

HUDSON HAWK

Screenplay by
Steven E. de Souza

Revisions by
Dan Waters

Based on an original idea by
Bruce Willis & Robert Kraft

HUDSON HAWK

FADE IN:

1 OMITTED 1
1A EXT. VINCI COUNTRYSIDE - RENAISSANCE - DAY 1A

A TRAVELING MERCHANT WITH AN UNFORGETTABLY ETCHED FACE rambles past a timelessly beautiful Italian countryside on a trusty mule.

A jaw-droppingly storybook castle looms before him. The merchant dismounts and pulls forth a cask of wine. Settling down upon a tree stump, he removes his hat and inhales the fresh air with a life-loving sigh.

The merchant brings the cask to his lips when suddenly a LOUD EXPLOSION is heard causing the merchant to douse himself with a blast of vino.

UNFORGETTABLE MERCHANT
Leonardo, che pazzo...

The merchant shakes his fist up to a swish pan that swings up toward a smoking window of the awesome castle.

2 OMITTED 2
3 INT. ROOM OF THE GOLD MACHINE 3

The charismatic LEONARDO DA VINCI, with his trademark beard, drifts through the smoke of a mammoth room. A flash of light causes him to put on a pair of very early, very cool sunglasses. Something extraordinary reflects off them.

Da Vinci moves to the Something, a gloriously incredible machine. The opening CREDITS REVEAL its dazzling idiosyncrasies.

TWO COUGHING APPRENTICES haplessly try to disperse smoke from the still billowing, mysteriously spectacular Machine. Mirrors attached to parts of it reflect beams of light which cut through the smoke like a Renaissance laser show.

DA VINCI
Marcolino, mettiamoli il plumba.

The apprentice throws a lever. A shunt near the furnace turns. Steam escapes upwards.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

DA VINCI
 Su la fiamma. Su! Su! Sole!
 Basta. Chudere! Chudere!

The Master peers at the smoking yellow bar.

DA VINCI
 Crystallo!

Da Vinci's pride goes dead as the implications hit.

The apprentices scurry out. Mind reeling, Da Vinci turns his back to the viewer, before a wall of frescoes.

Spinning back around, using the edge of his cloak, Da Vinci pulls out the large gleaming crystal with a pop.

4 OMITTED

4

A5 INT. DA VINCI'S WORKSHOP

A5

With an accompanying blast of smoke, Da Vinci bursts through some double doors into his workshop, sadly reflecting upon the crystal in one hand and the tonged bar in the other.

His workshop is a spendiferously enigmatic blend of laboratory and studio; On a table in the foreground is a fresh clay equestrian statue; a large VOLUME of sketches, the inkwell nearby; a MODEL of what looks like a HELICOPTER; Da Vinci flings the tonged bar on the table among these goodies.

Pocketing the crystal, Da Vinci meanders through his workshop casually tinkering with various experiments. Leonardo stops at an easel displaying a finished-except-for-the-mouth portrait of Mona Lisa, who happens to be seated in a stool before the easel. She broadly smiles, revealing the worst dental work of her epoch. Da Vinci shakes his head and moves out onto a

APPRENTICE #1
 Maestro, (siammo pronti).

5 OMITTED

5

5A EXT. CASTLE TERRACE

5A

DA VINCI

Que bel lavoro.

GLIDER PILOT

Maestro, non penso sia una buona
idea.

DA VINCI

Non te preoccupare. Sieta pronti?

APPRENTICE #1

Siamo pronti, maestro.

DA VINCI

Via, fatame vedere qua causa di bona!

Glider goes. Leonardo muses. The bat winged glider
DISSOLVES into:

5B A HAWK

5B

who is revealed to be flying over Sing Sing prison. At
the sight of the prison, the music on the soundtrack
abruptly changes from Renaissance Orchestral to Jimi
Hendrix's "Stone Free."

6 INT. A SING SING CELL BLOCK

6

SKEETER

O.K., one coat, one hat. Some personal
items. There's your wallet. I think
you'll find everything in there.

A black hat is dropped onto the counter. A black coat is
then dropped beside it.

SKEETER

Haven't seen one of these in a
long time.

HAWK

Like that, Skeeter? Keep it.

SKEETER

Hey, you got to sign for this!
Don't you want the receipt?

GATES

I got him, Charlie. So the Hudson Hawk
is finally getting out. Remember all
the reporters that were here when you
came in?... "World's greatest cat
burglar." Now, who gives a fuck?
(turning serious)
I've got a proposition.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

HAWK

Answer's no, Gates.

GATES

As your parole officer, I've found you a job.

HAWK

No way.

GATES

It's a terrific job. An auction house. One night's work and you're free. No checking in with a shrink, no community service...

HAWK

I want to do community service. I want to teach the handicapped how to yodel. I ain't stealing no more, Gates.

GATES

Ten years later, you're still impressed with yourself. Same old coat, same old hat. You're extinct, Hawk, out of style.

HAWK

(to trenchcoat)

Coming from you that's a powerful statement. Look, aren't you supposed to stop me from committing crimes. You know, Book-em-Dano, Give-a-Hoot-Don't-Pollute.

Hawk and Gates come to a final checkpoint. Gates jiggles in and out of his pocket, a set of keys.

GATES

You ain't out yet, wise guy. I can set you up and send you back any time I want. It's a very fine line between ex-con and escaped con.

HAWK

Gates, Gates, Gates. Go fuck yourself.

GATES

This hard-on's got my keys. Seymour! Be seeing you, Hawk.

Gates moves to the bars and reaches in his pocket. It is empty.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

Hawk flings the keys in a trash can.

HAWK

Why am I getting the feeling that
getting out of prison is going to
be a big fucking mistake.

Hawk dispenses himself a Pez piece then spits it out in
agony.

6B
thru
7

6B
thru
7

8

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON--DAY

8

Hawk strides to the Massive Sliding Concrete Door/Wall between him and freedom. As music crescendos and Hawk glows his first smile.

GUARD

On the gate!

HAWK

See you around, Michael.

GATES

Hudson Hawk, you're under arrest.

(cackles)

Just kidding. Good opening line though, huh? I've got a proposition....

HAWK

Answer's no, not even if you bathe.

The Concrete Wall/Door slams shut behind Hawk.

GATES

Why do you treat your parole officer with such disrespect? I've found you a job. An auction house. One night's work then you're free like no ex-con's ever been. No checking in with a shrink, no community service teaching retards how to play air hockey. It's a great deal, I can't lie.

HAWK

The only thing you can't do is get sex for free. I know I was in prison for basically the 80's, but, call me batty, aren't you supposed to stop me from committing crimes. You know, Book-em-Dano, Call-for-back-up, Give-a-Hoot-Don't-Pollute.

Hawk begins to strut off. Gates and the car keep up.

GATES

You wouldn't be out if it wasn't for me! I did the dog and pony for you! You think the parole board would have let you out after what you did to them?

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

How was I supposed to know they were women?

GATES

You told them they looked like the Three Stooges!

HAWK

One of them was bald and kept saying "Sointinly."

Gates simmers himself with a self-control smile.

GATES

Remember that guy in the cell next to you who hung himself?

HAWK

Yeah. Scratchy...

GATES

Remember that shoe you lost...

HAWK

Uh, yeah. Now that we've established my photographic memory...

Gates pulls on a glove and is handed a shoe from a STONE-FACED DRIVER.

GATES

One phone call and your shoe will become a piece of evidence "found in Scratchy's cell" and his suicide'll become a murder.

HAWK

Gates, I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but this is the fucking stupidest thing I ever heard in my life.

GATES

This is the beauty part. It's bullshit, but I can make it stick because I'm a good guy parole officer and you're a bad guy who's about to find out that there's a thin line between ex-con and escaped con.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

A PRISON GUARD from above loudly click-loads his rifle. Gates gives the shoe to Stoneface and the car roars off. An identical police car, lights flashing and no siren, zooms up in its place.

GATES

What's your favorite sport, Hawk?

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (3)

8

HAWK

Baseball, why?

Gates opens the back door of the police car and says "Baseball." He is handed a baseball bat. Hawk backs up as Gates moves threateningly toward him.

HAWK

I meant, ping pong. Listen, I'd rather go back in than whore for you....

(stopping)

Oh, have you got ten dollars on you?

A PRISON GUARD from above turns as not to be a witness. Hawk feebly calls up to him.

HAWK

Help? Police?

Gates swings at Hawk, who pretends not to notice until the last second. Hawk ducks and slam-kicks his calf. Gates crumples, using the bat as a crutch. Hawk boots up the bat for a two-handed catch. Gates cowers in fear of becoming a home run. Hawk lowers the bat and gives him a get-the-fuck-outta-heah kick into the back seat of the car. Gates seethes the door shut. The car squeals away.

HAWK

I don't believe this. I've been out forty seconds...

A BACKFIRE rings out. Hawk hits the ground, thinking it is a gunshot.

9

HAWK'S ON THE GROUND P.O.V.

9

A gasping 1960 Caddy comes to a stop and a pair of a too-fancy-to-be-tasteful shoes comes out. Hawk looks up to see TOMMY 5-TONE MESSINA, his older, maybe-maybe-not-wiser best friend.

TOMMY

That's the first thing I did. Smooch the ground and taste the freedom. Sorry I was late, Eddie. Miss anything?

HAWK

(getting up)

As always, your timing, as your shoes, is impeccable... Don't tell me those things are in style now. Good to see you, Tommy 5-Tone, been having a lousy day.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

TOMMY

The man's getting out of prison and he's having a lousy day. What, you missing out on the Cell Block Water Ballet pageant? Believe me, it's overrated.

Hawk pauses to say something, then just hugs Tommy.

TOMMY

Where's the kiss? No tongue this time, I promise.

A laughing Hawk gives Tommy's stomach a slap before getting in the car....

HAWK

Looks like you've been expanding your...

TOMMY

Don't say it, Hawkins. I'm incredibly sensitive about my fucking figure.

HAWK

My next word was gonna be "consciousness." Swear to God... tubbo.

10 EXT. THE ROAD INTO HOBOKEN--DAY

10

The Caddy thunders past a sweet Manhattan view. "Come Fly With Me" is playing on the radio. Hawk casually completes an intimidating hand puzzle.

HAWK

That's your definition of "Hard?"

TOMMY

Show off. Hey, boss tune. "Let's Get Away From It All."

HAWK

5:11.

Tommy laughs.

HAWK

What?

TOMMY

You crack me up.

HAWK

What are you laughing at.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

TOMMY

You crack me up. You still do the puzzles. Still know the running times of songs. Let me ask you a question, you still think you're the greatest cat burglar who ever lived?

HANK

Nope. Now I'm the laziest damn cat burglar that ever lived. I'm giving it up. No more stealing.

TOMMY

Now that you're born again, what do you wanna do? Statue of Liberty? Entertain some ladies? Broadway tix? Seduce some women? Play Nintendo? Bone some chicks?

HAWK

What's Nintendo? Just get me to the 5-Tone. If I don't get a cappuchino soon, I'm going to strangle someone.

TOMMY

You still got a thing for those unmasculine European coffees?... Who's your buddy?

Tommy pulls a styrofoam cup from a paper bag.

HAWK

The man knows, the man knows!

Hawk takes off the cap with a stimulating whiff.

TOMMY

So tell me, Mr. Coffee, what went down outside the prison?

HAWK

Oh, not too much. Gates tried to blackmail me into doing a job.

Tommy brakes and cappuccino flies. Hawk half-heartedly tries to lick up with his fingers.

TOMMY

That doughnut hole eating son-of-a... take it in the ear for a beer, rat bastard.

HAWK

Ah, had the perfect amount of foam.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

HAWK (CONT'D)

(looking around)

So hey, where's the little guy?
Why didn't you bring little Eddie?

TOMMY

(gulping)

Eddie, you better prepare yourself
for some bad news...

HAWK

What?

TOMMY

Last night Little Eddie was
assassinated.

HAWK

What?

TOMMY

He was rubbed out. Two shots to
the back of the coconut.

Tommy quivers a folded tabloid over to Hawk, who
anxiously unfolds it.

The tabloid headline glares MONKEY SLAIN IN GANGLAND HIT,
above a chilling photo of a monkey-sized chalk outline on
a dark street (an archive picture of a healthy, happy
monkey is in the inset).

Hawk loses all control with a helpless howl. The
viewer's viewpoint stops to let the car wail away in
painful privacy.

11 EXT. OUTSIDE 5-TONE BAR--NIGHT

11

The Guys move sadly toward the personably Jersey face
of the 5-tone bar. The Empire State Building beams in
the background.

TOMMY

He was more than a monkey, he
was a true friend...

HAWK

He was like a son to me.

TOMMY

He was like a nephew to me.

HAWK

Just get me in the bar. It's
the one thing that will never...

12

INT. TOMMY'S BAR--NIGHT

12

HAWK

At least I know it's the one
thing that will never...

It's changed. Hawk and Tommy enter into what has become the ultimate pseudo-art deco-fern littered-nightmare, packed with noisy, INSUFFERABLY SELF-ABSORBED YUPS. A violently erotic and pretentious video plays upon elevated T.V. sets set up all around the place.

HAWK

.....Change.

Hawk's mouth gapes as he drifts by a sickening COUPLE toasting wine coolers, and two very YOUNG BROKERS high-fiving each other after missing a dartboard.

TOMMY

I didn't know how to tell you. A couple brokers stopped in for Stoley Spritzers one night. Next thing I know Fast Track Digest votes us "Watering Hole of the Month." Now, I'm shopping for Aqua Salmon wallpaper.

HAWK

I read about these people in Newsweek. Where's all the regulars, Crazy Jeff Cava, the Todd sisters, Indian Joe? Where's Ed Kranepool's autograph? You took down Captain Bob's steering wheel?

TOMMY

All gone. But look on the bright side, half the joint is yours. Blackjack, get my irritable partner a cappuccino. I gotta go be a boss.

Tommy lifts a piece of the bar and moves behind it. Snatching up a menu, Hawk calls out...

HAWK

Reindeer Goat cheese pizza? I admit, I've been known to go wild and order a Canadian Bacon in my time, but.. reindeer goat cheese?

Hawk lights up a cigarette. A TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER immediately turns to him wearing a "Yes, I mind if you smoke" button.

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER

Can you read....smoker?

HAWK

Can you take a rainbow and sprinkle it with dew, waxhead?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER

(Huh?)

No.

HAWK

The Candy Man can, Felix. You know, I thought this was a country where you could do any stupid thing you wanted; drive to work naked, spank a chiropractor, make love to a V.C.R. Maybe that's why I became a random collector of kneecaps.

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER

Hey, big guy. Smoke all you want. Have mine....

HAWK

Thank you, Jesus.

The Non-smoker fumbles out a pack of cigarettes and flees. Tommy slides a cappuccino in cup and saucer down the bar saloon-style. A smiling Hawk picks it up, turns away from the bar and closes his eyes, bringing the cup to his lips until it EXPLODES re-splattering coffee over Hawk's war-torn blazer. Nobody notices.

All Hawk sees is the usual sea of oblivious and loud self-obsession until he scans to a far corner table of Mafia types where a cocky thug ANTONY MARIO, smiling directly at Hawk, thrusts a silencer-gun back down his pants.

The threatening, hair-slicked-back leader, CESAR MARIO, gives Hawk a come-hither finger wiggle.

13 BACK OF THE BAR

13

With concern, Tommy watches Hawk walk over to them.

HAWK

Cute shot, Antony.

ANTONY

Fuck you, Eddie.

With sudden ferocious anger, Hawk cracks Antony across the jaw into a chair. A SCARFACED BODYGUARD, pulling a knife, is kept in check by the cool Cesar.

HAWK

Cesar Mario, Antony Mario, when did the circus get in? Who killed my monkey?

(CONTINUED)

CESAR

Hawk, my hand to God, didn't whack little Eddie...I never had anything against that kooky chimp. I actually found him, "endearing."

HAWK

Yeah. Face down. Two endearing shots to the back of his endearing head. That's your trademark, Cesar. What did Little Eddie ever do to...

ANTONY

So some little banana eater got iced, what's the big...

Hawk is ready for another thwack, but Cesar defuses him.

CESAR

Shut up. Why won't you do the auction house?

HAWK

Auction houses are very popular this season. Call me superstitious, but I don't like to commit a crime less than 24 hours after getting out of the joint.

Cesar reveals a black canvas bag as Hawk wearily sits.

CESAR

It's very simple. There's a safe on the seventh floor. You take their From the safe you take out a thingie and put it in this thingie...

HAWK

Or you cut off my thingie. Directions even your brother would understand.

ANTONY

(defensively)

Yeah, directions even I could understand.

CESAR

Silence. Hawk, you're the best. No one but you can do it. So don't give me a line of bullshit about how you really want to go straight, open a hardware store and sell spatulas...

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

You know what, Cesar, if the Mario brothers weren't Jersey's third largest family, I'd say kiss my ass. But considering your status, I'll say slurp my butt.

Antony angrily pulls out his silencer-gun. Tommy merrily comes forward with a bottle of wine.

TOMMY

Have you lovely folks tried our house wine. I think you'll enjoy...

ANTONY

Beat it, Tommy, no dinosaurs allowed.

Tommy equally merrily smashes the bottle over Antony's head.

CESAR

Enough! I'm going to tell you something. Forget Gates, forget your little shoe. You don't do the job and I'm going to put you on trial, and I promise you, there won't be a bailiff.

TOMMY

Perhaps a little too precocious.

HAWK

A wee bit.

TOMMY

Do you think we hurt their feelings?

HAWK

I certainly hope so.

(CONTINUED)

15 INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

15

TOMMY

Mack the Knife.

HAWK

3:05.

TOMMY

I Only Have Eyes For You.

HAWK

Why Tommy, I didn't know you cared.
3 minutes, 39 seconds.

TOMMY

Xanadu.

HAWK

3:30. How could you take this down?
Don't you remember the night Captain
Bob came in, out of his mind...
Nobody could figure out where he
got this thing.

TOMMY

Nasty little safe on the 7th floor.
Simpson 71.

HAWK

Last time I played a game, Simpson
only made a forty.

TOMMY

Just means it'll take you an extra
31 seconds to seduce.

HAWK

I'm not worried about the safe. You
got three guards on each foot. What
am I doing? I should be going out,
buying the New York Post, going
through the want ads and looking for
a job selling spatulas.

TOMMY

Hey, I'm sorry man, I'm putting out
a fire with kerosene.

HAWK

What is this?

TOMMY

That's five seconds.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

This is not funny!

TOMMY

My record's eighteen.

HAWK

You're not listening to me! Fuck Gates. Fuck the Mario Brothers. I'm sorry. Can't we just go out an' get some rice pudding and cappuchino? By the way, how many seconds?

TOMMY

Not counting your bitching and whining, six. You still think you got it, Eddie?

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

TOMMY

That's good news. Because I got a plan. A great plan and you won't have to hail Cesar or Gates.

HAWK

This is no way to get rehabilitated.

(CONTINUED)
REPLACES 15A/16.

TOMMY

Witchcraft.

HAWK

3:15.

TOMMY

Night & Day.

HAWK

Sinatra or Ella Fitzgerald?

TOMMY

Sinatra.

HAWK

4:22.

TOMMY

Hit the Road Jack.

HAWK

Tommy, where's my needle-nosed pliers?

TOMMY

Check the top of the bar. Hit the Road Jack.

