tap on that phone booth.
Something's going on here.

EXT. OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

The LTD continues its journey west.

INT. LTD - NIGHT

Walsh and the Duke sit quietly. After a few moments, the
Duke starts to sing softly.

THE DUKE

Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the
wall, ninety-nine bottles of beer.
If one of those...

Walsh silences him with a look.

THE DUKE

What happened to you back in Chicago?
Your wife married a corrupt cop?

WALSH

They're all bad.

THE DUKE

There's good and bad everywhere,
don't you think?

WALSH

There's bad everywhere. Good? I don't
know about.

The Duke hits a nerve.

THE DUKE

What happened to you?

WALSH

I tried to bust this big-time dealer.
The guy practically supplied the
whole city with heroin. I got close
to him, gained his confidence. It
took me a year. Just as I was ready
to nail the son-of-a-bitch,
mysteriously, my fellow officers
discovered seven pounds of heroin in
my house. They gave me a choice. Get
on the payroll like everyone else,
get out of town, or go to jail for
30 years.

THE DUKE

So you left town?

WALSH

Yeah. And that's why I do this. When
I find a criminal, like yourself, I
bring him in. I don't have to worry
about anybody getting bribed or paid
off because there is no "anybody."
There's just me.

THE DUKE

So, I guess that means that any offer
I might make would be a waste of
time.

Walsh's silence confirms this.

THE DUKE

Let me ask you something. Do you miss your wife and daughter?

WALSH

I don't think much about it.

THE DUKE

There's that denial thing again.

WALSH

I know in some twisted way you mean well, but will you please stay out of my personal life?

THE DUKE

You can't just avoid the things that hurt you. You've got to attack them head on. Sooner or later you're going to have to take a "front row" approach to life, Jack.

EXT. AMARILLO COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

The LTD rolls up to a coffee shop. Walsh and the Duke get out. Arching the kinks out of their backs, they head in.

INT. AMARILLO COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Eggs and bacon sizzle lusciously on the hot griddle. A YOUNG RANCH HAND stuffs his mouth with a massive forkful of steaming hotcakes. Walsh and the Duke eye all this from their seats at the counter. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

What can I do for you, boys?

WALSH

Two coffees.

THE DUKE

I'd prefer herbal tea.

(To Walsh)

As a bounty hunter, are you licensed to starve your victims?

WALSH

In ten minutes we'll have five hundred bucks. I'll buy ya a nice juicy steak.

THE DUKE

I don't eat meat. It's filled with carcinogens and steroids.

WALSH

You know, you're a very smart guy, John. You know everything about everything. But you don't know enough to stay out of other people's business. If you had left Serrano alone, none of this would be happening to you.

THE DUKE

I had a way out of this, Jack!

WALSH

Oh, really.

THE DUKE

I was going to put all of Serrano's records on computer diskettes as an insurance policy. I figured I could always trade it over in exchange for my life if things got too rough.

WALSH

Why didn't you just leave him alone?

THE DUKE

Why didn't you just ignore corruption in the police department?

WALSH

Because I couldn't live with myself, that's why.

THE DUKE

That's how I felt, Jack. I wasn't some mob accountant. I thought I worked in a legitimate firm. When I found out I was managing accounts that were really fronts for Serrano, I just couldn't sit back and do nothing.

WALSH

So, you decided to take what didn't belong to you.

THE DUKE

Jack, I gave practically all of it to charity. How can you take the side of a mobster?

WALSH

I'm not taking his side.

THE DUKE

You're taking his side, if you're not taking mine.

WALSH

I'm not taking anybody's side. I've got nothing to do with this.

Walsh checks his Timex.

WALSH

Time to go.

THE DUKE

Why do you wear that old watch?

WALSH

I'll tell you when I know you better.

Walsh cuffs the Duke and drags him toward the door.

INT. TONY AND JOEY'S CAR - DAY

Tony and Joey sit in their car just up the block from the Western Union office. Tony scans the street. Joey eats some chips and drinks a Coke.

JOEY

You know what we should get? One of those little trays that you keep in the car, so you don't spill food and drinks all over the place.

EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY

Walsh and the Duke cross the street, heading for the Western Union office.

INT. TONY AND JOEY'S CAR - DAY

Tony spots them.

DARUVO

There they are.

Tony and Joey get out of the car.

EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY

Tony and Joey cross the street, guns in coats, approaching Walsh and the Duke. Walsh sees them. Freezes.

DARUVO

Don't fuckin' move asshole.

(To Walsh)

I don't wanna kill you.

(To the Duke)

I just want you.

The Duke is panic-stricken. From out of nowhere, Dorfler appears behind Tony and Joey, cocking his .45.

DORFLER

Drop 'em.

Tony and Joey turn.

DORFLER

You heard me. Drop 'em.

Tony and Joey drop their guns.

DORFLER

Who the fuck are you guys?

DARUVO

Who the fuck are you?

Dorfler K.O.'s Tony with the butt of his .45. Tony eats the pavement.

JOEY

You're dead. You know who you're fuckin' with?

DORFLER

No. Why don't you tell me about it.
And make sure you speak into the microphone.

On "microphone," Dorfler WHACKS the butt of his .45 into Joey's mouth. Walsh and the Duke watch the scene.

DORFLER

(To Walsh)

Give me the keys to the cuffs.

WALSH

Sure, Marvin.

Walsh takes out the keys and then tosses them into the sewer.

WALSH

Looks like a package deal to me,
Marvin.

THE DUKE

Front row, Jack!

DORFLER

Alright, both of you, come on.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

Dorfler's car makes tracks through the Amarillo country-side.

INT. MARVIN DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

Dorfler at the wheel, the Duke in between him and Walsh.
They are sandwiched into the front seat.

DORFLER
Who the hell were those guys?

WALSH
Oh, Marvin. You've done it this time.

DORFLER
What are you talking about?

WALSH
Those were hired killers back there.

DORFLER
Hired to kill who?

WALSH
(Re: the Duke)
Hired to kill him.

DORFLER
Hired by who?

WALSH
Jimmy Serrano.

DORFLER
Oh, fuck! Why do they wanna kill
him?

WALSH
Marvin, don't ya read the newspapers?

THE DUKE

I can't take this.

WALSH

How the fuck did you know where we were?

THE DUKE

I can't take this anymore.

WALSH

Shut up a minute.

(To Dorfler)

Did Moscone put you on this?

DORFLER

Of course Moscone put me on this.

WALSH

That no good son of a bitch. I got a contract with him!

DORFLER

You got a contract?

WALSH

Yeah. I signed it on Monday.

DORFLER

He called me in Pittsburgh. He said you were fuckin' this up.

WALSH

I'm not fuckin' this up.

DORFLER

You should of been in L.A. over two days ago.

WALSH

Don't tell me how to do my goddamn job. I'm half-thinkin' not to turn him in just to watch Moscone go down the toilet.

THE DUKE

That's an excellent thought.

INT. MARVIN DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

Circling once more, the chopper comes up behind them. M-16's open FIRE. BLOW OUT the back window.

WALSH

This is bullshit! We're sittin' ducks,
Marvin! Get off the fucking road.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The three sharpshooters lean out. OPEN FIRE again.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

A bridge spans a huge gorge. ROARING rapids below. An eighteen-wheel tractor trailer is approaching. So is the helicopter.

INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

They are just about to enter the bridge. SWERVING. Ducking bullets. The Duke sees the oncoming truck.

THE DUKE

Look out!

Dorfler cuts the wheel.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Dorfler misses the truck by a few feet. The chopper misses by inches. ROARS skyward. The truck nearly jackknifes trying to get out of the way. Dorfler swerves off of the road, just short of the bridge. SLAMS through the guardrailing.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

Dorfler's car SAILS down the steep embankment. SIDE-SWIPES huge rocks and trees. The brush and rocks in its path don't slow the car down.

INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

The Duke SCREAMS. Walsh braces for the impact. Dorfler steers down the obstacle course of rocks and trees heading for the rapids.

DORFLER

Okay. Okay. I got it.

SIDESWIPES a tree. Keeps going.

DORFLER

Hang in. Relax. I've got it.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

The car SLAMS to a halt, wedging itself between two boulders, just a few feet from the edge of the rapids. The chopper swings around over the top of the bridge.

INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

Dorfler's gun bounces to the floor. The Duke grabs it. Points it at Walsh and Dorfler.

THE DUKE

Nobody move.

Walsh grabs the gun out of the Duke's hand.

WALSH

Give me that.

Dorfler grabs the gun.

DORFLER

That's mine.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

The chopper roars overhead. Bullets EXPLODE around them. The doors are blocked by the boulders. Walsh, the Duke and Dorfler are forced to crawl out through the windows. Dive for cover. The chopper circles, then moves in for the kill.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

The Sharpshooters take aim. Open FIRE.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

The bullets EXPLODE around Walsh, the Duke and Dorfler. The Duke falls, dragging Walsh with him. Dorfler FIRES at the helicopter with his .45. Walsh removes keys from his pocket and starts to uncuff the Duke.

DORFLER

I thought you threw those out.

WALSH

Always check the evidence, Marvin.
Those were car keys.

The Duke begins to smile.

WALSH

(To the Duke)
They're not after me.

The Duke's smile vanishes.

WALSH

Just kiddin'.

Walsh climbs behind a group of boulders. Pulls out his .45.
FIRES with Dorfler at the chopper.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A bullet hits the glass bubble, EXPLODING it into the cockpit.
The PILOT swings the chopper away.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

The chopper comes around for the kill again. The Duke tries to hide behind a huge boulder. Bullets EXPLODE all around him. He inches around the boulder, trying to keep it between him and the chopper. Each quickly changing directions to

outsmart the other. A serious game of cat and mouse. The Duke loses his balance. He falls backwards into the rapids. Bullets SPRAY all around him. He disappears into the white-water. Walsh is about to jump in after him but a hail of bullets forces him to stay put.

WALSH

Son of a bitch! Well, Marvin, there goes a hundred grand.

DORFLER

A hundred? You're getting a hundred?

WALSH

Why? What was Moscone gonna pay you?

DORFLER

Twenty-five.

Walsh smiles. Bullets FIRE. They duck.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

One of the sharpshooters spots the Duke. Taps the Pilot. Points.

EXT. RAPIDS - DAY

Water ROARING. The Duke struggles to keep afloat in the nightmarish current. The chopper opens FIRE at him.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

Walsh sees the chopper's vulnerability. Its tail rotor.

WALSH

Marvin. Give me another clip!

DORFLER

What? I need it myself!

WALSH

Give me the fuckin' clip!

Dorfler hesitates. Looks at the chopper. To Walsh. Then tosses him the clip. Walsh jams it into his .45.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The sharpshooters RIDDLE the water surrounding the Duke with GUNFIRE.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

Walsh moves along the bank. Gets a good solid line on the tail rotor. Crouches. Raises his arm. Sights in. Then smiles.

WALSH

Say good night, Gracie.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! SMACK! The STING of metal hitting metal. The tail rotor EXPLODES.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The joystick slips from the Pilot's hands.

PILOT

We're hit!

EXT. GORGE - DAY

With a deafening high-pitched whine, the chopper swings madly out of control. Dorfler drops his jaw. Can't believe it. Walsh grins. The chopper ROARS at them. They hit the deck. ROARS back into the sky and starts its deadly descent toward the wall of the gorge. Heads straight for it. SLAMS into it. EXPLODES into a FIREBALL. GUSHING FLAMES AND SHRAPNEL for a hundred yards.

DORFLER

Goddamn, Jack. You did it!

Walsh smiles, then points.

WALSH

Marvin, watch out!

Walsh punches Dorfler square in the jaw. Dorfler falls back, hitting the car. Walsh digs in Dorfler's pockets. Pulls out Dorfler's cuffs and keys. Cuffs him to the open car door and tosses the keys into the water. Dorfler is coming to.

WALSH

See you in L.A., Marvin!

Walsh dives into the rapids.

EXT. RAPIDS - DAY

The Duke, trying to swim, grabs for debris lodged between rocks. Stops. Unsurvivable white-water ROARS just ahead. Holding onto the debris for dear life, he pulls himself along. Slowly. Surely. Inches toward a boulder. Walsh comes bouncing down the rapids on the same path that the Duke has just taken. He sees the Duke pulling himself to safety. Walsh reaches out as he passes. Grabs for the same debris. SLAMS into it. Dislodges all of it. He and the Duke ROAR down the rapids together clinging to the same log. Moving into the white-water.

THE DUKE

Goddamnit, I was almost safe!

They ride the log, holding on for dear life. A group of boulders are ahead. Water RUSHES between them. The log slams into the boulders, getting caught between two of them. Duke's back is against the current. Walsh is on the other side of the log. He's losing his grip. The rapids beyond invite death.

WALSH

I'm slipping! Give me your hand!

THE DUKE

Promise you'll let me go!

WALSH

Fuck you!

THE DUKE

Promise me!

WALSH

Fuck you!

THE DUKE

You're making it very hard for me to do the right thing here, Jack.

WALSH

(Slipping)

Alright! Alright! I'll let you go! I promise.

The Duke reaches for Walsh. Grabs him. Together, they lunge for the boulder as the log breaks free, disappearing into a field of white. They climb to safety.

EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Drenched to the core. Exhausted. They crawl ashore.

THE DUKE

Where's Dorfler?

WALSH

He's watchin' the car. Thanks for savin' me.

THE DUKE

Thanks for letting me go.

WALSH

I'll let you go, alright.

(Cuffing him)

The second you're in the L.A. County Jail.

THE DUKE

I just saved your life!

WALSH

(Yanking up the Duke)

Come on.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Looking like shit, Walsh and the Duke walk slowly along the side of the rural road. A dilapidated pickup truck snakes toward them. Walsh uncuffs the Duke then waves it to a stop. BILLY, an overweight Indian, with a black ponytail and black cowboy hat, is at the wheel. Two other INDIANS are crammed in the front seat. FOUR more sit on the bed of the truck.

WALSH

How's it goin', gentlemen? Do you think you can give me and my friend a ride to the nearest town?

BILLY

Sure. Pile in.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

We recognize the bridge. It's where the chopper went down. A dozen police cars are on it. Several COPS lean over the side of the bridge. They watch a man SCREAMING in the gorge. Handcuffed to a car. Dorfler.

DORFLER

That's right! Down here! Get me the fuck outta here!

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Mosely sits alone, looking like he's been working long hours. Perry approaches, handing him a teletype page.

PERRY

This just came in.

MOSELY

Is it going to upset me?

PERRY

I think it's safe to say that.

EXT. MCCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, LAS VEGAS - DAY

Jets THUNDER overhead. Joey and Tony stand in front of the

United terminal holding their luggage. With a handkerchief, Tony nurses a huge bruise on the side of his face from the whack of Dorfler's .45. Joey sports a fat lip. Serrano's black limousine pulls up. It feels angry. A CHAUFFEUR takes their bags. Tony and Joey reluctantly get inside.

INT. SERRANO'S LIMO - DAY

Serrano is in back. Also, Sid Lyman. They face Tony and Joey. The car moves quickly away from the terminal area. Serrano is livid.

SERRANO

What's the problem with you guys?
The guy's a fuckin' accountant!

DARUVO

It's been bad luck down the line.
Plus this guy, Walsh, is pretty good.

SERRANO

Well, if he's so fuckin' good, maybe
I should hire him to hit you.

LYMAN

Is any of this going to come back to
him?

DARUVO

No. None of it. We rented the chopper
through Detroit.

