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## **CRIME AFTER CRIME**

An Original  
Screenplay By

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EXT. WALL STREET - DUSK

As the sun sets on Wall Street hundreds of thousands of people exit the tall skyscrapers.

Traffic and pedestrians clog the streets.

EXT. THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK - DUSK

The First International Bank Of New York is a ten story building. The last dying rays of the sun shimmer behind the building.

INT. THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK - DUSK

A handsome man of fifty sits at his desk on the tenth floor. A plaque on his desk states that he is "LEONARD WOODWARD – President."

The lights of Manhattan are just coming on outside the windows.

The phone rings. Woodward pushes a button on his complicated computer phone and a Secretary's voice comes through on the speaker.

WOODWARD

Yes?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

There is a Mr. Lahserini on line two, Mr. Woodward.

Woodward winces.

WOODWARD

Put him through.

There is a click, then a gruff, male voice comes through the speaker.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

Woodward. This is Lahserini. Where were you last night? You said you'd be here with the money.

WOODWARD

(Nervous)

I wasn't able to get the money yesterday, I had some complications.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

You haven't forgotten what tonight is, have you?

Woodward thinks for a moment.

WOODWARD

...Thursday?

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

Very funny, it's Friday. It also happens to be your deadline.

Woodward puts his finger into his tight collar and loosens his tie.

WOODWARD

I can't make it tonight. I need another extension.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

It sounds like you're getting desperate, Leonard. I've already given you two extensions.

WOODWARD

It's not easy coming up with two million dollars.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

It was certainly easy enough for you to lose it. You're the president of a bank. You're sitting in a building loaded with money. Think about it. You have until tomorrow, midnight, otherwise it's

your funeral.

WOODWARD

I'll be there with the money. You can bet on it.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

I would never bet on you, Leonard, you're the worst gambler in Atlantic City.

Lahserini laughs at him.

Woodward's face grows red.

WOODWARD

(Insulted)

Goodbye.

Woodward pushes a button on the telephone.

WOODWARD

(Furious)

That fucking prick!

Lahserini's voice still comes through the speaker.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

What was that?

Woodward cringes in embarrassment.

WOODWARD

I said... that'll do the trick. Goodbye.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

Goodbye.

Woodward makes sure to push the proper button this time, disconnecting the line.

He shakes his head, stands and leaves the room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Woodward enters the conference room. Inside are two bank executives. CHARLES CAMPBELL, a tall, thin black-haired man and MICHAEL DADY, a balding, nervous man. There are also two female SECRETARIES sitting at a conference table.

They are all watching as guards are passing the doorway with large bags of money.

Woodward and the two secretaries are hypnotized by the sight of the large amounts of cash.

SECRETARY #1

Boy oh boy, what I could do with all that money.

SECRETARY #2

Me, too.

Charles Campbell is on the telephone.

CAMPBELL

No, no, we'll back you all the way down the line. You'll have as much cash as you need until the run is over. ...Yes, the first shipment will be there tomorrow.

Michael Dady has a map spread out on the conference table. He looks up and sees Woodward enter with a troubled expression.

DADY

Hello, Leonard. What's wrong?

WOODWARD

Wrong? what could be wrong? Why do you ask that?

DADY

You look troubled.

WOODWARD

I'm fine.

Dady shrugs and points to the map.

DADY

Now, this is the route that the armored car

will be taking...

Woodward leans forward and pays attention.

WOODWARD

And there is how much money on board?

DADY

Two million dollars.

WOODWARD

Of course.

DADY

They'll take 57th Street up to the Henry Hudson, then over the George Washington Bridge and north to upstate. When they reach the road construction here. . .

Woodward's eyes narrow as an idea forms in his brain.

DADY

. . . On Avenue 64 at Deerfield, then the armored car must get off the main road and onto a detour. . .

The secretaries are still watching the money go past.

SECRETARY #1

. . . I'd be able to pay off all my debts and take a vacation . . .

Charles Campbell speaks into the phone and waves his arm.

CAMPBELL

(On the phone)

. . . There will be more than enough cash to cover you. More than enough . . .

Woodward's thoughts are churning.

Dady traces out a route on the map.

DADY

. . . And the armored car will be off the main road for five miles.

Woodward's eyes widen. A satisfied smile crosses his face. An idea has formed.

Suddenly a SECRETARY holding some papers appears in Woodward's face, frightening him.

SECRETARY #2

Mr. Woodward?

WOODWARD

(Startled)

I didn't do it!

SECRETARY #2

I know you didn't do it, that's why you'll have to sign it now.

She hands him a piece of paper. Woodward regains his composure.

WOODWARD

Oh, yes, the Perkinson account. I meant to sign it this morning.

He signs the paper.

EXT. LAKEFRONT JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Steam billows from the sewer grates in the street.

It is late at night and there is very little traffic in this older section of Manhattan.

Lakefront Jewelers' red neon sign glows brightly through the mist. Lakefront Jewelers is located in the first floor of a brown brick apartment building.

A beat up old metallic green 1964 Chevy Impala, with one blue door and a red gas cap, is parked across the street from the jewelry store. Inside the car sits . . . FRANK RYAN. He is a tough, craggy man with dark hair, a dark complexion, and a square jaw. His nose has been broken many times. He is in his mid-thirties.

INT. FRANK'S CAR – NIGHT

Frank reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled pack of Pall Mall cigarettes. He sticks his finger into the pack and fishes around. No cigs. He smashes the pack and tosses it out the window.

Frank opens the ashtray and pokes through the butts until he finds the longest one. He straightens it out and lights it up.

He looks at his watch. It is 9:59.

Still looking at his watch, Frank raises his right hand with his index finger pointing at the second floor of the apartment building. He pauses for a moment, then...

FRANK  
(To himself)

Now.

EXT. LAKEFRONT JEWELERS - NIGHT

The lights in the apartment above the jewelry store go off.

A moment later a man wearing a long coat comes out the door of the apartment building. He walks up the street and out of sight.

EXT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank gets out of the car. He is also wearing a long overcoat. He puts on a pair of black leather gloves, takes two bags of groceries out of the back seat and sets them on the hood.

He puts a parking ticket under his windshield wiper. Holding the groceries, he walks across the street to the apartment building and jewelry store.

EXT. LAKEFRONT JEWELERS - NIGHT

A filthy BUM with crumbs in his long beard appears from a doorway. Frank is startled.

BUM  
Could ya spare fifty cents for a burger?

Frank reaches into one of his grocery bags and pulls out a plastic wrapped package of ground beef.

FRANK  
Here.

The Bum takes it.

BUM  
(Appreciative)

Thanks.

Frank goes into the apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT FOYER - NIGHT

Frank enters, crosses to the locked security door and pushes an American Express credit card into the lock and pops it.

FRANK  
(To himself)  
Never leave home without it.

He walks up the dark stairs holding his grocery bags.

INT. HALLWAY AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

Frank knocks on the apartment door and waits. There is no answer. He looks in both directions up the hallway. He sees no one.

Frank sets down the groceries. He takes from his pocket a small leather tool kit which contains a variety of sharp, silver tools. He chooses one of the smallest tools and slides it into the lock. He turns the tumbler and the door opens.

He goes inside, closing the door behind him.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank turns on the light and sets the groceries down. He takes off his coat, sees the wet bar and goes over to it.

He grabs a bottle of Chivas Regal, pours himself a shot and downs it.

Behind the bar is a carton of Marlboros. Frank takes a pack and puts it in his pocket.

Frank then removes a blueprint from his pocket and studies it for a quick moment.

He crosses the room to a couch and moves it aside.

He takes the groceries out of the bag and beneath them are all kinds of tools: crowbars, hammers, cutters.

Frank cuts a hole in the carpet and begins slowly and quietly tearing up the floorboards. Once this is done, he carefully breaks a small hole in the plaster below.

Frank then takes a closed umbrella from his knapsack. He ties a string to the handle and shoves-it through the hole in the plaster.

#### INT. JEWELRY STORE SHOWROOM - NIGHT

In the showroom are two rows of glass cases filled with expensive looking jewelry. The floor is crisscrossed with red laser beams.

The closed umbrella comes through a hole in the ceiling. When it's completely through, it pops open.

#### INT. APARTMENT ABOVE - NIGHT

Frank begins carefully breaking out the plaster which falls into the opened umbrella.

#### EXT. LAKEFRONT JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

A police car cruises past. The cops slow down when they see Frank's car, but upon seeing the ticket on the windshield, continue past.

#### EXT. STREET BESIDE THE JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

A black jacked-up pickup truck sits in a line of cars on the street beside the jewelry store. In the truck sits . . . RAY MAPLE.

He is a tough-looking hoodlum of nineteen with blond hair greased and cut like Elvis'. He is wearing a loose black leather jacket. He gets out of the truck and walks slowly up the street. Ray looks all around at the quiet, empty street. No traffic or pedestrians around.

He lowers his right hand and a wire cutter slides out of his coat sleeve into his hand.

Ray goes from car to car and very deftly snips off the hood ornaments. He puts the hood ornaments into his pocket along with the wire cutter.

Ray grins deviously, then ducks into the alley behind the jewelry store.

#### EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Ray walks slowly up the dark alley to the back door of the jewelry store.

#### EXT. BACK DOOR OF JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

At the upper right-hand corner of the metal door is a square piece of metal which Ray slides a file under. Ray pulls a wire out, takes the wire cutter from his pocket and snips it.

Ray then takes a crowbar from the inside of his coat and pries the door open. It's not easy, but it works. Ray goes inside.

INT. THE BACK ROOM OF THE JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Ray turns on his flashlight and locates a metal box. He opens it revealing two vertical rows of copper contacts.

He takes an amperage meter and places the two leads into the box and gets no response on the meter. He moves the leads up the copper contacts until the needle in the meter swings over to full power.

