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LADY OVERBOARD  
An Original Shooting Script  
Written and Directed by Edward Murphy

The Burbank Studios  
4000 Warner Boulevard  
Burbank, California 91522  
(213) 843 6000

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FADE IN ON

INT - SHIP'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

PAMELA ALLEN

1

early-20s, extraordinarily beautiful, shoulder against the wall, partially obscuring a paper HAPPY NEW YEAR sign, and looking pensive in sharp contrast to the crowded party going on all around her. A steward with a box of hats and noisemakers comes and offers Pamela a clacker, but she shakes her head no. The party consists mainly of middle-aged couples drinking, talking, having fun. A scattering of people Pamela's age are securely coupled off. The short, white mess jackets, the comic chic Schiaparelli gowns, the Cole Porter MUSIC, and the art deco decor tell us the time is the 1930s.

EUNICE AND STANFORD ALLEN

2

Pamela's well-preserved mother and handsome father talking to a knot of people at the bar.

EUNICE

I laid it on the line when they told Stanford he won the Nobel Prize.

ALLEN

She caught me with my pants down.

EUNICE

I told him this is it, buster. Either you take Pammy and me on that round-the-world cruise you've been promising us for twenty years ...

(looks over at Pamela)

... or you hear from my lawyers in the morning.

(then)

Stanford?

ALLEN

Yes my love.

EUNICE

Go over and see what's eating your daughter.

ALLEN

I already know.

(knocks back his drink)

The third-year med student she left behind in Philadelphia.

He maneuvers through the crowd, takes a paper hat from the steward's

box as he passes, reaches Pamela and plunks it on her head.

ALLEN

There. Now you're all set.

PAMELA

Daddy, what's the time difference between Hongkong and Philadelphia?

ALLEN

Eleven hours earlier ... I think ...

(looks at watch)

... Hey, it's five of twelve. Forget Winfield a minute and welcome the new year with me and your mother.

PAMELA

Ah, his name's not Winfield, Daddy, it's Winfred.

ALLEN

Whatever.

PAMELA

(grins)

Right, whatever.

(kisses him)

I'll be over in a minute.

PAMELA

4

watches her father go off, then puts down her drink, takes off the hat and crosses toward the door.

EXT - SHIP'S DECKS - NIGHT

PAMELA

5

exits the stateroom and walks along the deck. The full moon and crisp night ocean breezes make her feel a little better. A ship's officer approaches. Pamela manages a pleasant smile as they pass and continues walking until she comes to a stairwell, which she descends.

CLOSE ON THE OFFICER'S FEET

6

which stop ... turn around ... and quietly start back in the direction from whence they came.

PAMELA

7

steps off the stairs onto a lower deck. SOUNDS of the party continue in the distance. She crosses to the railing and looks OFF.

STOCK SHOT

HONGKONG - NIGHT

8

Spectacular view. Some of the closer lights identify the place, such as "Club Hongkong," and the like.

EXT - SHIP - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - PAMELA - LOW ANGLE

9

Pamela, from her position on one of the ship's lower decks, peering across the harbor at the dazzling lights of the Orient. The water is calm. On the ship's bow, we can make out its name: Empress of Hongkong.

EXT - SHIP'S DECKS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON PAMELA

10

Thinking about what Winfred's doing 10,000 miles away in Philadelphia.

THE FEET

11

softly descend the stairwell Pamela just descended.

BACK ON PAMELA

12

A rise in the distant SOUND of the party. Then cheering.

BACK ON THE FEET

13

swiftly approaching Pamela.

BACK ON PAMELA

14

A hand clamps Pamela's mouth. The people at the party start to sing AULD LANG SYNE.

TIGHT ANGLES ON PAMELA STRUGGLING

15

As this rapid, closely-edited sequence of tight closeups unfolds to the singing of AULD LANG SYNE, we become aware that the ship's officer is trying to throw Pamela overboard. She fights, bites, yells, kicks courageously, and at one point it even looks like the man is not going to be successful. But in the end, his size and strength prevail, and Pamela, quite ungracefully, goes over the railing.

EXT - SHIP - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - PAMELA'S PLUMMET - LOW ANGLE - SLOW MOTION

16

Just after Pamela begins her plummet, start MAIN TITLES.

PAMELA HITTING THE WATER - HIGH ANGLE - SLOW MOTION 17

MAIN TITLES continue. Pamela doesn't come up. HOLD on the calm, moonlit water. Finally director's credit. Pamela never comes up.

FADE OUT

FADE IN ON

EXT - CITY CHURCH - DAY

A SMALL WEDDING PARTY 18

gathered in the patio between the church and rectory, under the searing late-morning sun. A sign says FIRST INTERDENOMINATIONAL CHURCH OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. Near the bottom of the screen

MANILA  
One Month Later

superimposes.

REV. LUTHER GOODWELL 19

in white missionary's frock, says to the groom

GOODWELL  
How were you able to stay single so long,  
Mr. Travis?

DAVID TRAVIS, 30s, tall, lean, hard, sweating profusely in a dark gaberdine suit, says

TRAVIS  
A dozen years in the Marine Corps,  
I guess. I was stationed over there  
across Manila Bay at Sangley Point.  
(tugs at his starched  
collar)  
I met Nancy after I got out.

NANCY, a platinum blond with big boobs, hanging on Travis's arm, says to Goodwell

NANCY  
David took his discharge at Sangley,  
Reverend Goodwell.

In BG another cleric, Pastor Santos, and his wife, and a man - Fidel - are chatting next to a punch bowl. A photographer is readying to take pictures.

GOODWELL  
Do you plan on settling here in Manila?

NANCY

Yeah, David and me have an apartment  
down the street.

Photographer kneels to take a picture.

GOODWELL

I see.

(looks over at the others,  
says to the Travises)

Would you excuse me a moment?

NANCY

(nudges Travis,  
whispers)

David ...

TRAVIS

Huh? Oh yeah.

(takes out an envelope,  
hands it to Goodwell)

Here's a little something ... you know ...

GOODWELL

Thank you. Thank you.

TRAVIS

It ain't much. See, I'm still looking  
for work ...

PHOTOGRAPHER

20

takes their picture.

TRAVIS

... as a demolition man.

GOODWELL

(crossing to Santos)

Good.

TRAVIS

21

TRAVIS

(calls)

That was one of my specialties in  
the Corps.

(to Nancy)

Know what I want to do, Mrs. Travis?

NANCY

What?

TRAVIS

More than anything else?

NANCY

22

NANCY  
What, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS 23

TRAVIS  
Get the hell out of this hot suit.

NANCY 24

smiles and kisses him on the lips.

EXT - STREETS - DAY

ANGLES ON TRAVIS 25

in work clothes, negotiating the streets of pre-World War II Manila on an Indian Superchief motorcycle plus sidecar. Still-existing city landmarks extant in the 1930s include the Army and Navy Club, horse-drawn carromatas, the massive fortifications of Intramuros, carabao carts, Jones Bridge, Luneta Park, calesa taxis and Malacanan Palace. As Travis reaches the outskirts of the city, BG milieu precipitately changes to flooded rice paddies, peasants with umbrella-shaped hats, carabao carts, sugar cane fields, bamboo and nipa houses, and coconut plantations. This short sequence establishes the backdrop of our story, and the fact that Manila, like most of the cities of Southeast Asia, was (and is) a bustling, urban tropical port less than an hour's drive from slightly-tamed jungle.

EXT - JUNGLE CONSTRUCTION SHACK - DAY

A SIGN IN FRONT OF THE SHACK READS 26

PACIFIC ENGINEERING, INC.  
Pasig River Flood Control Project  
Personnel Office

Travis pulls in front, parks, dismounts, crosses to the shack.

INT - JUNGLE CONSTRUCTION SHACK - DAY

TOM KNIGHT 27

clerkish, a shade emaciated, seated behind a desk cluttered with a lot of paperwork, asks

KNIGHT  
What did you do in the Marines,  
Dave?

TRAVIS 28

seated on the other side.

TRAVIS  
Stormed beaches, fired weapons, blew  
up bridges ... never in anger, of course,

7

which was why I got out. I guess I got sick  
and tired of playin' war games, Mr. Knight.

KNIGHT

(stands)

I take it you can you handle dynamite.  
(crosses, opens  
a cabinet)

TRAVIS

No question about that. I'm the very best  
there is.

KNIGHT

At least you're not modest.  
(pours himself a  
double shot of bourbon)  
What time you got?

TRAVIS

(looks at his watch)

Noon.

KNIGHT

I promised my wife before she left  
for New Mexico that I wouldn't drink in  
the morning.  
(downs the bourbon)

TRAVIS

(laughs)

Is your wife from New Mexico?

KNIGHT

No. She went there to lose weight.  
What they call a fat farm.  
(pours another)  
Want some good advice?

TRAVIS

Sure.

KNIGHT

Don't get married.

TRAVIS

I just did.

KNIGHT

Then have a drink.

TRAVIS

Love one.

Knight pours Travis a double shot, hands it to him.

KNIGHT

Okay. We'll try you for a couple weeks,

see how you work out. Bottoms up.

They drink their bourbons.

TRAVIS

Thanks, Mr. Knight. Thanks a lot.

STOCK SHOT

LONG SHOT - PEACEFUL HILL IN THE JUNGLE - DAY 29

Then suddenly an ear-splitting blast and the heavy verdant foliage explodes into the sky.

EXT - JUNGLE CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

TRAVIS 30

with his hands still on the handles of a detonation box.

TRAVIS

(proudly)

What'd you think?

KNIGHT 31

behind the wheel of a truck, looking OFF at the hole where the hill was.

KNIGHT

Not a bad hole.

TRAVIS

That's what you call precision demolition, man.

Whistle SOUNDS.

KNIGHT

Say, Dave, you want to join me in a drink at O'Bannon's?

TRAVIS

Sounds great, Tom, but I promised Nancy I'd take her out to dinner tonight. She hasn't been feeling so good the last couple days.

KNIGHT

You ever been to O'Bannon's?

TRAVIS

No.

KNIGHT

O'Bannon's got the best looking hostesses in Manila beyond any shadow of a doubt.

TRAVIS  
(smiles)  
No shit?

KNIGHT  
You bet.

TRAVIS  
I'll take a raincheck.

KNIGHT  
(pulling away)  
Suit yourself.

TRAVIS  
See you tomorrow.  
(calls out)  
BE CAREFULL OF THOSE HOSTESSES,  
TOM ...

EXT - CITY CHURCH - DAY

TRAVIS 32  
approaches on his motorcycle, speeds past CAMERA.

EXT - APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

TRAVIS 33  
pulls into the driveway, parks, dismounts, crosses to the heavy iron-barred entrance.

INSERT

KEY GOES IN APARTMENT DOOR LOCK 34  
SOUND of turning latch.

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

TRAVIS 35  
enters, looks around.

TRAVIS  
I'm home.  
(calls out)  
Hey Nancy?

NOBODY IN THE HIGH-CEILINGED LIVING ROOM 36

Not much furniture either - couple polished narra chairs, tables, a couch, small bar, radio. Venetian blinds cover the windows to keep out the sun. Travis turns on two large overhead fans, crosses to the kitchen. As he crosses, he passes a framed wedding picture of Nancy, him and Rev. Goodwell on a table.

INT - APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

TRAVIS

37

crosses to a wooden icebox, takes out a San Miguel.

TRAVIS

(calls)

Nanc' ...

He opens the beer, takes a swig, goes out into the hall that leads to the bedroom.

INT - APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

FULL SHOT - A VERY STILL, VACANT BEDROOM

38

Mosquito netting canopies a neatly made bed. Another overhead fan.

TRAVIS (OFF)

Yo, Nancy.

TRAVIS IN THE DOORWAY

39

A beat. Then he crosses and checks the bathroom.

INT - APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

EMPTY BATHROOM

40

TRAVIS

(to himself)

I guess she went out.

He walks back out into the living room.

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

41

stops in the middle of the room.

TRAVIS

But where the hell did she go?

He heads for the kitchen.

TRAVIS

I'm hungry.

EXT - APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

TRAVIS'S MOTORCYCLE

42

parked in same spot.

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TRAVIS SLEEPING ON THE COUCH 43

He wakes up. Looks at the clock. It's quarter to eleven. He crosses to the small bar, pours himself five fingers of gin, takes a gulp and looks at the wedding picture on the table.

INSERT

PICTURE OF NANCY, TRAVIS AND REV. GOODWELL 44

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TRAVIS 45

drains the glass and exits the apartment.

EXT - BAR - NIGHT

TRAVIS'S MOTORCYCLE 46

parked in front. A sign above the entrance says O'BANNON'S EAST.

INT - BAR - NIGHT

CARLA 47

enormous deep eyes, long legs, straight black hair to her behind, bumping, grinding to bawdy music, steps from her postage-stamp size stage directly on to the bar packed with a rowdy, boisterous thrown-together crowd that includes American sailors, Spanish hacendados, German machinery salesmen, Oriental politicians, and of course plenty of luscious hostesses. (Legend has it that before war broke out, O'Bannon's East was the best watering hole from Shanghai to Singapore.)

TRAVIS 48

weaving his way through the flesh and smoke, getting jostled, finally reaching

KNIGHT 49

at the bar, whose eyes are glued on

CARLA'S FURIOUSLY BUMPING, GRINDING GROIN 50

only inches from his face.

TRAVIS 51

comes up behind Knight and says

TRAVIS  
You were right, Tom.

KNIGHT  
(startled)

What?

(turns on his stool)

Dave!

TRAVIS  
(looking around)  
This place has got the best hostesses in  
Manila.

CARLA

52

moves in even closer to Knight to get his attention back.

KNIGHT  
(concerned)  
You didn't bring your wife here, did  
you?

TRAVIS  
Are you kidding? I don't know what  
happened to my wife.

KNIGHT  
(turns back to Carla)  
What'd you mean?

TRAVIS  
(yelling to be heard)  
She went out someplace without letting  
me know.

KNIGHT  
(turns back to Travis)  
Probably went over a friend's house,  
started gabbing and forgot about the  
time.  
(turns back to Carla)  
Margaret's always doing that.

TRAVIS  
(looks around)  
Well, at least she could have left me a  
note or something.

Travis spots

GINGER O'BANNON

53

about 27, foxy face, gorgeous body, behind the bar, helping her  
bartender, YAN SU.

TRAVIS

54

TRAVIS  
(calls)  
Say, sweetheart?

GINGER

55

comes over.

GINGER  
Hi, what'd you need?

TRAVIS  
Give my friend here another drink,  
give me a San Miguel, and what the  
hell's your name, sweetheart?

GINGER  
Ginger O'Bannon.

TRAVIS  
You're O'Bannon?

GINGER  
(laughs)  
I was when I opened today.  
(to Knight)  
What're you drinking, Tom?

KNIGHT  
(absorbed in Carla)  
Huh? Bourbon and water.

Ginger goes off to get drinks.

TRAVIS

56

says to Knight.

TRAVIS  
That's O'Bannon?

KNIGHT  
Right. She owns this place.

Travis watches

GINGER

57

down the bar, making Knight's bourbon and water.

TRAVIS AND KNIGHT

58

KNIGHT  
But don't get any ideas.

TRAVIS  
I'm a married man, remember?

## KNIGHT

Doesn't make any difference. Ginger doesn't play around, period. She's strictly business.

GINGER

59

comes back, puts down the bourbon and beer.

TRAVIS

60

pays her. She starts away and he says

TRAVIS

Just in case you're wonderin', my name's Dave Travis. Me and Tom work for the same outfit.

GINGER

(didn't hear him)

Didn't get the name.

TRAVIS

TRAVIS!

GINGER - CLOSE

61

smiles and says

GINGER

Nice to know you, Travis.

TRAVIS - CLOSE

62

smiles back.

BACK ON GINGER

63

A beat, then

GINGER

Excuse me.

BACK ON TRAVIS

64

watches her go OFF, gives himself a happy nod of satisfaction, then looks up at

CARLA

65

still furiously bumping and grinding, and alluringly looking back. HOLD A MOMENT ON CARLA and the smoke and the loud MUSIC, then abruptly

CUT TO

INT - APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

## A GREEN HOUSE LIZARD

66

poised motionless on a blade of the revolving overhead fan. TILT DOWN TO THE STILL-MADE BED. PAN OVER TO TRAVIS, swaying in the doorway, hand still on the switch ... and looking worried.

EXT - APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

## JIMMY TONG

67

pulls into the driveway, parks, gets out of his car. Tong's wearing a crimson shirt and purple slacks. He checks a slip of paper to make sure he's got the right address.

INT - APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

## TRAVIS TAKING A SHOWER

68

The doorbell RINGS. Travis pulls back the shower curtain, steps out of the bathtub, puts a towel around his waist and goes into the living room.

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

## TRAVIS

69

dripping, crosses, opens the door.

TONG

Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

Yes?

TONG

You called the police.

TRAVIS

(a beat)

Right.

TONG

I'm Detective Tong.

TRAVIS

Oh, okay ... Come on it.

TONG

(enters, hands Travis  
a card)

Thank you.

TRAVIS

(reading)

Homicide division?

TONG

(smiles)

Relax, Mr. Travis. All missing persons are initially referred to our division. Standard operating procedure. Nothing to be alarmed about.

TRAVIS

(nervous laughter)

I'm glad - I'm glad to hear that. Have a seat while I put on a pair of pants.

Travis exits. Tong looks around the room, walks over and picks up the picture.

INSERT

PICTURE OF NANCY, TRAVIS AND REV. GOODWELL

70

GO IN TIGHT ON NANCY

TONG (OFF)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph ...

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

TONG

71

looking at the picture.

TONG

... what a set of knockers!

TRAVIS

72

comes out of the bedroom in his trousers, carrying his clothes.

TRAVIS

What'd you say, Mr. Tong?

TONG

Huh? Ah ...

(returns the picture  
to the table)

... you, ah, mentioned on the phone  
you've only been married a couple  
weeks?

(opens his notebook)

TRAVIS

That's right.

Travis gets dressed for work as he and Tong talk.

TONG

How long did you know Mrs. Travis  
before you were married?

TRAVIS

Not very long.

TONG

How long?

TRAVIS

Is that important?

TONG

Could be.

TRAVIS

Well - actually - you see, we, ah, we just met a few weeks before we got married.

(blushes)

Like love at first sight - that kinda thing.

TONG

(writing)

That's nice, Mr. Travis. Did you notice anything different about her when you left for work yesterday morning?

TRAVIS

Yeah, I did. The last few days in fact. She's been acting like ... like something was on her mind, like something was bothering her ... You know?

TONG

Did she say what it was?

TRAVIS

No. I asked her a couple times and she said it was nothing.

TONG

Do you know of anybody that would want to do her harm?

TRAVIS

(tying his shoes)

No. Actually, she didn't know that many people here in Manila.

TONG

Where did she live before you were married?

TRAVIS

The Manila Hotel.

TONG

She lived there?

TRAVIS

(stands)

What's wrong with that?

TONG

Nothing, nothing. Ah, was she, or is she employed anywhere?

TRAVIS

Of course not.

TONG

Right.

(closes his notebook)

Okay. I'll see what I can find out and call you in a couple days.

(crosses to door)

You call me if she shows up.

TRAVIS

(follows)

What do you think happened to her?

TONG

(opens door)

That's what I intend to find out.

CLOSE ON TRAVIS

72A

watching Tong walk off.

INT - BAR - NIGHT

FULL SHOT OF CROWDED INTERIOR

72B

TRAVIS AND KNIGHT

73

at the bar. Travis is looking down into his beer. Another stripper is doing her number on the stage.

KNIGHT

I think she went up in the mountains for a few days to get away from the lousy heat.

TRAVIS

Without telling me?

KNIGHT

Women are weird, Dave. You should meet Margaret.

(looks OFF)

Over here, Carla.

CARLA

74

on her break, comes through the crowd and sits next to Knight. He puts his arm around her and says to Yan Su

KNIGHT

Give Carla whatever she wants, Yan Su.

(then)  
How you doing, Carla ...

