

The Usual Suspects

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BLACK

The lonely sound of a buoy bell in the distance. Water slapping against a smooth, flat surface in rhythm. The creaking of wood.

Off in the very far distance, one can make out the sound of sirens.

SUDDENLY, a single match ignites and invades the darkness. It quivers for a moment. A dimly lit hand brings the rest of the pack to the match. A plume of yellow-white flame flares and illuminates the battered face of DEAN KEATON, age forty. His salty-gray hair is wet and matted. His face drips with water or sweat. A large cut runs the length of his face from the corner of his eye to his chin. It bleeds freely. An un-lit cigarette hangs in the corner of his mouth.

In the half-light we can make out that he is on the deck of a large boat. A yacht, perhaps, or a small freighter. He sits with his back against the front bulkhead of the wheel house. His legs are twisted at odd, almost impossible angles. He looks down.

A thin trail of liquid runs past his feet and off into the darkness. Keaton lights the cigarette on the burning pack of matches before throwing them into the liquid.

The liquid IGNITES with a poof.

The flame runs up the stream, gaining in speed and intensity. It begins to ripple and rumble as it runs down the deck towards the stern.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT - STERN

A stack of oil drums rests on the stern. They are stacked on a palette with ropes at each corner that attach it to a huge crane on the dock. One of the barrels has been punctured at it's base. Gasoline trickles freely from the hole.

The flame is racing now towards the barrels. Keaton smiles weakly to himself.

The flame is within a few yards of the barrels when another stream of liquid splashes onto the gas. The flame fizzles out pitifully with a hiss.

Two feet straddle the flame. A stream of urine flows onto the deck from between them.

The sound of a fly zipping. Follow the feet as they move over to where Keaton rests at the wheel house.

CRANE UP to the waist of the unknown man. He pulls a pack of cigarettes out of one pocket and a strange antique lighter from the other. It is gold, with a clasp that folds down over the flint. The man flicks up the clasp with his thumb and strikes it with his index finger. It is a fluid motion,

somewhat showy. Keaton looks up at the man. A look of realization crosses his face. It is followed by frustration, anger, and finally resignation.

VOICE (O.S.)

How are you, Keaton?

KEATON

I'd have to say my spine was broken, Keyser.

He spits the name out like it was poison.

The man puts the lighter back in his pocket and reaches under his jacket. He produces a stainless .38 revolver.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ready?

KEATON

What time is it?

The hand with the gun turns over, turning the gold watch on its wrist upward. The sound of sirens is closer now. Headed this way.

VOICE (O.S.)

Twelve thirty.

Keaton grimaces bitterly and nods. He turns his head away and takes another drag. The hand with the gun waits long enough for Keaton to enjoy his last drag before pulling the trigger.

GUNSHOT

The sound of Keaton's body slumping onto the deck.

MOVE OUT ACROSS THE DECK. Below is the stream of gasoline still flowing freely.

The sound of the gasoline igniting. The flame runs in front of us towards the barrels, finally leaping up in a circle around the drums, burning the wood of the pallet and licking the spouting stream as it pours from the hole.

MOVE OUT ACROSS THE DOCK, away from the boat.

The pier to which the boat is moored is littered with DEAD BODIES. Twenty or more men have been shot to pieces and lie scattered everywhere in what can only be the aftermath of a fierce fire-fight.

A BARGE COMES INTO VIEW.

On the deck of the barge is a tangle of cables and girders. The mesh of steel and rubber leaves a dark and open cocoon beneath its base.

MOVE INTO THE DARKNESS.

Sirens are close now. Almost here. The sound of fire raging out of control.

SIRENS BLARING. TIRES SQUEALING. CAR DOORS OPENING. FEET POUNDING THE PAVEMENT. MOVE FURTHER, SLOWER, INTO THE DARKNESS

Voices yelling. New light flickering in the surrounding darkness.

SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION.

Then silence. TOTAL BLACKNESS.

We hear the voice of ROGER "VERBAL" KINT, whom we will soon meet.

VERBAL (V.O.)

New York. - six weeks ago. A truck loaded with stripped gun parts got jacked outside of Queens. The driver didn't see anybody, but somebody fucked up. He heard a voice. Sometimes, that's all you need.

BOOM

INT. DARK APARTMENT - DAY - NEW YORK - SIX WEEKS PRIOR TO PRESENT DAY

The black explodes with the opening of a door into a dark room. Outside, the hall is filled with blinding white light. Shadows in the shapes of men flood into the room. We can make out men in hoods with flashlights. They are laden with weapons.

VOICES

POLICE. SEARCH WARRANT. DON'T MOVE.

It is a blur of violent action and sound. Beams of flashlights cut the darkness in all directions.

FINALLY:

A dozen flashlights land on one man. He lies naked in bed, Merging from a deep sleep. He squints at the flood of blinding white light, more annoyed than frightened. He nearly laughs at the sound of countless guns cocking. He is McMANUS. Age twenty-eight.

VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. McManus?

McMANUS
Yeah.

VOICE (O.S.)
Police. We have a warrant for your arrest.

McMANUS
Will they be serving coffee downtown?

Two dozen black gloved hands grab him and yank him out of bed.

AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

An old paint mixer vibrates furiously. TODD HOCKNEY, a dark, portly man in his thirties is working on an old Fire-bird. A YOUNG HISPANIC KID mixes paint a few feet away. SUDDENLY, the garage door opens TO REVEAL:

A row of five men silhouetted by the bright sun. Hockney squints.

HOCKNEY
Can I help you?

Hockney's voice is gruff.

MAN
Todd Hockney'

Hockney reaches for something just inside the door of the Fire-bird.

HOCKNEY
Who are you?

All six men INSTANTLY PRODUCE GUNS and aim them at Hockney.

MAN
Police.

Hockney withdraws a filthy towel and wipes grease and sweat from his forehead.

HOCKNEY
We don't do gun repair.

EXT. STREET - NEW YORK - DAY

FRED FENSTER, a tall, thin man in his thirties strolls casually down the street. He is dressed conspicuously in a loud suit and tie with shoes that have no hope of matching. He smokes a cigarette and chews gum at the same time.

He happens to glance over his shoulder and notice a brown Ford sedan with four men in it cruising along the curb. He picks up his step a little. The Ford keeps up.

He looks ahead at the corner. He tries to look as comfortable as he can, checking his watch as though remembering an appointment he is late for. The Ford stays right on him.

SUDDENLY, he bolts. He gets no more than a few yards before cars pour out of every conceivable nook and cranny. Brakes are squealing, radios squawking, guns cocking. Fenster is surrounded instantly. He stops short and flaps his hands on his thighs in defeat.

INT. MONDINO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

An attractive man and woman walk quickly through the front of a small New York cafe. They are charged with nervous, excited energy.

The man is DEAN KEATON, a well dressed, sturdy looking man in his forties with slightly graying hair. He looks much better than he did in the opening scene. The woman with him is EDIE FINNERAN, age thirty-three, poised and attractive - Easily the calmer of the two.

They come to a staircase at the back of the restaurant leading down to a dark room. Edie takes Keaton's arm and stops him.

EDIE

Let me look at you.

Keaton is uncomfortable in his suit, or perhaps the situation. Still, he smiles with genuine warmth.

Edie straightens his tie and picks microscopic imperfections from his lapel.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Now remember, this is another kind of business. They don't earn your respect. You owe it to them. Don't stare them down but don't look away either. Confidence. They are fools not to trust you. That's the attitude.

KEATON

I'm having a stroke.

EDIE
You've come far. You're a good man.
I love you.

Keaton blinks then stammers, looking for a response.

PAUSE

EDIE (CONT'D)
Live with it.

She kisses him and runs down the steps with Keaton close behind. Keaton playfully grabs her ass and she nearly stumbles down the stairs.

INT. RESTAURANT - DOWNSTAIRS

They come to the bottom of the steps giggling and jabbing each other. Once off the stairs they instantly transform as though hit with cold air. They assume a cool, professional exterior and walk two feet apart. One would look at them and see only two business associates here to ply their trade.

They walk across the dimly lit dining room to a table in the far corner where two men are already waiting. The first is MR. FORTIER, age thirty-five, the other is MR. RENAULT, age

sixty. Both men are impeccably dressed with a distinguished air. They stand and smile.

FORTIER
Edie, nice to see you.

EDIE
Sorry we're late.

FORTIER
Nonsense. Sit, please.

RENAULT
(struggling with English)
You must be Mr. Keaton.

EDIE
I'm sorry. Dean Keaton

Renault's hand is already out.

RENAULT
Monsieur Renault. A pleasure.

KEATON
How do you do?

They shake hands. Keaton takes Fortier's hand next.

FORTIER
Monsieur Fortier. So nice to
finally meet you.

Everyone sits at the table. All faces are smiling.

LOW ANGLE: UNDER TABLE

Edie's hand reaches out and finds Keaton's leg. Her hand runs high up his inner thigh and squeezes firmly.

Her face is absolutely calm, giving no hint of what her hand is doing. Keaton smiles and clears his throat.

INT. MONDINO'S RESTAURANT

Follow a waiter past the flight of steps.

PAN DOWN TO REVEAL:

Five sets of feet arriving at the bottom.

The feet in the middle wear shoes notably nicer than the rest.

PAN UP TO REVEAL:

SPECIAL AGENT DAVID KUJAN (Pronounced Koo-yahn), U.S. CUSTOMS. Thirtyish, dark-haired and determined.

INT. RESTAURANT - DOWNSTAIRS

FORTIER
Edie brought us your proposal and I'll be honest. We're very impressed. A bit skeptical, I must admit, but impressed.

KEATON
Skeptical.

RENAULT
We find the concept brilliant, but New York is difficult for new restaurants. How can we be certain that our money will be returned in the long run? Keaton looks at Edie and smiles confidently.

KEATON
It's simple gentlemen, design versatility. A restaurant that can change with taste without losing the overall aesthetic. Our atmosphere won't be painted on the walls.

FORTIER

This was the part of the proposal
that intrigued us, but I'm not sure
I follow.

KEATON

Let's say for example -

VOICE (O.S.)

This I had to see myself.

Keaton looks up. He sees David Kujan. Behind him are the very
serious looking guys in suits.

Keaton is not happy to see them.

KEATON

Dave. I'm in a meeting.

KUJAN

Time for another one.

KEATON

This is my attorney, Edie Finneran.
(Gesturing)

KEATON (CONT'D)

This is Mr. Renault and Mr.
Fortier. Everyone, this is David
Kujan.

KUJAN

Special Agent Kujan. U.S. Customs.
(Gestures to men behind
him)

These gentlemen are with the New
York police department. You look
great, Keaton. Better than I would
have thought.

RENAULT

Is there a problem, Mr. Keaton?

KUJAN

The small matter of a stolen truck-
load of guns that wound up on a
boat to Ireland last night.

Renault and Fortier's confusion is giving way to suspicion.

FORTIER

Mr. Keaton?

KEATON

If you will excuse us for a moment,
gentlemen.

KUJAN

We need to ask you some questions
downtown. You'll be quite awhile.

Renault starts to get up.

RENAULT

We should leave you to discuss
whatever this is.

KEATON

Please. Sit.

Keaton stands up and throws a wad of money on the table to cover the check. He looks at Edie. She moves to stand, but he sits her back down with a hand on her shoulder.

KEATON (CONT'D)

Enjoy the meal.

(To Edie)

I'LL call you.

Kujan takes him by the arm, but Keaton yanks away.

He looks out over the dozens of other faces in the restaurant. Everyone is looking at him with some level of surprise. If Keaton is humiliated by the whole affair, he hides it well.

INT. LOCK-UP HALLWAY - NIGHT

A police officer steps into the frame and opens the steel door.

FOLLOW A PAIR OF FEET as they shuffle across the cement floor. The shoes are shabby and worn, as are the wrinkled pants that hang too low and loose at the cuffs. The right foot is turned slightly inward and falls with a hard limp. It is clear that the knee does not extend fully.

The sound of a steel door opening. The bottom corner of a steel cage comes into view. Another set of feet falls into step with the first. Another steel door and another set of feet. Another door, another and another. Five pairs of feet walk single file down the hall.

The lame feet are in the front of the line. They come to another steel door, this one solid and covered with dents and rivets.

CRANE UP TO REVEAL:

ROGER KINT, VERBAL to his few friends. He has a deeply lined face, making his thirty-odd years a good guess at best. From his twisted left hand, we can see that he suffers from a slight but not debilitating palsy. Behind him are Dean Keaton, Fred Fenster, McManus and Todd Hockney.

Verbal steps through the door, followed by the rest.

VERBAL (V.O.)

It didn't make sense that I be there. I mean these guys were hard-core hijackers, but there I was. At that point, I wasn't scared, f knew I hadn't done anything they could do me for. Besides, it was fun. I got to make like I was notorious.

INT. LINE-UP ROOM

The five men are ushered into the room in front of a white wall painted with horizontal blue stripes. Each has a number at either end to denote the height of the man in front of it. Between these lines are thinner blue lines to tell the specific height in inches.

Bright lights shine on all of them. They squint, eyes adjusting.

Keaton leans forward a bit and looks at the men in line with him. He shares a look of familiarity with Fenster and then McManus. Hockney smiles at all of them.

MCMANUS

(To Keaton))

Where you been, man?

VOICE (O.S.)

SHUT UP IN THERE. Alright, you all know the drill. When your number is called, step forward and repeat the phrase you've been given. Understand?

The men all nod.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Number one. Step forward.

Hockney takes a step forward. He looks directly into a mirror on the other side of the room. It is three feet square and we can make out faint light behind it. It is a two-way. He speaks in a complete dead-pan.

HOCKNEY

Hand-me-the-keys, you-fucking-cock-sucker.

VOICE (O.S.)

Number two. Step forward.

McManus steps up and makes a gun with his thumb and forefinger. He mocks criminal intensity, pointing at the mirror. He camps up his line.

MCMANUS

Give me the keys, you
motherfucking, cocksucking pile of
shit, or I'll rip off your

VOICE (O.S.)

KNOCK IT OFF. Get back in line.

McManus steps back.

The rest of the men do their bit as Verbal speaks.

VERBAL (V.O.)

It was bullshit. The whole rap was
a setup. Everything is the cops'
fault. You don't put guys like that
in a room together. Who knows what
can happen?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

McManus sits in a chair in front of a white wall. He smiles
at someone off-screen.

OVERLAPPED:

MCMANUS

This has to be embarrassing for you
guys, huh? I mean you know and I
know this is a load of shit, but at
least I don't have a captain with
his dick in my ass making me play
along. That has got to suck-

VOICE (O.S.)

Are you done?

MCMANUS

Do you work for a broad? That would
have to be the worst.

VOICE (O.S.)

Are you done?

MCMANUS

Still, I guess dignity is a small
price to pay for medical and a
pension. A small pension, mind you,
but a pension nonetheless.

VERBAL (V.O.)

They drilled us all night. Somebody
was pissed about that truck getting
knocked off and the cops had
nothing. They were hoping somebody
would slip. Give them something to
go on.

(MORE)

VERBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They knew we wouldn't fight it because they knew how to lean on us. They'd been doing it forever. Our rights went right out the window. It was a violation. I mean disgraceful. They went after McManus first. He was a good guy. Crazy though. A top notch entry man.

VOICE (O.S.)

So where'd you dump the truck?

MCMANUS

What truck?

VOICE (O.S.)

The truck with the guns, fucko.

MCMANUS

You kill me, you really do. Where's my phone call?

VOICE (O.S.)

Right here. Suck it out.

MCMANUS

Clever guy.

VOICE (O.S.)

You want to know what your buddy Fenster told us?

MCMANUS

Do I look stupid enough to fall for that? Jesus Christ. Beat me if you gotta, but no more of the candy-land tactics, man.

VOICE (O.S.)

WHERE'S THE FUCKING TRUCK?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Now Fenster is in the seat. He sweats profusely.

FENSTER

I want to call my lawyer. I don't know about any truck. I was in Connecticut all night on Friday.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's not what McManus said.