Ray takes a piece of wire with alligator clips on either end and attaches them to the contacts. The needle drops to zero.

The laser beams crisscrossing the floor blink off.

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE - NIGHT

Frank has a metal tube in the floor split open and about fifty wires revealed within the tube. Frank takes two wires and connects them.

The laser beams go back on.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Ray's amperage meter goes back up to full power. He scratches his head quizzically, then reattaches the alligator clips and the meter drops to zero.

The lasers go off.

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE - NIGHT

Frank connects two more wires together.

The lasers go back on.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Ray's meter goes back to full.

RAY

What the hell...?

Ray gets really pissed and tears the entire alarm box off the wall.

The lasers go off.

INT. APARTMENT ABOVE - NIGHT

Frank connects two more wires, twists them together, then looks down through the hole and sees that the lasers are off.

FRANK

Perfect.

Frank lowers a rope ladder down through the hole into the jewelry store showroom.

Everything he brought with him is in a black backpack. Frank zips it shut, puts it over his shoulder and climbs into the hole.

Before he leaves he yanks a piece of string which is taped to the rolled up carpet. The carpet unrolls covering the hole just as Frank gets through it.

INT. SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Frank comes down the rope ladder in the showroom just as the door from the back room opens and Ray enters.

The two thieves bump into each other, get frightened and gasp.

Ray pulls a switch blade.

RAY

(Whispering)

Who're you?

Frank is startled and puts up his dukes.

FRANK

I asked you first.

RAY

What? Put your hands up, motherfucker!

Frank points out the front window and turns.

FRANK

Cops!

Ray turns and Frank expertly removes the knife from Ray's hand. Frank puts the blade right up to Ray's nose. Ray does not flinch.

FRANK

Better be careful you might cut yourself.

Frank snaps the blade back in and hands the knife back to Ray. Ray cautiously accepts it, then snaps the blade back out and puts it back into Frank's face.

RAY

Don't move, motherfucker!

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK

Gimme a break . . .

Frank turns his back on Ray and walks away. He switches on his flashlight.

Ray is befuddled and puts the knife away.

Frank scopes out the showroom playing the flashlight beam over the walls.

RAY

Hey, bud, I was here first so get lost.

FRANK

Are you still here?

RAY

I said I was here first.

Frank has located the safe and walks up to it.

FRANK

Cry.

Ray pushes himself between Frank and the safe and pulls out his crowbar. Frank watches as Ray jams the crowbar into the safe trying to jimmy it open.

RAY

Don't kid me, man, you're here for the same reason as me, that big emerald that's in the safe. And when I get it you're not getting any part of it, so maybe you'd better start cleaning out the cases.

Frank smiles and shakes his head.

FRANK

A crowbar on a safe, that's rich. Let's see, that's six inches of case hardened steel. I figure you'll have it open... oh, next April. That is if your crowbar doesn't give out.

Which the crowbar does at that very moment. Ray flies forward and crashes into the safe.

Frank laughs at him.

FRANK

Stand back, kid, and learn something.

RAY

Okay, but whatever's in there is half mine.

Frank steps up to the safe and begins working on it.

FRANK

You weren't going to give me half, why should I give you half?

RAY

I'll give you half ...half of this crowbar right across the skull.

Frank ignores him.

FRANK

Back off, sonny-boy, I think I hear your mom calling.

Ray backs off with a sneer.

Frank connects a contraption with four suction cups to the front of the safe. He pries off the combination dial and twists a large drill bit into the hole.

Before you know it the safe is open. Frank aims his flashlight into the dark safe. He and Ray lean forward and see... Nothing. The safe is empty.

RAY

*Oh, fuck!*

FRANK

It's all yours, pal.

Frank goes over to one of the rows of glass jewelry cases and begins cutting with a glass cutter, then tapping gently with the metal end.

FRANK

(Mumbling to himself)

Typical. No matter how much, you plan there's always something that goes wrong. You work and you work and you work and what do you get? Heartache.

RAY

(Snotty)

Cry.

Frank looks at Ray, then goes back to carefully tapping on the glass.

Ray snorts.

RAY

The hell with that!

He takes the crowbar half, smashes the glass in the other row of cases and putting jewels into his pockets.

Frank is still tapping away.

FRANK

Make enough noise and we'll get caught!

RAY

Stay here long enough and you can be sure you'll get caught. Let's see who gets more?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LEONARD WOODWARD'S OFFICE - EVENING

Woodward sits nervously behind his desk.

Secretary #1 pops her head in the door.

SECRETARY #1

Goodnight, Mr. Woodward.

WOODWARD

Goodnight, Cindy.

Cindy leaves and shuts the door.

Woodward opens the drawer of his desk and takes out a pair of black leather gloves. He puts them on.

Suddenly the door opens. Woodward quickly hides his hands in his lap as Charles Campbell steps in. He walks up to Woodward's desk and looks him in the eye.

CAMPBELL

Leonard, you sly devil.

Woodward gets tense.

WOODWARD

What do you mean?

CAMPBELL

Come on...

Woodward gulps. Campbell smiles knowingly.

CAMPBELL

...The Perkinson account. That was a helluva transaction.

Woodward shrugs humbly.

WOODWARD

Well...

Campbell thrusts out his hand.

CAMPBELL

Put 'er there.

There is an awkward pause as Woodward secretly pulls off his right glove and shakes Campbell's hand.

CAMPBELL

Goodnight, Leonard.

WOODWARD

Goodnight, Charles.

Campbell leaves the office.

Woodward sighs and puts his right glove back on. He stands, picks up his steel briefcase and leaves the office.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WOODWARD'S OFFICE - EVENING

Woodward comes out the door of his office. He looks both ways up the long hallway. It is vacant.

He walks quickly up the hallway and stops in front of a door marked, "VAULT ROOM."

Woodward looks all around, sees no one, then opens the Vault Room door.

On the doorjamb, covering the lock, is a piece of masking tape. Woodward peels it off, rolls it into a ball and puts it in his pocket.

INT. VAULT ROOM - EVENING

Woodward enters the Vault Room. There is a video camera mounted up at the top of the wall aiming at an enormous steel vault.

Woodward opens his briefcase and takes out a large magnet.

He slides along the wall where the video camera is mounted. When he is directly below it he reaches up and sticks the magnet to the side of the camera.

INT. LOBBY OF THE OFFICE BUILDING - EVEING

At a console in the building's lobby sit two SECURITY GUARDS. Surrounding them is high tech video equipment with ten TV monitors.

The monitor marked, "VAULT ROOM" blinks off leaving a black screen. One of the Guards notices.

GUARD #1

Aw, now what the heck's going on with  
this monitor?

GUARD #2

Play with the vertical hold button.

Guard #1 begins turning a knob on the monitor.

INT. VAULT ROOM - EVENING

Woodward produces a wire bracket from his briefcase. He attaches it to the lens of the video camera.

Woodward then takes a color 8x10 photograph of the vault room from his briefcase.

He attaches the photograph to the bracket in the front of the camera lens.

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The two Guards are still screwing around with the blackedout monitor.

GUARD #2

Smack it.

GUARD #1

Aw, that never works. I'm gonna have to go up there.

Guard #1 stands and puts his walkie-talkie on his belt.

INT. VAULT ROOM - EVENING

Woodward removes the magnet from the side of the video camera.

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Guard #2 smacks the screen of the monitor and just at that moment the picture comes back on--the empty vault room--as still as though it were a photograph.

GUARD #2

Works every time.

Guard #1 sits back down.

INT. VAULT ROOM - EVENING

Woodward goes up to the giant steel vault. He opens a panel door on the front of the vault revealing a digital display with a multitude of buttons. He punches in a code.

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

The two guards are looking at the monitors. They can plainly see that the Vault Room is empty and the vault undisturbed.

In the monitor beside the Vault room, marked "Tenth Floor," both Guards are watching an old CLEANING MAN slowly clean in front of the elevators.

GUARD #2

Look at that old fart. Slow as molasses  
in January.

INT. VAULT ROOM - EVENING

Woodward finishes messing with the digital lock, hits a red button and there is the low rumbling hiss of the massive bolts sliding back.

Woodward grabs the giant steel handle and pulls the vault door open. This creates a vacuum in the room.

The photograph attached to the video camera is sucked off the bracket and floats to the floor, unbeknownst to Woodward.

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

The two guards are drinking coffee and not facing the monitors.

In the "Vault Room" monitor we can see Woodward open the vault door, pick up his briefcase and go into the vault.

INT. INSIDE THE VAULT - EVENING

Woodward locates the bags of money.

He opens his briefcase revealing rows and rows of packets of money. He picks one up and flips through it. Only the top and bottom bill are real, everything in between is just cut newspaper.

Woodward begins exchanging the fake packets of money for the real ones from the bag.

Meanwhile, the giant steel door is slowly closing behind him.

WOODWARD

(To himself)  
One million.

He continues exchanging the money.

The vault door continues to swing shut.

WOODWARD  
(To himself)  
Two million.

Woodward closes the money bag, then snaps his briefcase closed.

He turns and sees that the vault door is about to shut him in. His eyes widen in horror.

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

The two guards turn and look at the monitors.

The monitor showing the Vault Room looks completely normal. The vault door is closed. Nothing is amiss.

The Guards turn away.

GUARD #1  
How about another cup of coffee, Dan?

INT. VAULT ROOM - EVENING

The vault door looks like it's completely closed, but wait... What's that sticking out of the crack? It's Woodward's fingers which are being crushed. We can hear him inside the safe moaning.

INT. INSIDE THE VAULT - EVENING

Woodward is in excruciating pain as he slowly pushes the vault door open.

Once it's open he sees the photograph on the floor.

He nearly gags in panic as he looks directly into the lens of the video camera.

