

"DOG DAY AFTERNOON"

by

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Final Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. ELECTRIC SIGN

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

2:51

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

94°

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

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - DAY

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

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

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

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)
...the situation continued tense in
the Middle East today, as...

EXT. SHEA STADIUM (TV CLIP) - DAY

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

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)
...hits a high inside pitch foul
into the upper stands...

ANGLE ON CROWD

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

A touch of viciousness...

ANNOUNCER 3 (V.O.)
...B-52's meanwhile, unleashed the
heaviest bombing of the war...

EXT. MOVIE HOUSE TO MACDONALD'S - DAY

We are SEEING HEIDI, though we don't know it yet
- she's just another pretty 175-pound Italian girl with
two kids, KIMMY, JIMMY, about four and five years old.
Right now she is a lump of browning flesh, shining with oil
among rows of similar ladies (mostly thinner, but all with a
certain unhealthy softness about them) laid out in rows
and groups across the sand. SHOOT LOW AND LONG, so heat
shimmers rise,

as though the heat were baking the oil out of
this mob,
visible suntan oil pollution... Heidi's
transistor blasts
ROCK MUSIC into the air.

LYRICS (OVER)

(Roberta Flack)

**REVEREND LEE, SHE SAID, LORD KNOWS I
LOVE YOU, REVEREND LEE - DO IT TO ME
(etc., etc.)**

ANNOUNCER 3 (V.O.)

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

FAR DISTANT THUNDER ROLLS...

INT/EXT. SONNY'S CAR - STREET - DAY

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

There is a watchful reserve in Sal that contrasts
to Sonny's
all bark;
blue suit
Godfather.
He even wears a hat. Now, matching Sal's
preparations inside
the car, he checks his tie's alignment, shoots
his cuffs and
is ready...

Meanwhile, on their car radio:

ELTON JOHN

(Amoreena)

**AND SHE DREAMS OF CRYSTAL STREAMS OF
DAYS GONE BY WHEN WE COULD LEAN
LAUGHING FIT TO BURST UPON EACH
OTHER...**

ANOTHER ANGLE BY CAR

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

We see a water truck drive down the street, followed by Sonny's car, which drives up near bank. It stops, Jackie gets out, crosses to bank window, peers through, then

ANGLE INSIDE CAR

returns to car. Leans in, has fake conversation with Sonny.

They are waiting. Sonny checks his watch, turns to Sal in back seat:

SONNY

30 seconds, Sal...

They wait. At appropriate moment, Sal exits car, walks toward bank. Slowly Sonny gets out.

INT. BANK - DAY

A slightly seedy little branch bank, old yellow brick, blond varnished wood, a rubber plant, an American flag. Through the windows we SEE HOWARD, the aged black bank guard, in uniform, taking down the American flag from outside. Past him comes Sal carrying an attache case. He passes Howard coming toward us through the door into the bank. As he passes

CAMERA:

INSERT: BANK CLOCK

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

MOVING SHOT WITH SAL

as he moves toward the left-hand deposit-slips desks.

He picks out a car-loan application slip, then walks toward the manager's desk (as the sign on the desk proclaims) of PATRICK MULVANEY. Sal sits down, his back to Mulvaney, facing the front door of the bank. Mulvaney is on the phone.

ON DOOR

as Sonny bustles through in his bouncy dancer's walk. He carries the large florist box. He moves toward the left-hand deposit-slips desks, takes one out and begins to fill one out.

ON HOWARD

his uniform. as he pulls out the keys, attached to the belt of
neither in Jackie approaches the door of the bank and stops,
Howard watches nor out, as though he can't make up his mind.
under his him, waiting patiently, keys in hand, folded flag
arm.

CLOSE - SAL

Jackie's approach still sitting, back to Mulvaney, watching
and entrance, ready to move on cue.

ON DOOR

half out. on Howard as he looks at Jackie, still half in,
Howard speaks to him:

HOWARD

Closing time; you want in or out?

prevent more Jackie steps in and as Howard locks the door to
Sonny, filling customers from entering, Jackie walks toward
Jackie. out a slip at the left-hand area. CAMERA FOLLOWS

He stops at deposit-slips desk, next to Sonny.

CLOSE - SAL

moves to as if by pre-arranged signal, Sal now stands up,
the side of Mulvaney's desk.

SAL

You the manager?

ON MULVANEY

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

ON SAL

pistol, which he as he sits, producing as he does a machine holds on Mulvaney's chest, out of sight from others in the bank.

MULVANEY

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

SAL

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

MULVANEY

(into phone)
Listen, lemme call you back.

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

HIS POV - FLASH

Sal's absolutely unmoved face.

TWO SHOT - SONNY AND JACKIE

Jackie moves over to Sonny.

JACKIE

Sonny, I'm gettin' real bad vibes.

SONNY

Jackie - what are you talking about?

JACKIE

Maybe we can take something smaller...
like a Spanish grocery.

SONNY

(indicating what's
happening with Sal
and Mulvaney)

It's too late - just get away from
me - don't talk to me now - go over
to your place...

Jackie moves to another deposit-slips desk -
takes one out
and begins to fill it out.

ON TELLER'S CAGE AREA

as a LADY with a BABY in a stroller moves away
from the Teller
and starts to walk toward the front door.
DEBORAH is marking
figures on a piece of paper at 1st Teller's cage.

SYLVIA and MIRIAM stand behind her - their backs
to Sonny.

Howard, who has put the folded flag in a plastic
bag in a
front desk, follows Lady toward the door. He
unlocks the
door and hands the Baby a lollipop, courtesy of
the bank,
and she exits the bank.

CLOSE - NEW ANGLE - SONNY

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

SAL

staring at Mulvaney.

MULVANEY

the ruins of his smile still on his face.

HOWARD

of the Lady

straightens up from locking the door; the figure
and the Baby can be seen receding outside...

SONNY

no customers,
carrying the
rips open the
onto SYLVIA

seeing that the bank is closed, locked in, with
crosses toward the front teller's cage area,
florist box. As he reaches the other side, he
box and takes the rifle out and aims it level
BALL, the teller, who automatically takes the
and holds it in front of her face as though to
protect herself
from the rifle.

SYLVIA

(holding sign in front
of her face)
Sorry, this window is shut...

TWO SHOT - MULVANEY AND SAL

as Mulvaney stands and yells to Sylvia...

ANGLE ON BACK OF BANK, REST ROOM AREA

ladies' room,
what is

as MARGARET, an accountant, comes out of the
starts to cross downstage toward her desk, sees
happening, and momentarily freezes in her tracks.

SONNY

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

SONNY

Okay, this is a stickup! Nobody move! This is a fucking stickup! Just freeze now, goddammit! Get away from your desk... get in the center - get in the center!

Sylvia and Edna start to move toward the rear of the bank, toward Margaret's desk.

MULVANEY

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

MULVANEY

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

SONNY

(to Jackie, re: Howard)
If he moves - blow his guts out...
Cover him!

TWO SHOT - SONNY & JACKIE

Jackie, staring at the real guns, turns to Sonny...

JACKIE

I'm sorry, Sonny... I can't make it...

Jackie starts to move toward the front door.

SONNY

Hey, for christ's sake... now...

fuckin' asshole...
(turns to Sal)
He can't make it.

SAL

Fuck him - let him out!

Sonny yells out at frozen Howard.

SONNY

Hey... let him out!

MULVANEY

(yells)

Do what the gentleman says, Howard.

Howard,
with him
Jackie,
Sonny and
then frisks
the door
Jackie.

Sonny sees that Howard is useless, so he runs to
grabbing the keys from him and pulls Howard along
to the front door. Jackie unlocks the door, and
with a last apologetic glance, gives his gun to
vanishes into the sweltering afternoon. Sonny
Howard and has a sudden afterthought as he locks
again. He quickly unlocks it and shouts out at

EXT. BANK - DAY

SONNY

Hey, don't take the car!

JACKIE

(on sidewalk)

Well, how'll I get home?

SONNY

Take the subway. We need the car.

(as Jackie starts to
walk away)

Hey, gimme the keys - the keys!

Sonny with Jackie stops, fumbles for keys, crosses back to them.

JACKIE

(points to fig. desk)
Sonny, there's somebody under that desk over there... I'm sorry...

SONNY

It's okay... it's okay...

walks off
the window
Sonny turns into the bank once more, as Jackie toward the subway, pointing inside at a desk near as he does, to point something out to Sonny.

INT. BANK - DAY

Sonny, re-entering the bank, speaks to Howard.

SONNY

Lock it.

as everyone
Sonny now crosses to desk that Jackie indicated, watches him, as though it's all in the game.

SONNY

(taps loudly on top of desk)
Hey... get outta there! Nobody's gonna hurt you.

under the
JENNY, a young, frightened girl, peeks out from desk, obviously afraid to reveal herself.

bank. Sal turns
Howard.
Sonny starts to move toward the front of the so he can cover everyone. Sonny turns to order

SONNY

Pull the drapes.

Howard doesn't move.

SONNY

Pulla drapes!

Howard belatedly leaps to work, pulling drapes
that screen off the interior from outside. The door has no
drapes or blinds and thus when the drapes are closed there
is a corridor of space across the street we will always be able
to see. And from which people outside will always be able
to see in. As Howard finishes the task, he then walks back
to the huddled group on the rear.

SONNY

on his way to the back of the bank, is digging
into his jacket pocket; he swings around as he passes the camera
that is bolted to a wall bracket covering the tellers'
area. He whips out a spray can and gives the lens a shot
of red paint. There are three cameras in all, each of which he
sprays.

SONNY

(grinning)

No replay, folks... no alarms...

After spraying the three cameras, he has reached
Mulvaney's desk area. The girls are scattering to group
farther back and Sonny and Mulvaney are heading for the vault.

MULVANEY

(on cross to vault
with Sonny)

We're hip... let's just get you all
fixed up and on your way!

chewing
toward the
and Mulvaney
others in the

MIRIAM, a young, awkward, overweight Jewish girl,
gum with nervous machine-like rapidity, moving
vault. The gate is closed, and she holds one key
the other. They pass Sal, who now holds the
bank under his gun while at the vault gate.

SONNY

Okay, is the vault open?

MULVANEY

I can take care of that.

NEW ANGLE

Sonny
and looks at

Mulvaney is about to insert his key in his lock.
quickly reaches out and grabs Mulvaney's hand,
the key he has extended. He explodes.

SONNY

Son of a bitch!

He almost hits Mulvaney with his fist.

SONNY

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

the key

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

VERY TIGHT TWO SHOT - MULVANEY AND SONNY'S HEADS

FRAME where

Sonny holds the key right in the middle of the

tiny
used, the
Mulvaney and the audience can SEE the key has a
projection or spur at the end. If this key is
spur triggers a silent alarm.

MULVANEY

I must of been outta my mind.

SONNY

(furious)

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

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

NEW ANGLE

the gate.
gate swings
passes Miriam,
as Mulvaney carefully uses the safe key to unlock
Miriam is crying as she unlocks her side. The
open. Sonny shoves Mulvaney inside and, as he
notices her tears.

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

to open the
Sonny stops, staring at her. Mulvaney, starting
gate, moves inside the vault, impatient...

MULVANEY

Okay. Let's get you on your way.
Miriam - open the safe.

Miriam hesitates.

SONNY

What's the matter with you?

MULVANEY

(to Miriam)

Come on, lemme load you up...

MIRIAM

There isn't any money...

Sonny looks at Mulvaney, alarmed...

MIRIAM

They picked it up this afternoon...

SONNY

No money?!

(moves inside the
vault)

MIRIAM

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

Sonny storms into the vault.

NEW ANGLE IN VAULT

Sonny: even we
for more,
as Mulvaney pulls a cash drawer out to show
can see there isn't much there. Sonny searches
finds nothing.

SONNY

This is it? What am I gonna do with
this? Holy shit!

MULVANEY

It's all we got.

SONNY

Okay, don't worry about it. Stick
it in the bag...

pocket, hands
into it. As
him,
reels back

At this, Sonny pulls out a plastic bag from his
it to Miriam, who opens it and puts the money
he turns, we see that Miriam is still staring at
terrified, and as his rifle swings around, she
with a little screech of terror...

SONNY

Ah, Jesus...

SAL

Let's go, Sonny.

SONNY

(suddenly gentle)

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

MULVANEY

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

area with

Sonny starts out of the vault toward the teller's
bag of money. He speaks to Mulvaney.

SONNY

What the hell would I shoot her for?

carries the

Miriam follows Sonny to teller's cages gate. He
bag.

PHONE STARTS TO RING (#1)

SONNY

Answer the phone!

receiver. Sal

Mulvaney crosses to his desk, picks up the

other, so he follows him, yanks receiver from one ear to the other, so he can hear conversation.

SONNY

(to Miriam)

Okay... open this.

Miriam crosses to gate, presses the necessary button and the gate opens from them. Sonny watches this carefully, noting where the buzzer button is. He crosses in front of the drawer at the first cage. He tries to open the drawer. It's obviously locked.

SONNY

Okay, who's the head teller here?

SYLVIA

I am.

SONNY

Open this up!

Sylvia comes forward and unlocks the first drawer, and begins to remove the cash, but Sonny grabs her hands... alarmed...

SONNY

Don't take it all out!

He grabs a piece of paper or cardboard...

CLOSE SHOT - SONNY'S HANDS AND CASH IN DRAWER

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

meanwhile... It is clear this is an automatic alarm -

SONNY

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

BACK TO SHOT OF SONNY AND SYLVIA AND MIRIAM

as they move to 2nd cash drawer at 2nd teller's cage. Sylvia unlocks the drawer and starts to reach in for the cash, but Sonny pushes his hand into the drawer instead. He begins to stuff the money into the bag. Some fives, packaged with rubber bands, in the drawer, he holds up so Sal and all can see them... He laughs!

SONNY

Decoy money, right, it's marked!
Shit!

He throws it into the air so the bills flutter all around him, gaily... In the background, Mulvaney, having finished with the phone conversation, is moving to the rear with the rest of the girls. Sonny now moves to the 3rd cage's cash drawer... Mulvaney ends phone conversation and Sal moves him over to group at vault.

SONNY

(mimicking Sylvia)
'This window is shut...'

Again, the same procedure begins. Sylvia unlocks the cash

it into the drawer and Sonny starts to scoop it out and put
opened plastic bag that Miriam holds.

SAL

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

(#2) At this point, THE PHONE BEGINS TO RING AGAIN

SONNY

(yelling to Sal)
Sal, let him answer the goddamn phones, they're driving me crazy! Look at this chicken shit!

again
he crosses
Again, Mulvaney starts to cross back to his desk, followed by Sal. Sonny yells out to Mulvaney as to answer the phone.

SONNY

Hey, you, manager... Don't get any ideas, fucker... See that man there? I bark and he bites!

MULVANEY

Believe me, I'm on your side.

SONNY

My side, shit!

They move to Drawer #4.

SYLVIA

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

SONNY

I speak what I feel.

MULVANEY ON THE PHONE

MULVANEY

Hello... I'm sorry I can't talk to you right now... I suggest you call during banking hours tomorrow. What is your name?

BACK ON SONNY, SYLVIA AND MIRIAM

SONNY

Gimme the traveler's checks and the register.

They cross toward the last drawer area (#5).
Miriam is still crying silently. Sonny holds out the plastic bag for the checks for her. She drops it.

SONNY

Please... quit that. It's not necessary.

With everything in the bag, Sonny now takes the register and starts to move the two girls toward the rear near the vault.

MULVANEY

Can you hurry it up?

BACK TO SONNY

as he moves toward the rear (Sylvia and Miriam now re-joining other women), to get a wastebasket. Accomplishing this, he starts to burn the pages of the register, tearing out pages as he does so. It's smokey as hell, but not burning well. He drops it, smoking, into the wastebasket.

SONNY

(to Howard)
Hey, you! Give me the keys...
We're gettin' outta here.

HOWARD

(gasping for breath)

Huh?

MULVANEY

Howard?

HOWARD

Huh?

ON HOWARD

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

MULVANEY

(stands, receiver still to ear, then covering it with his hand)

Howard, give him the keys...

SONNY

Gimme the keys to get outta here!

Howard is unable to move. Seeing his predicament, Edna moves to him and starts to unfasten his belt to remove the keys.

Mulvaney continues with his phone conversation.

ON SONNY

who now crosses to Howard and Edna, losing patience with the situation. As he moves closer, Howard backs away from him, frightened by his rifle. Seeing that, Sonny puts it down and looks over to Sal for coverage.