OVERLAPPED:

FENSTER

Who?

VOICE (O.S.)

McManus. Be told us another story altogether.

FENSTER

Was it the one about the hooker with dysentery I swear , she never mentioned money until I came.

VOICE (O.S.)

Be fold us about the truck.

FENSTER

To be honest, it was more like a mobile home. She made a lot of money.

VOICE

Who took the guns off your hands?

FENSTER

Hey, are we talking about the same thing?

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm losing my patience.

VERBAL (V.O.)

Fenster always worked with McManus. He was a real tight-ass, but when it came to the job, he was right on. Smart guy. A gopher. Got whatever you needed for next to nothing.

FENSTER

You guys got nothing on me. Where's your probable cause?

VOICE (O.S.)

You're a known hijacker. You're sweating like a guilty motherfucker. That's my p.c. Save us the time. Tell us where the truck is.

Fenster knocks on the table.

FENSTER

HELLO? Can you hear me in the back?
P.C.

He looks under his chair.

FENSTER (CONT'D)

Where is it? I'm lookin'. It's not happening. What's going on with that? I want

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Hockney's turn in the chair. He laughs it all off.

HOCKNEY

- my lawyer. I'll have your badge, cocksucker.

OVERLAPPED:

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)

I know you. You don't think I know you're on the take. This whole fucking precinct is dirty. You don't have a fucking leg to stand on.

VERBAL (V.O.)

Hockney was just a bad bastard. Good with explosives. Mean as a snake when it mattered .

VOICE (O.S.)

You think so, tough guy? I can put you in Queens the day of the hijacking.

HOCKNEY

I live in Queens. What the fuck is this? You come into my store and lock me up in front of my customers. What the hell is wrong with this country? Are you guys gonna charge me or what?

VOICE (O.S.)

You know what happens if you do another turn in the joint?

HOCKNEY

I'll fuck your father in the shower. Charge me, dick-head.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Now Keaton sits in the chair, cool and indifferent.

VERBAL (V.O.)

Keaton was the real prize for them, for obvious reasons.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'll charge you when I'm ready.

KEATON
with what?

VOICE (O.S.)
You know damn well, dead-man.

KEATON
Hey, that was your mistake, not mine. Did you ever think to ask me? I've been walking around with the same face, same name - I'm a businessman, fellas.

VOICE (O.S.)
What's that? The restaurant business? Not anymore From now on you're in the getting-fucked-by-us business . I'm gonna make you famous, cocksucker.

Keaton shows just a flicker of contempt. The threat has hit home.

KEATON
Like I said. It was all your mistake. Charge me with it and I'll beat it. Let's get back to the truck.

A FIST flies into the frame and connects with Keaton's jaw. His head snaps back, blood flowing freely from his mouth.

INT. CELL BLOCK

Keaton is brought in to a holding where he joins Fenster, Hockney, Verbal and McManus. He sits in a corner and keeps to himself.

Fenster is in mid-tirade.

FENSTER
Somebody should do something. What is this shit - getting hauled in every five minutes? Okay, so I did a little time, does that mean I get railed every time a truck finds its way off the planet?

McManus is silently staring at Keaton, who sits on a bench, looking away.

HOCKNEY
These guys got no probable cause.

FENSTER

You're fuckin' A right, no P.C.
Well screw P.C. No right. No
goddamn right. You do some time,
they never let you go. Treat me
like a criminal, I'll end up a
criminal.

HOCKNEY

You are a criminal.

FENSTER

Why you gotta go and do that? I'm
trying to make a point.

KEATON

Then make it. Christ, you're making
me tired all over.

McManus looks at Keaton.

MCMANUS

I heard you were dead, Keaton.

KEATON

You heard right.

HOCKNEY

The word I got is you hung up your
spurs, man. What's that all about?

MCMANUS

What's this?

HOCKNEY

Rumor has it, Keaton's gone
straight - cleaning house. I hear
he's tapping Edie Finneran.

MCMANUS

Who?

HOCKNEY

She's a heavy-weight criminal
lawyer from uptown. Big-time
connected. She could erase
Dillinger's record if she tried. I
hear she's Keaton's meal ticket.

(To Keaton)

Is it true?

MCMANUS

What about it, Keaton? You a
lawyer's wife. What sort of
"retainer" you giving her?

Keaton shoots McManus a fiery glare.

FENSTER

I'd say you've gotten on his main and central nerve, McManus.

KEATON

Do your friend a favor, Fenster, keep him quiet .

MCMANUS

You're clean, Keaton? Say it ain't so. Was it you that hit that truck?

FENSTER

Forget him. It's not important. I was trying to make a point.

KEATON

(Ignoring McManus)

This whole thing was a shakedown.

MCMANUS

What makes you say that?

KEATON

How many times have you been in a line- up? It's always you and four dummies. The P.D. pays homeless guys ten bucks a head half the time. No way they'd line five felons in the same row. No way. And what the hell is a voice line-.up? A public defender could get you off of that.

FENSTER

So why the hell was I hauled in and cavity searched tonight?

KEATON

It was the Feds. A truck load of guns gets snagged, Customs comes down on N.Y.P.D. for some answers - they come up with us. They're grabbing at straws. It's politics - nothing you can do.

FENSTER

I had a guy's fingers in my asshole tonight.

HOCKNEY

Is it Friday already?

FENSTER

Fuck you. I'll never shit right again. So who did it? Own up.

KEATON
I don't want to know.

MCMANUS
Nobody asked you, workin'-man.

HOCKNEY
Fuck who did it. What I want to
know is, who's the gimp?

ALL EYES suddenly turn on Verbal. He has been quietly
listening the whole time without uttering a word.

KEATON
He's alright.

HOCKNEY
How do I know that? How about it,
pretzel-man? What's your story?

KEATON
His name is Verbal Kint. I thought
you guys knew him.

MCMANUS
Verbal?

VERBAL
Roger really. People say I talk too
much.

HOCKNEY
Yeah, I was gonna tell you to shut
up.

KEATON
We've met once or twice. Last time
was in...

VERBAL
County. I was in for fraud.

KEATON
You were waiting for a line-up
then, too. What happened with that?

VERBAL
I walked. Ninety days, suspended.

HOCKNEY
So you did it?

VERBAL
To your mother's ass.

Verbal looks away from Hockney, awaiting a violent response. Everyone slowly starts to laugh. Hockney looks as if he is about to boil in his own skin.

KEATON
(To Hockney)
Let it go.

Verbal smiles at Keaton appreciatively.

McManus stands and walks to the toilet in the corner of the cell. He starts taking a leak;

MCMANUS
Look, we've all been put out by this, I figure we owe it to ourselves to salvage a little dignity. Now Fenster and I got wind of a possible job -

KEATON
Why don't you just calm down'

HOCKNEY
What do you care what he says?

MCMANUS
Yeah, I'm just talking here, and Hockney seems to want to hear me out. I know Fenster is with me -
(To Verbal))
How about you, guy?

McManus finishes pissing.

VERBAL
I'm interested, sure.

MCMANUS
There, so you see, I'm going to exercise my right to free assembly.

McManus taps the bars of his cell and the others LAUGH.

KEATON
I'm not kidding. Shut your mouth.

MCMANUS
You're missing the point.

KEATON
No, you're missing the point. Shut up. I don't want to hear anything you have to say. I don't want to know about your "job". Just don't let me hear you. I want nothing to do with any of you -
(MORE)

KEATON (CONT'D)

(Beat)

I beg your pardon but all of you
can go to hell.

MCMANUS

Dean Keaton, gone the high road.
What is the world coming to?

McManus and Keaton stare at one another for a long and tense moment. Finally McManus turns to the others.

MCMANUS (CONT'D)

Forget him then.

(Whispering))

Now I can't talk about this here in
any detail, but listen up...

Everyone but Keaton gravitates toward McManus's cell as he begins to speak in low, hushed tones.

VERBAL (V.O.)

And that was how it began. The five
of us brought in on a trumped-up
charge to be leaned on by half-
wits. What the cops never figured
out, and what I know now, was that
these men would never break, never
lie down, never bend over for
anybody. .. Anybody.

EXT. PIER - DAY - SAN PEDRO - PRESENT DAY

It is morning in the aftermath of the opening scene. Harsh sunlight shines on a line of body bags on the dock.

Police swarm everywhere, photographers are taking pictures of the scene while a team of men in rolled up sleeves and plastic gloves pick at the remains.

Two men on a fire boat operate a water cannon, dousing the smoldering remains of a burned-out ship's hull.

Watching this from the edge of the pier is a man in a dark suit. He is SPECIAL AGENT JACK BAER of the F.B.I. He is tall and fit, in his late thirties. He gazes out over the water thoughtfully.

A UNIFORM COP trots up to him.

COP

Who are you?

Baer holds up his badge without looking at the man.

BAER

Agent Jack Baer, F.B.I. How many
dead?

Before the cop can answer, Baer turns and walks along the line of body bags.

COP
Fifteen so far. We're still pulling
some bodies out of the water.

Baer eyes the corpses on the dock, burned beyond recognition.

COP (CONT'D)
Looking for anyone in particular?

Baer looks at the cop for the first time, unamused.

BAER
I don't want any of the bodies
taken away until I've had a chance
to go over this, understood?

COP
I have to clear the scene. I've got
word direct from the Chief

Baer lights a cigarette, only half listening.

BAER
(Unimpressed)
Yes, the chief. Spooky stuff. Any
survivors?

COP
Two. There's a guy in county
hospital, but he's in a coma. The
D.A. has the other guy - A cripple -
from New York I think. Listen, the
Chief said -

BAER
Excuse me.

Baer walks away from the cop, ignoring him completely. He wanders through the carnage on the pier.

EXT. OCEAN

A half mile out from the pier.

The sea is choppy, stirred by the wind. An object floats into view a few feet away, bobbing in the water.

It is A DEAD BODY - a man, face down, wearing a CHECKERED BATHROBE. He drifts quietly toward the open ocean.

INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY - LOS ANGELES PRESENT

Verbal Kint sits in a chair in front of a microphone attached to a tape recorder, his brow beaded with sweat.

On the wall behind him is the seal of the STATE OF CALIFORNIA

He is cleaner, better kept, in a well-cut suit and neatly trimmed hair. He looks older than he did in New York - worn down.

A flurry of voices banter off screen. Verbal's eyes follow the voices back and forth.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

My client offers his full cooperation in these proceedings. In exchange, his testimony is to be sealed and all matters incriminating to himself are to be rendered inadmissible.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

The district attorney's office will comply provided -

VOICE #1

No provisions, nothing. My clients testimony for his immunity.

VOICE #2

May-I be frank, Counselor? I suspect your political power as much as I respect it. I don't know why Mr. Kint has so many faceless allies in City Hall, and I don't care. The embarrassment he helped cause the city of New York will not happen here.

VOICE #1

Immunity.

VOICE #2

Counselor, I will prosecute your client.

VOICE #1

Then prosecute. I will be very impressed to see if the District Attorney manages to bring in twenty-seven simultaneous counts of murder against one man with cerebral palsy. I would think a man with your job would agree with these alleged "faceless people in City Hall" you mention.

VOICE #2

One would think the counsel is veiling a threat.

VOICE #1
Counsel isn't veiling anything.

VOICE #2
I'll take my chances then. I'll
feel safer without a job if a man
like Mr. Kint is behind bars.

VOICE #1
Mr. Kint will plead guilty to
weapons possession.

VOICE #2
You're joking.

VOICE #1
Weapons. Misdemeanor one.

VOICE #2
Counselor, you're insulting me.

VOICE #1
Counselor, you're bluffing. Shall I
push for misdemeanor two?

Voices mumble off screen. Verbal fidgets in his chair.

VOICE #2
Misdemeanor one. Fine. This is
ludicrous.

A tiny smile and a genuine look of disbelief flash across
Verbal's face.

VOICE #2
(Clearing throat)
As for the rest of the charges
grand larceny, arson... murder -
the district attorney will accept
the subject's testimony in
connection with the above mentioned
events and in exchange will offer
complete immunity. The
transcript... The transcript of
said testimony will be sealed and
all matters incriminating to Mr.
Kint will be rendered inadmissible.

Verbal lets out a long-held sigh of relief.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

David Kujan is walking quickly beside SERGEANT RABIN, a dark
and weathered looking man in his late thirties. They move up
a staircase into the heart of police headquarters.

KUJAN

What do you mean I can't see him?

RABIN

The D.A. came down here last night ready to arraign before they even moved him to county. Kint's lawyer comes in and five minutes later, the D.A. comes out looking like he'd been bitch-slapped by the boogey man. They took his statement and cut him a deal.

KUJAN

Did they charge him with anything?

RABIN

Weapons. Misdemeanor two.

KUJAN

What'the fuck is that?

Rabin motions for Kujan to lower his voice. He points out that they are walking through a bullpen filled with desks where a number of other police are working within earshot.

RABIN

I give the D.A. credit for getting that much to stick. This whole thing has turned political. The Mayor was here - the chief - the Governor called this morning, for Christ's sake. This guy is protected - From up on high by the prince of fucking darkness.

KUJAN

When does he post bail?

RABIN

Two hours, tops.

KUJAN

I want to see him.

Rabin comes to an office door with his name on it. He opens it and lets Kujan in before following.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE

RABIN

Dave, please.

Rabin's office can only be described as a disaster area. The desk is cluttered with weeks, perhaps months or even years of paperwork that could never conceivably be sorted out.

Above his desk is a bulletin board. It is a breathtaking catastrophe of papers, wanted posters, rap-sheets, memos and post-its. This is in the neighborhood of decades. Rabin is a man with a system so cryptic, so far beyond the comprehension of others, he himself is most likely baffled by it.

RABIN (CONT'D)

Even if I was to let you talk to him, he won't talk to you. He's paranoid about being recorded and he knows the interrogation rooms are wired.

KUJAN

This won't be an' interrogation, just a... friendly chat to kill time.

RABIN

(enunciating)

He won't go into the interrogation room.

KUJAN

Someplace else, then.

RABIN

Where?

Kujan looks around Rabin's messy office.

RABIN (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no.

KUJAN

If it was a dope deal, where's the dope, if it was a hit, who called it in?

RABIN

And I am sure you have a host of wild + theories to answer these questions.

KUJAN

You know damn well what I think.

RABIN

That's crazy, Dave and it doesn't matter. He has total immunity and his story checks out. He doesn't know what you want to know.

KUJAN

I don't think he does. Not exactly, but there's a lot more to his story.

(MORE)

KUJAN (CONT'D)

I want to know why twenty-seven men died on that pier for what looks to be ninety-one million dollars worth of dope that wasn't there. Above all, I want to be sure that Dean Keaton is dead.

RABIN

He's dead.

KUJAN

Two hours. Just until he makes bail.

RABIN

They're all dead. No matter how tough you say this Keaton was, no one on that boat could've made it out alive.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A door marked INTENSIVE CARE. The door BURSTS OPEN. SUDDENLY, the hallway is a flurry of activity. DOCTOR LISA PLUMBER, age fifty, walks quickly beside JACK BAER. Baer walks with all of the determination of a battalion of Chinese infantry.

DOCTOR RIDGLY WALTERS, a young intern in his late twenties rushes up to them.

PLUMBER

Ridgly, this is Special Agent Jack Baer from the F.B.I. Agent Baer, this is Doctor Ridgly Waiters.

RIDGLY

Nice to meet you.

BAER

Is he talking?

RIDGLY

He regained consciousness less than an hour ago. He spoke - not English - then he lapsed.

BAER

Hungarian?

RIDGLY

I don't

BAER

It was Hungarian. Most of them were Hungarians. Any fluent Hungarians on your staff?

RIDGLY
We have a Turkish audiologist.

Ridgly opens a door and Baer barrels through.

HOSPITAL ROOM

(<< >> DENOTES LINES SPOKEN IN HUNGARIAN)

Baer comes to an abrupt halt at the foot of a bed surrounded by a massive tangle of medical equipment. In the center of it all is the as yet unnamed ARKOSH KOVASH, mid-thirties. His body is nearly mummified in bandages and plaster from waist to chin.