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

The two guards are not watching the monitor as Woodward can be seen standing right in the middle of the Vault Room looking right into the camera.

IN THE MONITOR

Woodward dashes over, shuts the vault door, grabs his briefcase and leaves.

One second later he reappears in the Vault Room. He picks the photograph up off the floor, reaches up and grabs the bracket off the video camera, then leaves the Vault Room

...

...Just as both guards turn and look at the monitors.

GUARD #1

Slow night.

GUARD #2

Sure is.

INT. HALLWAY IN BUILDING - EVENING

Woodward steps into the hallway from the door marked "VAULT ROOM." He takes a deep breath and puts his hand against his heart. He takes a moment to calm down, then slowly walks up the hall.

As he comes around a corner he comes face to face with the old Cleaning Man.

WOODWARD

(Startled)

*Ahhh!*

CLEANING MAN

Goodnight, Mr. Woodward.

Woodward is furious.

WOODWARD

(Mean)

*Oh, fuck you!*

The Cleaning Man is shocked and offended.

Woodward stomps away.

INT. ELEVATORS ON THE TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Woodward arrives at the elevators. He pushes the down button, but it does not light up.

A sign beside the elevator states that "The hours of operation are: 7:00 A.M. to 8:30 P.M."

Woodward looks at his watch. It is 8:32.

WOODWARD  
(Exasperated)  
Of all the...

Woodward turns and sees a door with a sign above it reading, "STAIRS."

The old Cleaning Man is just coming by with his mop and bucket.

WOODWARD  
Is there another way down beside the stairs?

The old Cleaning Man shakes his head.

CLEANING MAN  
Nope. Just the stairs.

WOODWARD  
Shit!

Woodward enters the door marked, "STAIRS."

INT. TENTH FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Woodward enters the stairwell. He sees "10" stenciled on the wall.

He looks down the stairs. It's a million miles down.

He shakes his head and starts down the stairs.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT

We hear clinking and clanking of feet coming down metal stairs. Woodward steps into view with his suit coat over his arm and sweat stains soaking his shirt.

INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Woodward arrives at the bottom and is huffing and puffing, totally out of breath. He puts his suit coat back on and regains his composure. He opens the door to the lobby.

INT. LOBBY IN THE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Woodward comes out the door into the lobby. He sees the old Cleaning Man walk by with his mop and bucket. Woodward is stunned.

WOODWARD  
How did you get down the stairs before me?

CLEANING MAN  
(smiles)  
Freight elevator.

Woodward is beyond words as he watches the old Cleaning Man walk away.

Woodward walks across the lobby. As he passes the two Guards at the video console he waves his hand.

WOODWARD  
(Calmly)  
Goodnight, gentlemen.

GUARDS 1 & 2  
(In unison)  
Goodnight, Mr. Woodward.

Woodward exits the building.

EXT. THE BANK BUILDING PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Woodward gets outside and quickly, though not too quickly, crosses the parking lot. He arrives at his mint brown 1950 Mercedes-Benz convertible.

He puts the briefcase in the car and is about to get in himself when he sees a smudge on the car's finish. He takes out his handkerchief, breathes on the smudge and wipes it off. He gets in the car and drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKEFRONT JEWELERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Five cop cars sit outside the jewelry store with their flashers going.

A black unmarked sedan pulls up and out steps POLICE LT. WOODROW TOBIAS, Jr., a disheveled, fifty-five year old man in a wrinkled overcoat. Tobias takes a beat up old leather cigar case from his pocket. He puts a big fat cigar in his mouth and lights up. A uniformed COP waves to him.

COP #1

'Evening, Lieutenant. You still smokin' those stinky cigars?

TOBIAS

You still wearing that cheap cologne?

Lt. Tobias enters the store.

INT. LAKEFRONT JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Lt. Tobias walks through the store. Pictures are being taken, they are dusting for prints, inspecting the damage.

Another COP walks past.

COP #2

Hey, Tobias, what're you still doing around? I thought they retired you.

TOBIAS

End of the week. What's it to you?

COP #2

Touchy.

Tobias approaches a DETECTIVE who is looking at a broken glass case. The Detective looks up.

DETECTIVE

It looks like two guys hit this place at the same time.

A camera flashes.

LT. TOBIAS

Any prints?

DETECTIVE

They've got to get the film processed first.

LT. TOBIAS  
(Flatly)  
Fingerprints.

The Detective gets embarrassed.

DETECTIVE  
No, they wore gloves, Lieutenant.

LT. TOBIAS  
Uh-huh.

DETECTIVE  
It's a damn shame about you being forced to  
retire early. It's a stupid rule.

LT. TOBIAS  
You'd think thirty years on the force would get you  
some kind of security, but there is no security. That's  
just the way it is.

Lt. Tobias looks up at the hole in the ceiling.

LT. TOBIAS  
Has anybody bothered to inform the tenant in the  
apartment upstairs?

DETECTIVE  
Not yet...

Suddenly a fat man falls through the hole and crashes to the showroom floor.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

42nd Street and Broadway. Masses of people, bright lights, taxi cabs, movie theaters.

Leonard Woodward steps into a phone booth. He inserts a quarter in the phone and dials a number that he has written on the back of a crumpled cigarette pack. Above the number is the name, "Mickey Gratiot."

As the phone is ringing, Woodward smells something foul, looks down and sees a pile of crap. He is horrified and just as he is about to hang up the phone is answered.

MICKEY (O.S.)  
Last Chance Bar & Grill.

WOODWARD

To whom am I speaking?

MICKEY (O.S.)

This is Mickey. Hold on, the damn answering machine went on...

The smell in the phone booth is unbearable. Woodward goes the length of the phone cord out the door.

INT. THE LAST CHANCE BAR & GRILL

The bar is dark, smokey, empty and quiet with just a few diehards at a few tables and one old man at the bar. He is MICKEY GRATIOT, a fence, a con-man, a low-life. He looks like Burgess Meredith and wears a hearing-aid. He finishes messing with the answering machine.

MICKEY

Go ahead.

WOODWARD (O.S.)

Mickey Gratiot, I got your name from Joe Steiner.

MICKEY

Oh, yeah? How's old Joe?

WOODWARD (O.S.)

He's fine.

MICKEY

So, what can I do for you?

WOODWARD (O.S.)

I need two guys to do a job.

MICKEY

What kind of job?

WOODWARD (O.S.)

Robbing an armored car. It will all be engineered from the inside.

MICKEY

If you want the best it'll cost ya. Fifty grand.

WOODWARD (O.S.)

Well... I don't think I necessarily need the best, it's a pretty simple job.

MICKEY

The next best are forty grand.

WOODWARD (O.S.)

Well... How about the next best after that?

MICKEY

This must be some easy job. I can get ya two guys for say... thirty grand.

WOODWARD (V.O.)

That's fine. I'll have a messenger get you the money and instructions right away.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Woodward hangs up the phone, steps out the door and takes a deep breath. He smells his clothes and winces. He quickly leaves Times Square.

EXT. LAST CHANCE BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

The Last Chance Bar & Grill is a ratty little dive under a freeway overpass.

A green 1964 Impala pulls into the parking lot and Frank gets out. On his rear bumper is a faded, peeling Humphrey/Muskie sticker. Frank goes into the bar.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Frank approaches Mickey's table.

FRANK

Evening, Mick.

MICKEY

Sure, what kind of drink would you like?

Frank pauses, then speaks louder.

FRANK

No, no. Are you open for business.

Mickey speaks a little too loud as well.

MICKEY

Legal or illegal?

Frank looks all around in a panic, however no one seems to be listening. He puts his fingers to his lips.

FRANK

Could we go in the back?

MICKEY

Speak up, my hearing aid don't seem to be working. Hey, I got an idea, let's go in the back. It's too goddamn noisy in here to talk.

Frank looks at the juke box which is not on. It is completely quiet.

FRANK

Sure, Mick.

Frank follows Mickey into the back.

BACK ROOM - NIGHT

It's a dingy little room with a desk that has a million cigarette burns on it. Mickey sits behind the desk.

Frank shows him his stolen jewelry and Mickey puts a jeweler's loop in his eye and inspects it.

MICKEY

I'm kinda overstocked on jewels right now. Sort of a glut on the market. I thought you were gonna get that big emerald that was worth a million bucks.

FRANK

Well it wasn't there.

(To himself)

Story of my life.

Mickey laughs, then looks down at the jewels.

MICKEY

I'll give ya six hundred bucks for this stuff.

FRANK

I want eight hundred.

MICKEY

Five-seventy-five.

FRANK

(Confused)

Five-seventy-five?

MICKEY

(Relenting)

OK, six hundred. But that's it.

Frank shakes his head, not sure of what just transpired.

FRANK

I'll take it.

MICKEY

I have a job for you. Interested?

FRANK

You know it.

MICKEY

All right. Meet Ben Haggerty tomorrow at ten A.M. at the reference desk of the New York public library.

FRANK

Ben Haggerty? Isn't he kind of old.

MICKEY

Heck no, he's two years younger than me.

FRANK But

you're in your eighties.

MICKEY

Do you want the job or not?

FRANK

All right, all right. How much does it pay?

MICKEY

Ten grand. Five up front, five on delivery. Ben's got all the dope.

FRANK

Right.

Frank stands and leaves.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Frank comes walking out of the back room just as Ray comes out of the Men's room. Frank points at Ray.

FRANK

*You!* What are you doing here?

RAY

What's it to you? I just got rid of those jewels.

FRANK

Oh yeah, how much did you get?

RAY

(Wary)

Eight hundred. How much did you get?

Frank shrugs.

FRANK

Eight hundred. You see, we came out pretty even.

Mickey steps out into the quiet bar from the back room and sees Frank.

MICKEY

Don't spend that six hundred bucks all in one place, Frank.