TRAVIS

75

turns to his thoughts and San Miguel as Knight gets engrossed with  
Carla. After a moment, we hear

GINGER (OFF)  
Is this stool empty?

Travis turns around.

GINGER

76

looks ravishing.

TRAVIS  
It was. Sit down.

GINGER

(sits)

Your wife show up yet, Travis?

TRAVIS

Nope.

GINGER

She will. Wait and see. Meanwhile let me buy you guys a drink.

(to Yan Su)

Give Mr. Travis and Mr. Knight another, Yan Su, and give me a scotch and soda.

TWO SAILORS

77

both drunk. One is a giant brute who is eyeing Ginger.

TRAVIS

78

says to Ginger

TRAVIS

This is a firstclass operation you got here. I'm very impressed.

GINGER

Thank you.

TRAVIS

Where the hell are you from?

GINGER

New York.

TRAVIS

New York. How did you wind up -

GINGER

(laughs)

In Manila in the bar business?

THE GIANT SAILOR

79

still eyeing Ginger, says to the other sailor

SAILOR

Choice.

GINGER AND TRAVIS

80

Yan Su serving them the drinks.

GINGER

Are you familiar with New York City?

TRAVIS

I was there once but I ran out of money.

GINGER

Did you ever hear of O'Bannon's Oyster-house on Seventh Avenue between Forty-Fourth and Forty-Fifth?

TRAVIS

I never did.

THE GIANT

81

puts his arm around Ginger.

GINGER

Well, you ask anybody from New York if they ever heard of O'Bannon's Oyster-house.

SAILOR

I'm lookin' for some white meat.

GINGER

Wrong bar, Mac. Try the Terrace Lounge in the Manila Hotel.  
(to Travis)

It belonged to my father, John O'Bannon, one of the greatest restaurateurs of this century.

SAILOR

That's alright, I'll settle for you. How much for a short time?

Ginger winks at Travis.

GINGER

You want to take your arm back, sailor?

SAILOR

I might. Let's talk about it.  
(to Yan Su)

Hey, Charlie Chan, give me and the lady a drink.

GINGER

I got a drink thank you.

SAILOR

(to Yan Su)  
Hear what I said, Charlie?

YAN SU

The lady's got a drink.

SAILOR

(sighs)  
Whatcha gotta put up with nowadays ...  
(ducks under the bar,  
comes up on the other

side, says to Ginger)  
What're you drinkin', honey?

YAN SU.

Okay, mister, either you'll have to go  
back to your booth or I'll have to flag  
you.

SAILOR

Get lost, creep.

Yan Su grabs Sailor's arm, whereupon Sailor picks up Yan Su and  
throws him up on the stage into Stripper.

TRAVIS

82

catapults over the bar, jumps up on the giant's back and gets a  
choke hold on him.

SECOND SAILOR

83

materializes. Knight stops him with a right to the jaw but misses.  
He is able to pull down Second Sailor and start wrestling.

GIANT SAILOR AND TRAVIS

84

Sailor is trying to shake Travis off his back but Travis is holding  
on with a death grip. Finally, they crash into the bottles and  
mirrors behind the bar and Travis comes loose. They both get  
to their feet and face off against each other.

GIANT SAILOR

85

frothing at the mouth with anger, is about to tear Travis apart.  
Sailor lunges for Travis.

TRAVIS

86

sidesteps and brings a bottle of Four Roses crashing down on Giant  
Sailor's head. Sailor is only stunned but before he can do anything,  
Travis picks up the cash register and drops that on his head. Mon-  
ey flies all over but Sailor is out like a light.

SECOND SAILOR AND KNIGHT

87

Second sailor is beating the daylights out of Knight. Travis picks  
up a chair and comes down on Second Sailor's head which puts him  
out like a light, too.

TRAVIS

88

says to Yan Su and some waiters

TRAVIS

Take out these guys and drop them  
in the gutter.

GINGER

Now, I'm impressed.

TRAVIS

Twelve years in the Marine Corps  
wasn't completely for naught.

GINGER

You can say that again. Let me know  
if you ever get tired of working with Tom.

TRAVIS

Why's that?

GINGER

I could use somebody like you to keep  
law and order around here.

EXT - POLICE STATION - DAY

SIGN IN FRONT OF THE STATION:

89

POLICE DEPARTMENT  
City of Manila  
Virgil Fang, Chief

Travis rounds a corner on his motorcycle, parks and enters the  
building.

INT - POLICE STATION - DAY

TRAVIS

90

looks around, spots Detective Tong, crosses to his desk. Crossing  
the large room, Travis passes assorted criminal and police types,  
a lineup stage and other tropical stationhouse milieu of the period.

TRAVIS

Detective Tong.

TONG

Hi, Mr. Travis.  
(grabs some papers,  
stands)  
Follow me.

TRAVIS

Where we goin'?

FONG

In to talk to Chief Fang.

Tong and Travis cross to a door to a private office. Tong knocks.

FANG (OFF)

Come in.

INT - POLICE STATION OFFICE - DAY

FANG

91

wears a spectacular uniform for a chief of police, complete with metals and epaulets.

FANG

Good afternoon.

TONG AND TRAVIS

92

TONG

This is Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS

Chief.

FANG

93

and Travis shake.

FANG

Sit down, Mr. Travis.  
(opens a file)

Your wife arrived in the Philippine Islands six months ago, checked into the Manila Hotel, occupied a two-room suite which cost eighteen dollars per day, ate most of her meals there and when she checked out last month her bill was nine hundred and ten dollars and fifty cents.

TRAVIS

So what?

FANG

Do you have any idea where she could have gotten the money to pay a nine-hundred dollar hotel bill?

TRAVIS

I have no idea where she got it.

FANG

That's understandable because she didn't get it. She didn't have it. At least not all of it. She was allowed to leave only because of assurances given the hotel by Senator Harry Wing.

TRAVIS

Who the hell's he?

FANG

A local politician of, unfortunately, highly questionable morals, Mr. Travis.

TONG

(to Travis)

We've spent the last few days talking to the hotel employees. You didn't know about your wife and Senator Wing?

TRAVIS

No ...

FANG

In the interest of delicacy, let us say they were quite close.

TRAVIS

silent. Then

94

TRAVIS

What's that got to do with what happened to her?

TONG

There's a possibility that she sailed with Wing for San Francisco.

TRAVIS

What?

FANG

FANG

Last Monday, the same day your wife disappeared, Wing departed Manila on a Congressional junket to the United States aboard the Empress of Manila.

95

TRAVIS

Why ... why would she go with him?

TONG

The Manila Hotel was threatening her with arrest if the bill wasn't paid.

FANG

And the bill wasn't paid.

TONG

We think that's why she had been acting funny before she disappeared.

TRAVIS

looks at

96

FANG AND TONG

a moment. Then

97

TRAVIS

98

says

TRAVIS

Did you check the ... ship's passenger manifest?

TONG

Yes, her name wasn't on it. On the other hand, there were a lot of names in the Congressional party, so-called staff, that could have been -

FANG

99

FANG

Congressional "factfinding" trips are often used by lawmakers to get together with their girlfriends, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS

100

silent. Then

TRAVIS

I don't know why the hell she bothered marrying me if she had a boyfriend to go on a cruise with. You guys got it wrong. Why the hell did she marry me?

FANG

I can't answer that, but I can tell you that she was at the Manila Hotel with Senator Wing only last week, trying to work out something regarding her bill.

TONG

I guess she didn't say anything to you about it, right, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

Are you kidding? I never heard of the son of a bitch until now!

FANG

That's astonishing when you consider he's the most famous sexual degenerate in Manila.

INSERT

LOWER CORNER OF FRONT PAGE OF MANILA TIMES

101

WOMAN STILL MISSING

The first lines of the story read

Police still have no clue as to the whereabouts of Nancy Travis who mysteriously disappeared last Monday. Mrs. Travis was last seen about 8:15 a.m. by her husband, David, when he left their Ermita apartment to go to work. Mr. Travis is employed by Pacific Engineering ...

EXT - HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

TRAVIS

102

reading the paper next to a newsboy. He snaps it under his arm and walks toward the entrance to the building. TILT UP TO THE FLAPPING AMERICAN FLAG.

INT - HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

RICHARD WELLS

103

United States High Commissioner of the Philippine Islands, pacing in front of a large map of Southeast Asia.

WELLS

Believe me, Mr. Travis, if there was anything I could do to find out what happened to your wife, I would do it.

TRAVIS

Then why doesn't your office launch a full scale investigation?

WELLS

(sits behind a large oak desk)

Because I can't do that.

On one side of Wells is an American flag, on the other a picture of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

TRAVIS

Why not?

WELLS

I told you, Mr. Travis, this is an extremely delicate period in U.S. - Philippine relations. These islands are on a timetable for absolute independence in 1946.

(stands, crosses)

Interfering with a local police matter is out of the question.

(pours a glass of iced tea)

I want to help you, Mr. Travis. Honest

I do.

TRAVIS  
(feebly)  
But Nancy's an American citizen.

WELLS  
It doesn't make any difference.  
(crosses to Travis)  
Here, have a glass of iced tea.

TRAVIS  
(takes the tea)  
Thanks.

WELLS  
You want my opinion on this whole thing?

TRAVIS  
What's your opinion?

WELLS  
You only knew Nancy for a few weeks  
before you married her, right?

TRAVIS  
Right.

WELLS  
Okay, I don't know what she was thinking  
when she agreed to get married, but if  
she and Senator Wing were as close as  
the police say they were, and the hotel  
was threatening her with arrest, and they  
both disappeared on the same day, and  
you don't know of anybody that wanted to  
do her harm ... I'd say at this moment  
there's an excellent chance she's aboard  
the Empress of Manila enroute to San  
Francisco.

INT - GINGER'S BAR - NIGHT

TRAVIS AND GINGER

at a table. Travis drinking a San Miguel, Ginger a scotch and  
soda, another stripper bumping on stage.

GINGER  
What about customs? Wouldn't there  
be a record of her going through cus-  
toms?

TRAVIS  
There ain't no customs for American  
citizens, Ginger.

GINGER  
(thoughtfully)  
That's right.

TRAVIS  
(finishes his beer,  
calls)  
Hey, Yan Su, two more.  
(to Ginger)  
No, she was acting strange ... She left  
town last Monday with that goddamn sen-  
ator. I know it.

Ginger starts giggling.

TRAVIS  
What's so funny?

GINGER  
I'm sorry, Travis. But ...  
(bursts out laughing)

TRAVIS  
What the hell is it?

GINGER  
Harry Wing. I guess he finally found  
what he was he looking for.

TRAVIS  
You know him?

GINGER  
Of course I know him. He comes in here.

TRAVIS  
Good. Now I know where to find the  
son of a bitch.

GINGER  
Oh, he never comes in alone. He always  
has two bodyguards with him.

Yan Su puts down the drinks.

TRAVIS  
What's he do when he comes in here?

GINGER  
What's he do? We have a drink together,  
he fills me in on all the gossip like whose  
husband is sleeping with whose wife ...  
Let's see, oh, he propositions me ...  
and I turn him down, of course ... and  
he's on his way.

TRAVIS

105

looking at her.

GINGER

106

GINGER

I like Harry, Travis. He's very charming. He's really not a bad guy.

TRAVIS

The chief of police says he's a sexual degenerate.

GINGER

(laughs)

I know. Everybody knows that.

TRAVIS

What'd you mean?

GINGER

That was Virgil Fang's platform when he ran against Harry for his senate seat last year and lost.

TRAVIS

Is that right?

GINGER

Sure. But Harry struck back by charging Fang was a crook. The race was a smear contest. And violent. I think nine people were murdered. Fang hates Wing, and vice versa.

TRAVIS

Well if Wing's such a great guy, why the hell did he run off with my wife?

GINGER

If I tell you, Travis, it'll just upset you.

TRAVIS

I'm a big boy. Go ahead and tell me.

GINGER

He's a sexual degenerate.

EXT - BAR - NIGHT

BAR ENTRANCE

107

opens, Travis staggers out, then Ginger who turns, produces a thick ring of keys and locks up for the night.

GINGER

You sure you can drive, Travis? I can

catch a taxi like I always do.

TRAVIS

Didn't I tell you it's got a sidecar?

They walk down the deserted street.

GINGER

You have a lot of people tell you you're a character, Travis?

TRAVIS

Yeah, but I never pay any attention to them.

They arrive at Travis's motorcycle.

TRAVIS

What'd you think? Ain't it a beaut? It's an Indian Superchief.

GINGER

Where do I go?

TRAVIS

Here ...  
                   (takes her by the  
                   arms)  
 ... Step in.

As he helps her get into the sidecar, he kisses her. Then he straddles the motorcycle, fires the engine and says

TRAVIS

Okay, let's go to my place for a nightcap.

GINGER

No!

TRAVIS

Why not?

GINGER

Well for one thing, it's four o'clock!

TRAVIS

So what, tomorrow's Saturday.

GINGER

Today's Saturday.

TRAVIS

We're just gonna have one drink.

GINGER

You're still married, Travis. What if your wife shows up?

TRAVIS

Ho ho ho! If my wife shows up, my wife's gonna have one hell of a lot of explainin' to do.

GINGER

I don't think it's a good idea.

TRAVIS

Ginger ... please? Come over for one drink. That's all. I promise.

GINGER

Alright. One drink. Nothing else. I'm not kidding, Travis. Is that understood?

Travis pulls out. Ginger yells

GINGER

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

TRAVIS

YEAH, YEAH ...

INT - APARTMENT HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TRAVIS

108

happily monkeying with the radio, Ginger warily giving the room the once-over

GINGER

My mother died when I was three.

TRAVIS

(gets MUSIC he wants)

Don't you have any brothers or sisters?

GINGER

No. How about you?

TRAVIS

I got a sister about your age.

(crosses to bar)

Finish the story of your life.

GINGER

My father raised me. When he died, I sold O'Bannon's Oysterhouse and set out to see what the world beyond Battery Park was like.

TRAVIS

What'd he die of?

GINGER

Cirrhosis of the liver.

The phone RINGS.

TRAVIS

I wonder who that is?

(into phone)

Hello? Hi, Chief, find out anything more about where my wife went?

EXT - REFUSE YARD - NIGHT

NANCY TRAVIS'S BODY

109

in FG being covered by a sheet, Fang in BG beside Detective Tong's car, talking on a (1930s) police radiotelephone. Next to Fang is Tong who has ahold of a ragpicker named JOSE PAMPAMPANGO.

FANG

I have very bad news, Mr. Travis. We found Mrs. Travis dead. She's been shot.

INT - APARTMENT HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TRAVIS

110

Dark.

GINGER

111

looking at him.

EXT - REFUSE YARD - NIGHT

FANG OMINOUSLY EYEING PAMPAMPANGO

112

FANG

Mr. Travis, I promise you one thing. I will find out who murdered your bride and I will personally see to it that the reptile goes to the gallows.

In BG, they're putting Nancy in a truck that says CORONER'S OFFICE, CITY OF MANILA

INT - APARTMENT HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TRAVIS

113

He has a mean, angry expression as he listens to Fang finish. He hangs up.

GINGER

Something bad happened, right, Travis?

Travis nods.

GINGER

It's Nancy, right?

Travis nods.

TRAVIS

The police found her dead.

GINGER

Oh dear. I'm really sorry, Travis.

TRAVIS

Thanks.

GINGER

What happened?

TRAVIS

Somebody shot her.

GINGER

114

GINGER

Oh dear God! Who would have done a thing like that?

TRAVIS

Fang promised me he'd find out.

GINGER

He will, Travis. He might be a crook, but he's a hell of a cop.

TRAVIS

115

TRAVIS

I hope so. Because if he doesn't, I will.

EXT - POLICE STATION - DAY

LONG SHOT - POLICE STATION

116

INT - POLICE STATION OFFICE - DAY

PAMPAMPANGO UNDER THE LIGHTS

117

shaking so much that if he had any teeth they would be chattering. He's flanked by Fang and Tong.

FANG

WHY DID YOU WAIT FIVE DAYS TO CALL THE POLICE, YOU WRETCHED SLIME?

PAMPAMPANGO

I was afraid, sir. I was afraid to become involved. I was afraid they would come back and get me.

FANG

You better talk fast, my friend, and what you say better make sense.

PAMPAMPANGO

Oh yes sir, yes sir -

FANG

(raises his hand)

Talk!

PAMPAMPANGO

DON'T! I will talk! I heard a shot.

FANG

Get this down, Jimmy!

TONG

(wips out his pad,  
pencil)

... heard shot.

FANG

(to Pampampango)

What time?

PAMPAMPANGO

Just after dark. I went over to investigate. I hid, and I saw a man covering the woman. Then he got in a car and drove off.

FANG

Did you see anybody else?

PAMPAMPANGO

One more man ... in the car.

FANG

Can you describe the men?

PAMPAMPANGO

I can't describe the man in the car. But I saw the man who was covering the woman. He was an American.

FANG

(to himself)

An Amercian.

TONG

(to Pampampango)

Did you see the license plate of the car?

PAMPAMPANGO

No, sir.

FANG

Can you read?

PAMPAMPANGO

No, sir.

FANG

Can you describe the car?

PAMPAMPANGO

Yes, sir. It was big and red and had white curtains in the back windows.

FANG

(to Tong)

Find it.

INSERT

FRONT PAGE HEADLINE OF THE MANILA TIMES

118

MISSING GIRL FOUND SLAIN

The first lines of the story read

Nancy Travis, who has been missing since last Monday, was found by police this morning buried in trash at the Tondo refuse yard. Manila Chief of Police Virgil Fang said Mrs. Travis had been shot in the head ...

TRAVIS (OFF)

I appreciate your letting me know what's going on.

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

KNIGHT

119

reading the paper, drinking a bourbon and water. Travis is in BG talking on the phone. Travis is wearing a black armband.

TRAVIS

Okay, thanks, Mr. Tong. Thanks for calling. Goodby.

Travis hangs up.

KNIGHT

What did he say?

TRAVIS

They have no idea why she was murdered.

KNIGHT

It wasn't robbery?

TRAVIS

No. She had her purse and there was some money in it. She had her watch ... jewelry ... It wasn't robbery.

KNIGHT

Was it ... ?

TRAVIS  
Rape?

KNIGHT  
Yeah.

TRAVIS  
No, it wasn't rape. Tong said he spoke  
to the coroner and when his report is typed  
up it will say that she wasn't molested.  
(a beat)  
Except for somebody blowing her brains out.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A 1935 RED BUICK WITH WHITE CURTAINS 120

parked behind a Dewey Boulevard nightclub next to a fire exit  
and under a sign that says EMPLOYEES ONLY.

FANG 121

in the car with Tong, parked behind the Buick.

FANG  
Let's go.

Tong drives toward the street.

EXT - INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY - NIGHT

TONG AND FANG 122

pull out onto the street.

EXT - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

TONG AND FANG 123

pull up and stop amidst a lot of cabs waiting for riders. Tong  
and Fang get out and walk up to the entrance.

INT - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

FANG 124

enters followed by Tong. They look around, then start across  
the room. Dance floor crowded with well-dressed Manila society.

ANGLES ON A FEMALE VOCALIST 125

on the bandstand, singing.

FANG AND TONG 126

walk up to a sinister-looking goon standing beside a door.

GOON

Get out of here, Fang. You've been paid for this month.

FANG

Tell Greenberg I want to see him.

Goon pushes a buzzer.

INT - NIGHTCLUB CASINO ROOM - NIGHT

A SECOND GOON

127

on the other side of the door. Three quick buzzes SOUND. Second Goon looks OFF and motions over

GREENBERG

128

at the hub of three large, crowded roulette tables, talking to JACK RICO, chief pit boss. Greenberg crosses to Second Goon. They confer, then Greenberg says

GREENBERG

Open the door.

Second Good unlocks and opens the door to reveal Fang and Tong.

GREENBERG

Aren't you a little early, Chief? We're paid up through February.

FANG

Who owns the Buick parked in the alley, Greenberg?

GREENBERG

It belongs to the club.

FANG

Who was using it last Monday?

GREENBERG

That depends on why you want to know, Chief?