HAWK

5:15.

TOMMY

I Left my Heart in San Francisco.

HAWK

How could you take this down? Captain Bob's steering wheel. Remember the night that Captain Bob came in with this steering wheel. Nobody could figure out where he got it from.

TOMMY

Eddie. Quiet. Come here. There's

a nasty little safe on the seventh floor.

Simpson. HAWK

Yeah. TOMMY

What's the mechanism? HAWK

71. TOMMY

HAWK

The last time I played the game,
Simpson only had a forty.

TOMMY

Just means it'll take you an extra
thirty-one seconds to seduce.

HAWK

I'm not worried about the safe.
What about the three guards? Do
you know any of them? What about
the electronic video surveillance?

TOMMY

I got a plan.

HAWK

Oh, you got a plan?

TOMMY

Yeah, I got a great plan.

HAWK

What the fuck am I doing? I just
got out of jail and I'm robbing
some auction house, stealing some
vercachte horse with you. I should
be out right now buying a New York
Post, looking at the want ads and
getting a job selling spatulas.

EDDIE

Eddie, Eddie, I'm moving too fast.
I'm putting out a fire with kerosene.

HAWK

What is this?

TOMMY

That's five seconds. My record's
eighteen.

HAWK

You think this is funny. This is
your idea of a joke! Can't we
just not do it? How many seconds?

TOMMY

How many seconds what?

HAWK

On the cuffs.

TOMMY

Well, not counting your bitching
and whining... I'll be nice and
say eight.

HAWK

I ain't never going to get
rehabilitated this way, Tommy.

TOMMY

You think you still got it?

HAWK

That's what I'm afraid of.

TOMMY

I left my heart in San Francisco.

HAWK

4:12.

TOMMY

I'm getting very enthusiastic here.
All these years and I still get
the juice.

HAWK

Let me ask you something. Whatever
happened to sex? Men and women.
Me and women.

TOMMY

I'm not worried about the pool
break-in. It's the guards.

HAWK

A couple of drinks, some burning
candles, "My, that's a lovely
gown you're wearing," "Your eyes
are like Arizona", or, "Give me
a blow job."

TOMMY

Eddie, you're bumming my high.
We'll hit some clubs on the way
back, OK? Com'on, it's showtime.
"Mack the Knife."

HAWK

4:17.

TOMMY

"I only have eyes for you."

HAWK

Why Tommy, I didn't know you cared.
3:22.

TOMMY

"Xanadu."

HAWK

4:19.

TOMMY

Star Spangled Banner. Whitney
Houston. Super Bowl 17.

HAWK

7:12.

TOMMY

You're full of shit.

HAWK

Let me ask you something. How come
we're not out getting laid.

15A CONTINUED: (3)

15A

HAWK AND TOMMY

"Together. No way we lose."

HAWK

Yeah, except when I got put away
for eleven years... I'm never going
to get rehabilitated this way.

Hawk picks up another bar remnant. Beneath it is
black cat burglar outfit.

15B OMITTED
thru
15D15B
thru
15D

16 EXT. 57TH STREET--NIGHT

16

Hawk and Tommy look up to the pool room. The viewer
follows...

17 INT. A POOL AREA--NIGHT

17

Hawk and Tommy crash through the door into the pool room
and its wobbly reflections of light. An ANCIENT JANITOR
drops his mop in shock.

JANITOR

Hey, what are you guys doing here?
I thought you came on Thursdays.

TOMMY

Emergency situation, pool's infested,
with...

Hawk and Tommy glance to each other then back to the
Janitor.

HAWK

Sea Monkeys.

TOMMY

Sea Monkeys.

JANITOR

Sea Monkeys?

TOMMY

Yeah, kids order them from the
back of comic books.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

HAWK

Moms flush 'em down the toilet.

TOMMY

You got a gas mask?

JANITOR

No, why?

HAWK

You may want to get out of here. We're going to be spraying some toxic...

TOMMY

Stuff.

JANITOR

I'm leaving anyway. It's the end of my shift.

TOMMY

Sex monkeys?

A18

EXT. OUTDOOR SUNDECK--NIGHT

A18

Hawk and Tommy emerge on the roof and quickly clip two of the ropes together while tying a lifesaver at each end.

HAWK

Want me to throw it?

TOMMY

You kidding? I got an arm like Sol Maglie.

HAWK

Who's Sol Maglie?

TOMMY

The barber. Hey Hawk, look down. Look down, buddy. Come on, your shoe's untied.

HAWK

(laughing)

Shut up...Whoa, did you say this thing only holds 900 pounds?

(CONTINUED)

A18 CONTINUED:

A18

TOMMY

That's cold Hawkins.

HAWK

Somebody's stealing your Caddy
down there, look...

TOMMY

Cut that shit, you know I can't look
down. It makes my balls tingle...

18A EXT. THE LEDGE OF RUTHERFORD'S

18A

Hawk and Tommy climb up onto the building. Tommy quickly undoes the lifesaver and throws it back to the other building's deck.

HAWK

What's the matter with you?

TOMMY

Covers our tracks. We'll leave through the basement.

HAWK

Now we have no choice, do we, Mr. Sal Maglie.

TOMMY

What?

HAWK

Better make the hole a little bigger.

TOMMY

Don't worry, you fuck, I'm wearing my girdle...

Tommy pops out the hole of the glass...

Hawk and Tommy emerge through a men's room door into a hallway. Directly below a swerving camera.

HAWK

Auction Room's through that door.

TOMMY

We've got another stop first.

As the camera swerves one way, they bolt off another. Hawk and Tommy slide across the wall to a closed room marked POWER.

KLASTORIN

Wong's in the phone book.

BOTH

Helluva lot of wong numbers.

SCOTT

Count the Chins.

HAWK
Is this it?

TOMMY
Yeah.

HAWK
You got a key?

TOMMY
No.

HAWK
Just checking. Tommy.

TOMMY
What.

HAWK
Are the Mets playing tonight?

TOMMY
They're playing at Shea.

HAWK
Figures. I got to be robbing an
auction house.

TOMMY
Since when are you a Mets fan?

HAWK
I've always been a Mets fan.

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. THE POWER ROOM 20

The wires go up to a row of seven humming, RECORD button flashing V.C.R.s. Hawk and Tommy stand before them, sharing a cig.

TOMMY

They record everything their
video surveillance takes in...

HAWK

I can see that, master-thief. You
said something about a plan...

Tommy presses the REWIND buttons on the V.C.R.'s.

TOMMY

Am I boring you, smartass? Watch.
A little rewind and re-play action
and the Guards are going to be
watching a rerun and they're
going to miss out on tonight's
exciting episode.

21 INT. SEVENTH FLOOR AUCTION AUDITORIUM--NIGHT 21

Moving beneath a video camera and a dazzling set of Hanging Horse Mobiles, a Heavysset guard, BIG STAN, moseys through the dimly lit main auction house auditorium. The auditorium chairs are strewn out in the middle beside a turbo Floor Washer.

Next to a painting of Happy Children Riding Horses at the back of the auditorium stage, Big Stan hefts himself upon a comparatively TINY BLUE CHAIR and begins to tip back and snooze.

22 INT. GUARDS' STATION 22

The Security Guards look to the seventh floor screen to see an unfolding shot of Big Stan mid-snooze.

DEAN (Klastorin)

Hey, Jerry, come here. Check out
Big Stan...

JERRY (Scott)

Big Stan!

23 THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM 23

Startled by his walkie-talkie, Big Stan falls back on the little chair, crunching it to the ground.

24 THE FIRST FLOOR 24

The laughing security guards see the crunch.

25 INT. THE POWER ROOM 25

HAWK

You figure this all out by yourself?

TOMMY

Yeah.

HAWK

It's a good plan.

TOMMY

Thank you. We got about five minutes and change.

HAWK

5:32. "Swinging on a Star."

TOMMY

You know they invented something while you were inside. Called a watch.

HAWK

Hey, Tommy.

TOMMY

What?

HAWK

Shh! Would you like to swing on a star.

TOMMY

Carry moon beams home in a jar.

Tommy goes up to a circuit box and pulls down two large switches. Strenuously upbeat Ray Conniffesque singers continue to sing the song, orchestrally accompanied, when Tommy and Hawk are not.

26 OMITTED 26

26A THE GUARDS' STATION 26A

The lights of the floor wobble and die. The console screens blink off. The Security Guards stop laughing.

SECURITY GUARDS

Hey! What the...

Security Guard One harrumphs into a standing position...

26B OMITTED 26B

27 INT. HALLWAY - SEE INSERT PAGE 25AA 27

Hawk thunders through the dark hallway, rounding a corner.

27	OMITTED	27
&		&
28		28
29	POWER ROOM - SEE INSERT PAGE 25AA	29

Tommy speedily hooks and rehooks the backs of the V.C.R.S.
They now all have their PLAY buttons lit up.

TOMMY
swing on a star, carry moonbeams...

30	OMITTED	30
31	INSIDE THE POWER ROOM - SEE INSERT PAGE 25AA	31

Tommy briskly slams back up the switches.

32	GUARD ROOM	32
----	------------	----

GUARDS
God damn, Con Ed.

33	THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM	33
----	------------------------	----

Hawk scrambles into the Auditorium, glancing to the
clock.

HAWK
"Or would you rather be a fish?"

He follows the blueprints toward the painting on-stage.

34	THE GUARDS' STATION	34
----	---------------------	----

Big Stan comes up from behind his fellow guards, dumping
the remains of the chair on the floor.

BIG STAN
Very funny. Wise guys.

The Seventh Floor Screen shows a peaceful auction
auditorium. And the Blue Chair.

35	THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM--CAMERA P.O.V.	35
----	---------------------------------------	----

From the exact angle, the viewer sees the current state
of the room with Hawk flinging off the painting of the
horseback children, revealing a safe. But no Blue chair.

36 HAWK 36

spits on the rubber cup of an electronic sensor, plugged into a Walkman, and affixes it to the safe above the dial.

HAWK
(lyric trouble)
"A fish is annuh nan na nan na
brook."

37 TOMMY EXITS POWER ROOM 37

Tommy is now dashing down the hallway.

TOMMY
"He can't write his name or read
a book. To fool people is his
only thought."

38 THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM 38

HAWK
(remembering)
"And though he's slippery, he
still gets caught." (But if that
sort of life is what you wish.
You may grow up to be a fish.)

Wearing headphones, Hawk cranks up the Walkman and spins the dial. The CLICKS from the dial are so loud he winces and turns down the volume. Then there's a CLUNK.

39 THE GUARDS' STATION 39

With the soundtrack singers taking over, Guard Two sips a cup of coffee. He doesn't swallow.

His sights zero in on the Blue Chair on the seventh screen. He looks to the chair remains, then back again.

SECURITY GUARD (Scott)
Uh, Dean. I don't get it. I'm
looking at the auction room and I
see the little Blue Chair.

SECURITY GUARD ONE
What the... You think that's weird,
check out screen two.....

Screen Two shows THE TWO SECURITY GUARDS THEMSELVES hatching open some on-duty beers, going down a hall. Guard Two looks to the empties atop the console....

SECURITY GUARD TWO
Somebody rewired the recorders!

40 AUCTION AUDITORIUM 40

Hawk ditches his accessories and swings the safe door open.

Inside the safe, along with the "holy" Da Vinci music cue, is the clay equestrian model from Leonardo's worktable.

Hawk belts out as he puts it in the black canvas bag.

HAWK

"And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo."

TOMMY (V.O.)

"Every day you meet quite a few."

Tommy gives Hawk a congratulatory pat.

HAWK AND TOMMY

"So you see it's all up to you. You can be better than you are. You could be swinging on a star."

41 OMITTED 41

42 THE GUARDS' STATION 42

Suddenly, on the seventh screen, the image and voices of Hawk and Tommy in-process comes on.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Shit, let's roll!

43 THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM 43

Hawk puts the painting back up, but stops to stare at the playful children.

TOMMY

The song's over! Come on!
"You could be swinging on a star."

HAWK

What am I doing here? I never wanted to do this. I wanted to play it straight.

TOMMY

(more frantically)
"You could be swinging on a star."

(CONTINUED)

INSTRUMENTAL

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SWING ON A STAR

1st CHORUS

Would you like to swing on a star
Carry moon beams home in a jar
And be better off than you are
Or would you rather be a mule

1st VERSE

A mule is an animal with long funny ears
He kicks up at anything he hears
His back is brawny and his brain is weak
He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak
And by the way if you hate to go to school
You may grow up to be a mule.

CHOIR

Would you like to swing on a star
Carry moon beams home in a jar
And be better off than you are
Or would you rather be a fish

2nd VERSE

A fish is Ann... Won't do anything but swim in a brook
He can't write his name or read a book
To fool the people is his only thought
And though he's slippery he still gets caught
But then if that sort of life is what you wish
You may grow up to be a fish

3rd CHORUS

Would you like to swing on a star
Carry moon beams home in a jar
And be better off than you are
Or would you rather be a pig

3rd VERSE

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face
His shoes are a terrible disgrace
He's got no manners when he eats his food
He's fat and lazy and extremely rude
But if you don't care a feather or a pig
You may grow up to be a pig

FINAL CHORUS

And all the monkeys in the zoo
Every day you meet quite a few
So you see it's all up to you
You can be better than you are
You could be swinging on a star
You could be swinging on a star

TOMMY

Eddie, let's take it home!

BOTH

You could be swinging on a star!

HAWY/TOMMY

You could be swinging on a star.

HAWK

I just got out of jail yesterday
and I'm robbing an auction house.
I didn't want to do it.
All I wanted was a cappuchino.
I wouldn't even tape a Mets game
without the written consent of major
league baseball. This is all your
fault Tommy. I'm never going to
forgive you.

TOMMY

You got the horse, right?
You could be swinging on
a star.
Let's go.
You could be swinging on a
star.
What are you waiting for?
You could be swinging on a
star.
Eddie? Eddie?
You could be swinging on a
star.
Snap out of it!
You could be swinging on a
star.
Eddie, let's take it home!

HAWK/TOMMY

You could be swinging on a star.

You could be swinging on a star.

43

CONTINUED:

43

Hawk's soliloquy is cut short as Security Guards One and Two crash into the auction auditorium.

Tommy whips his chair at the floor washer, tipping it forward and causing its electrical cord to pull up and trip the Guards into a bellyflop.

HAWK

Safe at third!

Hawk bolts right at the bustling up guards and locks them into Tommy's thumbcuffs. He then limbos under their connected arms and springs over the outstretched washer cord. The Security Guards clumsily turn and re-trip themselves.

TOMMY

Let's go out the back way.

Big Stan suddenly comes through the back way entrance.

HAWK

Keep those ideas coming.

Hawk and Tommy run toward the auditorium door. They both do a Gene-Kellyesque-chair-tip-over before simultaneously bashing through the

BIG STAN

Get up! You're embarrassing me!

44

INT. HALLWAY

44

With self-conscious Hope/Crosby "We're in trouble now" howls, Hawk and Tommy barrel down the hallway toward the men's room. Big Stan gives chase.

44A

EXT. OUTSIDE LEDGE

44A

Hawk rolls out of the hole in the glass to join Tommy. They scurry off and look to the floated divider rope on the other roof.

TOMMY

Come on, speed it!

HAWK

I can not tell you how happy I am that we covered our tracks.

(CONTINUED)

INT. HALL - NIGHT

TOMMY
What did you do with the skateboard?

INT. ANOTHER HALL

HAWK
Left?

TOMMY
No, straight.

INT. ANOTHER HALL

TOMMY
What are we running for? See how
fat that guard is?

HAWK
Look who's talking.

44A CONTINUED:

44A

TOMMY

Hey, I'm not as fat as that guard
am I.

HAWK

Oh, no, man, you're a reed compared
to that guard.

-- Big Stan is revealed to be stuck in the glass hole.
However, he is able to raise his GUN and FIRE. Hawk
and Tommy yelp and scramble to the ledge.

They look down to the huge auction house awning and trade
gulps.

HAWK

Come on, Slim Jim.

HAWK AND TOMMY

I got a bad feeling....

HAWK

I can't even swim.

TOMMY

Hell, the fall'll probably kill ya...

HAWK

Let me ask you, how do I look?

Big Stan raises his gun.

Hawk and Tommy jump and AAAGH down the face of the
building.....

Closer and closer to the awning....

The viewer focuses upon Hawk as he free-falls.....

CUT TO:

45 RIGHT INTO A LAZ-Y-BOY CHAIR

45

Hawk continues his "fall" into a ridiculously huge
reclining chair. The foot stand swooshes out with a
thump. A HAND pulls away the canvas bag with a cackle.

46 INT. GATES APARTMENT--LATE NIGHT

46

Hawk's weirdly reclining viewpoint makes Gates and his
pad more grotesque than they are (No small feat.)
A sub-Radio Shack stereo coughs next to a scary punch
bowl of red, margarita-like substance, beneath the
instantly recognizable framed picture of Those Dogs
Playing Poker, all atop a Jungle Shag.

(CONTINUED)

Gates, in shorts and a Hawaiian shirt-over-a-KEEP ON TRUCKIN'-T-shirt, raises a loud tumbler with one hand, the black canvas bag in the other.

GATES

Hudson Hawkins gets the chair of honor. How about a Gates-arita?
(toward bowl)
I used real hot dogs.

HAWK

I'll pass.

Suddenly a light is turned on in the corner, revealing a seated Cesar and Antony Mario, the latter taking a painful Gatesarita sip.

CESAR

Good job, not pretty, but good.

Gates pulls out the horse and looks at it.

GATES

All this trouble for a horsey.
I may not know art, but I know
what I like.

HAWK

(to Dog picture)
You certainly do.

GATES

So when's that Sebastian-Cabot-Buckingham-Palace-looking-Butlerhead getting here?

ALFRED

Any minute now, dear Mr. Gates.

A malevolently snobbish British Butler, ALFRED, enters in distaste. He makes a stressful glance to three VANITY FAIRS on a coffeetable that has a photo of a MAGNETIC HUSBAND-WIFE-DOG COMBO with the caption: MAYFLOWER POWER. Hawk notices this.

GATES

Oh, sorry Jeeves. Gates-arita?

ALFRED

I'll pass. May I?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

Alfred takes the equestrian model and with a jeweler's loupe, studies it carefully.

ALFRED

Leonardo Da Vinci's last commission
for the Duke of Milan. Irreplaceable.

GATES

Hey, Mr. French, I'm delirious
for you. Now where's my cut?

With dignity, Alfred SMASHES the ancient horse over
Gates's head. Alfred rummages through the debris
REVEALING a perversely labyrinthine CRYSTAL PIECE.
(recognizable from Da Vinci's workshop).

GATES

You son-of-a.....I don't believe
this! You cheerio your way into
my house! And...

Alfred pockets the goodies, but not before Hawk can give
them a confused peruse.

A blade slides down Alfred's arm. Half-yawning, he...

47 ALFRED'S 180 DEGREE POV

47

spins before Gates and the bystanders behind him.

The room's only sound is the stereo's inappropriate
music. Gates shrugs but his voice is off.

GATES

Like I said. Where's my cu-u-...

Suddenly a line across Gates's neck turns red and blood
begins to gush like a tourist attraction. Gates crashes
down upon the table holding the punch bowl and the stereo,
sending it to the ground, cutting off the music. The Dog
Poker picture falls atop the carnage like a lid.