JOEY

(To Serrano)

It's five times removed from you. So
you're clear of this. Don't worry.

SERRANO

(Exploding)

I'm clear of shit! He's still out
there!

(Yelling to Chauffeur)

Pull the fuck over!

(To Tony and Joey)

Get out of the car!

LYMAN

Jimmy...

SERRANO

Shut up, Sid.

(To Tony and Joey)

Get the fuck out of the car!

The limo pulls to the side of the road. A confused Tony and Joey sheepishly exit.

SERRANO

I have no interest whatsoever in seeing the two of you alive again unless you have the accountant! You understand?

EXT. LAS VEGAS ROADSIDE - DAY

The limo peels away, leaving Tony and Joey in the dust.

JOEY

How do we get our luggage back?

EXT. INDIAN RESERVATION - DAY

The middle of nowhere. Chickens scatter avoiding the pickup truck as it pulls up to a dilapidated general store. The Indians pile out. Other Indians sit on indoor furniture that has been left outside. An old crop duster is parked to one side of the general store. It catches the Duke's eye.

BILLY

This is the end of the ride.

Walsh stares at the sights.

WALSH

What the hell kind of town is this?

An OLD INDIAN WOMAN sits on the porch.

THE DUKE

Is there a bathroom in there I could use?

She nods "yes." The Duke turns to Walsh.

THE DUKE

Is it alright, Jack?

WALSH

G'head.

The Duke disappears inside. Walsh studies the lonely landscape of old cars and shacks. In their native language, a few INDIANS sitting nearby are having a good laugh at the expense of Walsh's bedraggled appearance. Walsh does his best to ignore them. The sound of a large engine coming to life fills the air. Walsh, pacing along the porch, casually glances in the direction of the crop duster as it slowly starts to taxi away. His eyes widen as he realizes that the man in the open cockpit is the Duke. It appears that the Duke is not afraid of flying. The prop spins with life. The SOUND of the crop duster intensifies. Walsh can't believe how badly he's been taken. As the crop duster moves away, Walsh goes berserk.

WALSH

Fear of flying, you son of a bitch?

Walsh runs after the plane, sprinting the length of the reservation to catch up with the taxiing plane. The Duke swings it around for takeoff, now moving toward Walsh. As it moves past him, Walsh grabs onto the wing and hoists himself alongside the cockpit. The plane ROARS with life. He reaches for the Duke. The Duke tries to push Walsh off and maintain control at the same time.

WALSH

Fear of flying, my ass! Get out of that plane, you son of a bitch.

THE DUKE

My work is done here, Jack. I've reopened the lines of communication between you, your ex-wife and your

daughter.

WALSH

I'm gonna open your fuckin' head.

THE DUKE

And I think you're well on your way
to reexamining who you are as a human
being.

Walsh grabs the Duke halfway out of the cockpit. The plane
zig-zags wildly through the field.

THE DUKE

You're going to get us killed!

WALSH

I don't give a fuck.

Walsh right-hooks the Duke, knocking him out, then manages
to yank him from the cockpit. They both fall to the ground.
The pilotless crop duster aimlessly taxis in circles. Indians
come running from every direction. Walsh shoves the Duke
back toward the general store. Indians surround them angrily.
SHOUTING. Walsh pulls out his .45. Points it in every
direction. It gets quiet fast.

WALSH

Shut the fuck up! All of ya!

He moves through the circle, dragging the Duke by his collar.

WALSH

(To the Duke)

Let me tell you about the coffee
shop I'm gonna open after I dump you
off and collect my hundred grand.
You're gonna love it. Maybe when you
get out, if they don't kill you first,
you can come pay me a visit.

They approach Billy's pickup truck. Walsh points the gun at
Billy.

WALSH

Give me the keys to the truck.

THE DUKE

You just can't take their truck.

WALSH

You were about to take their plane.

Walsh pulls the Duke's watch off of his wrist and tosses it to Billy. Billy complies. Walsh takes the keys and cuffs the Duke inside the truck.

WALSH

Hey, maybe I'll even call it "Duke's Place." Y'know. Out of respect to you.

Walsh gets in behind the wheel. Fires it up. Roars off.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The truck barrels down the road.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Walsh sits behind the wheel, angry. The Duke at his side.

THE DUKE

Jack. Let's be fair about this. You lied to me, too. At the river you promised to let me go.

WALSH

You lied to me first.

THE DUKE

Yes. But the river was before you knew I had lied to you. So that really doesn't count. Don't you think, Jack?

WALSH

What?

THE DUKE

It's wrong that I lied to you. But you had no knowledge that I was lying about my aviophobia when we were in the river, when you lied to me.

WALSH

I can't even argue with you. I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

A town is up ahead. Walsh is gripping his stomach.

WALSH

Ah, shit!

THE DUKE

Have you got an ulcer. Jack?

WALSH

Yes, I've got an ulcer! A big fuckin' ulcer! And all your bullshit is startin' to make it bleed again.

THE DUKE

We better get something to coat it.

WALSH

I need somethin' to eat! That's what I need!

THE DUKE

I can take care of that.

EXT. RED'S CORNER BAR - DAY

The truck slows to a stop.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Walsh looks at the bar. Looks at the Duke.

WALSH

Now what?

THE DUKE

Give me that FBI badge.

Walsh hesitates.

THE DUKE

Do you want to eat that shit you eat
or not?

Walsh studies him for a moment.

WALSH

If you fuck with me...

THE DUKE

Yeah, you'll hit me in the head and
drop me in a thing...

INT. RED'S CORNER BAR - DAY

The Duke bursts in the front door followed by Walsh. Makes
his way to the CASHIER. The Duke speaks with urgency.

THE DUKE

I want to speak to the manager
immediately.

CASHIER

(Taken aback)

Alright, just a minute, sir.

He calls over the MANAGER. Walsh and the Duke lock eyes.

RED

May I help you?

THE DUKE

(Flashing badge)

Alonzo Mosely, FBI. My partner and I
have been tracking a ring of
counterfeiters who have been passing
phony one-hundred-dollar bills
throughout the state. Have you

received any hundred-dollar bills in the last couple of hours?

RED

I received one just 20 minutes ago.

THE DUKE

(To cashier)

Would you mind opening the register, please.

The manager gives a nod of approval. The cashier complies.

THE DUKE

(To cashier)

Let me see all of them.

She reaches for the bills. The Duke stops her.

THE DUKE

No, no! Don't touch them.

Walsh uses a paper napkin to take the bills from the cash register. The Duke clears the counter and proceeds to lay the bills out methodically. The employees look on attentively.

THE DUKE

(Snapping fingers)

Give me that pencil. Confract two.

The cashier hands over her pencil to the Duke. He slides the bills and pencil over to Walsh.

THE DUKE

Check all of these.

Walsh does a series of "tests" on the bills. Erasing. Holding bills up to the light. Occasionally making eye contact with the Duke.

THE DUKE

How are we doing?

WALSH

This one's bad.

Walsh puts it aside. The manager eyeballs their attire.

RED

You guys look like you've been through
the ringer.

WALSH

You don't know the half of it.
(Looking at the Duke)
This one's bad, too.

The Duke speaks with great urgency again.

THE DUKE

I want you to describe, exactly,
what the person who handed you this
bill looked like.

CASHIER

It was a man. About thirty. Tall.

THE DUKE

Oh yeah? About six feet tall?

CASHIER

Yeah.

THE DUKE

What color hair?

CASHIER

Brown.

WALSH

Sounds like our man.

THE DUKE

(To manager)

I want you to call all the other
restaurants in the area and advise
them of the situation.

(To Walsh)

If we move fast we might be able to nail him.

(Grabbing money)

We have to take this for evidence.

(To Walsh)

Make sure they get a receipt for this.

Walsh scribbles a bogus receipt on a scratch pad next to the register. Hands it to the manager.

WALSH

It's as good as gold.

THE DUKE

What's the name of your establishment?

