

"DOG DAY AFTERNOON"

by

Frank Pierson

Final Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. ELECTRIC SIGN

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

2:51

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

94°

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

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - DAY

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

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

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

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

EXT. SHEA STADIUM (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 SAL, medium height, also good-looking in an intense boyish way. His eyes dart about suspiciously, the ever-watchful Sal.

There is a watchful reserve in Sal that contrasts to Sonny's outgoing bounciness: first impression is Sonny is all bark; Sal is the bite. Sal is dressed in impressive blue suit style, he looks like a kid trying to impress the 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

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

CLOSE - SAL

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

ON DOOR

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

HOWARD

Closing time; you want in or out?

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

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

CLOSE - SAL

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

SAL

You the manager?

ON MULVANEY

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

ON SAL

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

MULVANEY

His mouth simply stops, and he stares at the gun. Mulvaney 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.

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

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

SONNY

seeing that the bank is closed, locked in, with no customers, crosses toward the front teller's cage area, carrying the florist box. As he reaches the other side, he rips open the box and takes the rifle out and aims it level onto SYLVIA BALL, the teller, who automatically takes the "closed" sign 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

as MARGARET, an accountant, comes out of the ladies' room, starts to cross downstage toward her desk, sees what is 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.

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

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!

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

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

INT. BANK - DAY

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

SONNY

Lock it.

Sonny now crosses to desk that Jackie indicated, as everyone 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.

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

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

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!

MIRIAM, a young, awkward, overweight Jewish girl, chewing gum with nervous machine-like rapidity, moving toward the vault. The gate is closed, and she holds one key and Mulvaney the other. They pass Sal, who now holds the others in 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

Mulvaney is about to insert his key in his lock. Sonny quickly reaches out and grabs Mulvaney's hand, and looks at 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...

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

VERY TIGHT TWO SHOT - MULVANEY AND SONNY'S HEADS

Sonny holds the key right in the middle of the FRAME where Mulvaney and the audience can SEE the key has a tiny projection or spur at the end. If this key is used, the 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?!?

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

NEW ANGLE

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

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

Sonny stops, staring at her. Mulvaney, starting to open the 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

as Mulvaney pulls a cash drawer out to show Sonny: even we can see there isn't much there. Sonny searches for more, 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...

At this, Sonny pulls out a plastic bag from his pocket, hands it to Miriam, who opens it and puts the money into it. As he turns, we see that Miriam is still staring at him, terrified, and as his rifle swings around, she reels back 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)

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

SONNY

What the hell would I shoot her for?

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

PHONE STARTS TO RING (#1)

SONNY

Answer the phone!

Mulvaney crosses to his desk, picks up the receiver. Sal 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.

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

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 drawer and Sonny starts to scoop it out and put it into the 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?

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

SONNY

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

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

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

Howard gives him the keys and as Sonny starts to walk back 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

who now starts to move quickly toward the front of the bank, 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.

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

ANGLE ON STREET - SONNY'S POV

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

REVERSE

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

MULVANEY

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

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

ANGLE ON DOOR AT FRONT OF BANK

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

REVERSE ON SAL AND MULVANEY

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

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

MARGARET

I'll get some water!

Before anyone can move, Sonny grabs the gun on them all.

SONNY
Nobody move! Freeze!

The women now begin to scream as real hysteria sets in.

Deborah screams, collapses.

CLOSE - ON SAL

BRINGING GUN UP ON:

DOOR

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

MULVANEY (O.S.)
Sorry... I can't talk now... I'll
call you back.

SOUND of hanging up. The man is looking all around.

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.

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

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as Sonny stands behind closed venetian blinds to listen 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

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

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

ANGLE ON DOOR

emphasizing the small of Mulvaney's back. The man is somebody he knows from across the street. He looks worried and 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's not satisfied, but he can't see anything and he can't 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.]

Mulvaney locks the door and walks inside the bank, giving
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.

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

SONNY

(to Mulvaney)

Answer it.

Mulvaney shrugs helplessly. Picks up the phone, standing at
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...

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

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

MULVANEY

(to Sonny)

It's for you.

ON SONNY AND SAL

They both stare at Mulvaney. Sonny slowly moves toward Mulvaney. For the first time since he entered the bank, he's quiet and slow. He takes the instrument and slowly puts it to his ear. The group from the vault now slowly 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?

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

CLOSE ON SONNY

holding the phone. Listening to the voice of his death 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...