Blown away, Hawk tries to wiggle his way out of the
recliner. Alfred wipes off his blade with a handkerchief.

ALFRED

So much for his "cut."
(post-chortle)
Excuse my dry British humor.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

ANTONY

You know, I think Gates promised Hawk a cut, too.

CESAR

(rising)

Lovely work, Alfred, taking the Concorde back?

ALFRED

Indeed I am, Mr. Mario. I'm really racking up those frequent flyer points...

The Mario brothers cackle out. Hawk tries to flail out of his chair. Alfred turns to him and flicks up his arm. Hawk sees his life pass before his eyes until he realizes Alfred is retracting his blade up into his arm and pulling him up off the chair.

ALFRED

Ta ta, Hudson Hawk.

48 INT. TOMMY'S RESTAURANT--DAWN

48

Hawk bursts into the bar. Tommy sits on a stool, reading the paper.

HAWK

Yo, Stone.

TOMMY

Did I miss anything?

HAWK

Gates blackmails me, you drive up, 'did I miss anything?' Gates gets killed, 'Did I miss anything?' You probably went to Mrs. Lincoln at Ford's Theatre and asked 'How was the show? Did I miss anything? You want to get this thing looked at.'

TOMMY

Geez, Gates was killed. Who do we send the thank you note to?

Hawk does a combat jump over the bar and begins to fiddle with the cappuccino machine.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

The Butler did it. Guy was a cross between Alistair Cook and a Cuisinart. Took Mr. Ed humptied dumptied it over Gates's head. And gets this, he said the horsie was made by, get this, Leonardo..

TOMMY

(professorial)

Ah yes, a rare Renaissance piece. Da Vinci's "Sforza," an equestrian model of a never executed statue. I consider it to be the prize of tonight's auction of objets d'equestrian. Horse things.

The cappuccino machine sparks. A perplexed Hawk takes a couple extra seconds to back off.

HAWK

Okay, you got me, Mr. PBS.

TOMMY

(holding up newspaper)

Morning edition.

HAWK

Attempted!

TOMMY

Seems two thieves "attempted" to steal it last night, but thanks to three "courageous" guards, it will be ready for tonight.

HAWK

"Attempted." At-tempt-ted! I didn't want to steal the thing in the first place, but I do have my pride. Face it, when it comes to burglary, and sex, I....

Hawk takes the newspaper. There is a picture of the Three Security Guards in a cheery pose behind the "Sforza." Hawk squints to see that Security Guards One and Two are still wearing the thumbcuffs.

HAWK

Uh, this I don't understand...

TOMMY

Forget about it, I mean, why try? Eddie, you know the game, what are you knocking yourself out for?

(CONTINUED)

HAWK
(hurdling the bar)
Because I'm tired of not
understanding things.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Cops, Mafia, and butlers forcing me to commit a crime which now it appears I didn't commit at all -- It's all too fucking peculiar for me. Let me ask you a question. How much does a new tuxedo cost?

TOMMY

You're not thinking of actually going to this... Leave it alone. We got a saloon to run. Together. I'll put back up Captain Bob's steering wheel...

HAWK

How much does a new tuxedo cost?

TOMMY

Okay, you go if you want to go to the auction. But I'll be a son of a bitch if I'm paying for a (buying you a) new tuxedo.

Dressed in his not-quite-fitting but suave blazer, Hawk enters the now well-lit auction house auditorium (chairs all set out). Bored WORKMEN in coveralls lug equestrian items on to a podium from the familiar freight elevator.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

... fan-taas-tic example of Florentine bronze... Who will start at 140,000? 40,000... 160,000... 180,000... 240,000.

Someone raises their paddle as Hawk passes beneath the hanging horses and finds an aisle seat near the stage. AN ENCHANTINGLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN suddenly takes the aisle seat next to him. Hawk inhales some smitten steam as she concentrates on the stage.

HAWK

All these years (of attending auctions) (coming to these auctions), I still get goosebumps. The paintings, the sculptures... the things that aren't really paintings or sculptures...

THE WOMAN

...the pretentious vultures who don't even look up from their calculators to see what they're buying. Now that gives me goosebumps. Auctions are disgusting.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

HAWK

I couldn't agree more. Savages.

The Woman laughs at his gear switch then catches herself.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Lot Fifteen, an equestrian piece
attributed to the Cellini school..
Who will start at 250,000...?

50 AUCTION ENTRANCE

50

Big Stan, the hefty guard from the heist, enters the area wearing a blue ribbon.

51 AUCTION AREA

51

Big Stan is walking in back of the seated bidders: An oblivious Hawk in the foreground starts to scan VARIED BIDDER-TYPES, raising their paddles to babble out dollar figures; a GAUDY ROCK STAR and his GLOOMY-CHIC ENTOURAGE, A KING FAROUK-TYPE with a BORED TEENAGE AMERICAN HOOKER, and a scary NORDIC PRINCESS in a monocle and a tiara.

THREE STANDING ASSISTANTS frantically man a table of phones set up down before the stage. One raises his arm.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Sold! To the caller from
Newfoundland.

A STYLISH FEMALE ASSISTANT takes out an impressive replica of the "Sforza" from the safe behind the podium and brings it to the Auctioneer. The crowd a-a-hs...Hawk laughs and shakes his head.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

And finally, Lot number 17,
thought to be lost in the war,
and again last night, the Da
Vinci "Sforza," the jewel of the
sale. Fan-taas-tic...

HAWK

(re: Auctioneer)

Is looking like a constipated
warthog a prerequisite to getting
a job in the art world?

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

There have naturally been questions
of its authenticity, so to verify
we have Doctor Anna Baragli of the
Vatican. Doc?

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

(rising, to Hawk)

Some of us warthogs are more constipated than others.

Hawk uneasily laughs as Anna makes her way up the stage and pulls out a large magnifying glass. A look of distress passes over her face. Hawk closes his eyes in anticipation.

ANNA

(suddenly serene)

Perfection. The Vatican extends its jealousy to the lucky bidder.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

We'll begin the bidding at 20 million dollars. To you, sir. 20 point 5. Twenty-one. Your bid madame -- twenty-one point 5. Twenty-two. Twenty-two point 5.

Hawk opens his eyes in confusion. He scans Anna coming off the stage, gliding toward the phone table. Hawk floats into the aisle, curling toward her as she picks up a phone and murmurs into it.

DARWIN MAYFLOWER

100 million clams (smackers), Waldo!

The crowd orgasms as Vanity Fair cover boy, DARWIN MAYFLOWER works the aisle, playfully mussing up the appreciative, tiaraed Princess's hair, giddily high-fiving the Rock Star, and smooching the Hooker.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

100 million dollars to Mr. Darwin Mayflower.

Hawk turns to gaze at the enigmatically familiar figure. Anna looks up from the phone to do the same. She swerves her attention to the back-turned Hawk.

Darwin moves to one of two reserved empty seats as his wife, Minerva, makes her entrance par excellahnce. She is outrageously dressed with a mammoth Tiffany watch that extends from her wrist down to, acting as a leash, her obnoxious little dog, BUNNY.

MINERVA

100 million and one. Waldo.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Darwin, to the crowd's delight, holds his struck heart.

DARWIN

Outbid by my own wench, quelle
bummere.

MINERVA

Don't hate me, baby... Bunny.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Fan-taas-tic, the bid is at 100
million and one dollars. Any more bids?

Commencing a slow motion sequence, Big Stan comes out of a nearby door, zipping up his fly. He immediately scopes Hawk in the space before the stage.

The Mayflowers lower themselves into their seats with devoured canary smiles.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Go-ing!

Big Stan pulls out his gun, untheatrically, as not to cause a scene. Anna sees this and follows Big Stan's eyeline to Hawk.

Hawk turns to re-pursue but stops dead at the sight of the gloating Big Stan.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Go-ing!

Big Stan launches a gallop toward Hawk, who spins and veers back round up the aisle.

The Mayflowers zero their sights on the activity.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Gone!

The gavel comes down in super slow-motion.

Anna's leg pokes out of the aisle, tripping the guard.

Hawk brakes at the end of the Mayflower's row and smiles in relief, casually turning to Darwin and Minerva.

The gavel continues to come down in super slow-motion.

Both Darwin and Minerva Mayflower suddenly DUCK DOWN.

Smile vanishing, Hawk spins toward the stage.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

The Gavel hits.

Breaking out of slow-motion into wide-angle, the entire podium explodes sending debris, equestrian pieces, and eccentric bald pieces searing into the screaming, battered crowd.

Knocked off his feet, Hawk gropes into a standing position. He sees the Mayflowers make a smooth exit. He starts to give chase until he sees a battered Anna rising from the ground.

A hanging unicorn cracks from the damaged ceiling and swooshes down towards Anna.

Hawk bolts upon some auction chairs and makes a flying leap. He slams Anna out of the unicorn's pulverizing Path. They weary up off the ground and move down the aisle, calm in a storm of panicked art patrons.

ANNA

My God, that was bold of you,
you didn't have to do that...

HAWK

It was nothing--anybody would
have done the same thing--
It's an impulse...

ANNA

No, I meant you didn't have to
tackle me and rip my dress.

HAWK

Oh.

Anna touches Hawk's lips and laughs.

ANNA

I was just kidding. Thanks for
saving my life, tough guy. Why
was that guard chasing you?

HAWK

Because Danger, Doc, is my middle...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4) 51

Before Hawk can finish, a hanging white tri-star Pegasus out of nowhere hammers him into the ground and the viewer into darkness.

52 OMITTED 52
& &
53 53

FADE IN:

54 INT. VAN-TYPE AMBULANCE--NIGHT 54

Hawk stirs into consciousness strapped on an elevated gurney.

HAWK

Am I in hell?

CESAR

Not quite, but close.

Hawk's eyes focus. The Mario Brothers hover over him.

ANTONY

30 seconds and counting.

CESAR

If you know what we mean.

ANTONY

Couldn't just play along, could you, Eddie.

55 EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE--NIGHT 55

The ambulance careens onto the Brooklyn Bridge.

56 INT. INSIDE THE AMBULANCE 56

Antony raises up a mammoth gun.

CESAR

Pretty classy way of covering our tracks.

ANTONY

That auctioneer should be landing at LaGuardia any minute now.

CESAR

Subtlety's not one of our strong points.

HAWK

Neither's flossing.

(CONTINUED)

ANTONY

What?

Hawk escapes from one of his straps and launches a nearby trayful of syringes into Antony's face where they ghoulishly quiver.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

Falling Antony fires wild shot, shattering the partition.

57 FRONT SEAT OF THE AMBULANCE 57

The Scarfaced Bodyguard/Driver, now in paramedic white, freaks at the starred windshield.

58 THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE 58

The ambulance bumper-pools off some innocent cars.

59 INSIDE THE AMBULANCE 59

Hawk frantically tries to undo his other strap but a howling Cesar, side-stepping his vibrating-on-the-floor brother, latches onto the back of the gurney and wrenches it backward.

CESAR

Get the f... out of here!

60 OUTSIDE BACK OF AMBULANCE 60

The elevated gurney blasts out the back with a now unstrapped but terrified Hawk whoa-a-ing atop it.

The gurney wheels hit the road, sparking.

A sheet from the gurney, caught on the door, yanks TAUGHT --Hawk is "water skiing" on his stomach atop the elevated gurney!

Screeching cars are weirded out by the new vehicle on the road.

61 THE GURNEY 61

Battered by wind and fear, Hawk clutches to the gurney and the sheet with a grit teeth stoneface.

The sheet is torn from the gurney sending it rocketing off to the side on its own crazed volition.

Hawk skis toward a TOLL BOOTH WITH A LARGE GATE-ARM.

HAWK

Life don't get much better than this.

He then sees he's heading toward an EXACT CHANGE lane.

(CONTINUED)

60 OUTSIDE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE

60

THE GURNEY FLIES OUT OF THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE, POPS UP.

THE SHEET PULLS TAUT.

SWERVING AMBULANCE DRAGS GURNEY.

PASSES TAXI.

HAWK CATCHES CIGARETTE TOSSED OUT BY FAT LADY.

HAWK PASSES GIRLS IN CONVERTIBLE.

AMBULANCE SWERVES.

CESAR AIMS, FIRES, HITS GURNEY IV BAG.

SHEET BEGINS TO TEAR.

WEAVING IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC.

SHEET RIPS. GURNEY ROLLS FREE. AMBULANCE GETS WAY AHEAD.

HAWK PASSES TAXIS.

HAWK STEERS THROUGH TRAFFIC, PASSES UNDERNEATH "TOLL PLAZA AHEAD SIGN".

RIDES OUT OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE AREA.

EXT. TOLL BOOTH PLAZA

HAWK REACTS, "TOLL PLAZA!"

HAWK

Toll Plaza!
Exact change!
Fuck you, Cesar!
You know, life doesn't get much
better than this.

GURNEY CATCHES UP TO, PASSES AMBULANCE.

60

Slate 60, Take 1.

Ho, ho.
Has this ever happened to
you?

Take 2, 3, 4.

I hate when this happens.

Slate 60A, Take 1.

Hey, how fast are we going?
There's no place like home.
There's no place like home.
There's no place like jail.
Hey, is this the way to JFK?
Hey, the front right tire is
a little low.
Has this ever happened to
you?
If this...
Jail starts to look really
good.

Take 2.

Ooh, menthol.
This is bad...This
Girls, hey! Hey, yo!
How fast are we going?
It's ok, I'm in pre-med.
who--oo!
Slow down, whoa!
Wonder how my hairs looks?
Little breezy out here.
Whoa.
Hey, how do you make a left
turn signal?
Ooh, menthol.

Take 4.

Just let me get at you Cesar.
Ooh.
Taxi! Taxi!
Oh, that was
Just let me get my hands on
you Cesar.
Taxi!
You dago wop...I can say
this, my ancestors were
Italian.

Slate 60B

Never get a cab when you
want one.
Hey girls, my name is Eddie
Hawkins.
I feel like a pontiac hood
ornament.
Girls, girls.
My name is Eddie Hawkins.
No, I'm not a Doctor.

Slate 60C

No, no, I don't think that
I'm going to be out here
all night.
What's your name?
This is a brand new tuxedo!
Now my pants are all wet.
No, no.
Really, this is just not...

Slate 60D

Oh, this is becoming a very
special night.

Slate 60E

Hi.
This is the third time this
has happened to me today.
I know, I know, it looks
pretty dangerous, but it's
environmentally sound and
it gets great gas mileage.
It's ok, I'm a qualified
medical technician.
Do you take last requests?
Yeah, don't you hate these
renta cars.
Great tits.

Slate 60E, Take 3.

Uh, oh.
Hi.
Girls, girls, can I ask you
a question?
How do I look?
Whoa!
Nice wheels, huh?
I know, I know, it looks
pretty dangerous but it's
environmentally sound and
it gets great gas mileage.
??

Slate 60F

Uh oh. Oh my god
Oh my god, no

Slate 60H, Take 1.

Hey, hey, can you just like
...come here
Taxi!
Listen, just slow down...
just slow down
Listen, Hi, How ya doing?
Hey, got change for a dollar?
Oh, no, oh no...

Take 2

(hopping on and off)

Take 3

(hopping on and off)

Slate 61, Take 2.

What are you laughing at?

Slate 61A, Take 1.

Oh, no.

Hey look out!

Coming through.

What the fuck are you
looking at?

Hey! 1-800 Going to Die

You look like somebody I
know.

Toll Plaza!

Oh, shit.

Take 2.

Oh, shit.

What the fuck are you
laughing at?

You're right(?)

How'm I doing?

1-800-I'm going to die.

What?

Toll booth!

Slate 61J - Girls in convertible.

LISA

Hey, is this a fraternity thing?

Trying to get in a fraternity?

You're cute. Are you going to die?

No, but I'll try anything once.

Are you pre-med?

Too bad, I only date lawyers.

61 CONTINUED: 61

Whizzing wildly forward on the gurney, Hawk scrambles into his pocket and wiggles out some change. He frantically winnows out some pennies and then maniacally FLINGS the change from twenty feet away.

62 TOLL BOOTH 62

The change ker-chunks into the basket and Hawk and the gurney JUST BARELY streak underneath the rising Gate-arm.

63 EXT. THE AMBULANCE 63

CRASHES through a gate-arm of another lane. Hawk and the still-wildly whooshing gurney cut it off.

64 FRONT SEAT OF THE AMBULANCE 64

Cesar pops his head through the partition.

CESAR

Turn him into Roadkill!

Antony, seemingly oblivious to the syringes porcupined in his skull, pokes his head next to Cesar's.

ANTONY

Yeah, run him down!

Cesar and the Bodyguard/Driver turn to Antony and scream, then all three look out the windshield and scream.

65 THE AMBULANCE 65

jackknives over a stopped car and somersaults into a fiery ball.

In the foreground, Hawk's gurney coasts down

66 A PEACEFUL OFF-ROAD 66

Hawk, with an unchanged expression of pure white knuckle fear, comes to a tranquil gurney-wheels-gently-squeaking stop, beneath an underpass bridge.

Lit by the flames of the ambulance crash, a sneering young man in wire rim glasses emerges from the darkness, carrying a steel suitcase. He kneels before Hawk and opens the suitcase revealing a complex computer apparatus. He begins mumbling into a cellular phone.

Hawk opens his mouth to speak when a malevolent, SILENT DEADPAN WRAITH eerily glides down a wire from the bridge. Both agents are dressed in outfits that seem to be a melange of fascist uniform and haute couture.

(CONTINUED)

On the fingers of one Wraith hand is carved the word HATE. On the other hand is the word FROG. The Frog Hand hands a befuddled Hawk a card. It reads: MY NAME IS KIT KAT AND THIS IS NOT A DREAM.

Hawk looks up with a "huh" expression as Kit Kat chops his neck, knocking him off the gurney.

The sneering computer guy hangs up his phone and pulls forward a small designer cattle prod from his apparatus.

HAWK

This is turning out to be a very bad night.

SNICKERS

When it rains, it pours. Name's Snickers. The plane leaves in 40.

Snickers zaps Hawk in the leg with his strange-noised device. Hawk a-a-ghs into a fetal position. Snickers returns to his suitcase and is passed by a PLEASANT YOUNG BLACK WOMAN in the "outfit."

ALMOND JOY

Almond Joy. I know, it's silly. But it's better than when we first started out, our code names were Diseases. Do you know what it's like being called Clymidia for a year.

(walking)

Whoops, forgot....

She deftly kicks the rising up Hawk across the face, flip-flopping him onto his back. A nearby portable potty booth slams open, revealing the biggest member of the group. He fe-fi-fo-fums out and slams the door. The back of his coat catches in the slammed door. He obliviously moves forward, dragging the potty forward. He stops with a confused expression, then continues moving forward with the lavatory. He then quickly turns, tipping the big potty onto himself. The other agents shake their heads.

BUTTERFINGER (poking his head out)

My name's Butterfinger.

HAWK

No shit. (really)

Rumbling up, Butterfinger effortlessly picks up and props up Hawk on the gurney. The mysterious group parts to reveal a much more mature and cynically subdued man dressed in big lapels and a hat.

KAPLAN

Don't you just hate kids...

(CONTINUED)

ALMOND JOY

George, you promised. No Old CIA/
New CIA jokes...

KAPLAN

I call them the MTV.I.A. Punks
They think Bay of Pigs is an herbal
tea. And that the Cold War involves
penguins and...

HAWK

Don't I know you...