Frank grimaces and Ray looks at him.

RAY

Pretty even, huh? Face it, pops, you're second best. You're all washed up.

Frank ignores Ray and goes to the bar.

FRANK

Gimme a shot of Chivas.

Ray follows him to the bar and begins to laugh.

RAY

And you're the one with all the experience and fancy tools. Let me buy you a drink, I can afford it.

Ray motions for the bartender. Frank sneers.

FRANK

I buy my own drinks.

RAY

You know, Frank, there's two kinds of people in the world-the kind that tap on the glass and the kind that smash it. You know what I mean?

Frank's left eyebrow begins to twitch slightly.

FRANK

You're buggin' me, kid. You're really buggin' me.

Ray sticks his face into Frank's face.

RAY

What are you gonna do about it?

Frank gets his shot and downs it, then turns to Ray.

FRANK

Nothing, punk. You're not worth it.

Frank eyes glare as he turns to leave.

FRANK

(To the Bartender)

Put it on my tab.

BARTENDER

You ain't got a tab.

Frank stops, rolls his eyes, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ten dollar bill. He slaps it on the bar.

FRANK

Here!

Frank turns and leaves the bar.

Ray turns grinning to Mickey.

RAY

What kind of faggot is he?

Mickey's got his hearing aid firmly in his ear and shakes his head.

MICKEY

You don't know who he is, do you?

RAY

What do you mean? He's some second-rate thief.

MICKEY

No! He's a third-rate thief, but he used to be a first-rate boxer. He was a contender for the title.

RAY

Him? I didn't know that.

MICKEY

That's because you're young and stupid! You kids don't know nothin' anymore. Frank Ryan was a mover, he was climbin' up the ranks headin' for the top. He was a fightin' machine. He had fists like pig-iron. That's what they called him.

RAY

(Confused)

They called him "Pig-Iron Fists?"

MICKEY

No! Iron Fists. Iron Fists Ryan. He could've gone the distance.

RAY

Well, what happened?

MICKEY

It was the winter of '78, Madison Square Garden,  
Ryan versus O'Neil.

The bell on the cash register rings.

MICKEY

It had been fourteen rounds of non-stop flesh-pounding action, when suddenly Ryan comes through with a devastatin' right hook to O'Neil's temple. O'Neil spins around like a top and goes crashin' down to the canvas like a sack of potatoes. And he don't get up. Someone starts hollerin', "Is there a doctor in the house?"

Ray is wide-eyed and leaning forward.

RAY

Did he kill him?

MICKEY

No. But O'Neil never walked again! He had brain damage!

RAY

What happened to him?

MICKEY

He went into politics. Frank Ryan never put on boxing gloves again. He never went back in the ring. A great career, nipped in the bud! He let it eat him up inside and quit! He's a quitter and that's why he's nothin'!

RAY

You're bein' pretty hard on him, aren't you? I mean he crippled a guy in the ring, that's a pretty good reason to quit.

MICKEY

(Intensely)

There's never a reason to quit! *Never!*

The bartender hollers to Mickey.

BARTENDER

Hey, Mickey, it's 5:00.

Mickey stands up and shrugs.

MICKEY

Quittin' time.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Frank walks up the huge stone steps to the library past many people. He goes in the front door.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Frank walks through the hushed silence of people reading.

He steps up to the reference desk. A pretty young REFERENCE LIBRARIAN sitting behind the desk looks up at him.

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

(Whispering)

May I help you?

FRANK

(Whispering)

No thanks.

Frank leans back on the desk and looks around.

He sees two giggly teenage girls talking to each other. Suddenly a stern-looking, female LIBRARIAN wearing half-glasses appears behind them. She makes an awful face and puts her fingers to her lips.

LIBRARIAN

(Whispering)

Shhh! This is a library!

The teenage girls immediately become embarrassed and stop talking.

The Librarian continues to stalk the library. She sees Frank and walks up to him.

LIBRARIAN

Is somebody helping you?

FRANK

I'm waiting for someone.

LIBRARIAN

There's no loitering.

The Librarian does an about face and stalks away.

Frank turns and sees Ray walking up. Frank furrows his brow.

Ray sees him and approaches.

FRANK

(Whispering)

What're you doing here? I didn't know you could read.

RAY

Shove it up your ass!

The Librarian turns from across the library and looks at Frank and Ray.

LIBRARIAN

Shhh!

Everyone looks at Frank and Ray for a second, then goes back to their reading.

FRANK

(Whispering)

Look, I've got to meet somebody, so why don't you make yourself scarce.

RAY

Ben Haggerty, right?

FRANK

Yeah. How did you know?

RAY

I'm here instead of him.

FRANK

What happened to Ben?

RAY

He died. Heart attack, or something.

FRANK

Poor son of a bitch. So now I'm stuck with you, huh?

RAY

No, *I'm* stuck with *you!*

FRANK

Neither of us is stuck with anyone. I'm not working with you.

RAY

(Offended)

Oh, yeah? Why not?

Frank's eyebrow starts to twitch.

FRANK

'Cause I don't like you.

RAY

But what about the job?

Frank starts to walk away.

FRANK

I'll find somebody else to do it with.

Ray comes after him.

RAY

Hey, that's not fair.

Frank turns to him with an intense expression.

FRANK

Whoever said life was fair, punk!

The Librarian is now scowling at them.

LIBRARIAN

(Loud whisper)  
Will you please be quiet!

Frank turns to her and speaks loudly.

FRANK  
(Pissed)  
*Blow it out your ass!*

The Librarian is shocked.

Everyone in the library begins to applaud.

Frank quickly leaves. Ray chuckles.

INT. LAST CHANCE BAR & GRILL - DAY

Frank comes walking in and finds Mickey in the same spot at the bar.

FRANK  
What's the idea of setting me up with that little  
turd?

MICKEY  
Well, didn't you two do that jewelry store together?

FRANK  
Not together, at the same time.

MICKEY  
He's young, he's eager. What's wrong with that?

FRANK  
He's inexperienced and has a bad attitude.

MICKEY  
Oh, and you have a good one?

FRANK  
Well, I'm not workin' with him. That's final.

MICKEY  
All right, I'll try to find someone else, but there  
ain't a helluva lot a time.

FRANK

That's swell, Mick, uh, can I get that five thousand now?

Mickey shakes his head.

MICKEY

Not 'til the job's confirmed.

Frank throws his hands up in the air.

FRANK  
(Exasperated)

Fine.

Frank walks away.

MICKEY

Ya know, I remember when you used to be kinda friendly.

FRANK

Really? I don't remember back that far.

INT. NOVELLA'S BEAUTY SALON - DAY

It is a tacky little beauty salon done in shades of faded pink and yellow. The chairs are vinyl and the long row of hair dryers look like they are from the 1950's.

Frank enters and looks around.

He finally spots a beautician with the name tag IRENE. She is blonde, thirty-two, slim and attractive. She is just putting an old woman under the hair dryer. She sees Frank and they meet at the Mr. Coffee machine.

IRENE

You're late.

FRANK

There was a lot of traffic.

IRENE

Two weeks late. Do you have the money?

FRANK

Yeah.

He hands her a wad of bills. She counts it and looks up at Frank.

IRENE

Six hundred? You're four months behind in your alimony payments. I was depending on at least two thousand dollars.

FRANK

Well, I had some trouble. I couldn't put it together. I should have it in a day or two.

IRENE

(Sarcastically)

If you don't get caught first.

FRANK

Let's not get into that again, okay?

IRENE

Fine. I've got to get back to work.

She starts to turn and he takes her arm.

FRANK

Hold on.

Irene turns back. Frank looks her in the eye.

FRANK

What happened to us?

IRENE

It wasn't us, it was you. You gave up. You used to have dreams, you were going to take the world by storm. Where did all that go?

FRANK

That went down in the 14th round with O'Neil.

IRENE

(Pleading)

That was ten years ago, Frank. Why can't you just let it go and get on with your life?

FRANK  
(Flatly)  
Because I can't.

Frank turns to go.

IRENE  
And you'll have the rest of the money in a couple  
of days?

FRANK  
Yeah. See ya, baby.

Frank leaves.

EXT. A ROW OF BROWNSTONES IN BROOKLYN - DAY

Frank's house is one of a zillion brownstones that all look exactly the same.

INT. FRANK'S BASEMENT - DAY

The basement serves as Frank's shop, the gym and the laundry room. There is a work bench with a wide array of tools, a vice and a lathe. There is also a weight bench, free weights, and a small nautilus machine.

The walls are covered with framed photographs of Frank in his boxing heyday.

Frank wears only black gym shorts and is repeatedly pressing a heavy barbell. His muscles are straining and sweat covers his hairy body. Bobby Darin sings "BEYOND THE SEA" on the stereo.

The phone rings and Frank answers it.

FRANK  
Hello.

MICKEY (O.S.)  
Frank? This is Mickey.

FRANK  
Yeah, Mick, how's it going?

MICKEY (O.S.)  
I can't get anyone else for this job. If you want it  
you've got to work with that kid.

Frank rolls his eyes and groans.

FRANK  
(Exasperated)

Fine.

MICKEY (O.S.)  
Okay. Meet him at tenth and Avenue D in an hour.

EXT. TENTH ST. AND AVE. D - DAY

Frank pulls up to Tenth St. and Avenue D. It is a terrible neighborhood. There are burnt-out cars up on blocks and garbage on the street. He stops at the corner and gets out of his car. He looks at his watch. He looks up and a RASTAFARIAN with dreadlocks is standing there.

RASTA  
Ups, downs, coke, smack, loods?

FRANK  
Hit the road.

RASTA  
Pussy?

FRANK  
What did you call me?

RASTA  
Whatever you want, you got.

FRANK  
Good. Get lost.

The Rastafarian splits.