Sonny slowly, almost sadly, puts the telephone receiver back down, cutting off the little voice at the other end. He 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?

A startled apologetic man's voice speaks: Now ANOTHER PHONE
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.

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

SONNY

Is there a Jenny here?

Nobody moves. They all stare at him. Finally he singles 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).

As he puts down the phone for her to pick up, Sonny reaches 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?

At this moment, Jenny, phone in hand, is turned to him, respectfully like a child in an authoritarian household, 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.

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

NEW ANGLE

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

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.

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

MULVANEY

Here we are... the back door.

They look at it. It is big, black, steel and seems solid. 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
of the police helicopter and the Cop yelling on the bullhorn
as seen from the TV copter. A couple of Elderly Men are
sitting watching the TV set, ignoring the bank, which they
can see in the flesh, as it were. Outside we are HEARING
the copters, and on the TV set likewise, and the voice of
the Announcer.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

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

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

EXT. BANK - DAY

The FRAME is full of cop faces... tough, mesomorphic faces with a layer of fat under the skin, increasing as age. They have the look of cops: alert, curious, weighing. They are city cops; they don't have that old-fashioned condemnatory expression, there is an element of playfulness in their nature

--

the fact is they love their work, which is criminals. There is a peculiar delight in 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.

SHELDON

Why didn't you just wait and try

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?

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

NEW ANGLE

From down the street come a group of odd-looking men in suits, carrying all kinds of electric junk: The NEW REPORTERS. They run heavily, sweating martinis and cigarette smoke... they run up to Moretti and Sheldon, who walk along, trying 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.

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

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

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

COP

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

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

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

Moretti picks up the phone.

MORETTI

(to phone cop)

You get the phone company?

PHONE COP

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

Moretti is already dialing. The phone is answered.

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?

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

MORETTI

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.

Sonny hangs up and moves over to Sal. The rest of the group 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?

Mulvaney now stands up at his desk, looks over at the group 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)

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

MORETTI

to Cops.

MORETTI

Get him outta here!

DOOR OF BANK

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

ON MORETTI

Behind him a mob scene. Howard is being led away, weeping. 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.

At this point, he removes his jacket and drops it to the 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.

Sonny turns back to tell Sal he's going outside. Moretti stands well out in the street, to reassure Sonny nobody is going to try to jump him. Sonny stares around; he nudges Sylvia out ahead of him. As they edge into sight of the 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

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

CLOSER - SONNY AND SYLVIA

as he looks around, and the impact of his situation really hits him: he's not only totally surrounded, he's an event. Some of the crowd CHEER him. An army of Cops, and guns all 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...!

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

SONNY

(continuing)

They wanna kill me so bad they can taste it!

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

SONNY

(screaming)

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

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

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.

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

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

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

ANGLE IN BANK DOOR

as Sonny turns to grin and wave back at crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

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

Sylvia heads for the girls as Sonny walks toward Sal.

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

MULVANEY
 (to passing Sonny)
 What about Howard?

Sonny makes reassuring gesture to let him know Howard is safe.

SONNY
 (to Mulvaney)
 Turn on the TV.

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

GIRLS

What happened?

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

ANGLE ON TV SET

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

ANGLE ON THE BANK AS SEEN FROM ACROSS THE STREET.

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

At that instant, the TV screen switches to a PLEASE STAND BY 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.

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

SONNY

You're on the phone!

1ST CRANK (V.O.)

Kill them all. Now.

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

SONNY

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

Sonny slams down the receiver, looks around at the group.

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.

He means Sal. Sonny, dazed and bleeding, reels to the door 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

Looking around, bewildered, the crowd is YELLING and now it

sounds unfriendly. He is really shaken up... He shakes himself -- stops that line and starts over in a business-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

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

RADIO

...the leader of the pair, 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...

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

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.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

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

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

A working class block, dirty, shops in the first floor, three story walk-ups above... Heidi appears and runs up the stoop. TWO COPS get out of a squad car where they've been staked out and move up to her. They never really get in a word edgewise. They follow her into the hall... Now as we CUT CLOSER to her, we will SEE Heidi's mouth in SYNC with the 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

Heidi struggles up the stairs, dragging the kids -- the cops 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.

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

INT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chaos out of cut-rate furniture stores. Full of unwashed glasses, kids' clutter. Throughout, the children rush around unchecked. Neighbors enter without ceremony and listen. The Cops stand, trying vainly to communicate... As they 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 the mess; she picks up the loose money that Sonny had scattered thru the air, puts them into packets and ties them 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, is pacing back and forth between the desk areas. He's talking 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?