KAPLAN

You just might. The last time you
saw me, I was bald, had a beard, no
moustache, and I had a different
nose, so if you don't recognize me,
I won't be offended. I'm the guy
who tricked you into robbing the
government installation and had you
sent to prison for it.

HAWK

(sinking in)

George Kaplan...George Kaplan!

Hawk explodes upward. Everyone but cool Kaplan draws a
gun.

HAWK

But I'm not the type of guy to
hold a grudge.

KAPLAN

I used you as a diversion. While
you were getting captured upstairs,
I was shredding documents in the
basement. Deep down, I guess I
was just jealous. You were one
incredible thief...

HAWK

To what do I owe the dishonor of a
reunion?

As Kaplan lobs an arm around Hawk and converses, Snickers
and Butterfinger bring out a mammoth empty suitcase and
open it behind Hawk.

KAPLAN

(conscience)

I want to make things up to you,
Kid. That's why I got you this gig.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED: (3)

66

KAPLAN (CONT'D)

And to quote the late, great Karen Carpenter, "We've only just begun."

HAWK

Three minutes, four seconds. You know, Georgie, maybe nobody told you, I quit stealing.

KAPLAN

Hush. My employer wants a meeting.

HAWK

Employer? The president?

KAPLAN

No, somebody powerful. Good God, What's that?

HAWK

George, you don't expect me to fall for that gag?

KAPLAN

Shucks. Guess not.

ALMOND JOY

Now?

KAPLAN

Yes, now.

67

INT. MYSTERIOUS BARE ROOM

67

Hawk slowly hatches out of the suitcase on an exotic couch. He has been put in an aggressively fashionable Italian outfit. He eyes and touches his new duds with complete bafflement. He then stumbles into a standing position to, mouth gaping, take in a wondrous 360 degree view of Rome, Italy as "O Solo Mio" blares on the soundtrack.

HAWK

No. Way.

Hawk's spinning view and the music on the soundtrack slam to a halt as he zeroes in on the sight of Scary Butler Alfred elegantly reaching the top of the staircase.

ALFRED

Welcome to Rome, sir.

HAWK

Yes way.

68 EXT. OUTSIDE INTERESTING BUILDING--DAY 68

Alfred opens the back door of an omnipotent, Mayflower-
logoed LIMOUSINE. The car moves off as Hawk slides in...

69 INT. THE BACK SEAT OF THE MAX-TECH LIMOUSINE 69

facing Darwin Mayflower who is blustering into the
cellular.

While he talks, Darwin shakes Hawk's bewildered hand,
then holding up one finger in a "be with you in a sec"
facial move.

DARWIN

Listen, for those kind of wages, I
could have built the factory in
America! They're Vietnamese, but
don't they know they're Vietnamese,
I mean, can't we just give them
more Bart Simpson shirts? I hear
depressing news like this and I
want to commit genocide!

(slamming phone)

Alfred, hold my calls. So, Hawk!
The Hawkster! What do you think
of the vehicle?

HAWK

You could host American Bandstand
in here. Why did you duck at the
auction, asshole?

DARWIN

Because I didn't want to get hurt,
taterhead.

A FAX MACHINE comes to life as Darwin babbles.

DARWIN

What can I tell you, I'm the
villain. Initially it was a
priority to keep a lot of buffers
between you and me, but since most
of them are dead now, I thought
what the heck. Hawk, you come
highly recommended. I would have
done some things differently at
the auction house, but hey, I want
to be in business with you.

Darwin scans the Fax message with annoyance, and then
shoves it into a violent paper shredder.

70 OUTSIDE THE LIMO SHREDDER 70

Shredded paper litters out of a vent on the outside door.

71 INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE

71

A simmering Hawk tries to explode but the phone rings.

HAWK

My life is not some deal. I...

ALFRED (O.S.)

It's Boston, Mr. Mayflower.

DARWIN

I'm sorry, I have to take this.
Those are valid points though...

Darwin picks up the phone and goes Mr. Hyde, while giving Hawk "Can you believe this guy"-type gestures.

DARWIN

You better have a good excuse...
You better have a better excuse!
You are so weak! I'm only
grateful your ancestors didn't
settle America or I'd have to
change my name to Running Brave
or Vomiting Antelope...Really.
Well, listen close, Daddio...

Darwin holds the phone over a 50 cent piece-size siren in his armrest. Darwin presses a button and a PIERCING NOISE fills the car as it comes to a stop.

Darwin bolts out. Hawk hangs back, waiting for Rod Serling to explain things, then bolts out too.

72 EXT. E.U.R. DISTRICT BUILDING--DAY

72

Hawk and Darwin head up the steps of an Overpowering fascistly marble superstructure. Alfred brings up the rear.

DARWIN

Come along. So Hawkie, I won't
mince words...

HAWK

Whatever. You own Boardwalk, you
own Park Place, you own the four
railroads. You think you're God.
For all I know, you're probably
right. All I wanted was to have a
damn cappuccino, maybe play some
Nintendo as soon as I find out what
it is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAWK (CONT'D)

Man, why didn't you just buy the horse? What am I saying, you did buy it...

DARWIN

Oh....Let me see. There are organizations that think we wanted the "Sforza" for reasons other than putting it in the Da Vinci museum we're building in Vinci. Hopefully, these organizations think our plan has been ruined with the explosion of our replica. If I seem vague, grand. We want a low profile on this, that's why I got Kaplan and the Candy bars involved. I helped George help the Mario Brothers and Gates help get you out....

HAWK

Wait a minute! You got me in jail? You want to tell me what the crystal piece inside the pony means?

DARWIN

Way to go, Alfie! How many people did you break that thing in front of. Good help's hard to find.

HAWK

I'm going to take that as a no.

A mind-blowingly pretentious painting of Darwin, Minerva, and Bunny hangs above a mammoth M-shaped conference table.

Lying atop the table in heels, shades, and a heart-stopping dark outfit is Minerva. NASTY Metal riffs semi-audibly spew from a headset she wears.

Surrounding the table is a VARIED GROUP OF OLD MONEY AND NEW MONEY BOARD MEMBERS ranging from a nine year old INDIAN PRINCE to a SWEET ELDERLY AMERICAN WOMAN. They converse to the person at their side in businesslike tones, oblivious to Minerva.

DARWIN

Ladies and gentlemen of the board...

(CONTINUED)

The board members go into tableau silence. Minerva continues a brief sing-a-long before Darwin scolds...

DARWIN

Let's give it up for Hudson Hawk.
Minerva!

The board applauds as Alfred pushes Hawk inside.

MINERVA

Hello.....Bunny, Ball-Ball!

Minerva lobs a ball in the air. Bunny, the annoying dog, scurries beside Hawk to catch it.

Moving down toward the other end of the table, Hawk takes in the surreal surroundings with battle fatigue. He sees ONE BOARD MEMBER take a luxurious sip of cappuccino. Minerva paces up upon the table.

DARWIN

Hawkasaurus we got you clothes,
great hotel, and a 250,000 lira
per diem.

MINERVA

That's two hundred dollars a day?
So he can get a hooker and some
tequila. Veto, Darwin.

HAWK

Guess I know who wears the penis
in this family.

MINERVA

(jumping off table)
For God's sake, chain this
convict.

With a yawn, Alfred pulls out a pair of state-of-the-art handcuffs.

Hawk kicks out at Alfred, who nimbly moves slightly and gives a pummel to Hawk's body somersaulting him over the edge of the table, into an empty seat.

(CONTINUED)

The Board Members politely applaud. Alfred pulls Hawk's hands around his back and latches some state-of-the-art handcuffs. Bunny intensely sniffs his crotch.

MINERVA

We want Da Vinci's sketchbook,
what do they call it, the Codex.

DARWIN

Listen Hawk, this might be difficult to believe, but I'm a regular joe who wants to be happy. Happiness comes from the achieving of goals and when you make your first billion by the age of 19, it's hard to keep coming up with new ones. But now finally I got myself a new goal. World domination and with your help we can... Bunny... quit that!

MINERVA

Bunny, ball-ball! Bad bunny!

HAWK

Think he's already got today's ball-balls.

MINERVA

Bad Bunny.

HAWK

You weren't that bad, Bunny. But seriously, do me a favor and Concorde me back to prison. I don't care anymore.

MINERVA

You go back, you won't be alone. You'll have a guinea barkeep cellmate. You're still young enough to have fun shanking child molesters for a pack of smokes, but "Tommy 5-Tone" will go in knowing that the next time he gets out it'll be to attend his own funeral. Depressing.

HAWK

You wouldn't risk the dime to call the police. You have no proof.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (3)

73

DARWIN

Ah, the magic word...

Alfred plants a slide machine on the table and Darwin starts clicking gorgeous images of Hawk and Tommy robbing the auction house, on a bare wall.

The Board members gush. The Elderly Woman gives a thumbs-up.

DARWIN

It's veja du, Hawkhead. Something you wish never did happen. We shot the entire operation with hidden cameras behind the hidden cameras. Hired the guy who did the last Sports Illustrated Swimsuit issue. Excellent work...whoops, damn Fotomat assholes...

A slide hits the wall of himself in painfully tight, nippleless bra and panties, with Minerva in malevolently macho black leather and with Alfred stoically grappling a mammoth spiked paddle.

Hawk looks away and sees that the Board members have an annual Report-type booklet in front of them that reads-- THE DA VINCI/ALCHEMY PROJECT.

Minerva leans over in front of him.

MINERVA

My man, you're going to hit a church.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. A MASSIVE WIDE SHOT OF ST. PETER'S--DAY

74

The Vatican stands in its glory, mobbed by HUNDREDS OF LOCALS AND SIGHTSEERS. The viewer's viewpoint zeroes in on the Mayflower limousine circling around it.

75 INT. THE LIMOUSINE

75

Hawk looks out from the back seat of the limousine in stylish Italian sunglasses.

HAWK

The Vatican. I can't believe I'm robbing the Vatican. The nuns at St. Agnes predicted that I'd end up doing this...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

Two identical Twin Flunkies sit across from him, grinning stupidly. Hawk pushes up his sunglasses with his middle finger.

76 INT. STAIRWELL 76

Mentally casing the joint, Hawk gets some distance between him and the flunkies as he enters into a room that has a glorious, ancient Map of the World Mural.

77 INT. MAP ROOM 77

Hawk makes a scribble in a notepad before coming to a Vatican guard, standing before a painting of a Pope performing a Coronation.

HAWK

Hey man.

GUARD

Buon giorno.

HAWK

Yeah, boun giorno, I'm being blackmailed into robbing the Vatican by a psychotic American corporation and the CIA...

VATICAN GUARD

"You're being"...uh, I don't, uh...

A jaded Hawk laughs and pats the cop on the back.

HAWK

You don't speak English? You know, you have very beautiful eyes for a man.

78 INT. ENTRANCE CASSETTE ROOM - PHONE 78

Hawk comes out onto a circular open-air hallway. He scans up to some rooftops and makes a note...until he sees a line of International Phone Boothettes. Checking for Flunkies, he rips one up.

HAWK

Operator, yes, I'm having a wonderful buon giorno. I want to make a collect call to Tommy 5-Tone Messina, that's right, in New York. Stock broker.

The Flunkies drift into view. Hawk hangs up and seethes off.

79 INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO CODEX ROOM

79

Hawk saunters down a long resplendent hallway toward a room at the end bustling with excitement. Coming to the mouth of the room, he looks to two gold framed mirrors on either side of the opening, rubs his head, and scribbles.

80 INSIDE THE CODEX ROOM

80

Hawk takes in the majestic beauty, and practical details, of the room--windows, statues, a Massive Ornate Lighting Fixture--as he moves down one of the twin winding staircases leading to a path of people behind velvet ropes and the object of their gaze...

81 THE DA VINCI CODEX

81

--an old book enclosed in a glass case, propped open to the familiar BEAUTIFUL DRAWING of a MAN inside a CIRCLE.

ANNA

Here we enter the Da Vinci room.
Are we all following? Leonardo is best known to us as a painter. But it is his gift as an inventor who drew together science and art that is most incredible.

Hawk brightens to the return of Anna, carrying a portfolio bag, striding down the stairs with a group of INVESTORS AND FAMILIES. She brightens back, giving him a quick verbal breath and a hand squeeze.

ANNA

Tough guy. What are you-- (How's your head.) What are you doing here?

HAWK

(vegetable)
Yes, and my giraffe loves it, too... (I heard it was a great place to pick up girls.)

She laughs, going into her public voice.

ANNA

As you know, the Da Vinci Codex, has lived in the Vatican for centuries and will continue to live here for centuries more.

HAWK

(under his breath)
That's what you theenk.

ANNA

Question, sir?...His untiring pen predicted the airplane, the submarine, the bicycle, the helicopter, and even the tank.

A LITTLE BRAT trailing the group, moves next to Hawk, bitching away to her STUFFED ELEPHANT, POKEY.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BRAT

This is so bor-ing! Do you hate
Italy as much as I do, Pokey?
(bad ventriloquism)
Si, senor! Italy sucks the big
one! Why can't we go to the Epcot
Center!

The Little Brat stops and lets Pokey the elephant dangle from her side. Hawk eyes the elephant strangely.

ANNA

These more dangerous designs
inspired him to develop a secret
code that uh...

The stuffed elephant suddenly goes flying over Anna's head.

The ALARM goes off. The Massive Ornate Lighting Fixture swoops down from the ceiling, inverting in air, and slams down over the Codex, transformed into a makeshift cage.

Strange green gas comes billowing out of the vents. Needless to say, everyone goes crazy.

Coughing gas, Hawk peeks to see that a line of light sensor alarms imbedded in the tablets are what set the alarm off.

Two GAS MASKS drop airlinesquely from the mouth of the entranceway and TWO RACING-IN GUARDS wrangle them on.

The Little Brat sees that Pokey the stuffed elephant has been beheaded by the cage/lamp. She is pulled away and spanked.

LITTLE BRAT

Pokey, come back!

Anna yanks a notetaking Hawk away as the gas blusters in around him. The Two Flunkies, eyes on Hawk, are haplessly making their way up the opposite staircase.

ANNA

Come on, this stuff will knock you out. Have you ever had the feeling you were being followed, Mr. Bond.

HAWK

Never, why do you ask?

Reaching the top of the stairs, just outside the door, Anna briskly pulls Hawk into a PIECE OF WALL THAT IS REALLY A DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2) 81

The wall closes as the Flunkies come flying out, baffled.

82 INT. CIRCULAR STAIRCASE 82

Hawk, mucho impressed, and Anna move down a tight, dark circular staircase.

ANNA

Are you going to tell me why you did that back there or are you going to blame it on Dumbo?

HAWK

Oh, you mean Pokey, could you believe that crazy elephant?

Anna shakes her head as she opens a door into...

83 INT. A LITTLE UNDERGROUND SUBWAY--DAY 83

A four foot high mail train rumbles down the track of a mini-underground station. Workers latch onto mail bags. Hawk and Anna emerge from a small door.

HAWK

The Vatican IRT.

ANNA

The Pope takes his mail very seriously. Christmas cards, Easter seals, delivers up to ten at night. It's actually not such an unusual set-up. The secret passageway on the other hand... Are you going to tell me why you did that, or are you going to blame it on Dumbo?

HAWK

Oh, you mean Pokey. Could you believe that crazy elephant? The Vatican is made of constant mysteries meant to be enjoyed, not explained.

ANNA

Nice. But right out of our brochure.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

Oh, you read that.

ANNA

Actually I wrote it. It's a good sentence. It can apply to people.

HAWK

You're somewhat of a unmysterious thang yourself.

ANNA

I don't steal stuffed elephants from little girls.

(smoothing his jacket)

My life's a little boring...

HAWK

Yeah, mine too. Want to have some dinner with me tonight? A nice dull boring dinner. Scrabble, Knock-knock jokes, anecdotes about famous dead Italians....

ANNA

I'll bring my entire repertoire...

The Two Flunkies stumble into the station, looking around. Anna and Hawk crouch down.

HAWK

And I'll bring my entourage...

ANNA

Secret passageways don't mean as much as they used to. There's a place two blocks east of here. Enzo's. Say 10:30.

HAWK

10:30. Thanks for helping me get out of there.

Hawk and Anna peck each other with a smile. He crawls out an exit door. As he leaves, Anna's smile disappears. She pulls out a rosary and gives herself a self-scolding bang on the head. She then darts to a large crucifix and looks up.

ANNA

Father, it's obvious. He's up to something.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

Suddenly a speaker in Jesus's mouth gently crackles.

JESUS (Italian)
Report downstairs at once.

ANNA
Yes, sir.

A84 INT. CATACOMBLIKE AREA

A84

A CARDINAL paces in an enigmatic Vatican area. Anna clacks up to him.

CARDINAL
Did he mention the Mayflowers?

ANNA
No, your Eminence. He's definitely going to steal the Codex. I can feel it, I'm not sure when...

CARDINAL
Attempt, to steal you mean. The vanity of this man, Hudson Hawk. The Vatican has foiled the advances of Pirates and Terrorists. We will not lie down for some schmuck from New Jersey. Must you flirt with him so effectively?

ANNA
That's the only way. A wise woman once said "Polite conversation is rarely either."

CARDINAL
(chuckling)
Let me be the one to quote Scripture. ...As an agent of our organization, you are put in awkward situations. Just remember, Hudson Hawk is an evil, evil man.

ANNA
(unconvinced)
Yeah. The big E.

84 EXT. NAVONA PIAZZA--DAY

84

The evil Hawk clumsily strides around a fountain, looking off in all directions, soft-shoes past some sedate painters and swings into...

85 INT. A BIG QUIRKY PHONE BOOTH 85

Hawk grabs up the phone and dials....

HAWK

Yes, hello, operator. I'd like to
make a long distance collect call
to New York number... 212 555-1898.

The Mayflower limousine creeps to the edge of the piazza,
behind an oblivious Hawk.

HAWK

What? Yeah, it's Italy, honey. I
can barely hear you too. You sound
like you're under a volcano. What?
Yes. Thank you. Buon Giorno to you.

Hawk turns, putting a finger in his ear. Seeing the
limo, he FREAKS and balls himself into a corner.

HAWK

Come on, Tommy, pick up, you
Reindeer goat cheese-eating
motherfucker.

86 INT. TOMMY'S RESTAURANT--NIGHT 86

It is late night in New York. A phone rings atop the
bar of Tommy's restaurant with no one in sight.

87 INT. PIAZZA--DAY 87

Hawk pokes his head to see a Darwin and Minerva (holding
Bunny) emerge from the limousine. As he turns his concen-
tration back to the phone, TOMMY HIMSELF flows out from a
building to cheerfully speak with Darwin and Minerva and
get licked by Bunny, before they all pile into the limo.

HAWK

Tom-my, Tom-my, come on Tommy.

Hawk slams down the phone and turns to see the limousine
pull off.

Hawk angrily bursts from the door and is painfully CLOTHES-
LINED by agent Butterfinger, who is dressed as a mailman.

Crumpled on the ground, Hawk kicks out with his foot, into
Butterfinger's stomach, doubling him. Hawk then grabs him
by the head and rams into the glass of the booth.

Hawk rotates off for an escape...but the rest of the CIA
crew cuts him off holding barely concealed guns; Snickers
dressed as a maitre 'd, Almond Joy as a Bermuda-short
tourist, and Kaplan in his usual emsemble.