BOLD IS OVERLAPPED:

KOVASH
<<Are you the police? I need the police. He'll find out I'm here and he'll kill me. I need the police. I will tell them anything they want to know. Please, I am going to be killed.>>

BAER
will he die?

PLUMBER
There's a chance.

Baer walks over to Kovash and kneels down on the bed beside him.

He looks closely at his battered and scalded face. He listens to him for a moment. Kovash goes on incessantly.

KOVASH
<<Find someone who understands me, you idiot, I'm going to be killed, You'll all be killed if he has to do it. Help me, God. They're all stupid. Get someone who understands me or we're all going to die.>>

Baer pulls a cellular phone out of his jacket and dials.

BAER
Call hospital security and put a man on the door until the police get here.

KOVASH
<<Why are you just standing there, you idiot? I'm not speaking English am I?

(MORE)

KOVASH (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it make sense to find someone who could talk to me so you could find the person that set me on fire, perhaps? He is the Devil. You've never seen anyone like Keyser Soze in all your miserable life you idiot. Keyser Soze. Do you at least understand that? Keyser Soze. The Devil himself. Or are you American policemen io stupid that you haven't even heard of him. Keyser Soze, you ridiculous man. KEYSER SOZE. >>

Ridgely runs out of the room. Kovash babbles louder and louder, trying to get Baer's attention. Baer sticks a finger in one ear to block him out and hear the phone.

PLUMBER

Is he dangerous?

BAER

Yes.

Someone picks up on the other end of the phone.

BAER (CONT'D)

Joel, it's Baer. I'm down at L.A. county. The guy they pulled out of the harbor is ARKOSH Kovash... Yes, I'm sure... No, he's all fucked up... What? I can't hear you.

(To Arkosh)

Shut up, Hugo, I'm on the phone.

(Into Phone)

Yes... No... Not until I put someone on him. Listen, I need you to send me someone who can speak Hungarian. He's awake and talking like a Thai hooker... How should I know? Get me someone who can talk to him -

Baer is suddenly distracted by something Kovash has said. In the middle of a long string of unintelligible dialect, he has spouted two words that have gotten Baer's attention.

He turns and looks down at the tattered man in the bed. Kovash realizes Baer is listening and says the two words again.

KOVASH

Keyser - Soze.

BAER

What?

He waves his hand, gesturing for Kovash to say it again.

KOVASH
Keyser - Soze.

BAER
No shit?
(Into Phone)
Joel, call Dan Metzheiser over at
Justice and find Dave Kujan from
Customs.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION

Rabin walks out of a small room. Behind him, we catch a glimpse of a workroom with a bench covered with wires.

Kujan comes out a moment later, gently fixing his tie.

Rabin opens the door to his office and Kujan enters. Rabin follows, looking up and down the hall before closing the door behind them.

As the door closes we can just make out the back of Verbal's head. He is seated in Rabin's office, smoking a cigarette.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE

Kujan and Rabin sit down across from Verbal.

KUJAN
(Exasperated)
Verbal, you know we're trying to
help you.

VERBAL
Sure. And I appreciate that. And I
want to help you, Agent Kujan. I
like cops. I would have liked to
have been a Fed myself but my C.P.
was -

KUJAN
Verbal, I know you know something.
I know you're not telling us
everything.

VERBAL
I told the D.A. everything I know.

INT. WORKSHOP

Rabin stands over LOUIS, a messy looking technician at his workbench in a room full of electronic equipment. He adjusts several dials on a receiver until the voices of Kujan and Verbal come clearly through a tinny speaker on the wall. Rabin reaches over for a nearby pot of coffee.

KUJAN (VOICE)
I know you liked Keaton I know you
think he was a good man.

VERBAL (VOICE)
I know he was good.

KUJAN (VOICE)
He was a corrupt cop, Verbal.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE

VERBAL
Sure. Fifteen years ago, but he was
a good thief Anyway, the cops
wouldn't let him go legit.

KUJAN
Keaton was a piece of shit.

VERBAL
You trying to get a rise out of me,
Agent Kujan?

KUJAN
I just want to hear your story.

VERBAL
It's right here.

He taps a finger on the stack of paper that Kujan brought in.
Kujan picks it up and thumbs through it.

KUJAN
According to your statement you are
a short-con operator. Run of the
mill seams. Everything you do, you
learned from somebody else.

VERBAL
That's been suppressed. Anything in
there is inadmissible.

KUJAN
Oh, I know. Sweet deal you have.
Total immunity .

VERBAL
(laughing)
Well I do have the weapons charge.
I'm looking at six whole months
hard time.

KUJAN
(smiling)
You know a dealer named Ruby
Deemer, Verbal?

VERBAL

You know a religious guy named John Paul?

KUJAN

You know Ruby is in Attica?

VERBAL

He didn't have my lawyer.

KUJAN

I know Ruby. He's very big on respect. Likes me very much.

Verbal sees this getting to something. His smiles fades.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

Now I know your testimony was sealed. Ruby is well connected. He still has people running errands for him. What do you think he'd say if he found out you dropped his name to the D.A.?

VERBAL

There's nothing in there about Ruby.

KUJAN

I'll be sure to mention that to him.

Verbal is not smiling anymore. He stares at Kujan with utter contempt, knowing he is being shafted.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

The first thing I learned on the job, know what it was? How to spot a murderer. Let's say you arrest three guys for the same killing. Put them all in jail overnight. The next morning, whoever is sleeping is your man. If you're guilty, you know you're caught, you get some rest - let your guard down, you follow?

VERBAL

No.

KUJAN

I'll get right to the point. I'm smarter than you. I'll find out what I want to know and I'll get it from you whether you like it or not.

VERBAL

I'm not a rat.

Kujan puts his hand on the transcript of Verbal's confession. Rabin walks in with a cup of coffee. Verbal takes it with his good hand and sips it with a relish.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

Ahhh. Back when I was picking beans in Guatemala we used to make fresh coffee. Right off the trees I mean. That was good. This is shit, but hey...

RAB IN

Can we get started again?

KUJAN

Now what happened after the line-up?

Verbal sneers at Kujan, unable to change the subject.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - NEW YORK - SIX WEEKS PRIOR

Keaton stops at the top of the front steps of the police station and lights a cigarette. Edie comes out behind him, fuming mad.

EDIE

...and the desk Sergeant is actually trying to tell me he can't release you? Can you believe that? You weren't even charged. New York police - Jesus. I want to take pictures of your face to bring to the D.A. first thing in the morning.

KEATON

Just forget about it.

He looks across the street and sees Fenster and McManus talking by a newsstand. McManus is thumbing through magazines.

EDIE

Absolutely not.

Keaton looks to his right and sees Hockney trying to hail a cab.

EDIE (CONT'D)

I'll have this thing in front of a grand jury by Monday.

KEATON

Edie, please. I don't want to hear this right now. What did Renault and Fortier say?

EDIE

They want more time to think about investing.

KEATON

Goddamn it.

EDIE

They just said they wanted time.

KEATON

Time for what, Edie? Time to look into me a little more, that's what. No matter how well you cover my tracks now, they'll find out who I am.

EDIE

Give me some credit. I got you this far, let's go to the grand jury. This is never going to stop if we -

KEATON

No. It's never going to stop, period. It won't take more than a week before every investor in this city is walking away from us. It's finished. I'm finished.

Just then, Verbal bumps into him on his way out the door. He excuses himself and hobbles down the steps, oblivious to who he has bumped into as he tries to navigate the stairs.

EDIE

Don't give up on me now, Dean.

KEATON

They'll never stop.

EDIE

I love you.

KEATON

(To himself)

They ruined me tonight.

EDIE

Dean, I love you. Do you hear me?

Verbal gets to the sidewalk and stops. He turns, realizing it is Keaton on the steps.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Let's just go to my place. We'll
worry about this tomorrow.

Keaton and Verbal look at one another for a moment. Keaton then looks over to the newsstand and sees Fenster looking at him.

KEATON

Huh?

McManus notices Fenster and glances up from his magazine to see what he is looking at.

EDIE

Come home with me, please. Dean?

Keaton looks at Hockney who has one foot in a cab. He is looking at Fenster and McManus who are looking at Keaton. This makes Hockney look up at Keaton as well.

SUDDENLY, Edie tunes in to what is going on. She notices the others on the street. She reaches over and takes Keaton by the arm, pulling gently. She glares at the others.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Come home, Dean.

KEATON

(Distant)

Alright.

Verbal looks at everyone else from where he stands on the street. Fenster, McManus and Hockney all look at him and then at each other. It is a strange moment of unspoken understanding.

All eyes finally turn to Keaton, high on the front steps of the police station as he walks away with Edie.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Verbal stands in front of an apartment door. He hesitates for a long moment before he knocks.

After a moment, the door opens and Keaton stands on the other side of it. He is wearing a bathrobe and smoking a cigarette.

He looks at Verbal without any expression whatsoever.

KEATON

What are you doing here?! How did
you find me?

VERBAL

I just asked one of the detectives
downtown. He seemed pretty happy to
tell me.

Keaton curses under his breath and motions for Verbal to come
in.

INT. EDIE'S APARTMENT

Verbal walks in and sits down on the couch, watching Keaton
cautiously. He looks around the large apartment, beautifully
furnished and decorated.

Edie walks into the room in a man's button-down shirt and
sweat pants.

EDIE

Dean, who was at the

She stops when she sees Verbal. Verbal stands and smiles
nervously.

VERBAL

How do you do?

KEATON

Verb - Roger, this is Edie
Finneran. Edie, this is Roger Kint,
he was at

EDIE

(Cold)

I know who he is.

VERBAL

I hope I didn't disturb you.

EDIE

I hope so, too, Mr. Kint. Can I get
you something to drink?

VERBAL

A glass of water would be nice.

Edie shoots a look at Keaton on her way out of the room.
Keaton tries to hush his voice despite his anger.

KEATON

What the hell do you want?

VERBAL

I wanted to talk to you. The other
guys -

KEATON

I did you a favor by standing up
for you last night, but don't think
we're friends. I'm sorry, but I
have other things -

VERBAL

They're gonna do a job. Three
million dollars, maybe more.

Keaton is speechless. Verbal sits on the couch again.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

They sent me to offer you a cut. We
could use a fifth man - a driver -
That's all you'll do.

Edie walks in with a glass of ice water and hands it to
Verbal.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Verbal drinks slowly. Edie stands over him, her face blank.
It is an awkward moment. She deliberately makes Verbal
uncomfortable.

LONG PAUSE - FINALLY:

EDIE

So what is it you do, Mr. Kint?

VERBAL

Umm ...

EDIE

A hijacker like Dean, here? Or
something more creative?

KEATON

That's enough, Edie.

EDIE

(Angry)

I don't know what you came here
for, but we won't have any part of
it.

KEATON

Edie, please.

Keaton takes Edie by the arm and tries to guide her toward
the other room. She pulls away, anger turning to rage.

EDIE

I've spent the last year of my life putting his back together again - I won't have you come in here and - What makes you think - GET OUT. GET OUT OF m HOME. HOW DARE YOU COME HERE?

Keaton is pulling her now. She yanks her arm away and shoves him.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Don't touch me. Just don't,

She turns and walks out of the room. Somewhere in the back of the apartment, a door slams.

Keaton turns and glares at Verbal. Verbal cringes.

KEATON

Get out.

VERBAL

If you'll just let me -

SUDDENLY, KEATON LUNGES. He grabs Verbal by the lapels and lifts him off the couch, moving him effortlessly across the room and slamming him into the wall next to the front door. He opens it.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

Don't hurt me.

KEATON

(Seething)

Hurt you, you sonofabitch? I could kill you.

Keaton starts to shove Verbal out the door.

VERBAL

(Quickly)

They're going to hit the Taxi Service.

Keaton freezes. LONG PAUSE.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

New York's Finest Taxi Service.

KEATON

They - That's bullshit. They don't operate anymore.

VERBAL

McManus has a friend in the Fourteenth Precinct.

(MORE)

VERBAL (CONT'D)

They're coming out for one job - Thursday. They're picking up a guy smuggling emeralds out of South America. Fenster and McManus have a fence set to take the stuff.

KEATON

What fence? Who?

VERBAL

Some guy in California. His name is Redfoot.

KEATON

Never heard of him.

Keaton moves to throw Verbal out. Verbal grabs Keaton and holds tight.

VERBAL

You have to come.

KEATON

What's with you? What do you care whether I come or not?

VERBAL

They - They don't know me. You do. They won't take me unless you go. Look at me. I need this.

KEATON

Tough break.

VERBAL

Don't tell me you don't need this. Is this your place?

Keaton is unable to answer.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

They're never going to stop with us, you know that. This way we hit the cops where it hurts and get well in the mean time.

Keaton lets Verbal go and steps back, thinking.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

As clean as you could ever get, they'll never let you go now. I'm not knocking you. You look like you've got a good little seam going with this lawyer -

WHAM. Keaton punches Verbal in the stomach and drops him to one knee. Verbal coughs and tries to find his breath.

KEATON
You watch your mouth.

VERBAL
(Gasping)
Okay, okay. You say it's the real
thing? That's cool.

Keaton reaches for Verbal. Verbal flinches. Keaton gently helps him up and guides him to the couch. They both sit.

Keaton reaches for a pack of cigarettes and lights one for each of them.

KEATON
I apologize.

Verbal takes one and has a few drags, catching his breath and rubbing his stomach in pain.

FINALLY:

VERBAL
I was out of line.

KEATON
You okay?

VERBAL
I'll be alright.

KEATON
Well, I'm sorry.

VERBAL
Forget it.
(Beat)
I'll probably shit blood tonight.

Keaton laughs. Verbal thinks about it for a moment and laughs with him.

Keaton's laughter trails off. He thinks for a moment.

KEATON
How are they going to do it?

VERBAL
McManus wants to go in shooting. I
said no way.

KEATON
Fenster and Hockney?

VERBAL
They're pretty pissed off. They'll
do anything.
(MORE)

VERBAL (CONT'D)

Now I got a way to do it without
killing anyone: but like I said,

they won't let me in without you.

KEATON

Three million?

VERBAL

Maybe more.

KEATON

No killing?

VERBAL

Not if we do it my way.

LONG PAUSE

KEATON

(Lost in thought)

I swore I'd live above myself.

Verbal smiles, knowing he has him.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

VERBAL (V.O.)

New York's finest Taxi Service was
not your normal taxi service. It
was a ring of corrupt cops in the
N.Y.P.D. that ran a high-profit
racket, driving smugglers and drug
dealers all over the city. For a
few hundred dollars a mile, you got
your own black and white and a
police escort. They even had their
own business cards.

OSCAR WHITEHEAD, a tall gray-haired man in his fifties comes
out of the international terminal in a white linen suit. He
holds a large suitcase in his right hand.

VERBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After a while, somebody started
asking questions and the taxi
service shut down. Ever since then,
Internal Affairs had been waiting
to catch them in the act.

Oscar stands on the curb long enough to light a cigarette.
After a moment, a POLICE CRUISER pulls up to him. He opens
the back door and gets in.

VERBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that was how we started.
McManus came to us with the job;
Fenster got the vans;

(MORE)

VERBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hockney supplied the hardware; 'I
came through with how to do it so
no one got killed - but Keaton -
Keaton put on the finishing touch.
A little "Fuck you" from the five
of us to the N.Y.P.D.

The car drives out of the airport. A VAN follows at a
distance.

INT. POLICE CAR

SERGEANT JIM STRAUZ, a meaty, imposing looking man in his
forties drives the car. Beside him is a thin, greasy looking
PATROLMAN, STEVE RIZZI. They are two drivers for New York's
Finest Taxi Service.

RIZZI
How was the flight?

Oscar hands Rizzi a thick envelope.

OSCAR
Will that get me to the Pierre?

Rizzi counts the stack of hundred dollar bills in the
envelope .

RIZZI
That'll get you to Cape God.