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

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 ...

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

ANGLE ON MARGARET & SYLVIA

SYLVIA

The air conditioning is off or something.

(Looks at Margaret)
she's sick.

Sonny runs around, notices her - sees that air conditioner 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.

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

SONNY

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

MULVANEY

I don't know.

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

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

MORETTI & CROWD

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.)

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

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

VARIOUS ANGLES

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

MORETTI

staring at the mess.

Sonny also watching the people.

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

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

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!

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

MORETTI

So whatsa deal?

COMMISSIONER

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

up to keep the air conditioning in and the heat 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.

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

WE DRIFT TOWARD THE BACK CONFERENCE ROOM

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

SYLVIA

Somebody give me a cigarette.

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

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.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

(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

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

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

We are NOW SHOOTING ACROSS THE CAR, OVER MORETTI'S BACK TOWARD THE BANK and Sonny.

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

who doesn't hear Sonny calling, the detectives and Moretti 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 new-found expertise with a cigarette to Miriam, Jenny and Deborah, seated around Edna's desk. (Deborah is talking on the phone.) Meanwhile, Edna is back in the Conference Room with Mulvaney; Margaret is seated at her desk, speaking on the phone; Maria, speaking on phone, is seated at Mulvaney's desk - where television is still on.

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

SONNY

(into phone)

Get me Moretti!

INT. BARBERSHOP

where Moretti and cops are trying to revive Leon. A cop at the phone turns to Moretti.

COP ON PHONE

Moretti - he wants to talk to you.

Moretti walks over to phone, takes receiver from cop.

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

as Moretti hangs up phone and walks over to Leon, who now 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.]...

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

ON SONNY

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

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

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

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

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

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

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

Suddenly, the lights go out, leaving only emergency lights on (4 in the main area and 2 at back door area). Sylvia immediately moves over toward the vault area and turns on 2 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 nearby 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

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

SONNY

Moretti? What the fuck is goin' on?

There's no answer. Sonny steps out into the street. He can't see anything anymore. The atmosphere is suddenly chillingly dangerous: the crowd SHOTS "come out of the dark" 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!

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

Sonny dashes back into the bank.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

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

SONNY

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

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

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

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

CLOSE TWO SHOT

as Sonny stands up from the search and finds Sheldon's eyes 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.

The move toward the door of the bank, where Sonny opens the door, preceding Sheldon, both men entering backwards.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Except for the 4 emergency lights, it is very dark - and very hot as Sonny and Sheldon enter the bank. Sal now stands behind the desks, covering Sheldon and the group assembled at the vault. Sheldon takes in every detail as he walks toward the group in the rear, followed closely and covered by Sonny. As they near the desks, Sonny yells out an order 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?

Sheldon is watching Sal, trying to gauge him. This is the 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.

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

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

And he turns and starts to walk away, leaving Sonny staring 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?

In the rear, Mulvaney slumps into a chair beside Margaret's desk. Sylvia rushes to help him, untying his tie, etc. Maria runs into the Conference room, hoping to find remains of sugar as Deborah crosses to his desk, looking through the drawers for medication. Jenny simply can't cope with it and 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...

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

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

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)

Sonny nods, staring at him. As Doctor moves toward front door Sonny walks with him. Grabs marked bills and stuffs 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

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

hastily made, about 40 feet long, being raised above the heads of crowd to where Sonny can see it. We can't read it until it's all the way up. Then it reads:

WE LOVE YOU LOVE YOU SONNY

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

ON 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.

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

SONNY

Hey, Sal... How you doin'?

SAL

Okay.

Sonny crosses back downstage again to Mulvaney and Sylvia.

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

Backlighting by the floodlights in the middle of street escorted by Sheldon, stands a figure, dumpy and gray, tentatively waving, a figure that bends over baby carriages in the park, picks beans one by one out of supermarket bins, lip reads get-well cards in pharmacies.

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.

Nobody says anything about this document. What is there to say? Sylvia walks to her desk at the front of the bank, near the window, and begins typing.

EXT. BANK - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT

The restless crowd STIRS, sensing something happening. Turning to see something coming.

APARTMENT FIRE ESCAPE

The Cops gear up their weapons: radios CRACKLE. Something, a vehicle, is moving through the crowd, Cops shoving people aside to let it through. The Old Lady pays no attention.