(CONTINUED)

Kit Kat is dressed exactly like Hawk, right down to a bloody lip. Hawk gives him a double take.

KAPLAN

Hawk, Hawk, Hawk. Enjoying Italy?
I always had a soft spot for Rome.
Did my first barehanded strangulation
here. Communist politician.

HAWK

Why George, you old softie...

KAPLAN

God, I miss communism. The Red
Threat. People were scared, the
Agency had respect, and I got
laid every night.

A humiliated Butterfinger comes waddling out, holding the phone. Kaplan rolls his eyes.

BUTTERFINGER

Sorry, coach...

KAPLAN

(shaking his head)

If his father wasn't the head of
... Shit, I hate this, the
government's got me farmed out,
working for the Mayflower
corporation now, money beats
politics. War isn't Hell anymore,
it's Dull. Don't slaughter their
men and pillage their women, just
steal their microchips.

HAWK

You know George, if you weren't
the slimiest pinata of shit that
ever lived, I'd feel sorry for you.

KAPLAN

Well, thank you.

SNICKERS

Good news, bud, the Mayflowers
have moved up the time-table.
You're hitting the Vatican to-night.

HAWK

Tonight? You're whacked. The
timing's off, I'm underequipped
.....Damn it, I have a date!

Almond Joy smoothly extracts Hawk's notebook and reads...
(CONTINUED)

ALMOND JOY

Grapple, Biker's bottle, hairspray, jumper cables, Pocket Fisherman, acid, collapsible yardstick, softball, 100 stamps, and a large bottle of olive oil. Gee Stud, this is going to be some date. No Harvey's Bristol Cream?

KAPLAN

Snickers, make the list happen. Oh and it's one thing to play hide and seek with the Mayflower's pathetic staff, but we're sore losers. I've put jumper cables on the nipples of children and not always in the line of duty.

HAWK

Thanks for sharing.

KAPLAN

We blow up space shuttles for breakfast. You and your friend Tommy would be a late afternoon Triscuit.

HAWK

Look jerkoff, you fuck with my friend, I'll kick all your asses.

KAPLAN

Yeah, right. By the way, as long as I'm getting things off my chest, I'm the one who killed your little monkey. Made it look like a Mafia hit. Sorry. Ciao. I did it just for fun.

Kaplan and the crew quickly disperse in different directions as Hawk howls in frustration. Kit Kat moves behind Hawk and perfectly mimics him.

HAWK

What did you have against Little Eddie, motherfucker? He was just a monkey who liked to laugh. Come back without your yuppie army. I'll triscuit you, you space shuttle eating...Shit.!

Without looking, Hawk elbows the mimic Kit Kat in the face. Kit Kat gives Hawk a strange smile and hands him a card that reads: BEWARE THE BLUE WIRE.

Hawk looks up from the card. Kit Kat is gone, but Butterfinger scampers in his place.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3) 87

BUTTERFINGER
Hey, Mr. Hawk, I got your stamps!

HAWK
Good, Yogi...

Sighing, Hawk takes the huge sheath of stamps.

88 OMITTED 88
&
89 89

90 EXT. INDOOR TRAIN TRACK 90

One of the small Vatican mail trains bullets across an indoor track. The viewer's viewpoint whooshes to catch up, focusing on a very large package, addressed to the Pope, that has Hawk's sheath of stamps slapped onto it. The train zips into a tunnel.

91 INT. THE VATICAN UNDERGROUND SUBWAY 91

The train rumbles into the Vatican mini-station. TWO HARRIED WORKERS heave up the strange cargo onto a sorting table.

A bell rings as a clock hits 10. The workers do a sigh of relief. Shucking off their uniforms, they head out.

A hand rips out of the huge package.

92 INT. OUTSIDE THE CODEX ROOM--NIGHT 92

Hawk pops out of the secret passageway door and moves to the mouth of the doorless Codex room. He pauses to hand-comb his hair in the two large, framed mirrors at the sides.

93 THE CODEX ROOM 93

Carrying the now frameless mirrors in each hand, Hawk hustles to the top of the steps and suddenly stops.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

Hawk bounds down every other one of the steps down to where the Codex is bathed in a holy light.

He hefts up the two now frameless mirrors and puts them each in a groove of a collapsible yardstick running across the top. The parallel mirrors now face out from each other. Hawk sprays a blast of Clairol to reveal the light sensor beams, and then with a deep breath, he thrusts the mirrors into the beams.

The light bounces harmlessly off the mirrors and Hawk exhales. He balances the connected mirrors then crawls through his tent-like passageway.

Hawk squirts acid from a biker's bottle on the cracks of the rectangular glass case that holds the Codex. The acid sizzles.

94 INT. VATICAN LIBRARY HALLWAY--NIGHT

94

A BURLY GUARD thoughtfully stares at a painting, fingers propping his chin like a critic then continues ambling on.

95 THE CODEX ROOM

95

Rubbing his head, Hawk gives an excited smile as the glass cracks of the rectangular case loosen. Hawk pulls out a pocket fisherman....

HAWK

Kit Kat, how did you know about that blue wire?

The Burly Guard is coming down the hall.

96 OUTSIDE THE CODEX ROOM

96

Burly Guard approaches the outskirts of the Codex room. He combs his hair into the piece of wall in the now empty mirror frame then REALIZES.

Muttering Italian into his walkie-talkie, Burly Guard rushes into the room and looks down to the sensor deflecting mirrors.

Burly Guard approaches the Codex and sees the dripping acid. He also notices a fishing hook attached to the binding of the Codex. The fishing wire leads out of the glass case. The Guard reaches to touch it when suddenly the wire is pulled tightly upward by a moving-out-from-behind-the-statue Hawk.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

The Codex FLIES off its perch, setting off the ALARM and sending the bizarre cage/lamp CRASHING DOWN and AROUND the hapless Burlly Guard. The green gas commences its noxious billowing as the Codex swooshes into Hawk's hands. He then hurls a softball, smashing a window on the other side of the room.

The familiar Vatican Guard and a Guard Three barrel down into the mouth of the codex room. Only One Gas Mask drops from the doorway. The Vatican Guard pulls it on and gives a "That's Life" shrug of shoulders to the fainting Guard three.

Hawk puts on the missing gas mask and launches a grapple around the ceiling cord of the dropped Ornate Lighting Fixture. Hawk then Tarzans from one staircase to another. He then ungrapples and heads toward the shattered window.

97 EXT. THE ROOF

97

Hawk flings off his gas mask and begins a classical skipping-across-the-rooftop jaunt. Suddenly a brick on the slightly slanted roof gives way and Hawk FALLS. His canvas bag goes skipping down across the roof, landing against the antennae.

98 INT. THE POPE'S BEDROOM

98

A T.V. showing Mr. Ed. speaking to Wilbur in Italian goes Fuzzy. THE POPE, wearing his famous hat and a Notre Dame bathrobe angrily bangs on it.

99 EXT. THE ROOF

99

Hawk harvests his grapple on the level part of the roof and slides down toward the dangling-off-the-antennae bag.

The Vatican Guard pops out of the window and fires a warning shot.

Hawk stretches to the bag. His fingers touch as the Guard continues to bound forward.

HAWK

Maybe I'll be lucky and he'll shoot me.

Hawk pulls up the bag and turns himself to see Vatican Guard hovering over him on the roof.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

VATICAN GUARD

The worm's on the other foot,
yankee noodle candy.

Hawk sees the Vatican Guard's foot move toward the grapple. Hawk ferociously tugs, ripping the Guard off-balance and knocking down a side of the roof.

100 EXT. TOP OF A NEARBY WALL

100

Hawk dashes atop a nearby wall and hurls his grapple across a road around a tree branch. Hawk ties the end of grapple line, tosses on a friction belt, takes a breath and JUMPS OFF THE WALL.

Rising up, over the roof, the Vatican Guard aims a gun at Hawk's sliding away back.

Suddenly, Tommy, in black-cat burglar gear, backhands the guard across the face, sending him back down the roof.

The gun, bouncing down the front of the roof, goes off...

101 HAWK

101

is almost to the other side when the gun's bullet hits the friction belt. Hawk drops with a wild scream...

and lands with a painful straddle atop a street lamppost. His eyes bug out with the thought of a life without children. He slowly spins off the lamppost and sails down upon...

102 EXT. A BUS

102

and the comfortable luggage housed on top of it. Hawk tries to maintain his balance upon the wobbling baggage, but the bus makes a quick turn and Hawk goes flying off...

103 EXT. RIGHT INTO A CAFE CHAIR--NIGHT

103

Panting and discombobulated, Hawk looks across the table to the female hands holding open a menu. The menu comes down. It is Anna. Hawk unpretzels and laps his canvas bag.

ANNA

Oh I was worried you weren't going
to drop by....

HAWK

Am I late? You look really nice.
Did I say really nice?...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

HANK

What?

WAITER

I am the Waiter, sir.

Hawk does the honor sign with his black gloved hand then quickly rips it off as a WAITER comes to the table.

HAWK

Very nice. Fettucini con Funghi
Porcini, prego.

WAITER

Bellissimo, signor.

HAWK

Oh, and bring me a bottle of
ketchup with that too, will you?

ANNA

You heard him.

104 EXT. ANOTHER TABLE--NIGHT

104

At a comfortable distance curled behind a heat lamp, Snickers, Almond Joy, and a hapless Butterfinger are being Uglier Americans to an UNCOMPREHENDING WAITER.

BUTTERFINGER

Come on, Pierre, Steak-bur-ger,
Fren-n-ch Fries. This is France,
you gotta have French.....

ALMOND JOY

Actually we're in Italy, Butterfinger,
she said as if it made a difference.

The Waiter sneaks off. Butterfinger spreads butter over an entire baguette.

SNICKERS

Italy, France, Moscow. They all
just wanna be Nebraska. Old Man
Kaplan thinks since Communism is
dead, we got nothing to do. Man,
Democracy is not just free
elections. We gotta show the
world that Democracy is Big Tits,
College Football on Saturday
afternoons, Eddie Murphy saying
the word "Fuck" and Kids shoving
their hands down garbage disposals
on "America's Funniest Home Videos."

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

ALMOND JOY

Damn baby, when's the last time you had a vacation...Jesus, I gotta get out of this job. If my Mom knew her daughter assassinated the leader of the anti-Apartheid movement....

SNICKERS

Quit bitching, you got the employee of the month plaque for that shit...

BUTTERFINGER

Ah to be in Pari-i and in love.

They look off to.....

105 HAWK AND ANNA'S TABLE

105

Physically sarcastic, the Waiter brings a tall wine basket with a bottle of ketchup in it. Hawk nabs it.

HAWK

Grazie. Multo bene. This is bueno. They had the worst ketchup in prison.....uh.

ANNA

Prison?

HAWK

I was the Warden?

ANNA

How long were you in?

HAWK

Let's just say, I never saw E.T.

ANNA

Wow, you were "in the joint."
"Doing hard time." It's funny, but that excites me. I seem to have a thing for sinners.

HAWK

I seem to have a thing for sinning.
Check please.....

WAITER

Ah, anything for dessert?

ANNA

(she shoots)
Yes. Something to go.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

HAWK
(she scores)
I'll bring the ketchup.

106 INT. ANNA'S HOUSE--NIGHT

106

ANNA

Where did you get the hawk?

HAWK

Ossining, New York.

ANNA

Why do they call you Hudson Hawk?

HAWK

The hawk is a slang word for the wind that blows in the winter time. I grew up in a town called Hoboken in New Jersey. Well, Hoboken is on the Hudson River. So, Hudson River.

ANNA

Hudson Hawk. So, why did they call you Hawk?

HAWK

Anytime anybody needed something stolen --needed a favor from me, they'd come to me and I'd perform that favor like a hawk. You know, like the wind.

ANNA

Where'd you get these?

HAWK

I had a little accident around the house.

ANNA

What happened?

HAWK

I fell on some chickens.

ANNA

Does it hurt?

HAWK

Yes, it hurts.

ANNA

Maybe I can make them better.

HAWK

See what you can do. Don't tickle. Don't tickle...

Come here, I want to tell you something. I got to whisper it.

ANNA

I can't do this.

HAWK

What's the matter?

ANNA

It's been a long time for me.

HAWK

Well, it's been a really long time for me. Outside of a friendly dog sniffing my genitals yesterday, it's been a slow decade.

I don't make love every ten years, I get a little crankly.

You know, I may have forgotten how to kiss girls.

106 CONTINUED:

106

Their heads fuse for a semi-classic screen kiss until
THE CRUCIFIX LIGHTS UP AND BEGINS SHOUTING IN ITALIAN.

HAWK

Catholic girls are scary...

ANNA

Somebody robbed the Vatican.

HAWK

Really.

Anna slides on her shoes and makes a hasty retreat. She bumps into the canvas bag. The Codex slides out. They both catch it in mid-air. Anna's eyes pop. She wrenches the Codex away and kicks. Hawk pulls her into a compassionate back-against-his-stomach hug. The Codex falls to the floor unharmed.

HAWK

It's not what you think. Okay, maybe it is....

ANNA

You went and did it! You really did it! In one day, less than a day, of planning, you did it. You started the week stealing the Sforza and you ended it swiping the Codex.

HAWK

Yeah, but --

ANNA

What are your plans for the weekend? Hoisting away the Colosseum? Hawk, but I... Tell me, did the devil make you do it or did Darwin and Minerva Mayflower?

107 EXT. A CAR OUTSIDE OF ANNA'S PLACE--NIGHT

107

Crammed together in the front seat, Snickers, Almond Joy, and Butterfinger are watching the shadows of Hawk and Anna up in the window. Snickers snaps a cartridge into a gun while Butterfinger attacks a goo-ey pastry, then discards it.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

BUTTERFINGER
Dunkin does it better.

ALMOND JOY
What's going on in there?

BUTTERFINGER
Do you want me to rape them?

SNICKERS
Just go read, Butterfinger.

Butterfinger pulls up the book on Da Vinci that Anna wrote and starts reading like a schoolboy.

BUTTERFINGER
"Da Vinci had fears about his more dangerous designs, so he created a shorthand code in reverse script..."

ALMOND JOY
To yourself!.....What are they doing?

SNICKERS
All right, enough of this: In twenty seconds, we go in.

108 INT. ANNA'S PLACE

108

Foam shoots out over the coffee. Hawk smiles down at it as Anna works a cappuccino machine.

ANNA
For two years, I've been tracking the Mayflowers' peculiar interest in three Da Vinci pieces. Their Sforza replica was as fake as the "gas leak" that supposedly destroyed it.

HAWK
Does everyone in the world know more than I do? Jesus, I'm just some guy who happens to be good at swiping stuff....."Hey Dad, what time it is?" Oh, I don't know, son, let me check my watch. What, somebody stole my watch. Ho, Ho, you got me again son." Who knew it would lead... They even got the CIA involved...

ANNA
The C.I. what?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 108

HAWK
(raising his cup)
Ooh, I guess I do know something
nobody else knows. ...Here's looking
at you, kid...

109 THE CAR OUTSIDE 109

The agents burst from the car, guns raised.

SNICKERS
Now.

110 ANNA'S HOUSE 110

Hawk sips the cappuccino. His face immediately contracts.

HAWK
This doesn't taste like cappuccino.

ANNA
Oh, I must have put too much
ethyl-chloride in it.

Anna throws a pillow on the ground and holds out her hand.
Hawk collapses. His coffee cup lands perfectly in Anna's
outstretched hand and his head lands perfectly on the
pillow.

Butterfinger crashes the door and himself down onto the
ground. Snickers and Almond Joy race in, guns raised.

ANNA
Why didn't you tell me at the
restaurant that he had hit the
Vatican tonight. My people will
not be happy. I want to see Kaplan.

ALMOND JOY
That's not overly possible. He...

SNICKERS
For security reasons, Mr. Kaplan's
coordinates are being kept secret
even from us....

BUTTERFINGER
But guys, he's in the castle at
Vinci....

Snickers and Almond Joy grimace into fake smiles.

111 EXT. THE CASTLE--NIGHT 111

A helicopter thunders up to the awesome castle from the
opening Da Vinci sequence.

111A OMITTED

111A

112 INT. MYSTERIOUS DARK ROOM

112

KAPLAN

Way to go, Anna.

ANNA

Hudson Hawk had some interesting things to say about Darwin, Minerva and you. Basically, that you're part of the same car pool.

KAPLAN

Anna, Anna, Anna. If this was true, Almond Joy would have handed you your heart right after you handed me the codex. Now the trick is this. As soon as the Mayflowers find out that we have the codex, they'll want to make a deal, those greedy pigs. So, we'll deal. They buy. We bust. Operation Deflower Mayflower.

ANNA

What about Hudson Hawk?

KAPLAN

I wouldn't worry about him. He's going to be very well taken care of. Now you look tired. Maybe you should go back to Rome and get some sleep.

Kit Kat.

ANNA

Cat got his tongue?

KAPLAN

Actually, he never told us what it was.

Arrividerci, baby.

ALMOND JOY

With all due respect to that great dress, how come you didn't let me cut out her heart?

KAPLAN

Close call, but she's our only way of keeping tabs on that damn mysterious Vatican organization.

ALMOND JOY

Do you think they have any idea
that Operation Deflower Mayflower
is as bogus as Kit Kat's tits?

KAPLAN

No, but bringing her to the Mayflower
castle may have given her a big
juicy hint.

Hawk, Hawk, it's time to go to the
principal's office.

113 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASTLE--NIGHT 113

Moving into the chopper, Anna glimpses Bunny, the obnoxious dog, in a Mayflower logo dog tag, taking a leak on some bushes. She fakes a yawn to the like dressed Kit Kat, who fakes one back.

114 INT. THE GOLD MACHINE ROOM--NIGHT 114

Kaplan, Hawk, and the other agents march into the mammoth room of the opening scene. In the place of where one remembers the gold machine are undulating sheets, beneath which are unassembled parts of the machine.

Inside, a ball goes whizzing out of a tennis ball machine. In tennis gear and goggles, Darwin Mayflower thwacks it against the wall of (now faded) frescos.

Also in tennis threads, Minerva is laying on a chaise lounge, pressing a gadget that causes another ball to shoot out. Darwin batters it. The ball ricochets into the forehead of an "amused" Alfred, retrieving balls in sweat pants.

ALFRED

Jolly. Good. Shot. Sir.

MINERVA

Ooh, it's Hudson Hawk, you cease to amaze me, convict. You are a terrible cat burglar!

DARWIN

Haven't you ever seen, like David Niven? You know tiptoe in, tiptoe out.

MINERVA

Like a "cat", one could say.

HAWK

I can always take it back.

Hawk reaches for the Codex. Kaplan pulls it over to Darwin, who slits the binding and tugs out another geometrically perverted orystal.

HAWK

Another piece of the puzzle for the Da Vinci Alchemy project.

Kaplan, Darwin, and Minerva look up to Hawk, then to each other, all start to speak, then all stop. This quandary is deferred by the entrance of the twin Flunkies.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

DARWIN

Oh, you. There's nothing more I hate than failure. All you had to do was follow the Hawk, it's not like I said "Teach our nation's children how to read." I suppose we're just going to have to kill 'em...

Shockingly swift, Minerva pulls a small gun from beneath her tennis dress and blasts a burning hole between each set of Flunky eyes, splattering them to the ground.

DARWIN

God Minerva, I was kidding.