RED

Red's Corner Bar.

THE DUKE

Do you dye your hair?

RED

No.

THE DUKE

Why do they call you Red?

RED

It's short for Redwood.

THE DUKE

What's your first name?

RED

Bill.

THE DUKE

We'll be back. Thanks for your cooperation, Bill.

EXT. RED'S CORNER BAR - DAY

Walsh and the Duke strain to maintain their poise as they exit the Howard Johnson's and hurry across the street into a 7-11.

EXT. 7-11 - DAY

Walsh and the Duke can be seen through the windows inside of the store. In the middle of a shopping spree. Walsh stuffs his face as he goes for sandwiches, beer, doughnuts, etc. The Duke goes for fruit and cereal. They pay for their goods. Exit. As they walk down the street, they RIP into the bags like hungry dogs. They HEAR the RINGING of a railroad crossing. Down the street, a freight train BLOWS its WHISTLE as it rumbles through the center of town at fifteen miles per hour.

WALSH

Come on. We're catchin' this train.

Walsh shoves the Duke. Both carry their bags of food.

THE DUKE

I can't do this.

WALSH

You also couldn't fly. Start running.

They run alongside an open boxcar.

EXT. RED'S CORNER BAR - DAY

With a perplexed look, Red watches through the window as the two "FBI agents" run for the freight train.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The Duke tosses his bag of food into it. Then hoists himself aboard. Walsh starts to lose his footing. He drops all of his food. Beer EXPLODES. Doughnuts and sandwiches go flying.

WALSH

Ah, shit!

EXT. RED'S CORNER BAR - DAY

Somewhat confused, Red turns and goes inside. He picks up a telephone. Dials.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The train starts picking up speed. Walsh can't keep up with the car. The Duke does nothing to help. He just crouches and watches from the open boxcar.

WALSH

Give me your hand!

THE DUKE

(Sarcastically)

Do you promise to let me go?

WALSH

Goddamnit, give me your hand!

The Duke doesn't budge.

THE DUKE

See you in the next life, Jack!

Walsh reaches out. Manages to grab onto a ladder on the side of the car. Hoists himself aboard.

EXT. TRAIN CARS - DAY

Walsh stretches toward the boxcar's open door. The Duke slams it shut. Walsh starts banging on the door.

WALSH

(Screaming)

You son of a bitch! You're gonna have to come out of there sometime and I'm gonna be waiting here!

The train starts picking up speed. Walsh is getting unnerved.

WALSH

You're only making it harder on yourself, making me stay out here!

After a few expectant beats, the large door slowly slides open, revealing an angel-eyed Duke. Walsh reaches into the car and pulls himself inside.

INT. BOXCAR - DAY

Walsh is completely out of breath. The boxcar is near-empty. As Walsh dusts himself off, the Duke sits on a couple of small flimsy crates stacked against the wall. Walsh walks over next to him. Kicks the bottom crate out with a powerful sideswipe. The Duke and the crates CRASH to the floor.

WALSH

And don't you forget it.

Walsh walks over to the far end of the boxcar and sits quietly. Stares down the Duke from across the car.

WALSH

I ain't talkin' to you for the rest of this trip.

THE DUKE

That's adolescent. Don't you think, Jack?

INT. AMARILLO POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dorfler sits at a small desk in a naked room. He's tired, dirty and nervous. Chain-smoking. A SHERIFF and two COPS enter. Dorfler rises.

DORFLER

Hey, are you guys gonna let me go?
I'm tellin' ya, I don't know anythin'.

Mosely enters. Followed by Perry, Tuttle and Plumides.

MOSELY

Is that a fact.

DORFLER

Oh, shit.

Mosely grabs Dorfler's pack of cigarettes. Takes one. Lights it. Pockets the pack.

DORFLER

Yeah, yeah. Help yourself.

MOSELY

Where are they?

DORFLER

You got me.

Mosely turns. KICKS the chair out from under Dorfler. Dorfler hits the floor. Perry lurches forward.

PERRY

Inspector...

MOSELY

Shut up!

Mosely picks up Dorfler. Tosses him at the table. Breaking it. Dorfler rolls to the floor.

MOSELY

I want some answers and I want them now.

Mosely picks up Dorfler. Grabs the chair. Shoves him into it. A Sheriff enters and whispers something to Tuttle.

DORFLER

I don't know nothing. They went down the river. They could be dead, for all I know.

Tuttle meekly approaches Mosely.

TUTTLE

Sir?

MOSELY

(Snapping)

What?

TUTTLE

(Whispering)

It seems that an "Agent Alonzo Mosely" and his "partner" were seen hopping a westbound freight train near Channing.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

The freight train barrels through the moonlit night.

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Still at opposite ends of the car, Walsh and the Duke are curled up trying to resist the cold.

THE DUKE

C'mon, Jack. Don't be a baby. Are you going to sulk the rest of the trip?

Walsh doesn't answer.

THE DUKE

Do you want to know when I knew I had you pegged?

Still no response.

THE DUKE

The very first second we were in the car in New York. For some reason, I noticed your watch. An old Timex. Scratched. Cracked. But you hang on to it, don't you? Even when a new watch would do better by you.

The Duke speaks the truth. Suddenly Walsh appears vulnerable.

THE DUKE

Let me guess. It was a present. Someone gave it to you about 20 years

ago.

Walsh doesn't answer.

THE DUKE

You're sentimental. You hold memories as something precious. You have a desire to do what's right. I knew you wouldn't force me to fly.

Walsh gently looks at his watch.

WALSH

Gail bought me this. It was the first thing she ever got me. I was always a half hour late when we were dating. So she bought me this watch and set it a half an hour fast so I'd never be late.

The Duke is silent.

WALSH

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I still imagine that we're gonna end up together. I'm still waiting. Hangin' on.

THE DUKE

I don't think she's coming back.

WALSH

I don't, either.
(A beat)
The bitch...

INT. FRONT DESK, AMARILLO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dorfler is handed his belongings in a paper bag by a DESK SERGEANT.

DORFLER

Yeah. Accommodations were wonderful.
You gotta cigarette?

DESK SERGEANT

Don't smoke.

DORFLER

That Fed took my cigarettes.

(Leaning in)

Where did everybody go?

DESK SERGEANT

They took off.

(Smiling)

You want your cigarettes? You'll
have to go to Flagstaff.

(Starts laughing)

Because that's where your pal Mosely
went.

Dorfler laughs with him.

DORFLER

I just might do that.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RAILROAD TRACKS, ARIZONA - DAWN

The train moves through the Arizona desert. The sun is just peeking over distant mountains. The landscape is bathed in a deep red hue.

INT. BOXCAR - DAWN

Walsh is crouched in the open doorway, smoking. Looking at the sun. He flicks his cigarette butt into the wind. Walsh turns. Notices that the Duke is setting up his breakfast. He tears open the paper bag. Uses it as a place mat. Lays out fruit. A box of high-fiber cereal. A quart of nonfat milk.

THE DUKE

Jack. Would you care to breakfast
with me?

The Duke pulls out some packaged cakes.

THE DUKE

I think these are yours anyway, Jack.
I know I didn't buy any Ho-Ho's or
Suzy-Q's.

Walsh looks at the Duke's bruised face.

WALSH
I'm sorry I hit you.

The Duke shrugs it off. Walsh moves next to him. The Duke
hands him the cakes.

THE DUKE
Do you know where we are?

WALSH
We've been going west all night. My
guess is Arizona. We're almost home.

THE DUKE
I'm almost dead.

WALSH
The witness protection program isn't
so bad. They'll give you a new name.
You'll have a new life.

THE DUKE
Jack, do me a favor, okay? Don't
play this big brother routine with
me because it really insults my
intelligence. The only thing important
to you about me is getting your money.

WALSH
I'm tired of you making me out to be
some kind of thug whose only concern
is a big chunk of change. Did you
know that Serrano's people offered
me a million bucks for you?