She is down to one of the very last pieces of the puzzle and is searching for the spot for it.

LOW ANGLE IN CLEAR PLACE IN FRONT OF BANK

as the vehicle clears the crowd and slowly draws up in front.

It is a long airport limousine of the type with many doors.

It stops. Everyone's attention is on it. A black DRIVER gets out, a gay Afro knit on his head, coke dealer's shades, for the cognoscenti, one very long little finger nail, a nifty Van Dyke style beard and one gold front tooth. He looks around, holding a sheet of paper. Sheldon, others, approach. They are looking into the vehicles, opening doors, 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

Together they remove the seat so Sonny can check for guns concealed below, etc. Improvise to fit conditions of the car.

DRIVER

(dawning on him)

Jesus, you're the man!

SONNY

Come on, what's under this?

They pry up a seat and look under, etc., all through:

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 stretch-out 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?

The Driver looks around desperately to the FBI, to get him out of this.

SONNY

Don't look at him. I'm running this.

Pause. Sheldon finally reluctantly nods. Sonny motions for him (the Driver) to step forward. Before he can get in the car, Sonny stops him. Signals to him to get ready. Gives him a thorough pat search. Thighs, the whole bit.

CLOSE ANGLES AS HE SEARCHES

It is tense. The Driver seems uptight. Sonny finds nothing until he touches a breast pocket. The Driver is very uptight. Sonny reaches in, pulls out a -- tiny bottle, with a coke spoon chained to the lid. Before Sheldon can see it, but the audience has, Sonny shoves it back, grins, slaps the Driver on the buns. The Driver laughs delightedly.

He was afraid he'd get busted for the dope: the drive will be a cakewalk.

SONNY

You'll be okay.

DRIVER

(to FBI)

You men shoot, aim for the white meat!

He loves the joke! They act as though they hadn't heard.

Sonny slaps him playfully on the arm and smiling turns to Sheldon.

SONNY

I want him.

He points at Murphy. Sheldon stands there speechless.

Driver stares at Sonny, his smile fading.

SONNY

(delighted)

What do you think you're dealing with, an idiot!

Sheldon nods to Driver and Murphy. Murphy resumes role as driver of the limo. Driver gets out.

SONNY

So long, copper.

SONNY AND MURPHY

as they position the stretchout in front of the bank. It can be seen from inside. The FBI men stand well back from it. Murphy stands by the door. He also can be seen.

SHELDON

Okay, Sonny? You follow my car.

Murphy nods. Sonny is satisfied and turns to the bank, takes Murphy into vestibule, indicating for him to stay there. Sonny continues toward group at rear.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Sylvia is finishing her typing. The girls and Mulvaney are slowly getting ready. Deborah is getting her purse out of Margaret's desk drawer; Margaret gathering her own purse, books, etc.; Jenny is getting her purse from Edna's desk as Edna gathers up her belongings; Mulvaney is seated at his desk; Miriam is at her desk, by the front door.

Sal stands with his gun ready. [As Sonny enters and takes up his gun, Sal carefully and methodically begins to redress himself, comb his rumpled hair, knotting his tie carefully...]

ANGLES FAVORING SAL

as he rebuilds his sartorial image before the various reflecting surfaces of the bank, knotting his tie in a glass partition, checking his suit for wrinkles in a glass door, etc. Meanwhile we are seeing the following, which Sal ignores:

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!

Something that looks like a multi-legged animal emerges. It is Sonny and Sal in the center of a tight group of the girls and Mulvaney, so they are completely protected on all sides by hostages. Over their heads is thrown some drapes from the bank that further prevent the police from drawing a clear head on Sonny or Sal without hitting a girl. In fact they can't be seen at all. This weird apparition appears,

hesitates. The crowd YELLS: "SHOOT!" CHOREOGRAPH THE ACTION so the group hesitates, takes a step forward, then it's clear Sonny can't see well enough to go direct to the car, and the girls are uncertain which direction to go in, not having been briefed. So they stumble about, make false starts, and finally arrive at the car, where one girl gets into the second row of seats behind the Driver. Then Sonny slides across next to Driver.

VARIOUS ANGLES TO COVER

The police have no chance to shoot. The group looks like a bewildered centipede finding its way. Mulvaney detaches himself from the group and slips into the front seat, on Sonny's right.

ON EDNA

standing alone, outside filled-up limo. Sheldon walks over 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 vicious the curious, and in ONE SHOT some of the people from the Gay Liberation Movement carrying hastily lettered signs: one protesting Sonny:

YOU ARE AN INSULT TO YOUR KIND

And another:

WE LOVE LOVE LOVE YOU SONNY!