The two men laugh. Strausz watches the road, expressionless.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The cruiser heads towards the heart of Manhattan.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The police car makes its way down a wide, abandoned street. A
WHITE MINIVAN pulls out behind it and heads the same way.

INT. POLICE CAR

Strausz looks in the rear-view mirror. The white minivan is
flashing his high-beams.

STRAUSZ
What the

RIZZI
LOOK OUT.

Strausz looks in front of him. A green minivan swerves in
front of them from out of nowhere. Strausz slams on the
brakes and skids to a halt. The white minivan rams them from
behind.

Strausz and Rizzi are stunned for a moment as two more vans screech up on either side of the cruiser, boxing it in with only a few inches between them.

The cruiser is surrounded on all sides.

SUDDENLY, SHOTGUN BARRELS come through the open windows. They come to rest, one on Strausz's left temple one on Rizzi's right. RIZZI looks out of the corner of his eye.

He sees the driver of the van next to him holding the shotgun with one hand. A stocking is over the driver's head.

Strausz looks straight ahead. The minivan in front of them is missing a back window. Another man with a stocking on his head aims a sub-machine gun at them from inside.

By the twisted right hand holding the front of the gun, we know it is Verbal.

Strausz and Rizzi raise their hands without being asked.

EXT. STREET

The driver of the white van gets out with a gallon jug in one hand and a sledge hammer in the other.

Moving like lightning, he jumps onto the roof of the police car

'He stands on the front of the roof and swings the hammer down.

INT. POLICE CAR

SMASH

The hammer punches three huge holes in the windshield and finally caves it in. Strausz and Rizzi are covered with pebbles of broken glass. Whitehead clutches his bag in the back seat. He trembles in terror.

The man standing on the roof doubles over and sticks a gun in Strausz's face. His face hangs upside down and looks gruesome - covered from the mouth up in a stocking. By the voice, we know it is McManus.

MCMANUS
GIVE ME THE SHIT.

STRAUSZ
Give it up.

Oscar hands the suitcase up front and Strausz passes it to McManus.

EXT. FRONT VAN

Through the front windshield of the front van we see Keaton at the wheel. Verbal is behind him leaning out the back window.

Beneath Keaton's stocking mask we see he is trembling and sweating - sickened by what he is doing.

He glances up at the rear-view mirror and looks at the scene outside. He looks down at the floor in shame, shaking his head.

INT. POLICE CAR

MCMANUS

The money.

Strausz looks at Rizzi.

MCMAMJS

THE MONEY. LET'S HAVE IT.

Rizzi hands the money through the remains of the windshield.

McManus takes the money and stuffs it in his jacket. He steps back and takes the cap off of the gallon jug. He quickly pours some kind of liquid all over the roof of the car.

STRAUSZ

Do you know who I am?

A hand reaches into the driver's side window and rips Strausz's badge off of his shirt.

Strausz dares to turn his head right at the shotgun pointing at him through the window. On the other end is a masked and smiling Todd Hockney.

HOCKNEY

We db now, Jerk-off.

McManus lights a pack of matches and drops them on the roof of the car as he jumps off. THE LIQUID IGNITES, the roof of the car is instantly in flames.

Strausz and Rizzi attempt to bail out, but the vans are too close for them to open the doors.

The vans pull away. Strausz and Rizzi escape from the car. Oscar is trapped inside, SCREAMING. Strausz and Rizzi stop, each expecting the other to get Oscar out.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The scene is swarming with fresh police cars. Strausz and Rizzi are fielding questions from a dozen other cops.

Photographers are everywhere.

VERBAL (V.O.)

The papers got Keaton's call that day and were on the scene before the cops were. Strausz and Rizzi were indicted three days later. Within a few weeks, fifty more cops went down with them. It was beautiful. Everybody got it right in the ass, from the chief on down.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Hockney, Fenster, McManus and Verbal are all laughing in a secluded garage. They are still in their black clothes from the robbery. Hockney is throwing everyone a can of beer.

Keaton sits off by himself. He watches the others, unable to join in the festivities.

The others sit around a cheap card table. It is covered with emeralds. Dozens of them. Everyone is in awe.

McManus There's more than I thought.

HOCKNEY

When does the fence come?

MCMANUS

Redfoot? He never comes to see me. I have to go see him.

VERBAL

In California?

MCMANUS

Yeah. It'll take a few days. Me and Fenster

HOCKNEY

Hold the fuckin' phone. You and Fenster? No, no, no.

MCMANUS

Guys, come on.

HOCKNEY

I'm sure you can understand my hesitation.

FENSTER

Then who goes?

HOCKNEY

We all go. How about it, Keaton?

All eyes turn to Keaton. He comes out of his trance.

KEATON
We need to lay low for a while.

MCMANUS
Fine with me.

PAUSE

Everyone looks at each other, their moment of distrust blowing over. All eyes drift back to the emeralds on the table.

Hockney begins to snicker, then McManus, then Fenster. Verbal joins in at last.

McManus grabs Verbal and hugs him, shaking him violently.

MCMANUS (CONT'D)
My boy with the plan.

SUDDENLY, everyone yells and pours beer over Verbal's head. He laughs as he is drenched in white foam, nearly choking as the others chant his name.

Keaton watches from across the room, trying to smile in vain.

INT. WAITING ROOM - LAW OFFICE - DAY

Keaton and Verbal sit side by side on a sofa. A sign on the door behind them reads: MONTGOMERY and LaGUARDIA - ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

VERBAL
We're going to miss the flight.

KEATON
We'll make it.

VERBAL
Don't do this. Send her a card - something.

KEATON
We'll make it.

VOICE (O.S.)
Ms. Finneran will be with you in a moment.

Keaton stands and paces across the waiting room. He comes to a set of glass doors and looks through them.

Keaton realizes he is standing on a balcony overlooking a library below.

He sees Edie working in the library with an old woman. The two women talk for a moment.

SUDDENLY, Keaton turns with a start. Verbal is standing behind him.

VERBAL
We're gonna miss the plane.
(beat)
She'll understand.

Edie is smiling and laughing with the old woman. Keaton's face is marked with guilt and anguish. Keaton turns and walks out of the waiting room. Verbal takes one last glance at Edie and turns back to Keaton.

INT. LIBRARY

Edie seems to sense something behind her. She turns and looks through the glass doors and up into the waiting room.

NOTHING IS THERE. She goes back to chatting with the old woman.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE -DAY - LOS ANGELES - PRESENT

KUJAN
Heartwarming. Really, I feel weepy.

VERBAL
You wanted to know what happened after the line-up, I'm telling you.

KUJAN
Oh come on, Verbal. Who do you think you're talking to? You really expect me to believe he retired? For a woman? Bullshit. He was using her.

VERBAL
He loved her.

KUJAN
Sure. And I'm supposed to believe that hitting the Taxi Service wasn't his idea either.

VERBAL
That was all Fenster and McManus.

KUJAN
Come on. Keaton was a cop for four years. Who else would know the Taxi Service better? That job had his name all over it.

VERBAL

You keep trying to lay this whole ride on Keaton. It wasn't like that. Sure he knew, but Edie had him all turned around. I'm telling you straight, I swear.

KUJAN

Let me tell you something. I know Dean Keaton. I've been investigating him for three years. The guy I know is a cold-blooded bastard. L.A.P.D. indicted him on three counts of murder before he was kicked off the force, so don't sell me the hooker with the heart of gold.

VERBAL

You got him wrong.

KUJAN

Do I? Keaton was under indictment a total of seven times when he was on the force. In every case, witnesses either reversed their testimony to the grand jury or died before they could testify. When they finally did nail him for fraud, he spent five years in Sing Sing. He killed three prisoners inside - one with a knife in the tailbone while he strangled him to death. Of course I can't prove this but I can't prove the best part either.

Kujan pauses to drink some coffee.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

Dean Keaton was dead. Did you know that? He died in a fire two years ago during an investigation into the murder of a witness who was going to testify against him. Two people saw Keaton enter a warehouse he owned just before it went up. They said he had gone in to check a + leaking gas main. It blew up and took all of Dean Keaton with it. Within three months of the explosion, the two witnesses were dead, one killed himself in his car and the other fell down an open elevator shaft.

INT. WORKSHOP

Rabin and Louis look at one another as they listen.

KUJAN (ON SPEAKER)

Six weeks ago I get an anonymous call telling me I can find Keaton eating at Mondino's with his lawyer, and there he is. Now because he never profited from his alleged death and because someone else was convicted for the murder we tried to pin on Keaton, we had to let him go.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE

KUJAN

He was dead just long enough for a murder rap to blow over, then he had lunch.

VERBAL

I don't know about that.

KUJAN

I don't think you do. But you say you saw Keaton die. I think you're covering his ass and he's still out there somewhere. I think he was behind that whole circus in the harbor. My bet is he's using you because you're stupid and you think he's your friend. You tell me he's dead, so be it. I want to make sure he's dead before I go back to New York.

VERBAL

(Blurting)

He wasn't behind anything. It was the lawyer.

KUJAN

What lawyer?

PAUSE

KUJAN (CONT'D)

What lawyer, Verbal?

Verbal stammers for a moment, looking around wildly.

VERBAL

Back when I was in that barber shop quartet in Skokie, Illinois I used to have

Kujan grabs Verbal's shirt and yanks him half out of his seat.

KUJAN

You think I don't know you held out on the D.A.? What did you leave out of that testimony? I can be on the phone to Ruby Deemer in ten minutes.

VERBAL

The D.A. gave me immunity.

KUJAN

NOT FROM ME, YOU PIECE OF SHIT. THERE IS NO IMMUNITY FROM ME. You atone with me or the world you live in becomes the hell you fear in the back of your tiny mind. Every criminal I have put in prison, every cop who owes me a favor, every creeping scumbag that works the street for a living, will know the name of Verbal Kint. You'll be the lowest sort of rat, the prince of snitches, the loudest cooing stool pigeon that ever grabbed his ankles for the man. Now you talk to me, or that precious immunity they've seen so fit to grant you won't be worth the paper the contract put out on your life is printed on.

Verbal looks at Kujan with utter contempt.

VERBAL

There was a lawyer. Kobayashi.

KUJAN

Is he the one that killed Keaton?

VERBAL

No. But I'm sure Keaton's dead.

KUJAN

Convince me. Tell me every last detail.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

(<< >> DENOTES LINES SPOKEN IN HUNGARIAN)

Kovash's room is now filled with people. Jack Baer stands next to DANIEL METZHEISER, a balding man in his forties. Next to him is Doctor Plumber. Across from her is Ridgely Waiters.

Sitting beside the bed is TRACY FITZGERALD, a casually dressed woman in her late twenties. She holds a 15x20 inch drawing pad on her lap.

Police fill the hall. People are talking loudly outside. LIONEL BODI, a cop in his mid-twenties pushes his way in.

BAER
Are you the translator?

BODI
Patrolman Lionel Bodi, sir.

PLUMBER
Agent Beer, this is getting out of hand.

BAER
I'll see to it we're gone before he blows his porch light, Doctor.

Baer gestures to Tracy.

BAER (CONT'D)
(To Bodi)
This is Tracy Fitzgerald. She's a composite sketch artist from county.

The young couple smile at one another nervously.

BODI
Hi.

TRACY
Hi.

METZHEISER
(Impatient)
I've got a noon meeting, Baer.

PLUMBER
Agent Baer, please.

BAER
Everyone calm down.
(To Bodi)
Ask this man about the shoot-out in the harbor.

BODI
<<My name is Bodi. How are you'>>

Kovash smiles with relief when he hears his own language.

KOVASH

<<How am I? You are as stupid as that one, but at least I can talk to you.>>

BODI

<<You'll be alright. He is from the F.B.I. He is here to help you. He wants to know what happened in the harbor.>>

KOVASH

<<We were there to buy a man and take him back to Hungary.>>

BODI

He says they were buying. It doesn't make sense. I'm sorry, I'm a little rusty. They were there to buy something.

BAER

Dope, we know.

KOVASH

<<You don't understand me either? God help me, they are all idiots.

(talking slowly)

We were there to buy a man, you simple boy. A witness. I don't know his name. A witness who knew the Devil.>>

BODI

Not dope. Something else. Some what?... He doesn't know what they were buying. But not dope... people.

KOVASH

<<I'll tell you everything. I'll even say it slow enough for you to understand it. Just tell this man I want protection. Real protection.>>

METZHEISER

Your witness is whacked, Baer.

BODI

He says he'll tell us everything he knows if we protect him.

.BAER

Tell him fine.

BODI

<<He says that is fine.>>

KOVASH

<<No, no, no. I need a guarantee from the ridiculous man. I am going to be killed. I have seen the Devil and looked him in the eye.>>

BODI

No good. He needs guarantees. He says... his life is in danger... He has seen the Devil... looked him in the eye.

METZHEISER

I'll be on my way.

Baer grabs Metzheiser by the arm.

BAER

(To Bodi)

Tell him to tell this man what he was telling me before. Who is the Devil? Who did he see?

BODI

<<Who is this Devil you keep talking about?>>

KOVASH

<<Keyser Soze He was in the harbor shooting everyone in sight.>>

Metzheiser is suddenly interested.

BODI

He says he saw him in the harbor. He was shooting... Killing... Killing many men.

METZHEISER

Did he say Keyser Soze? He saw Keyser Soze

BODI

He says he saw him in the harbor. He was shooting... Killing... Killing many men.

METZHEISER

Did he say Keyser Soze? He saw Keyser Soze.

KOVASH

<<Keyser Soze. Keyser Sate. I've seen his face. I see it when I close my eyes.>>

BODI

He says he knows his face. He sees
it when he closes his eyes.

METZHEISER

Ask him what this Devil looks like.

BAER

(To Tracy)

Ready?

Tracy holds up her pad and pencil. She nods.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY - FIVE WEEKS PRIOR

VERBAL (V.O.)

McManus' fence was this guy named
Redfoot. He had a good reputation
around L.A. Seemed like a good guy -
Looked like a cowhide full of
thumbtacks.

EXT. FRIENDSHIP BELL - NIGHT

All five guys stand in a group. It is utterly quiet. An old
but well kept Cadillac creeps into the lot from the far end
and idles up to them. The windows are tinted too much to see
in. The car passes within a few feet of them and drives on.

A moment later, a chrome and leather monster of a Harley
Davidson pulls into the lot. The rider is dressed in an
almost comical array of leather, silver and suede.

He waves to the Caddy as it parks a few yards from Keaton and
the others. It sits quietly, almost menacing.

As he gets closer, we can see he is wearing one black boot
and one red. Keaton is still looking at them when the bike
pulls up to them and stops.

REDFOOT and McManus shake hands.

REDFOOT

How've you been?

MCMANUS

Good. You?

REDFOOT

Alright. How's it going, Fenster?

FENSTER

Getting by.

REDFOOT

You got it?

McManus holds up a briefcase.

Redfoot takes it and gets off the bike. He walks over to the Caddy. The door of the Caddy opens. Redfoot hands the case to Someone inside that we cannot see. The door closes.

KEATON
(whispering)
Snazzy dresser this guy.

A moment later, the door of the Caddy opens again. Someone hands Redfoot a different briefcase and he walks back over to McManus.

He hands him the case.

McManus hands the case back to Hockney. Hockney opens it, revealing the stacks of money inside.

REDFOOT
You must be Keaton.

MCMANUS
Jesus, I'm sorry. Redfoot, this is Dean Keaton, that's Todd Hockney, and that's Verbal Kint.

REDFOOT
(To Verbal)
The man with the plan.

Verbal smiles.

REDFOOT (CONT'D)
Are you guys interested in more work?

McManus moves to answer, but Keaton cuts him off.

KEATON
We're on vacation.

REDFOOT
I've got a ton of work and no good people.

MCMANUS
What's the job?

Keaton shoots McManus a foul look. McManus pretends not to notice.

REDFOOT
A jeweler out of Texas named Saul. He rents a suite at a hotel downtown and does free appraisals. Buys whatever he can.
(MORE)

REDFOOT (CONT'D)
Word is he moves with a lot of
cash. I'll take the merchandise,
you keep the green.