FANG

(grabs Greenberg  
by the lapel)

I asked you a question. Answer it or I close this joint on the spot.

GREENBERG

(indicating Rico)

Jack Rico, the guy over in the pit.

RICO

129

about to pay off a bet, looks up at Greenberg, Fang and Tong,

throws away the chips and runs.

TONG AND FANG

130

take off in pursuit. The gambling crowd hardly pays attention.

RICO

131

runs into the kitchen, knocking over a waiter coming out with a large tray of drinks.

TONG AND FANG

132

run into the kitchen in pursuit.

INT - NIGHTCLUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

RICO

133

sprints past a lot of delicious-looking food, reaches another door and flings it open.

INT - NIGHTCLUB BACKHALLWAY - NIGHT

RICO

134

locks the door and runs down the hall, past the office, toward the fire exit at the end.

INT - NIGHTCLUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

TONG AND FANG

135

run through the kitchen and reach the locked door. Tong takes a step back, cocks his foot, lets go and kicks the door open. They run through.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

RICO

136

emerges from the fire exit, jumps behind the wheel of the Buick.

INT - NIGHTCLUB BACKHALLWAY - NIGHT

TONG AND FANG

137

run down the hall.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

RICO

138

turning over the starter. It won't start. Rico curses.

TONG

139

emerges from the fire exit.

RICO 140

The engine starts. He puts it in gear and takes off.

TONG 141

leaps onto the Buick's wide running board, reaches in and grabs Rico by the neck.

RICO 142

tries to roll up the window on Tong's arms and maneuver the car at the same time but can't.

EXT - INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY - NIGHT

THE BUICK 143

zooms out of the alley onto the street and crashes into a carro-mata laden with live chickens. Fong goes sailing but the Buick comes to a halt.

FANG 144

runs up with his gun drawn, steps over Tong out cold on the sidewalk.

FANG  
Get out of the car, Rico!

RICO  
(gets out)  
You got no beef on me.

FANG  
(frisks him)  
Don't I? You're under arrest.

RICO  
What for?

FANG  
The murder of Nancy Travis.

INSERTS

A WHITE FLASH 145

PAMPAMPANGO (OFF)  
Jose Pampampango, sir.

When the white goes away, the screen is filled with Rico's head-on mug shot.

TONG (OFF)  
How do you spell it?

ANOTHER WHITE FLASH 146

Then Rico's profile mug shot.

PAMPAMPANGO (OFF)

I'm - I'm not very good at spelling, sir, but -

INT - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

TONG

147

seated at a table, writing. Fang is standing behind him, Pampam-  
pango standing in front.

TONG

P-A-M-P-O -

FANG

No, Jimmy, I think it's P-A -

TONG

Wait a minute, Chief, P-A-M ... What  
is it, Pam?

PAMPAMPANGO

148

PAMPAMPANGO

Yes, sir.

Behind Pampampango, five men walk out on the stage. Rico is num-  
ber two.

TONG

Pampang -

PAMPAMPANGO

Pam, sir. Pam. Pampam.

TONG

Pampampango.

PAMPAMPANGO

Yes sir, Jose Pampampango.

FANG

149

FANG

Alright, We'd like you to turn around  
and look at the men on the stage.

PAMPAMPANGO

150

turns around and looks at ...

THE FIVE MEN

151

BACK ON PAMPAMPANGO

152

PAMPAMPANGO

Number Two.

INT - POLICE STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

RICO UNDER THE LIGHTS

153

RICO

(calmly)

For the last time, Fang, I want to see my lawyer.

PULL BACK to reveal Fang and Tong.

FANG

Your obstinate refusal to talk is wearing on my nerves, Mr. Rico.

RICO

(still calmly)

My lawyer's name is Ned Sparrow. You can probably reach him at the General Pershing bar in the Army-Navy Club.

FANG

You can talk to your lawyer when we've finished the interview.

RICO

(screams)

I WANT NED SPARROW, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

NED SPARROW

154

barrel-chested, in suspenders, perspiring, standing, says

SPARROW

I object.

THE JUDGE

155

seated behind the bench, says

JUDGE

Objection sustained, Mr. Sparrow.

Travis, seated in the witness box, frowns. Fans slowly revolve overhead. The young PROSECUTOR, standing by Travis, also frowns, then says

PROSECUTOR

Let me rephrase the question, Mr. Travis. When was the last time you saw Mrs. Travis alive?

TRAVIS

When I left for work. That was about quarter after eight.

PROSECUTOR

156

crosses to his table. Rico is seated next to Sparrow at the defense table.

PROSECUTOR

I would like to show you a picture, Mr. Travis ...  
(picks it up)

INSERT

PICTURE OF NANCY, TRAVIS AND REV. GOODWELL

157

PROSECUTOR (OFF)

... and ask you if you recognize anybody  
in it.

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

158

PROSECUTOR

(hands Travis the picture)

Here.

TRAVIS

Yes. That's her.  
(swallows hard)

That's Nancy.  
(glares at Rico)

RICO

159

PROSECUTOR

Let the record show that the witness has  
identified the deceased.

(sits)

No further questions.

JUDGE

Cross examination, Mr. Sparrow?

SPARROW

No questions.

JUDGE AND TRAVIS

160

JUDGE

(to Travis)

Thank you, Mr. Travis.

(to Prosecutor)

Call your next witness.

Travis, eyes still on Rico, steps out of the witness box, comes down and sits next to Rev. Goodwell in the audience section. We also see Detective Tong in the audience section.

PROSECUTOR

The prosecution calls Jose ...  
 (looks at a paper)  
 Pam ... Pampampango.

THE COURT CLERK

161

sticks his head out in the hall, pulls it back in, looks at Prosecutor and shakes it no. Prosecutor whispers to him

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Pampampango's not there?

JUDGE

(writing)

How do you spell that, counsel?

PROSECUTOR

Ah, Your Honor, our next witness hasn't arrived yet. Could we have ... the prosecution requests a short recess -

JUDGE

Recess until nine tomorrow morning.  
 Prisoner is remanded to custody pending the outcome of this hearing.

TONG

162

is immediately out the door.

EXT - CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

TRAVIS AND GOODWELL

163

walking. Goodwell is looking for a calesa.

GOODWELL

The good die young.

TRAVIS

Sorry, reverend, I don't buy that.  
 Rico murdered her. She didn't have to die.

GOODWELL

(flags a calesa)

What do they have on Mr. Rico?

TRAVIS

He was seen burying Nancy's body.  
 by Pampampango.

GOODWELL

Anything else?

TRAVIS

That's all they need for now. This is

just the preliminary hearing to hold Rico for trial.

GOODWELL  
(gets up in the calesa)  
What a tragedy.

TRAVIS  
I appreciate your help in time of need, Reverend.

GOODWELL  
Don't be silly. I'm glad to be of help.  
(riding off)  
See you tomorrow at the cemetery.

EXT - CEMETERY - DAY

TRAVIS, KNIGHT, FANG 164

standing in a light rain. Goodwell is reading

GOODWELL  
The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.  
Rest in peace. Amen.

GOODWELL 165

nods to the pallbearers. They lower the coffin.

TONG 166

rapidly approaches in his car, screeches to a stop, jumps out and runs toward the funeral party.

GOODWELL AND TRAVIS 167

walking toward the road. Knight and Fang walking behind them.

GOODWELL  
Manila's a nice city if you don't mind the heat.

TRAVIS  
(nods to Tong as he approaches)  
Detective Tong.

TONG 168

looking grave.

TONG  
(nods back)  
Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS AND GOODWELL 169

As Travis and Goodwell walk and talk, we see Tong and Fang huddling behind them.

TRAVIS

I pass your church on my way to and from work. Next week I'll stop in and say hello.

GOODWELL

That isn't my church. That's Pastor Santos's church. I just stay there when I come to Manila.

TRAVIS

Where's your church?

GOODWELL

My church is on an island in the South China Sea. I come to Manila once a month for provis -

FANG

(from behind)

Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

(turns)

Yes, Chief?

FANG

I'm afraid I have very bad news.

TRAVIS

Again?

FANG

Jose Pampampango had an automobile accident.

TRAVIS

What? I thought he was an illiterate ragpicker? What was he doing with an automobile?

FANG

Nothing. He was run over by one. The driver didn't stop. Jose Pampampango is dead.

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

SPARROW

standing, says

SPARROW

Defense moves to dismiss the charges.

JUDGE

171

JUDGE

(to Prosecutor)

Does the prosecution have any more witnesses?

PROSECUTOR

No, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Motion granted. Charges dismissed.  
Prisoner released.

RICO

172

stands, says to Sparrow

RICO

Good work.

TRAVIS

173

sits, glares. People start filing out of the courtroom.

RICO

174

walks out.

BACK, CLOSE ON TRAVIS

175

His eyes follow Rico out the door. Then he and Goodwell, Knight, Fang, and Tong get up and go out. When they get up, DOLLY IN on PATRICK FINNEGAN, 50s, sitting in the row behind them. Finnegan gets up and goes out too.

INSERT

RICO'S MUG SHOTS

176

Over familiar SOUNDS of O'Bannon's East.

GINGER (OFF)

You mean to tell me the judge dismissed the charges, just like that?

INT - BAR - NIGHT

TRAVIS

177

seated at the bar looking at the mug shots, still wearing his black armband. He's had a lot to drink. Ginger is behind the bar. Another Stripper on the stage.

TRAVIS

That's what I mean to tell you, baby, just like that.

GINGER

178

looking at him, concerned.

TRAVIS

179

brooding.

GINGER AND TRAVIS

180

GINGER

What'd you thinking about, Travis?

TRAVIS

Nothin'.

GINGER

Don't hand me that crap. You're thinking about something. What is it?

(takes the mug shots)

Gimme these.

TRAVIS

(grabs her arm)

NO!

(takes them back)

I'm thinkin' about what I gotta do.

GINGER

About what?

TRAVIS

About today's fuckin' miscarriage of justice!

(a beat)

I gotta do somethin' about it.

GINGER

No you don't.

TRAVIS

Yes I do. The rat bastard righteously got away with murder.

GINGER

There isn't anything you can do about it, Travis.

TRAVIS

181

downs his drink and gets up.

TRAVIS

I don't accept that.

GINGER

182

GINGER

Hey, sit down. Where you going?

TRAVIS

183

shoves his way through the crowd.

GINGER

184

comes around the bar to intercept him.

GINGER AND TRAVIS

185

She grabs him just before he reaches the door.

GINGER

If you try to do something, you'll just  
make matters worse.

TRAVIS

Let go of me!

GINGER

No!

TRAVIS

I SAID LET GO!

GINGER

And I said no!

Travis, thinks a second, then dislodges her. In the process, she  
lands on the floor

GINGER

TRAVIS!

EXT - STREETS - NIGHT

ANGLES ON TRAVIS

186

speeding through the streets of Manila on his motorcycle.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

THE BUICK

187

parked about four cars from the fire exit.

EXT - INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TRAVIS

188

standing in the shadows. He looks around, takes out an automatic  
and makes sure it's loaded.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

TRAVIS 189

approaches, passes the fire exit, walks around the Buick and sits on the running board so that the car pretty well hides him.

INT - NIGHTCLUB CASINO ROOM - NIGHT

RICO 190

at the hub of the three roulette tables. He looks at his watch, then proceeds to fill canvas bags with cash from each table. As he goes around filling the bags, intercut

ANGLES ON THE PLAYERS AND CROUPIERS 191

RICO 192

When he finishes filling the bags, he looks around the room, sees

GREENBERG 193

sitting in a booth, not paying any attention, drinking with some men and women.

RICO 194

crosses the room toward the kitchen.

INT - NIGHTCLUB BACKHALLWAY - NIGHT

RICO 195

walks to the office, unlocks the door and goes inside.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

TRAVIS 196

sitting on the running board. SOUND of somebody approaching. Travis peeks around the Buick, sees

CHARLES FRENCH 197

approaching. French stops and stands near the fire exit.

BACK ON TRAVIS 198

peering around the Buick. He has a hard time seeing French because three or four cars are parked between them.

INT - NIGHTCLUB OFFICE - NIGHT

RICO 199

dividing a very large amount of paper money. Most of it he puts in a safe but a portion he siphons into a fourth bag.

FRENCH

Yeah, but Jesus Christ, Rico, killin'  
her, I mean ...

RICO

She knew Keith! Let that seep into your  
water-soaked brain. You got it? Keith  
turned around and she knew him. He  
knew her. They knew each other.

FRENCH

We could've brought her back with  
us, Rico.

RICO

No room.

TRAVIS

205

crouched behind another car, listening. He has his automatic out.

FRENCH

But, Rico, we could have made room  
for her.

RICO

Too much bother. It was easier to grease  
her.

RICO AND FRENCH

206

FRENCH

Sure it was ... and then somebody  
fingered you.

RICO

(thoughtfully)

In fact, I got a lot of pleasure out of it.

FRENCH

Didn't you know somebody was gonna  
finger you?

RICO

Keep your voice down, French!  
(then)

What're you worried about? Every-  
thing turned out okay in the end.  
Right?

FRENCH

207

doesn't answer, just looks at Rico like he's an animal - which he  
is.

RICO

208

RICO

Listen, they're gonna miss me inside.  
See you tomorrow.

CLOSE ON TRAVIS

209

ready to spring ... when the steel black barrel of a .38 police  
special presses against the back of his head.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

FRENCH 200

waiting by the fire exit.

TRAVIS 201

watching from behind the Buick.

BACK ON FRENCH 202

A SOUND. French turns around. The fire exit opens from the inside and Rico appears with the bag of cash.

RICO

What're you doin' here, French? Where's Keith?

FRENCH

Keith told me to come.

TRAVIS 203

starts crawling toward Rico and French.

FRENCH (OFF)

(continuing)

Rico, you damn near blew this whole caper.

RICO (OFF)

Wanna know somethin'?

RICO AND FRENCH 204

RICO

(continuing)

You guys worry too much.

(hands French  
the bag)

Here.

FRENCH

Why did you have to kill her, Rico?

RICO

Ask your bosom pal, Keith. I gotta get back.

(starts back)

FRENCH

Wait a minute. I heard it from him. Now I wanna hear it from you.

RICO

The broad saw us, my friend. Okay?

52

MAN'S VOICE  
(whispers)

Hold it.

PULL BACK to reveal Finnegan, the man who was sitting behind Travis in the courtroom.

FINNEGAN  
Hand me the gun.

As Travis hands Finnegan his gun, Rico goes back inside the nightclub and closes the exit. French walks OFF.

TRAVIS  
What do you want, mister?

FINNEGAN  
(stands)  
Rico and French. Alive. At least for the time being.

Travis stands too, but suddenly with the speed and force of a bolt of lightning, his arms come crashing up into Finnegan's, knocking both guns in the air.

TRAVIS

210

instantly follows with a splendid kick in the balls.

FINNEGAN

211

crumbles into a heap. Travis picks up his automatic and points it at Finnegan's face.

TRAVIS  
Suppose you tell me who you are.

FINNEGAN  
(scared but trying  
not to show it)  
I'm in the employ of a prominent gentleman and lady whose daughter has disappeared. It's possible that Jack Rico knows something about it. So for the moment I don't want you to kill him. That's all, son. I was just about to give you back your gun.

TRAVIS  
Sure you were. Who's the gentleman and lady?

FINNEGAN  
At this moment, I'm not at liberty to reveal their names, but the gentleman is presently in the limelight.

Travis cocks the automatic and presses it against Finnegan's lip.

TRAVIS

What's his name ?

FINNEGAN

(immediately)

Stanford Allen.

TRAVIS

Stanford Allen.

(a beat)

Who the hell's he ?

FINNEGAN

He won the Nobel Prize in physics.

TRAVIS

(a beat)

Stanford Allen wouldn't employ an old  
coot like you. Don't give me that shit.

FINNEGAN

I'm a former FBI agent, son.

TRAVIS

Tell me another one.

FINNEGAN

I've worked most of the greatest crimes  
of this decade.

TRAVIS

(a beat)

What's your name ?

FINNEGAN

Patrick Finnegan.

TRAVIS

Never heard of you.

(another beat)

Let me see some ID.

Finnegan takes out his wallet, takes out a card, hands it to Travis.

FINNEGAN

Here.

TRAVIS

(reads the card)

What the hell is this? "International  
Fraternity of Police Chiefs. Member  
in good standing." You call this ID?

FINNEGAN

Alright, if you don't believe me, why don't  
you ask Dr. and Mrs. Allen?

TRAVIS

212

eyeing Finnegan with great suspicion.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT - HOTEL - DAY

A SNOBBISH, UNIFORMED DOORMAN

213

opens the door to a limousine and lets out its elegantly-dressed passengers.

TRAVIS

214

in dirty work clothes (sans the black armband) pulls up behind the limousine on his motorcycle, turns off the motor, dismounts, crosses, exchanges condescending looks with the

DOORMAN

215

and

TRAVIS

216

enters the hotel.

INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

EUNICE ALLEN

217

pouring Diamante from an expensive decanter.

EUNICE

We sailed on the Empress of Hongkong for Europe via the Orient last November. Stanford was suppose to pick up his Nobel Prize in Oslo in February.

TRAVIS

218

seated in a deep, plush chair, trying to show a little class.

TRAVIS

I see.

ALLEN

New Year's Eve Pammy went out on the deck ... I guess to get some air ...

EUNICE

And we ...

(sniffs)

... haven't seen our little girl since.

TRAVIS

Didn't the police get involved?

FINNEGAN

219

FINNEGAN

Quite involved. But after three weeks, they had no suspects and no idea what happened to Pamela.

(clears his throat)

That's when Dr. and Mrs. Allen sent for me.

EUNICE

220

serves Travis a glass of wine, who half-stands to take it.

TRAVIS

Thank you, Mrs. Allen.

EUNICE

Would you like something to eat, Mr. Travis? I can call room service.

TRAVIS

No thanks.

Eunice serves Finnegan and Allen as

FINNEGAN

221

continues his story.

FINNEGAN

When I arrived in Hongkong, the police let me read all their investigation reports, being that I'm a former FBI agent. I found out that Pamela was not the first American Empress Line passenger to disappear.

TRAVIS

(sips his wine)

She wasn't?

FINNEGAN

No. Buried away was an entry that two weeks earlier an American girl named Suzanne Everson disappeared from another ship operated by the line, the Empress of Los Angeles, while it was bearded in Singapore.

TRAVIS

222

feeling at home now.

TRAVIS

Oh? What happened to Everson?

FINNEGAN

She was last seen getting out of a rickshaw.

She'd been shopping and was returning to her ship.

TRAVIS  
What's the American Empress Line?

FINNEGAN  
How'd you get here?

TRAVIS  
By battleship.

FINNEGAN  
Well, American Empress is the only U.S. passenger line that regularly calls at Southeast Asian ports. It owns and operates a dozen or so ships.

EUNICE  
Mr. Finnegan got into see the president.

TRAVIS  
The president?

FINNEGAN  
Yeah, a little fairy by the name of Maurice Crapper. He was in Hongkong to take charge of the company's investigation of the disappearances.

ALLEN

says to Travis

ALLEN  
We wanted very much to read the company's investigation reports.

FINNEGAN  
We still do.

TRAVIS  
What'd Maurice Crapper say?

FINNEGAN  
He said no.

EUNICE  
(eyeing Travis's empty glass)  
More wine, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS  
(half-stands again)  
Don't mind if I do, Mrs. Allen.

FINNEGAN  
Crapper said his company sympathized with

the families, and was doing all it could to find out what's happened to Pamela and Suzanne, but his company's lawyers had advised not to work with any private investigators hired by said families.

TRAVIS

Why not?

FINNEGAN

Because in all probability sooner or later said families were going to sue his company for all it was worth.

ALLEN

In other words, Mr. Travis, we had reached a dead end.

FINNEGAN  
(to Travis)

We were ready to pack it in and head back to the States. Then I saw a small article in a Hongkong newspaper about Nancy being missing. That's when we decided to come here to Manila.

TRAVIS

Why?

FINNEGAN

Because Nancy was the third American lady to disappear in this part of the world in two months.