115 A SHOCKED HAWK

115

backs from the blithe carnage into a forklift which is carrying a sheeted load of materials. The familiar Gold Machine Demonhead drops out from the sheets into Hawk's outstretched, curious hand.

116 THE MAYFLOWERS

116

reverberate off each other with laughter. Bloodstained, Kaplan and Almond Joy exchange an eye bulge. Minerva's smile disappears as she sees Hawk by the forklift.

MINERVA

Get away from there, convict!

HAWK

Just browsing.

Snickers touches him. Hawk smashes him in the jaw. Snickers rears back to reciprocate.....

DARWIN

Don't hurt him! We need him for the final job!

HAWK

Oh weeeeelly, don't hurt me? Even if I do this....

Hawk pulls Snickers' glasses off and stamps them.

HAWK

What about this....

Hawk knees Butterfinger in the stomach.

HAWK

Surely this must offend....

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

O mamamia, pizzeria, things are really heating up in the Da Vinci castle tonight. May I call you Minnie? You put your left foot in...

DARWIN

Come to think of it, there is a part of your body that you don't need for your next job.

HAWK

I always wanted to sing like Frankie Valle.

MINERVA

Big boys don't cry ii ee

HAWK

3:52

Look you Eddie Munster looking... Somebody better start telling me what's going on or I ain't doing another thing, and I wouldn't mind getting paid either. I want to be treated as an adult.

DARWIN

That's fair. Tomorrow. Back in Rome. Now go to your room.

117 INT. DARK CONFESSION BOOTH--MORNING 117

The lips of Anna come into light.

ANNA

Forgive me Father for I have
sinned. It's been 1200 hours
since my last confession.

118 INT. THE CARDINAL'S SIDE OF THE CONFESSION BOOTH 118

The cardinal suppresses a yawn.

CARDINAL

Hit me with your best shot.

ANNA (O.S.)

I betrayed a man. A good man. An
innocent man. A thief.

CARDINAL

Anna, what are you trying to say...

119 ANNA'S DARKENED LIPS 119

ANNA

He came into a world where crime is a legitimate business tactic and a legitimate government procedure. But he knew Right and Wrong. Oh, and we kind of messed around...

120 THE CARDINAL 120

freaks and goes into some Italian gibberish before...

CARDINAL

Santo Dio! Que disgracia!... "Messed around" messed around? I knew-- I don't want to know. First base? Second Base? Stop me when I'm getting warm...

ANNA (O.S.)

A little Petting is not the issue!

CARDINAL

Sorry. Seventeen Hail Marys and five minutes outside.

121 INT. OUTSIDE THE CONFESSION BOOTH--MORNING 121

The Cardinal emerges and stands by Anna's confessional curtains.

CARDINAL

So, sister, what you are saying is that Hudson Hawk is not willingly working for the Mayflowers but Kaplan and the Candy Bars are?

Anna moves out of the confessional curtains, wearing a FULL NUN HABIT for she is a Nun. The gaspingly beautiful church unfolds as they walk.

ANNA

You got it. Operation Deflower Mayflower is a joke and I'm the punchline. I thought we were using the CIA to get Mayflower, but really the CIA is using me to keep us away from Mayflower.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

CARDINAL

Oh, why couldn't I be the Cardinal in charge of catering....If the Mayflowers get the three sections of Da Vinci's crystal and his instructions for the gold machine--Aie-yi--Do we got anything? What of Tommy 5-Tone, Hawk's friend, where is his loyalty?

ANNA

I'm going to find out.

CARDINAL

I'm sorry for losing it back there, but you must remember, sister, you have vows to God as well as a mission to the world.

ANNA

Yes, your Eminence, just say 'God go with me.'

CARDINAL

God go with you, sister.

Anna puts on the coolest pair of sunglasses, deliciously contrasting with her habit. She moves off....

122 INT. ROME CONFERENCE ROOM--NEXT DAY

122

Beneath the wacky portrait, Darwin circles the board-member filled conference table as Minerva smooches Bunny. Everyone watches Alfred place a bar of Gold and of Lead in the hands of a blindfolded Hawk at the middle of the M.

DARWIN

So, Captain Hawk, in one of your paws you got a gold bar worth about 8 thou. In the autre, you got lead that won't get you gelato.

MINERVA

Surely a master-thief like you can tell the difference.

HAWK

("What's my Line")
That's one down to Kitty Carlisle...

Hawk "weighs" the two bars in his hands--digs with his fingernails. He rips off the blindfold in subdued frustration.

(CONTINUED)

As Minerva speaks, she unconsciously molests Alfred.

MINERVA

Cool, isn't it? Weight, feel, malleability, they're all but identical. On the periodic chart of elements, they're but one proton apart. Great minds worked for centuries to turn worthless into priceless.

HAWK

Alchemy.

DARWIN

(casually goosing Alfred)
Alchemy! Is the business term of the 90's, my man! Minerva read about it in an airline magazine about four years ago. I dumped some lira into research...Shazam, we come across a diary by one of Da Vinci's apprentices detailing La Machine de Oro, the gold machine for those at home, and the rest is about to become history. Money isn't everything, gold is. Fuck T-bills! (Fuck blue chip stocks!) Fuck Junk Bonds! I got the real deal! Money will always be paper but gold will always be gold!

MINERVA

A couple of years of steady production and we'll flood the market with so much gold that gold itself, the foundation of all finance, will lose its meaning. Brokers, economists, and fellow entrepreneurs will drown in the saliva of their own nervous breakdowns.

HAWK

Sounds like a party. Markets will crash-crash. Financial empires will crumble-crumble.

HAWK

Except yours-yours. The goal of world domination.

MINERVA

In 1992, Europe is coming together to become one business superpower. It's one party we're going to love to poop.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

Darwin clicks on the slide machine revealing a drawing of the helicopter model from the opening scene. He and Minerva rapid-fire out instructions to a dazed and nauseous Hawk.

DARWIN

Well, that said, the last ingredient in the recipe is a model of a helicopter...

MINERVA

... which is on display, for three days only, at a retrospective at the Louvre in Paris.

HAWK

As opposed to the Louvre in Wisconsin.

DARWIN

Just shut up! You're gonna make me lose my place... the security will be overwhelming.

MINERVA

Twelve guards will...

HAWK

Time-out! Who gives a shit? I choose not to accept this assignment! This is all too Indiana Jones and the Lost City of King Tut for me, man. Throw me in jail and go ahead, just try and throw Alex...

MINERVA

Jail, you asshole! Our foot soldiers will blow your brains out! Bunny, Ball-Ball!

Minerva angrily throws the dog off her lap and whips a tennis ball into its mouth.

DARWIN

I'll torture you so slowly you'll think it's a career! I'll kill your family, your friends, and the bitch you took to the Prom!

HAWK

You need an address on that last one?

Bunny barks up at Hawk in anger.

HAWK

Et tu, Bunny?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (3)

122

MINERVA

You've got a dilemma, tiger. I think I know what's going to help you solve it.

Alfred quickly slaps on the state-of-the-art handcuffs and the blindfold. The viewer's viewpoint stays on a writhing Hawk.

HAWK

I'll kill all you. Even the old lady.

Hawk kicks back on the table, "jump ropes" the cuffs, then picks the lock with his teeth. Hawk rips off the blindfold to see that the entire room is empty except for Tommy, standing at the other end, in an incongruous Italian leather coat.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (4)

122

TOMMY

I hated cigarettes until I saw my first No Smoking sign. Keep off the Grass? Let's play Soccer. Only law I cared about was friendship. Broke that one too, didn't I? This Gates-Mario Brothers-CIA-Mayflower-Da Vinci thing seemed like a sweet deal. Visit foreign lands, take their treasures. I don't know, I thought you'd get into it. It's better than playing darts with M.B.A.'s at the bar. I didn't know it was going to be like this. Them using me to use you. I'm sorry, there's only one way out of this and it's gonna hurt me more than it's gonna hurt you.

Tommy pulls out a gun from his jacket and clicks it in.

123 EXT. FAMILIAR PIAZZA--DAY

123

The piazza from the fascist E.U.R. building are bustling with office workers laughing, smoking, and hustling. Darwin, Minerva and Kaplan are a solid troika in the center of the steps. The other agents stroll in the periphery.

KAPLAN

I just don't think it was a smoking hot idea to leave them up there alone.

MINERVA

Relax George, that's why we put the the old pasta slurping guinea on the payroll to begin with. To keep Hawk in line. They'll talk about "being buddies" and "chugging brewskis."

DARWIN

(raising glass)

You gotta love male bonding.

As Darwin slaps Kaplan on the back, behind them, Hawk and Tommy come crashing out of the window slamming upon a large M on the stairs.

KAPLAN

As you were saying...

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Flying off the M, moving to the edge of the stairs, Hawk and Tommy, latter holding his gun, sprout up from their own debris and continue savagely brawling. The wiggling out passersby give them space.

HAWK

You fucked my freedom for a lousy job!

Hawk roars forward like a bull and helmets Tommy. They roll together down the massive staircase past Darwin, Minerva, and the CIA who react with "This can't be happening" catatonia.

Two SHOTS go off as Hawk and Tommy crash to the bottom of the staircase. Hawk rises up in a daze to see Tommy on the ground with two bloody bullet holes.

HAWK

Tommy! Tommy. No, not like this!
Tommy! Ecco! Tommy! Tommy, don't
go out like this! No! No! Ecco!
Stone!

Hawk falls to his knees as Snickers hustles toward him. Suddenly, sirens are heard as a police van pulls up. Snickers stops.

Four policemen blast from the back of the van. One holds back the crowd. One strenuously pulls Hawk into the van. The other two drag in Tommy.

The villains look to each other for non-existent guidance as the van pulls away.

MINERVA

Plan B, George.

KAPLAN

Plan B.

Using initiative, Snickers snaps his fingers at Butterfinger. They both hop on Vespas and roar off after them. The van can be seen swerving off.....

123A AROUND A CORNER

123A

where it bolts up into a much larger truck marked VATICAN SOUVENIRS. TWO SEEMINGLY-INNOCENT-BYSTANDER PRIESTS break demeanor to flop up the wheel ramps, slam close the back of the truck, lock it shut, and continue on their solemn way.

124 EXT. ROME OVERLOOK

124

Anna looks out.

Vatican Truck pulls up.

Tommy and Hawk emerge fighting.

HAWK

No sweat, Tommy, you only made the biggest mistake of my life. How come you took a job with the Mayflowers? How much was your per-diem?

TOMMY

(overlapping)

Hey, don't act like you never committed a crime before, Eddie. I know, I made a bad call. Anna tracked me down...

ANNA

Thank God, you're dead.

TOMMY

It was so beautiful! When the blanks went off, everybody freaked. You can't beat Heinz 57.

HAWK

Tommy, you fucked my freedom for a lousy job.

ANNA

Hudson, don't you understand --

TOMMY

I said I was sorry --

HAWK

And you, Dr. Cappuchino, you ought to glad I don't hit women, assuming you are a woman, because from now on, I ain't assuming nothing.

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED:

124

TOMMY
 (overlapping
 with Anna)
 Eddie, I'm sorry. I
 honestly thought we could
 make this job work for us.
 Anna made me realize what
 a stupid pawn I was. Hey,
 I love you, man.

ANNA
 Hudson, I'm sorry. I
 work for a covert
 Vatican humanitarian
 organization. The
 C.I.A. made a fool of
 me. What's more, I
 really care for you --

HAWK
 Oh. Well, what's this?

Hawk pulls the Demon Head that was in the Mayflower
 Museum from out of his pocket. Anna turns white.

ANNA
 Where did you get this?

HAWK
 The Mayflower Museum... you know,
 the place where you gave the bad
 guys the Codex....

ANNA
 It's from the gold machine.

HAWK
 Oh.

ANNA
 So they really were that close to
 making it work.

TOMMY
 But now that they've lost the
 services of a certain cat burglar
 and his "dead" partner...

ANNA
 ... They can't get the third piece
 of the crystal.

HAWK
 ... and we get to go
 home.

TOMMY
 And we get to go home.

HAWK
 Stone, lemme ask you something.

TOMMY
 Go.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2)

124

HAWK

Why do they leave all those rocks
and shit lying around the yard?

TOMMY

(shrugging)

(Maybe they're not finished yet.)
They're called ruins, Eddie.

HAWK

Ruins, huh.

125 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

125

HAWK

And so when we go up to this hotel room, we open the door and see little Eddie in bed with this little monkey hooker.

TOMMY

She had silk stockings. Little Eddie was going steady!

HAWK

That monkey had a look on his face when he got caught that I've never seen on any human being.

TOMMY

You know, speaking of being caught, isn't the C.I.A. going to think to check out this place?

ANNA

They bought the fake death and they think Hawk's been arrested. Kaplan and the Candy Bars were seen by my sources boarding a plane out of Rome...

TOMMY

Where to...

ANNA

I'm not...

HAWK

Five-Tone, will you stop worrying?

TOMMY

I'm not worried. I'm just cautious.

ANNA

Okay, okay, you have to tell me, why is he called Tommy Five-Tone?

HAWK

There was this guy lived in our neighborhood named Victor Pinzolo...

TOMMY

Excuse me. Excuse me. Am I excused? Is it my name?

HAWK

Yes.

TOMMY

Then it's my name. I'll tell it. You see, there was this guy, Victor Pinzolo...

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

HAWK

But everyone called him the Pin Head. Because he was this big, loud-mouth arrogant dude who was always bossing...

Tommy glares Hawk into silence.

TOMMY

Hey, if you don't mind, Victor made the mistake of hitting me up for some bullshit protection money.

HAWK

It wasn't about that. It was about Donna the boffer.

TOMMY

It wasn't about a broad or a boffer. It was about the money. So this guy holds out his hand for the dough-Re-Mi and I was still young enough to be stupid, so I...

HAWK

(singing under his
breath)

That's not what happened.

TOMMY

Eddie, this is my name, my story. So let me tell it.

HAWK

You're doing great, go ahead.

TOMMY

No, why don't you do it.

HAWK

So Victor is bugged because Tommy is hitting on his girl. So Victor comes into the bar. Tommy and him are having words, and next thing I know, Tommy hits him -- bam, bam, bam, bam, bam -- five shots, and for every punch, a tone comes out of his mouth heretofore unheard of by modern man. Sounds like this... Tommy Five-Tone. (I gave him the name).

TOMMY

(still simmering)

My name...

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

ANNA

Well, guys, on that note, it's
time for bed.

HAWK

I couldn't agree more. You sleep
here.

TOMMY

What? Where are you going to
sleep.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (3)

125

Ignoring the entendre, Anna rises up, closes the shutters, and turns OFF the MUSIC.

ANNA

I'll get you some sheets.

HAWK

(to Tommy)

Yeah, let's get you some sheets.

Hawk leaps up and moves toward Anna and her bed.

HAWK

It's a very special night...

ANNA

Yes, it was...

HAWK

Is...

Hawk moves in for a tender kiss. Anna pecks him.

ANNA

Was. There's things you don't know about me.

HAWK

There's things I do know about you. And about me. And about that bed.

Anna warmly laughs, dumping two pillows and two sets of sheets into his outstretched-for-a-hug arms. Tommy is poking his head over the couch in the background, holding in his laughter.

ANNA

This is not the time, Hudson.

HAWK

Don't call me Hudson.

(looking off in
exasperation)

Can't we just have a late night cappuccino?

ANNA

I'm sorry, the machine's still set up for poisonous foam.

HAWK

Oh yeah, I remember.

ANNA

Good night.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (4)

125

Hawk shuffles back toward the rumbling-with-suppressed-laughter Tommy.

HAWK

Not a word, Tommy, not a word...

TOMMY

(giggling)

It's a very special night.

HAWK

(smiling)

That's it. Hit the floor. If I'm getting no cappuccino and I ain't getting no trim, I'm at least taking the couch.

Hawk flops on the couch and puts his head on a pillow.

126 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

126

Sunlight through the shutters hits Hawk's now-smiling face as it rests, unmoved, on the pillow. Into this happy image comes Snickers' electric cattle prod. It zaps Hawk awake.

With a howl, he spins up on the couch to see behind him Kaplan and the rest of the Candy Bars, except for Kit Kat. All are laughing in amusingly casual clothing -- T-shirts, tank tops, turned-the-other-way baseball caps. They have an eerie fraternity on spring break ambience. Butterfinger even has a cooler of brewskis.

KAPLAN

The license plate on the police van had a Vatican prefix, I'm losing respect for you guys. You were that close, buddy, to getting away with this crap.

Tommy's snoring from the floor becomes apparent. Hawk kicks him. He whinnies in irritation, then finally awakens to take in the situation.

TOMMY

What's...

KAPLAN

Where's Anna?

HAWK

George, it's great of you folks to drop by, but next time, you should really call ahead...

(CONTINUED)

126

CONTINUED:

126

TOMMY

Why don't you stop back in a half-hour, we'll grab a shower, pick up some croissants and shit...

KAPLAN

You know, I really wish I could come up with glib repartee the way you guys can, but I can't, so I'll just paralyze you. A.J.?

ALMOND JOY

Curari darts. When it comes to instantaneous loss of all physical control below your neck, I can't recommend them more highly.

As she speaks, Almond Joy saunters forth, putting a small, classy blow gun in her mouth like a cigarette. She flicks open a cigarette case, revealing blow darts. She blows one into Hawk's neck. He splays into a jellified sitting position. Tommy leaps up only to get one in the chest. He crumples next to Hawk on the couch.

Snickers joins Almond Joy to maneuver their paralyzed bodies into identical one-arm-over-the-couch-legs-crossed-effeminately position. The vivid heads of Hawk and Tommy amusingly bark out in helplessness.

TOMMY

I'll bite your tongues out.

HAWK/TOMMY

We're going to kill you! We're going to rip your lungs out!

HAWK

Let me get my teeth at you!

TOMMY

Come on, you chicken shit sons and daughters of bitches, my head against your heads. Fair fight --

HAWK

This is how I go out! Like a hunk of fucking Play-Doh! Like some Gumby in a store...

The Candy Bars laugh even more. Rambunctiously, Butterfinger dribbles his beer.

HAWK

Keep laughing, Jumbo.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

BUTTERFINGER

Shit, you've made it come out my nose.

HAWK

George, this is no way to get me to
do the Louvre.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3)

126

KAPLAN

Hawk, the Louvre is yesterday's news, or should I say this morning's...

Kit Kat suddenly emerges from the chimney in a Santa outfit, holding a bag of goodies. He flips out a newspaper. "LOUVRE ATTACKED -- Billions in Artwork Destroyed, Guards Slaughtered, Da Vinci Model Missing." The Candy Bars cheer and hoot.

SNICKERS

I admit we displayed a lack of nuance, didn't wear black, didn't sing 'Swinging On a Star.' It hurts me to think that if we showed Butterfinger which way to point a bazooka, the Mona Lisa might still have a head.

Guilty chuckles. Almond Joy playfully musses up a sheepishly-smiling Butterfinger's hair.

KAPLAN

But we weren't being graded for neatness, only results.

To the sound of the holy DA VINCI THEME, Kaplan pulls out the Da Vinci helicopter model from Kit Kat's bag of goodies.

TOMMY

(still looking at
the newspaper)
Damn it, Yanks lose again.

HAWK

How'd the Mets do? Could you
turn to Section D?

Butterfinger tips the couch forward, sending our smart-ass heroes to thud on their backs on the floor. Kaplan menacingly hovers over them.