SONNY

Sal...

can't get As Sonny approaches Howard, he realizes that he close enough.

SONNY

Take it easy... just gimme the keys. I'm not gonna hurt you. Listen, calm down, huh? You're gonna have a heart attack. Just gimme the keys... that's all I want.

walk back Howard gives him the keys and as Sonny starts to toward the burning register...

ON SAL

with Mulvaney still on the phone.

SAL

(looking past camera, falling onto the floor behind Mulvaney)
Sonny... who's that? Across the street.

ON SONNY

of the bank, who now starts to move quickly toward the front being sure to hide behind the posts as he moves.

MULVANEY (O.S.)

(on phone)

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

carefully Sonny has now reached the front of the bank. He peeks out through the closed draperies to look outside.

ANGLE ON STREET - SONNY'S POV

looking, is A man, in a business suit, sweaty and harassed-
walking from an insurance office across the
street directly toward the bank... The man continues coming
straight toward them and us...

REVERSE

Margaret's desk. Sonny starts to run back to get his gun from
Mulvaney is still on the phone.

MULVANEY

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

over to Sonny grabs the gun from the desk top and moves
Mulvaney.

ANGLE ON DOOR AT FRONT OF BANK

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

REVERSE ON SAL AND MULVANEY

the same Sal brings the gun up so he can shoot the man, at
behind time, crabbing himself aside so he is concealed
approaching man Mulvaney and the desk. Mulvaney sees the
and cups his hand over the phone.

MULVANEY

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

(motions toward smoking
register)

Please! Put out the fire!

ON MAN

The last few feet from the door.

ON SONNY

the
onto the
out.

who rushes through the teller's cages gate toward
register, grabs the smoking register, throws it
floor near Edna's desk, and starts to stamp it

MARGARET

I'll get some water!

them all.

Before anyone can move, Sonny grabs the gun on

SONNY

Nobody move! Freeze!

sets in.

The women now begin to scream as real hysteria

Deborah screams, collapses.

CLOSE - ON SAL

BRINGING GUN UP ON:

DOOR

then leans
in.

The man actually kicks the glass with his foot,
against the glass, shades his eyes, trying to see

MULVANEY (O.S.)

Sorry... I can't talk now... I'll
call you back.

around.

SOUND of hanging up. The man is looking all

SAL AND MULVANEY

SAL

Get rid of him.

MULVANEY

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

ON HOWARD

who is useless.

ON MULVANEY

who starts to move toward the front door, looking over at Sonny trying to put out the fire.

moves with CAMERA FOLLOWS MULVANEY TO THE FRONT DOOR; Sonny him, covering him all the time.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

listen to as Sonny stands behind closed venetian blinds to the conversation and to cover Mulvaney.

SONNY

The gun's right on your back...

MULVANEY

Give me the keys...

Sonny hands him the keys.

VERY CLOSE SHOT - SAL

moment, we He raises the gun and sights it now, and in this anticipation should sense a kind of luxurious relaxation into on Sal's part. He is smiling a little, and for the first

dangerous. time, looks happy, and that's what makes him seem
here now: He's looking forward to an excuse to kill. It's
the way he survival. There is something almost sexual about
ready for settles his body down behind the weapon, getting
violent shove of the squeeze on the trigger, the report, the
recoil against his muscles and sinews.

a cup of In the background, we see Sylvia bringing Howard
water.

ANGLE ON DOOR

man is somebody emphasizing the small of Mulvaney's back. The
worried and he knows from across the street. He looks
mystified...

MULVANEY

(unlocking door)
What is it, Sam?

SAM

Everything's all right? You okay?

MULVANEY

Yeah, just a cigarette got in a
wastebasket.

Silence. Sam stares around... thinking.

SAM

You all right?

MULVANEY

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

SAM

Yeah. Well, you're okay?

MULVANEY

Yeah, thanks for keeping an eye out.

SAM

Okay.

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

MULVANEY

Thanks again, Sam.

SAM

I'm glad it's okay.

MULVANEY

It's okay. [Regards to the family, Sam.]

bank, giving Mulvaney locks the door and walks inside the the keys back to Sonny.

MULVANEY

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

SONNY

You're goin' outside with me. If there's no cops around, we just split. Otherwise, you go with us.

Sal. As they Mulvaney and Sonny starts to walk back toward do, the PHONE BEGINS TO RING AGAIN (#3).

SONNY

(to Mulvaney)
Answer it.

standing at Mulvaney shrugs helplessly. Picks up the phone, desk opposite his.

ON SAL

SAL

He's gone?

SONNY

Yeah - it's all right... let's go.

MULVANEY ON PHONE

MULVANEY

Hello, Mulvaney here...

TWO SHOT - SONNY & SAL

SONNY

Sal, get 'em in the vault.

SAL

Where's the money?

SONNY

Get 'em in the vault!

As Sal starts to herd them into the vault (Sylvia helping Howard, still with the cup of water), Mulvaney is still on the phone. Sonny moves down to get the money bag atop the teller's cages and we hear Mulvaney on phone.

MULVANEY

(tired)

What property is that, Mrs. Anterio?
The Third Avenue property - you
already got a second mortgage on.
We discussed it before...

ANGLE AT VAULT

The girls are afraid; Miriam unlocks the gate as Sonny uses Mulvaney's keys to the matching lock.

JENNY

(from inside vault
area)

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

SONNY

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

Sylvia, helping Howard, is the last to go through
the gate.
As Sonny is about to lock the gate, she turns to
him.

SYLVIA

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

SONNY

What's the matter... they never
housebroke you?

SYLVIA

It's not a joke. I got this terrible
fear of being locked in...

SAL

Goddamn women...

SONNY

Ah shit. Okay... go ahead. Anybody
else have to go?

EDNA

Me, too, please.

SAL

You see... now they all gotta go.

As Sylvia starts to move out, Sonny starts to
cross ahead of
her.

SONNY

Wait a minute - I want to check.

Mulvaney finishes his phone conversation. He moves toward the group at the vault.

NEW ANGLE

as Sonny sprints for the door to the Ladies' Room.

INSIDE LADIES' ROOM

It is a little lounge; sitting on a couch under the window, making up her face (or painting her toenails) and listening to her tiny transistor radio, oblivious to all that's happened, is MARIA, heavily-painted and voluptuous Latin girl. Sylvia, following him in, is shocked. She's forgotten about Maria. Now she runs over to her, puts her arms around her.

SYLVIA

Oh - Maria!

SONNY

Who the hell is that? God damn it!
What the...

Maria is about to protest, but Sylvia grabs her and starts to hustle her out.

SONNY

What are you trying to pull?

SYLVIA

I forgot she's in here.

SONNY

Come on, nobody's going to the bathroom - come on...

them into
Sonny moves to
vault for the
moves to his
is now

He moves with them back to the vault area, herds it. At this point, PHONE RINGS AGAIN (#4). get the empty wastebasket, shoving it into the girls to use in case of emergency. Mulvaney desk and phone.

Mulvaney has by this time answered the phone, and holding it out to Sonny. HOLD THE BEAT...

MULVANEY

(to Sonny)
It's for you.

ON SONNY AND SAL

toward
the bank,
slowly
slowly

They both stare at Mulvaney. Sonny slowly moves Mulvaney. For the first time since he entered he's quiet and slow. He takes the instrument and puts it to his ear. The group from the vault now starts to move out to listen to the conversation.

SONNY

(into phone)
Yeah.

MORETTI (V.O.)

What are you doin' in there?

SONNY

Who's this?

MORETTI (V.O.)

This is Detective Sergeant Moretti, asshole, we got you completely by the balls. You don't believe me, I'm lookin' you right in the eye.

Right now, I can see you...

SAL

Who is it?

enough, in
the dim figure
toward us.
cigar is clamped
uneducated,
rude and
and a voice

Sonny turns and looks out through the door. Sure
the window of the barbershop across the street,
of a man on a telephone can be SEEN looking out
He wears a hat in spite of the weather and a
in his mouth. He is an old-time, hard-nosed,
street-wise, sarcastic New York cop, outspoken,
sentimental. Right now he's a distant silhouette
on the telephone.

CLOSE ON SONNY

death

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

MORETTI (V.O.)

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

receiver back
end. He

Sonny slowly, almost sadly, puts the telephone
down, cutting off the little voice at the other
looks up at Mulvaney, then to Sal.

SONNY

(to Sal)

It's the cops. Shit!

SAL

How'd that happen?

MULVANEY

(backing away from
Sonny)

I swear to God... on my salary, I'm
not gonna be any hero...

SONNY

I took too long.

SAL

It was the fire, asshole!

Sonny paces.

MULVANEY

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

Sonny is pacing back and forth, trying to figure
out what to do.

SONNY

Oh, shit! I gotta have time to think.

SYLVIA

What is it? Did you just barge in
here... He doesn't have plan. It's
all a whim.

(sarcastic)

'Rob a bank! What not?'

SONNY

...Just give me time to think...

PHONE STARTS TO RING (#5).

MULVANEY

We're all in the barrel together...

Phone continues to ring. Sonny finally grabs it
(desk opposite Mulvaney).

SONNY

(into phone)

All right, bastards! You keep away from the bank or we start throwing bodies out the front door one at a time. You got that?

ANOTHER PHONE A startled apologetic man's voice speaks: Now
BEGINS TO RING (#6).

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I just called to ask Jenny what time she's gonna get off.

SONNY

Who's this?

MAN (V.O.)

It's her husband.

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

SONNY

Is there a Jenny here?

singles Nobody moves. They all stare at him. Finally he
her out.

SONNY

It's your husband.

Jenny starts to move toward Sonny.

JENNY

What do I say?

SONNY

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

OTHER PHONE CONTINUES TO RING (#6).

Sonny reaches
As he puts down the phone for her to pick up,
for the other phone that is RINGING.

SONNY

What a fuckin' comedy!
(into phone)
WNEW plays all the hits.

MORETTI (V.O.)

Listen, first off, is anybody hurt
in there?

SONNY

...But you keep away from the bank
or we start throwing bodies out the
front door one at a time... You got
it? Okay?

He hangs up the phone. Sal looks at him.

SAL

You mean that?

SONNY

What?

SAL

...The bodies out the door.

SONNY

I want him to think that.

SAL

But do you mean it?

to him,
household,
At this moment, Jenny, phone in hand, is turned
respectfully like a child in an authoritarian
addressing her father:

JENNY

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

ON SONNY

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

SONNY

Tell him I don't know.

Now Sonny turns to speak to Mulvaney.

SONNY

Where's the back door?

MULVANEY

It's locked on the inside.

(beat)

It's through that passageway and to the right.

Sonny disappears toward the back door. Jenny continues her phone conversation.

MAN (V.O.)

Jenny?

JENNY

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

MAN (V.O.)

It looks like a whole roast.

JENNY

Honey, send out for Kentucky fried chicken. The baby, just open a bottle of prunes, and one of the beef. The bottles are in the fridge.

MULVANEY

(to Jenny)

Hurry up!

MAN (V.O.)

I know how to fix the bottle. They got guns?

JENNY

(with the baby on her mind)

What guns?

MAN (V.O.)

The robbers in the bank. They got guns?

JENNY

Yeah. A lot of guns.

MAN (V.O.)

Well, stay away from them. Don't get close.

JENNY

Oh, yeah, I will...

Now Sonny returns from the rear door area, sees that she's still on the phone and signals to her to hurry up.

SONNY

Hey, Jenny - let's go...

JENNY

Hon? I got to go.

MAN (V.O.)

I love you.

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

JENNY

Yeah. Well, I got to go now...

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

MAN (V.O.)

I'll kiss the baby for you.

JENNY

(past embarrassment)

I love you.

She hangs up and then crosses to the group by the vault.

NEW ANGLE

on Sonny as he moves to Sal, to reassure Sal out of some guiltiness about trapping him in this situation. His tone apologetic... almost tender...

SONNY

Sal, I'm sorry about this. But we can get outta this thing. There's a way outta this.

SAL

Are you serious? About throwin' a body outta here if we have to?

SONNY

Well, I stalled him for a while. When it comes the time, then we'll work it out. Okay?

SAL

But do you mean it?... But you just told him that if worse comes to worse...

SONNY

I want him to think that.

SAL

But I want to know what you think.

SONNY

We won't have to.

SAL

I'll tell you right now - that I'm ready to do it.

Now Sonny moves over to the group at the vault gate and speaks to them.

SONNY

What I want to say is... everything's gonna be all right... if we all cooperate and we don't, you know... carry on... I don't know you and you don't know me... and what I'm tryin' to tell you is that if you stay cooled out, we can work this thing out and nobody's going to get hurt... believe me, I don't want to hurt anybody... Everybody is going to have a chance to do what they have to do... she's gotta go to the bathroom - so you go - and you can go after... Everybody's gonna get a chance... Everybody's gonna get a chance to use the phone... Let's just take it a step at a time.

Sonny now turns toward Mulvaney. Howard lies down, head on jacket, in the vault.

SONNY

(to Mulvaney)

Now, you -- what's your name?

MULVANEY

Mulvaney...

SONNY

You and me are checking the other ways in and out.

and also Sal takes a position where he can cover the door
the girls and Howard.

NEW ANGLE

bank. as Sonny and Mulvaney move toward the rear of the

SONNY

Let's go to the back door.
(referring to Howard)
How'd that guy get to be a guard?

MULVANEY

Well, they go to guard school.

SONNY

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

MULVANEY

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

Sylvia At some point in their move toward the rear door,
group. exits the Ladies' room and moves back toward the

MULVANEY

Here we are... the back door.

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

SONNY

They could shoot the lock... I want
to block it, so if they try comin'
here, we're gonna hear it. Here,
you pull on that side.
(puts gun aside)

He has found a big office machine, a Xerox or
whatever, which he now starts to push toward the door. On the
opposite side, Mulvaney starts to pull it toward the door. It's
very heavy and they have to strain to budge it at all.
Meanwhile:

SONNY

You got kids?

MULVANEY

I got two kids... and I'd like to
see them again.

SONNY

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

Mulvaney has removed his suit jacket.

MULVANEY

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

Sonny laughs and pushes the machine. Mulvaney
pulls from the opposite side.

SONNY

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

MULVANEY

I don't care who you are...
(shove)
I just want to get you outta here,
safe, right?

SONNY

What if I take you with me?

MULVANEY

(stopping to rest for
a beat, thinking)
If you take anybody, please take me.

SONNY

They'll shoot you; the fucking cops'll
shoot you... they don't give a damn.
In spite of that bank insurance.
You see what they did in Attica,
they shot everybody, the hostages,
prisoners, cops, guards, forty-two
people they killed, the innocent
with the guilty.

They have the machine almost to the door now,
with Mulvaney
almost pinned between the machine and the door.
He eases
himself out. Looks at the gun, then at Sonny,
then they
shove the machine against the door. Sonny then
gives Mulvaney
his jacket to put on again.

SONNY

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

Finished with the task, Sonny takes his gun and
with Mulvaney,
they start to cross back toward Sal and the rest
of the group.

SONNY

You're just a nice guy, Mr. Mulvaney.
Only don't fuck around with me, you
know what I mean?

MULVANEY

I don't fool around with you.

Mulvaney crosses back to his desk and sits down.
At this point, all the phones are off the hooks.

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

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

It is turned down by the Cameraman to focus on
the bank. A COP in the police helicopter yells through his
bullhorn at the TV Cameraman.

BULLHORN COP

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

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

INT. APARTMENT NEAR BANK

Though an open window a fire escape can be seen
and beyond it an angle of street and the bank. Near the
window in a corner is a TV set, and on the TV set we are
seeing the shot

the bullhorn
Men are
which they
HEARING
voice of

of the police helicopter and the Cop yelling on
as seen from the TV copter. A couple of Elderly
sitting watching the TV set, ignoring the bank,
can see in the flesh, as it were. Outside we are
the copters, and on the TV set likewise, and the
the Announcer.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

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

the TV set
burly Cops
sniper rifles
ignoring the
couple going up
rifles on
but what
themselves on

There is a HAMMERING at the door, and the men at
barely have time to look around before several
wearing flak vests and helmets and carrying
with telescopic sights move through the room,
men. They move out onto the fire escape, a
higher, settling themselves down to aim in their
the front of the bank. A lot of AD LIB dialogue,
we note is the Cops, as a man, take a look at
the TV.