THE DUKE
Why don't you just go for the big
money, Jack? You're doing his work

for him either way.

WALSH

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about. The reason I do this shit is because I didn't want to work for that lowlife. You remember that big dealer I was trying to bring down in Chicago? That was Serrano, alright? Now, you know everything. Are you happy?

THE DUKE

He's the reason you left Chicago? And you're taking me in? Are you out of your mind? You want me to speak your language, Jack? You let that motherfucker beat you! With what you know about police work and what I know about Serrano's operation, we should be able to put him away for thirty years.

WALSH

I'm not in that business anymore.

THE DUKE

I'm a goddamn accountant and I tried to get him. You're this big macho guy, with your guns and all your bullshit and you're backing away?

Walsh opens himself up like he has never before.

WALSH

I just don't have it in me.

EXT. BOXCAR - DAY - LATER

The city of Flagstaff is in the distance. The train begins to slow down. Walsh leans out of the car. Eyeballing it.

WALSH

We're gettin' off here. Just in case.

They both get up. Wait for the right moment.

WALSH

You first, wise guy.

The Duke jumps. Walsh follows. They tumble through the high grass. Roll to a stop. Endless boxcars THUNDER past them.

INT. FLAGSTAFF TRAIN DEPOT - DAY

A few minutes later. The train is now stationary. The door is SWUNG OPEN. HARD.

SERIES OF CUTS

Of boxcars being opened. One after another. FEDS and COPS are all over the train in greater numbers than ever before. Mosely's car pulls up. He gets out. Perry, Tuttle and Plumides follow suit. Mosely approaches a Flagstaff POLICE CAPTAIN.

MOSELY

Inspector Mosely. Find anything?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Not yet.

Mosely walks away with determination. His men follow.

PERRY

They could have jumped off the train anywhere along the line.

MOSELY

Walsh isn't playing with a lot of time. He took this train as far as he could.

EXT. MARVIN DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

Dorfler cruises over a bridge. Below him is the train depot. He slows and spots the slew of police cars below him. Watches as they continue conducting the search of the boxcars.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Some pickup trucks with Arizona plates. Walsh and the Duke are cuffed again. Sneaking along, they approach a Jeep CJ-7 decked for off-road use.

WALSH

Arizona plates. Do I know my shit or what?

Walsh moves around to the passenger side of the Jeep. The door is unlocked. He opens it.

INT. JEEP - DAY

He proceeds to hot-wire the vehicle. The engine CRANKS and FIRES. Walsh pushes the Duke across the passenger side. Cuffs him to the roll bar. Hops in.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

As Walsh ROARS away, the OWNER of the Jeep exits the store. His jaw drops as his Jeep passes him and tears off down the road.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Walsh tools down the road. The Duke staring ahead. An occasional building passes by as they move to the outskirts of town. Fields and mountains ahead.

THE DUKE

Where are we going?

WALSH

To the next fuckin' airport.

A police car comes up behind him. Hits its lights. SIREN. Starts coming up fast.

WALSH

Shit!

Walsh jams it. The truck lurches with life. Suddenly, a second

police car is moving like a bat out of hell from the opposite direction. Sirens WAILING. Light blazing.

THE DUKE

You're not going to be happy until you get us both killed.

WALSH

I came too far. I'm too close.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A cop car ahead skids to a stop, blocking the road. Walsh SCREAMS off the pavement. Driving onto the shoulder. Clods of earth kick up. Walsh SCRAPES the cop car and moves right back on to the road. The car chasing Walsh tries the same trick. Doesn't make it. SMACKS hard into the police car blocking the road.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF TRAIN DEPOT - DAY

COPS. FEDS. Everyone is running for their cars. Cars SCREECH out in all directions. The police captain runs up to Mosely, Perry, Tuttle and Plumides.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(Shouting)

Follow me to the chopper!

EXT. MARVIN DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

From the bridge, Dorfler watches the excitement unfold. He smiles, knowing that Walsh and the Duke must be nearby. He gets back into his car and follows the procession of speeding police and Federal cars.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Walsh has got it to the floor. They move more and more into the country. Dirt roads cross the plains.

WALSH

How many fuckin' cops can they have in this town?

Walsh checks the rearview mirror. More than a dozen police and Federal cars are behind them. The Duke notices several police cars ROARING down the dirt road on their right. Walsh turns. At least a dozen more are on his left. They seem to be coming from everywhere.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Walsh tears by. The cop cars from the right and left sides converge onto Walsh's road. The two dented cop cars from behind come up fast in pursuit. It's a carnival of SIRENS and BLAZING LIGHTS.

INT. JEEP - DAY

THE DUKE

I know you can do it, Jack!

Walsh spots the worst sight yet. A slew of Federal cars coming at him from ahead. He's surrounded. There's no way he's getting around this. He turns the wheel hard.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Jeep skids off the road. SMASHES through fence posts. Rips into the field. Jumps a hill. Lands and keeps going. The Cops and Feds swerve off the road in pursuit.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Dorfler slows, as his car passes the spot where Walsh crashed through the fence. The place is crawling with Cops and Feds. Cautious not to be observed, he keeps moving.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Walsh shifts it into four-wheel-drive. SLAMS up a hill. Missing trees. Rocks. The cop cars can't keep up. A helicopter ROARS overhead.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Mosely sits alongside the PILOT. Looking down at the terrain

with binoculars. Behind him sits Perry, Tuttle and Plumides. Below, the fields are filled with the tangle of police and Federal cars. The hill approaches. Mosely taps the pilot.

MOSELY

(To pilot)

Check the other side.

EXT. HILL - DAY

The Jeep ROARS over the peak. Starts bouncing down the other side. It's very steep. PLOWING through brush. Picking up speed. A group of farmhouses are clustered below.

INT. MARVIN DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

Dorfler follows the chopper with his eyes as it heads for the group of hills. The chopper obviously has an overview so Dorfler decides to follow it.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

Dorfler makes a turn onto a dirt road, ROARING past the group of farmhouses. Slows. Checks the position of the helicopter, then keeps moving.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Coming down a hill, Walsh realizes he's not going to make it. He loses control of the Jeep.

EXT. HILL - DAY

The Jeep SKIDS. SLAMS sideways into a group of trees. Walsh climbs out. Uncuffs the Duke from the roll bar. They start running for the farmhouses. The chopper is coming. They drop into the high grass. The chopper moves past them. Back toward the hill.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Mosely, with eagle eyes, spots something.

MOSELY

There's the Jeep.

It's nearly buried in trees and brush.

MOSELY
(To Pilot)

Try the farm. Close to the ground.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The chopper moves toward the farmhouses. Walsh and the Duke move through the high grass to a thicket of trees on the roadside. Two Federal cars ROAR past them. Followed by two local cop cars. Walsh's eyes sweep the road. Next is a passenger car. One person at the wheel. Walsh grabs his .45. Runs into the road. Flags down the car. The Duke recognizes the driver.

THE DUKE
Jack! Don't! It's Dorfler!

INT. MARVIN DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

Dorfler, at the wheel, can't believe what he sees. There is a God. He floors it. Heads for Walsh. Opens the car door. WHACKS him. Walsh bounces to the concrete. Dorfler gets out. The Duke starts running for the woods.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

It looks like paradise. A trickling creek. Surrounded by aspens. Sunlight streaming down. The Duke slides down the embankment. SPLASHES through the creek. Dorfler follows him. Chasing hard. Tackles him. Lands several punches. The Duke swings back. Dorfler overpowers him. Pins him into the creek. Lands several more punches. Yanks him to his feet.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Walsh is slowly coming around. Winded. Bruised. Dorfler yanks the Duke up the embankment. Across the road. Quickly opens the trunk. Shoves the Duke inside. SLAMS the trunk closed. An uncomprehending Walsh takes a feeble swing at Dorfler. Dorfler right-hooks Walsh. Walsh stumbles. Dorfler hits him

again. Walsh falls backwards, several feet, over the embankment.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Walsh tumbles down the embankment to the banks of the creek. He's out cold. Dorfler can be heard SCREECHING away in the car. Walsh is still. The continuous roar of the chopper seems to fade away. He slowly comes to. Looks at the creek before him. Slightly confounded at finding himself in such a heavenly setting. Stares at clear water TRICKLING over rocks and stone.