KAPLAN

You guys still might be the fairest cat burglars of them all. Maybe if you weren't such snobs, some innocent guards would still be alive. It's irrelevant now. You're irrelevant now.

Kaplan flicks a switchblade and cuts into the bottom of the helicopter model, unleashing the small, intricate mirror from the opening.

126A OMITTED
 thru
 126C
 126D

126A
 thru
 126C
 126D

KAPLAN

Tonight, in the castle at Vinci,
 we make gold.

SNICKERS

Next month, in Tokyo, London,
 Paris, and Moscow, we make
 financial chaos. This is no joke.

KAPLAN

But this is -- 'Mrs Hawkins, can
 Eddie come out and play baseball?'
 'But don't you kids know Eddie is
 paralyzed from the neck down?' 'Yeah,
 we want him to be third base.'

Suddenly, Anna la-de-dahs into the apartment, hefting up
 two big grocery bags.

ANNA

Rise and shine, sleepy heads.

HANK & TOMMY

Hi, Anna.

KAPLAN

All right, more babes for the
 party.

HAWK & TOMMY

(deadpan catatonic)

Hi, Anna.

ANNA

(panicked, backing up)

Anna suddenly pulls a gun and some handcuffs from a
 drawer; her voice turning hard and collected. She points
 the gun directly at George. His face drops.

ANNA

... don't be foolish, Mr. Kaplan,
 this Bud's for you, why don't you
 give me that crystal?

HAWK

Anna Baralgi!

TOMMY

Came to play!

(CONTINUED)

126D CONTINUED:

126D

Anna flings the cuffs at Kaplan's feet. He smiles. The other Candy Bars smile. Almond Joy calmly felines forward, maneuvering out her blow gun and blow darts. Anna swerves the gun toward her.

ALMOND JOY

Anna-Bannana-Fo-Fanna, you're not going to shoot little old me, you're not oging to shoot little old anybody, I read your dossier, sister.

Almond Joy blows a dart into Anna's throat. She convulses forward, pirouetting to the ground right next to Hawk.

HAWK

Why didn't you shoot?

ANNA

I'm sorry Hudson

HAWK

Don't call me Hudson. I told you only the nuns call me -- why did she call you sister?

ANNA

I'm sorry, Hudson, I really meant to tell you...

The Candy Bars raucously laugh. Kit Kat holds up a card that says RAUCOUS LAUGHTER.

SNICKERS

He didn't know?

ALMOND JOY

He didn't know?

BUTTERFINGER

Ah, Hawk likes a nun!

Snickers and Butterfinger pull out habits from a nearby drawer dancing with them. Biting his lip off, Tommy painfully whimpers, trying to hold in his own laughter.

HAWK

Those better be tears you're crying, Tommy.

ANNA

It doesn't mean I don't love you.

(CONTINUED)

126D CONTINUED: (2)

126D

HAWK

Oh no, I'm sure you love me, you're a nun. It's your job to love me. You probably love Butterfingers.

ANNA

Uh, well, yeah, in a weird Catholic way I do, but you... you.

They try to stretch their heads forward for a kiss. Their lips almost touch, until Butterfinger pulls Anna up and flops her over his shoulder.

KAPLAN

Miss Baralgi's Da Vinci expertise allows her to go to the next course. As for you... a souvenir.

Kaplan tosses the empty Da Vinci model on the floor.

KAPLAN

You know, Hawk, I'd like to think in a way, we did this job together. In another life, we could have been friends. But I fear not in this one. You're about to find out. Ciao.

Kaplan turns to depart with Kit Kat and the Anna-toting Butterfinger. Anna's upside-down head speaks.

ANNA

Later, guys.

TOMMY

Easy for you to say.

Snickers takes the bag of goodies from an exiting Kit Kat and moves forward along with Almond Joy.

SNICKERS

Boys, we got some good news and some bad news.

ALMOND JOY

The good news is that you'll be completely unparalyzed in two minutes.

SNICKERS

The bad news is that that gives you only five seconds to defuse the bombs.

HAWK & TOMMY

Bombs?

(CONTINUED)

126D CONTINUED: (3)

126D

Snickers and Almond Joy snicker and pull out rifles that have time bombs attached to them. Almond Joy fires hers upward. The bomb launches from the rifle and suction atop the ceiling. It reads 2:05...2:04.

Hawk and Tommy moan and "oh-oh-oh" up at the bomb. Hawk manages to move one of his legs feebly upward. Tommy manages to move one of his arms feebly upward. Snickers and Almond Joy are totally entertained.

SNICKERS

I'm glad it has to be like this.
I'll shoot mine in the kitchen.

Snickers hefts up his rifle and turns toward the kitchen when suddenly, with his alive leg, Hawk boots Snickers in the genitals. His rifle falls into Tommy's alive hand. He shoots the bomb into Snickers' head. Warily unparalyzing, Tommy then tips over, grabs Anna handcuffs and attaches Snickers' leg to the couch.

SNICKERS

Almond Joy, more paralysis!

Almond Joy fumbles with her blow gun and her curari blow darts. She gets one in the gun when Hawk stiffly roars up from the dead, grabs her by the shoulders, and wraps his lips around the other end of the blow gun. He shotguns the dart into her mouth. She crumples onto the couch, dead from the neck down.

ALMOND JOY

This is what I get for darting a
nun.

Like the living dead, Hawk and Tommy start to shuffle away. Snickers tries to pull off the bomb as it, and its brother on the ceiling, go: 00:59...00:58...

HAWK

You can move?

TOMMY

Yeah.

HAWK

Why didn't you tell me?

TOMMY

I didn't know until a couple of
seconds ago.

HAWK

Hey, Tommy, look at Snickers.

(CONTINUED)

126D CONTINUED: (4)

126D

SNICKERS

Hawk! Tommy! I'm a good guy,
goddamnit! I'm a winner! An
American male winner. College
tits on Saturday! Eddie Murphy
saying the word 'garbage
disposal.'

ALMOND JOY

I got to get a new job.

(CONTINUED)

126D CONTINUED: (5)

126D

HAWK
 (old Jewish man or
 Walter Brennan)
 Feet, don't fail me now...

SNICKERS
 Oh God, I always wanted to know
 how to play the harp. There was
 just never enough time... Rosebud!

HAWK
 Tommy, look at Snickers.

TOMMY
 Snickers is going to have a
 migraine.

ANTONY
 Buon giorno! Nobody fucks with
 the Mario Brothers and lives!
 And - Yeah, you didn't think I
 would find you? And who the fuck
 are you?

HAWK
 Antony Mario.

TOMMY
 Antony Mario!

The time bomb goes to 0:00.

SNICKERS
 Hey, maybe it's a dud.

Hawk and Tommy bound through the shutters.

126E ANNA'S TERRACE

126E

Their bodies dive off the terrace.

126F INSIDE APARTMENT

126F

Antony is genuinely confused, holding his gun.

ANTONY
 Hey, where's everybody going? I
 just got here.

Snickers BLOWS UP. So does the APARTMENT.

126G ANNA'S TERRACE

126G

The WINDOWS and the shutters BLAST open.

126H BELOW MAYFLOWER CASTLE - DUSK

126H

TOMMY

I'm telling you it was a right.

HAWK

All right, all right. That's not what I'm worried about.

TOMMY

What are you worried about?

HAWK

I'm worried about you. You sure you're up for this climb?

TOMMY

Climb? Are you kidding? We're fifteen minutes from the castle gate. We can drive there.

HAWK

I knew that.

Hawk and Tommy turn back around and head into the car. As the car rumbles off, the viewer's viewpoint goes back up toward the castle, to the window of...

126-I INT. THE ART TREASURES ROOM

126-I

Darwin and Minerva, Alfred, Kaplan, and Butterfinger in chic military gear, and Kit Kat pace before Anna, who is elegantly strapped to a designer chair. They are surrounded by an awesome collection of Mayflower treasures -- outlandish antique furniture, gold statues, and Faberge eggs.

(CONTINUED)

126-I CONTINUED:

126-I

KAPLAN

Well, I don't know. This curari we've been using, it sometimes has side effects...

MINERVA

(deadpan, toward Anna)

You don't say, George.

Anna speaks out in a not unhappy, zoned-out languorous tone.

ANNA

I feel like a dolphin who's never tasted melted snow...

DARWIN

Listen Anna, the apprentice diary contains a code that explains how the three pieces of the crystal fit together. If you would do us the honor of deciphering the code.

Alfred wheels out a cart that has an ancient diary, the crystal pieces, and the intricate mirror upon it.

ANNA

(giggling)

What does the color blue taste like? Bobo knows.

(growing solemn)

I have to talk with the dolphins now.

Anna starts to screech like a dolphin. Minerva hopefully raises her hand in a "Gets my vote" manner.

MINERVA

Just shoot her? Anybody?... Darwin, this is supposed to be torture, not therapy.

DARWIN

Torture? Can't you see what kind of pain I'm in.

WE CUT OUT OF THIS SCENE AT THIS MOMENT TO GO

130 EXT. BENEATH A CASTLE TURRET - DUSK

130

Hawk and Tommy rumble around a castle turret. They stop next to a drainpipe to pant. Tommy is carrying the golf bag of Snickers that Hawk used as a crutch to stagger out of the apartment. Hawk sees this and does a double-take.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

We walk from here.

HAWK

Who are you, Bob Hope for Texaco?
Why are you lugging Snickers'
golf bag around, you double-bogey-
head mother--

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

TOMMY

Does that mean that you're not going to help me carry it up to the castle.

HAWK

Andiamo.

around his shoulder, Tommy follows suit.

HAWK

Count of three?

TOMMY

Why not just go in now?

130A EXT/DAY BASE CASTLE

130A

HAWK

Oh, shit.

TOMMY

What happened?

HAWK

I got mud all over my shoes

TOMMY

How much did they cost?

HAWK

400 bucks.

130B EXT/BASE OF TOWER

130B

TOMMY

Where do we go from here?

HAWK

How about we climb those convenient cables they got here?

130C EXT/BASE OF CABLES

130C

TOMMY

You ready?

HAWK

Tommy.

TOMMY

What?

HAWK

Better let me go first.

(CONTINUED)

130C CONTINUED:

130C

TOMMY

Will you stop worrying about me?

HAWK

Who's worrying about you? I don't want you to fall on me with that bag.

131 EXT. TURRET

131

at the top of the turret are casually, stylishly dressed in satin MAYFLOWER WORLD TOUR jackets, with M logo-ed baseball caps, and cool firearms; like roadies from hell.

131B HAWK ON THE LEDGE

131B

bobs back down.

131C THE TOP OF THE TURRET

131C

Hawk and Tommy thunder over the ledge. The guards wield around only to get slammed unconscious by our two heroes.

132 INT. ART TREASURES ROOM

132

Darwin, Minerva, and Kaplan each wave a piece of the Da Vinci crystal, trying to un hypnotize Anna.

KAPLAN

A lifetime of service has come to this...

MINERVA

The dolphin is dead. The dolphin is -- come on, you bitch.

ANNA

I'm not a very good damsel in distress, am I? 'I can't pay the rent.' 'You must pay the rent.'

Anna goes into more dolphin noises. Darwin angrily snaps his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

DARWIN

Yo, Flipper, a damsel in distress implies that there is some well-hung Dudley Doo-right galloping up to save you. It ain't gonna happen. Hudson Hawk go boom-boom. He dead.

KAPLAN

(moodily, to window)

I wouldn't be so sure. It's absurd that Snickers and Almond Joy haven't reported in yet.

MANERVA

George, don't be a bore.

AT THIS POINT, WE RETURN TO...

133-0 THE TURRET - NIGHT

133-0

Hawk and Tommy pull on the satin jackets and the baseball caps.

HAWK

Hey Tommy, shouldn't we have taken those guys guns?

TOMMY

No thanks, I've been thinking of using a 7 iron.

HAWK

Looks long.

TOMMY

May I play through.

HAWK

Please do.

TOMMY

Don't mind if I do. Fore.

HAWK

Tommy!

TOMMY

What?

HAWK

Did you set the timer on that thing?

TOMMY

No.

(CONTINUED)

A133-O CONTINUED:

A133-O

HAWK

From now on, would you set the...

B123-O THE BOMB - NIGHT

B123-O

lands on a patch.

135 INT. ART TREASURES ROOM - NIGHT

135

Kaplan turns from the window, speaking to himself.

KAPLAN

Fore?

(to everyone)

Did anybody hear something?

Suddenly, the light and deafening sound of the explosion outside rocks the room. Butterfinger enthusiastically raises his hand.

BUTTERFINGER

I heard something!

KAPLAN

Come on, Butterfinger. Kit Kat, you guard the Mayflowers with your life.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

Kaplan and Butterfinger thunder out of the room. Kit Kat turns to face Anna. Behind him, Alfred hands Minerva a wildly modulated double crossbow rifle and Darwin places a Robin Hood hat atop her.

DARWIN

Plan C. Plan C, Alfred. (louder)
Oh Kit Kat, are you really going to guard us with your life?

ANNA

Kit Kat!

Anna narrows her eyes into reality. As she shouts her warning to Kit Kat, he holds up a card reading I KNOW. Minerva fires the crossbow riffel. Kit Kat painfully takes arrows into both sides of his costume. He holds up a card reading OUCH then stumbles and falls forward right into Anna's lap. He surreptitiously unties Anna.

ALFRED

A double crossbow for a double cross!

MINERVA

Oh Alfie, you dry, British madman!

DARWIN

Is there any mammal we can't screw?
Alfred, the shortcut. Catch you on the flipside, baby.

ANNA

Why did you do that?

MINERVA

Try this on, sister. Thou shalt not share.

D123-0 ANOTHER BOMB - NIGHT

D123-0

slams beside a castle weather vane.

137 HAWK

137

hands back Tommy the time bomb rifle. Tommy latches on a bomb from the golf bag.

HAWK

It's in the hole! The gallery is ecstatic!
He's got to be happy with that one, Tommy.

TOMMY

My man! Two 1/2 minutes to save
Anna, three 1/2 minutes to save
the world?

(CONTINUED)

E123-O CONTINUED:

E123-O

HAWK
Six. Oh. Oh. "Side by Side".

TOMMY
(firing the rifle)
"Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money".

HAWK
(loading another bomb)
Maybe we're ragged and funny.

HAWK & TOMMY
(Hawk fires it)
"But we'll be traveling along..."

A rapid montage of bomb hitting various castle surfaces
accompanies an orchestrated finish to the chorus.

HAWK & TOMMY (O.S.)
"...singing a song, Side by Side."

F123-O KAPLAN AND BUTTERFINGER

F123-O

stop on a castle path. The light and sound of an
explosion blasts to their right.

KAPLAN
Let's try down this way.
Maybe we better go this way.

KAPLAN
Ok, this way.

G123-O ANOTHER PART OF THE TERRACE - NIGHT

G123-O

Hawk and Tommy stand before a wall. As they speak, two
guards climb atop the roof.

TOMMY
We better split up. I'll take the
front nine, you take the back nine,
and we'll meet back at the clubhouse.

HAWK
(patting Tommy's stomach)
Hey Tommy, looking good.

An explosion sends the two guards flying off the roof.
Hawk and Tommy are oblivious.

TOMMY
Thanks.

BOTH
3... 2... 2...

(CONTINUED)

G123-O CONTINUED:

G123-O

Hawk and Tommy split off, still singing. Hawk goes around a corner out of the viewer's view. Tommy latches on another bomb.

HAWK & TOMMY

"But we'll travel the road, sharing
the load..." Side by Side...

H123-O OUTSIDE ART TREASURES ROOM - NIGHT

H123-O

Kaplan and Butterfinger thunder to a stop.

KAPLAN

Butterfinger, go in and brief the
Mayflowers of the current situation.

BUTTERFINGER

You got it, coach.

Butterfinger dutifully scampers through a nearby door.

TOMMY

We had our troubles and parted,
But we'll travel the road, sharing
the load side by

ALFRED

Side! I'll take that sir.

140 THE ART TREASURES ROOM

140

Closing the door behind him, Butterfinger sees Minerva fire arrows into his chest. Butterfinger looks from a whooping-with-glee Minerva to more arrows pounding into his body, like a little camper taking notes on a nature hike.

J123-O OUTSIDE THE ART TREASURES ROOM - NIGHT

J123-O

Butterfinger still-dutifully exits the Art Treasures room and closes the door behind him.

BUTTERFINGER

Coach, looks bad. I think the
Mayflowers must have set us up.

Butterfinger falls forward, dead. Kaplan's head and the head of a sidling-up-beside Hawk follow the body's trajectory.

HAWK

Butterfinger, we hardly knew ye.

With a sudden howl, Kaplan raises his arms high in the air and then spins for a savage karate belt into Hawk. A bomb can be heard going off..

123P BACK SEAT OF LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

123P

Lights in the back of the limousine come on to reveal Darwin in his favorite seat, holding his silencer pistol. Alfred pushes in the slashed Tommy.

DARWIN

Tommy, you New-York-Italian-father-made-twenty-bucks-a-week-son-of-a-bitch, you were hired as bait and on this simple task, you betrayed me. Do you have an answer why?

TOMMY

I got five of them.

Tommy kicks the gun out of Darwin's hand. It bounces off the floor, knocking off his silencer. Tommy bounds next to Darwin and delivers solid punches, each one causing weird tones to emit from Darwin's head.

TOMMY

One. Two. Three. Four.

Darwin catches the fifth punch, and flicking ON his PAPER SHREDDER with his elbow, shoves Tommy's hand into the shredder's teeth.

123Q OUTSIDE SHREDDER

123Q

BLOOD SPUTTERS out of the vent.

123R INT ART TREASURES ROOM - NIGHT

123R

Minerva turns to Anna, in the process of reloading arrows.

MINERVA

Well, since you're not going to tell us what we want to know, I think it's time for you to report to the home office in Heaven, Sis. If you talk to the Big Guy, tell him he's a loser...

ANNA

Oh, that's it...

Anna lunges up to Minerva and pulls her forward for a savage head-butt which sends her reeling to the ground. She grabs up the Da Vinci goodies from the tray and runs off.

123S EXT A GRAND ILM SHOT - NIGHT

123S

shows little pinpoint explosions pimpling over the castle.

123T EXT TOP OF A TURRET - NIGHT 123T

With explosions providing strobe for their ballet of violence, Kaplan attempts a karate kick towards Hawk, who catches the leg and does an ankle twist.

KAPLAN

Does everything have to be so hard?

HAWK

Tell me about it.

Kaplan slaps him backward. Hawk then runs forward. They latch onto each other's throats in a brutal, kicking and grunting waltz across the turret. The viewer's viewpoint moves down to the limousine below.

123U INT LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 123U

Tommy accidentally knocks ON the SIREN. He yanks his hand away from the shredder and slams Darwin's head over the piercing noise. Darwin's convulsing, screaming body picks up the gun.

Alfred cheerfully looks into the rear-view mirror.

ALFRED

Shall I cut off his head, sir?

Darwin's GUN GOES OFF. Right through Alfred's neck. He falls forward, his foot hitting the gas pedal.

123V EXT TOP OF THE TURRET - NIGHT 123V

Kaplan swings his arm upward breaking the deadlock. He reaches toward his jacket. Hawk grabs his hand and shakes it with a serene expression.

HAWK

George, it's been real.

Hawk pulls away his hand to reveal he has stabbed a curari dart into Kaplan's palm. Hawk then slaps on Kaplan's forehead a picture of Little Eddie in a graduation cap. Kaplan crumbles into himself, in a paralyzed but still standing position.