EXT. BANK - DAY

mesomorphic faces
age. They
They are
condemnatory

The FRAME is full of cop faces... tough,
with a layer of fat under the skin, increasing as
have the look of cops: alert, curious, weighing.
city cops; they don't have that old-fashioned

expression, there is an element of playfulness in their nature -- the fact is they love their work, which is criminals. There is a peculiar delight in ferreting out the criminal impulse in everybody, and a matching fury in punishing it -- which is the action of repressing their own strongly developed criminal unconscious. These are tense, funny, violent, and rigidly controlled men.

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

Right now they are looking at the sky. We HEAR a heavy helicopter track.

We feature SHELDON, the silver-haired FBI Agent-in-Charge, who looks like an accountant, and Moretti, with hat and cigar, and a face out of Warner Brothers movies of the Forties. In spite of Sheldon's age, Moretti plays though he's a smart kid who still needs a little help.

Sheldon is getting out of a gray car, wears a gray suit. Three men with him are carbon copies of him at younger ages.

The three hang around him. They approach Moretti who looks at them without moving.

MORETTI

(to no one)
Here comes the FBI.
(to Sheldon)
You men lookin' for protection? We
got all the police right here.

SHELDON

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

Moretti looks at him, cheerfully sarcastic.

MORETTI

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

toward a
We now
staring not

They are moving past Cops on the corner heading
small barbershop across the street from the bank.
sense the growing crowd, standing quietly, just
yet knowing what's going on.

NEW ANGLE

men in suits,
REPORTERS.
smoke...
along, trying

From down the street come a group of odd-looking
carrying all kinds of electric junk: The NEW
They run heavily, sweating martinis and cigarette
they run up to Moretti and Sheldon, who walk
not to catch an eye.

MOVING SHOT - MORETTI AND SHELDON AMONG NEWSMEN.

VOICES

How many in the bank?
Have they got hostages? Any shots
exchanged?

(Etc., AD LIB)

MORETTI

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

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

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

BAKER, etc. A COP is talking on the wall phone as MORETTI, are trying to get inside.

COP

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

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

now we SEE Moretti has got the crowd cleared back, so that post. From why this has been chosen as a tactical command here, while talking on the phone, Moretti can see the bank,

and through the uncurtained door he can even see
some distance
inside.

Moretti picks up the phone.

MORETTI

(to phone cop)
You get the phone company?

PHONE COP

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

Moretti is already dialing. The phone is
answered.

INT. BANK - DAY

(Re Moretti's 3rd conversation on phone with
Sonny.)

The group inside the bank have now been waiting
approximately
twelve minutes since anything last happened.
Sonny is seated
at Mulvaney's desk, all the phones off the hooks.
The rest of the group is huddled around the vault
area where
Sal is keeping his eye on them.

Suddenly, Sonny jumps up and puts all the
receivers back on
the hooks, crossing back to sit at Mulvaney's
desk again.

PHONE STARTS TO RING and Sonny picks it up.

MORETTI

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

SONNY

I told you -- keep away. I don't
know what we do now.

MORETTI

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

SONNY

They're okay.

MORETTI

You alone, or you got confederates?

SONNY

I'm not alone.

MORETTI

How many you got in there?

SONNY

I got Sal.

MORETTI

Sal? What's that for? Salvatore?

SONNY

Sal. He's the killer. We're Vietnam
veterans so killing don't mean
anything to us, you understand?

into
he expected
certain other
and
background talk
are for
a question,
immediately

A cop passing by presses a portable two-way radio
Moretti's hand: He accepts it and holds as though
it. The Cop passes the same type of set to
officers. These sets are tuned in to each other,
throughout the movie, there is a constant
these sets. This is police procedure; the orders
everyone to talk about everything. If anyone has
has heard a rumor or a sound, whatever, it is

possible
a shot?"
a gunshot,
barbershop... it
inside?"
inside the
"Roger, this is
moving
walking through
duty
Etc. They
The Cop
which Moretti

responded to, so that there can be the fewest
surprises. Sample dialogue might go: "Did I hear
"Over here, by the bank, there was a report like
inside." "Roger, we heard that from the
was inside the bank." "Barbershop, you can see
"Roger, we heard from the barbershop... it was
bank." "Barbershop, you can see inside?"
the barbershop, we see inside, the perpetrator is
toward the rear of the bank." "Who's that guy
the barricade?" "The blue suit?" "Yeah." "Off-
Inspector come down to see can you use him."
really do use the word Perpetrator, Felon, etc.
handing out radios makes Moretti sign for it --
does during the following:

MORETTI

Right -- got ya. Okay, so there's
you -- what's your name?

SONNY

What do you want to know that for?

MORETTI

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

SONNY

Call me Sonny-boy.

MORETTI

Sonny-boy, one word?

SONNY

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

MORETTI

Listen, Sonny... can I call you Sonny for short?

SONNY

Call me whatever you want.

MORETTI

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

SONNY

I frisk you?

MORETTI

You frisk me.

SONNY

Right -- I'm with you, buddy.

MORETTI

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

SONNY

Sure... like... I'm not gonna shoot you.

MORETTI

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

SONNY

They're what's keeping me alive.

You think you're dealing with an idiot? Talk to me then.

MORETTI

Okay, give us the women.

SONNY

Oh, no... Women is all we got.

MORETTI

You're all one way! I'm bein' reasonable with you; give me somethin'... Give me one of them, anyway... Just one...

SONNY

So -- you want me to send one out there... Okay. I'll see what I can do.

of the group
the other

Sonny hangs up and moves over to Sal. The rest has been trying to make out what's being said at the other end of the conversation.

SONNY

(to Sal)
He wants one.

SAL

Dead or alive?

SONNY

Alive.

Now Sonny looks at the group.

SONNY

Okay... who's gonna go first?

the group
for some

Mulvaney now stands up at his desk, looks over at near the vault. They look back at him, waiting for some instructions.

MULVANEY

It's up to you ladies.

SYLVIA

Howard!

They are now unified. Sonny whispers something to Sal.

SONNY

To show that we're negotiating.

SAL

All right... send them the guard.

SONNY

All right... let's go.

Sylvia takes Howard by the arms and starts to lead him toward the front door. Sal watches as they move toward front door.

SAL

Cover her, Sonny.

Sonny moves with them toward the front door, his gun aimed at them during the walk.

Finally they arrive, and Howard moves toward the door by himself. But the door is obviously locked.

SYLVIA

He needs the keys.

Sonny gives her the keys.

SAL

(from the rear)

Only one, Sonny.

Sonny covers Sylvia as she moves to unlock the front door

for Howard.

SYLVIA

Go along, Howard.

ANGLE OUTSIDE DOOR

As Howard is pushed out the door by Sylvia, a cop from a nearby car rushes up to him and shoves him to a curbside car where he bends Howard over the car, putting his hands behind him for handcuffs and starts to frisk him.

HOWARD'S POV - QUICK CUTS

About 100 weapons ranging from machine guns to hand guns to sniper rifles are whipped up and pointed straight at his chest and head. The effect is as though he is about to be blown entirely away.

ANGLE ON THE BARBER SHOP

Moretti rushes out, screaming to the cop with Howard.

MORETTI

Don't fire!

THE RADIO NETWORK SCREAMS

RADIO VOICES

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

VARIOUS COPS

Confusion reigns. They don't know if the perpetrator or not, since they haven't yet seen Sal or Sonny. Guns are

up, aimed, being pushed down... Cops run for better vantage points.

ANGLE ON HOWARD

as Moretti reaches him. He pulls the cop away from him and starts to give him hell for the rough treatment being given the guard.

ANGLE IN DOOR OF BANK

With Sylvia in doorway, staring wildly at the street scene. Sonny is beside her covering her with his rifle.

SYLVIA

My God! That's Howard! We voted to send him out!

VARIOUS ANGLES

as the cops slowly realize their mistake. They stand back from Howard, who is virtually catatonic with fear and shock now. They get him up, a reluctant to believe they could have made such a mistake...

ANGLE ON TV CAMERAMAN

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

CAMERAMAN

Hey! Come out, get in the light.
Hey, out where we can get a shot,
huh? Who's the black guy?
(etc. AD LIBS)

LOW ANGLE - HELICOPTER (TO AND FROM)

is being swings in over street to try for a shot. Howard taken in the direction of the barber shop.

MORETTI

to Cops.

MORETTI

Get him outta here!

DOOR OF BANK

Moretti, Sonny back in the shadows with Sylvia, looking at appalled.

ON MORETTI

away, weeping. Behind him a mob scene. Howard is being led Photographers, cops, a phalanx of cops have their weapons levelled on Sonny like a firing squad. It is right on the edge of violence... of blowing up. Sonny and Sylvia are in the shelter of the doorway, Moretti stands on the sidewalk, looking toward Sonny inside the bank.

MORETTI

Sonny - come out here a minute.

to the At this point, he removes his jacket and drops it ground, showing Sonny that he is unarmed.

SONNY

You got these cops outta here.
They're comin' in too close.

MORETTI

Come on. I want you to see something.

SONNY

You want me to give up, huh? Look, Sal's in back with the girls. Anything happens to me - one move - and Sal gives it to them. Boom boom. How do I know you won't jump me?

MORETTI

I don't forget about Sal and the boom boom room. I want you to see this.

Moretti
nobody is
he nudges
of the

Sonny turns back to tell Sal he's going outside. stands well out in the street, to reassure Sonny going to try to jump him. Sonny stares around; Sylvia out ahead of him. As they edge into sight Media across the street:

NEWSMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

Out in the light. Hey, Lady! You're on TV, Lady! Smile, any... god damn thing...

ANGLES - SHOWING CROWDS

begin to
popsicles
Sonny and
greeting...

straining against police lines: this is where we sense the size of the event. People are eating and ice cream. They are diverted and excited. Sylvia begin to emerge: CATCALLS and HOOTS of

CLOSER - SONNY AND SYLVIA

situation really
an event.
and guns all

as he looks around, and the impact of his hits him: he's not only totally surrounded, he's Some of the crowd CHEER him. An army of Cops,

levelled on Sonny.

MORETTI

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

SONNY

...armed robbery...

MORETTI

Well, armed, then. Nobody's been hurt. Release the hostages, nobody is gonna worry over kidnapping charges, the worst you're gonna get is five years -- you can be out in a year.

Sonny stares at him, his face utterly blank.

SONNY

Kiss me.

Moretti stops, stares back.

MORETTI

What?

SONNY

(deadpan)

When I'm bein' fucked, I like to be kissed a lot.

(bursting out)

Who the fuck are you tryin' to con me into some deal? You're a city cop, where's the FBI? This is a federal offense, I got kidnapping, armed robbery, they're gonna bury me! You know it, you can't talk for them, you're some flunky pig tryin' to bullshit me. Now God damn it, get somebody in charge here to talk to me!

MORETTI

Calm down, you're not...

SONNY

Calm down... look at this, look at him...!

machine guns
terrifying... Gestures at the cops, the wall of rifles and levelled on him. It is incredible and

SONNY

(continuing)

They wanna kill me so bad they can taste it!

crowd SCREAMS
telling the
they can see
it. He takes a defiant step into the street. The as they get their first view, which is of Sonny Cops off. They don't need to hear the words,

SONNY

(screaming)

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

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

SONNY

(to the TV)

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

(to Moretti)

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

back away,
He means it. Moretti gestures to the officers to

lower the guns. The crowd YELLS: Sonny has beat
the Cops.

He is momentarily their hero.

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

MORETTI

(Cop language command
to put gun away)

All right - put the guns down!

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

SOUND: The crowd screams.

ON SONNY

hearing the Crowd APPLAUSE. He turns and grins
and waves to
them. They SCREAM more. He turns and waves to
the media.
They've been YELLING.

MEDIA

Hey, over here! Give us a wave!

It is at this point that newsman leans out a
window of the
second floor of the bank, quickly lowering a mike
boom.

Sylvia sees this above her head.

ON MORETTI

unhappy, looking around at Sheldon, who shrugs.
He did what
he had to do.

ON SONNY

Suddenly realizing what control he has, enjoying
it. He

turns mockingly his left and his right profile to cameras.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY

A FAT WOMAN runs heavily, stumbling, a delighted grin on her face, up the stairs PAST CAMERA, yelling to someone unseen upstairs.

FAT WOMAN

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

INT. VI'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

FAT WOMAN

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

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

ON THE TV SET

VI

(as she recognizes Sonny)
Oh, My God in Heaven!

TV NEWSMAN

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

FAT WOMAN

(proud)

Did I tell you? He looks good!

IMAGE OF SYLVIA ON TV

VI

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

TV NEWSMAN

...Mrs. Ball, is everyone all right in the bank?

HUSBAND

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

SYLVIA

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

VI

Why didn't he tell me?

NEWSMAN

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

HUSBAND

I just hope he gives the wrong name.

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

SYLVIA

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

HUSBAND

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

TV NEWSMAN

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

VI

You got money for the subway?

SYLVIA

Hey, wait, he's goin' back in.
(she turns OUT OF
PICTURE)

FAT WOMAN

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

NEW IMAGE

Sonny returning toward bank.

EXT. BANK - DAY

TWO SHOT - SONNY AND MORETTI

as they shake hands. As Sonny starts into the bank first, he holds the door open, waiting for Sylvia. In the meantime, the 2nd-floor media man yells down to her.

SYLVIA

(looking up toward them)
I gotta go now.

MEDIA (2ND FLOOR)

Hey, lady... you're out now. Stay out!

Sonny, waiting patiently, holds door open for her.

SYLVIA

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

into the bank.
away and at
orders for
bank.

And she walks through the door past Sonny and
Moretti yells up at the media to get the hell
the same time, turns to a nearby cop and gives
the air conditioning to be turned off inside the

APPLAUD and

As the crowd realizes what has happened, they
SCREAM. At the door:

ANGLE IN BANK DOOR

as Sonny turns to grin and wave back at crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

the group at
the rest of
Sal.

as Sonny and Sylvia walk into bank and head for
the rear. Mulvaney is seated at his desk, but
the girls are standing around the vault area.
Sylvia heads for the girls as Sonny walks toward

SYLVIA

Hey, girls -- I was on television...

MULVANEY

(to passing Sonny)
What about Howard?

Howard is

Sonny makes reassuring gesture to let him know
safe.

SONNY

(to Mulvaney)

Turn on the TV.

Sylvia has
Mulvaney turns on the TV set. In the meantime,
reached the other girls.

GIRLS

What happened?

the street,
And Sylvia begins to recount the events out on
mainly about herself as a television celebrity.

ANGLE ON TV SET

street. Then,
as we see the image of a TV NEWSMAN across the
as his director CUTS, we will see on the TV set
an

ANGLE ON THE BANK AS SEEN FROM ACROSS THE STREET.

through
clear image
The TV Cameraman ZOOMS and the TV image ZEROES IN
the door to show a partially-screened but quite
of Sonny, talking to Sal.

SONNY

(to Sal)

The whole media is out there... it
looks a lot better for us than it
did before...

ON SAL

absorbing this...

TV NEWSMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

We can see the robbers inside the
bank, and we're trying now to
establish contact.

THE PHONE BEGINS TO RING.

TV NEWSMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

We're on the telephone to the bank manager, Patrick J. Mulvaney... Mister Mulvaney...

Mulvaney answers the phone.

MULVANEY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, I can hear you.

SONNY

serious, nodding to Sal.

TV NEWSMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Can you put the robber on the phone?
Will he talk to us?

MULVANEY'S VOICE (V.O.)

You wanna talk to him... Sonny...

Sonny turns, trying to understand...

NEW ANGLE

SONNY

What?

MULVANEY

The TV... they want to talk to you...

He holds out the phone. Sonny walks over to him and takes the receiver. On the TV screen, we can see him doing this.

SONNY

(into phone)

Yeah? Who's this?

WABC TV NEWSMAN

Sir, you're on the air. I wonder if you'd answer a few questions.

SONNY

(to Sal)

Hey, Sal...

(to phone)

Sure.

TV NEWSMAN

Why are you doing this?

SONNY

Doing what?

TV NEWSMAN

Robbing a bank.

SONNY

I don't know... It's where they got the money. I mean, if you want to steal, you go to where they got the money, right?

Jenny now edges over and sits on top of Edna's desk.

TV NEWSMAN

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

SONNY

Get a job doing what? You gotta be a member of a union, no union card - no job. To join the union, you gotta get the job, but you don't get the job without the card.

TV NEWSMAN

What about, ah, non-union occupations?