HOCKNEY
Security?

REDFOOT
Two bodyguards. Pretty good.

MCMANUS
Give us time to check it out?

REDFOOT
I'd expect nothing less.

MCMANUS
We'll call you.

REDFOOT
Take your time. Enjoy L.A.

KEATON
A friend of mine in New York tells
me you knew Spook Hollis.

REDFOOT
I hear you did time with old Spook.
Yeah, he was a good egg. I used to
run a lot of dope for him. Fuckin'
shame he got shivved.

KEATON
I shivved him.

Now McManus is shooting the angry look at Keaton.

KEATON (CONT'D)
Better you hear it from me now than
somebody else later.

REDFOOT
Business or personal?

KEATON
A little of both.

REDFOOT
Ain't it a crime? Call if you're
interested.

Redfoot fires up his bike and takes off with the Caddy close
behind.

MCMANUS
(To Keaton))
What's your fucking problem?

KEATON
One job, that was the deal.

MCMANUS
Take it as it comes, brother.

KEATON
This is bullshit.

McManus laughs and walks away. Fenster and Hockney follow.
Verbal turns to Keaton.

VERBAL
What is it Keaton?

KEATON
(Distant)
Something - I don't know.
(Shaking himself)
I ever tell you about the
restaurant I wanted to open?

Keaton walks off. Verbal follows him in confusion.

VERBAL (V.O.)
L.A., was good for about two hours.
We were from New York. There's no
place to eat after one; you can't
get a pizza that doesn't taste like
a fried fruit-bat, and the broads
don't want to know you if you don't
look like a broad. Within a few
days the last of us was ready to go
back to N.Y., but Keaton wouldn't
have it, so he really didn't have a
choice. We went to work.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

McManus walks along a line of cars. He comes across a black Mercedes and stops. He looks down at the license plate and walks over to the next car, a green Honda. He pulls a slim-jim out of his jacket and pops the lock on the Honda. He reaches in and opens the hood. He walks around and sticks his head in the engine.

INT. VAN

Verbal sits behind the wheel. Keaton is beside him. Hockney and Fenster are in the back. They all watch McManus from where they are parked a few dozen yards away.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

DING-DING

The elevator bell sounds at the far end of the garage. The doors open. Two men in ill-fitting suits get out and look around cautiously.

The first is TUCCI, a big bellied, white haired menace.

The other is HIGHAM, lean and bad skinned. They are bodyguards and give it away by their every careful move.

They turn back to the elevator and motion to someone inside.

Out walks SAUL BERG, a slightly overweight man in his forties with an open collar silk shirt and a thick gold chain on his hairy chest. He carries a LARGE ALUMINUM BRIEFCASE.

He lets his guards do the worrying. He walks straight to his car. Saul passes McManus under the hood of the Honda. He takes out his keys and pushes a button on his key chain. The Mercedes beeps three times and tells Saul his alarm is off.

Tucci keeps an eye on McManus. Higham watches Saul.

McManus pretends to tinker with the car's engine. He has put a pistol just inside the grill and keeps it within reach.

The van on the other side of the garage starts and pulls out of the spot. It cruises over toward the Mercedes.

Tucci sees the van. He and Higham are suddenly busy trying to keep track. They hear laughing behind them and turn around.

FENSTER and HOCKNEY are walking towards them. They are sporting mustaches and sunglasses in addition to matching suits, each with loud plaid sport coats, decades out of style. Saul glances at Tucci and Higham.

HIGHAM

Just get in the car Saul.

Under the hood of the Honda and out of sight, McManus pulls on a black ski mask.

The van gets closer.

HOCKNEY

I get out of the car, and man if the thing wasn't wrecked. And I see this broad in the back seat with nothing on.

Saul gets in the car quickly but calmly as Fenster and Hockney laugh and talk louder. They look drunk - The desired effect.

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)

I'm laughing so hard I can't breathe -

Tucci and Higham try to take it all in stride. Saul's reverse lights come on and he begins to back out of the spot.

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)
...And the fat guy comes out of the car with his pants on backwards and says -

SUDDENLY, the van revs and screeches to a halt behind Saul's Mercedes, blocking him in. Hockney and Fenster drop the drunk act and snap to. They both pull out guns and start screaming.

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)
DON'T MOVE, YOU FUCKERS.

FENSTER
RIGHT THERE. FREEZE.

McManus comes up from under the hood.

Tucci and Higham throw their hands in the air. Hockney and Fenster grab them and reach into their belts to get their guns.

Keaton jumps out of the van and runs up to Saul's car, his face covered in a ski mask. He yanks on the door handle but it is locked. Saul sits in terror behind the wheel. Keaton pulls out a pistol and smashes the window with it.

KEATON
Give me the case.

Saul reaches over for the case. Keaton trains the gun on him.

SUDDENLY, Saul comes up with a pistol and points it at Keaton. Keaton sidesteps and grabs his wrist. The gun goes off into the fender of the Honda.

Hockney and Fenster both look over at the sound of the gun.

Tucci and Higham seize the opportunity. Tucci grabs Hockney, Higham grabs Fenster. The four men grapple for the guns.

Fenster's gun falls to the floor. McManus picks it up. He trains a pistol on each bodyguard and takes a breath. They are some ten feet apart and moving erratically. Hockney and Fenster constantly fall in the line of fire.

McManus walks around the four men, keeping a pistol trained on each of the guards. Finally he comes to an angle where they are all in front of him. One guard is a few feet away, the other is ten feet past him.

McMANUS' P.O.V.

The closer of the two moves in and out of the sights of the pistol in McManus' right hand, the one farther away does the same with the left.

Verbal gets out of the van and moves towards them to help.

BOOM

Both of McManus' guns go off like one shot. Tucci and Higham collapse, each with a bullet in his head

PAUSE

The only sound is Saul grappling with Keaton for the gun. His arm is halfway out the window. His elbow rests in the door frame.

Keaton cannot get the gun out of his hand. Finally, he pushes down with all his weight. Saul's elbow breaks backwards on the door frame. He screams in agony. The gun falls from his hand.

All five of the men look at each other for an impossibly long moment. The confusion is only aggravated by Saul's screaming.

SLOWLY, Keaton raises his pistol and aims it at Saul. His hand trembles, his eyes squint to near slits. His finger tenses and slacks off over and over again on the trigger.

BOOM

VERBAL SHOOTS SAUL. Keaton looks at him in surprise. Verbal trembles more than he does.

The garage is silent.

HOCKNEY
What the hell?

MCMANUS
Bad day. Fuck it.

DING-DING

The elevator light comes on. All five men look.

KEATON
Move.

Keaton reaches into the car and grabs Saul's case. Everyone else piles into the van. Keaton gets in as Verbal is driving for the exit.

INT. VAN

The mood in the van is grim. Everyone is silent. Keaton pops the clasps on the case and opens it.

KEATON
Son of a bitch.

Everyone looks in the case. It is filled with cash on one side. The other side is filled with clear plastic bags of WHITE POWDER.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Keaton and the others stand in silhouette in front of the lights of an oncoming car in the distance. We can make out McManus loading a gun.

KEATON
What are you doing?

MCMANUS
What does it look like? I'm going to kill him.

KEATON
We did it your way. Now I'll deal with him.

MCMANUS
You gonna kill him?

KEATON
I'm going to deal with him.

The car, Redfoot's escort Caddy, is now in front of them. The horn lets out three short blasts.

Redfoot comes around from behind the Caddy on his motorcycle. He gets off the bike, trying to hide a faint smile. McManus throws Saul's case on the ground in front of him.

MCMANUS
What the fuck is this, Redfoot?

REDFOOT
Get a grip. I didn't know.

KEATON
You didn't know.

REDFOOT
The job got thrown to me by this lawyer.

KEATON
Who is he?

REDFOOT
Some Limey. He's a middle-man for somebody. He doesn't say and I don't ask.

KEATON
We want to meet him.

REDFOOT
He wants to meet you. He called
last night and asked me to set it
up. What do I tell him'

KEATON
Tell him we'll meet.

MCMANUS
If you're lying, Redfoot...

REDFOOT
McManus, you're a real bad-ass, but
get off my tip.

McManus lunges for Redfoot.

The Caddy doors instantly pop open and rifle barrels come
into view from within.

Fenster and Hockney draw guns and aim at the Caddy. Keaton
and Verbal grab McManus and hold him back. Redfoot gets on
his Harley, smiling defiantly.

REDFOOT (CONT'D)
Real shame about Saul getting
whacked. Lot's of cops looking for
the guys that did it. I'm sure
They'll get around to asking me.

He starts his bike.

MCMANUS
Fuck you.

Redfoot drives off..The Caddy waits until he is completely
out of sight before following.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

KUJAN
So this lawyer...

VERBAL
Kobayashi.

KUJAN
Came from Redfoot.

VERBAL
Right.

KUJAN
And why leave this out when you
talked to the D.A.?

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Rabin sticks his head in.

RABIN
Someone to see you, Agent Kujan.

Kujan steps out into the hall, shutting the door behind him.

INT. OUTSIDE RABIN'S OFFICE

Kujan smiles instantly, recognizing the man standing with
Rabin.

KUJAN
Jack. What are you doing here?

BAER
I've been looking all over for you.
You still after the coke that
walked out of that blood bath in
the harbor?

KUJAN
Yeah.

BAER
You can stop looking. There was no
coke. I've been in L.A. county with
a guy they pulled out of a
drainpipe in San Pedro yesterday
after the shoot-out. He came to
this morning and started talking.
He was part of a Hungarian mob
there to do a deal with a bunch of
goats from Argentina. He says it
was definitely not a dope deal.

KUJAN
There was ninety-one million -

BAER
We know, but our man says no way on
the dope. This Hungarian tells me
the whole bunch was pulling stumps
for Turkey the next' day. They had
no time to negotiate that kind of
product and no means to move it.

KUJAN
What was the money for?

BAER

He didn't know. No one doing the deal knew except a few key people. This guy says they were real hush about it. Whatever it was it was highly sensitive.

KUJAN

I don't get it.

BAER

They tell me you got the cripple from New York in there. He mention Keyser Soze

KUJAN

Who ?

BAER

Bear with me here...

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - LATER

BOOM - The door bursts open.

KUJAN

Who is Keyser Soze

Verbal looks up in shock. He drops his cigarette and trembles at the mere mention of the name.

VERBAL

Ahhh fuck.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY - TWO WEEKS PRIOR

Keaton stands while the rest sit and listen.

KEATON

So I need to know if anyone can think of anybody. Somebody with power. Enough to possibly track us from New York.

MCMANUS

Look. We've been over it for an hour now. I say we pack up and run. Let's go back to New York. At least get out of L.A.

SUDDENLY, The sound of a man clearing his throat. Everyone turns to the door behind them. MR. KOBAYASHI a tall, slim, well groomed man stands in the hall. He has a briefcase in his hand. He smiles politely.

KOBAYASHI

Mr. Keaton?

Keaton stands back and lets him in. Kobayashi looks them over.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)

I am Mr. Kobayashi. I've been asked by my employer to bring a proposal to you gentlemen. That must be Mr. Hockney. I recognize Mr. Fenster from his mug shot, as well as Mr. McManus.

(To Verbal)

I can only assume that you are Mr. Kint. I believe you were the one who disposed of Saul. My employer sends his gratitude. A most unexpected benefit.

Everyone looks at one another in shock that he would know this.

KEATON

What can we do for you?

KOBAYASHI

My employer requires your services. One job. One day's work. Very dangerous. I don't expect all of you to live, but those who do will have ninety-one million dollars to divide any way they see fit.

KEATON

Who's your boss?

KOBAYASHI

My employer wishes to remain anonymous.

KEATON

Don't jerk me off. We all know what this is. You don't work with me if I work with you without knowing who I'm working for. Now let's cut the shit. Who's the man?

KOBAYASHI

I work for Keyser Sate.

A strange look crosses Keaton's face. Skepticism, mockery and just a hint of fear. Hockney, McManus and Fenster all share similar looks.

KEATON

What is this?

VERBAL

Who's Keyser Soze?

KOBAYASHI

I am sure you've heard a number of tall tales, myths and legends about Mr. Soze I can assure you gentlemen, most of them are true.

VERBAL

Who's Keyser Soze?

KOBAYASHI

Judging by the sudden change in mood, I am sure the rest of your associates can tell you, Mr. Kint. I have come with an offer directly from Mr. Soze. An order actually.

KEATON

An order.

KOBAYASHI

In nineteen-eighty one, Mr. Keaton, you participated in the hijacking of a truck in Buffalo, New York. The cargo was raw steel. Steel that belonged to Mr. Soze and was destined for Pakistan to be used in a Nuclear reactor. A very profitable violation of U.N. Regulations. You had no way of knowing this, because the man shipping the steel was working for Mr. Sate without his knowledge.

(Beat)

Mr. Fenster and Mr. McManus hijacked a twin-prop cargo flight earlier this year out of Newark airport. The plane was carrying platinum and gold wiring. Also set for Pakistan.

Kobayashi turns and points at Hockney.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)

Two months ago, Mr. Hockney stole a truck carrying gun parts through Queens -

Everyone looks at Hockney. He smiles shyly. It occurs to them all that he robbed the truck for which they were all arrested in the first place.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)

- guns allegedly set to be destroyed by the state of New York. They were to be "lost" in a weigh station and routed to Belfast.

(MORE)

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)

Again, Mr. Sate using pawns who had no knowledge.

(turning to Verbal)

Which brings us to Mr. Kint.

Verbal crumbles under his stare.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)

Nine months ago, one of Mr. Soze less than intelligent couriers was taken in a complicated confidence seam by a cripple. He was relieved of sixty-two thousand dollars. Now

(To all of them)

- It has taken us some time to find you. Our intention was to approach you after your apprehension in New York.

KEATON

You set up the line-up.

KOBAYASHI

Mr. Soze made a few calls, yes. You were not to be released until I came to see you. It seems Mr. Keaton's attorney, Ms. Finneran, was a bit too effective in expediting his release. Holding the rest of you became a moot point.

KEATON

What about Redfoot?

KOBAYASHI

Mr. Redfoot knew nothing. Mr. Soze rarely t works with the same people for very long, and they never know who they're working for. One cannot be betrayed if one has no people.

FENSTER

So why tell us?

KOBAYASHI

Because you have stolen from Mr. Soze. That you did not know you stole from him is the only reason you are still alive, but he feels you owe him. You will repay your debt.

HOCKNEY

Who is this guy? How do we know you work for Soze

KOBAYASHI

I don't think that is relevant, Mr. Hockney. The five of you are responsible for the murder of Saul Berg and his bodyguards. Mr. Redfoot can attest to your involvement, and we can see to it that he will. He is not of your "superior" breed.

MCMANUS

This is a load of shit.

KOBAYASHI

The offer is this, gentlemen. Mr. Soze's primary interest, as I am sure you all know, is narcotics. He's been - competing shall we say, with a group of Argentinians for several years. Competing with Mr. Soze has taken its toll. These Argentinians are negotiating the sale of ninety-one million dollars in cocaine in three days time. Needless to say, this purchase will revitalize the diminishing strength of their organization. Mr. Soze wants you to stop the deal. If you choose, you may wait until the buy. Whatever money changes hands is yours. The transaction will take place on a boat in San Pedro. Mr. Soze wants you to get to the boat and destroy the cocaine on board. Then you are free of your obligation to Mr. Soze.

KEATON

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kill you right now.

Kobayashi smiles and puts his briefcase on the table in front of him.

KOBAYASHI

A gift from Mr. Soze gentlemen.

He turns and walks out of the room.

Keaton walks over to the case and opens it. He reaches in and pulls out five thick manila envelopes, each marked in bold black letters. "KEATON", "MCMANUS", "HOCKNEY", "FENSTER" and "KINT". Keaton pulls out the files, revealing a map underneath.

Keaton hands each man his file. He opens his first. He pulls out a thick stack of papers and thumbs through them.

KEATON

Jesus Christ. Open them.