EXT. EAT DINER - SUNSET

A gentle cut. Peaceful. Almost dream-like. Wind gently rocks the "EAT" sign. Its rusty hinges SQUEAK. The dirt parking lot is empty. Walsh moves down the road. Approaches the diner.

INT. EAT DINER - SUNSET

Walsh enters. Dirty. Ragged. The DINNER OWNER, a quiet matronly woman, is behind the counter. Walsh moves over to her. She barely moves. Just checks him out.

DINER OWNER

Bad day, huh?

WALSH

Bad week.

DINER OWNER

I know what you mean.

WALSH

I could use a cup of coffee.

DINER OWNER

I think I could arrange that.

He achingly sits at the counter. The Diner Owner places a mug before Walsh. Pours coffee. Walsh nods his thanks. Picks up the mug. Blows on it gently. Is about to take a sip. SUDDENLY, a pair of sunglasses SLIDES the length of the counter, coming to rest in front of Walsh. He doesn't budge.

Just stares at them. He puts down the mug. Picks up the sunglasses. Knows what's coming without looking. He looks anyway. Standing at the end of the counter is Mosely.

WALSH

I've been lookin' all over for these.

Walsh turns. Through the window, in the lot, are twenty police cars. Federal cars. Lights turning. Police RADIOS gently BLABBERING.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF AIRPORT - DAY

Dorfler and the Duke pull up to the small airport.

INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY

The Duke eyes the planes on the runway. Turns to Dorfler.

THE DUKE

I can't do this. I have a very serious fear of flying.

Without losing a beat, Dorfler right-hooks the Duke.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. FLAGSTAFF POLICE DEPT. - NIGHT

Walsh is on the hot seat. Smoking. Mosely sits opposite him. Perry, Tuttle and Plumides stand around Walsh. Also several high-ranking LOCAL COPS. Walsh glances at his watch. It's a quarter to seven.

MOSELY

Forget about your time clock, Walsh. It's over. That's how that one went.

WALSH

I know my rights. You owe me some phone calls.

MOSELY

What should be of paramount importance to you, right now, is the ten years you're going to get for impersonating

a Federal agent.

WALSH

Ten years for impersonating a Fed?
How come no one's after you?

MOSELY

You don't know when to quit.

WALSH

I know one thing. I know my rights.
And by law, you owe me phone calls.
I ain't sayin' shit 'til I get them.

Mosely gives in.

MOSELY

Give him his calls.

Perry and two local cops escort Walsh out of the room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - FLAGSTAFF POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Crowded with cops and Feds. Walsh dials. Waits.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jerry grabs the phone.

JERRY

Eddie Moscone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE'S OFFICE

WALSH

It's Walsh. Give me Moscone.

Jerry nearly drops the phone. He turns.

JERRY

Eddie. Pick it up. It's Jack!

Moscone rushes for the phone. Picks it up. Nervous as hell.
Jerry listens on the extension as usual.

MOSCONE

I hope you're gettin' close, 'cause you only got five hours.

WALSH

No, I'm not, Eddie. But, I'm callin' to let you know that you're a dead man, you lying son of a bitch. You put Dorfler on this fuckin' thing...

Moscone's nervousness turns to rage.

MOSCONE

Well, I should kill you. You stupid son of a bitch! You had the guy five days ago. What the hell are you joyridin' cross-country for? And are you nuts, tellin' Dorfler that I was givin' you a hundred grand when I offered him twenty-five? He just called me up yellin' and screamin'. And why the hell can't you get the Duke here in five hours?

WALSH

(Confused)

When did you speak to Dorfler?

MOSCONE

Five minutes ago. He told me to go fuck myself. What the hell difference does it make?

RESUME WALSH

Moscone continues yelling. Walsh slowly lowers the phone, hanging it up on Moscone. He thinks. It doesn't make sense. His wheels are turning. Then he quickly reaches into his wallet. Pulls out the slip of paper that Tony and Joey gave him in New York. The card is stained from the adventure in the rapids. Numbers have faded. But it's still there. Walsh dials it. It's a million-to-one shot. Someone picks up on the other end.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello?

WALSH

(Slowly)

Yeah. Is Tony or Joey there?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Who's this?

Walsh thinks for a second. It's a million-to-one shot...

WALSH

Dorfler.

The voice relaxes.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Sure, Marvin, hang on. I'm gonna forward your call.

Walsh's heart rate goes up. Dorfler's gone dirty.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Joey picks up the phone.

JOEY

(Into phone)

Marvin?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED Walsh's eyes widen. He recognizes the voice.

WALSH

No, it's Jack Walsh. So, Dorfler's workin' for you guys now.

JOEY

What are you complainin' for? We came to you first.

Tony comes out of the bathroom. Joey turns and covers the

phone.

JOEY

It's Jack Walsh.

Tony takes the phone.

DARUVO

Hey, too late scumbag...

WALSH

No, too late for you. I didn't come this far not to collect my money. I want the Duke back.

DARUVO

So what the fuck are you telling me for?

WALSH

What am I telling you for? Because I've got some of the Duke's belongings, that's why. Including some computer disks that have every last detail of Serrano's businesses and money-laundering operations, and if I don't get him back in the next two hours I'm gonna turn them over to the Feds.

DARUVO

I'll blow your fuckin' brains out.

WALSH

How are you gonna do that from jail?

Tony doesn't answer.

WALSH

You tell Serrano, I wanna meet him with the Duke alone in two hours, in the main terminal of McCarran Airport, where we'll make the exchange. I know he's the only one of you guys

who won't try to take a shot at me in a public place. If I see one single goon within a mile of that airport, the deal's off and I'm goin' to the Feds.

DARUVO

I ain't gonna tell him that.

WALSH

Fine. After he's busted I'll make sure to tell him you knew about it beforehand. That's two hours from now. Main terminal, McCarran Airport. You got that, moron? Have a nice day.

Walsh hangs up, wondering how he's going to dig himself out of this. The SOUNDS of the police station come back to him. He turns, locks eyes with Perry.

PERRY

What was that?

WALSH

Where's Mosely? I wanna make a deal.

PERRY

(Calling)

Inspector!

Mosely moves through the cops. Comes up to Walsh.

WALSH

What would you do if I could deliver you Serrano?

MOSELY

How do you mean "deliver"?

WALSH

Well... for starters, conspiracy to destroy government evidence.

MOSELY

What government evidence?

WALSH

Would you let me take the Duke in myself and collect my money?

Mosely can see that Walsh is serious.

MOSELY

Tell me more.

WALSH

Well, I'll have to tell you on the way because we've got to be in Las Vegas in two hours.

EXT. GOLDEN BOY MOTEL - NIGHT

Dorfler scurries with a newspaper and paper bag toward the motel.

INT. ROOM - GOLDEN BOY MOTEL - NIGHT

Dorfler enters. Tears open the bag. Opens a package containing a new Polaroid Camera. Slams in package of film. Flashbulbs. With the newspaper under his arm, he heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Duke is cuffed to the pipe under the sink. Dorfler forces the Duke to hold up the paper.

DORFLER

Hold that up. So they'll know that I took these today. See? I got it all figured out. Say "cheese."

Dorfler starts snapping off pictures.

THE DUKE

Don't do this, Marvin.

Dorfler scoops the images off the tile floor. They're coming

to life. He pockets them.

DORFLER

Adi's.

Dorfler exits. The Duke can HEAR him leave.