Frank looks back down at his watch, then looks up and he is surrounded by a Puerto Rican street gang. There are five tough-looking members. The leader, PACO, steps forward.

PACO  
Hey, man, what're you doing on our street?

FRANK

What's it to you?

PACO

Oooh, tough-guy. It's going to cost you twenty bucks just to stand here.

FRANK

What if I don't pay?

PACO

In most circumstances we'd just steal your car, but your car ain't worth twenty bucks.

The whole gang starts to laugh. Frank's eyebrow begins to twitch.

FRANK

Get lost.

Paco doesn't like this answer. He and the gang move in on Frank and start pushing him. Frank does nothing to resist. He is pushed from one gang member to the other to the other.

PACO

Come on, fight!

GANG MEMBER #1

Fight you faggot!

But Frank won't fight and keeps getting pushed.

Suddenly several of the gang members are pushed aside. Ray steps up beside Frank. Ray gestures to Paco.

RAY

Come on, motherfucker!

Paco steps forward and Ray let's him have an incredible combination of punches: a right, a left, an uppercut and a haymaker. Paco is knocked senseless. Ray turns to the other gang members..

RAY

Who's next?

The rest of the gang backs off. They take the dazed and bloodied Paco with them.

Frank turns to Ray rather impressed.

FRANK

Nice work. Where'd you learn to box?

RAY

On the street. You all right?

FRANK

I'm fine. They'd've stopped soon when they saw I really wasn't going to fight.

RAY

(Skeptical)

Oh, sure they would've. These are the kind of guys that beat up old ladies for their welfare checks. Let's go to my place. I've got the plans and stuff there.

FRANK

Fine. Let's get out of this shitty neighborhood. Where do you live?

Ray points to the decaying building behind them.

RAY

Right here.

Frank sighs.

FRANK

All right, but remember, I don't like you or the idea of working with you.

RAY

Then why are you?

FRANK

Because I'm stuck. Now let's get to it.

They go inside.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frank and Ray enter Ray's apartment. It's a real rat-hole. Ray picks up a Bud tall-boy off the table and takes a slug.

RAY

I bet I know what you could use. A cold one.

FRANK

Sure.

RAY

Here.

Ray hands him the beer he's drinking. Frank takes it and sets it down on the table. Ray sits down at the table.

Frank goes to the window and looks out at his car.

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - DAY

Frank sees his car, which is fine, however a street gang is hanging out on top of it.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frank steps away from the window.

FRANK

I hope my car's okay. The last time I left it in this neighborhood my hood ornament got stolen.

RAY

Why do you care about that piece of shit?

FRANK

Hey! Watch it! It's a sixty-four. It's a classic.

RAY

Hold on a second.

Ray goes over to a cabinet, opens it and reveals literally hundreds of car hood ornaments of all descriptions. He picks one out and tosses it to Frank.

RAY

'64 Chevy Impala. There you go.

Frank is surprised and puts it in his pocket.

FRANK

Thanks. Now let's get down to business.

Ray takes out two envelopes full of money and tosses one to Frank.

RAY

Here.

Frank opens the envelope and looks at the money. Fifty one hundred dollar bills. Frank smiles.

FRANK

(To himself)

Finally.

RAY

As soon as I get a chance, I'm gonna have this place carpeted.

FRANK

Why don't you move?

RAY

Why don't you get a new car?

FRANK

Why don't you shut up. Now, what the hell are we doing here?

Frank removes the instructions from his envelope. Ray sits down at the table and follows suit.

They each look at a thick pile of papers, diagrams and schedules.

FRANK

This guy is prepared.

Ray puts the papers aside.

RAY

So, uh, I heard you used to be a boxer.

FRANK

Where did you hear that?

RAY

From Mickey. He said you were a great fighter, that they called you "Pig Iron" Ryan.

Shaking his head.

FRANK

"Iron Fists" Ryan and I don't like to talk about that.

RAY

I've thought about going into boxing. Nothing serious, though.

FRANK

You should take it serious, you've got, a great combination.

RAY

You really think so?

FRANK

Hell yes. You should check out the Powerhouse Gym.

RAY

Is that where you used to train?

FRANK

Oh yeah. Five times a week I'd be down there, working with the weights, sparring, gettin' my balance. Then I started movin' up the ranks. I fought Gonzalas in '75, knocked him out in four rounds. I fought Locreccio in '76, he went down in two, then O'Neil in '78...

Frank expression suddenly changes.

RAY

(Interested)

Yeah, yeah.

FRANK

(Flatly)

I don't like to talk about it. Let's go over these plans.

Frank takes a big swig of his beer and it's warm, possibly closer to hot. Frank swallows and winces.

Ray winks at him.

RAY  
How about another cold one?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Frank's Impala drives up a rural stretch of highway.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank drives and Ray sits in the passenger seat. The maps and diagrams lay on the seat between them.

RAY  
I'm telling you, man, we should take my truck.

FRANK  
Are you kiddin' me? This is a four hundred four barrel. Zero to sixty in four seconds.

RAY  
(Skeptical)  
Sure. Let's see you do it.

Frank looks like he's getting angry.

FRANK  
Fine.

Frank pulls out into the passing lane and floors it.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Frank's car begins building speed. At the same time black smoke starts to billow out of the tail pipe.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Ray is looking even more skeptical as the car's engine begins making strange noises.

In a moment the red oil light goes on and the car starts to shimmy and slow down. Ray glances at the speedometer.

RAY

Well, at least you made it to sixty.

FRANK

(Angry)

Keep making comments like that and you're not gonna make twenty-five.

RAY

We'll take my truck, okay?

FRANK

(Hesitant)

Well... All right, but I drive.

RAY

Like hell you will. The only one that drives my truck is me.

Frank shakes his head and sighs.

FRANK

(Exasperated)

...Fine.

RAY

Why do you like this car, anyway?

FRANK

Sentimental reasons.

RAY

The first time you ever got laid was in this heap, right?

FRANK

I don't want to talk about it.

RAY

The girls must love you.

FRANK

Hey, who got laid in this car? Me or you?

RAY

(Grinning)

I knew it.

Frank sees the detour up ahead and points.

FRANK

There's the detour.

EXT. THE DEERFIELD DETOUR - DAY

There is a detour set up at the Deerfield exit. Flashing lights and sawhorses veer cars off of the highway and onto a smaller road.

Frank's car is veered off onto the smaller road.

EXT. SMALLER ROAD - DAY

Frank's car drives up the road. They pass an abandoned gas station and see a little dirt road that goes behind a billboard. They turn off onto the dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD BEHIND BILLBOARD - DAY

Frank's car stops. It is hidden behind the billboard.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank and Ray look at the plans and diagrams.

FRANK

This is a stupid plan. How're we supposed to get the armored car to stop?

RAY

I think he wants us to shoot out the tires with a high-powered rifle.

FRANK

I don't think that's a good idea. I don't think we should be going into this thing with weapons.

RAY

Why not?

FRANK

Because it might be the difference between five years in jail or twenty years.

RAY

Are you planning to get caught?

FRANK

No, but a professional takes all contingencies into consideration.

Frank thinks for a second.

FRANK

I've got a plan that I think might work.

RAY

You *think* it'll work, or you *know* it'll work?

FRANK

I don't think, I know.

RAY

(To himself)

I don't think you know, either.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE 1ST INTERNATIONAL BANK OF N.Y. - LOADING DOCK - DUSK

At the loading dock, behind the bank, an armored car sits with its back doors open. Guards with shotguns stand around watching as, two other guards come out of the bank with sacks of money and load them into the armored car.

Leonard Woodward watches apprehensively. He nervously lights a cigarette. Charles Campbell stands beside him and notices the cigarette.

CAMPBELL

I thought you quit smoking?

WOODWARD

Quitting is a sign of weakness.

CAMPBELL

No, smoking is a sign of weakness.

WOODWARD

(Uninterested)

Whatever.

One of the guards mistakenly drops a sack of money. When it hits the ground it opens and several packets of money drop out.

Woodward gasps.

WOODWARD

Be careful with that, you idiot!

The guard picks up the packets of money and returns them to the sack.

GUARD #1

I'm sorry, Mr. Woodward.

The sack goes into the armored car. The back doors are shut and locked.

Leonard Woodward wipes the perspiration from his brow and breathes a sigh of relief.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DEERFIELD DETOUR - NIGHT

On Interstate 26 there is a detour set up at the Deerfield exit. Flashing lights on sawhorses veer the cars off the Interstate and through the small rural town of Deerfield.

EXT. ABANDONED ROAD BEHIND BILLBOARD - NIGHT

Ray and Frank sit in Ray's truck wearing orange jump suits and smoking cigarettes.

To their left is the Interstate and to their right is an abandoned gas station. They watch as an occasional car is detoured off the main highway and down the road in front of them.

Frank looks at his watch and sees that it is 9:00.

Frank points his finger at the road.

FRANK

Now.

At that moment the armored car with "FIRST INTERNATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK" on its side veers off the Interstate and onto the exit. Frank turns to Ray.

FRANK

Ready?

RAY

Yeah.

FRANK  
Got the stockings?

RAY  
Uh-huh.

Ray reaches into a bag and takes out two packages of stockings. Frank rips his open and sees...

FRANK  
These are panty-hose.

RAY  
So?

Frank shrugs and puts the panty-hose on his head. His face is flattened and looks ridiculous. The two legs form rabbit ears. Ray looks at him and starts to laugh.

FRANK  
Shut up.

Ray and Frank jump out of the truck. Frank disappears around back.

Ray puts on an orange hardhat, picks up a sawhorse with a flashing arrow on it and walks out into the middle of the road.

Ray sets up the sawhorse so that the armored car, which is approaching, is veered off the road onto the abandoned strip of road running up to the deserted gas station.