All of the men open their files. Inside are mug shots of each man in his respective file as well as a printout of his criminal record. But there is more.

HOCKNEY

They know everything.

MCMANUS

This is my life in here. Everything I've done since I was eighteen.

FENSTER

Everybody I ever worked with, did time with.

HOCKNEY

They fucking know everything.

Keaton pulls out a large black and white photograph of himself and his lawyer EDIE FINNERAN. They are laughing arm in arm by a fountain in New York. He hides the photo from the others.

KEATON

This is not right.

FENSTER

I don't know. Who was that guy that used to talk about Soze in New York?

MCMANUS

Bricks Marlin.

FENSTER

Yeah. He said he did jobs for him. Indirect stuff. Always five times more money than the job was worth.

KEATON

Come on. The guy is a pipe dream. This Kobayashi is using him for window dressing .

FENSTER

I don't know. This is bad.

HOCKNEY

It's bullshit. This guy could be L.A.P.D. I think it's a setup.

FENSTER

The way I hear it, Soze is some kind of butcher. No pity.

KEATON

There' is no Keyser Soze

Verbal thumbs through his file. A long list of names, numbers, addresses. It is a detailed portfolio of his entire criminal and personal life. He looks up at Keaton.

VERBAL

Who is Keyser Soze

RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Kujan leans into Verbal's face. He hangs on his every word.

VERBAL

He is supposed to be Turkish. Some say his father was German. Nobody believed he was real. Nobody ever saw him or knew anybody that ever worked directly for him, but to hear Kobayashi tell it, anybody could have worked for Soze. You never knew. That was his power. The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist. One story the guys told me - the story I believe - was from his days in Turkey. There was a petty gang of Hungarians that wanted their own mob. They realized that to be in power you didn't need guns or money or even numbers. You just needed the will to do what the other guy wouldn't. After a while they come to power, and then they come after Soze. He was small time then, just running dope, they say...

INT. SOZE'S HOME - DAY

Three of the Hungarians come bursting into Keyser Soze's home. They grab his five children and round them up in the front room. One of the men grabs his wife and back-hands her across the face.

VERBAL (V.O.)

They come to his home in the afternoon looking for his business. They find his wife and kids in the house and decide to wait for Sate.

INT. SOZE'S HOME - LATER

The front door opens and in walks Keyser Sate. We are never allowed to see his face.

Sate's wife lies in the corner, beaten and bruised. Her dress is tattered to shreds. She cannot look up at her husband.

The three Hungarians stand to greet him. Two hold guns in their hands. The third holds a straight razor. He grabs Soze youngest boy and holds the razor to his throat.

VERBAL (V.O.)

He comes home to his wife raped and his children screaming. The Hungarians knew Soze was tough. Not to be trifled with. So they let him know they meant business.

The Hungarian smiles. Soze's wife SCREAMS IN HORROR. The Hungarian holds up a BLOOD SOAKED RAZOR. SUDDENLY, he grabs another child. A little girl no older than six.

VERBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They tell Soze they want his territory - all his business. Soze looks over the faces of his family... Then he showed these men of will what will really was.

SUDDENLY, Soze pulls out a pistol and shoots the two men with guns. He turns and aims at the third man holding his child.

The man threatens to cut the child's throat, slicing just enough to draw blood.

SOZE FIRES.

The stunned Hungarian watches the child fall from his arms.

Sate turns the pistol on the next child, then the next and the next. He kills his children one by one in front of the Hungarian.

VERBAL (V.O.)

He tells him he would rather see his family dead than live another day after this.

SOZE walks over to his wife, crying and beaten on the floor and holds up her head. She gives him the strangest look. One of trust perhaps, saturated with fear and humiliation.

He puts the gun between her eyes and fires.

VERBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He lets the last Hungarian go, and he goes running. He waits until his wife and kids are in the ground and he goes after the rest of the mob.

(MORE)

VERBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He kills their kids, he kills their
 wives, he kills their parents and
 their parents' friends.

A dark and looming figure of a man walks in front of a wall
 of fire - a black shadow blurred by waves of heat.

VERBAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He burns down the houses they live
 in and the stores they work in, he
 kills people that owe them money.
 And like that he was gone.
 Underground. No one has ever seen
 him again. He becomes a myth, a
 spook story that criminals tell
 their kids at night. If you rat on
 your pop, Keyser Sate will get you.
 And nobody really ever believes.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY

KUJAN
 Do you believe in him, Verbal?

VERBAL
 Keaton always said: "I don't
 believe in God, but I'm afraid of
 him." Well I believe in God, and
 the only thing that scares me is
 Keyser SOZE.

INT. WORKSHOP

Jack Baer and Rabin listen to Verbal on the speaker with one
 ear.

RAB IN
 You give this any weight, Agent
 Baer?

BAER
 I can introduce you to Dan
 Metzheiser from Justice. He has a
 file on Sate in D.C. It's been a
 hobby of his for a few years. A lot
 of guys equate him to that reporter
 on the Incredible Hulk.

RABIN
 Had you heard of him before?

BAER
 On the street? A few times. Outside
 stuff. Somebody was working for a
 guy who was working for a guy who
 got money through Keyser Soze. That
 kind of shit. Could be an old
 badge.

(MORE)

BAER (CONT'D)

A hex sign to keep people from
fucking with you back when a name
meant something.

RABIN

But you're here.

BAER

Shit yeah. I got a guy trying to
walk out of the hospital on a fried
drumstick to get away from SOZE.
I'll run it up the flagpole.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE

VERBAL

I came clean. I told it like it
happened on the boat. So what if I
left out how I got there? It's got
so many holes in it, the D.A.
would've told me to blow amnesty
out my ass. So you got what you
wanted out of me. Big fucking deal.

KUJAN

And this is why you never told the
D.A.

VERBAL

You tell me, Agent Kujan. If I told
you the Loch Ness Monster hired me
to hit the harbor, what would you
say?

KUJAN

Turn state's evidence. Take the
stand on this and we'll hear it
out.

VERBAL

I've got immunity now. What can you
possibly offer me?

KUJAN

If there is a Keyser Soze he'll be
looking for you.

VERBAL

Where's your head, Agent Kujan?
Where do you think the pressure's
coming from? Keyser Soze - or
whatever you want to call him -
knows where I am right now. He's
got the front burner under' your
ass to let me go so he can scoop me
up ten minutes later. Immunity was
just to deal with you assholes.

(MORE)

VERBAL (CONT'D)

I got a whole new problem when I
post bail.

KUJAN

So why play into his hands? We can
protect you.

VERBAL

Gee, thanks, Dave. Bang-up job so
far. Extortion, coercion. You'll
pardon me if I ask you to kiss my
pucker. The same fuckers that
rounded us up and sank us into this
mess are telling me They'll bail me
out? Fuck you. You think you can
catch Keyser Soze? You think a guy
like that comes this close to
getting fingered and sticks his
head out? If he comes up for
anything, it will be to get rid of
me.

(beat)

After that, my guess is you'll
never hear from him again.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Doctor Plumber watches from out in the hall. Kovash spits out
a constant river of Hungarian while Bodi tries to keep up,
relaying everything to Tracy Fitzgerald.

She sketches frantically while Daniel Metzheiser looks on.

The composite sketch of Keyser SOZE is taking form.

(<< >> Denotes liners spoken in Hungarian.)

BODI

<<What sort of nose did he have?>>

KOVASH

<<It was smaller than that.
Sharper.>>

BODI

(To Tracy)

"

The nose is sharper. Smaller too.

(To Arkosh in Hung.)

<<And what about the hair? You said
something earlier about it.>>

KOVASH

<<It is longer than that. And not
so dark. >>

BODI

<<Are you sure?>>

KOVASH
<<Don't be stupid.>>

BODI
(To Tracy)
He says the hair is longer and
lighter.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Waves pound across a stone jetty. A MAN sits fishing while his young son, BRANDO strolls toward the open sea. He pokes at rocks and seaweed with a fishing pole. He glances down at Something wedged between the rocks beneath his feet. He

pokes at it. He notes the checkered pattern of the fabric entwined with the twisted mess. It is the bloated carcass of THE MAN IN THE CHECKERED BATHROBE. BRANDO pokes it's eye with the fishing pole. It pops.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE

VERBAL
That was how I ended up in a barber
shop quartet in Skokie, Illinois.

KUJAN
This is totally irrelevant.

VERBAL
Oh, but it's not. If I hadn't been
nailed in Illinois for running a
three card monte in between sets, I
never would have took off for New
York. I never would have met
Keaton, see. That barber shop
quartet was the reason for
everything.

KUJAN
Can we just get back to Kobayashi?

VERBAL
The quartet is part of the bit
about Kobayashi. The quartet was in
my file, along with every other
thing I had done since high school,
see? Aliases, middle- men. They
knew me better than I did. They
knew all of us.

Kujan looks at his watch.

KUJAN
You're stalling, Verbal.

VERBAL
Give a guy a break, huh?

KUJAN
What happened?

Verbal slumps a bit. He realizes his stalling tactic has failed.

VERBAL
We woke up the next morning and Fenster was gone. He couldn't handle the idea of slumming for SOZE. He left a note wishing us good luck and took a chunk of the money we'd scraped together.

KUJAN
Then what?

VERBAL
McManus was furious. He was talking about tracking him down and ripping his heart out and all sorts of shit. That night we got the call.

KUJAN
What call?

VERBAL
Kobayashi told us where we could find Fenster.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - TWO WEEKS PRIOR

Keaton looks out over the ocean and smokes a cigarette.

KEATON
What do you want to do with him?

McManus kneels in the sand. Hockney and Verbal stand behind him, staring at something in front of them.

It is the body of Fred Fenster, literally peppered with bullet holes. McManus stares at him, fighting any flicker of emotion.

MCMAMJS
I worked five years with Fenster. More jobs, more money than I can count.

KEATON
I'm sorry, McManus.

MCMANUS
I want to bury him.

KEATON

No time.

McManus springs to his feet and points a pistol at Keaton. Keaton turns to face him and raises his head. McManus might as well be pointing a feather-duster.

MCMANUS

YOU WILL FIND TIME. You're not the only one with debts, man.

KEATON

No shovel.

MCMANUS

WITH OUR HANDS.

EXT. BEACH

Everyone digs in the sand on the deserted beach with their hands. They are up to their waists in the hole they have scooped out. Fenster's body is a few feet away.

HOCKNEY

This is nuts.

MCMANUS

Dig.

HOCKNEY

This is fucking dry sand, man. When he rots, the surfers'll smell him from a hundred yards out.

MCMANUS

DIG, YOU FUCKER.

Hockney can see that McManus has truly gone over the edge for now. Keaton gives him a look that says don't argue.

HOCKNEY

Keaton, we gotta go. They're gonna find him.

KEATON

Dig.

VERBAL

What are we gonna do?

HOCKNEY

I can run. I got no problem with that.

KEATON

They don't seem to have a problem with it either.

MCMANUS

Nobody runs.

HOCKNEY

This ain't my boy we're burying. I don't owe anybody.

MCMANUS

We got a deal here.

HOCKNEY

Since when?

MCMANUS

Since tonight.

HOCKNEY

Fuck that.

MCMANIJS

It's payback.

KEATON

IT'S NOT PAYBACK. I don't answer to you. It's precaution. You want payback? You want to run? I don't care. I'm going to finish this thing. Not for Fenster, not for anybody else, but for me. This Kobayashi cocksucker isn't going to stand over me.

(Beat)

All of you can go to hell.

Keaton turns and digs furiously with both hands. Hockney takes a moment and slowly starts to do the same.

The four men dig for Fenster. The first to find some rest.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Verbal smokes with his good hand shaking badly.

KUJAN

And after they killed Fenster nobody would run?

VERBAL

I wanted to. I thought we could make it.

KUJAN

Why didn't you say anything?

VERBAL

I tried, believe me, but Keaton wouldn't have it.

(MORE)

VERBAL (CONT'D)

It was too far-fetched for him. Keaton was a grounded guy. An ex-cop. To a cop, the explanation is never that complicated. It's always simple. There's no mystery on the street, no arch-criminal behind it all. If you got a dead guy and you think his brother did it, you're going to find out you're right. Nobody argued with Keaton. They just set their minds on whacking Kobayashi.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - TWO WEEKS PRIOR

Redfoot's Harley rests on the roof of the Caddy in a mangled heap. The body of the Caddy is riddled with bullet holes.

Redfoot's dead body has been shoved head-first through a hole in the windshield up to his waist, recognizable only by the trademark red boot.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Kobayashi walks through the front door of a plush office tower followed by two bodyguards. He heads toward the elevator, failing to notice Hockney a few feet away, reading a newspaper.

We see a wire running from Hockney's ear to his collar.

HOCKNEY

He's coming up.

INT. HALLWAY - FORTIETH FLOOR

Keaton, McManus and Verbal stand by the six elevators on the fortieth floor. They are all wearing khaki overalls and tool belts with walkie-talkies. They look like servicemen.

All of the elevators have been propped open and stranded.

McManus moves into one of the elevators. As the doors close in behind him, he scrambles for the ceiling hatch.

INT. HALLWAY

Keaton and Verbal listen for anything on the radio.

INT. LOBBY

The elevator opens. Kobayashi and his bodyguards get on the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

The elevator is empty except for the three men. McManus has vanished. Kobayashi presses a button and they are on the way.

SUDDENLY, the ceiling hatch opens and McManus' arm comes out.

POP - POP. Two shots from a suppressed pistol and the guards drop to the floor, DEAD. Kobayashi looks up with surprising calm into McManus' barrel.

MCMANUS

Press forty.

INT. HALLWAY - FORTIETH FLOOR

The elevator opens and Kobayashi is greeted by Keaton and Verbal. McManus drops from the ceiling hatch and pushes him out.

Verbal and McManus grab the dead bodies and drag them out of the elevator. They drag them to the next elevator which has been forced open, revealing an empty shaft.

KEATON

The answer is no.

KOBAYASHI

Mr. Soze will be most -

KEATON

Listen to me, cocksucker. There is no Keyser Sate. If you say his name again, I'll kill you right here.

KOBAYASHI

A strange threat. I can only assume you're here to kill me anyway. Pity about Mr. Redfoot.

MCMANUS

Fair trade for Fenster.

The elevator opens and Hockney steps out.

KOBAYASHI

Ahh, Mr. Hockney. Do join us.

KEATON

We know you can get to us, and now you know we can get to you. I'm offering you the chance to call this off.

KOBAYASHI

Mr. So- My employer has made up his mind. He does not change it.

KEATON

Neither do we.

MCMANUS

You got Fenster, you may get more,
but you won't get us all. Not
before one of us gets to you.

KOBAYASHI

I believe you, Mr. McManus. I quite
sincerely do. You would not have
been chosen if you were not so
capable, but I cannot make this
decision. Whatever you can threaten
me with is... ludicrous in
comparison to what will be done to
me if

MCMANUS

Just so you know. I'm the guy. I'm
the one that's gonna get through to
you.

KOBAYASHI

I am sorry, Mr. McManus.

(To Keaton)

I implore you to believe me, Mr.
Keaton. Mr. Soze is very real and
very determined.

KEATON

We'll see.

McManus holds a pistol to Kobayashi's chin. The lawyer's cool
eyes never falter'.

KOBAYASHI

Before you do me in, you will let
me finish my business with Ms.
Finneran first, won't you?

SUDDENLY, Keaton grabs McManus' hand and pulls the gun away
before he can shoot.

KEATON

What did you say?

KOBAYASHI

Edie Finneran. She is upstairs in
my office for an extradition
deposition. I requested she be put
on the case personally. She flew
out yesterday.

Everyone looks at Keaton.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)

No matter. Kill away, Mr. McManus.

KEATON
You're lying.

KOBAYASHI
Am I?

INT. HALLWAY - FIFTIETH FLOOR

Everyone follows Kobayashi quietly down a dimly lit, oak-lined hallway. Verbal holds a small pistol discreetly in the small of Kobayashi's back.