EUNICE

224

with an opened issue of Towne and Country magazine, says to Travis

EUNICE

Nancy was found dead right after we got here, Mr. Travis.

FINNEGAN  
(to Travis)

And then of course Rico was arrested.

TRAVIS

What makes you think Rico knows what happened to Pamela?

FINNEGAN

Because he knows what happened to Nancy.

TRAVIS

225

Looks at Finnegan. Then Eunice hands him the Towne and Country.

EUNICE

Here's a picture of Pamela, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS

My god!

INSERT

OPENED TOWNE AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE

226

A terrific full-page picture of Pamela in evening gown, wearing a tiara and holding a sceptre. The first words of the caption are

DEBUTANTE QUEEN

Pamela Allen, dazzling daughter of University of Pennsylvania physicist Stanford Allen, and ...

TRAVIS (OFF)  
Nice lookin' girl!

INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

227

looking at the picture.

EUNICE  
 You may keep that copy if you like.

TRAVIS  
 Thank you very much.  
 (reflects, then)  
 I wonder if it's a coincidence?

FINNEGAN  
 What?

TRAVIS  
 Before Nancy was found dead, everybody  
 thought she sailed for San Francisco on  
 the Empress of Manila.

INT - NIGHTCLUB CASINO ROOM - NIGHT

RICO

228

making his rounds with the cash bags, collecting the money.

ANGLES ON THE CROWD

229

We see Greenberg watching the action from the hub of the roulette  
 tables.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

THE RED BUICK

230

EXT - INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY - NIGHT

FINNEGAN

231

behind the wheel of a black Chevrolet parked across the street,  
 watching the Buick. He turns to Travis beside him and says

FINNEGAN  
 What'd you think of the wheels?

TRAVIS  
 What wheels?

FINNEGAN  
 This car.

TRAVIS  
 It's okay. Where'd you get it?

FINNEGAN

Hired it. The Allens have pulled all stops.  
(leans close)  
I'm getting a damn nice fee for this case,  
Travis.

TRAVIS

Are you?

FINNEGAN

Oh yeah. And the Allens are wonderful  
people to work for.  
(glances OFF at the  
Buick, then)  
How long since you've been in the States,  
Travis?

TRAVIS

Eight years.

FINNEGAN

Eight years.  
(a beat)  
Funny you never heard of me. Have you  
ever heard of Al Capone?

TRAVIS

Of course. Everybody's heard of Al Capone.

FINNEGAN

Well, I was the agent in charge of nailing  
Capone to the cross.

TRAVIS

Really?

FINNEGAN

Oh yeah, I'll tell you about it sometime.

INT - NIGHTCLUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

RICO

232

walking past the food carrying the large bags of cash. He opens  
the door that leads to the backhallway.

INT - NIGHTCLUB BACKHALLWAY - NIGHT

RICO

233

approaches. When he comes to the office, he looks over his shoul-  
der and keeps walking.

EXT - ALLEY BEHIND NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

THE FIRE EXIT

234

opens, Rico comes out, walks past the Buick, toward the street.

EXT - INTERSECTION OF STREET AND ALLEY - NIGHT

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS 235

duck down as Rico approaches.

RICO 236

comes out of the alley and walks towards the front of the nightclub.

FINNEGAN 237

starts the engine, pulls up a little so he can keep Rico in view.

EXT - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

RICO 238

gets in one of the several cabs and is driven off.

FINNEGAN 239

FINNEGAN

Shadowing was my forte at the Bureau.

He takes off after Rico's cab.

EXT - STREETS - NIGHT

ANGLES ON FINNEGAN'S CHEVROLET FOLLOWING RICO'S CAB 240

EXT - WATERFRONT STREETS - NIGHT

RICO'S CAB 241

pulls over to the curb.

FINNEGAN'S CHEVROLET 242

pulls over and stops down the street.

RICO 243

still carrying the money bags, gets out, walks up to a place and raps on the door window. A sign says ...

SEA SERVICES INTERNATIONAL  
Professional Divers  
Latest Aqualung Equipment  
Underwater Welding & Cutting  
Marine Salvage

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS 244

watching.

waiting. The door opens and French comes out carrying a suitcase. Rico hands him a bag of money.

RICO

Carry one of these.

FRENCH

Christ, Rico, what'd you take, the entire night's receipts?

RICO

This has been an expensive caper. You got the flashlight?

FRENCH

Yeah, let's get out of here.

They take off into the night. When they're out of sight

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

exit the Chevrolet and, keeping out of sight, follow Rico and French.

FINNEGAN

This waterfront area reminds me of the place we put the cuffs on Legs Diamond.

TRAVIS

Quiet, Finnegan, they'll hear you.

FINNEGAN

Not to worry, son, I literally wrote the manual.

RICO

suddenly stops and says to French

RICO

Wait a minute, I think we're being followed.

FRENCH

Huh?

RICO

Around here.

They slip around the corner and hide in the shadows.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

FINNEGAN

J. Edgar Hoover asked me to write the chapter on surveillance in the -

Travis stops, shushes Finnegan.

BACK ON RICO AND FRENCH 249

Rico and French are looking up the street they just came down.

EMPTY STREET 250

FRENCH (OFF)

Who do you think it is?

RICO AND FRENCH 251

Rico pulls out a gun.

RICO

I don't know. So many people want  
my ass I lost track.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN 252

guns drawn, move cautiously to the corner of the far end of the street where Rico and French just were. They're beside a warehouse. Travis ever so slowly peeks around the corner ... into an ear-splitting fusillade of gunfire.

HEAD-ON SHOT - RICO 253

emptying his gun into CAMERA. When he's shot his load

FRENCH 254

says

FRENCH

Who was it, Rico?

RICO

I couldn't make out his features.

FRENCH

Come on, let's get the hell out of here.

French takes off running. Rico takes off after him.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN 255

take off in pursuit.

FRENCH AND RICO 256

running.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN 257

running. Finnegan's getting left behind.

FRENCH AND RICO 258  
 climb a fence.

TRAVIS 259  
 stops, gets in a firing stance.

FRENCH AND RICO - TRAVIS'S POV 260  
 going over the top of the fence. As Travis opens fire

FINNEGAN 261  
 runs up behind him, panting. Travis stops firing, takes off again  
 in pursuit.

FRENCH AND RICO 262  
 running, panting. Rico's really panting.

TRAVIS 263  
 climbs up, over the fence. Comes down the other side. Starts  
 running, hears a loud crash behind him, a shot and a bullet whiz  
 by his head. He stops running and turns around.

FINNEGAN 264  
 strung out and unconscious amongst garbage cans on this side of  
 the fence.

TRAVIS  
 (yells)  
 YOU NEARLY KILLED ME, FINNEGAN!

Travis then takes up the pursuit.

FRENCH AND RICO 265  
 come around a corner in the distance, run toward, past CAMERA.  
 A beat. Then Travis rounds the corner running after them.

FRENCH AND RICO RUNNING 266  
 They come to a manhole cover. French removes it, scrambles  
 in, Rico follows.

INT - SEWER - NIGHT

FRENCH AND RICO 267  
 running in ankle-deep water. French has the flashlight on.

EXT - WATERFRONT STREETS - NIGHT

TRAVIS 268  
 runs up to the open manhole, lowers himself in.

INT - SEWER - NIGHT

TRAVIS 269

lands in the dark water. SOUNDS and light of French and Rico are faint and distant.

ANGLES ON TRAVIS 270

wading through the sewer. He's able to continue the pursuit but at a considerably slower pace. Finally he sees, literally

LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL - MOONLIGHT 271

TRAVIS 272

approaches very cautiously, gun cocked, expecting a firefight any moment. But nothing happens. He creeps all the way to the mouth of the huge sewer pipe.

EXT - SEAWALL - NIGHT

REVERSE ANGLE ON TRAVIS 273

He's standing in the pipe, at its mouth, about four feet above the water. The pipe forms a huge circular opening in a high, sheer concrete seawall so that there is nowhere to go but in the water. Rico and French are nowhere in sight.

INT - POLICE STATION - DAY

TONG 274

being talked to by Travis. Finnegan's wearing bandages as a result of his fall last night.

TRAVIS

I can't believe you spent all that time at the Manila Hotel and didn't run across a guy Nancy knew named Keith?

TONG

Can I be honest and truthful with you?

TRAVIS

Certainly.

TONG

Nancy met and knew many men while she was at the Manila Hotel.

TRAVIS

What'd you mean?

TONG

I mean she was seen with a lot of different men. She spent a lot of time in the Terrace Lounge.

TRAVIS  
What'd mean by seen?

TONG  
She was seen.

FINNEGAN  
(to Travis)  
Sit down, son.

TRAVIS  
(ignores Finnegan)  
Seen by who?

TONG  
By bartenders, by waiters, by desk clerks,  
by room maids and by laundry boys.

TRAVIS  
sits.

274A

TRAVIS  
I get the picture.

FINNEGAN  
(puts his hand on Travis's  
shoulder)  
I'm sorry, Travis.

TRAVIS  
That's okay, Finnegan.

FANG

275

hurries out of his office with Prosecutor, says to Tong excitedly

FANG  
Jimmy, round up as many cars as  
you can.

(then)  
Come along, Mr. Travis and Mr. Fin-  
negan.

DOLLY WITH EVERYBODY

as they walk to the door.

TONG  
Is it legal to rearrest him?

FANG  
(to Prosecutor)  
Tell him.

PROSECUTOR  
(carrying several lawbooks)  
It's legal to rearrest him. What Mr. Travis

and Mr. Finnegan overheard was a confession, and since Rico was not held for trial, double jeopardy did not attach. Therefore we can rearrest and recharge him with the murder of Nancy Travis.

EXT - NIGHTCLUB - DAY

POLICEMEN AND POLICE CARS EVERYWHERE

276

All exits are sealed.

INT - NIGHTCLUB OFFICE - DAY

GREENBERG

277

behind the desk, flanked by his goons. Fang, Tong, Travis, Finnegan in front.

GREENBERG

That's right, gentlemen, at two o'clock

this morning Mr. Rico walked out of here  
with the entire night's receipts.

FANG

How much?

GREENBERG

Let's just say you might have to wait a  
while for your March payment.

FANG

Never mind that, Greenberg.

(a beat)

I can wait.

FINNEGAN

How much did Rico get, Mr. Greenberg?

GREENBERG

Twelve grand.

FINNEGAN

Do you have any idea where he went?

GREENBERG

(ominously)

We're lookin' for him.

FANG

(stands)

Shall we go, gentlemen?

Finnegan, Travis, Tong stand. Tong hands Greenberg his card.

TONG

Give us a call when you find him.

GREENBERG

Yeah, sure.

(then)

Say, when are you guys gonna do something  
about white collar crime?

FANG

stops, turns around, gives Greenberg a dirty look.

277A

INT - APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE TOWNE AND COUNTRY PICTURE OF PAMELA

278

cut out of the magazine and tacked to the door of Travis's icebox.  
A hand enters the shot, opens the door, and PULL BACK to reveal  
Travis in his underwear getting a cold San Miguel.

TRAVIS

... so Detective Tong is gonna go

over all the records of the Manila Hotel to see if any guy with a first or last name of Keith has stayed there.

KNIGHT

279

seated at the table drinking a bourbon and water, wearing a white Saigon suit, looking dapper.

TRAVIS

(crosses, sits in front of an ancient fan)

That's about it.

KNIGHT

No other leads, huh?

TRAVIS

Nothin'. We're at a dead end. We have no idea under the sun where they are.

(then)

It's your goddamn fault, Finnegan! Why did you have to stop me from killin' Rico?

FINNEGAN

280

at the stove in apron, pouring one hundred proof Irish whiskey over steaming fried rice.

FINNEGAN

Now think about it, son. What the hell would killing Rico have gotten you?

TRAVIS

Revenge.

(to Knight)

Do I still have a job, Tom?

KNIGHT

What'd ya talkin' 'bout, of course you still have a job.

TRAVIS

That's some comfort.

(drinks some beer)

What've you been up to?

KNIGHT

Not much, Dave.

(sips his bourbon)

Just working everyday.

The telephone in the living room RINGS.

TRAVIS  
(stands)  
How come you're all dressed up?

KNIGHT  
(nonchalantly)  
Oh I gotta date with Carla tonight.

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TRAVIS

281

crosses and picks up the phone.

TRAVIS  
Hello? Who? Who?  
(sits down in  
disbelief)  
Well, I'll be damned.  
(pause)  
Anywhere you want ...

INT - APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

FINNEGAN AND KNIGHT

282

trying to put out a burning frying pan.

FINNEGAN  
Goddamn it!

Travis enters very excited pulling up his trousers.

TRAVIS  
Come on, Finnegan, we gotta go!

He sits down to put on his shoes.

FINNEGAN  
Where ... wait ... help us put this out,  
Travis, it's your apartment.

TRAVIS  
The hell with the apartment!

FINNEGAN  
Where we goin'?

TRAVIS  
Ginger's.

FINNEGAN  
I thought we were goin' have dinner first.

TRAVIS  
No, we gotta meet a guy there in fifteen  
minutes.

FINNEGAN

Who?

TRAVIS

(stands, smiles)

How about Senator Harry Wing.

INT - BAR - NIGHT

SENATOR HARRY WING

283

wearing dark glasses, flanked by two bodyguards, seated at a table with Travis, Ginger and Finnegan. Another stripper working on the stage.

WING

When I heard, I came back on the Pan American Airways Flying Boat and arrived in Manila this morning.

TRAVIS AND GINGER

284

Ginger has her arm around him.

TRAVIS

We certainly appreciate your cutting your trip to America short, Senator.

WING

I hope you don't harbor any bad feelings, Mr. Travis, because of the relationship between Nancy and me before you got married.

TRAVIS

Don't give it another thought. It's a thing of the past.

WING

I was very fond of Nancy, and I will do all within my power to bring her killers to justice. Just don't ask me to deal with that son of a bitch, Virgil Fang. I won't do it. Tell them, Ginger.

GINGER

Harry draws the line at dealing with crooks.

FINNEGAN

When's the last time you saw Nancy, Senator?

WING

The day I sailed, Mr. Finnegan. I called her to say goodbye. She said she wanted to see me, so I told her to meet me at the Bon Voyage.

TRAVIS

What's the Bon Voyage?

WING

A restaurant out on the pier.

FINNEGAN

Did she say why she wanted to see you?

WING

Yes, the hotel was going to make a lot of trouble for her about her bill.

FINNEGAN

So what happened?

WING

She came to the Bon Voyage, I ordered drinks and then we got into an argument.

FINNEGAN

About what?

WING

Well, she wanted me to pay the hotel bill and I told her I thought it was her responsibility. It got a little hot and heavy. Finally she got up and walked out.

FINNEGAN

What did you do?

WING

I sat there a moment, thinking ... then I went outside to see if I could catch her, you know, to ... Anyway, she was already with two men walking toward ... a red Buick.

TRAVIS

What did you do?

WING

Well, I went over, but ...

TRAVIS

What happened?

WING

Nothing. As I approached, they all got in the car and drove off. I figured it was for the best. Two hours later I sailed for San Francisco. That was it.

FINNEGAN

You think you can ID the two men, Senator?

WING  
I think so. I got fairly close to them.

FINNEGAN  
(to Travis)  
Show him your picture.

Travis wips out and shows Wing

INSERT

RICO'S MUG SHOTS - SAME AS SCENE 176

285

WING (OFF)  
Yes, this was one of them.

INT - BAR - NIGHT

WING AND FINNEGAN

286

Wing looking at the mug shots. Finnegan has out a notebook.

FINNEGAN  
How about the other man? What did he look like?

WING  
I would say about six feet ...

FINNEGAN  
(writing)  
Age?

WING  
In his mid-thirties, perhaps.

FINNEGAN  
Hair color?

WING  
I'm not sure. He was wearing a hat.  
Maybe brown. But -

FINNEGAN  
What about his features? Any remarkable features?

WING  
Not that I can remember. It was what he was wearing, Mr. Finnegan, that I believe is of significance.

FINNEGAN  
What was he wearing?

WING  
He was wearing a uniform.

FINNEGAN

What kind?

WING

The American Empress Line.

EXT - PIER TERMINAL - DAY

SIGN NEXT TO AN ENTRANCE - POV

287

AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE

FINNEGAN (OFF)

My Irish dander's up. This time I'm gonna get answers or there's gonna be trouble.

EXT - PIER RESTAURANT - DAY

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

288

seated outside BON VOYAGE in fan-backed rattan chairs watching the American Empress Line entrance. In BG lighters and launches ply their way among cargo steamers in the roadbed.

TRAVIS

What the hell's he doin' in Manila?

FINNEGAN

I don't know. The little fruit wouldn't return my two calls. All I could get from the girl was that he came to Manila from Saigon a week or so ago.

(then)

Here he comes.

EXT - PIER TERMINAL - DAY

MAURICE CRAPPER - LONG SHOT - POV

289

50s, Truman Capote type, with briefcase, approaching the American Empress entrance, eyeing broad-backed stevedores carrying large bales wrapped in heavy bamboo.

EXT - PIER RESTAURANT - DAY

FINNEGAN

290

snaps to his feet.

FINNEGAN

Pay the check, son. I'll go intercept him.

As Finnegan walks OFF, Travis cautions

TRAVIS

Take it easy for Christ's sake, Finnegan.

INT - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE OFFICE - DAY

CRAPPER

291

behind a desk writing, saying

CRAPPER

And you claim this senator is sure the fellow was wearing an American Empress Line uniform?

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

292

FINNEGAN

(restlessly)

I told you, he's positive.

CRAPPER

(finishes writing)

Okay, well, I'll pass this along to our attorneys.

FINNEGAN

(angrily)

Then I take it you're still not going to let us see your investigation reports?

CRAPPER

Like I said, Mr. Finnegan, our attorneys have advised not to make those reports -

FINNEGAN

That's fine.

(then)

You ready, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

(stands)

Right.

FINNEGAN

(stands, says to Crapper)

I imagine there'll be a lot of people wanting to contact you starting this afternoon.

CRAPPER

I beg your pardon?

FINNEGAN

(starts for the door)

See you around, Mr. Crapper.

CRAPPER

(stands)

Ah, why would a lot of people be wanting to contact me, Mr. Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

(stops, turns)

Why? Because we're gonna go out and tell the world what the hell's goin' on with your company, Mr. Crapper.

CRAPPER

What do you mean you're going to tell the world ... ?

FINNEGAN

Well for openers, we're gonna tell the police.

(then)

Let's go, Travis.

CRAPPER

(comes around the desk)

Wait a minute, will you?

FINNEGAN

Make it fast.

CRAPPER

Heaven knows, there's nothing I want more than to get to the bottom of these disappearances. I've come halfway around the world to take personal charge of the investigation.

FINNEGAN

Can the sentimentalism, Crapper! Three American ladies have disappeared from your company's ships and piers in the last two months. Only the third didn't just disappear, she was murdered. And who had complicity in her murder? Somebody named Keith. And who the hell is Keith? One of your company's goddamn employees. We're going to the police. Come on, Mr. Travis.

(opens the door)

TRAVIS

Then we're going to the world press.

CRAPPER

Gentlemen, wait. What if I do this. What if I have our headquarters in San Francisco search our personnel records for a man with the name "Keith." Then if they find anything, I'll have them send -

FINNEGAN

Not good enough, Crapper. I wanta see everything.

CRAPPER

How do I know you won't turn everything over to the press and police?

FINNEGAN

(closes the door)

Because you have my word as an ex-FBI agent. Don't you understand? If you give me a chance, I might be able to crack this mystery. Those personnel records. Do they include employees' pictures?

CRAPPER

Yes, it's required by the Federal Merchant Marine Act.

FINNEGAN

Good. Have them flown here right away so we can show the pictures to Senator Wing.

CRAPPER

Alright.

FINNEGAN

And let me see your goddamn investigation reports - all of them - right now!

CRAPPER

293

looks at Travis.

TRAVIS

294

TRAVIS

You have my word as an ex-marine.

CRAPPER

295

opens his briefcase, starts to pull out files.