SONNY

Like what? Bank teller? What do they get paid -

(now looks over at girls who offer the information - \$135.37)

they pay one hundred thirty-five dollars and thirty-seven cents to

start. I got a wife and kids. I can't live on that -- You want to live on that? What do you make a week?

TV NEWSMAN

(swiftly, evasive)

I'm here to talk to you, Sonny, not...

SONNY

Wait a minute... I'm talkin' to you. I'm askin' you a question...

TV NEWSMAN

The audience is interested in you, Sonny... not me.

SONNY

Yeah! We're hot entertainment, right? You got me and Sal on TV... we're entertainment you sell, right?

TV NEWSMAN

You're news, Sonny...

SONNY

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

TV NEWSMAN

Newsman, not...

SONNY

Okay, newsman. How much you make a week?

(beat)

You're not talkin'. You payin' me? What have you got for me? We're givin' you entertainment... what are you givin' us?

TV NEWSMAN

What do you want us to give you? You want to be paid for...

SONNY

I don't want to be paid. I'm here with Sal and eight other people... and we're dyin'! They're gonna blow our guts out, man! You're gonna see our brains onna sidewalk! How's that for all you shut-ins and housewives to look at! You gonna help, or you just put it on instead of AS THE WORLD TURNS? We're dyin' here! What have you got for me?

TV NEWSMAN

You could give up.

SONNY

Oh yeah? Give up? You ever been in prison?

TV NEWSMAN

Of course not...

SONNY

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

PLEASE STAND BY
At that instant, the TV screen switches to a card and we hear an announcer's voice over:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, our transmission has been temporarily interrupted. Please stand by.

Sonny hangs up the phone, looks at Mulvaney, puzzled at the outcome of the conversation.

SONNY

Why the hell did he do that? What the hell did I do?

MULVANEY

I guess he didn't appreciate your use of language. They don't speak that way on television. It's a rule.

Do you realize you've cut off a
valuable source of communication?

Sonny now moves over to Sal.

SONNY

Okay, Sal... what do we do?

SAL

(no answer)

SONNY

I figure maybe we can get the FBI to
make a deal...

SAL

What kind of a deal?

SONNY

Maybe we can get outta this thing
alive... get 'em to drop the
kidnapping charges...

SAL

What do you mean? You talkin' about
coppin a plea?

SONNY

(starts to speak, but
Sal interrupts)

SAL

...because if you're talking about
coppin' a plea, I'm tellin' you right
now, there's no deal... I'm never
going back to prison... We got our
own deal already... Do you remember
the pact we made? You and me and
Jackie - that night in the bar... we
were talkin' about if we get trapped
in the bank, what are you gonna do...
Right? What did we say? What did
we say!

SONNY

We'd kill ourselves.

SAL

Does that still go?

PHONE RINGS.

SONNY

We're not there yet.

PHONE CONTINUES TO RING.

Edna's desk.
call is from
does, Sonny

Sonny now walks over to the ringing phone on Jenny, sitting on top of the desk, thinks the her husband, starts to reach for it but as she grabs it away from her.

SONNY

You're on the phone!

1ST CRANK (V.O.)

Kill them all. Now.

clearly

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

SONNY

Kill them all now? You fuckin' creep!
Don't call here again!

the group.

Sonny slams down the receiver, looks around at

SONNY

You see what we're dealing with?
They want me to kill all of you!

MULVANEY

What now, Sonny?

SONNY

Wait a minute... I've been looking
at this all wrong... Let's look at

it the other way...

He crosses over to Sal.

SONNY

Look, we gotta get a jet outta here...
outta the country. We gotta get a
helicopter. Okay, Sal? We get a
helicopter on the roof to take us to
the jet and we fly to the sunny
Caribbean. Algeria. We got to look
at the bright side. We got 'em by
the balls, we got the hostages, we
can get anything we want. They gotta
give it to us.

Edna exits ladies room as Sonny crosses back to
the phone,
picks it up.

SONNY

(into phone)
Get me Moretti.

Now Sonny turns and speaks to the group.

SONNY

We're all gonna get outta here.
You're all gonna be all right. I'm
gonna ask for a helicopter and a
jet... and we're gonna get outta
here alive... You've all been all
right with me and as long as it stays
that way, then things are gonna be
all right - as long as you
cooperate...

(into phone)
Moretti, I want to talk to you. I'm
comin' out.

Sonny slams the phone down and walks over to Sal,
rifle still
in his hands.

SONNY

You realize, Sal, that we're gonna

get outta the country, so if you
wanna talk to somebody, do it now...
You gotta Mother or a Father?
Friends?

(Sal nods no)

If we gotta be outside the country,
where do you wanna go? Any country.
Just name a country.

SAL

Wyoming.

SONNY

(stopped for a moment)

Wyoming... That's not out of the
country -- that's in the United
States... Look, I'll be back.

Sonny starts to walk toward the door. As he
does, Sal calls
back to him.

SAL

Sonny! Gimme the gun. You don't
need that.

Sonny realizes what he's saying and crosses back
to Sal and
hands him the gun, then moves toward the front
door.

EXT. BANK - DAY

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

SONNY

Put them down.

The Cops lower their weapons. Moretti comes out
on the
sidewalk. He's eating an ice cream bar, and
stands seemingly
at ease, an island of calm control in a storm of
passion

about to be let loose. The Cops are always about to explode.

MORETTI

Sonny, ya want somethin'?

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

CLOSE ANGLE

as Moretti steps in. Sonny gets up, dazed. The Man goes on kicking and fighting Cops...

MORETTI

Who the hell is that?

ANGLE SHOWING DOOR OF BANK

Mulvaney stands in the door...

MORETTI

(to Maria's boy friend)
Hey! What the fuck you tryin' to do? You don't think the whole police department can do the job?

MARIA'S BOY FRIEND

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

MORETTI

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

(turns to Sonny)

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

MULVANEY

(from door; alarmed)

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

to the door
pillar.

He means Sal. Sonny, dazed and bleeding, reels and calls in... Sal now stands alone behind 3rd pillar.

SONNY

It's okay, Sal.

He turns back to face Moretti, Sylvia, Mulvaney.

SONNY

(continuing; hurt,
wondering)

He wanted to kill me!

MORETTI

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

CLOSE - SONNY

and now it
shakes

Looking around, bewildered, the crowd is YELLING sounds unfriendly. He is really shaken up... He

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

SONNY

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

(cagey)

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

MORETTI

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

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

MORETTI

(continuing)

Sonny, be reasonable!

SONNY

I want to see my wife. I want you to bring her down here.

MORETTI

Okay, what do you give me?

SONNY

What do you want?

MORETTI

The girl hostages.

SONNY

Nothin' doin'. I give you one hostage when you bring my wife, and one for

the helicopter, one for the jet, and
the rest can come home on the jet.

MORETTI

(kiss)

I'll see what they'll do.

Sonny smiles and pantomimes kissing.

MORETTI

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

EXT. ROCKAWAY BEACH - DAY

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

RADIO

...the leader of the pair, a Vietnam
veteran, Sonny Abramowicz, has
demanded in return for releasing one
of the hostages that police allow
his wife to visit him at the bank.
Police spokesman...

which continues
her things,
brained and
panic: she
the radio
helplessly,
silhouette against
meanwhile on the
Heidi sits bolt upright, stares at the radio,
to blather on. Abruptly she begins to gather up
her children, in a characteristically scatter-
hyperactive sort of way. Heidi is a one woman
hustles away across the broiling sand carrying
wadded up in towels, and lugging a child, crying
by one elbow, as though it were a handle, a
the late afternoon sun, out of Fellini...

breathless,
a torrent:

SOUND TRACK we are hearing her voice. It is a harsh childish voice that pours out the words in

HEIDI (V.O.)

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

these words
and we

She is stumping off into the sunset as she says

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

two kids
ordinary New
York scene...

Out of a subway crowd, she struggles, pulling the by the hand, a very ordinary woman in a most

HEIDI (V.O.)

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

EXT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

floor, three
the stoop.

A working class block, dirty, shops in the first story walk-ups above... Heidi appears and runs up

been staked
a word
as we CUT
with the

TWO COPS get out of a squad car where they've
out and move up to her. They never really get in
edgewise. They follow her into the hall... Now
CLOSER to her, we will SEE Heidi's mouth in SYNC
words...

HEIDI

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

INT. HALL - DAY

-- the cops

Heidi struggles up the stairs, dragging the kids
following...

HEIDI

this gun with bullets in there, an'
I go to myself, oh God, Sonny! That's
all I had to see, I didn't say
anything.

stairs behind

She's got her door unlocked. Below and on the
the Cops, curious neighbors peer in...

INT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

unwashed
rush around
listen.
As they

Chaos out of cut-rate furniture stores. Full of
glasses, kids' clutter. Throughout, the children
unchecked. Neighbors enter without ceremony and
The Cops stand, trying vainly to communicate...
enter...

HEIDI

(continuing)

And things are adding in my head, how crazy he's been acting, and in with a bad crowd, an' I look at him, he's yellin' at the kids like a madman. So inna car I said to him, Sonny, what you gonna do with the gun? You gonna shoot me and dump my body inna river or what? I was so scared of him, I never been scared of Sonny never. You know, his mother says the cops was always at our house, we was always fighting. I hit him with the jack in the car once, but I only missed and hit myself, you should of seen my leg. And all he would ever do is put on his coat and go out. So they say it's Sonny but I don't believe it.

COP 1

Lady, you saw him. You saw his gun.

HEIDI

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

INT. BANK - LATE AFTERNOON - APPROX. 5 PM

The group is now situated like this:

1) MULVANEY'S DESK - the TV is on; seated in his chair, filing her nails is MIRIAM.

Seated to her left, having pulled the chair a patron uses, is MARIA, watching TV and listening to her transistor radio, against her left ear, at the same time.

MULVANEY (at back water cooler - will eventually move back to his desk, sit down to Miriam's right.)

2) EDNA - is now behind the Tellers' cages,
straightening up
had
and ties them
the mess; she picks up the loose money that Sonny
scattered thru the air, puts them into packets
with rubber bands.

3) SAL - is seated in the rear Conference room,
still holding
his rifle, feet up on the table.

4) MULVANEY & DEBORAH - at the rear water cooler
(from which
she will move to see what's wrong with Margaret)

5) MARGARET - seated at her desk, obviously ill,
wiping her
forehead, head bowed.

6) SYLVIA and JENNY - at far right table, doing a
crossword
puzzle.

7) SONNY - pacing back and forth Mulvaney's desk,
posing a
legal puzzle for Maria.

Sonny, his gun now lying across the top of
Mulvaney's desk,
He's talking
is pacing back and forth between the desk areas.
to Maria in particular, but anyone in earshot in
general.

SONNY

Let's say I put a gun to your head
and I tell you to kill a cop... and
you did. Who'd go to the electric
chair... you or me?

MARIA

You would... you told me to do it.

SONNY

But you shot him.

MIRIAM

(joining in)
But you told her to.

SONNY

Yeah - But you did it.

Deborah crosses to Margaret who is ill. Deborah goes to Sylvia - who returns with her her to Margaret. It should begin getting dark in through here. It is very hot and sweaty in the bank. OPEN SCENE ON:

CLOSE MULVANEY ON PHONE

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

JESUS FREAK (V.O.)

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

SONNY

(gently)
Yeah, well I don't blame him.

JESUS FREAK (V.O.)

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

doesn't dare
He might

Sonny is desperate to get off the phone but
risk the wrath of God by hanging up on this guy.
have the secret after all.

SONNY

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

JESUS FREAK (V.O.)

That's why I can talk to you, as an
equal, Sonny. You got to merge your
whole soul with God. And then you
are Him and one with the Holy Ghost.

SONNY

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

JESUS FREAK (V.O.)

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

is ill. She
Margaret.

Sonny hangs up. Deborah moves to Margaret, who
goes to tell Sylvia who immediately crosses to

ANGLE ON MARGARET & SYLVIA

SYLVIA

The air conditioning is off or
something.

(Looks at Margaret)
she's sick.

conditioner

Sonny runs around, notices her - sees that air
is off.

SONNY

Where's the air conditioning?

MULVANEY

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

SONNY

(improv. about going
out back to find the
air conditioning
mechanism)

Sonny moves toward Sal in the
Conference room. Mulvaney follows
discreetly behind him.

SONNY

Sal, I'm gonna take a look at the
air conditioning.

back door
Sonny and Mulvaney start to move out toward the
area.

SONNY

(to Mulvaney)
Do you think we can turn it on?

MULVANEY

I don't know.

up to move
At this point, Sal calls out to Sonny, and gets
to him.

SAL

Sonny -

SONNY

Yeah...

SAL

I never been up in a plane before.

SONNY

It's nothing - it just goes up -
it's the safest thing in the world.
Safer than a car. Don't worry about
it, Sal - it'll be all right...
they're great...

And Sonny and Mulvaney exit toward rear of bank.

INT. BANK - BACK DOOR AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

(APPROX. 5 PM)

Sonny and Mulvaney move toward the back door and stop under a trap door in the ceiling. Mulvaney looks up at it.

MULVANEY

It's gonna be up there.

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

SONNY

What's that?

Sonny, tensing like an animal, peers around wildly to locate the source of the little scratching SOUND: like mice at a steel door.

ON SONNY

who quickly runs back toward the desk area.

ON GROUP - DESKS' AREA

Sonny races back in, grabs the gun from atop Mulvaney's desk, and with the cartridge in the other hand, runs back toward the back door again, jamming cartridge into rifle.

At this point, Sal runs in from the Conference room, covering everyone point-blank again, yelling for Edna to join the rest of the group.

SONNY

(whispering)

They're trying to come through the door!

SAL

(to Edna)

Everybody! Back here!

Edna quickly obeys, moving quickly to the rest of the group.

ON BACK DOOR AREA

as Sonny races toward Mulvaney and back door with gun.

ANGLE ON MULVANEY

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

NEW ANGLE ON SONNY

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

MULVANEY

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

ON SONNY

staring at the door. He hears the continued scratching noise and might even see the door knob move.

Abruptly he swings the rifle up so the bullet going through will clearly go over the head of any man, out through the transom.

He FIRES.

ANGLE ON INSIDE - SAL AND GROUP

They all scream, some of them falling to the floor, huddling together in terror.

SONNY - AND GROUP

Sonny races back into main area where Sal covers group.

SAL

(to group)

Get over here! Get over here!

EXT. BANK - REAR DOOR - LATE DAY

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

VARIOUS ANGLES

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

INT. BANK

- 1) MARGARET fainting.
- 2) SAL herds group into vault area.
- 3) SONNY dashing back and forth into rear bank area.

ANGLE ON BARBER SHOP

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

BACK OF BANK

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

BANK DOOR

It is okay.

RADIO NETWORK (V.O.)

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

(Etc., etc.)

ON MORETTI

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

MORETTI

(on bullhorn)

Sonny!

A few louts in the crowd yell out in imitation:

LOUTS

Sonny!

MORETTI

Sonny!

CROWD

(echoing)

Sonny!

bullhorn
unison as

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

MORETTI & CROWD

Sonny!

You could hear it for a half a mile!

Sonny starts to yell at Moretti.

SONNY

(inside bank)

What the hell you doin' back there?

MORETTI

Sonny, come on out!

Sonny walks over to Sal, gives him the rifle.

SONNY

Sal, watch 'em... I'm goin' out.

ANGLE ON BANK

as Sonny comes charging out.

SONNY

What the fuck do you want?

MORETTI

They were...

SONNY

You tryin' to fuck me?

MORETTI

No, I'm not tryin' to fuck you.

SONNY

So, what were they doin'? You're tellin' me you had nothin' to do with that back there?

MORETTI

I swear to God I had nothing to do with it...

SONNY

Bullshit... I don't walk to talk to you...

MORETTI

Wait a minute... everything you asked for is on the way...

SONNY

Yeah...

MORETTI

Is on its way... The helicopter can't land but we got a bus... the jet's on its way to Kennedy... we got a bus coming here...

SONNY

You're full of shit...

MORETTI

Sonny, your wife's on the way... We reached her... your wife's on the way... everything you asked for, you got.

SONNY

Well, what were you doin' back there?

MORETTI

It can't happen again... I'll do everything I can to stop anything I can...

SONNY

You know, you're telling me that a

helicopter can't land here...

MORETTI

Can't land... you'd kill people...

SONNY

Don't fuck with me...