They come to a glass office foyer. Kobayashi gestures and everyone looks through the glass into the lobby beyond.

EDIE FINNERAN is talking casually with the receptionist.

INT. LOBBY

Edie glances toward the men in the hall. Keaton turns quickly on his heels, facing the others. From where Edie stands, it looks as though Kobayashi is talking to a group of harmless maintenance men.

They see A LARGE MAN dressed very much like the two dead bodies left in the hall downstairs. The man notices Kobayashi and the others. He stands and stares menacingly.

KOBAYASHI
Ms. Finneran's escort in Los Angeles. Never leaves her for a moment. I thought you'd like to know she was in good hands.

Keaton's mind races for an alternative. He can find none. Verbal lowers his gun without being told.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)
Get your rest, Gentlemen. The boat will be ready for you on Friday. If I see you or your friends before then, or fail to check in every half hour with that unpleasant looking man in there, Ms. Finneran will find herself the victim of a gruesome violation before she dies. As will your father, Mr. Hockney. and your Uncle Randall in Arizona, Mr. Kint. I might only castrate Mr. McManus' nephew, David. Do I make myself clear?

All of the men surround Kobayashi, aching to kill him.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)
I'll take care of the dead men downstairs.
(MORE)

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)

We'll add them to the cost of Mr.
Fenster. Now if you'll excuse me.

Kobayashi walks into the office. Edie turns to greet him. Keaton slowly turns and watches as they shake hands and talk. Kobayashi says something they cannot hear and Edie laughs, her back to the window.

Kobayashi smiles over her shoulder at Keaton. All the while, the bodyguard watches Keaton. He nods politely before Keaton and the others leave. Verbal watches for a moment more and follows.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - DAY

Keaton, Verbal, Hockney and McManus sit in a rented sedan overlooking San Pedro harbor.

Another file from Kobayashi's briefcase is laid out on the dashboard. This has a map and a good fifty pages of information in it.

KEATON

It's a logistical nightmare. Close quarters, no advance layout, ten men, maybe twenty.

HOCKNEY

Can we stealth these guys?

KEATON

Doubtful. With all that coke, they'll be ready - which brings me to sunny spot number two. Even if one of us gets through and jacks the boat, we get nothing.

MCMANUS

And if we wait for the money?

KEATON

Ten more men at least. In my opinion, it can't be done. Anyone who walks into this won't come out alive.

MCMANUS

I'm for waiting for the money.

HOCKNEY

Me too.

VERBAL

Did you hear what he just said?

HOCKNEY

If I'm going in, I want a stake.

MCMANUS

So do I.

Verbal is shocked by what he is hearing. He looks at Keaton as if to ask him for his decision.

Keaton's cold stare is all the answer Verbal needs. He slumps in his seat, resigned to the others.

VERBAL

I just can't believe we're just gonna walk into certain death.

PAUSE

They all suddenly realize the weight of their situation.

FINALLY:

MCMANUS

News said it's raining in New York.

No one knows quite how to respond.

EXT. PIER - SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

A large boat, sleek and yacht-like, but without finesse. This is a boat for business - heavy and fast. It is moored to the pier.

A large crane hoists a pallet of fuel drums from the dock. It swings slowly over the boat. A man on the dock yells in Spanish to the crane operator.

EXT. BOATHOUSE

Behind an old and weathered boat in dry-dock, Keaton and Verbal watch the boat from the shadows.

VERBAL

What-are they speaking?

KEATON

Russian, I think. I don't know.

VERBAL

Hungarian?

KEATON

Knock it off.

DOLLY OVER TO REVEAL:

McManus climbing up the side of the boathouse.

CONTINUE PAST HIM TO REVEAL:

A large boat. A very large boat.

EXT. BARGE

Hockney maneuvers through a mesh of twisted steel, arriving at a vantage point near the stern of the large boat.

HOCKNEY'S P.O.V.

A black van pulls up and parks near the crane. Four men in suits get out. One remains with the van and the other three walk toward the boat.

On the boat, five men come up from below deck. They are tense and cautious around the men in suits. Someone speaks in Spanish and someone else in Russian. It takes a moment before anyone speaks the same tongue. They settle on French for both negotiators.

Hockney sits in the van. He handles a large shoulder bag stuffed with plastique. He tests a timer on top.

He picks up a walkie-talkie.

HOCKNEY
Are we ready, kids?

EXT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF

McManus is positioning himself on the roof of the boathouse. He stops and grabs his radio.

MCMANUS
If I didn't have to stop and answer
you, I would be.

INT. BOATHOUSE

KEATON
(into radio)
Everyone shut up. I'm ready.
McManus, you better be set up in
ten seconds.

MCMANUS
(On radio))
I'm there.

KEATON
(To Verbal)
I want you to stay here.
Understand?

VERBAL
But I'm supposed to -

KEATON

If we don't make it out, I want you
to take the money and go.

VERBAL

(Confused)

Keaton, I can't just -

KEATON

I want you to find Edie. Both of
you find some place safe. Tell her
what happened - Everything. She
knows people. She'll know what to
do. If we can't get Kobayashi my
way, she'll get him her way.

VERBAL

What if I

KEATON

Just do what I tell you.

Keaton turns and takes a few steps. He stops and looks back,
his face marked with guilt and agony.

KEATON (CONT'D)

Tell her I... Tell her I tried.

Keaton leaves before Verbal can respond. He walks down a ramp
toward the boat.

He is no more than a few yards out of the shadows before the
first man sees him.

EXT. DOCK

One of the men in suits starts to yell to the others. Men
pull out guns and try to look as cool as they can.

Keaton walks right into the face of all of these men,
undaunted. His hands are in his pockets.

Above him, in the darkness, McManus pokes his head out and
spies Keaton. He pulls his head back and sticks out the
barrel of the rifle.

Keaton comes to a stop about twenty feet from fifteen men all
together.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF

McMANUS'S P.O.V. McManus stares through the scope of his
rifle at the scene. The cross-hairs breeze past Keaton and
find a target. A man in a suit.

MCMANUS

Pow.

He moves to another and then another, picking up speed and mock-shooting the men. He is steady and quick. It is clear he could take all fifteen in a few seconds.

MCMANUS (CONT'D)

Pow-pow-pow-pow-pow . Oswald
was a fag.

EXT. DOCK

The men shout questions at Keaton in a number of languages.

INT. BARGE

HOCKNEY'S P.O.V.

A few men standing on the dock near the stern of the large boat, move towards the commotion.

Hockney bails out and runs quickly and quietly through the shadows, bringing the bomb with him.

EXT. BOATHOUSE

Verbal remains in the darkness, looking frightened.

INT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF

McManus still wanders with his scope. MCMANUS Old McDonald had a farm, ee-aye, ee-aye, oh. And on this farm he shot some guys. Ba-da-bip, ba-da-bing, bang-boom.

EXT. DOCK

Finally two men walk right towards Keaton. The rest train guns on him. They reach for his arms, pointing their guns right at him.

At the far end of the dock, Hockney throws his bomb onto the stern of the large boat.

IT EXPLODES

The men surrounding Keaton, are distracted. Keaton pulls a pistol out of each pocket and shoots the two men closest to him.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF

MCMANUS

ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING.

He fires as fast as he can.

EXT. PIER

The men from the boat and the men in suits try to peg Keaton, but McManus' sniping has them running.

INT. CRANE

The crane operator opens the door to bails out, leaving the crane in motion.,,

INT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF

McManus runs across the roof of the boathouse and jumps down to the pier. He arrives at a thick mooring cable and climbs across to the boat.

MEANWHILE ON THE DOCK:

Keaton climbs up onto a small lifeboat hanging from the side of the larger boat. From this he climbs aboard the large boat.

EXT. DOCK

Hockney is firing in all directions. SUDDENLY, he realizes no one is left on the dock.

PAUSE

FINALLY, he turns and runs back for the van parked on the pier above. He finds a ramp leading from the dock to the pier.

At the van, he finds the one man who has stayed behind to protect it.

The man hears Hockney coming and raises his gun. Hockney runs i straight at him, screaming frantically.

HOCKNEY

(In Spanish)

<<DON'T SHOOT, DON'T SHOOT. LET'S
GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE. EVERYONE
IS DEAD.>>

BOOM

He shoots the man point blank in the face and runs over his body as it falls.

He gets to the back door of the van and yanks it open.

The inside is stacked with large wooden crates.

INT. VAN

Hockney, suddenly oblivious to the sound of gunfire, opens one of the crates and looks inside.

IT IS FILLED WITH MONEY. Cash and negotiable bonds of all kinds.

He smiles.

BOOM

BLOOD sprays all over the money. Hockney looks at it, puzzled.

Hockney raises a blood-soaked hand from his belly. He turns and stares in horror.

BOOM - Another shot takes off the top of his head.

EXT. PIER

McManus runs like a wild man across the deck, heading for the hatch .

He shoots in all directions as though he has eyes in the back of his head. He sees Keaton climbing onto the deck of the boat.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Verbal is wrestling with what to do. He finally makes a break for the other side of the boathouse.

EXT. BOAT DECK

The crane continues to swing. A single bullet hits one of the barrels on the suspended pellet.

Gasoline pours out through the bullet-hole.

INT. BOAT

Keaton finds the hatch and goes below, shooting a man on his way up the stairs. McManus jumps on board and runs down behind him.

EXT. PIER

Verbal arrives at the top of the ramp leading from the dock to the pier.

He ducks down behind a guardrail beside the ramp. He turns and sees Hockney's dead body next to the van. He looks around frantically, frozen in terror. It is quiet, except for the sounds of screaming, far off in the bowels of the boat and the hum of the crane.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

KUJAN

Why didn't you run?

VERBAL

I froze up. I thought about Fenster and how he looked when we buried him, then I thought about Keaton. It looked like he might pull it off.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Rabin steps in and motions for Kujan to come outside.

Rabin and Jack Baer are in the hall. Rabin hands Kujan a thick manila folder. Kujan thumbs through it.

BAER

A boy came across a body on the beach this morning. Thrown clear when the boat burned. Shot once in the head. Two guys from the F.B.I. just identified him.

KUJAN

And ?

RABIN

His name was Arturo Marquez. A petty smuggler out of Argentina. He was arrested in New York last year for trafficking. He escaped to California and got picked up in Long Beach. They were setting up his extradition when he escaped again. Get this - Edie Finneran was called in to advise the proceedings.

KUJAN

Kobayashi.

Bear nods.

RAB IN

I called New York County and they fared me a copy of Marquez's testimony. He was a rat.

Kujan pulls out page after page from the file.

KUJAN

A big fucking rat.

RABIN

Arturo was strongly opposed 'to going back to prison. So much so that he informed on close to fifty guys. Guess who he names for a finale?

Kujan finds one sheet and notices a paragraph is highlighted.

KUJAN

Keyser Soze

BAER

There's more.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kujan walks in and sits down in front of Verbal. He smiles.

KUJAN

I'll tell you what I know. Stop me when it sounds familiar.

Verbal is confused.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

There was no dope on that boat.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT - ONE WEEK PRIOR

Keaton is weaving through tight, low-ceiling corridors, looking in every cabin, working his way towards the bottom of the boat.

ELSEWHERE IN THE BOAT, McManus is tearing through the corridors, seemingly less interested in securing the cargo as he is in killing everyone on board.

He screams like a lunatic, shooting everything in his path, killing some men with his bare hands, shooting others, stabbing others still with a knife he has brought along.

INT. CORRIDOR

JAIME, one of the men from the boat, is half-pushing, half-helping a thin and sweaty looking MAN IN A CHECKERED BATHROBE towards a cabin at the end of the hall.

The man in the robe is trembling. He seems stricken with fear.

MAN IN ROBE

He's here. I saw him on deck.

Jaime pushes him inside the cabin and shuts the door.

A stereo playing softly in the room mixes with the man's panicked breathing.

The man in the robe screams through the closed door, his voice echoing off of the metal bulkheads.

MAN IN ROBE (CONT'D)
I'M TELLING YOU IT'S KEYSER SOZE.

Jaime stands outside the door of the cabin and turns to face down the hall. Off in some other part of the boat, he can hear McManus wailing like a banshee and the ever-less frequent sound of gunshots.

HOLD

Keaton has come to the four-foot-high door to the hold. The door is open slightly. Keaton finds this strange. He pushes the door open and steps inside. The hold is empty.

He hears a noise behind him. He wheels around to fire. He sees McManus in the door. His face is covered with blood.

MCMANUS
Did you hear what I heard?

KEATON
What happened to you?

MCMANUS
Keyser Soze is on the boat.

KEATON
What?

MCMANUS
I heard somebody screaming his nuts off. He said Keyser Soze was on the boat.

KEATON
Are you alright?

McManus rubs some of the blood off with his sleeve.

MCMANUS
Huh? Oh, It's not mine.

KEATON
There's no coke.

McManus looks around the hold as though he'll see four and a half tons of dope in some corner where Keaton might have missed it.

The two men look at one another. There is a long, pregnant silence.

MCMANUS

Let's get the fuck out of here.

KEATON

Right behind you.

INT. CORRIDOR

Keaton and McManus step out of the hold, walking slowly and cautiously back from where they came. They hear the sounds of footsteps running on the deck above and the occasional hollered sentence in Spanish.

KEATON

Where's Hockney?

MCMANUS

I don't think he made it to the boat.

They come to a corner. They can go left or right.

KEATON

I can't remember which way.

MCMANUS

Right -

BOOM - BOOM

Gunshots fill the hallway from behind them. They do not stop to turn around. Keaton goes left, McManus goes right. They run in opposite directions with the sound of gunfire right behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - CABIN

Jaime squints and cocks his head.

SOMEONE IS COMING. He raises a pistol and crouches by the door.

INT. CABIN

The man in the bathrobe sits on the foot of the bed watching the door. He hears the sounds of fighting somewhere not too far away.

He crawls over the bed and squeezes between it and the bulkhead. Only the top of his head is visible. He starts to cry.

BOOM - BOOM - Two shots just outside in the hall.

SUDDENLY, the door bursts open. Jaime collapses in a heap on the floor, a bullet hole in his eye.

A FIGURE LOOMS IN THE DOOR

The man in the bathrobe looks up at the figure. We cannot see him.

MAN IN ROBE
I told them nothing.

BOOM

The man in the robe falls dead.

EXT. DECK - MOMENTS LATER

The boat is quiet now. Keaton walks out onto the deck. He looks out over the pier and sees Verbal standing in the middle of the carnage, frozen. Their eyes meet. Keaton waves at him as if to shoo him away.

EXT. PIER - TOP OF RAMP

Verbal hesitates and finally moves towards the van with the money. He looks back over his shoulder and sees Keaton. Keaton sees him looking and waves again, hurrying him along.

Verbal turns away and focuses on the van.

EXT. DECK

Keaton hears a noise behind him. He swings around and points his gun at McManus again. He puts the gun down.

McManus smiles. He walks slowly across the deck towards Keaton. Something is not right about him.

MCMANUS
Strangest thing...

He slumps to the deck. Keaton rushes over to him. He kneels down and sees a pipe sticking out of the back of McManus's neck.

EXT. PIER

Verbal approaches the van, stepping over Hockney's body. He closes the back doors of the van. ,

He looks to his left at the huge loading crane. He glances upward along the giant' arm as it swings steadily on.

Somewhere, off in the distance, the sound of SIRENS can be heard.

EXT. DECK

Keaton kneels by McManus, trembling with rage. After a moment he stands, looking down at McManus' dead body.

EXT. PIER

SUDDENLY, Verbal realizes something. He turns and goes to call out a warning to Keaton. He is too late.

EXT. DECK

Keaton never sees the crane coming.

WHAM

The pellet of barrels hits him square in the back and sends him flying into the wheel house of the boat.

Keaton is still for a moment. Finally, he tries to get up, but finds he cannot move his legs.

EXT. PIER

Verbal runs down the ramp as fast as he can. He comes to a rope ladder hanging down the side of the boat.

SUDDENLY, he stops dead in his tracks, looking up at the boat.