As the armored car nears the new detour Ray waves them over. The armored car does just as it's told, turning onto the rutted road.

Once the armored car has passed, Ray picks up the sawhorse, tosses it in the back of the truck. He quickly puts the panty-hose over his head and runs up the abandoned road.

INT. ARMORED CAR - NIGHT

The driver begins bouncing up and down as he drives over the ruts.

The guard in the back slides open the little slot between them.

GUARD  
Where the hell are we?

DRIVER

It's this screwed up detour they told us about.

GUARD

Well, slow down will ya, you're bouncing the shit  
outta me.

Suddenly someone runs into the road in front of them and the armored car runs them  
over.

DRIVER

*Oh, shit!*

He slams on the brakes and the armored car skids to a halt.

GUARD

What's going on?

DRIVER

(Panicked)

I just hit somebody.

EXT. ARMORED CAR - NIGHT

The driver gets out of the cab. He goes around to the front of the truck and sees someone  
pinned under his wheel, horribly contorted.

As he gets closer he sees that the contorted figure under the wheels looks strikingly like  
Richard Nixon!

DRIVER

(Shocked)

Oh my God, I've killed Richard Nixon!

INT. ARMORED CAR - NIGHT

The Guard in the back, a pump shotgun in his hand, is in a panic.

GUARD

(Agitated)

What's goin' on? What's happening?

In the slot in the side of the armored car the Driver's face appears and the Guard sees  
him.

DRIVER (O.S.)

I think I just killed a guy.

GUARD

Jesus Christ!

The Guard quickly unlocks the back door, opens it and there's Ray waiting with his fist pulled all the way back. Ray wallops him with a haymaker and knocks the Guard out.

EXT. ARMORED CAR – NIGHT

Frank is holding the unconscious Driver up to the slot in the side of the armored car. He drops his body beside a life-size dummy with a rubber Richard Nixon mask on.

INT. ARMORED CAR – NIGHT

Ray and Frank climb into the back of the armored car and begin unloading the bags of money. Ray pulls one of the bags open and sees big stacks of bills.

RAY

Far out!

FRANK

Will you get a move on, we'll have plenty of time to look at it later.

The two guards begin to moan.

They load the bags of money into the cab of the pickup and drive away.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK – NIGHT

Ray hauls up the road and Frank counts the money. He counts twenty packets of ten thousand dollars in each of the ten bags.

FRANK

(Amazed)

There's two million bucks here!

RAY

Are you kiddin' me?

FRANK

No. Two million bucks!

RAY

Tits! What a haul!

They both begin to hoot and holler wildly.

EXT. TRAFFIC JAM – NIGHT

The truck arrives at a line of cars waiting to get off the detour and onto the freeway. They stop at the end of the line and also wait.

Behind them a pair of headlights approaches.

Neither Ray nor Frank notices as the headlights behind them get closer and we see that it is the armored car.

The two guards are rubbing their aching heads when they suddenly realize who is in front of them.

RAY

Man, I'd like to see the look on those guard's faces when they wake up.

Ray glances in the rearview mirror. He sees the armored car pull up behind them. The angry Guard points at him.

RAY

Oh, shit! It's them!

Ray slams the stick shift into gear and floors it. The armored car goes after them.

EXT. ROAD BESIDE THE WOODS – NIGHT

The truck drives off the edge of the road and beside the woods, kicking up huge clumps of dirt with its big knobby tires.

They pass all of the cars sitting and waiting to get on the highway, then turns into the thick of the woods.

The armored car follows.

EXT WITHIN THE WOODS – NIGHT

Ray's truck blasts through the woods at a fast pace.

It becomes quickly apparent that armored cars were never meant to go four-wheeling. It bounces up and down, almost out of control.

The Guard fires his shotgun at the pickup truck, but he is bouncing so much that he can't take aim and instead blows branches off of the tops of trees.

It's very rough going for both vehicles and the armored car begins gaining on Ray and Frank.

Ray sees this in the rearview mirror and turns to Frank.

RAY

Get out in the back of the truck and throw anything you can at them to slow 'em down.

Frank looks out the window at the trees and branches quickly rushing past.

FRANK

(Alarmed)

Out there? Are you crazy?

RAY

Just do it.

Frank opens the door and sees the ground zooming past. He crawls out onto the side of the truck and into the back.

Frank begins picking up boxes and throwing them at the armored car. Nothing seems to have much effect, so Frank throws a huge knobby spare tire at them, which dents the grill, but bounces off.

Ray sees this and winces.

Just then a large tree branch cracks Frank in the back of the head, knocking him on his face in the back of the truck. He gets back to his feet and crawls back along the side of the truck into the cab.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK – NIGHT

Ray yells at him.

RAY

(Pained)

That was my new Goodyear radial! It cost two-hundred bucks! I could just kill you!

At which point Ray begins driving right toward a big rock.

FRANK

(Alarmed)

Are you crazy? I'll buy you a new tire!

Ray continues to drive right at the rock. Frank starts to holler.

The pickup truck has high enough clearance and goes right over the rock.

The armored car does not have anywhere near that kind of clearance and crashes right into the rock. The back tires of the armored car buck into the air, then smash down. It's totaled.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK – NIGHT

Ray and Frank both look back at the destruction and scream with happiness.

FRANK

Oh, man, I thought you were gonna kill us.

RAY

(With pride)

Thirty-six inch clearance. Why do you think I stole this thing.

FRANK

That was some pretty fancy footwork back there.

RAY

(Shrugs)

I've gotten myself outta worse.

EXT. A SMALL GRASSY BLUFF – NIGHT

Ray's truck climbs up the bluff and they are back on the Interstate. Ray kicks it to the floor, burns rubber and they're gone.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK – NIGHT

Ray points up ahead.

RAY

The drop-off is coming up on the right. Just past the train tracks:

Ray turns off at the exit and begins slowing down. Frank shakes his head

FRANK

Wait a minute, we're gonna go give this two

million bucks away? After what we just went through to get it?

RAY

Sure, what else are we supposed to do?

FRANK

Keep it! We stole it, it's ours!

RAY

Look, it's probably mob money, or something. They're probably watching us now.

Frank waves his hand at the dark deserted road.

FRANK

You see anybody? And if it was the mob, what did they hire us for? I think we would be real assholes to give this money back.

RAY

You're gonna get us killed. We gotta give it back.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS – NIGHT

They arrive at some train tracks just as the bell is ringing, the gate has gone down and a train comes past.

FRANK

(Getting pissed)

I don't give a shit what you want! You're nothin' but a stupid little punk anyway!

RAY

(Pissed)

Oh, yeah? Well you're nothin' but an old washed-up, half-ass boxer!

FRANK

You're makin' me real mad, kid!

RAY

Big deal! What're you gonna do about it? You don't even fight anymore!

They both glare at each other. The veins in Frank's temples throb.

FRANK

I'm takin' my cut. You can do whatever you want with your half.

RAY

You're fuckin' me over, man!

FRANK

Who gives a shit about you!

Frank opens the sack and takes out a packet of money. He flips through it and his eyes widen in horror.

FRANK

(Horrified)

*This money is fake!*

RAY

*What!?*

Frank holds the packet up to Ray's face.

FRANK

Cut newspaper.

Frank looks closer at the real-looking top and bottom bills that sandwich the cut newspaper.

FRANK

Counterfeit.

RAY

What the hell's goin' on?

When the caboose of the train passes it reveals eight police cars with their flashers and spotlights shining. A multitude of cops have weapons aimed at them.

FRANK

(Horrified)

*Holy—*

RAY

*—Shit!*

FRANK

This is a set up!

Ray slams it in gear, puts the pedal to metal and makes a hard right turn up the dirt road next to the train tracks. He sprays a rooster-tail of dirt and rocks and tries to catch up with the train.

The eight police cars hit their sirens, cross the railroad tracks, make a left on the dirt road and give chase.

EXT. ROAD NEXT TO RAILROAD TRACKS – NIGHT

Ray has the truck at about 85-mph and begins to catch up with the caboose of the train. He goes from 85- to 100-mph, comes around a curve and up ahead the road ends at a cement wall.

Ray's and Frank's eyes widen in terror as Ray jerks the wheel and drives up onto the tracks.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK – NIGHT

Frank and Ray are having the living shit shaken out of them.

The ashtray pops out and lands on the floor. The glove box drops open and everything falls out.

RAY

(Yelling)

This is really bad for the suspension.

Frank turns and sees all the police cars following.

Ray sees the road reappear next to the railroad tracks. He swerves off the tracks and back onto the road.

EXT. ROAD NEXT TO RAILROAD TRACKS – NIGHT

Ray floors it and catches up with the train. He passes the boxcars one by one.

The police are still in close pursuit.

In the distance ahead is a large suspension bridge and a river.

Ray and Frank are neck and neck with the front end of the train.

The river is coming up fast.

Frank puts his hands in front of his terrified face.

The cops are right behind.

At the last possible second Ray jerks the steering wheel hard to the left and passes the train with only inches to spare.

Ray's truck crosses the train tracks onto the main road.

The train reaches the bridge.

The police cars all have to slam on their brakes before plummeting into the river twenty feet below. Miraculously seven of the police cars stop in time.

The eighth police car, however, smashes into the other police cars causing a chain reaction. The first police car is sent sliding down the dirt embankment into the river.

EXT. MAIN ROAD – NIGHT

Ray's truck drives quickly up the road. The sacks of bogus money come flying out the window. When the sacks hit the pavement they burst open.

Cut rectangles of newspaper blow across the road.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK – NIGHT

Ray is really hauling ass. Frank is looking out the back window.

FRANK

If we can just make it back to the city, we're sure to lose them.

Ray is passing every car in their way. Several cars honk at them.

RAY

My wheels are out of alignment.

Ray's visor drops in front of his face. He pushes it out of the way and it drops again.