HAWK

Say hello to little Eddie, motherfucker.

With his index finger, Hawk pushes Kaplan over the edge.

123W KAPLAN 123W

sails atop the limousine hood onto his back with a cruching slam and squeal.

147 EXT/NIGHT/MAIN PARAPET AREA
(for 123T, 123V)

147

HAWK hits wall rolling.

HAWK
That didn't hurt.

Kaplan advances;

KAPLAN
Try this.

Kaplan kicks wall as Hawk rolls out of frame.

Hawk grabs up 2 x 4, advances toward Kaplan. Kaplan advances with flying kicks, knocking off pieces of 2 x 4.

HAWK
What are you going to say now,
you centrally intelligent
scumsickle?

Kaplan is dizzy after final kick.

HAWK
Getting old, George?

Hawk klonks Kaplan.

KAPLAN
Thank you.

Kaplan gives giant kick; Hawk's head rotates round.
(process)

Hawk delivers series of punches which miss; Kaplan delivers series which hit. The last lifts Hawk in air.

HAWK
George; stand still.

That didn't hurt.

Kaplan kicks, Hawk bends forward and back in reaction.

Kaplan retreats and Hawk continues bending.

Kaplan prepares for grand charge.

Hawk loses hat.

Kaplan charges; Hawk bends.

HAWK

My hat.

Kaplan lands out in the air.

KAPLAN

I hate you.

HAWK

Say hello to Little Eddie,
motherfucker!

Guess you never fucked with anybody
from Hoboken before.

123X INT INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

123X

Darwin jumps out of the car.

DARWIN

Alfred, I won't be needing the car anymore.

Alfred, dribbling blood, turns to Tommy with a blood gurgled voice.

ALFRED

Ta Ta.

All the doors in the backseat area lock before Tommy can reach them. Alfred barrels out the front pulls up the time bomb rifle, takes aim and shoot-suctions a bomb onto the trunk of the limo as it speeds away.

123Y EXT TOP OF THE TURRET - NIGHT

123Y

Anna dashes up to Hawk.

ANNA

Hudson!

HAWK

Hey, what's up. We're supposed to be saving you.

ANNA

Sorry. I was bored. I saved myself.

HAWK

Well, we still got to get those crystal pieces...

ANNA

(waving them)

Got 'em right here, cowboy.

HAWK

Oh.

(sweetly mocking)

"Got 'em right here."

Hey, that sounds like Tommy.

Anna good-naturedly belts him in the shoulder. They suddenly look down in confusion and horror.

A123Y THEIR POV

A123Y

shows the careening forward to the cliff limousine.

TOMMY'S VOICE

Help! Eddie!

B123Y KAPLAN

B123Y

wails from a crushed, paralyzed position on the hood.

(CONTINUED)

)J(HUDSON HAWK - Rev. 9/7/90 103.
B123Y CONTINUED: B123Y
KAPLAN
My pension!
123Z HAWK 123Z
sees the limousine bound off the castle terrace.
HAWK
Tommy!
The limousine makes its final launch off the terrace,
floating and falling with frightening beauty.
123AA INSIDE FALLING LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 123AA
The world and his life swirling outside, Tommy quivers
in fear. The PHONE RINGS. Tommy picks up.
DARWIN (VO)
Hey, Tommy...
123BB DARWIN 123BB
Gleefully speaks into a cellular phone.
DARWIN
Buckle up, you working class son-of-a-bitch.
123CC THE BOMB - NIGHT 123CC
on the trunk goes off.
123DD THE LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 123DD
blows up in mid-air turning into a giant flaming
snowflake.
123F THE TURRET - NIGHT 123F
Hawk goes from the sight of the limousine to that of Dar-
win putting away his cellular phone and goes from horror
to anger. Darwin looks up.
DARWIN
Friend of yours?
HAWK
Dead!
With a howl, Hawk jumps off the turret and crash lands
into the smug megalomaniac. Alfred raises up the rifle
butt behind him.
123FF TOP OF THE TURRET - NIGHT 123FF
Anna sees this and shouts down.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA
Hudson, watch out!

123G BOTTOM OF THE TURRET - NIGHT 123G

Alfred rifle-butts Hawk into unconsciousness.

124 OMITTED 124
thru thru
226 226

227 GOLD MACHINE ROOM 227

DARWIN
Minerva!

MINERVA
Darwin, Darling!

DARWIN
God I love happy endings.

MINERVA
Anna, Hawkmeister, you're probably wondering why you're still alive. We didn't want you to go to Hell without knowing our dream came true. But we still are having some trouble putting that damn crystal together. Alfie and I've been going at that thing all night.

Well, put it together.

HAWK
Fuck you.

Of course, Alfred does have a point.

ANNA
Don't do it Hudson.

HAWK
Hay, what did I tell you about calling me Hudson? I have no choice.

MINERVA
If you pull this off, I can't promise that I won't kill you. I mean, who are we trying to kid? But I will spare the flying nun here.

Don't ever change, Hawk.

(CONTINUED)

MINERVA

You're such a shmoe.

Go, team, go.

Why is the world so jam packed with such idiots. Every shmoe has the fantasy that the planet revolves around them. It rains, car crash stops traffic, you say, "How could this happen to me?" It's a natural inclination. But for I; this isn't a fantasy, it is reality. You are on my planet! You walk around the corner for coffee, out of my sight, you do not fucking exist! The lives of shmoes like you have meaning only in relation to the rich, to the powerful, to ME!

DARWIN

Let me tell you something, if Da Vinci was alive today. he'd be eating microwave sushi naked in the back of a Cadillac with the both of us. He's dead and we're alive. The project of his life is now the toy of mine. History, culture and tradition are not concepts, they are trophies I keep in my den as paper weights. Adam and Eve, Julius Caesar, Jesus Christ, Spiro Agnew, Sadat, Jackie Robinson, MC Hammer, Saddam Hussein, Darwin and Minerva Mayflower. We are the last names of the last sentence of the last page. The chaos we will cause the world with this machine will be our final masterpiece.

Give us your awe!

Let the legend begin.

Go team go.

Go team go.

227 MINERVA giddily sets the crystal in the same place as Da Vinci had it in his machine. 227

Using a long steel pole, Technician One adjusts a myraid of mirrors so they are in a proper angle with a series of lenses culminating on the top of the machine.

Technicians Two (black-eyed) and Three pour various chemical powders and liquids into corresponding compartments on the machine, beautifully decorated by the chemical's zodiac sign.

Darwin places a lead bar in its proper place.

Hawk glides to Anna and undoes her handcuff.

Minerva throws a lever. Steam begins to percolate from the furnace.

MINERVA

We're for real.

228 THE MACHINE 228

begins to rotate, at first clunkily, then faster.

The Crystal rotates comfortably in its compartment.

The machine throws out its folding arms, each with an element. The arms click higher.

The goggled technicians stand before a time-coded video monitor, taking notes.

The chemical housings open and the chemicals begin to spill and drop through brass tubes.

228A ANNA 228A

ANNA

You should be very proud of
yourself.

HAWK

Let me ask you something.

ANNA

What?

HAWK

What if I didn't put that crystal
together exactly right?

ANNA

What do you mean?

HAWK

Let's say, for example, I left this
little mirror out. Would that be
bad?

ANNA

That would be bad.

HAWK

Very bad?

ANNA

Very bad.

HAWK

Good.

229 OMITTED 229
230 IN THE MACHINE 230

The chemicals snake down their individual paths to the Lead Bar spinning its trough. There's a FLASH and a controlled but jarring explosion. Everyone doubletakes.

230A DARWIN 230A

recoils in fear. Minerva giddily moves forward, pulling on her goggles.

DARWIN

Minerva, maybe this wasn't such a good idea. I think we should sell the castle, re-invest.

MINVERVA

Stop being such a human being!
We're mythic!

Darwin lets her go into the smoke.

230B ANNA 230A

Hawk goes into action.

Darwin turns to see this and raises his gun.

(CONTINUED)

230B CONTINUED: 230B
Hawk takes the steel pole from Anna and fiercely
javelins it into the gun-firing Darwin. The pole slams
Darwin in the shoulder and impales him into a massive,
spinning upward "Modern Times" style Gear.

Darwin painfully spins toward the teeth of a correspond-
ing Gear.

Hawk and Anna turn from the painful crunch.

231 OMITTED 231

232 THE MACHINE 232

triggers a fresnel lens and laserlike beams bounce
around the mirrors faster and faster, circling the
room.

233 OUTSIDE THE MACHINE 233

Hawk and Anna squint, blinded. Flinging off her goggles,
a literally beaming, oblivious to everything around
her, Minerva giggles forward.

234 THE MACHINE 234

Beams of light converge on the top mirror and bounce
into the innards of the machine with a mighty roar!

235 MINERVA 235

sees that the center of the machine gleams yellowish
and molten. She moves closer, shouting into her
head-set.

MINERVA
Eureka, motherfuckers!

236 HAWK 236
thru Mission control. Mission control thru
238 to Mayflower. Ready for bust off. 238

ALFRED
How.

ANNA
Your turn.

HAWK
My turn? I just killed
Darwin.

(CONTINUED)

236-238 CONTINUED

236-238

ALFRED

How dare you take from me the
pleasure of slaughtering my
boorish employer.

(flick)

It's your first time, dying.
I'll try to be gentle.

ANNA

Definitely your turn.

Alfred rushes forward with a howl. Hawk meets him
halfway. Hawk fires in some gut punches while
dodging the blade.

Anna pulls a gun from a technician's holster, and prays
for forgiveness. She aims steadily, and fires...

HAWK

Thou shalt not kill! Thou shalt
not kill!

Right into Hawk's arm. This allows Alfred to knock him
back with a strong punch.

ANNA

Sorry!

She fires again. The bullet pings off Hawk's belt
buckle.

HAWK

Stop helping me!

Hawk's turning to chastise Anna, allows Alfred to kick
Hawk back against a wall. Alfred lunges out with his
blade, hitting the wall off-angle. Hawk yanks the shaft.
Alfred goes with the flow and presses the shaft on Hawk's
throat.

Gasping, Hawk looks to a rip in Alfred's shirt and sees
a hinge and lever on the shaft. With an all or nothing
jerk, Hawk flicks the lever. The shaft clicks on the
hinge.

Alfred's greater strength and narrower grip makes it
fold away from Hawk and suddenly it is Alfred's throat
which is caught in the V-shaped trap! The momentum of
the sudden change makes Alfred stumble towards the
wall until the point of the "V" hits it --

HAWK

Hey, Alfred, I got some bad news --

(CONTINUED)

235 MINERVA 235

sees that the center of the machine gleams yellowish and molten. She moves closer, shouting into her head-set.

MINERVA
Eureka, motherfuckers!

The machine thunders and spins at a more aggressive pace.

Hawk's voice suddenly comes on Minerva's head-set.

HAWK'S VOICE
(head-set)
Minnie, hate to interrupt your
orgasm, but...

236 HAWK AND ANNA 236

stand above the unconscious Technicians. Hawk is speaking into the head-set.

HAWK
Me, Anna, and Leonardo just wanna
say you got the Midas touch baby...

237 MACHINE 237

Minerva turns toward the machine in anger and confusion.

The center of the machine blows. The pool of molten gold rockets at the viewer.

Mirrors explode and the lasers slash at the walls.

Minerva tumbles from the machine, screaming, that is to say, trying to scream, because molten gold covers her face. It bubbles and cascades, turning her into a bizarrely beautiful echo of Nefertiti.

238 HAWK AND ANNA 238

turn to retreat, and see, standing in the mouth of the open double doors, in an open shirt, wearing Indian war paint on his face and the words RULE BRITANNIA painted on his chest, ALFRED!

ALFRED
How.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

You're unemployed, Alfie. Boss is dead. Plan is over.

ALFRED

(strange voiced)

My plan is just beginning. I'll forgive you for denying me the pleasure of slaughtering my boorish employers, but I'm afraid the birth of the new British Empire can have no witnesses.

HAWK

Ooh-kay...

Alfred rushes forward with a howl. Hawk meets him half-way. They trade savage punches and then lock onto each other's throats.

Anna pulls a gun from a technician's holster and prays for forgiveness. She aims steadily and fires

... right into Hawk's arm. This allows Alfred to knock him back with a strong punch.

ANNA

Sorry!

She fires again. The bullet pings off of Hawk's belt buckle.

HAWK

Stop helping me! Thou shalt not kill!

Hawk's turning to chastise Anna allows Alfred to kick Hawk back against a wall. Alfred lunges out with his blade, hitting the wall off-angle. Hawk yanks the shaft. Alfred goes with the flow and presses the shaft on Hawk's throat.

Gasping, Hawk looks to a rip in Alfred's shirt and sees a hinge and lever on the shaft. With an all or nothing jerk, Hawk flicks the lever. The shaft clicks on the hinge.

Alfred's greater strength and narrower grip makes it fold away from Hawk and suddenly it is Alfred's throat which is caught in the V-shaped trap! The momentum of the sudden change makes Alfred stumble towards the wall until the point of the "V" hits it --

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: 238

HAWK

Hey Alfie, I got news. You won't be attending that hat convention in July. Excuse my crass American sense of humor...

Hawk savagely elbows the V. The blades slam together and POP ALFRED'S HEAD OFF, SENDING IT SCREAMING DISEMBODIED, HIGH IN THE AIR.

239 ALFRED'S SCREAMING HEAD P.O.V. 239

Hawk and Anna are seen waving up to the viewer (Alfie's head).

The machine thunders and spins at a more aggressive pace.

239A Alfred's head rolls to Minerva's feet. 239A

HAWK

Don't touch that head! Com'on.

She turns in shock to see Hawk and Anna standing above the unconscious Technicians. Hawk whoops into a headset.

ANNA

Looking good, Alfie.

239B MACHINE 239B

Minerva turns toward the machine in anger and confusion.

The center of the machine blows. The pool of molten gold rockets at the viewer.

Mirrors explode and the lasers slash at the walls.

Minerva tumbles from the machine, screaming, that is to say, trying to scream, because molten gold covers her face. It bubbles and cascades, turning her into a bizarrely beautiful echo of Nefertiti.

The machine thunders with another explosion.

240 THE DA VINCI WORKSHOP 240

Hawk and Anna retreat into the Da Vinci workshop. They stop from a smiling pant and see BUNNY THE DOG standing before them.

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED:

240

ANNA

My turn?

HAWK

Yeah... This F... Dog...

Anna laughs and confidently moves toward the dog until Bunny leaps up and savagely clamps his teeth into her throat sending her crashing to the ground.

Bunny continues to viciously gnaw away on the convulsing Anna, blood gently starts to emerge.

It lands next to the Gadget that is connected to the Tennis Ball Machine. Hawk rushes forward, picks up the gadget, turns the dial to ten, and then smiles sweetly toward the dog.

HAWK

Oh Bunny, Ball-Ball.

Bunny stops his violent behavior and perkily looks up, blood droplets drizzling from his mouth.

Hawk slams down the gadget.

HANK

He's out the window!

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED: (2) 240

A tennis ball comes rocketing out of the machine.

Bunny leaps and catches the rocketing ball but the force of it sends him FLYING AND CRASHING out a window.

Hawk pulls up Anna as the machine completely EXPLODES.

A huge chunk of the roof THUDS before the workshop door.

Hawk suddenly looks off-camera and smiles. Anna shakes her head vigorously. He pulls her out of frame.

240A EXT. A VINCI COUNTRYSIDE TREE 240A

The TRAVELING MERCHANT with the unforgettably etched face, just as he did centuries earlier, dismounts his mule and wearies down to a tree stump.

He takes off his hat and inhales the air, only this time, he coughs. He then brings his wine cask to his lips when another loud BOOM sends the wine splashing.

241 EXT. OUTSIDE THE GRAND CASTLE - DAY 241

An explosion of steam and gas blows out the windows! Debris frisbees toward the camera along with...

Anna hanging on Hawk's waist, and Hawk, hanging from the bar on DA VINCI'S BAT-WINGED GLIDER.

The glider gracefully swooshes down through the castle through the glorious vista.

A242 EXT. THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE A242

The glider floats to a perfect landing before the Unforgettable Merchant.

Hawk and Anna collect themselves and look up to the smoke-billowing castle. They smile and gush in.

(CONTINUED)

A242 CONTINUED:

A242

HAWK

Listen, can I ask you something?
It's kind of hard for me to ask.
Will you play Nintendo with me?

ANNA

That's a very personal question.
I'm afraid that I'm going to have
to stick with God. You're a close
second, though, tough guy.

HAWK

I'll quit stealing. I'll learn how
to kiss better. I just haven't
kissed in ten years, that's all.

ANNA

You're the best kisser I ever kissed.

HAWK

Wait a minute. I'm the only person
you've ever kissed.

ANNA

That's right.

HAWK

Let me ask you something about this
God thing. Is that going to last?

ANNA

Yes.

HAWK

Because you know, I'm going to be
kinda lost without you.

A242 CONTINUED:

A242

HAWK

... Will you play Nintendo with me?

ANNA

I can't think of anybody I'd rather play Nintendo with.

HAWK

What about your boss?

ANNA

What boss?

HAWK

You know.

ANNA

I think he'd want me to keep an eye on you.

HAWK

That's what I was thinking. Because, let's face it, since I got out of the joint, I've been pretty mixed up.

242

HAWK

242

You know, I'm going to be kinda
lost without you...

HAWK

Let's face it. Since I got out of
the joint, I'm pretty mixed up.
I don't know whether to Lambada or
Vogue. I still can't tell the
difference between Diet Coke and
Tab.

ANNA

It's one of life's eternal
mysteries. Just be glad you have
a life. Can I buy you a Cappuchino?

HAWK

Can I kiss you?

Anna shouts out toward the coffee-stained Unforgettably
Etched Cafe Owner, who gives them a disgruntled look
before going inside. Hawk and Anna collapse into an
outside table.

ANNA

I just wish Tommy could be here.

HAWK

(looking off)

No way.

ANNA

That's not very nice.

HAWK

No way!

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

Yes, way!!

ANNA

5-Tone! Grazie, Paison.

Hawk and Anna gasp in happiness.

TOMMY

Did I miss anything?

HAWK

Tommy, you're supposed to be crashed up at the bottom of the hill?

TOMMY

Air bags. Can you fucking believe it?

ANNA

But Tommy, you're also supposed to be blown up into fiery chunks of flesh?

TOMMY

Sprinkler system set up in the back. Can you fucking believe it?

HAWK

Not fucking really. You're also supposed to be... dead!

TOMMY

(Hey, can we drop this subject? It's depressing.) I was supposed to die so many different ways that the good Lord couldn't decide which one to pick.

HAWK

Yes, that must be it.

Hawk and Anna laugh and kiss Tommy on the forehead. Tommy crashes on a chair next to them. The Unforgettable Cafe Owner comes out with the cappuccinos.

ANNA

Sip your cappucino...

HAWK

Shouldn't we get Tommy to a hospital?

TOMMY

Eddie. Drink your coffee.

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

Hawk sits back and puts on a pair of sunglasses that look exactly like the ones Da Vinci wore in the opening. He laughs, speaking under his breath.

HAWK
(raising his cup)
Here's to little Eddie...

The viewer's viewpoint moves into Hawk's lips having a sip of that damn unmasculine European coffee.

FADE OUT.

THE END