CRAPPER

More than three have disappeared, you know.

FINNEGAN

What'd you say?

CRAPPER

More than three ladies have disappeared.

FINNEGAN

How many?

CRAPPER

In all?

FINNEGAN

Yeah.

CRAPPER

Counting Mrs. Travis?

TRAVIS

Yeah.

CRAPPER

Half a dozen.

EXT - HOTEL - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - HOTEL

296

INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

FINNEGAN

297

with Crapper's files spread out in front of him. Travis and Allen present.

FINNEGAN

Ladies number four and five were Louisa Van Der Voort and Gail Smith. They both disappeared in Saigon. Lady number six was ...

(reads a moment)

Well, how about that.

TRAVIS

298

pouring himself another Diamente from the expensive decanter.

TRAVIS

How 'bout what?

(to Allen)

More wine, Dr. Allen?

FINNEGAN

Number six was a passenger on the Empress of Manila.

TRAVIS

No shit.

ALLEN

That was the ship Senator Wing sailed on?

FINNEGAN

Correct. Listen to this.

(reads)

Mrs. Annie Jeanne Decker. Widow sheep rancher from Wyoming. During ship's twenty-four hour layover in Manila, Mrs. Decker is believed to have gone for a walk in pier area. Shipmates reported her missing when ship was one day at sea.

ALLEN

So Decker disappeared on the same day and at the same place Mr. Rico and Mr. Keith forced Mrs. Travis into the Buick. Is that right?

FINNEGAN

Apparently.  
(to Travis)  
Tell me again what Rico told French behind the nightclub.

TRAVIS

He said he killed Nancy because she saw them and she knew Keith.

FINNEGAN

(cogitating)  
Because she saw them. In other words, because she saw what happened.  
(then)  
Because she saw what happened to Decker, right?

TRAVIS

Yeah, yeah ...

FINNEGAN

But what the bejesus happened to Decker? And Pamela? And the others?

TRAVIS

Well, we know what happened to Nancy.

FINNEGAN

But then what happened to Rico?

DELETED

299

ALLEN

300

refilling his glass.

ALLEN

They must have a boat. A fast boat.

FINNEGAN

The trouble is, nobody's seen any ...  
(a beat)  
Unless ...

TRAVIS

What?

FINNEGAN

No, where the hell would they get one.

TRAVIS

One what?

FINNEGAN

A submarine.

TRAVIS

(refills his glass)

Impossible. There's no way anybody  
could get a submarine.

(drinks)

Wait a minute.

(a beat)

Wait a goddamn minute!

FINNEGAN

What ?

TRAVIS

Just before I got out of the Marine Corps, there was a rumor that one of those mid-get subs, that they built toward the end of the war, had been stolen from the base.

FINNEGAN

Are you serious, Travis ?

TRAVIS

That was the rumor.

ALLEN

It's hard to believe.

TRAVIS

Not all that hard, the more I think about it.

FINNEGAN

Why do you say that ?

TRAVIS

A month earlier they were missing a fire engine.

EXT - U. S. NAVAL BASE - DAY

FINNEGAN

riding sidecar.

301

FINNEGAN

Let me handle this, son.

A MARINE MP

indicates for Travis to stop. A sign reads:

302

UNITED STATES NAVAL STATION  
SANGLEY POINT  
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

TRAVIS

slows to a stop.

303

MARINE

(pleasantly)

Can I help you fellows ?

FINNEGAN

Afternoon, Corporal. We'd like to talk to somebody about the submarine that was removed from here about a year ago.

MARINE

304

Grim silence.

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

305

INT - BASE OPERATIONS - DAY

CHESTER DAILY

306

Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy, seated behind a desk with his name and title on it, listening.

FINNEGAN (OFF)

... and we think that this Rico, French and Keith are not only involved in the disappearances of all six ladies ...

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

307

standing before the admiral ... at attention. The Marine MP and another MP are standing behind them.

FINNEGAN

(continuing)

... but also might be involved in the theft of your submarine.

TRAVIS

(to Daily)

French is a professional diver that until a few days ago was employed by a marine salvage firm in Manila.

FINNEGAN

(to Daily)

We'll be glad to make our entire investigation available to you, Admiral.

DAILY

308

says nothing for a moment, then nods to the MPs. The MPs exit. Daily says to Finnegan and Travis

DAILY

Sit down, gentlemen.

Finnegan and Travis sit.

DAILY

In two months I retire. Twenty-nine years in the Navy. Twenty-nine years of hard work in the service of my country and I don't begrudge a solitary second of it.

(stands, starts  
pacing)

So what happens? When I got barely more

than a year to go, some dirty sons of  
bitches steal one of my submarines. True,  
it was awaiting consignment to the goddamn  
War Museum. But, gentlemen, a submarine  
is a submarine.

(a beat)

And I want that fucker back!

(sits)

Do I make myself clear?

EXT - SEAWALL - DAY

ANGLE ON THE MOUTH OF THE SEWER - SAME ANGLE  
AS SCENE 273

309

HOLD a moment. Then suddenly, in rapid succession and cres-  
cendo, SOUNDS of bubbling, gurgling, the river erupting ...  
and a midget submarine swooshes to the surface.

THE HATCH IN THE CONNING TOWER

310

opens and a monkey eating a banana climbs out and looks around.  
Following the monkey is a little man - Raoul - wearing an organ  
grinder's costume.

INT - SUBMARINE - DAY

FRENCH AND RICO

311

French is wearing a two-piece bathing suit, water goggles and one  
of the first (1930s) Aqualungs. Rico's dressed like a European  
immigrant. Behind them in the cramped quarters are three other  
men: CUEBALL, wearing an American Empress Line uniform;  
Ruben also outfitted in goggles and Aqualung; and Henry in sailor's  
garb at the sub's controls.

FRENCH

Please, Rico, let's get out of here.  
We'll grab this last broad in Hongkong.

RICO

For the fiftieth time, the answer's no,  
French. It'll take at least six days to  
get to Hongkong and another six days to  
get back. Cueball and I don't have time  
for that, do we, Cueball?

CUEBALL

That's right, we don't have time for that.

Cueball starts climbing up out of the sub on the heels of Raoul.

FRENCH

Wait a minute, Cueball!

CUEBALL

(keeps climbing)

Sorry, Charlie, can't stand the stench

of Raoul's monkey no more.

FRENCH

Rico, how 'bout Saigon? Saigon's only five days at the most, maybe four and a half -

(to Henry)

Right, Henry?

Henry nods but Rico starts to climb out after Cueball.

FRENCH

Rico, any goddamn place but Manila!

RICO

Me and Cueball want to get this caper over with so we can get our dough and get out.

FRENCH

WE ALL AGREED BEFORE WE LEFT TO GO TO HONGKONG!

EXT - SEAWALL - DAY

RICO

312

climbs out of the conning tower, followed part way by French.

RICO

The original plan was to snatch the last two broads from Manila. One from Singapore, one from Hongkong, two from Saigon -

FRENCH

But we changed that when you got pinched!

RICO

I know but then me and Cueball changed it back, didn't we, Cueball?

CUEBALL

313

standing in the huge sewer pipe with Raoul and the monkey.

CUEBALL

Stop worrying, Charlie. This is the last girl. What's the difference?

RICO AND FRENCH

314

Rico steps from the submarine to the sewer.

FRENCH

Keith said to go to Hongkong. You guys agreed before we left. Keith ain't gonna like this.

RICO

Screw Keith.

FRENCH

Keith and I should have let you go to the gallows, Rico. I can see that now.

RICO

Yeah, but then where was you gonna get the dough to complete this caper?

CUEBALL

(to French)

Just remember to meet us back here, okay, Charlie?

INT - BAR - DAY

TRAVIS AND GINGER

315

at the bar. Travis is munching a cornbeef on rye. In BG Ginger's employees prepare for the night's mob. A houseboy waltzes over the floor on a half-shell of coconut, giving it a brilliant polish. Yan Su is behind the bar polishing glasses.

GINGER

Please, Travis, do something for me. Forget this whole business and get on with your life.

TRAVIS

Forget it? Are you crazy?  
(munches)

GINGER

316

TRAVIS

317

chews, swallows.

TRAVIS

Why should I forget it?

GINGER

Because it's not your problem. It's the Allens' problem, and the other families, and it's Finnegan's problem, but it's not your problem.

TRAVIS

As long as Rico's loose, it's my problem.

KNIGHT

318

enters. He's coming in from work, wearing the same clothes he was wearing when we met him.

TRAVIS

says to Knight as he approaches

TRAVIS

Just the man I wanted to see.

KNIGHT

(sourly)

Hiya, Dave.

TRAVIS

Tom, I'll be on the job tomorrow - I promise. I had to go out to Sangley with Finnegan today but -

KNIGHT

No problem ...

(then)

Give me a double shot of bourbon, Yan Su.

GINGER

to Travis.

320

GINGER

You're looking for Rico so you can kill him, right?

TRAVIS

That's right.

GINGER

Killing Rico isn't gonna bring Nancy back.

TRAVIS

Who's saying I wanna bring Nancy back?

GINGER

What are you trying to prove then?

TRAVIS

You wouldn't understand, Ginger. I told you before, it's ...

(can't find the words)

... it's just somethin' I have to do.

(turns to Knight)

Tom understands.

KNIGHT

sips his bourbon. He has other things on his mind.

321

GINGER

(to Travis)

If by chance you happen to run across Rico and kill him before he kills you, you're just gonna be convicted of murder

and at best serve several years in prison, honey. Have you ever thought about that?

TRAVIS

322

doesn't answer.

GINGER

323

TRAVIS

324

TRAVIS

Alright, what about the five other girls that are missing?

GINGER

What about them?

TRAVIS

They might still be alive someplace.

GINGER

Okay.

(a beat)

Why should you risk your life? That's a lotta crap. You don't even know them.

TRAVIS

The hell I don't. What about Pamela Allen?

GINGER

What about Pamela Allen?

TRAVIS

I know her ... in a way ... I mean I know her parents.

GINGER

325

looks at him a moment, then asks

GINGER

Do you have a crush on her?

TRAVIS

325A

laughs.

GINGER

Well, do you?

TRAVIS

Oh, come off it, Ginger.

GINGER

Because if you do, I have bad news for you, Travis.

TRAVIS

What?

GINGER

(snickers)

Pamela Allen wouldn't give you the time of day.

TRAVIS

(coloring)

Oh, I see. You know that for a fact, right?

GINGER

Maybe if you had gone to Princeton,  
she would.

TRAVIS

So my parents couldn't afford to send me  
to Princeton! Does that mean every  
lady in my life either has to be an ex-  
hooker or a saloon keeper?

GINGER

(icily)

Not at all.

(stands)

I wish you lots of luck.

Ginger walks OFF in a huff.

TRAVIS

(calls)

Come back here. I didn't mean it that  
way for Christ's sake ...

(to Knight)

Broads ... I'm tellin' you ...

(then)

Hey, Yan Su, give my friend another  
bourbon and water.

KNIGHT

(empties his glass)

I gotta go. I'm late already.

(to Yan Su)

Hold that, Yan Su.

TRAVIS

I know where you're goin', you sly fox.  
You're goin' off to meet your friend  
Carla. Right?

KNIGHT

Wrong. Somebody else.

TRAVIS

Who?

KNIGHT

(starts OFF)

My wife, Margaret. She's back.

EXT - PIER TERMINAL - DAY

MARGARET KNIGHT

326

carrying an overnight bag, scowlingly searching through the crowd  
for her husband. If Margaret lost any weight in New Mexico, she  
must have gained it all back on the return trip to Manila. The  
crowd is composed of disembarking passengers being met by their

families.

RICO

327

also searching the crowd.

MARGARET

328

weaves through the crowd, steps up on a bench to get a better look.

RICO

329

eyes Margaret a moment, then indicates her as he signals

CUEBALL

330

standing way over at the edge of the pier, away from everything and everybody. Cueball vigorously shakes his head and mouths the word "No."

ANGLE ON RICO AND MARGARET

331

Rico shrugs his shoulders and opens his hands to Cueball, indicating "Who else?" Then Rico looks OFF in another direction and gives a nod.

RAOUL

332

commences to grind out an ear-splitting rendition of SWEET ROSY O'GRADY on his organ, to which his monkey does a little dance.

RICO AND MARGARET

333

Rico walks over to Margaret.

RICO

Excuse please, lady.

MARGARET

(startled)

Oh! I'm sorry, I'm looking for my husband.

(looks)

RICO

I no speaka English. You speaka English?

MARGARET

(tentatively)

Yes ... Can I help you?

RICO

(big smile)

Oh, you American lady, no?

MARGARET

(looking)

Yes ...

CUEBALL

334

frowning.

RICO AND MARGARET

335

RICO

(bows)

Thank you, thank you. Where the ...

(looks at a telegram)

... S ... S ...

(hands telegram  
to Margaret)

Here.

MARGARET

(reads the paper)

S. S. Shantung expected to arrive Manila  
Monday. Love, Gina.

RICO

I meet sister.

MARGARET

(looks around)

Okay, you want to know where and when  
to find the S. S. Shantung, right?

RICO

Oh yes. Oh yes.

MARGARET

(looks around)

I think you're on the right pier but I  
don't see the Shantung ...

Rico looks too, then he points at Cueball

RICO

(indicating "let's ask him")

Come, please.

MARGARET

Sure. He'll probably know.

CUEBALL

336

as Margaret and Rico approach.

MARGARET

Pardon me sir. Perhaps you can answer  
a question for this gentleman.

CUEBALL

Yes.

MARGARET  
He's looking for the Shantung. Do  
you happen to know if it's in or when  
it arrives?

CUEBALL  
Sure.  
(steps closer to the  
edge)  
You see those ships across ... ?  
(to Margaret)  
Come over here.

MARGARET AND RICO

337

move closer to Cueball, closer to the edge of the pier.

CUEBALL  
Look at those three ships out there.  
See them?

MARGARET  
(cranes)  
Oh yes ...

THREE TROPICAL CRUISERS - POV

338

MARGARET (OFF)  
... I see them.

RICO

339

looks to make sure no one's around.

RAOUL

surrounded by a crowd, making as much noise as he can. He starts  
singing, which makes the monkey start screeching.

CUEBALL, MARGARET AND RICO

340

MARGARET  
The one in the middle is the Shantung?  
Are you sure?

Rico nods at Cueball who answers Margaret

CUEBALL  
Not really, lady.

and Cueball deftly snatches Margaret's overnight bag and pushes her  
off the side of the pier.

MARGARET  
Hey ...

MARGARET SAILING DOWN - LOW ANGLE - SLOW MOTION

341

WELLS (OFF)

We are holding prisoner six American ladies.

Margaret hits the water with a spectacular splash and sinks like a safe.

EXT - UNDERWATER - DAY

MARGARET

342

sinks into the hands of French and Ruben.

WELLS (OFF)

(continuing)

Group picture enclosed. Also, list of their names and addresses.

Margaret struggling, French and Ruben quickly and expertly pull her over to the submarine, stuff her in an open side hatch and close it.

WELLS (OFF)

(continuing)

Please be informed that we will reveal location of ladies unharmed only if one million dollars in tens and twenties ...

INT - SUBMARINE ENTRY/EXIT CHAMBER - DAY

MARGARET

343

floating like a dead sea cow in the water-filled chamber. The PUMPS GO ON, immediately the water level starts to recede, and Margaret's able to get her face coughing and gasping into the expanding air pocket.

WELLS (OFF)

... is placed in a flotation container, flown to latitude seventeen degrees thirty minutes north ...

INT - HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

WELLS

344

continues reading the ransom note.

WELLS

... longitude one hundred and twenty degrees twenty minutes east, and dropped by parachute into ocean at noon on March eleventh.

REVERSE ANGLE ON ADMIRAL DAILY

345

seated across the desk from Wells. As Wells continues, PAN TO FINNEGAN LOOKING AT A PICTURE, AND TRAVIS.

WELLS

Delivery aircraft to immediately depart the area.

BACK ON WELLS

346

WELLS

If money is not dropped as specified or if any vessels or other aircraft are seen in the drop area, a lady will be selected at random and shot.

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

347

Finnegan passes the picture to Travis.

WELLS

(continuing)

Ladies will continue to be shot until compliance.

INSERT

PICTURE OF PAMELA, MARGARET

348

and the other four girls we've heard about (and will meet in a minute): Annie, Suzanne, Louisa and Gail. The girls are standing behind end-to-end sheets of plywood so that just their heads are showing.

WELLS (OFF)

(continuing)

Any attempt to discover location of ladies will result in them all being shot.

INT - HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

TRAVIS

349

looking at the picture.

WELLS

Our next communication will reveal either location of ladies unharmed ...

REVERSE ANGLE ON WELLS

350

WELLS

... or new drop instructions and name of first lady shot with enclosed picture of corpse.

(to Daily)

What do you think, Chester?

DAILY

I think they intend to grab the money with my submarine.

WELLS

Fair assumption.

DAILY

I tell you, Richard, the thought of it makes me want to wretch.

WELLS

Yes, I know exactly what you mean, Chester.

DAILY

I'd be more than willing to pay the million to get the submarine back.

FINNEGAN

Can I suggest something?

WELLS

Sure, Mr. Finnegan. That's why you're here. Speak freely.

FINNEGAN

Our first concern is the safety of our women.

WELLS

I couldn't agree more.

FINNEGAN

So I think we ought to pay the money, retrieve our women, and then pursue the kidnapers to the ends of the earth.

WELLS

That sounds like the best solution.

FINNEGAN

Any other plan would jeopardize the lives of the ladies.

WELLS

What do you think, Chester?

DAILY

One of the conditions of payment will have to be the return of the sub.

WELLS

No question.

FINNEGAN

A million dollars for six hostages only comes to ...

(to Travis)

What did it come to, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

(reads a paper)

A hundred and sixty-six thousand, six-hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-seven cents per hostage.

(looks up)

That's not counting Admiral Daily's submarine.

FINNEGAN

When I was with the Bureau, two-hundred thousand for a hostage was never considered an unreasonably large amount.

WELLS

Fine. It's settled then. Chester, you arrange for the airplane and that parachute business. I'll wire Washington for the money.

EXT - STREETS - DAY

ANGLES ON TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

351

traveling on Travis's motorcycle.

FINNEGAN

Know why they just grabbed women, Travis?

TRAVIS

You bet I do.

FINNEGAN

Why?

TRAVIS

For somebody to screw while they're waiting for the million.

FINNEGAN

I can think of a better reason.

TRAVIS

What?

FINNEGAN

Women are easier to hold prisoner than men. You don't have to take as elaborate precautions against escape.

TRAVIS

Oh yeah? Then how come the girls were all naked in that picture?

FINNEGAN

Naked? I didn't see anybody that was naked.

TRAVIS

Of course not. Why do you think they made them stand behind the plywood?

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

PAN PAMELA ALLEN, MARGARET KNIGHT, ANNIE JEANNE  
DFCKER, LOUISA VAN DER VOORT, GAIL SMITH AND SUZ-  
ANNE EVERSON

352

dressed like nuns, seated at a picnic table, eating a meal of jungle fruits. Annie Jeanne is a handsome, statuesque woman. Suzanne is just an average pretty girl. Gail looks a little tomboyish, and Louisa is a voluptuous creampuff. In BG barracks is constructed of unpainted, rough-hewn boards and nipa roofing. Two men - Felix and Mario - are standing on the porch next to piles of bananas, coconuts, pineapples, mangos, breadfruit, and a cistern of drinking water.

PAMELA AND ANNIE

353

The girls speak soft enough not to be heard by Felix and Mario.

PAMELA

I conned some new information out of Keith.

ANNIE

What is it?

PAMELA

Starting tonight, they're going to have two-man patrols going out in the truck after it gets dark.

MARGARET

What does that mean?

PAMELA

That means that our devil-may-care captors are taking extra-precautionary measures since they delivered the ransom demand.

CUEBALL (OFF)

Attention please ...

PAMELA

(looks OFF)

Quiet, it's pacification time.

CUEBALL

354

standing on the porch.