EXT. GULF STREAM JET - NIGHT

The FBI Gulf Stream jet flies above the desert bathed in moonlight.

INT. GULF STREAM JET - NIGHT

Mosely and his men listen to Walsh.

PERRY

If he takes those disks, even though they're blank, that's the overt act, correct?

Mosely is about to answer. Walsh cuts him off.

WALSH

If he just sets foot in the airport, he's committed an overt act. Conspiracy to obstruct justice.

The agents listen attentively.

WALSH

If he shows up with the Duke, you can add kidnapping. If he shows up with anyone packing a gun, you can add conspiracy to commit murder. The fact that it's an airport... Alonzo, correct me if you think I'm wrong here...

(Back to Perry)

...you can slap an ITAR rap on him as well.

PERRY

Do you think he'll show?

WALSH

Oh, he'll show. He's got no choice.

Mosely is impressed.

MOSELY

(To Perry re: Walsh)

Get a wire on him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The lights of Las Vegas twinkle in the distance. Dorfler's car swings into the lot. He looks around. Still sporting their bruises, Tony and Joey get out of their car and move toward him.

DARUVO

Marvin?

DORFLER

Yeah.

(A beat)

Hey, look I'm sorry about what happened back at the Western Union office. You can imagine my embarrassment when I found out who you were. I didn't mean to hit you. It was just one of those things. You know. Like a spur of the moment. You know I'd never pull any shit like that.

JOEY

What the fuck took you?

DORFLER

I made a quick stop.

DARUVO

(Looking around)

Where is he?

DORFLER

Where's my money?

DARUVO

It's in the car. Where is he?

DORFLER

Slight change of plans. Now I want two million dollars. I read the newspapers, ya know. This guy got you for fifteen million. So I figured he's gotta be worth at least two to ya. You can't play me for a chump.

DARUVO

(Holding back rage)

How do we know you've got him?

Dorfler reaches into his shirt pocket. Hands over the Polaroids. Tony starts slipping through them. Joey leans in.

DORFLER

A million now. Then I call you in twenty minutes. Tell you where to drop off the second million. Once I know it's there, I tell you where he is.

Tony stops flipping through the photos. Pushes Joey aside.

DORFLER

Okay?

JOEY

Not okay.

DORFLER

Why not?

Tony rears back and BAM! Marvin is out cold.

JOEY

Whatayou fucking nuts! What's Jimmy gonna say!?! How the fuck are we gonna get the Duke now!?!

DARUVO

You got the answer right in your hands!

JOEY

What are you talking about?

Tony shows the Polaroids to Joey.

DARUVO

Joey, when are you going to learn how to pay attention?

INSERT POLAROID The Duke is cuffed to the sink. Holding the paper. Several motel towels with the "Golden Boy" logo decorate the bathroom.

DARUVO

Look, see what it says there?

RESUME SCENE Tony and Joey head back for their car.

INT. SERRANO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Serrano gives instructions to a few BODYGUARDS. Lyman paces nervously.

SERRANO

I want ten of our best people and I don't want any fuck-ups this time. As soon as I get ahold of these things, I want them both dropped.

LYMAN

I don't think you should do this.

A bodyguard helps Serrano with his coat.

SERRANO

Oh, you don't? What do you propose I do?

LYMAN

Send somebody with a cash offer.
Give this guy whatever the hell he
wants but don't do this.

SERRANO

Walsh won't take any money from me.
He knows I'd come and get it an hour
later. In his mind this is clean. He
gets what he wants. I get what I
want. The guy's a fuckin' burnout.
He just wants his money.

LYMAN

Jimmy, listen...

Serrano turns and heads for the door with his goons.

SERRANO

Sydney. Sit down. Relax. Have a
sandwich. Drink a glass of milk. Do
some fucking thing.

INT. STARLIGHT CASINO GARAGE - NIGHT

The elevator doors open revealing Serrano, the four bodyguards
with him. They move with purpose, almost in step, heading
for Serrano's limousine. FBI agents watch them as they pass
and then one AGENT turns, picking up a walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT

He's on his way.

Serrano's limousine pulls out and moves up to street level.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The limousine moves into traffic. Suddenly two FBI cars, one
parked at the curb, the other from the front of the casino,
come to life and move off in pursuit. As Serrano's limousine
passes a cross street, another FBI car makes a U-turn as if
from nowhere and joins in the surveillance.

INT. FBI CAR - NIGHT

Four AGENTS. One speaks into the radio.

AGENT

We're on him.

INT. GULF STREAM JET - NIGHT

They approach the lights of Vegas. Everyone is strapping in. Perry is checking the wire Walsh is wearing. Plumides lights Walsh's cigarette. Mosely talks into a speakerphone.

MOSELY

This is Mosely.

AGENT (V.O.)

Serrano's just left and is heading west on Vegas Boulevard.

Walsh smiles. Mosely notices.

MOSELY

Why are you smiling?

WALSH

I feel like a cop again.

EXT. GULF STREAM JET - NIGHT

The Gulf Stream jet touches down and THUNDERS toward the far end of the airport, roaring to a stop. Mosely, Perry, Tuttle, Plumides and Walsh descend the steps of the Gulf Stream jet. Several FBI and police cars are discreetly parked nearby. Walsh is directed by the agents toward the main terminal.

EXT. MCCARRAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Serrano's limo pulls up in front, followed by the FBI cars which duck out of sight. Serrano gets out of his limo and walks to another limo, parked at the curb. Serrano gets in.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Serrano gets into the limo. Inside are the Duke, Tony and Joey. Serrano leans back and smiles at the Duke.

SERRANO

So we finally meet. I'm in the presence of greatness. "The Duke." A man who robs from the scum of the earth and gives to the unfortunates of the world. I wanted to meet you face-to-face.

Serrano leans forward.

SERRANO

Did you actually think that you were going to steal my money and get away with it? I stopped by here to tell you two things. Number one is that you're going to die tonight. Number two, I'm going to go home, have a nice hot meal, then find your wife and I'm going to kill her too.

Serrano leans in and smacks the Duke across the face.

EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

Some of Serrano's thugs hover around the limo. Serrano and Joey get out of the limo.

SERRANO

Joey, stay here and wait for my call.
The rest of you come with me.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Walsh walks through the crowded terminal. He moves from one of the arms of McCarran to the gorgeous glass main terminal. His eyes scan the place. No agents in sight. No sign of Serrano or the Duke. Walsh crosses the terminal, heading for the center where he can be clearly seen. A few of Serrano's BODYGUARDS enter, glance at Walsh, fan out into the crowd. Walsh pulls the last cigarette out of a pack and lights it.

INT. TERMINAL BALCONY - NIGHT

Agent Mosely and the other FBI agents look through binoculars down at Walsh. They also listen in on the wire. Suddenly, Serrano comes into sight of one of the FBI agents.

FBI AGENT

Here he comes.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Walsh stops in his tracks as he sees Serrano walking toward him. Serrano looks at Walsh's ragged appearance.

SERRANO

Jack, long time no see.

WALSH

Long time no see.

SERRANO

I see you're still spending all of your money on clothes.

WALSH

Well, you know...

SERRANO

Listen, while you're in town, if you'll want to see a show... or a free meal or something like that, you let me know. On me. That's just the type of guy I am.

WALSH

You're a real sport.

INT. TERMINAL BALCONY - NIGHT

Mosely and the other agents continue watching Walsh and Serrano.

MOSELY

Just give him the disks.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

SERRANO
How's your mother?

WALSH
She's alright.

SERRANO
Daughter's getting big... growing up
and all, huh?

Walsh nods his head and stares at Serrano.

SERRANO
You know I was thinking, maybe if
we'd done business way back when,
you wouldn't look like a guy with a
fucking cup in your hand.

WALSH
Trying to make a living.

SERRANO
You got the disks or did you lose
them too? Like your job.