MORETTI

I'm not... I'm not... you're gettin'
a bus... you're gettin' a bus... the
jet's comin' into Kennedy... and
your wife's on the way... what else
do you need? What else can I get
you? Listen, I don't know how you
can do better... see that man over
there... the FBI guy...

SONNY

Just one more explosion like that
and you're gonna see a dead body...

MORETTI

There won't be... there won't be...
What else do you need? How else can
we help you?

SONNY

All right... I got some hungry people
in there... I want to get some
pizza... some stuff like that...

MORETTI

What else?

SONNY

Cokes, seven-ups...

(Moretti repeats)

also some aspirin...

MORETTI

Aspirins... okay you got it.

(turns behind him to

a near-by cop)

Charlie! Six pizzas!

SONNY

Okay...

Sonny turns and walks back into the bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

ANGLE ON SAL WITH THE GROUP

as Sonny enters and walks toward Sal.

SONNY

Okay... okay... all right, Sal, it's okay. I got everything straightened out... it's gonna be okay.

SAL

Get over there!

SONNY

Look, I talked to him and it's not going to be a helicopter - they can't land on top of the roof - so they're comin' with a big... limousine bus and they'll take us to the airport - and they're gonna get a jet... so things are rollin'... They're movin'... I also ordered some food... I got some pizzas for us, all right? I got some things to drink - I got sodas... I even asked them for aspirins... I'm doin' what I can... now I gotta pay for the pizza... where are the marked bills?

He now walks behind Tellers' cages and picks up some of the decoy money that Edna had started to clean up and re-stack. Mulvaney walks over to him.

MULVANEY

Are we going to get the ball rolling?

SONNY

What are you talking about? What do

you think I'm doin'? I'm gettin' the ball rollin'. I'm keeping these people happy... I'm keeping you happy... I gotta keep the cops cooled out... I gotta do everything... I gotta pay for the pizza .. I'm workin' on it, do you know what I mean? I'm workin' on it... Jesus Christ! I gotta do it all... I got all the ideas... you want me to give you the gun? You want to take it over?

Sonny walks to the front door with the money.

EXT. BANK DOOR - DAY

as Sonny appears in it.

NEW ANGLE TO REVEAL THE DELIVERY BOY

guarded by a couple of cops.

DELIVERY BOY

You the guy wanted the pizza?

Sonny grabs bills from the wad he holds and thrusts them at him.

DELIVERY BOY

It's paid for.
(looks at Moretti;
Moretti nods)

SONNY

Keep the change...

As the cops reach for the money, knowing it's bank money, people in the crowd yell:

CROWD AD LIBS

Hey, over here! Hey, robber! How about a thousand! Throw some over here! Hey, no shit, I need an operation, I don't even have a job...

(Etc.)

throws the

Sonny holds up the money. The crowd cheers. He wad of bills and it scatters in the air.

ensuing

The WIND is blowing now. Even some cops join the melee to gather it up...

VARIOUS ANGLES

Some blow
they
barriers and
bills; fist

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

MORETTI

faint disgust
another bundle
people

staring at the mess.

Sonny also watching the people.

There is in both of them the same reaction of at the greed unleashed. Sonny angrily hurls after the first... then laughs as he watches the fighting.

enters the
street.

Moretti nods ironically at him. Sonny turns and bank with the food. The fighting goes on in the

INT. BANK - DAY

as Sonny enters carrying food.

SONNY

Okay - Chow!

He puts it down in front of Mulvaney, on Mulvaney's desk.

Mulvaney looks at it, sickly. As Mulvaney looks up at Sonny:

SONNY

You eat it first. I don't know if they put something in it.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR BANK - DAY

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

DOLLY AT A LOW DRAMATIC ANGLE WITH MORETTI AND ETC.

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

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

COMMISSIONER

Gene -- you smilin'?

MORETTI

No. I never smile any more.

COMMISSIONER

Whattaya think: we gonna kill any civilians tonight, Gene?

MORETTI

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

COMMISSIONER

Gene, Jesus, what a bull he is!

The
are fond of
of a lifetime
-- an
for dinner,
men secure
passed on here
acceptance from
last totally
content of this
fit of their
each other,

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

MORETTI

So whatsa deal?

COMMISSIONER

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

MORETTI

What if we gotta kill a whole lot of people?

COMMISSIONER

Don't let 'em off the ground.

MORETTI

Listen.

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

TIGHTER TWO SHOT - MORETTI AND COMMISSIONER

COMMISSIONER

(anticipating)

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

MORETTI

(pleasantly)

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

The Commissioner nods - presses a button and the
window goes out.

INT. BANK - LATE AFTERNOON - APPROX. 5 PM - MAIN

BANK AREA

as we hear Jenny on the phone with her husband.
Sonny is doing the manual of arms with his rifle.

JENNY

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

that's all.

hold the
manual of
At one point, Sonny starts to show Miriam how to
gun and in mock seriousness, she tries to do the
arms.

WE DRIFT TOWARD THE BACK CONFERENCE ROOM

rifle on the
Maria enters.
where Sal is seated at the Conference table,
table. Edna and Sylvia are also seated there.

SYLVIA

Somebody give me a cigarette.

remembers:
Maria walks over to her, offering her one, then

MARIA

Sylvia, you don't smoke.

SYLVIA

I never smoked before in my life but
I got a right to start now if I want
to.

SAL

You don't smoke... why do you want
to start now.

SYLVIA

Because I'm scared, that's why.
You never smoked?

SAL

I used to, but I stopped.

SYLVIA

You stopped? Why?

SAL

Because I don't want cancer.

SYLVIA

You don't want cancer? You're about to get your head blown off, you're worried about cancer.

(to Maria)

Gimme the cigarette.

Maria starts to hand one to her.

SAL

No! I'm not kidding. Don't you understand? You're pure!

SYLVIA

Pure?

SAL

You shouldn't start now.

SYLVIA

For God's sake! As soon as I'm outta this bank robbery, I'm gonna stop... okay?

SAL

Go ahead. Do what you want to do. I hate to see you break a perfect record. You oughta take care of your body.

SYLVIA

My body? What for?

SAL

Your body is the temple of the Lord.

SYLVIA

(staring at him)

You're serious!

SAL

You're really pure, you know? You got a perfect record. You never used that stuff to ruin your body, why start now?

SYLVIA

You know, you remind me of my 19-year-old brother - only he's got his hair down to his knees - he looks like something that eats berries and roots out of the ground. God forbid I should say something to him like, 'Listen, if you ever smoke marijuana, just remember that it's illegal' and he storms outta the house. You rob a bank, but you keep your body pure, is that it?

SAL

You gonna smoke the cigarette?

SYLVIA

Yes...

Sal gets up and starts to leave the room...

SYLVIA

(calling to him)

Sal... If I die of cancer it's going to be half your fault.

Sylvia grabs the cigarette from Maria.

SAL

(exiting)

No - it's because you're weak.

Sonny continues with "Manual of Arms" business with rifle.

Mulvaney is on the phone.

MULVANEY

(overlapping Janet into phone)

Mulvaney...

(listens)

JANET

(into phone)

I don't know.

MULVANEY

(to Sonny)
It's for you. Moretti.

Sonny takes the phone...

SONNY

Yeah?

MORETTI

We're bringing in your wife...

ON SONNY

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

SONNY

(gives him gun)
They've got my wife. They're bringing her in.

He exits bank. Sal walks toward the door, stops behind the first post.

EXT. FRONT OF APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

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

BARBER SHOP

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

MOVING SHOT

the police
stop, we can
distance.

with Moretti and others as they move to intercept
car where it will stop on the corner. As they
see Sonny step into the door of the bank, in the

intent on

He is greeted with CHEERS from the crowd. But is
the car.

MORETTI'S BACK TOWARD

We are NOW SHOOTING ACROSS THE CAR, OVER
THE BANK and Sonny.

huge grin on
opens and another
toward Sonny,
side. She
sort of way,

The DRIVER of the police car gets out, with a
his face and nods to Moretti. The back door
cop gets out, also grinning. They look around
as his wife gets out of the police car, on this
is spectacularly good looking in a lithe cruel
like Lauren Bacall, but right now she is a mess.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK

as Sonny sees Leon get out of the car.

SONNY

Leon! Leon! Over here! Happy
Birthday, Leon!

ON LEON

and Moretti

who doesn't hear Sonny calling, the detectives
start to take him to the barbershop.

MORETTI

(to cop driver)
What's that?

COP DRIVER

We went to the hospital, where he
told us - and asked for his wife.
He...

(indicates Leon)
...says they got married in a church.

MORETTI

Jesus!

They continue along the sidewalk. Leon, coming
to, starts to look around him. He sees Sonny.

ON SONNY

as he yells again to Leon.

SONNY

Leon! Happy Birthday!

ON LEON

who faints.

FULL SHOT

The crowd yelling in increasing waves of SOUND;
Moretti and cops pick up Leon and rush him toward the
barbershop.

ANGLE ON SONNY

who dashes toward the bank door, enters.

INT. BANK - DAY

as Sonny comes running in. Sylvia is now showing
off her

Jenny and
talking on
Conference Room
speaking on
Mulvaney's

are in use,
follows him

new-found expertise with a cigarette to Miriam,
Deborah, seated around Edna's desk. (Deborah is
the phone.) Meanwhile, Edna is back in the
with Mulvaney; Margaret is seated at her desk,
the phone; Maria, speaking on phone, is seated at
desk - where television is still on.

Sonny, wanting to use a phone, realizes that all
rushes to a desk at the front of the bank. Sal
there. Sonny grabs a phone.

SONNY

(into phone)

Get me Moretti!

INT. BARBERSHOP

A cop at
the phone turns to Moretti.

where Moretti and cops are trying to revive Leon.

COP ON PHONE

Moretti - he wants to talk to you.

cop.
Moretti walks over to phone, takes receiver from

INT. BANK

Sonny waiting for Moretti to answer phone.

SONNY

Is he all right? Is he all right?

MORETTI (V.O.)

He's all doped up.

SONNY

I want to talk to him.

MORETTI (V.O.)

He's groggy, Sonny. Let me get him
on his feet and he'll call you back.
(hangs up)

INT. BARBERSHOP

who now
as Moretti hangs up phone and walks over to Leon,
has a glass of water and a cold towel.

MORETTI

Leon? Whatsa matter? They give you
a shot down the hospital or what?

LEON

Oh, God, they shot me with like
unreal!

MORETTI

Well, you got to get hold of yourself.
You got to talk to him, tell him to
give himself up.

LEON

Oh no!

MORETTI

He's got eight people in there with
him. He's got this kid with him...
they're gonna shoot the people.

LEON

I can't help it. I can't stop him
from anything.

MORETTI

If he won't listen to you, who will
he listen to?

LEON

He won't listen to anybody. He's
been very crazy all summer. Since
June he's been trying to kill me.

MORETTI

You try calling the police?

LEON

What good is that? They couldn't stop him. And it'd just make him mad. They don't know him.

MORETTI

Somebody's got to stop him, Leon.

LEON

He was under great strain: you don't understand, he's a very mixed up person.

MORETTI

He's makin' threats in there.

LEON

He's scared. It's crazy. I never met anyone like him. His wife, he's a wonderful father to his children. His mother - you should see her - his mother and father together are like a bad car wreck - he lets it all slide off his back, he sees them, he pays their rent. Unbelievable. I wanted to get married... He didn't really want it... he's married already! But he did it. I don't know why. I thought it would help me, but it didn't. I was just as confused and unhappy as before; I did terrible things.

MORETTI

What kind of things, Leon?

LEON

Ten days I spent in Atlantic City - Sonny was frantic - he knew I was drinking; he didn't know where I was... who I was with. I couldn't explain why I did the things I did. So I went to this psychiatrist who

explained to me I was a woman in a man's body. So Sonny right away wanted to get me money for a sex change operation: but where was he to get that? 2500 dollars! My God, he's in hock up to his ears already.

MORETTI

He needed money? For the operation for you?

LEON

It made him crazy - so much demand, he'd fly into this rages. And I got more depressed than ever; I saw I'd never get the operation. So I tried to take my life - I swallowed about a half pound of pills... blues, reds, yellows, downers, uppers, screamers... you name it. But I just threw them up and wound up in the hospital. Sonny comes there and looks at me and just says: 'Wow!' So when I hear he's in the bank, I almost go crazy because I know he's doin' it for me.

MORETTI

Well, don't you figure you owe to him to get him out of there?

LEON

I can't talk to him.

MORETTI

You're in it up to your ass, Leon. You're an accessory. You talk him out of there and they might be a little more understanding of your case.

LEON

I'm afraid.

MORETTI

How is he gonna hurt you on the

telephone?

LEON

I don't know what to say to him. I can't.

MORETTI

You think it over, Leon.

Moretti walks over to the wall phone, picks up the receiver, and waits to be connected with the bank and Sonny.

ON LEON

Terrified. He really can't do it.

ON MORETTI

waiting.

OMITTED

INT. BANK - TURNING DARK NOW

as the phone rings. Sonny picks it up, hears Moretti's voice.

MORETTI (V.O.)

He won't talk to you. Let me work on it.

Sonny hangs up. He and Sal walk toward the group at the rear, around the desks.

ANGLE ON TELEVISION SCREEN

as we see TV newsman speaking.

TV NEWSMAN

...police are questioning Leon, a year-old admitted homosexual, who claims to have been married to one of the bank robbers in a ceremony

last November... [etc.]...

toward
from the
the volume.

During the speech, Sylvia and her group wander
Mulvaney's desk to listen, as Edna wanders down
Conference Room, crosses to the set and turns up

ON SONNY

Slowly the
being said.

...
pacing back and forth. They all stare at him.
group shifts to other positions, without a word

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN

TV NEWSMAN

Our coverage of the Brooklyn robbery
where two homosexuals are holding
hostages for their demands of a
helicopter, a jet, and safe passage
out of the country...

ANGLE ON SONNY AND SAL

SAL

Sonny, you hear that?

SONNY

What?

SAL

They keep sayin' two homosexuals.
I'm not a homosexual. I want you to
stop them saying that.

SONNY

That's all they're interested in -
it's a freak show to them. I can't
control it, Sal - let'em say what
they want. Forget it. It don't
matter.

SOUND OF JET

SONNY

Where's the god-damn jet? They're always flying overhead - going somewhere.

OMITTED

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

group of
get in their
cigarette and
comfortable

FBI snipers area at positions, waiting. A small men make a last check. A signal is given. They car and drive away. An FBI sniper lights a settles down to wait, moving his rifle to a position.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

agents are
bank.

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

INT. BANK - NIGHT (APPROX. 8 P.M.)

to group).
another chair
back at
and Deborah
her desk,
phone.

Sonny paces back and forth (with ad-lib dialogue Margaret, seated at her desk, has feet up on while Jenny sits on top of her desk. Mulvaney is water cooler, starting to feel very ill. Miriam are seated at Mulvaney's desk. Edna is seated at while Sylvia sits on top of desk, talking on

emergency lights
Sylvia

Suddenly, the lights go out, leaving only on (4 in the main area and 2 at back door area).

turns on 2 immediately moves over toward the vault area and hand lamps.

SAL

That's it, Sonny.

Both rush toward the front of the bank. They see that even the flood lights are now out, but across the street can still be seen lights in the store windows. Sonny rushes to a near- by phone to try to reach Moretti, but even the phones are dead. They hear Moretti's voice over a bull-horn outside:

MORETTI (V.O.)

Sonny... Sonny... Come out a minute...
Come out a minute...

Sonny moves toward the front door.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DUSK/NIGHT

Moretti and Sheldon are in the barbershop.

SHELDON

We're all set at Kennedy.

MORETTI

What makes you think you'll be able to control it?

SHELDON

He's totally unstable. He'll make a mistake.

MORETTI

He hasn't so far. I'm the one who can make a mistake. That's what scares the shit out of me.

SHELDON

Eugene, at 3:07, this became Federal.

Why don't I take it over now?

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

illuminating as the door opens and Sonny peeks out, the once-floodlights now out.

SONNY

Moretti? What the fuck is goin' on?

street. He There's no answer. Sonny steps out into the suddenly can't see anything anymore. The atmosphere is of the dark" chillingly dangerous: the crowd SHOTS "come out and "we can't see from here". The street seems empty except for a few threatening silhouettes of heavily-armed cops. Sonny responds with bluster.

SONNY

Get the lights back on!

behind him, He steps out farther into the street. From Unsmiling. SHELDON, the FBI man, approaches. He is alone.