RAY

Oh, man!

Suddenly the glove box door falls off. Ray notices this.

RAY

Shit!

FRANK

We've got to find out who set us up.

RAY

Hell yes.

Ray pushes the button to wash the muddy windshield and solvent sprays out, then the windshield wipers go on and the driver's side wiper blade flies off, leaving two sharp pieces of metal scratching the glass.

RAY

And whoever it is gonna pay for this truck!

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Ray drives off the George Washington Bridge into Manhattan. There are thousands of cars and people. Ray slows down and they are lost in the throng.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK – NIGHT

Frank turns to Ray.

FRANK

(Intense)

Let's go see Mickey. He better have some answers, too.

Ray looks in the rearview mirror and sees a police car behind them.

RAY

We've got company.

Ray looks all around, but there is nowhere to go. They are stuck in traffic.

RAY

We're trapped like rats.

Suddenly the police car's flasher and siren go on.

Ray and Frank both begin to panic.

The police car pulls up beside them. Ray begins to edge over to the curb.

The police car continues past them and pulls over the car in front of them.

Frank and Ray breathe a deep sigh of relief.

EXT. LEONARD WOODWARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Leonard Woodward's house is a large, colonial suburban house in Long Island. His beautiful old Mercedes-Benz is parked in the driveway.

INT. STUDY – NIGHT

Woodward sits at his desk with the briefcase full of money before him. A television set is on and a boxing match is playing.

WOODWARD  
(To the TV)  
Come on you bum, keep your right up.

The phone rings and he answers it.

WOODWARD  
Hello.

It is Mario Lahserini.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)  
Hello, Leonard. I'm surprised to find you at home.

WOODWARD  
Why is that, Mario?

LAHSERINI (O.S.)  
Because I would think you'd already be on your way here to Atlantic City. You only have three hours until your deadline.

WOODWARD  
I'm very aware of that, Mario. I'm booked on the ten o'clock flight.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)  
I'll have my men meet you at the airport.

WOODWARD

That's fine. Thank you very much.

LAHSERINI (O.S.)

My pleasure, Leonard.

Woodward hangs up.

There is a knock at the door and Woodward quickly shuts the briefcase. An Oriental BUTLER opens the door.

BUTLER

Excuse me, Mr. Woodward, but there is a man to see you.

WOODWARD

(Annoyed)

At this hour. Show him in.

Lt. Tobias steps into the room.

TOBIAS

Leonard Woodward?

WOODWARD

Yes. What can I do for you?

Tobias flashes his badge.

TOBIAS

Lt. Tobias, New York Police Department.

Woodward looks a little tense, but hides it.

WOODWARD

What can I do for you, Lieutenant?

TOBIAS

I'm sorry to have to inform you of this, but your bank has been robbed of two million dollars.

Woodward looks stricken with grief.

WOODWARD

Oh my God! This is terrible! Have you apprehended the robber... or robbers?

TOBIAS

No, we haven't.

Now Woodward is truly panicked.

WOODWARD

You haven't?

TOBIAS

No.

WOODWARD

Do you have any clues?

TOBIAS

We received an anonymous phone call tipping us off as to the two robbers whereabouts, but they escaped. Also, we found the sacks of money in the road and they were filled with cut newspaper.

WOODWARD

And what do you make of that, Lieutenant?

TOBIAS

It makes me suspect that there is a third person involved.

WOODWARD

A third person?

TOBIAS

That's how it looks to me. I'm sorry to have had to give you this bad news, but don't worry. We'll catch them. Goodnight.

WOODWARD

(Flatly)

Goodnight.

Tobias leaves.

Woodward stands frozen for a moment, then pounces on the telephone. He dials quickly.

WOODWARD

(Into phone)

Hello, TWA. This is Leonard Woodward. I'd like to change my ten o'clock reservation to Atlantic City. What's the next flight you have going to the furthest place? ...Tahiti at ten-ten? Book me.

Woodward puts on his coat, takes the briefcase and leaves the study.

INT. FOYER – NIGHT

As Woodward crosses the foyer toward the front door, the doorbell rings.

WOODWARD

Now what?

Woodward opens the door and finds reporters with cameras, lights and microphones pointed at him. Woodward looks horrified.

WOODWARD

Oh, shit!

INT. THE LAST CHANCE BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Ray and Frank enter the dark bar and find Mickey sitting at his regular table.

MICKEY

Fellas, it's good to see ya. How'd it go?

FRANK

It was a big scam. The cops were waiting for us and it was fake money. What the hell's the deal?

Ray and Frank step toward Mickey with their fists clenched. Mickey looks at them helplessly.

MICKEY

Fellas, please, I had nothin' to do with it. I swear.

RAY

Then who did?

Mickey shakes his head.

MICKEY

He never told me his name. I just talked to him

on the phone. I'd help ya I swear, but I don't know a thing.

FRANK

Thanks, Mick. Thanks a lot.

MICKEY

Look, I'm sorry. Have a couple a beers, on me.

Mickey yells over to the bartender.

MICKEY

Two beers for my friends. On me.

Frank and Ray go to the bar and are given two beers in tiny shot glasses.

MICKEY

(Smiles)

Enjoy.

FRANK

What are we gonna do now?

RAY

Order bigger beers?

On the TV over the bar a news report is on. It is about the armored car robbery. Ray and Frank both pay close attention.

NEWSCASTER

(On TV)

Our mini-cam is standing by live at the home of bank president, Leonard Woodward.

We see Leonard Woodward standing in a doorway with microphones in his face.

REPORTER (O.S.)

How much money was stolen, Mr. Woodward?

WOODWARD

I was informed that it was two million dollars.

REPORTER (O.S.)

What do you think about the theory that there was an inside man involved?

WOODWARD  
(Stuttering)  
T-t-that's still open to conjecture...

Ray and Frank look at each other.

Mickey steps up to Ray and Frank.

MICKEY  
I just remembered something.

FRANK  
What's that?

MICKEY  
The guy that set you up. I got his voice on the  
answering machine.

RAY  
Really?

MICKEY  
I think so, if it didn't get erased.

Mickey steps over to the answering machine at the end of the bar. He rewinds the tape and hits "play."

MICKEY'S VOICE  
Last Chance Bar & Grill.

WOODWARD'S VOICE  
To whom am I speaking?

MICKEY'S VOICE  
This is Mickey. Hold on, the damn answering  
machine went on...

The tape is turned off.

Leonard Woodward is still being interviewed on the TV set. At that moment another reporter shoves his microphone past the others into Woodward's face.

OTHER REPORTER  
Mr. Woodward? Isn't it true that your are divorced  
with two children, but do not pay alimony or child

support?

Woodward looks furious.

WOODWARD

To whom am I speaking?

Frank and Ray are both struck at the same time.

RAY

*It's him!*

FRANK

It sure is.

They all look back up at the TV set.

Woodward is still on the screen.

WOODWARD

...If you'll excuse me, I have a flight to catch. For business. Important bank business.

Woodward walks past all of the reporters to his brown Mercedes-Benz and drives away. The camera pans back to the reporter with the microphone.

REPORTER

That was Leonard Woodward, president of the First International Bank of New York...

Ray and Frank look at each other with fire in their eyes.

RAY

Let's go burn this Woodward guy bad!

Frank goes over to the pay phone and pulls out the phone book. He looks up Leonard Woodward.

FRANK

He's got a long drive to the airport. I've got an idea.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. FREEWAY – NIGHT

Leonard Woodward drives up the freeway in his old Mercedes Benz. On the seat beside him is a plane ticket to Atlantic City. He looks up and sees a sign that reads, "TO AIRPORT."

The Road is under construction and traffic is being funneled down to one lane. Workmen with hardhats and orange jumpsuits work on the roads and flashing yellow lights blink on sawhorses.

Then the one lane is forced off of the freeway and onto a secondary two-lane road.

EXT. TWO-LANE – NIGHT

Woodward looks at the clock on the dashboard. It is 8:36.

WOODWARD

Come on with this...

In the road ahead a workman is standing beside a sawhorse. A flashing arrow forces Woodward's car off to the right onto an even smaller road.

WOODWARD

(Pissed)

Now what?

EXT. DARK ROAD – NIGHT

Woodward drives up a dark deserted road when suddenly someone leaps in front of his car and he plows right into them.

Woodward swerves the car and screeches to a halt, his forehead slamming into the steering wheel. He lifts his head up and blood is trickling across his forehead. He quickly gets out of the car holding his briefcase.

Woodward runs into the road and sees an inert body lying in there. He steps up taking a closer look and sees that it is Richard Nixon.

Woodward is shocked.

He looks even closer and realizes that it is a dummy.

He looks up and standing before him is Frank, wearing an orange jumpsuit and hardhat. Ray steps up beside him.

FRANK

Hello, Mr. Woodward.

Woodward's eyes narrow.

WOODWARD

To whom am I speaking?

FRANK

We're the guys that did that armored car heist for you.

RAY

You know, the ones you double-crossed.

WOODWARD

I don't remember that at all.

FRANK

Maybe we can jog your memory for you.

Frank and Ray begin to move in on Woodward in a menacing way. Woodward looks from one to the other in fear.

Ray lowers his arm with a quick move and a sharp tool slides out of his sleeve and into his hand. Woodward sees this and gasps.

WOODWARD

(Fearful)

*No...*

Ray raises the tool menacingly. He reaches out with his other hand, grabs the Mercedes hood ornament and snips it off. Ray has the hood ornament on the end of his finger and swings it around in Woodward's face.

RAY

What are you gonna do about it?

Woodward becomes furious.

WOODWARD

You little punk, that's a mint 1950 Mercedes.

RAY

Not anymore.

Suddenly Woodward hauls off and smashes Ray in the face with the heavy steel briefcase. Ray is knocked unconscious to the ground.