INT. TERMINAL BALCONY - NIGHT

MOSELY
Give him the disks, Walsh.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

WALSH
Well, I see you but I don't see the
Duke.

SERRANO
We'll worry about him in a minute.

WALSH
No, we have to worry about him now.
This isn't a fucking reunion. If I
don't see him in five seconds, I'm

walking.

SERRANO

You're still way too serious. Why don't we take a walk together and go get him.

WALSH

Fuck you. See you at the arraignment.

Jack starts to walk. Serrano calls out to him.

SERRANO

Alright, Jack. Hold up. You win.

Serrano nods to a gun by a phone. The goon nods back and places a call.

Walsh is pissed.

WALSH

I said no goons.

SERRANO

Don't worry about him. You're going to get what you want.

ANGLE ON COUNTER

Dorfler, complete with back eye, moves up to the counter.

DORFLER

One-way ticket to L.A.

TICKET CLERK

Smoking or nonsmoking?

Dorfler lights up a cigarette and blows the smoke at the clerk.

DORFLER

Take a wild guess.

Suddenly, Dorfler turns and spots Tony and Joey walking right

past him with the Duke. Dorfler does a double-take. He grabs his .45 out of his duffelbag. Puts it in his pocket and moves after them.

INT. TERMINAL BALCONY - NIGHT

Perry sees Dorfler coming.

PERRY
Ah, shit...

Now, Mosely sees Dorfler coming.

MOSELY
I'm going to have a heart attack
before this is over...

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Tony and Joey appear with the Duke. Walsh motions for the Duke to get behind him.

SERRANO
Give me the disks.

Dorfler appears.

WALSH
Ah fuck... Marvin, take a hike.

DORFLER
No way!

Dorfler pulls out the .45 and begins tugging at the Duke.

WALSH
You're missing the bigger picture
here, Marvin.

Dorfler grabs at Walsh.

INT. TERMINAL BALCONY - NIGHT

Walsh's wire goes dead. Agent Tuttle looks up.

TUTTLE

The wire's gone dead.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Serrano grabs the disks and moves off with Tony and Joey.
The goons begin to approach. They're all clearly armed. Walsh sees them coming.

WALSH

Marvin! Watch out, watch out!

DORFLER

I'm not falling for that shit again.

WALSH

Will you look out!

Walsh leans into his jacket.

WALSH

(Into jacket)

He's got the disks. He's got the disks.

Walsh turns to the balcony and yells out.

WALSH

Serrano's got the disk! Serrano's got the disk!

Feds move in from everywhere. They grab Serrano, Tony, Joey and Dorfler. There are nearly a hundred Federal agents that continue swarming in. Walsh moves over to Serrano with a big smile.

WALSH

You know, there's something I've been wanting to say to you for ten years.

SERRANO

Oh, yeah? What's that?

WALSH

You're under arrest.

Mosely appears with Perry and Tuttle.

WALSH

We still have a deal, Alonzo?

MOSELY

We have a deal.

Dorfler is being taken away by the Feds. He shouts out.

DORFLER

Why does he get special treatment?

WALSH

See you in L.A., Marvin.

DORFLER

Watch your cigarettes with this guy,
Jack.

Dorfler is taken away. Walsh cuffs the Duke.

THE DUKE

What are you doing?

WALSH

We've still got an hour and a half
to get you to L.A.

Walsh leads the uncomprehending Duke away through the crowd
of Federal agents and spectators.

INT. 727 JET - NIGHT

Walsh and the Duke, both deep in thought, sit quietly as the
plane approaches L.A.

POV OF 727 - NIGHT

The Los Angeles skyline beckons. The runway lights are

approaching. It has a dream-like quality. Jet engines WHINE.
The runway swallows up the SCREEN. The plane TOUCHES down.

INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

Looking like the absolute ends of the earth, Walsh and the Duke shuffle out of the boarding ramp to the upstairs terminal. Walsh slips the cuffs around the Duke's wrist. They cross the terminal and move quietly.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Walsh and the Duke ride the escalator down. They move toward the front door. Walsh stops near a bank of pay phones. Turns to the Duke.

WALSH

When I took this job, I figured I'd never make it. Not in a million years. But for a hundred grand, I had to give it a try.

(A beat)

If you had your way, what would you do? Where would you go?

THE DUKE

Mexico. Call Dana, my wife. Have her collect whatever money we've got stashed. Meet me in Mazatlán. Nobody would bother us and we'd live well down there.

WALSH

Drink margaritas and watch the sun go down?

THE DUKE

Every single night.

Walsh starts to punch a number into a pay phone.

WALSH

That coffee shop would've been nice.

INT. MOSCONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The phone is ringing. Moscone picks it up. He is alone.

MOSCONE

Eddie Moscone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND MOSCONE

WALSH

Hey, Eddie, where's Jerry?

MOSCONE

The Feds picked him up twenty minutes ago.

WALSH

What for?

MOSCONE

What's the difference? I never trusted that guy. Where the hell are you?

WALSH

I'm in L.A. with the Duke. You want to say hello?

Walsh puts the phone to the Duke's face.

THE DUKE

Hello.

WALSH

(Taking back phone)

Now, say good-bye you lying piece of shit because I'm letting him go.

Walsh hangs up. The terminal VIBRATES with the SOUND of a JET THUNDERING down. Walsh unlocks the cuffs.

WALSH

May your footsteps be heard in heaven before the devil knows you're gone.

THE DUKE

I don't get it.

WALSH

I did what I wanted to do. I got you
to L.A. before midnight.

The Duke looks deeply at Walsh. A lot is said in the silence.

THE DUKE

I don't know what to say.

WALSH

Don't say anything. Get out of here
before I change my mind.

THE DUKE

Thank you.

WALSH

No, John. Thank you.

Walsh turns and starts walking. He gets a few steps toward the door. He stops. Turns. Looks back at the Duke, who's still standing in the terminal. Walsh starts walking back to him with a smile. He takes the Duke's hand. It appears as if he is going to cuff the Duke again. He does. With his battered Timex.

WALSH

Remember our adventure.

The Duke strokes the watch and smiles.

THE DUKE

I'll treasure it.

(A beat)

I've got a gift for you too, Jack.

The Duke unbuttons his suit jacket. Walsh squints. He's confused. The Duke unbuttons two buttons on his shirt. Reaches underneath. UNSTRAPS something. Pulls out an odd-looking belt and hands it to Walsh.

WALSH

What's that?

THE DUKE

When we first met, I was packing to make my getaway because...

(Smiling)

...I thought the FBI was closing in.

So I took a little traveling money.

It is a money belt. Walsh takes it slowly. He's slow to understand. He opens a compartment. Thousand dollar bills are stacked tightly.

WALSH

You sonofabitch...

THE DUKE

I told you I had money.

WALSH

I know you had money. I didn't know you had money.

THE DUKE

It's not a payoff, it's a gift. You already let me go.

Walsh smiles. Wiggles the belt.

WALSH

How much is here?

THE DUKE

In the neighborhood of three hundred thousand.

WALSH

That's one of my favorite neighborhoods.

THE DUKE

Take care, Jack. If you're ever in Mazatlán...

WALSH

Yeah, John. I'll look you up. Just get rid of that dog of yours.

They shake hands. Walsh turns. Walks out of the terminal quickly. The Duke watches him go, then disappears into another part of the terminal.

EXT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

Money belt in hand, Walsh steps outside. Takes in the night air. He walks past a large clock. It reads 11:35.

WALSH

Twenty-five minutes to midnight,
Walsh. You would've made it.

Looking like shit, he walks up to the first cab parked at the curb. A CAB DRIVER sits inside.

WALSH

You got change of a thousand?

CAB DRIVER

Get outta here, you bum!

WALSH

(Smiling)

Looks like I'm walking.

MUSIC kicks in.

FADE TO BLACK ROLL CREDITS

THE END