Sonny dashes back into the bank.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

confrontation as Sonny rushes in, warns Sal about the FBI he's about to have.

SONNY

Sal - it's the FBI... I'm goin' back out to talk to him.

the bank
At this, he walks back toward the door and exits
again.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Sheldon is walking toward Sonny as the latter
exits the bank.

SONNY

What is this? The FBI? Jesus, now
we're talkin', maybe we can get this
thing moving.

As Sheldon reaches him.

SONNY

First off, get the lights back on
and the air conditioning.

SHELDON

(showing ID)

No more favors. That's all over,
Sonny.

SONNY

(sarcastically)

Aw, Jesus... you been doin' us favors
all night!

SHELDON

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

SONNY

Bullshit!

SHELDON

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

Sonny comes around, looking for Moretti: can't
see him.

SONNY

Well, Jesus, these hostages are keeping me alive.

SHELDON

Okay, when do I get them?

SONNY

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

SHELDON

I want them all.

SONNY

I want to talk to Leon.

Pause, while Sheldon thinks this over.

SHELDON

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

SONNY

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

SHELDON

I have to see.

Sonny re-enters bank.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Sonny goes over to Sal.

SONNY

It's the FBI. He wants to come in.

SAL

Have him walk in backwards.

Sonny exits bank.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

executes a

Sonny crosses to Sheldon, grins, grabs him and very professional-looking pat-down search.

producing

He removes Sheldon's .38 from a shoulder holster, it for the crowd with a flourish like a magician:

some of

the old playfulness returns for a moment. He

carefully and

with showbiz flourishes searches Sheldon's thighs

and groin.

The crowd HOWLS. Sheldon bears it with stoic

calm.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Sheldon's eyes

as Sonny stands up from the search and finds

locked to his with flat calm.

SONNY

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

SHELDON

I wouldn't like to, but I will, if I have to.

SONNY

Nothin' personal, huh? The man that kills me, I want him to do it because he hates my guts. Not because it's a job. Okay, let's go... but you gotta walk in backwards.

opens the

The move toward the door of the bank, where Sonny

backwards.

door, preceding Sheldon, both men entering

INT. BANK - NIGHT

dark - and

Except for the 4 emergency lights, it is very

Sal now stands very hot as Sonny and Sheldon enter the bank.
assembled behind the desks, covering Sheldon and the group
he walks at the vault. Sheldon takes in every detail as
and covered toward the group in the rear, followed closely
out an order by Sonny. As they near the desks, Sonny yells
for the group:

SONNY

Nobody give their right name...
it's the FBI!

SHELDON

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

TWO SHOT - SYLVIA AND SAL

She's pissed.

SYLVIA

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

This is the Sheldon is watching Sal, trying to gauge him.
first time anyone from outside has seen Sal.

SHELDON

(his eyes on Sal)
It's all being set up, we'll have
you out of here in a couple of hours.

SYLVIA

(to Sheldon)
Just give them what they want.

the two small Sheldon now walks closer to group, looking into
every inch of examining rooms as he moves. Sonny covers him
the way.

SHELDON

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

Sheldon is now standing very close to Sal.

SAL

(to Sheldon)

You got to talk to the TV, tell them to stop talking about the two homosexuals. I'm not gay... that's the truth. Tell 'em that.

SHELDON

I will.

(he turns to Sonny)

Sonny? Outside for a minute?

SONNY

Sal?

SAL

They gotta stop sayin' that.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

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

SHELDON

Sonny, you handled yourself real well. A lot of men would have choked, and we'd have a lot of chaos and panic and maybe a death or a multiple death on our hands, but you handled it. I respect that. Don't you try to take Sal. We'll handle him. You just sit tight and you won't get hurt.

He starts to go. Sonny grabs him.

SONNY

Wait a minute! What the fuck you
tryin' to tell me?

SHELDON

(quiet)

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

Sonny staring
And he turns and starts to walk away, leaving
after him.

INT. BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

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

MORETTI

The little bastard miss me?

Sheldon smiles the supercilious Ehrlichman smile
of his.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

as Sonny re-enters. He's restless, hyperactive,
constantly
moving during this scene; a man with a
potentially guilty
conscience. Sal moves toward him and both men
walk to area
in front of the Tellers' cages.

SAL

What'd he say?

SONNY

He was talkin' about arrangements...

we were talkin' about the TV.

SAL

Why couldn't he talk about that here?

SONNY

He was showin' me how the airport
bus is comin' in, like that, Sal.

(notices Mulvaney
start to faint)

What's wrong with him?

Margaret's
tie, etc.
find remains
through the
with it and

In the rear, Mulvaney slumps into a chair beside
desk. Sylvia rushes to help him, untying his
Maria runs into the Conference room, hoping to
of sugar as Deborah crosses to his desk, looking
drawers for medication. Jenny simply can't cope
walks away.

SONNY

Hey, you okay?

SYLVIA

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

SONNY

Those bastards -- they poisoned the
pizza! Sal - you didn't eat any
pizza!?

MULVANEY

I didn't eat any pizza.

SYLVIA

I told you, he's got diabetes.

SONNY

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

Sonny starts to move toward the front door.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Sonny rushes outside.

SONNY

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

Sheldon and a young DOCTOR appear, concerned...

SHELDON

What's wrong?

SONNY

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

Sheldon turns, calls out.

SHELDON

Doctor...

then dumps

Sonny then

A man comes forward - is frisked by Sonny, who
contents of his Black Bag and looks for weapons.
dashes inside bank.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

as Sonny comes in, walks over to Sal.

SONNY

Sal - the Doctor's coming in.

Sonny then rushes back outside bank again.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Sonny crosses to Doctor.

SONNY

(to Doctor)

You go on in...

The Doctor hustles past. HOLD on Sheldon.

SHELDON

(picks up the phone)

I've convinced Leon to talk to you.
He's on the phone now.

Sonny rushes back into Bank.

INT. BANK

up.
Sonny rushes in. The phone rings. He picks it

SONNY

Hello. Hello, Leon.

LEON

Hello, Sonny.

SONNY

How are you doing?

LEON

Well... I'm out of the hospital.

SONNY

(pleased)

Yeah. You said... I thought you
were never getting out?

LEON

I never thought I'd get out this
way. I'll tell you.

SONNY

Well... huh...

LEON

Ooohh...

SONNY

Oh... huh... how you feeling?

LEON

I'm really shakey.

SONNY

Well, you know... Moretti told me before that you were drugged up.

LEON

Yeah. It was terrible.

SONNY

That... huh... they just shoot you with drugs.

LEON

You come in and they say, right away, that you are crazy. And they start putting things in your arm... you know. How do they expect you to get uncrazy if you're asleep all the time?

SONNY

Yeah...

LEON

You can't talk or do anything. You really feel... you know... I'm just sort of coming out of it now.

SONNY

(pensive)

So... that sure is something.

LEON

Yeah. So how are you?

SONNY

(chuckling)

Fine, thank you. I'm in trouble. That is... now I am!

LEON

(chuckling)

Yeah... I know.

SONNY

I don't know what I'm gonna do...
you know. Boy... I'm dying.

LEON

What? What are you talking about?
You are dying? Did you ever listen
to yourself when you say that?

SONNY

What are you talking about?

LEON

What do you mean... what am I talking
about? Do you realize that you say
that to me every day of your life?
I am dying. Do you know... do you
realize the death that you are
spreading around to the people who
are around you?

SONNY

Now don't give me that deep shit
now. Don't start with that shit.

LEON

No really... I don't think that you
realize what it means. The things
that you do, Sonny. You put a gun
to somebody's head...

SONNY

I don't know what I'm doing.

LEON

(annoyed)

Yeah... obviously you don't... when
you put a gun to somebody's head...
and you say go to sleep so that it
won't hurt when I pull the trigger.
Death? Don't talk about death to
me. I have been living with death
for the last six months. Why do you
think I'm in the hospital? I take a
handful of pills to get away from
you. And then here I am out of the

hospital talking to you on the phone... again. I have no friends left. No job. I can't live. I have to live with people. This death business... I'm sorry!

SONNY

I'm not on the phone to talk to you about that. Well, I don't know what to say, Leon. When you gimme that... when you hit me with that shit. I mean, what am I supposed to say?

LEON

(indifferent to Sonny)

I'm sorry...

SONNY

I told you. That I got a lot of pressures. You said to me that you needed money, and I knew that you needed money! I saw you there lying in the hospital like that... and I said... shit, man, I got to get this guy some money.

LEON

(excited)

But I didn't ask you to go rob a bank.

SONNY

(getting louder)

All right. I know you didn't ask me. You didn't ask me but I did it.

LEON

Well...

SONNY

I did it on my own. I did this all on my own. I ain't laying it on anybody. Nothing on anybody. I'll tell you something, though, it's about time that I squared away my accounts... you know. I am squaring

away my accounts with life. Maybe this whole thing is gonna end, somehow. Maybe it'll just end! Maybe I'll just close my eyes and the whole fucken thing will be over. That would be all right too! I said... I thought I would square it away with you... you know? That I would get you down here and that I would say so long to you... or, if you wanted... you know, to take a trip...

LEON

What trip?

SONNY

I'm getting out of here, man. I'm not going to stay here and I'm not giving up. I mean, huh, they're going to kill me, anyway. So fuck it! But, if I can get out of this... I am going to get out. And, how I'm going to do it is to get a jet out of here and I'm flying the fuck out... That's all, Leon. If you want to come with me, then you're entitled... you can come. You're free to do what you want.

LEON

I'm free to do what I want? And you think I would want to go with you some place on a plane? Where? Where ya going?

SONNY

I gotta jet coming here and we're gonna try to get the fuck outta this thing. And we're gonna go, man!

LEON

You're crazy.

SONNY

That's it.

LEON

You're really crazy.

SONNY

I know!

LEON

Where you gonna go?

SONNY

Who the fuck knows? I think we're gonna go... we worked it out to Algeria. So, I don't know. So I'll go to Algeria.

LEON

Why you going to Algeria?

SONNY

Huh... I don't know. They got Howard Johnson's there. I don't know why the fuck I'm going there for.

LEON

Howard Johnson's... you're warped. You know that? You're really warped!

SONNY

I know that. I'm warped... I'm warped!

LEON

(stuttering)

God, Algeria! Do you know there's a bunch of... they walk around there... God! People walk around with masks and things on their heads. They're a bunch of crazy people there.

SONNY

What am I supposed to do?

LEON

(bitchy)

I don't know... you could have picked

a better place.

SONNY

Denmark? Sweden?

LEON

(pleased)

I like that... yeah!

SONNY

Sal wanted to go to Wyoming. I told him it wasn't a country. We gotta get outta the country! To hell with a guy who doesn't know where Wyoming is. Okay. Can you imagine what kind of a shape I'm in?

Laughter from both Sonny and Leon.

LEON

So! Sal is with you?

SONNY

Sal? Yeah... Sal is with me.

LEON

Oh... wow! Sonny, you're really into one mess now.

SONNY

I know I am. I know!

LEON

(making fun of Sonny)

Sal... Sal... Naturale, oh boy!

SONNY

He ain't going out. And if I go out he's just gonna kill the people. There's a lot of lives that I'm responsible for... that's all. So, I can't do anything. I got myself into this mess and I'll get myself out of it... the best way I know how! One of the ways is not giving up. I'm telling ya!

LEON

Would you do something for me?
Please?

SONNY

What?

LEON

These guys that got me down here,
you know, huh... they think that I'm
part of this whole thing. They think
I'm part of the plot to rob the bank!

SONNY

How did they think that? What are
they... crazy? What do you mean.
That's bullshit, Leon. They're giving
you a fucken story.

LEON

Well... they told me that I was an
accomplice...

SONNY

Oh... they're fucken crazy. That's
a snow job. Don't listen to that
shit!

LEON

I gotta listen to it if they think...

SONNY

Shit...

LEON

I can't survive in prison, Sonny...

SONNY

All right. Then what do you want me
to say?

LEON

Sonny, would you please just tell
them... please...

SONNY

Where are they now? Just tell me...
are they on the phone now?

LEON

(meekly)
Yeah.

SONNY

(annoyed)
That's great. Just terrific. You
talk to me with them on the phone,
right? That is really smart. And,
you don't tell me?

LEON

I don't have a choice.

SONNY

You don't have a choice?

LEON

No! They're standing all around me.
Seven thousand fucken cops... all
around me.

SONNY

Look... who's on the phone?

LEON

Look... don't throw that on me.

SONNY

Who's on the phone, now? What do
you mean... throw it on you? You
knew it, right?

LEON

Yeah... I knew it. But, what choice
do I have? I'm in the hospital;
they drag me out of the hospital...
bring me down here...

SONNY

All right, enough! Who the fuck is
on the phone... anyway? Is that you

Moretti?

(angrily into phone)
You on the phone? Will somebody
talk to me?

LEON

They won't talk to you.

SONNY

Are they on the phone still?

LEON

Yeah... yeah!

SONNY

(still angry)
All right! He didn't do it. All
right? Now... would you get the
fuck off the phone? I'll bet that
really changed them, huh?

(calmly to Leon)
Anyway, Leon... did I do it for you?

LEON

Yeah... huh, thank you. I'm going
to go back, Sonny, to the hospital.
They're really nice people. They're
really trying to help me.

SONNY

That's good then. You've found
something.

LEON

Well... I don't know if I have or
not.

SONNY

Do you still want the operation?

LEON

(moody)
Yeah... yeah.

SONNY

Well, then...

LEON

It's my only chance!

SONNY

I don't know what to say to ya! I guess I just wanted to say I'll see ya... or whatever.

LEON

Thank you much... and huh, bon voyage.

SONNY

Right. See you sometime.

LEON

Yeah... see ya in my dreams, huh?

SONNY

Yeah... I'll write a song. Ha, ha. I don't know. Life is funny!

LEON

You said a mouthful... sweetheart!

INT. BANK

Sonny hangs up, walks back toward rear of bank and picks up receiver again on Edna's desk.

SONNY

(into phone)

You cut off incoming, gimme a line. I want to talk to my wife, I want to say goodbye to my kids.

(line is connected, he begins to dial; anguished; to the group)

Here I am, I could call, and they'd put anybody on the phone, the Pope, an astronaut, the wisest of the wise and who do I have to call?

(to phone; as she answers)

Heidi?

HEIDI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

HEIDI

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

ON SONNY

SONNY

What about the kids?

ON HEIDI

HEIDI

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

ON SONNY

SONNY

Heidi, I'm dying.

ON HEIDI

HEIDI

(oblivious)

I blame myself, Sonny. I notice you
been tense, like something is
happening; the night before last
you're yellin' at the kids like a
madman, believe me. And then you
wanted me to go on this ride with
the kids, this caterpillar about
from here to there - fulla one-year-
old kids. It's ridiculous. I'm not
about to go on this ride, so you
yell right there, 'You pig, get on

the fuckin' ride!' Well, everything
fell outta - me - my heart, my liver
fell to the floor - you name it!
Yellin' at me in front of all those
people. Because you never talked
and I never been scared of you, never.
I think: he's gonna shoot me and
dump my body in the river.

ON SONNY

SONNY

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

ON HEIDI

HEIDI

(afraid)

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

ON SONNY

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

ON HEIDI

HEIDI

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

(giggles)

And I let myself get fat.

ON SONNY

SONNY

Don't call yourself fat.

ON HEIDI

HEIDI

I know you can't stand me to say I'm fat. Like I can't stand you being a bank robber. I guess that's what love is -- huh, Sonny?

ON SONNY

SONNY

(weakly)

Heidi - why didn't you come down here?

ON HEIDI

HEIDI

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

ON SONNY

SONNY

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

ON HEIDI

HEIDI

Listen, it's late already when I realize it's not just a couple of ordinary faggots, it's just you and Sal. I couldn't get a baby sitter.

Heidi goes on and on, but Sonny just drops the phone on the

hook. As he walks toward the rear of the bank,
Sylvia, seated atop Margaret's desk, gets off and follows Sonny
toward the Conference room. At the same time, Edna is
lifting Margaret's feet up onto a chair and Jenny and Deborah start
to walk toward the Conference room, too. Maria paces
back and forth, transistor to her ear.

Sonny walks into the Conference room. The doctor
is through examining Mulvaney. Miriam is seated across the
table from him.

DOCTOR

Listen - I think I better take him
back for a cardiac check ...

Mulvaney waves, protesting. He's had a shot;
he's rapidly recovering.