From where he stands, he can just make out the figure of a TAU, THIN MAN walking along the edge of the deck. He moves quietly and calmly in the shadows towards the crane, looking out of place in his expensive suit.

Something about this man terrifies him.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT .

KUJAN

And that's when you say in your statement that you saw...

Kujan picks up his copy of Verbal's statement to the D.A.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

A man in a suit with a slim build.
Tall.

VERBAL

Wait a minute.

KUJAN

(Looking at watch)

I don't have a minute. Are you saying it was Keyser Soze? You told the D.A. you didn't know who it was.

Verbal is drowning in Kujan's interrogation. He looks dazed.

VERBAL

I - there had to be dope there.

KUJAN

Don't shine me, Verbal. No more stalling. You know what I'm getting at.

VERBAL

I don't.

KUJAN

YES YOU DO. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GETTING AT. THE TRUTH. TRY TO TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KNOW. TRY TO TELL ME YOU SAW SOMEONE KILL KEATON .

For the first time, Verbal stands and tries to move away from Kujan, but Kujan stays in his face, backing him into a corner. Verbal shields himself with his hands and shuts his eyes.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

TRY TO REEF LYING TO ME NOW. I KNOW EVERYTHING .

VERBAL

I don't know what you're talking about.

KUJAN

YOU KNOW. YOU'VE KNOWN THIS WHOLE FUCKING TIME. GIVE IT TO ME.

Verbal looks into Kujan's eyes with genuine terror. Kujan's face is red, his body trembles. His locomotive breathing is the only sound in the room.

VERBAL

I don't understand what you're saying. I saw Keaton get shot, I swear to you.

KUJAN

Then why didn't you help him?

VERBAL

I WAS AFRAID, OKAY? Somehow, I was sure it was Keyser Soze at that point. I couldn't bring myself to raise my gun to him.

KUJAN

But Keaton...

VERBAL

It was Keyser Soze, Agent Kujan. I mean the Devil himself. How do you shoot the Devil in the back?

Verbal holds up a shaking, twisted hand.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

What if you miss?

EXT. BARGE - NIGHT - ONE WEEK PRIOR

Verbal is hiding in the tangle of girders and cables on the barge.

VERBAL'S P.O.V.

Keaton's body is completely obscured. The man in a suit strides across the deck over to Keaton, stopping to relieve himself on a small fire on the deck. He walks up and stands over Keaton. The two men exchange words and the man in the suit pulls out a pistol. He points it at Keaton.

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASH BEHIND VERBAL

Verbal turns. He can just make out police cars coming in the distance.

BANG

Verbal hears a shot from the deck of the boat. He turns in time to see the man in the suit running across the deck toward the gangway.

Verbal can barely see the man from where he is now. The man in the suit is covered by shadows and the poor angle from the barge. Verbal strains to see but he cannot.

The man in the suit stops long enough to pull out a lighter. He turns and walks back across the deck and out of sight. A moment later flames leap up from on the deck. The mesh of steel and rubber leaves a dark and open cocoon at its base.

MOVE INTO THE DARKNESS.

Sirens are close now. Almost here. The sound of fire raging out of control.

SIRENS BLARING. TIRES SQUEALING. CAR DOORS OPENING. FEET

POUNDING THE PAVEMENT.

MOVE FURTHER, SLOWER, INTO THE DARKNESS.

Voices yelling. New light flickering in the surrounding darkness.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

KUJAN

Arturo Marquez. Ever hear of him?

VERBAL

Wha- No.

KUJAN

He was a stool pigeon for the Justice Department. He swore out a statement to Federal Marshals that he had seen and could positively identify one Keyser Soze and had intimate knowledge of his business, including, but not exclusive to, drug trafficking and murder.

VERBAL

I never heard of him.

KUJAN

His own people were selling him to a gang of Hungarians. Most likely the same Hungarians that Sate all but wiped out back in Turkey. The money wasn't there for dope. The Hungarians were going to buy the one guy that could finger Soze for them.

VERBAL

I said I never heard of him.

KUJAN

But Keaton had. Edie Finneran was his extradition advisor. She knew who he was and what he knew.

VERBAL

I don't

KUJAN

There were no drugs on that boat. It was a hit. A suicide mission to whack out the one man that could finger Keyser Soze so Sate had a few thieves put to it. Men he knew he could march into certain death.

VERBAL

But how - wait. You're saying SOZE sent t us to kill someone?

KUJAN

I'm saying Keaton did.

Verbal cannot grasp this. He squints, trying to understand.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

Verbal, he left you behind for a reason. If you all knew Soze could find you anywhere, why was he ready to send you off with the money when he could have used you to take the boat?

VERBAL

He wanted me to live.

KUJAN

Why did he want you to live? A one-time dirty cop without a loyalty in the world finds it in his heart to save a worthless rat-cripple? No, sir. Why'

VERBAL

Edie.

KUJAN

I don't buy that reform story for a minute. And even if I did, I certainly don't believe he would send you to protect her. So why?

VERBAL

Because he was my friend.

KUJAN

No, Verbal. You weren't friends. Keaton didn't have friends. He saved you because he wanted it that way. It was his will.

Verbal grinds to a mental halt, trying to grasp the implication .

SUDDENLY:

VERBAL

No...

KUJAN

Keaton was Keyser Soze

VERBAL

NO.

KUJAN

The kind of guy who could wrangle the wills of men like Hockney and McManus.

(MORE)

KUJAN (CONT'D)

The kind of man who could engineer
a police line-up from all his years
of contacts in N.Y.P.D.

Verbal stands on wobbly legs, shaking with anger.

VERBAL

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO.

KUJAN

THE KIND OF MAN THAT COULD HAVE
KILLED EDIE FINNERAN.

A strange look crosses Verbal's face. Shock perhaps, or
revelation.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

They found her yesterday in a hotel
in Pennsylvania. Shot twice in the
head.

It starts to sink in with Verbal. His eyes swell.

VERBAL

Edie...

KUJAN

He used all of you to get him on
that boat. He couldn't get on alone
and he had to pull the trigger
himself to make sure he got his
man. The one man that could
identify him.

VERBAL

This is all bullshit.

KUJAN

He left you to stay behind and tell
us he was dead. You saw him die,
right? Or did you? You had to hide
when the first police cars showed
up. You heard the shot, just before
the fire but you didn't see him
die.

VERBAL

I knew him. He would never -

KUJAN

He programmed you to tell us just
what he wanted you to. Customs has
been investigating him for years.
He knew we were close. You said it
yourself. Where is the political
pressure coming from? Why are you
being protected?

(MORE)

KUJAN (CONT'D)

It's Keaton making sure you tell us what you're supposed to. Immunity is your reward.

VERBAL

BUT WHY ME? WHY NOT HOCKNEY OR FENSTER OR McMANUS? I'm a cripple. I'm stupid. Why me?

Verbal hears the weight of his words and falls back in his chair, Kujan looks at him with some pity,; but he is too far in to stop.

KUJAN

Because you're a cripple, Verbal. Because you're stupid. Because you were weaker than them. Because you couldn't see far enough into him to know the truth.

Verbal is crying now. He shakes his head, eyes closed.

KUJAN (CONT'D)

If he's dead, Verbal - if what you say is true, then it won't matter. It was his idea to hit the Taxi Service in New York, wasn't it? Tell me the truth.

VERBAL

(Sobbing)

It was all Keaton. We followed him from the beginning.

Kujan smiles with triumphant satisfaction.

VERBAL (CONT'D)

I didn't know. I saw him die. I believe he's dead. Christ

KUJAN

Why lie about everything else, then?

VERBAL

You know what it's like, Agent Kujan, to know you'll never be good? Not good like you. You got good all fucked around. I mean a stand up guy. I grew up knowing I was never going to be good at anything 'cause I was a cripple. Shit, I wasn't even a good thief. But I thought the one thing I could be good at was a keeping my mouth shut - keeping the code.

(MORE)

VERBAL (CONT'D)

I didn't want to tell you for my dignity, that's all, and you robbed me, Agent Kujan. You robbed me.

Kujan pulls the microphone out from under his tie and puts it on the desk. Verbal actually manages to snort a laugh, but only briefly, overcome by an apparent wave of nausea.

KUJAN

You're not safe on your own.

VERBAL

You think he's..?

KUJAN

Is he Keyser Soze I don't know, Verbal. It seems to me that Keyser Sate is a shield. Like you said, a spook story, but I know Keaton - and someone out there is pulling strings for you. Stay here and let us protect you.

VERBAL

I'm not bait. No way. I post today.

KUJAN

You posted twenty minutes ago. Captain Leo wants you out of here a.s.a.p., unless you turn state's.

VERBAL

I'll take my chances, thank you. It's tougher to buy the cheapest bag-man than it is to buy a cop.

KUJAN

Where are you going to go, Verbal? You gonna run? Turn states evidence. You might never see trial. If somebody wants to get you, you know They'll get you out there.

VERBAL

Maybe so, but I'm no rat, Agent Kujan. You tricked me, that's all. I won't keep my mouth shut 'cause I'm scared. I'll keep it shut 'cause I let Keaton down by getting caught - Edie Finneran too. And if they kill me, it's because They'll hear I dropped dime. They'll probably hear it from you.

Verbal stands, mustering his shattered dignity and walks towards the door. Rabin opens it for him from outside.

For once Kujan cannot bring himself to look at Verbal. Verbal turns to the door, stopping to look Rabin in the eye.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
Fuckin' cops.

He steps out of the room and into the hall. Rabin follows him.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Daniel Metzheiser comes out of Arkosh Kovash's room with a single sheet of 15x20 inch paper in his hand. He inspects the sketch with great interest. He folds the edges of the paper back to make it smaller.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION ROOM

Metzheiser walks behind the reception desk without asking the nurse for permission and helps himself to the fax machine.

INT. DEPOT - LATER

Verbal is downstairs in the depot of the police station picking up his personal belongings.

A FAT, WHITE-HAIRED COP is checking off the items as he takes them out of the tray in which they are kept.

COP
One watch: gold. One cigarette
lighter: gold. One wallet: brown.
One pack of cigarettes.

Verbal collects his personal items and shuffles on his lame leg toward the exit.

INT. DISPATCHER'S OFFICE

Jack Baer stands by a fax machine. A green light comes on next to a digital display.

The display reads: RECEIVING

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE

Kujan stares solemnly at the bulletin board, drinking from Rabin's coffee cup. Rabin sits at the desk, sifting through the mound of gapers as though considering organizing them once and for all.

RABIN
You still don't know shit.

KUJAN
I know what I wanted to know about
Keaton.

RABIN
Which is shit.

KUJAN
No matter. He'll have to know how
close we came.

RABIN
Keyser Sate or not, if Keaton's
alive he'll never come up again.

KUJAN
I'll find him.

RABIN
Waste of time.

KUJAN
(To himself)
A rumor is not a rumor that doesn't
die.

RABIN
What?

KUJAN
Nothing. Something I - forget it.

Kujan shakes his head. He gestures to the desk.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
Man, you're a fucking slob.

Rabin regards the mess of his office.

RABIN
Yeah. It's got it's own system
though. It all makes sense when you
look at it right. You just have to
step back from it, you know? You
should see my garage, now that's a
horror show...

Kujan is not listening. He has been staring at the bulletin
board, lost in thought, his unfocused eyes drifting across
the mess of papers, not looking at anything at all.

EXT. STREET

Verbal steps out into the sunlight, putting on a pair of
cheap sunglasses. He looks up and down the crowded street.
People on their way to and from lunch, no doubt.

Cars choke the street in front of the police department as
they wait for pedestrians to clear the way.

INT. DISPATCHER'S OFFICE

A single sheet of paper comes out of the fax machine, face down.

INT. RABIN'S OFFICE

Kujan still stares at the bulletin board.

SUDDENLY, Kujan's face changes. He leans in closer to the bulletin board and squints his eyes. His face changes again.

First a look of puzzlement, then confusion - finally realization.

The coffee cup tumbles from his hand. It hits the floor with the SMASH of cheap porcelain. Coffee splatters everywhere.

Rabin snaps out of his droning and looks up in surprise.

KUJAN'S P.O.V.

Kujan is staring not at what is on the bulletin board, but at the bulletin board itself.

His eyes follow the aluminum frame, mounted firmly to the wall. One might note it's sturdy construction and it's convenient size. Big enough to hold a lifetime of forgotten and disregarded notes and facts. Years of police trivia that has been hung and forgotten with the intention of finding a use for it all someday. One might want such a bulletin board for one's self. One would look to see who makes such a bulletin board. Kujan's eyes are locked on a metal plate bearing the manufacturer's name.

It reads: QUARTET - SKOKIE, ILLINOIS Kujan's eyes flash all' over the bulletin board. He finds a picture of Rabin in the far corner. He stands beside a scale in fishing gear. He proudly holds a hand out to his freshly caught marlin. His eyes skim quickly over and stop on an eight and a half by eleven inch fax sheet of what must be a THREE HUNDRED POUND BLACK MAN. Kujan glazes over his name, it is irrelevant. His aliases stand out.

Slavin, BRICKS, Shank, REDFOOT, Thee, Rooster...

KUJAN'S EYES WIDEN with sudden realization. He runs for the door.

His foot crushes the broken pieces of Rabin's coffee cup. The cup that hovered over Verbal's head for two hours.

Kujan is in too much of a hurry to notice the two words printed on the jagged piece that had been the bottom of the cheap mug.

KOBAYASHI PORCELAIN.

INT. HALLWAY

Kujan is sprinting wildly down the hall for the stairs.

EXT. STREET

Verbal looks behind him and sees ANOTHER COP standing just inside the doorway, lighting a cigarette. The cop notices Verbal and watches him in the way that cops look at people they cannot place in the category of idiot citizen, or stupid criminal.

Verbal smiles politely, meekly at the cop and walks down the steps into the moving throng.

EXT. DEPOT

Kujan runs up to the desk where Verbal had only moments before picked up his belongings. Rabin is right behind him, a look of absolute confusion on his face.

KUJAN
WHERE IS HE? DID YOU SEE HIM?

COP
The Cripple? He went that way.

The cog gestures towards the door.

Kujan runs outside looking around frantically.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Verbal limps his way carefully across the sidewalk, avoiding people as best as he can.

He looks over his shoulder, getting farther away from the police station. He can see Rabin and the cop on the steps, looking around with strange, lost expressions on their faces.

He does not notice the car creeping along the curb beside him.

INT. CAR

DRIVER'S P.O.V.

The driver's hands tap the wheel patiently. His eyes follow Verbal as he fumbles through the crowd.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Kujan pushes and shoves, looking this way and that.

EXT. STREET

LOW ANGLE on the feet of dozens of people. Verbal's feet emerge from the crowd on the far side. They hobble along the curb.

SUDDENLY, the right foot seems to relax a little, the inward angle straightens itself out in a few paces and the limp ceases as though the leg has grown another inch.

CRANE UP VERBAL'S BODY

Verbal's hands are rummaging around in his pockets. The good left hand comes up with a pack of cigarettes, the bad right hand comes up with a lighter. The right hand flexes with all I-of the grace and coordination of a sculptor's, flicking the clasp on the antique lighter with the thumb, striking the flint with the index finger. It is a fluid motion, somewhat showy. Verbal lights a cigarette and smiles to himself. He turns and sees the car running alongside.

INT. DISPATCHER'S OFFICE

Jack Beer pulls the sheet out of the fax machine and turns it over, revealing the composite sketch of Keyser SOZE.

Though crude and distorted, one cannot help but notice how much it leaks like VERBAL KINT.

EXT. STREET

The car stops. The driver gets out. IT IS KOBAYASHI, or the man we have come to know as such. He smiles to Verbal. Verbal steps off of the curb, returning the smile as he opens the passenger door and gets in.

The man called Kobayashi gets in the driver's seat and pulls away . A moment later, Agent David Kujan of U.S. Customs wanders into the frame, looking around much in the way a child would when lost at the circus. He takes no notice of the car pulling out into traffic, blending in with the rest of the cars filled with people on their way back to work.

BLACK.