Their scared and wan faces swim past in the mob. Sonny's mother is briefly seen looking out of the barber shop window, alone and forgotten. The Cops stare heavily, sullen with anger.

Now the limo is moving faster. People are running alongside, YELLING insults, trying to see in, asking for hand-outs, but they are going faster. Inside, they say nothing. Up ahead,

Sheldon's car flashes a red light. Behind, the police car 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

They move along, followed by a HONKING parade of kibitzing cars, like a Mexican wedding.

ANGLE AT AIRPORT THRUWAY

They turn onto the thruway, trying to out-distance the cars tagging along.

INT. LIMO

Silence. 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.

Sheldon is getting out of the car up ahead. Sonny and Sal and all of them come alert. As Sheldon and the other FBI men get out of their car, a pair of aircraft landing lights 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.

Sheldon has been walking down to the limo. He stops beside Mulvaney and KNOCKS on the window. Mulvaney rolls it down.

SHELDON

That's the jet. You give us one more, now. That's the deal...

SONNY

Okay. Which one goes?

There is silence inside the limo. Mulvaney turns to Sylvia.

MULVANEY

Sylvia?

From a handkerchief, Sylvia draws a slip of paper.

SYLVIA

It's Maria. Go on, honey.

They open the door. They urge her out, and Maria goes with a show of reluctance.

ON MARIA

As she stands up outside she is revealed to have a rosary she's counting. IMPROVISE goodbyes, tearful and fearful all 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)

And Maria walks away. Now the plane has taxied into position, where it can be seen in floodlights. It looks big and impressive. We know the FBI has snipers ringing it.

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

looking at the plane, grasping his money and his gun. The 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 smiles. He realizes that escape is within their grasp. The smile transforms him from a formidable Mafia imitation into an utterly sweet and defenseless youth.

SAL

(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 to grab Sonny's rifle barrel, pushes it away, aiming out windshield.

Mulvaney sees them beginning their move and starts to duck.

Sal begins to see movement out of the corner of his eyes and is barely beginning to react.

DRIVER TURNING HAS A GUN OVER THE BACK OF THE SEAT!

Sonny sees it, and Sheldon's hand grabbing the barrel of his gun at the same moment.

Sheldon drives hard into the side of the limo, reaching in.

Mulvaney grabs the girl next to him and pulls her by the hair down toward the floor.

Sal, open-mouthed with amazement, is a split-second late bringing his gun up.

Driver completes his turn and has his gun leveled at Sal between Miriam and Margaret in middle row.

Sheldon grabs his rifle barrel and pulls hard. Sonny lets it go.

Sal stares at the gun barrel, trying to get his gun up...

Driver FIRES.

Mulvaney hits the floor.

Sheldon holds Sonny's gun.

Sonny, CLOSE, watches.

Sal, hit, slams back into the seat; the gun flies upward. Another SHOT hits him, flinging his head back.

Driver holds his third shot, turns to Sonny - holds gun to his temple.

Sonny looks down so he can see fully as:

Sal's head snaps back for a split second and stares directly into Sonny's eyes, upside down.

He stares sadly, into Sonny's eyes. As though he knew it all along -- betrayed.

And dies.

The SHOT is ECHOING. Now SCREAMS, YELLS, SLAMMING doors, panic... Sonny's voice: "Shoot me! For God's sake, shoot me!"

FULL SHOT

They come pouring out of the limo, scrambling frantically away from it. The limo -- the people fleeing it. Agents pull people away from the car.

Driver and Sheldon and Cops peer into the back. Sal's body

lies slumped.

Driver, Sheldon, other Cops stand about, recovering. No one makes the slightest sort of congratulatory move, it was just another job. Driver clears his weapon, hands it to Sheldon to be filed in case of investigation.

ON SYLVIA, MULVANEY, HOSTAGES

They hug, cry, laugh, jump up and down: they're alive!

SYLVIA

(to Mulvaney)

I been dying to do this for years!

And she kisses him hard in the mouth. He laughs and kisses 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.

His voice is dry, as though he were reciting from memory something he learned in a language he doesn't understand.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE - LEON - HEAD ON SHOT

like a Warhol interview on TV. Segue VOICE TRACK.

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

being manipulated like so much beef by impersonal FBI 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

Sonny isn't even listening... he sees something o.s.:

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