CUEBALL

Could I have your attention a minute, girls?  
I'd like to make an announcement -

PAMELA

355

calls out

PAMELA

We're getting mighty tired of coconuts  
and bananas, Cueball!

CUEBALL

356

CUEBALL

Hey Pam ... you know we've been doing  
our darndest to keep you girls as comfort-  
able as possible under the circumstances.

THE GIRLS

357

hiss and boo.

CUEBALL

Come on now, we've got you magazines,  
bubble bath, lipstick, makeup, needlework,  
crossword puzzles, toilet paper - I mean,  
Jesus ...

ANNIE

Just make the announcement, Cueball.

CUEBALL

Alright. We're happy to report that  
the sub left last night to pickup payment  
in full for warehousing you girls, so it  
shouldn't be necessary for us to be here  
much longer.

(goes in the barracks)

Enjoy your food.

ANNIE, PAMELA AND MARGARET

358

ANNIE

What'd you think, Pam? Do we proceed  
on schedule?

PAMELA

Absolutely. Our escape plan goes into  
operation next time it's Keith's turn to  
do the night shift in the belfry.

MARGARET

When will that be?

PAMELA

Any night now.

MARGARET

Are you sure it's going to work?

PAMELA

It can't miss, Margaret. Especially with  
your participation.

MARGARET

But what if the ransom is paid, Pam?

PAMELA

We can not take that chance, Margaret!

(to Annie)

Tell this lady, will you Annie?

ANNIE

Margaret, if that submarine comes back without one million dollars in tens and twenties, our charming hosts are going to start shooting us.

PAMELA

(to Margaret)

And unless we escape first, we're going to have no chance! Understand, Margaret? No chance. Now are you still with us, or what?

MARGARET

Well ...

PAMELA

Well what?

MARGARET

Well ... why does it have to be me?

PAMELA

Look around, Margaret. Do you see anybody else who could pin down Keith by sitting on him?

INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

KNIGHT

359

back in his Saigon suit, looking dapper again, having a glass of wine with Dr. White and Finnegan.

KNIGHT

One-hundred and sixty-seven thousand might be a pittance to pay for Pamela, Dr. Allen, but it's a mint sum for Margaret.

ALLEN

(laughs nervously)

Well, let's just keep our fingers crossed that everything comes off smoothly.

FINNEGAN

It's in the bag, Dr. Allen.

ALLEN

I hope you're right, Mr. Finnegan.

## FINNEGAN

Trust me. I know what I'm talking about.  
Pamela will be in this room in a few days  
or I'm Machine Gun Kelly.

TRAVIS AND EUNICE

360

TRAVIS

Ever hear of Clyde Barrow, Mrs. Allen?

EUNICE

Is he the famous bankrobber?

TRAVIS

Was. Mr. Finnegan led the ambush  
that did him in.

EUNICE

Really?

TRAVIS

Oh sure, you and Dr. Allen got your  
selves one of the top detectives in Amer-  
ica today.

EUNICE

361

EUNICE

Well, I'm so glad ... and I'll be so  
glad when Pammy's back.

TRAVIS

362

TRAVIS

Me too. I'm looking forward to meeting  
her if you know what I mean.

DELETED

363-4

EUNICE

365

Blank look. Then

EUNICE

This whole ordeal has been terribly  
trying.

TRAVIS

I'll bet it has.

Phone beside the bed RINGS

EUNICE

That damn phone hasn't stopped ringing.

TRAVIS  
Would you like me to get it?

EUNICE  
Would you please, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS

366

picks up the receiver.

TRAVIS  
The Allens' room. Just a minute.  
(to Eunice)  
It's for Mr. Finnegan.  
(holds out the receiver)  
Mr. Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

367

talking to Allen and Knight.

FINNEGAN  
Truth is the man was never all he was  
cracked up to be.  
(looks at Travis)  
Excuse me a moment, gentlemen.  
(crosses, takes the  
receiver)  
Hello?... Yeah, this is Finnegan.  
(cups receiver, says  
to Travis)  
Commissioner Wells' office.  
(into phone)  
Hello, Mr. Commissioner, what's the good  
word?  
(his mood changes)  
Yes, sir. Yes ...

Finnegan hangs up and stares into space.

TRAVIS  
What'd he say?

FINNEGAN  
He wants us to come to his office right  
away.

INT - HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

WELLS

368

reading a telegram:

WELLS  
Take whatever measures necessary to  
locate and rescue hostages, and to capture  
kidnappers, but this administration will  
not be manipulated by criminals.

SOMBER-FACED FINNEGAN

369

flanked by Travis and Daily.

WELLS`

(continuing)

Parachuting them a million dollars will set a dangerous and unacceptable precedent.

BACK ON WELLS

370

WELLS

(continuing)

You are not, repeat, not authorized to use monies, aircraft or other property of the United States to pay or facilitate the payment of any kind of ransom.

(looks up)

Signed . . . Roosevelt.

FINNEGAN

371

just sits there silent. After a moment, Wells says

WELLS

I'm sorry, Mr. Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

Ah, that's all right, sir, I know you did your best.

EXT - HOTEL - DUSK

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

372

drive up on the motorcycle and stop in front of the entrance. Doorman looks the other way. As Finnegan climbs out of the side-car, Travis says to him encouragingly

TRAVIS

Admiral Daily's got the entire fleet listening for radio transmissions. All they have to do is intercept one transmission, Finnegan, and they'll be able to figure out where the girls are being held, and I think -

FINNEGAN

(snaps)

And you think the kidnappers are dumb enough to use a radio. Is that what you think, Travis?

Finnegan walks toward the entrance.

TRAVIS

Where you goin'?

FINNEGAN  
(entering the hotel)  
Break the news to Dr. and Mrs. Allen.

TRAVIS  
Do you want me to come up with you?

FINNEGAN  
No, I have to do this myself.

TRAVIS  
(calls after him)  
I'll see you tomor -

But Finnegan's already inside.

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE RADIO

373

playing soft MUSIC. PAN the room to Travis laying on the couch, drinking a San Miguel. A gentle KNOCK on the door. Travis gets up, crosses the room, opens the door and there's Ginger.

GINGER  
Hi.

TRAVIS  
Come on in. You look frazzled.

GINGER

374

walks in and looks around.

GINGER  
I am. What have you got to drink?

TRAVIS

375

TRAVIS  
I've got some Chivas Regal.

GINGER  
I'll take it.

GINGER

376

flops in a chair. Travis crosses to the bar, opens a small bottle of Japanese soda, makes Ginger a drink.

TRAVIS  
How's business?

GINGER  
Booming. So booming I'm ready for the grave. Mind if I take off my shoes?

TRAVIS

crosses with her drink.

TRAVIS  
Take off whatever you want.  
(hands her the drink  
from behind)

GINGER

Thanks.  
(takes a long peg)  
I needed that.

He starts to massage her shoulders.

TRAVIS  
How would you like one of my famous  
massages?

GINGER  
Ooooooh, that feels so good.

TRAVIS  
(massaging)  
Would you like one?

GINGER  
(enjoying)  
I thought that's what you're doing.

TRAVIS  
This is a backrub. I'm talkin' about  
a massage.

GINGER

Okay.

He grabs her by the hand, pulls her out of the chair and says

TRAVIS

Come on.

GINGER  
Where are we going?

TRAVIS  
You have to lie down.

GINGER  
Can't you do it here?

TRAVIS  
No, no, you have to lie down.

GINGER  
(firm)  
I'm not taking off my clothes.

TRAVIS  
(indignant)  
Who's saying you have to take off  
your clothes?

GINGER  
Promise?

TRAVIS  
I promise.

GINGER 378

GINGER  
I'm serious, Travis. Just a massage.

TRAVIS 379

TRAVIS  
I'm serious too.

INT - APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

GINGER'S CLOTHES 380  
draped over a chair in FG, Travis and Ginger making love on the  
bed in BG.

GINGER  
I thought ... I thought ... I was gonna  
get a massage ...

CLOSE ON TRAVIS 381

TRAVIS  
Well, isn't that what ... that what ...  
this is ... kinda ...

EXT - APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

LONG SHOT - APARTMENT HOUSE 382

INT - APARTMENT HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

GINGER 383  
back in her clothes, looking and feeling like a million, pours a  
cup of coffee, puts it on a tray, picks toast out of stovetop toas-  
ter, puts it on a plate and says to herself

GINGER  
Butter.

She looks around, crosses to the icebox, is about to open the door  
when she sees

INSERTTHE TOWNE AND COUNTRY PICTURE OF PAMELA

384

tacked to it.

INT - APARTMENT HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

GINGER

385

glares at the picture for a moment, tears it off the door, lays it on the toast and sticks a fork into it.

INT - APARTMENT HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

386

sleeping like a baby. The clock beside the bed says quarter to twelve.

GINGER

387

storms into the bedroom, throws the picture and toast impaled on the fork at Travis and yells

GINGER  
THERE! HAVE BREAKFAST WITH  
HER!

Travis sits bolt upright and mutters

TRAVIS  
Breakfast? What?...

GINGER  
I'm leaving! Goodby!

Ginger turns and starts out.

TRAVIS  
Huh? Why're you all dressed?

GINGER  
I got a saloon to open - remember,  
Stupid, I'm a saloon keeper.

Travis gets out of bed, wraps the sheet around himself, and goes after Ginger.

TRAVIS  
Wait a minute ...

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

GINGER

388

crosses the room. Travis comes out and trips on the sheet.

TRAVIS

When am I going to see you again?

GINGER

When you get her out of your system!

Ginger opens the door, exits, and slams it shut.

TRAVIS

389

INSERT

FRONT PAGE HEADLINE OF THE MANILA TIMES

390

6 WOMEN BEING HELD HOSTAGE  
\$1 Million Ransom Demand

under which is a reprint of the group picture.

FINNEGAN (OFF)

You think the bastards are still waitin'  
for the parachute?

INT - APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

FINNEGAN

390

looking at the paper, using the toilet as a chair as he talks to Travis  
as Travis pats after-shaving lotion on his face.

TRAVIS

Naw, by now they've probably turned  
around and gone back.

FINNEGAN

You're right.

(throws the paper down)

Well, nobody can say we didn't give this  
case our best.

TRAVIS

Look, Finnegan, we shouldn't give up  
all hope. We still might find out where  
they're keepin' those girls. Come on,  
let's get a beer.

Travis exits the bathroom.

FINNEGAN

I told you once, Travis, the bastards  
ain't gonna be dumb enough to use a radio.

INT - APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

391

passes the still-unmade bed.

TRAVIS

I'm not talkin' about a radio. What if Crapper calls and says that Harry Wing just picked out a picture of Keith?

FINNEGAN

Harry Wing isn't gonna pick out a picture of Keith.

INT - APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

TRAVIS

392

crosses to the icebox (sans Pamela's picture).

TRAVIS

How do you know he ain't?

FINNEGAN

Because I don't think Keith is really an employee of the American Empress Line.

TRAVIS

You never can tell, Finnegan.

(takes out a San Miguel)

Want a beer?

FINNEGAN

No.

Travis walks out of the kitchen.

TRAVIS

And what about the police?

FINNEGAN

What about the police?

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

393

crosses and sits in a chair.

TRAVIS

Detective Tong's still over the Manila Hotel checking records for a guest by the name of Keith that stayed there within the last six months.

FINNEGAN

(unstirred)

That ain't gonna do us no good.

TRAVIS

(to his wedding picture)

I'm sorry about all this, Nancy.

INSERT

PICTURE OF NANCY, TRAVIS AND REV. GOODWELL

394

TRAVIS (OFF)

(continuing)

I shouldn't have let Finnegan stop me  
from at least finishing off Rico.

INT - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

395

FINNEGAN

You can say that again.

TRAVIS

Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

What?

TRAVIS

Nancy was killed because she knew Keith,  
right?

FINNEGAN

That's what Rico told French.

TRAVIS

Give me that description of Keith again,  
the one Wing gave us.

FINNEGAN

Six feet ... ah ...

(flips open his notebook)

... brown hair, mid-thirties.

TRAVIS

You know somethin', Finnegan? That descrip-  
tion fits the minister that married me.

FINNEGAN

(heading for the kitchen)

On second thought, maybe I will take a  
beer.

TRAVIS

(continuing)

Goodrich? No. What the hell was his  
name? Good ... Reverend Goodwell.

INT - APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

FINNEGAN

396

opens the icebox, calls out

FINNEGAN

You got married down the street, didn't you?

TRAVIS (OFF)

Yeah.

FINNEGAN

(takes out a San Miguel)

Well after I drink this beer, let's walk down the street, go in the church and ask him if he had anything to do with murdering Nancy and/or kidnapping six other ladies.

TRAVIS

397

standing in the doorway with the picture.

TRAVIS

We can't.

FINNEGAN

Why not?

TRAVIS

Because that's not his church.

FINNEGAN

Where is his church?

TRAVIS

On a little island in the South China Sea.

EXT - JUNGLE BARACKS - DAY

A HOLSTERED .45 CALIBER COLT AUTOMATIC

398

as its bearer exits the barracks, then PULL BACK to reveal Rev. Luther Goodwell or rather LAWRENCE NICHOLAS KEITH, still dressed like a minister, except for the gunbelt which also has a sheathed bowie knife hanging from it. Rico is sitting on the porch, and another member of the gang - Carmen - is standing off to the side.

RICO

Where you goin', Keith?

KEITH

Do I have to tell you where I'm going, Rico?

RICO

Jesus, don't get sore. I'm just tryin' to be pleasant.

KEITH

One of the church window slats is loose. I want to take a look at it.

RICO

Oh, okay.

Keith steps off the porch.

RICO

For a minute I thought you were goin'  
over to try to get in Pamela White's  
pants again.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

PAMELA, ANNIE AND MARGARET

399

washing clothes. Church in BG same construction as barracks.

PAMELA

(washing clothes)

Do we have enough rope stashed, Annie?  
We're going to need one hell of a lot of  
rope.

ANNIE

We got enough, Pam.

Louisa, Gail and Suzanne are in BG preparing food.

PAMELA

(to Margaret)

Remember, our signal to begin will be  
the sound of the truck going out on patrol.

MARGARET

(shakily)

Will Keith be in the belfry tonight?

PAMELA

(looking OFF)

Shhhh.

(then)

That's what I'm going to try to find  
out, Margaret.

(then)

Hi, Larry.

REVERSE ANGLE ON KEITH

400

KEITH

Hi, Pamela. Got your bags packed?

PAMELA

Oh yeah, Larry, six suitcases and two  
trunks in the church. You want to put  
them in the station wagon for me?

KEITH

Sure, come on in and show me where  
they are.

PAMELA

401

looks at Annie and Margaret, stands and goes with Keith.

KEITH AND PAMELA

402

walking to the church door.

KEITH

(smiles at some-  
thing OFF)

We have to stop meeting like this.

CUEBALL

403

positioned in the belfry, just below the steeple, smiles back.

PAMELA

Privacy is a commodity this place hasn't  
got.

KEITH

Privacy wasn't exactly what I had in  
mind when I designed it, darling.

KEITH AND PAMELA

404

walk inside. A sign near the door reads

FIRST EVANGELISTIC CHURCH  
of the  
CHILDREN OF JESUS  
Rev. Luther Goodwell  
Pastor

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

THE CHURCH INTERIOR

405

is appropriately austere - just rows of pews and a simple altar  
with a large cross. The side windows are sealed with heavy wood-  
en slats.

PAMELA

I'll be so happy when we can leave here  
and at last be alone together, darling.

KEITH

Me too, darling.

PAMELA

When's the submarine expected to get  
back?

KEITH

The day after tomorrow.  
(takes her hand)  
Oh, Pamela ...

Pamela shakes her head. Keith looks up at

406

CUEBALL

looking down. Stairs lead up to the belfry, which is really a small observation perch from which you can see everything that's going on inside the church as well as outside.

KEITH

Let's go into the latrine.

PAMELA

No. Not ... not yet. I'm still not ready.  
(crosses to the altar)

Talk to me Larry.

KEITH

What about?

PAMELA

I like it when you talk to me about how you dreamed up this ingenious caper. He can't hear us.

KEITH

(chuckles)

Things always haven't been this good, you know.

PAMELA

No, I didn't know.

KEITH

Looking back, I would say my troubles began when they made kidnapping for ransom a Federal crime.

PAMELA

How's that, darling?

KEITH

(brightly)

Did I ever tell you I was the first successful prosecution under the Lindbergh Kidnapping Law?

PAMELA

No.

KEITH

Well I was.

(reddening)

Only it was a bad rap. A very bad rap. And I'm never gonna forget it. Never.

PAMELA

(apprehensive)

Why do you say that, Larry?

KEITH

My partner and me had grabbed this pimply little mama's boy that deserved to be kidnapped. Know what I mean?

PAMELA

Sure.

KEITH

The second day we were holding him, his stupid mother had an apoplexy seizure or something. So the FBI put out a public appeal: let the kid go and no questions would be asked.

PAMELA

What did you do?

KEITH

My partner, who was an animal, wanted to kill the kid because he wouldn't stop bawling. I felt sorry for the mother and wanted to let the kid go.

PAMELA

What happened?

KEITH

My partner and me had a fight, I won, he blew and I let the kid go. Twenty-four hours later I was arrested on Federal charges of kidnapping for ransom.

PAMELA

But what about the "no questions would be asked"?

KEITH

The judge said that the FBI didn't have to tell the truth when dealing with kidnapers, and that he was going to make me an example of how the Federal Government meant business when it passed the Lindbergh Law.

PAMELA

What ... did he give you?

KEITH

Life.

PAMELA

Oh dear.

KEITH

It was a blessing in disguise. I had a lot of time to think in Alcatraz. That's when I dreamed up this. I wanted to give the Feds a kidnapping they wouldn't forget. Of course first I had to get out of prison.

PAMELA

How did you do that?

KEITH

Under three tons of garbage on Christmas Day when the rules are relaxed and everybody's eating the traditional turkey dinner. I got out on a garbage barge. Can I ask you a question, Pamela?

PAMELA

Sure.

KEITH

What do you find most attractive about me?

PAMELA

Your mind, Larry. You've got an incredible mind.

INSERT

PICTURE OF NANCY, TRAVIS AND KEITH

407

WING (OFF)

That's the man who was wearing the American Empress Line uniform.

INT - AMERICAN EMPRESS LINE OFFICE - DAY

WING

408

holding the picture, surrounded by Finnegan, Travis and Crapper. The desk is cluttered with personnel files and photographs.

FINNEGAN

Are you sure.

WING

Quite.

INT - HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

ADMIRAL DAILY

409

at the map of Southeast Asia.

DAILY

Here it is, Turc Island! It's a speck

of flyshit at the northern tip of the Sulu Islands.

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

410

FINNEGAN

How far away is it?

DAILY

About a hundred and sixty miles southwest of Manila. It's only about a square mile big.

WELLS

411

excitedly enters with a telegram and says to Finnegan

WELLS

The arrest warrant from FBI ...

He hands it to Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

(reading)

Lawrence Nicholas Keith. Wanted for escape from a Federal penitentiary where he was serving a sentence for kidnapping. Keith is mentally unbalanced and considered extremely dangerous. Approach with utmost caution. Signed, J. Edgar Hoover.

WELLS

Alright, gentlemen. What do you propose we do now?

DAILY

I propose we put together a force of U.S. Marines and storm the beach. I propose we launch an amphibious assault.

FINNEGAN

With all due respect, Admiral, that won't work.

DAILY

I beg your pardon?

FINNEGAN

That won't work. We'll be running the risk of mass slaughter if we try to storm the beach.

WELLS

I would imagine they have lookouts, Chester, with all the obvious planning they've put into this diabolical caper.

## FINNEGAN

They'll see and hear a force of Marines miles away. Even a night landing. They'll have time to slaughter every hostage if they want. It won't work.

## WELLS

Also, Sultan Muhammad Zukarno might get a little pissed, Chester.

## DAILY

Screw Sultan Muhammad Zukarno!

## WELLS

Christ, don't let the Secretary hear you say that. The American corporate fruit growers' lobby has been pressuring State to establish a legation in Sulu City since the end of the Spanish-American War. Every island in the archipelago is entirely covered with bananas and coconuts, Chester.