SONNY

SONNY

Anything... what's wrong? Is he
gonna die?

DOCTOR

No, I just think...

MULVANEY

I'm okay... I'm okay...

SONNY

You know more than the Doctor?
You're not okay, look at you. Come
on...

(to Doctor)
...let's get him out...

MULVANEY

I'm not going. I'm okay.

As Sonny grabs him to try to help him up,
Mulvaney wrenches
away. A little physical here.

SONNY

Hey! I'm tryin' to help you.

MULVANEY

I stay here. Damn it. I just needed
the insulin. I'm used to it.
Go on. Go on.

SONNY

(to Doctor)

You tell me. Is he endangering his
health, because if you tell me he
is, I'll get him out.

MULVANEY

I'll be God damned if you will.

SONNY

Oh, Jesus! You want to be a martyr
or a hero or what?

Maria and Miriam dance to transistor's music.
Edna walks
into Conference Room to tidy up. Sal is still
sitting there.
Deborah tries to comfort Jenny.

MULVANEY

I don't wanta be either, I just want
to be left alone. You understand
that? I wish the fuck you never
came in my bank, that's all, don't
try to act like you're some angel of
human kindness!

(he crosses toward
Tellers' cages to
start straightening
up)

toward front
and stuffs

Sonny nods, staring at him. As Doctor moves
door Sonny walks with him. Grabs marked bills
them into the Doctor's pocket...

SONNY

Here, my man. Whattayou get for a
house call?

As Doctor tries to wave it away:

SONNY

(continuing)

No, no! I want a top specialist for
my friend, I expect to pay top money.

He's hustled him to the door, where he ushers him
out door.

OMITTED

GAY DEMO] **EXT. BANK (HIS POV) - A BANNER - NEW ANGLE [1ST**

above the
can't read it

hastily made, about 40 feet long, being raised
heads of crowd to where Sonny can see it. We
until it's all the way up. Then is reads:

WE LOVE YOU LOVE YOU SONNY

it totters
They are

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

ON SONNY

looking at it, at them with mixed feelings.

ON SHELDON

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

ON SONNY

He turns into the bank.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Sonny comes back into bank, his face mad with
pain. He walks
over to Sylvia, standing at open gate of Tellers'
Cages,
and brings out a wallet with pictures for her to
see.

She takes it, smiles.

SONNY

My kids... Kimmy and Jimmy.

SYLVIA

They're beautiful...

She looks over toward Mulvaney, now behind the
Tellers' Cages,
trying to tidy up, and walks over to show him the
pictures.

Sonny stands on the other side of the cages.

SONNY

(as Mulvaney looks at
pictures)

I'll never see them again, Mister
Mulvaney.

MULVANEY

They look like good kids.

SONNY

They're like any others but they're
special to me. You got kids? You
told me; you got two.

MULVANEY

Special to me, too.

SONNY

You like me?

MULVANEY

Sure - we like you.

SONNY

No you don't.

MULVANEY

You seem like a likable enough guy.
It's hard to judge.

Conference Room. Sonny walks back toward Sal, who is seated in Room.

SONNY

Hey, Sal... How you doin'?

SAL

Okay.

and Sylvia. Sonny crosses back downstage again to Mulvaney

SONNY

(referring to Sal)

You know, I don't know him very well - but he's not gay... and he's not going back to prison... One time when he was in prison, they gang-banged him; 13 years old and eight guys gave it to him... So Sal isn't goin' back to prison, no way.

MULVANEY

I'm sorry.

SONNY

You know... I like you people...
I really do.

MULVANEY

We like you, too.

SONNY

You know - I had a job once. I used to work in a bank. I had been training... I used to have a boss... Mr. Don Frio... he wore a toupee... I wonder if you'd hire me if I came in here and asked you for a job...

MULVANEY

Would I hire you?

SONNY

Yeah.

MULVANEY

Why not?

SONNY

(grinning)

I don't think so.

Sonny walks back toward Sal.

SONNY

I told you -- they're sending a jet. It's all worked out...

But doubt hangs in the air like a pall...

CLOSEUP - SAL

looking at him. Implacable. This tension between them over the question of Sonny's loyalty must be kept constantly alive with CUTS and looks, over dialogue...

SYLVIA & MULVANEY

SYLVIA

Somebody give me another cigarette.

Sal turns to look at her reproachfully.

ON SYLVIA

SYLVIA

I wish somebody would tell me I'm gonna live long enough for it to be a habit. My parent, she'll be okay. My husband, he'll be okay. I even know who the bum is gonna marry. Terrific. She'll take good care of him.

MULVANEY

Girls, I wanta apologize. For my language back there.

Embarrassed, he walks toward the rest of group in the rear,
stands by Edna's desk.

MULVANEY

Ladies... I want to apologize for my language back there.
(he walks over to his desk, sits down)

Sonny exits Conference Room and moves downstage.

SYLVIA

(amazed)
What'd you say? I didn't hear you say anything.

They think for a moment.

JENNY

He said the 'F' word.

They stare at her incredulously.

Someone giggles.

EDNA

What?

JENNY

The 'F' word. He did. He said the
'F' word.

Edna crosses to her desk - disgusted - and starts
to tidy up.

The giggle catches the edge of their panic and
anxiety and sweeps them into uncontrollable giggles and
laughter: Sonny roars. Sal and Edna alone remain unsmiling.
After a few seconds they force themselves to stop, to behave
like they should under the circumstances. They are gasping
and crying. Then...

SONNY

What's so funny?

EDNA

Well, I'm a Christian, and my ears
are not garbage cans.

It sets them off again. They howl and giggle and
laugh.

Until at last they run down again. At this
point, Sal rushes out of Conference Room.

SAL

Who's that?

He has seen something in the middle of the
street, and now...

NEW ANGLE

as they all turn to look out through the door.

THEIR POV

street
Backlighted by the floodlights in the middle of
gray,
escorted by Sheldon, stands a figure, dumpy and
carriages
tentatively waving, a figure that bends over baby
supermarket bins,
in the park, picks beans one by one out of
lip reads get-well cards in pharmacies.

They hear Sheldon, outside, on bullhorn:

SHELDON (V.O.)

Sonny! Could you come out, please?
Could you come out, please?

SONNY

It's my mother. Who needs this shit?

But as a dutiful son he starts for the front of
the bank.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

as Sonny walks to his MOTHER. Baker tactfully
moves away,
leaving the two of them in the center of the
floodlighted
street. Again the crowd can be HEARD but not
seen; armed
police fringe the lights and shadows, in B.G.

SONNY

What do you want here, Ma? You could
of watched it on TV.

VI

My God, Sonny - you oughtta see - -
Alla Brooklyn is here! On all 3
networks!

SONNY

Mom - I got it all worked out; it's
over. The best thing is you go home.
Watch it on TV.

VI

I talked to the FBI, I told them about you, they said if you just come outta the bank it's gonna be okay.

SONNY

You did what? Who did you talk to? What for?

VI

Well, I'm only trying to get you outta this. I told them you were in Vietnam, you always had good jobs, you were with Goldwater at the '64 convention, but you had marital problems...

SONNY

Oh my God, mother!

VI

I said you were never a faggot.

SONNY

Don't talk to them anymore. Sal and me are getting a jet, we're going to Algeria - I'll write you from there.

VI

He was very understanding - you ought to talk to him... Algeria?

SONNY

We can't stay here.

VI

Oh my God! I don't understand. If you needed money, why couldn't you come to me? Everything I got is yours. I got two hundred and maybe twenty-five in the savings. It's yours. You know it.

Sonny abruptly realizes he is getting sidetracked

by Mom -

like always. Tries to get it back again.

SONNY

Mom - they're sending a bus to take us to the airport. You understand? If you're here - they're not gonna send it. They'll think I'm gonna come out with you.

VI

What's wrong with that? The FBI was very understanding when I explained it to him. Everybody knows it isn't you... It's the pressures from your home life.

SONNY

For God's sake don't start in on Heidi again...

VI

Did I say a thing against her? God forbid I should say anything against that fat cunt.

SONNY

Mom. Mom. There are some things a mother shouldn't say in front of her son.

VI

If she comes down here, so help me I'm gonna mash her brains in. Everything in your life was sunlight and roses until you met her. Since then, forget it.

SONNY

She doesn't have anything to do with it! You understand that? Mother? This is me!

VI

I know you wouldn't need Leon if Heidi was treating you right. The thing I don't understand is why you

come out and sleep with Heidi anyway?
You got two kids on welfare now.
What're you goin' to bed with her,
you don't have enough with one wife
and two kids on welfare, you want a
wife and three kids on welfare?

SONNY

(this is old stuff)
Not now, Mom, please.

VI

What'll you do? Come out.

SONNY

(patiently - I told
you a hundred times)
I can't, Mom. If I come out Sal
will kill them.

VI

Oh.
(she thinks for a
moment)
Run.

SONNY

What the hell for? Twenty-five years
in the pen?

VI

Maybe...

SONNY

Maybe! Aw Christ, what dreams you
live on! Maybe what?

She stares at him. He talks slowly and carefully
to her.

SONNY

I'm a fuckup and an outcast. There
isn't one single person in my life I
haven't hurt through my love. You
understand that? I'm the most
dangerous person in the world, because

if I love you, watch out, you're gonna get fucked, fucked over and fucked out!

VI

No!

SONNY

Did Pop come down?

VI

No. This really pissed him off, Sonny. He says you're dead. He says he doesn't have a son.

SONNY

He's right. You shoulda done what he did. Go home.

(embraces her)

Don't talk to the FBI anymore.

He walks away and moves toward the bank door.

ON VI

Her desperate smile, apologetic and false at the same time, glistens with a mother's tears. After a long beat:

VI

I remember how beautiful you were. As a baby you were so beautiful. We had such hopes.

INT. BANK - CLOSE ON DOOR - NIGHT

as Sonny enters and stops, controlling his emotions. He walks toward Mulvaney, who is putting visitor's chair back into position, then waters his plant.

Maria and Miriam are still dancing; Margaret is at her desk;

Sal, Jenny and Deborah are in the Conference Room; Sylvia is still behind Tellers' Cages.

SONNY

Mister Mulvaney?

MULVANEY

Yeah?

SONNY

Are you a lawyer?

MULVANEY

No. I had some legal training, but...

SONNY

I want to dictate my will. I need a notary?

SYLVIA

I'm a notary.

She leaves Tellers' Cages area, crosses to Sonny, grabbing a pen from Edna's desk on the way. Sonny's urgent mood reaches them. Sylvia gets note pad from Mulvaney. Takes the dictation...

SONNY

Being of sound mind and body, and all that shit...

Sylvia nods: got it.

SONNY

To my darling wife Leon whom I love as no other man has loved another man in all eternity, I leave \$2,700 from my \$10,000 life insurance policy, to be used for your sex change operation. If there is money left over it is to go to you on the first anniversary of my death, at my grave.

I expect you to be a real woman then, and your life full of happiness and joy. To my sweet wife, Heidi, five thousand from the same policy. You are the only woman I have ever loved, and I re-pledge my love to you in this sad moment, and to little Kimmy and Jimmy. I hope you remember me, Jimmy. You are the little man of the family now, and will have to look after them for me. To my mother I ask forgiveness. You don't understand the things I did and said, but I'm me, and I'm different. I leave you, the rest of the policy and my stamp collection. I want a military funeral and am entitled to one free of charge. Life and love are not easy and we have to bend a lot. I hope you find the places and the people to make you all happy as I could not. God bless you and watch over you, as I shall, until we are joined in the hereafter, sweet Leon, my Heidi, dearest Kimmy and Jimmy, and my mother. Sonny... here I'll spell the last name...

He sits and writes it for Sylvia.

SONNY

Type that up and I'll sign it.

is there to
the bank,
Nobody says anything about this document. What
say? Sylvia walks to her desk at the front of
near the window, and begins typing.

EXT. BANK - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT

happening.
The restless crowd STIRS, sensing something
Turning to see something coming.

APARTMENT FIRE ESCAPE

Something, The Cops gear up their weapons: radios CRACKLE.
showing people a vehicle, is moving through the crowd, Cops
attention. aside to let it through. The Old Lady pays no

puzzle and She is down to one of the very last pieces of the
is searching for the spot for it.

LOW ANGLE IN CLEAR PLACE IN FRONT OF BANK

up in front. as the vehicle clears the crowd and slowly draws

many doors. It is a long airport limousine of the type with

black DRIVER It stops. Everyone's attention is on it. A
dealer's shades, gets out, a gay Afro knit on his head, coke
nail, a for the cognoscenti, one very long little finger
tooth. He nifty Van Dyke style beard and one gold front
others, looks around, holding a sheet of paper. Sheldon,
opening doors, approach. They are looking into the vehicles,
checking tires, etc.

DOOR OF BANK

Sonny appears. He strides to the limo.

SONNY

Okay. Get away from it.

After a moment the Cops all move back. Sonny
opens the front door and begins to check it out. The Driver
starts to move away...

SONNY

These seats come out?

DRIVER

Yeah.

INT. LIMO - CLOSE - SONNY AND DRIVER

for guns
conditions of the
car.

Together they remove the seat so Sonny can check
concealed below, etc. Improvise to fit

DRIVER

(dawning on him)

Jesus, you're the man!

SONNY

Come on, what's under this?

through:

They pry up a seat and look under, etc., all

DRIVER

I was lookin' at it. I saw you,
man! Jesus! You oughta see yourself!
You wouldn't believe it.

SONNY

Yes, I would.

DRIVER

God damn it, Sheila isn't gonna
believe it. They just call in and
say gas up a stretchout and get it
down to

(address in Brooklyn)

and I say, 'shit, another load of
Elks for the massage parlors.'

SONNY

(finished)

Okay.

Driver stands up, getting a good look at Sonny.

DRIVER

Well, by God I'm gonna remember you!

And he turns and walks away.

Driver stops, uncertainly. Cops grab him to
hustle him away.

Sheldon steps forward with a neat twenty-years-
younger carbon
copy of himself...

SHELDON

Here's your driver, this is agent
Murphy.

NEW ANGLE

Sonny and Murphy. Sonny eyes Murphy,
thinks, then begins to frisk Murphy.
He finds nothing.

He stands up and eyes Murphy. He just doesn't
like it.

SONNY

I don't want him.

SHELDON

What can he do, he's clean...

SONNY

Gimme the black guy...

The Driver is still close enough to hear...

DRIVER

Aw, hey...

SONNY

(overlapping everybody)
Come on, nobody's gonna get hurt.
If they were gonna shoot, they'd
shoot now.

SHELDON

I can't allow that, Sonny...

SONNY

You can't allow! I'm running this thing, what gives you the idea you can say shit?

(to Driver)

Come on. I'll pay you. Whatta you want? Two hundred? A thousand?

to get him
The Driver looks around desperately to the FBI,
out of this.

SONNY

Don't look at him. I'm running this.

motions for
Pause. Sheldon finally reluctantly nods. Sonny
get in the
him (the Driver) to step forward. Before he can
ready. Gives
car, Sonny stops him. Signals to him to get
bit.
him a thorough pat search. Thighs, the whole

CLOSE ANGLES AS HE SEARCHES

finds nothing
It is tense. The Driver seems uptight. Sonny
very uptight.
until he touches a breast pocket. The Driver is
with a coke
Sonny reaches in, pulls out a -- tiny bottle,
it, but
spoon chained to the lid. Before Sheldon can see
slaps the
the audience has, Sonny shoves it back, grins,
delightedly.
Driver on the buns. The Driver laughs

drive will
He was afraid he'd get busted for the dope: the
be a cakewalk.

SONNY

You'll be okay.

DRIVER

(to FBI)

You men shoot, aim for the white
meat!

hadn't heard. He loves the joke! They act as though they

turns to Sonny slaps him playfully on the arm and smiling
Sheldon.

SONNY

I want him.

speechless. He points at Murphy. Sheldon stands there

Driver stares at Sonny, his smile fading.

SONNY

(delighted)

What do you think you're dealing
with, an idiot!

resumes role as Sheldon nods to Driver and Murphy. Murphy
driver of the limo. Driver gets out.

SONNY

So long, copper.

SONNY AND MURPHY

bank. It as they position the stretchout in front of the
back from can be seen from inside. The FBI men stand well
seen. it. Murphy stands by the door. He also can be

SHELDON

Okay, Sonny? You follow my car.

bank, takes
there.