Frank is furious.

Woodward looks at Frank and smiles.

WOODWARD

I hardly recognized you in your jumpsuit—it's "Iron-Fists Ryan." The quitter. And what, per chance, are you going to do to me, Mr. Quitter?

Frank takes a step toward him and Woodward pulls a gun out of his pocket. He sticks it right into Frank's face.

Ray begins to moan. Woodward quickly turns and kicks Ray in the face, the gun still aimed at Frank.

Woodward turns back to Frank and pushes him in the chest with the briefcase.

WOODWARD

You think you can mess with a man of my caliber?  
Ha! You're nothing but a sniveling little piece of shit!

Frank takes this and does nothing. Woodward pushes him again with the briefcase.

WOODWARD

You know, I happen to be an avid boxing fan. I saw quite a few of your fights.

He pushes Frank again.

WOODWARD

I also happen to know Terry O'Neil's manager. What you didn't realize at the time was that O'Neil had a brain tumor.

FRANK

(Shocked)

What?

Woodward pushes him again.

WOODWARD

My Grandmother could have punched O'Neil and crippled him. You took the rap for O'Neil and now you're going to take the rap for me.

Frank's eyebrow twitches, the veins throb on his temples and his hands ball up into fists.

Ray sits up in the background and rubs his bloody head.

RAY

Give it to him, Frank.

Frank turns to his right and points.

FRANK

Cops.

Woodward turns and Frank lets him have it with a right hook to the jaw. Woodward drops both the gun and the briefcase.

Frank's eyes light up. Standing in the glare of the headlights, Frank comes bobbing and weaving forward—the fight is on.

Frank lets Woodward have it with everything he's got—uppercuts, haymakers, jabs, hooks. What's amazing is that Woodward keeps standing.

Ray watches as Frank devastates Woodward. Ray is totally impressed.

RAY

(Enthusiastically)

Yeah!

Woodward is stumbling around like a zombie and Frank gives him the final mighty punch that sends him flying over to the Mercedes. He lands on the hood, almost unconscious.

Ray reaches into his pocket and pulls out his set of car keys. He holds them in Woodward's face.

RAY

Suck on this!

Ray takes a key and runs it across the immaculate finish of Woodward's car scratching a deep line.

WOODWARD

(In pain)

Original paint...

Woodward's eyes cross and he passes out.

Frank picks up Woodward's body and puts him in the driver's seat of the Mercedes.

Frank then picks up the briefcase. Ray stumbles over.

FRANK

Are you all right, kid?

RAY

Yeah. Great fight. I thought you said you didn't fight anymore?

FRANK

Well I'm back and better than ever.

Frank opens the briefcase and they see the money. They are both overwhelmed by the vast amount of cash.

RAY

Oh, wow!

FRANK

Two million dollars. The real McCoy. Let's get outta here while the gettin's good.

Frank slams the briefcase shut revealing Lt. Tobias!

TOBIAS

Hello, boys.

FRANK

Who're you?

Tobias flashes his badge.

TOBIAS

New York Police Department.

Frank and Ray both groan.

TOBIAS

I really appreciate you stopping this felon and retrieving the stolen money.

Tobias reaches out and takes the briefcase. Frank just let's it go.

Lt. Tobias goes back to his car and picks up the microphone to the police radio. He keys the mike.

TOBIAS  
(Into microphone)  
Officer requests assistance on Route 36 at  
Jefferson. And send an ambulance.

Tobias turns back to Ray and Frank who are helplessly standing there.

RAY  
We didn't do anything.

TOBIAS  
Oh, now, don't kid me. You two did the armored  
car heist.

FRANK  
Where's your proof?

Tobias points at Ray's truck.

TOBIAS  
It's stupid to keep driving that truck around. It  
was identified.

Ray and Frank look even more forlorn. The sound of sirens can be heard approaching.

TOBIAS  
Look, I know that Mr. Woodward here is the  
one that really stole the money. You two were  
just dupes. That, however, doesn't exonerate  
you from having robbed the armored car. Today  
just happens to be your lucky day. Just get into  
your truck and leave and we'll forget the whole  
thing.

Ray and Frank are really shocked.

RAY  
Really?

TOBIAS  
This offer lasts exactly one more minute. Then  
you're looking at five to ten years.

Frank and Ray can't believe their luck. They quickly run to the truck and get in.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Ray quickly starts the engine and drives away. Frank has a skeptical look on his face.

FRANK

Wait a minute.

RAY

What?

FRANK

That's two million dollars back there.

RAY

So?

FRANK

So, there's only one of him and there's two of us.

RAY

Frank, that guy's a cop.

FRANK

So what? We're talkin' about two million dollars.

RAY

Well, I'm not beating up any cops.

FRANK

Take my word for it, kid, we're never gonna get a chance at two million bucks again.

RAY

Then we won't. I'm not beating up a cop.

FRANK

Look, are you a criminal or not?

RAY

If that's the case then I guess I'm not.

Ray looks in the rearview mirror and sees police cars approaching the area they just left.

RAY

Besides, it's too late now anyway.

Frank looks back and also sees this.

FRANK  
(Exasperated)  
Two million bucks, shot! Let me off here.

RAY  
What are you talking about? This is the middle  
of nowhere.

FRANK  
If I never see you again it'll be too soon! Let  
me off.

RAY  
Well, if you're gonna be that way about it.

Ray pulls over.

Frank gets out of the truck and slams the door. Ray's rearview mirror drops off.

Ray floors it and leaves Frank in a cloud of burnt rubber smoke.

EXT. DARK DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

Frank begins walking up the dark deserted road.

Frank looks up the road and the only thing around is a 7-11 Store.

FRANK  
At least that 7-11's still open.

Just then the lights at the 7-11 blink off. Now there is nothing around at all, just darkness.

FRANK  
(Exasperated)  
Terrific!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NOVELLA'S BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Frank pulls up in front of Novella's Beauty Salon in his car. He goes inside.

INT. NOVELLA'S BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Frank comes in. Irene sees him and walks over.

IRENE  
Hi, Frank. Right on time.

Frank takes an envelope out of his pocket.

FRANK  
I've got the money.

He counts out two thousand dollars and hands it to her.

IRENE  
But you already gave me six hundred.

FRANK  
Call it late charges.

IRENE  
I guess you must've pulled off a big one.

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK  
Nope. I let the big one go by. I'm giving up  
crime, Irene. I'm going straight.

IRENE  
(Surprised)  
Really? What happened?

FRANK  
It's a long story. Maybe we could get together  
tonight and talk about it.

Irene looks hesitant.

IRENE  
Well... I've got a date tonight.

Frank shrugs and starts to leave.

FRANK

That's okay. Maybe another time.

Irene watches him go. Just as Frank is stepping out the door, Irene calls to him.

Frank. IRENE

Frank turns around.

Yeah? FRANK

Tonight'll be fine. IRENE

What about your date? FRANK

I'll break it. IRENE

Frank smiles.

Eight o'clock? FRANK

I'll see you then. IRENE

Frank leaves.

INT. POWERHOUSE GYM - DAY

Ray is in the boxing ring sparring with another boxer. Ray is doing a pretty good job, however the other boxer gets a punch through to Ray's chin. A voice comes from behind him.

Keep your left up. VOICE (O.S.)

Ray turns and sees Frank standing there. Frank walks over to the ring with a newspaper under his arm.

You were doing pretty good there, you just gotta FRANK

make sure to guard with your left.

RAY

(Coldly)

What do you care?

Frank takes a deep breath.

FRANK

Look, I'm sorry.

RAY

So?

FRANK

So I got a proposition for you. I think you've got potential as boxer, that is if you train right and had a good manager.

RAY

Have you got someone in mind?

FRANK

Yeah. Me. What do you think?

Ray hesitates and considers.

RAY

(Interested)

You think I've got potential, huh?

FRANK

Yeah, I do.

RAY

Well... Let's give it a try and see what happens.

Frank smiles. Ray smiles back.

FRANK

Have you seen today's paper?

RAY

Uh-uh.

Frank unfolds the New York Times. The headline reads, "BANK PRESIDENT STEALS TWO MILLION, ONLY ONE MILLION RECOVERED."

RAY  
(Confused)  
What happened to the other million?

EXT. THE BAHAMAS - DAY

It is a beautiful day in the Bahamas: the sun is shining, swimmers splash in the water, strains of Reggae music and marimbas can be heard.

On a chaise lounge on the beach lies Lt. Tobias. He wears a flowered sport shirt and shorts. He smokes a big cigar and smiles happily. He is drinking a Pina Colada from a coconut. A beautiful dark-skinned girl lies beside him. Tobias turns to her.

TOBIAS  
Who says crime doesn't pay?

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Leonard Woodward is in a jail cell and looks through the steel bars. The JAIL GUARD steps up.

JAIL GUARD  
Leonard Woodward, you have a visitor. A Mario Lahserini.

Woodward gets panicked.

WOODWARD  
Tell him I don't want to see him.

MARIO LAHSERINI steps up. He is a swarthy, dark-haired man in his fifties wearing a very expensive suit.

LAHSERINI  
Why don't you tell me yourself, Leonard.

WOODWARD  
(Belligerent)  
Listen, Lahserini. There's nothing you can do to me while I'm in jail. I've got the state to protect me.

Lahserini smiles and speaks warmly.

LAHSERINI

That's very true, Leonard. But someday you'll get out. And when that day arrives, I'll be waiting for you.

Lahserini walks away. Woodward shakes his head in defeat.

WOODWARD

What could be worse than this? What could possibly be worse?

Woodward slowly turns and standing right beside him is a big horrible ugly PRISONER who is looking him up and down and grinning.

MUTHA

You look awful cute in them tight slacks, boy.

Woodward gulps.

FADE OUT.