## TRAVIS

What about a sudden, saturation air-drop? Say maybe a hundred parachutists in one quick overfly of the island.

## DAILY

Where am I gonna get a hundred parachute troops?

## WELLS

How about Clark Field, Chester?

## DAILY

There aren't any parachute regiments stationed at Clark Field, Richard.

## WELLS

Jesus, couldn't you round up a few troops?

## DAILY

I could round up a few, Richard, but a few are not enough for the kind of maneuver Mr. Travis is talking about. We would have to bring them in from Fort Shafter in the Hawaiian Islands.

TRAVIS

412

walks over and looks at the map as Daily continues:

## DAILY

That would take time. Then it would take more time to train. The maneuver is highly specialized. It takes a lot of time to train men physically and tactically to take part in that kind of maneuver.

TRAVIS

(studying the map)

Admiral Daily's right. We wouldn't have time.

FINNEGAN

How far is Turc from the spot the million bucks was supposed to be dropped?

DAILY

(looks at map)

It's about four-hundred miles through the Sibuyan Sea.

FINNEGAN

How long will it take the sub to get back?

DAILY

At an average submerged speed of about eight knots ... about forty - forty-five hours.

FINNEGAN

About five hours have elapsed since the time the million was supposed to be dropped. Assuming they continue to maintain radio silence, which I think they will, no execution will take place for at least thirty-five hours because that's at least how long it will take the sub to get back to Turc to tell the others the million didn't come down.

TRAVIS

What if a small force ... small enough not to alert any guard detail ... a very small force could sneak in and ... and using the element of surprise ...

WELLS

Keep going, Mr. Travis ...

TRAVIS

See, Mr. Commissioner, we have a very distinctive advantage.

WELLS

What's that?

TRAVIS

Surprise. We know who they are and where they are ... but they don't know that. They think we don't know where they are.

(turns to map)

See, one person like myself could get on Turc tonight under cover of darkness.

WELLS

Yes.

TRAVIS

I could parachute ... not onto the island ... but into the sea right offshore. Then tomorrow I could find out where they're holding the girls, reconnoiter their strength and ... form a plan of attack.

DAILY

I immediately see one big problem, Mr. Travis, and that's when they reconnoiter your strength and counterattack. You'll be hopelessly outnumbered, I'm afraid.

TRAVIS

What if we had a force large enough to continue our attack before they could reconnoiter and launch a counterattack?

DAILY

Then we're back to the original problem. A force large enough to prevent or sustain a counterattack would take too much time to raise and train.

TRAVIS

What if the force was raised on the spot from amongst the hostages?

WELLS

The ladies?

TRAVIS

(to Finnegan)

We got complete background files on each kidnapped girl from Crapper, right?

FINNEGAN

Right.

TRAVIS

Okay, we'll try to pick out, say, the three girls most likely to be able to handle firearms. Who's that rancher lady from Wyoming?

FINNEGAN

Annie Jeanne Decker

TRAVIS

Alright, she's one. There probably are two or three more that handled firearms. I'll bring with me three extra weapons - say Browning automatic rifles with twenty-round magazines. Brownings are simple to use. Myself, I'll use a Thompson

submachine gun. After I shoot my way in with the Thompson, I'll arm Decker and two other girls with the Brownings, and we'll shoot our way out.

WELLS

Sounds like one hell of a good plan, what do you say, Chester?

DAILY

I don't know, Richard ...

WELLS

My God man, don't you see the beauty of it? We avoid a U.S. invasion of a foreign sovereign!

DAILY

What if it doesn't work?

TRAVIS

Your ships'll be laying just off Truc's horizon, Admiral. I'll bring a short wave radio with me and immediately inform you if the plan isn't working.

WELLS

(to Daily)

Get it?

TRAVIS

(to Daily)

Now, what I'll need from the Navy is an airplane to fly me there.

DAILY

jots down

413

DAILY

One airplane ...

TRAVIS

Make it a low speed transport with some gliding capability.

TRAVIS

padding.

414

TRAVIS

And I'll need one personnel parachute ... one supply chute, one inflatable rubber boat with folding oars ...

DAILY

stops taking notes and looks at Travis indignantly.

415

WELLS

416

WELLS  
Get this down, Che ter!

TRAVIS  
... five thirty-round box magazine for  
the Thompson ...

Daily resumes writing; PAN TO FINNEGAN proudly listening as  
Travis goes on dictating.

TRAVIS  
... a half dozen hand grenades, iridescent  
dye marker, binoculars ...

EXT - BASE FLIGHTLINE - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - HANGERS, AIRPLANES, ETC.

417

A COPILOT

417A

COPILOT  
We'll be taking off in a few minutes.

TRAVIS

418

TRAVIS  
Okay.

Travis's face is smeared with petroleum jelly and he's wearing  
a Morner Rubber Life Saving Suit. (The Morner had a yellow hood,  
yellow gloves, weighted shoes to keep the wearer upright in the  
water and "a watertight zipper.")

COPILOT  
We want to hit Turc after the moon sets  
and before the sun rises so you can para-  
chute into the water and row to the beach  
in solid darkness.

TRAVIS  
You guys sure you can find it? It's  
not very big.

COPILOT  
Don't worry, good buddy, we'll find it.  
(looking past Travis)  
Say, I thought you were going alone.

TRAVIS  
I am.

COPILOT  
Then who's he?

Travis turns around and lowers his water goggles.

FINNEGAN

approaches carrying a gear pack and wearing water goggles, petroleum jelly, Morner Rubber Life Saving Suit, Thompson submachine gun, parachute, etc.

FINNEGAN

Shall we get this show on the road?

TRAVIS

Wait a minute, Finnegan. You ain't comin'. You definitely ain't comin'.

FINNEGAN

Why not?

TRAVIS

Because ... Goddamn it, because you're too old. I can't play nursemaid to you.

FINNEGAN

COME OFF IT! I'm in the pink of condition.

TRAVIS

For Christ's sake, Finnegan, this is a complicated, dangerous operation. I have a lot to remember and a lot to accomplish.

FINNEGAN

I'm aware of that, son.

TRAVIS

If I have to keep an eye on you, that's just one more complication!

STOCK SHOT

AIRPLANE ON RUNWAY - ENGINES STARTING - NIGHT

419A

EXT - BASE FLIGHTLINE - NIGHT

TRAVIS, FINNEGAN, COPILOT

419B

TRAVIS

You can't come, Finnegan.  
(to Copilot)

Let's go.

DOLLY WITH FINNEGAN FOLLOWING TRAVIS FOLLOWING  
COPILOT

FINNEGAN

You've gotta let me come, son.

TRAVIS

You don't need this, Finnegan. You've

worked the biggest cases, you've captured the most dangerous desperados ... You don't need to be a hero. You've paid your dues.

(stops, turns)

You are a hero.

FINNEGAN

That's just it. I'm not a hero.

TRAVIS

Sure you are.

FINNEGAN

No, I'm not. I didn't capture Al Capone. Hell, I wouldn't know Al Capone if I fell over him.

TRAVIS

You ambushed Clyde Barrow, didn't you?

FINNEGAN

No I didn't.

TRAVIS

What ... about Legs Diamond?

FINNEGAN

420

shakes his head no.

TRAVIS

421

TRAVIS

But ... you were a G-man, weren't you?

FINNEGAN

Sure, I was a G-man alright. But I never captured anybody.

TRAVIS

Why not?

FINNEGAN

422

FINNEGAN

Because I always sat behind a goddamn desk. You wanna know what my main responsibility was?

TRAVIS

423

afraid to ask.

FINNEGAN

Do you?

Travis nods.

FINNEGAN

FINNEGAN

Agent reassignments. Know what I did?  
When an agent got reassigned, I made  
sure his household goods arrived safely  
at his new destination.

(his voice trails off)

If they didn't, I processed the claim.

TRAVIS

Then why didn't you reassign yourself?

FINNEGAN

Oh, I didn't make the reassignments.  
Hoover did that.

TRAVIS

Then why didn't you get Hoover to reassign  
you?

FINNEGAN

Because I was permanently on DSL status.

TRAVIS

What's DSL?

FINNEGAN

Director's Shit List.

TRAVIS

Why?

FINNEGAN

Because I refused to send him flattering  
letters and expensive gifts. You won't  
believe it, but Hoover has this bizarre  
requirement -

COPILOT NEXT TO AIRPLANE

425

COPILOT

READY FOR TAKEOFF!

TRAVIS

426

TRAVIS

Listen, Finnegan, you can't come.  
Jesus, what if something happens  
to you?

FINNEGAN

HOW MANY TIMES DO I GOTTA -

TRAVIS

Why the hell is it so goddamn important  
for you to come?

FINNEGAN

Don't you see? Dr. Stanford Allen hired  
me to find his daughter and bring her back.  
This is the only chance I'll ever have to  
show that miser Hoover how he wasted  
my talent, how he made a colossal mistake  
forcing me into retirement.

TRAVIS

But I'll bring her back for both of us.  
(starts toward airplane)  
It'll be the same thing.

FINNEGAN

(grabs his arm)  
 No it won't, son. I gotta go with you.  
 I gotta be there when we rescue her.

TRAVIS

Why?

Finnegan takes the arrest warrant out of his gear pack.

FINNEGAN

Because I want to personally serve this  
 arrest warrant on Lawrence Nicholas Keith.  
 Then I want to personally bring him back  
 to the U.S. and personally deposit him in  
 Hoover's office.

TRAVIS

But ... but what about equipment? I  
 figured this all out for a one man mis-  
 sion, now -

FINNEGAN

I got everything you got, son. There's  
 only one item you forgot and I brought  
 enough for both of us.

TRAVIS

What?

Finnegan reaches in his gear pack again and pulls out several pairs  
 of handcuffs.

FINNEGAN

Bracelets for the Larry Keith Gang.

STOCK SHOT

AIRPLANE - FLYING - NIGHT

427

INT - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

428

Travis is strapping on his parachute.

TRAVIS

First thing I wanna do when we hit the  
 beach is make a weapons and ammuni-  
 tion cache.

FINNEGAN

COPILOT

429

comes back wearing a headset.

*Yes son*

## COPILOT

We're right on course. Look down at about nine o'clock and you can see Turc.

Travis looks out the window.

STOCK SHOT

POV LOOKING DOWN ON BLACK, INKY SEA - NIGHT

430

INT - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

TRAVIS

431

He turns from the window back to Copilot and says

TRAVIS

I don't see anything.

COPILOT

(laughs)

Don't worry, good buddy, it's there.

Copilot plugs his intercom jack into a socket to talk to the pilot. Travis slides the gear pack in front of the escape hatch.

FINNEGAN

432

getting butterflies in his stomach, although he doesn't say anything.

COPILOT

Two minutes to jump-off.

Then the airplane's engines cough a couple times and abruptly die.

STOCK SHOT

AIRPLANE - FLYING - NIGHT

433

Its nose drops slightly. The airplane is engulfed in awesome silence. Only the SOUND of wind racing along the fuselage.

INT - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

TRAVIS

434

does a few deep knee bends. Finnegan does the same. Then Travis steps into a cork life preserver and pulls it up to his waist, carefull not to let it interfere with his parachutes. Finnegan does the same.

TRAVIS

You wanna go first, Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

You go first, son.

COPILOT

Thirty seconds.

Copilot kicks out the emergency hatch. He listens to his head-  
phone, then he says above the SOUND of the roar of the wind ...

COPILOT

Altitude correction.

As Copilot continues, Travis is nodding but Finnegan can't hear  
what he's saying.

COPILOT

You'll go out at twenty-four hundred  
instead of twenty-five hundred.

FINNEGAN

(to Travis)

WHAT'S HE SAYING?

COPILOT

(continuing to Travis)

We'll keep coasting until we're down to  
about a thousand feet. That'll take us  
some distance away from the island  
before we have to rev up and run for  
home.

(then)

Five seconds.

FINNEGAN

WHAT?

COPILOT

Two seconds. One second. Time.

Travis shoves out the gear pack and follows it.

STOCK SHOT

PARACHUTIST FALLING, CHUTE OPENING - NIGHT

435

INT - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

FINNEGAN

436

FINNEGAN

IS IT ALRIGHT TO GO OUT?

COPILOT

GO! GO!

Finnegan unceremoniously steps out into the night.

STOCK SHOTS

PARACHUTIST FALLING, CHUTE OPENING - NIGHT

437

LONG SHOT - TWO PARACHUTISTS DESCENDING - NIGHT 438

PARACHUTISTS LANDING IN THE SEA - NIGHT 439

EXT - OPEN SEA - NIGHT

ANGLES ON TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN 440

gathering in their shrouds, releasing themselves from their harnesses, working the silk until their chutes fill with water and sink.

TRAVIS

Are you all in one piece, Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

Of course I am. Son of a bitch if that wasn't exhilarating!

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN 441

breaststroke into the slow spreading iridescence of the dye marker.

TRAVIS 442

pulls in the gear pack chute, cuts loose the shrouds, sinks the chute, separates the rubber liferaft from the rest of the gear and squeezes the release trigger on the CO2 capsule. The raft unfolds with a languorous sigh, straightens itself out and swells up like a souffle.

FINNEGAN 443

shoulders in the rest of the gear and hoists a leg over the wide, cylindrical gunwale. Travis pushes Finnegan over and rolls aboard himself.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN 444

in the raft bobbing in the water. They look toward land.

EXT - COVE IN JUNGLE SHORELINE - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - COVE - POV 445

A small cove in the shoreline forms a natural breakwater and deep harbor. Above and beyond the cove we can make out the church belfry and steeple peeking above a myriad of coconut trees.

FINNEGAN (OFF)

What the hell is that, a church steeple?

EXT - OPEN SEA - NIGHT

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN 446

TRAVIS

Give me the binoculars.

Finnegan goes through the gear, comes up with the binoculars,

hands them to Travis.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

THE CHURCH BELFRY - SEEN THROUGH BINOCULARS

447

The dim outline of Felix inside the belfry.

TRAVIS

I can see their lookout. He's inside  
the steeple.

EXT - OPEN SEA - NIGHT

TRAVIS

448

hands the binoculars to Finnegan.

TRAVIS

That steeple's our first objective tomorrow.

EXT - COVE IN JUNGLE SHORELINE - NIGHT

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

449

row up to a rickety dock, past a motor launch which has FIRST EVAN-  
GELISTIC CHURCH OF THE CHILDREN OF JESUS painted on its  
bow.

TRAVIS

450

climbs up a ladder.

TRAVIS

I'll get a rock to sink the raft. You let out  
the CO2.

FINNEGAN

(in the raft)

You sure that's wise.

TRAVIS

(on the dock)

If we leave this island alive, we sure as  
hell won't row away in the raft.

FINNEGAN

451

picks up most of the gear, gets a hand and foot on the ladder, but  
the raft starts to drift away and Finnegan just manages to avoid  
falling into the water by thrusting his weight toward the dock. In  
the process, his foot gets tortuously twisted in the rung. He  
lets go a muffled but intense

FINNEGAN

My foot ... my foot ...

TRAVIS

452

approaching with a large rock. He stops and says to himself

TRAVIS

I oughta have my head examined for  
bringing him along.

FINNEGAN

453

on his knees, heavily panting, slapping mosquitos, deluged with  
fireflies, finishes digging a shallow pit in the sand, using an oar  
as a digging tool. Travis is relaxing beside him.

FINNEGAN

There. Put in the gear.

TRAVIS

(putting the gear  
in the pit)

I'm not impressed, Finnegan. You were  
useless to me before you broke your foot.

FINNEGAN

(covering gear with  
banana leaves)

Goddamn it, Travis, I did not break my  
foot. I sprained my ankle.

Finnegan finishes and lays back to rest.

CLOSE ON TRAVIS

454

watching Finnegan. We can tell he's worried about the old guy.

TRAVIS

We got a big day tomorrow. Let's try to  
grab forty winks.

FINNEGAN

Go ahead and sleep. I'm just gonna rest  
my eyes a bit.

TRAVIS

Okay.

FINNEGAN

455

immediately falls asleep.

TRAVIS

456

keeps an eye and ear on the dark jungle.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

OPEN GATE IN A CHAINLINK FENCE - SEEN THROUGH  
BINOCULARS

457

The fence is seven feet high. The gate is open. Right inside the gate, Rico is sitting on the porch of the barracks. Beyond Rico, inside the compound, we see the girls. We hear chattering monkeys, other daytime jungle SOUNDS.

TRAVIS (OFF)

Will you look at that.

TRAVIS

458

crouched in the thick jungle growth, peering OS through the binoculars. Finnegan is crouched beside him, peering in the same direction.

FINNEGAN

What the hell have they got on?

TRAVIS

Sisters' clothes.

THE GIRLS SEEN THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

459

TRAVIS (OFF)

They're all dressed like sisters.

PAN TO THE BARRACKS. Raoul exits, Rico gets up and goes inside and Raoul sits where Rico was sitting. The fence runs right up to the barracks, so it forms part of the compound perimeter.

TRAVIS (OFF)

Alright, Finnegan. You stay here and nurse your foot.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

460

Travis brings down the binoculars and hands them to Finnegan.

TRAVIS

I'm gonna go take a closeup look at what the hell we gotta contend with.

FINNEGAN

461

glumly watches Travis crawl off toward the barracks.

ANGLES ON TRAVIS

462

crawling through the thick brush. He crawls to the rear of the barracks and peeks in a window.

INT - BARRACKS REAR ROOM - DAY

MARIO SLEEPING ON AN IRON COT - TRAVIS'S POV

463

Other cots in the room are vacant. Mosquito netting is draped everywhere. A door to a latrine opens, Cueball walks out buttoning his shorts, flops down and goes back to sleep.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

TRAVIS

464

crawls toward the front of the barracks. He stops and listens under a window voices are coming from.

INT - BARRACKS FRONT ROOM - DAY

KEITH AND RICO

465

KEITH

(agitated)

I'll tell you who to shoot first.

Fidel and Carmen are seated on more iron cots in BG.

RICO

Sorry, Keith, I already made up my mind. Just pray they parachuted us the million.

KEITH

I AM IN CHARGE HERE!

RICO

Hollerin' ain't gonna change my mind.

KEITH

Your mind?

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

TRAVIS

466

listening.

KEITH (OFF)

(continuing)

Who the hell do you think you are, Rico?  
Your mind doesn't mean anything.

INT - BARRACKS FRONT ROOM - DAY

KEITH

467

KEITH

(continuing)

You wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for me. Who do you think got the Sultan

to -

RICO

LISTEN CREEP! I'll tell you who I am. I'm the guy that's financed this whole fucking operation, and I'm the guy that's gonna start greasin' these broads if the Feds don't deliver the million.

Rico exits.

KEITH

THAT'S FINE, BUT YOU'RE NOT GREASING PAMELA ALLEN!

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

TRAVIS

468

reacts then starts crawling back around the rear of the barracks. He keeps going along the perimeter fence, looks OFF and sees

A TRUCK

469

parked near a side door of the barracks which has FIRST EVANGELISTIC CHURCH OF THE CHILDREN OF JESUS painted on the door.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

THE BRUSH

470

Rustling SOUNDS, Travis crawls out and looks at

PAMELA, ANNIE, MARGARET, SUZANNE, LOUISA, PHYLLIS AND GAIL

471

huddled in a group, pretending to be knitting, but really plotting.

TRAVIS

472

straining to hear but he can't.

PAMELA

473

softly saying to the others

PAMELA

When Keith takes his clothes off and starts to make love to me, Gail will open the door and hit him over the head with the crucifix, Margaret will sit on him and Suzanne will grab his gun and knife.

TRAVIS

474

trying unsuccessfully to figure a way to hear.

FELIX - TRAVIS'S POV

475

in the belfry observation perch. Unlike the barracks, the church is inside the compound. Its walls do not form part of the perimeter.

ANNIE AND PAMELA

476

ANNIE

When Keith's tied up, I put on his clothes, take his forty-five and knife, go up into the belfry, climb out, down the ladder, and cross the compound to the guard posted on the porch.