Murphy nods. Sonny is satisfied and turns to the
Murphy into vestibule, indicating for him to stay
Sonny continues toward group at rear.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Mulvaney are
purse out of
own purse,
Edna's desk as
seated at his
and takes
to redress
carefully...]

Sylvia is finishing her typing. The girls and
slowly getting ready. Deborah is getting her
Margaret's desk drawer; Margaret gathering her
books, etc.; Jenny is getting her purse from
Edna gathers up her belongings; Mulvaney is
desk; Miriam is at her desk, by the front door.
Sal stands with his gun ready. [As Sonny enters
up his gun, Sal carefully and methodically begins
himself, comb his rumpled hair, knotting his tie

ANGLES FAVORING SAL

various
in a glass
glass door,
which Sal

as he rebuilds his sartorial image before the
reflecting surfaces of the bank, knotting his tie
partition, checking his suit for wrinkles in a
etc. Meanwhile we are seeing the following,
ignores:

SONNY ENTERING

SONNY

Hey, let's get ready!

SYLVIA

(gets up, walks to

Sonny)
Sonny - Here's your document.

ON SONNY

looking at the will, taking up pen.

ON SYLVIA, MULVANEY

watching him with compassion.

INSERT

Sonny signs fast and firmly...

INSERT

Sylvia's notary seal clamps and imprints the
paper.

LOW CLOSE ANGLE - SONNY

SONNY

Okay, okay, okay! What a bunch of
cold fish. It's an adventure!
Everybody's gonna remember you the
rest of your lives, the day you got
held up and kidnapped... hey!

His eye has struck some reminder. They handle
this.

SONNY

You got Bank Americard?

MULVANEY

(tired)
What now, Sonny?

SONNY

(gathers money from
near-by money bag)
Listen, I owe a couple hundred
dollars! I don't wanta leave owing
anybody anything! A clean slate, a
new leaf...

He plunks his card down before Sylvia.

SONNY

(continuing)

I paying off.

(money from attached
case)

Here. Two hundred should do it.

They start the action of filing the form and
accepting the money... Sonny stops them...

SONNY

Just give me a receipt. Hey, Sal,
you okay?

SAL

(deep in his hair or
tie or?)

Okay, Sonny.

SONNY

All right.

(accepts receipt)

SYLVIA

Here's your document, Sonny.

SONNY

Yeah - it looks real official.

They are ready. A moment in the dark. Sonny
holds out the will to Mulvaney.

SONNY

Hold it for me?

Mulvaney takes it. Sonny shakes his hand.
Suddenly,
emotionally, he embraces Sylvia. Suddenly they
are all saying
silent goodbyes. Shaking hands all around,
formally.

Only Sal is left untouched, standing apart,
watching them,
in the dark.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Everyone waits in silence. The lights. The
limo. The Driver
waiting in the driver's seat. After a beat the
door begins
to open.

VARIOUS ANGLES

as Cops' guns are brought to bear. On the
apartment fire
escape the Old Lady is asleep, her puzzle
complete. The
snipers raise their rifles.

FRONT OF BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

Sheldon stands there. The police radio network
CRACKLES:
"They're coming out. Perpetrators and hostages
together.
Only authorized personnel may previously
authorized, and
etc." Sheldon's eyes go to:

HIS POV - SNIPER

A middle-aged Man who looks like an overweight
accountant,
in flak vest and helmet that seems too small,
aiming through
a telescopic sight at:

DOOR OF BANK

SONNY

(letting Murphy out
first; yells outside)
Get away from the car!

emerges. It
of the girls
all sides
drapes from
drawing a clear
fact they
appears,
CHOREOGRAPH THE ACTION
then it's clear
car, and the
having
starts, and
into the second
slides across

Something that looks like a multi-legged animal
is Sonny and Sal in the center of a tight group
and Mulvaney, so they are completely protected on
by hostages. Over their heads is thrown some
the bank that further prevent the police from
head on Sonny or Sal without hitting a girl. In
can't be seen at all. This weird apparition
hesitates. The crowd YELLS: "SHOOT!"
so the group hesitates, takes a step forward,
Sonny can't see well enough to go direct to the
girls are uncertain which direction to go in, not
been briefed. So they stumble about, make false
finally arrive at the car, where one girl gets
row of seats behind the Driver. Then Sonny
next to Driver.

VARIOUS ANGLES TO COVER

looks like a
detaches
seat, on

The police have no chance to shoot. The group
bewildered centipede finding its way. Mulvaney
himself from the group and slips into the front
Sonny's right.

ON EDNA

walks over

standing alone, outside filled-up limo. Sheldon
to Mulvaney's window.

SONNY

(to Sheldon)

Okay - you got your one.

SHELDON

(to Murphy)

You follow my car.

(he moves off)

Maria gets in the rear-most row of seats. Sal next to her in the middle and then another girl. One woman, Edna, a plain middle-aged woman who has not said a word until now is left over. She stands by the side of the limo as the doors close and this phase of the operation ends, without mishap.

SONNY

(elated)

Fuck! We did it!

SYLVIA

(to Edna)

Goodbye, honey. Wish us luck!

Edna pecks out dry little kisses to the nearest girls.

ANGLE THROUGH SONNY'S DOOR WINDOW

as Edna pecks... goodbye.

SONNY

I'll be a son of a bitch -- we're all okay! Hey, man! Honk the horn. Let's go!

Sal has his gun pointed on back of Driver's head.

MURPHY

Hey, Sal - do me a favor... point that gun up, huh? We hit a bump and the fuckin' gun'll go off.

The Driver honks the HORN: they're ready. The crowd SCREAMS.

Cops keep jockeying for position, but there is no way to get a shot in.

ON SHELDON

No emotion. He steps into his car, a police car pulls up behind, and the procession starts to pull slowly toward the crowd.

ON EDNA AND BANK

As the limo pulls away, she is bewildered by the rush of police, bank people, FBI men who stream past her, ignoring her, all pouring into the bank. TV crews move by and finally -- one stops to interview her.

ON THE CARAVAN

being rammed through the jam of Cops and screaming people trying to get a last look. The hostages looking out, wan, worried. Sonny and Sal inside, alert, ready with guns.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

MURPHY

Sal - please keep that gun pointed up, huh?

THEIR POV - MOVING SHOTS

from inside the limo. The faces of the poor, the excited,

the people
lettered

the vicious the curious, and in ONE SHOT some of
from the Gay Liberation Movement carrying hastily
signs: one protesting Sonny:

YOU ARE AN INSULT TO YOUR KIND

And another:

WE LOVE LOVE LOVE YOU SONNY!

Sonny's
shop window,
sullen with

Their scared and wan faces swim past in the mob.
mother is briefly seen looking out of the barber
alone and forgotten. The Cops stare heavily,
anger.

running alongside,
hand-outs, but
Up ahead,
police car

Now the limo is moving faster. People are
YELLING insults, trying to see in, asking for
they are going faster. Inside, they say nothing.
Sheldon's car flashes a red light. Behind, the
does the same.

VARIOUS EXT. AND INT. ANGLES - NIGHT

as the procession moves through Brooklyn.

MOVING VIEW FROM GROUND

A helicopter follows above them.

VIEWS IN STREETS

kibitzing

They move along, followed by a HONKING parade of
cars, like a Mexican wedding.

ANGLE AT AIRPORT THRUWAY

They turn onto the thruway, trying to out-
distance the cars
tagging along.

INT. LIMO

Silence. Sonny and Sal hold their rifles ready
between their
knees.

ANGLE N AIRPORT FENCE

as they veer off the thruway, a barely seen Guard
swings
open a gate and they ROAR through. The Guard
pushes the
gate to, and the following caravan of cars
brakes, skids and
a pile-up of fender bender accidents begin, cars
going into
the fence and each other.

FULL SHOT - THRUWAY

Cars are strewn all around. Doors open and
Drivers leap out
ready to YELL and do battle. The Cops guard the
now closed
gate.

KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Distant lights, some moving. Total darkness.
The FBI car,
the limo, the following police car move across
the darkness...

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

They sit quiet, following the FBI car. The FBI
car stops.
They stop. Silence.

SONNY

Murphy, can you see what they're
doing?

MURPHY

He's still got some arrangements to make.

Sonny and Sal
other FBI
landing lights

Sheldon is getting out of the car up ahead.
and all of them come alert. As Sheldon and the
men get out of their car, a pair of aircraft
become visible, taxiing towards the limo.

SONNY

There it is, Sal. Sal?

SAL

I'm here.

SONNY

Oh, Jesus! Hey. How about food?
I forgot to ask to have food on board.

stops beside
rolls it down.

Sheldon has been walking down to the limo. He
Mulvaney and KNOCKS on the window. Mulvaney

SHELDON

That's the jet. You give us one
more, now. That's the deal...

SONNY

Okay. Which one goes?

to Sylvia.

There is silence inside the limo. Mulvaney turns

MULVANEY

Sylvia?

paper.

From a handkerchief, Sylvia draws a slip of

SYLVIA

It's Maria. Go on, honey.

goes with They open the door. They urge her out, and Maria
a show of reluctance.

ON MARIA

a rosary As she stands up outside she is revealed to have
fearful all she's counting. IMPROVISE goodbyes, tearful and
around. Then:

MARIA

I pray for your safety...

(meaning Sonny and
Sal)

...Sal? Because I know it's your
first plane trip. Don't be scared,
you know?

(gives him her rosary)

into position, And Maria walks away. Now the plane has taxied
big and where it can be seen in floodlights. It looks
it. impressive. We know the FBI has snipers ringing

SONNY

I ain't eaten all day. I just
realized it.

SHELDON

We'll have hamburgers on the plane.
You ready?

MURPHY

(turns to Sal again)
Sal, keep it up, huh? The gun -
please...

CLOSE - SONNY

gun. The looking at the plane, grasping his money and his

rifle stands straight up between his legs.
Sheldon leans
down, peering in at him.

SONNY

What do you think, Sal? You ready
to go?

ANGLE - SAL

in front of Sonny, behind Mulvaney. For the
first time he
grasp. The
imitation into
smiles. He realizes that escape is within their
smile transforms him from a formidable Mafia
an utterly sweet and defenseless youth.

SAL

(gun pointing high)
Hey, Sonny - You did it!

CLOSE - SONNY

SONNY

Let's move it, goddamn it.

SHELDON

(to Driver)
You ready to get out first?

DRIVER

Yes.

Driver starts to turn in the driver's seat!
Sheldon brings up his hands to reach through the
open window
aiming out
to grab Sonny's rifle barrel, pushes it away,
windshield.

Mulvaney sees them beginning their move and
starts to duck.

his eyes and

Sal begins to see movement out of the corner of
is barely beginning to react.

SEAT!

DRIVER TURNING HAS A GUN OVER THE BACK OF THE

barrel of his

Sonny sees it, and Sheldon's hand grabbing the
gun at the same moment.

reaching in.

Sheldon drives hard into the side of the limo,

by the

Mulvaney grabs the girl next to him and pulls her
hair down toward the floor.

second late

Sal, open-mouthed with amazement, is a split-
bringing his gun up.

at Sal

Driver completes his turn and has his gun leveled
between Miriam and Margaret in middle row.

Sonny lets

Sheldon grabs his rifle barrel and pulls hard.
it go.

gun up...

Sal stares at the gun barrel, trying to get his

Driver FIRES.

Mulvaney hits the floor.

Sheldon holds Sonny's gun.

Sonny, CLOSE, watches.

upward.

Sal, hit, slams back into the seat; the gun flies

Another SHOT hits him, flinging his head back.

holds gun to Driver holds his third shot, turns to Sonny -
his temple.

Sonny looks down so he can see fully as:

stares directly Sal's head snaps back for a split second and
into Sonny's eyes, upside down.

knew it He stares sadly, into Sonny's eyes. As though he
all along -- betrayed.

And dies.

SLAMMING doors, The SHOT is ECHOING. Now SCREAMS, YELLS,
sake, shoot panic... Sonny's voice: "Shoot me! For God's
me!"

FULL SHOT

frantically They come pouring out of the limo, scrambling
Agents away from it. The limo -- the people fleeing it.
pull people away from the car.

Sal's body Driver and Sheldon and Cops peer into the back.
lies slumped.

recovering. No one Driver, Sheldon, other Cops stand about,
it was just makes the slightest sort of congratulatory move,
to Sheldon another job. Driver clears his weapon, hands it
to be filed in case of investigation.

ON SYLVIA, MULVANEY, HOSTAGES

alive! They hug, cry, laugh, jump up and down: they're

SYLVIA

(to Mulvaney)

I been dying to do this for years!

and kisses
And she kisses him hard in the mouth. He laughs
back...

CLOSE - SONNY

Tears are beginning to flood past his defenses:

SHELDON (V.O.)

You are under arrest. You have the
right to remain silent. You have
the right to counsel to be present,
during your interrogation.
(etc.)

memory
His voice is dry, as though he were reciting from
something he learned in a language he doesn't
understand.

LAP

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE - LEON - HEAD ON SHOT

TRACK.
like a Warhol interview on TV. Segue VOICE

LEON

Well, I don't see how Sonny can
survive in prison, he was very loud,
very boisterous. He was obnoxious.

CLOSE - HEAD SHOT - SONNY

FBI
being manipulated like so much beef by impersonal
agents...

LEON (V.O.)

He was very hard to live with...

HEIDI (V.O.)

He made me laugh.

EXT. BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

Remnants of the crowd of sightseers, being interviewed by TV men avid for more, more, more news... these are people among the group that held up the big banner earlier: now we see them up CLOSE. They're folding up their banner. A very ordinary-looking YOUNG GUY.

PROUD YOUNG MAN

I love him. He put an end to all that pansy limp wristed shit!

FBI AND SONNY

They're getting off his belt, his shoe laces...

HEIDI (V.O.)

Because he always had a way of getting out, always in the army he was AWOL...

OMITTED

BACK TO SONNY

manacled and helpless. He is twisted into some yet more uncomfortable position by the uncaring Agents.

HEIDI (V.O.)

I can't help thinking how he might ring the bell one of these days. That's why I'm nervous, because I'm always thinking some day he's gonna come along and ring the bell...

THROUGH THE SHOT Sal's body is carried, Sonny, seeing it out of the corner of his eye. He tries to look...

FBI MAN

Keep your eyes front.

PAULINE NATURILE - BEING INTERVIEWED

A faded, rattled woman, perhaps a little drunk...

NEWSMAN

How did you know your son was involved?

PAULINE

It was on the TV.

NEWSMAN

When was the last time you saw Sal?

PAULINE

Oh, a long time. Because I kept asking my husband where the heck could Junior be? He wasn't around here. I thought maybe he was in prison or some place.

NEWSMAN

Did you know he was a homosexual?

PAULINE

No, not until after they killed him.

NEWSMAN

Did you always call him Junior.

PAULINE

Yeah.

NEWSMAN

Do you remember anything else about Sal?

PAULINE

No, that's all.

BACK TO SONNY - AT AIRPORT

O.S.: Sonny isn't even listening... he sees something

SONNY

Hey!

NEW ANGLE

The hostages moving toward a car to take them home are passing nearby and turn to look at him...

SONNY

Goodbye! You were terrific! Mouth!
You're beautiful! See you!

THEIR REACTIONS

They stare at him; they've already begun to forget him: the moment in the bank when they said their goodbyes is already receding from their consciousness. Their smiles are forced, and they don't really know what to say.

SYLVIA

Ah, Sonny! Good luck, you know?

MULVANEY

You were terrific, too!

SYLVIA

Hey. It's raining.

And, as the first welcome drops of cooling rain fall, they begin to move fast...

ON SONNY

looking after them. The rain hitting his face... the adventure is over. But the everlasting smile overtakes him...

LEON

I'm glad. Life is easier with him
in prison.

HEIDI

It would be like always, the bell
would ring, we'd have a ball.

OMITTED

BEGIN TITLE AND CREDITS:

**SINCE THERE WILL BE NO BEGINNING TITLE OR
CREDITS, THE PICTURE
LOGO WILL FLASH ON SCREEN NOW, AND END MUSIC UP:
AS PACINO'S CREDIT IS SEEN, OVER A STILL OF HIM
FROM THE
PICTURE: THE FOLLOWING IS SUPERIMPOSED:**

**SONNY IS SERVING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN FEDERAL
PRISON.**

AS LEON IS SEEN:

LEON IS NOW A WOMAN NAMED LANA.

AS HEIDI IS SEEN:

**HEIDI LIVES WITH HER CHILDREN ON
WELFARE.**

FADE OUT.

THE END