PAMELA

It'll probably be little Raoul and he'll think Annie's Keith wanting to use the latrine in the barracks.

ANNIE

When I'm close enough, I'll pull the forty-five, get his gun, force him off the porch -

TRAVIS

477

crawls off into the brush.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DUSK

FINNEGAN

478

watching

RAOUL

479

still seated on the porch.

BACK ON FINNEGAN

480

Rustling SOUNDS give him a start. Travis crawls out of the brush.

FINNEGAN

What'd you find out?

TRAVIS

The perimeter fence completely encircles the compound. There's only the one gate.

FINNEGAN

The church and the barracks are the only two structures?

TRAVIS

Yeah. The barracks I think is two rooms and a latrine. Two guys were sleeping in one room. Keith and Rico were arguin' in the other -

(looks OFF)

Look . . .

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DUSK

FIDEL AND CARMEN

481

are rounding up the girls. The girls start entering the church.

FINNEGAN (OFF)

How many doors does the church have?

TRAVIS (OFF)

Just the front door. The windows are heavy wooden slats.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DUSK

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

482

FINNEGAN

Apparently they always keep a man on the porch to watch the gate and another man in the belfry to watch the entire goddamn island.

TRAVIS

That's right and the only way we're ever gonna get to those girls is with the help of explosives.

FINNEGAN

I agree.

TRAVIS

(looking OFF)

We'll attack tonight.

RAOUL

483

walks up to the gate, closes and padlocks it.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

484

TRAVIS

We'll wait until as many of them as possible seem to be sleeping. Then I'll crawl up to the fence and plant a demolition charge of TNT and mercury fulminate at the point where the fence meets the barracks.

FINNEGAN

Sounds good.

RAOUL

485

lighting kerosene lamps - the light source of the compound at night.

TRAVIS (OFF)

The charge will be big enough to blow up a section of the fence and at least part of the barracks, hopefully killing whoever's inside. Then I'll storm the church spraying the man in the belfry with machine gun fire.

FINNEGAN AND TRAVIS

486

TRAVIS

(continuing)

Then I'll blow off the door with grenades, enter the -

FINNEGAN

Wait a minute. What about me? What do I do?

TRAVIS

How're you gonna do anything? You got a bum foot.

FINNEGAN

You're crazy - it's all better now!

TRAVIS

Okay, okay, you can carry the girls' Brownings.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

VOLUPTUOUS LOUISA

487

undressing in the rear, pretending to be getting ready to go to sleep. Bedding is spread out in the the aisles.

FELIX

488

in the belfry, craning to see Louisa.

PAMELA

489

and the others in the front. Pamela talks quietly as Annie, Gail, Margaret and Suzanne listen:

PAMELA

I'll be watching from the belfry. When Annie gets Raoul's gun, Gail, Margaret Suzanne and I will come down the ladder, run across, I'll take his gun and Suzanne and Margaret will tie him up.

ANNIE

490

ANNIE

When he's tied up, Pamela and I and Gail will go into the barracks, wake up the

others, get their guns and tie them up, wait for the two to come back from patrol, surprise them, take their guns and tie them up.

PAMELA

491

PAMELA

At which point we all pile in the motor launch and head for Manila.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

TRAVIS

492

TRAVIS

We run inside the church, arm the girls with the Brownings and launch an immediate second attack on anybody we didn't kill during the first attack.

Finnegan nodding in agreement. Travis looks around, says

TRAVIS

Alright, see you later ...

and starts crawling away.

FINNEGAN

Hey?

TRAVIS

What?

FINNEGAN

Where you goin'?

TRAVIS

To get the gear.

FINNEGAN

Let me get it, for Christ's sake! You got a big night ahead of you. You better rest while you can, son. I'm not fooling.

TRAVIS

What about your foot?

FINNEGAN

How many times do I have to tell you? My foot's fine.

TRAVIS

Alright, you can get it.

FINNEGAN

493

crawls OFF into the night.

TRAVIS

494

TRAVIS  
Goddamn it, be careful!

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

PAMELA

495

in a silk nightgown, peering out through the slatted window.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

RAOUL - PAMELA'S POV

496

seated on the porch.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

BACK ON PAMELA

497

A faint rap on the door.

PAMELA  
Come in.

MARGARET

498

enters.

MARGARET  
Pam?

PAMELA  
What do you want now, Margaret?

MARGARET  
Why can't Louisa sit on Keith?

PAMELA  
No. Louisa is going to be putting makeup  
on Annie.

MAGARET  
I'll put the makeup on Annie.

PAMELA  
No.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

KEITH - PAMELA'S POV

499

exits barracks, walks toward church.

PAMELA (OFF)  
Here he comes.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

MARGARET

500

and Pamela rush out.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

TRAVIS

501

watching.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

KEITH

502

crosses to the church. He signals down Felix.

FELIX

503

acknowledges Keith.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

PAMELA

504

outside the latrine, looks up at

FELIX

505

climbing out of the belfry.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

POV LONG SHOT - CHURCH

506

Keith puts a ladder against the side as Felix steps out of the belfry onto the roof.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

TRAVIS

507

watching.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

PAMELA

508

lying on her bedding, feigning sleep, looking up.

KEITH - PAMELA'S POV

509

climbing into the belfry.

BACK ON PAMELA

510

EXT - BARRACKS - NIGHT

CUEBALL HITS THE STARTER OF THE TRUCK 511

parked beside the barracks. Rico is seated beside him.

TRAVIS 512

reacting to the SOUND of the truck.

RAOUL 513

crosses to the gate, unlocks it and swings it open just as Cueball and Rico roar around the front of the barracks.

BACK ON TRAVIS 514

THE TRUCK - TRAVIS'S POV 515

heading straight for us. Raoul closes the gate.

TRAVIS 516

flattens fast in the brush as Cueball and Rico roar past.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

PAMELA 517

steps over the girls feigning sleep, climbs the stairs to the belfry observation perch, whispers

Larry? PAMELA

KEITH 518

looks down at her.

Pamela. KEITH

PAMELA AND KEITH 519

Can I come up? PAMELA

Yeah, come on up. KEITH

When she gets to the belfry, there's not much room.

I can't sleep ... I - PAMELA

Yes ... ? KEITH

PAMELA

Larry?

KEITH

Yes, Pamela?

PAMELA

Do you still want to go in the latrine?

EXT - COVE IN JUNGLE SHORELINE - NIGHT

FINNEGAN

520

kneeling beside the cache. He already has the Browning automatic rifles out. As he carefully lifts out the shortwave radio, he hears the SOUND of the truck approaching. He turns around and is flooded by the truck's headlights.

CUEBALL AND RICO

521

in the truck.

CUEBALL

RICO! WHO'S THAT, RICO!

RICO

(draws his gun)

Get him! Step on it!

FINNEGAN

522

furiously takes off limping down the beach.

ANGLE ON CUEBALL AND RICO

523

pursuing Finnegan, passing the Brownings.

CUEBALL

RICO, LOOK AT THE GUNS!

FINNEGAN

524

cuts into the brush.

CUEBALL

525

drives the truck in the brush after him.

FINNEGAN

526

panting, tries to climb a tree but Cueball and Rico pull up behind him, jump out of the truck and run up to him. Cueball has a flashlight.

RICO

Stop, you son of a bitch!

FINNEGAN

Don't shoot!

CUEBALL

(hysterical)

HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

RICO

Shut up!

(shoves his gun in  
Finnegan's face)

Who the hell are you?

FINNEGAN

I ... I ... I'm a fisherman ... I ... I've  
lost my bearings ... and -

RICO

What were you doin' with that pile of  
automatic weapons back there?

(cocks the hammer)

And if I don't like your answer this time  
your head's gonna be part of the banana  
tree behind you.

FINNEGAN

(reflects, then)

Okay, you win, Rico. I'm Pat Finnegan  
of the FBI.

CUEBALL

HOLLY CHRIST, RICO, HE KNOWS YOUR  
NAME!

RICO

Will you shut up!

(then)

Get up, Finnegan, you're comin'  
with us.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

LADIES ROOM GRAFFITI

527

TILT DOWN TO KEITH GIVING PAMELA A LONG KISS. When it's  
over, Pamela leans back, smiles seductively, starts to unbutton  
her nightgown and says ...

PAMELA

Take off your frock, you sexy devil,  
I wanta see your hairy chest.

KEITH

Okay.

Keith unfastens his gun belt and lays it on the floor.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

ANGLE ON ANNIE IN FG

528

in bra and panties, being made up to look like Keith by Louisa.  
In BG, Gail with the crucifix, Suzanne and Margaret listening  
at the latrine door.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

PAMELA AND KEITH

529

Pamela slips out of her nightgown. Keith takes off his frock.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

TRAVIS

530

hiding in the brush. SOUND and lights of approaching truck.

CUEBALL, FINNEGAN AND RICO

531

barreling toward the gate.

BACK ON TRAVIS

532

as the truck roars past, gritting his teeth.

RAOUL

533

opens the gate.

RICO, FINNEGAN AND CUEBALL

534

approaching in the truck. Rico looks up at

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

THE EMPTY BELFRY

535

RICO (OFF)

Where the hell is that creep?

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

RICO

536

as the truck passes through the gate, cries

RICO

HEY KEITH ...

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

KEITH

537

on the floor mounting Pamela.

RICO (OFF)  
 (continuing)  
 ... WE GOT BIG PROBLEMS!

Keith and Pamela freeze in place.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

MARGARET

538

Suzanne, Gail, Louisa and Annie retreat to their bedding.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

KEITH

539

looks through the slats as he hurriedly puts back on his vestments.

PAMELA  
 What's the matter?

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

RICO, FINNEGAN AND CUEBALL - KEITH'S POV

540

Fidel is also there; Mario, Carmen and Felix come running out of the barracks. Raoul is closing the gate. Much excitement.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

KEITH

541

runs out of the latrine still getting dressed. Pamela gets up off the floor, puts on her nightgown, looks through the slats. Annie enters and also looks through the slats.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - NIGHT

RICO, FINNEGAN AND CUEBALL - POV

542

Keith running toward them.

ANNIE (OFF)  
 Who in the hell is the one in the middle?

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH LATRINE - NIGHT

PAMELA

543

looking through the slats.

PAMELA  
 I don't know, but the son of a bitch  
 sure picked a fine time to show up!

INT - BARRACKS FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

KEITH SCREAMING AT FINNEGAN TIED TO A CHAIR

544

KEITH  
SINCE WHEN'S THE FBI GOT JURIS-  
DICTION IN THE SULTANATE OF SULU?

FINNEGAN  
(chuckles falsely)  
I can see you've done your legal home-  
work, Larry.

Keith turns to Rico, Cueball and Fidel.

KEITH  
I don't believe this is happening. I  
don't believe this is happening.

Cueball and Fidel each have one of the captured Brownings. The  
short wave radio and other captured gear is piled on the floor.  
Keith turns back to Finnegan.

KEITH  
How many other G-men are illegally  
on this island?

FINNEGAN  
I told you, Larry, seventy-five U.S. Navy  
ships are lying off the horizon - and you  
guys are completely surrounded - but I  
came on the island alone.

RICO  
Why'd you come alone?

FINNEGAN  
Do I gotta tell the whole goddamn plan  
again, Rico? We were afraid if we sent  
in the Marines, you guys would start killing  
the girls, so we figured that the safest  
way was to send in one man. Now will you  
kindly cut me loose?

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

FELIX

545

in the belfry observation perch with the third captured Browning.

KEITH, FINNEGAN AND FIDEL

546

approach.

FINNEGAN  
They followed your instructions to a tee,  
No ships or planes in the area. Just like  
you said. Only thing is, Larry, you're  
never gonna be able to spend a nickle  
of it because we got you surrounded.  
So the best thing -

KEITH

How did you find out where we were?

FINNEGAN

About four hours after the Navy parachuted the million bucks, we showed a picture of you and Nancy Travis and the guy she married to a guy who saw you, Rico and her get in the Buick. And he identified you.

KEITH

What made you show the guy my picture?

FINNEGAN

Rico was overheard telling people that he killed Nancy because she knew you.

They reach Mario at the door. Keith says to him ...

KEITH

Unlock the door, Mario  
(then)

So what's the next step, Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

The next step, Larry, is that you and your boys should give up.

KEITH

Why?

FINNEGAN

Because you're completely surrounded. As soon as you sail out of here, you'll be picked up.

KEITH

(a beat)

As soon as we sail out of here? How's that?

FINNEGAN

(a beat)

They'll see you.

KEITH

Ah, what if we fly out?

FINNEGAN

They'll shoot you out of the air.

KEITH

I see.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - NIGHT

FINNEGAN

enters.

FINNEGAN

Good evening, ladies.

REVERSE ANGLE - PAMELA, ANNIE, GAIL, SUZANNE, LOUISA 548  
... EVEN MARGARET

eyeing Finnegan with daggers.

INT - BARRACKS FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

RICO

549

listening to Keith. Also present are Cueball and Fidel

KEITH

I'll be very surprised if Charlie French shows up tomorrow morning with the million bucks. In fact, French, Henry, Ruben and the sub might already be captured.

RICO

So what you're sayin' is they might not even show up tomorrow morning.

KEITH

That's right. And even if they do show up, there's not enough room in the sub for all of us.

CUEBALL

(to Rico)

He's right, Rico.

KEITH

The sub was designed for five bodies. The maximum number that can squeeze in is seven. There's eleven of us, which means at least four of us would be left behind.

RICO

(looks around the room)

Who's not here?

CUEBALL

Mario, Felix, Carmen and Raoul.

RICO

Okay, they'll have to stay.

KEITH

Shut up, Rico!

RICO

WHAT THE FUCK'RE WE GONNA DO THEN, KEITH?

KEITH

(calmly)

We're all gonna leave this island on the motor launch. The motor launch easily will hold fifteen people.

RICO

Oh, I see. And when we get to that ring of seventy-five United States Navy ships waiting for us, what is it we want to say to them, Keith? Pardon us, fellows, but -

KEITH

Let me finish. We're gonna wait and see if those guys make it back with the sub. Then we're gonna turn on that short wave radio and make known our demands.

RICO

What the fuck are our demands?

KEITH

550

KEITH

Stores and provisions and safe passage to Germany.

RICO AND CUEBALL

551

look at him. Even Fidel looks at him.

CUEBALL

What?

RICO

(deadpan)

He said we're goin' to Germany.

KEITH

(elatedly)

Don't you understand, you idiots? Hitler would welcome us with open arms.

(pacing)

Let's see, they'll be eleven plus six - seventeen people in the launch. It'll be a little cramped, but we can do it. Now, the deal will be that we'll release the girls upon arrival at Hamburg.

CUEBALL

What about the Fed? We takin' him too?

KEITH

(grimly)

The Fed won't be coming.

INT - BARRACKS REAR ROOM - NIGHT

RICO

552

comes out of the barracks latrine. Cueball's sitting on a cot. Rico goes over and closes the door to the front room.

RICO

The man is a creep and a lunatic, you realize that, don't you?

CUEBALL

You think so, Rico?

RICO

No question about it, Cueball.

CUEBALL

What're we gonna do then?

RICO

Number one, we gotta hope that sub shows tomorrow. Number two, we gotta immediately take it over before Keith has a chance to explain his latest hare-brained scheme to his weird bosom pal Charles French. Number three, I now gotta figure out how to do it.

EXT - BARRACKS - DAY

GREEN COCONUTS

553

bunched high near the top of the tree backlit by the searing tropical morning sun. SLOW TILT DOWN TO FULL SHOT OF BARRACKS.

INT - BARRACKS FRONT ROOM - DAY

KEITH AND FIDEL

554

sleeping. Fidel is sleeping with his captured Browning. SOUND of a loud belch. Fidel and Keith snap awake.

RICO

555

standing in the doorway to the rear room. He looks at his watch, yawns and says

RICO

I think I'll stroll down to the dock and wait for French.

KEITH

(rising)

Good idea. I'll go with you.

RICO

Okay.

KEITH

Wake up, Fidel!

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

RAOUL, CARMEN AND MARIO

556

are on the porch as Keith, Rico and Fidel come out. Raoul, who has Finnegan's captured Thompson submachine gun, goes down and opens the gate. As Keith, Rico and Fidel approach the gate, Keith turns around and says

KEITH

Carmen ... Mario ... come on down to the dock to wait for Charlie.

Carmen and Mario run down and join Keith, Fidel and Rico. Raoul closes the gate behind them.

CLOSE ON RICO

557

wearing a sardonic smile.

CUEBALL

558

lying in wait in the brush with his captured Browning as Keith and the rest approach in the distance.

KEITH AND RICO

559

walking. Keith leads, followed by Rico, then, behind them, are Carmen, Fidel and Mario.

CUEBALL

560

ready to spring. Travis OFF whispers evenly

TRAVIS

Don't move. Don't talk.

PULL BACK to reveal Travis with his Thompson stuck in the small of Cueball's back.

KEITH AND RICO

561

and the others walk past Cueball and Travis.

RICO

562

wondering where's Cueball. He even turns around once and looks. Keith looks at his watch and says

KEITH

Charlie's due anytime now.

Rico is starting to look very worried.

TRAVIS AND CUEBALL

563

TRAVIS

You're gonna walk up to that guy on the porch and pray to God you can convince him to open the gate.

CUEBALL

Yes sir.

EXT - COVE IN JUNGLE SHORELINE - DAY

KEITH, RICO, CARMEN, MARIO AND FIDEL

564

approach the dock.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

TRAVIS AND CUEBALL

565

TRAVIS

Remember, if the gate doesn't open, you're gonna be hamburger.

Cueball approaches the gate. Raoul's on the porch.

CUEBALL

Hey, Raoul, you ol' sonofagun. Unlock the gate.

RAOUL

566

looks at Cueball like the heat's got to him.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

FELIX

567

with his captured Browning, watching from the perch in the belfry.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

RAOUL

568

unlocks the gate. Cueball walks slowly through ... then suddenly cuts and dives through the front door into the barracks.

TRAVIS

569

steps out of the foliage, lets go a short burst with the Thompson, drops Raoul and rushes for the door to the barracks.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

FELIX

570

opens fire on Travis.

EXT - COVE IN JUNGLE SHORELINE - DAY

KEITH, RICO, CARMEN, MARIO, FIDEL

571

on the dock react to the SOUND of the gunfire.

KEITH

What's that shooting?

RICO

572

suddenly, desperately draws his gun, spins around and opens fire on Carmen, Mario, Fidel. Keith dives in the water. Rico drops Carmen and Mario, but Fidel drops Rico with the Browning. Keith, swimming to shore, yells to Fidel

KEITH

Come on!

INT - BARRACKS FRONT ROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

573

stalking Cueball who apparently is in the next room. Travis cautiously steps over the short wave radio and other captured gear, kicks open the door between the rooms and lets go another short burst.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

FELIX

574

with his Browning raised, tense, ready for Travis to show in a window or doorway.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

FINNEGAN

575

climbing the stairs leading to the perch in the belfry. Annie and Gail and Suzanne are right behind him.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

FELIX

576

intently watching, waiting for Travis. Finnegan appears behind Felix and grabs him by the throat. Felix loses his Browning - it falls to the ground below - but manages to worm loose and get at Finnegan. Annie, Gail and Suzanne come to Finnegan's aid.

INT - BARRACKS REAR ROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

577

wondering what happened to Cueball. Then a SOUND in the barracks latrine and Travis reflexively spins around and lets go the absolutely loudest, most devastating burst of machine gun fire ever seen and heard on the silver screen. Travis's fusilade brings down the entire wall of the latrine.

CUEBALL'S HEAD

578

protruding from the hopper. Cueball manages a thin smile and says

CUEBALL

Missed.

TRAVIS

Get out of there!

Cueball climbs out of the hopper.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

KEITH AND FIDEL

579

run through the gate.

INT - BARRACKS FRONT ROOM - DAY

TRAVIS

580

handcuffs Cueball to a cot.

EXT - JUNGLE BARRACKS - DAY

KEITH AND FIDEL

581

running for the church.

TRAVIS

582

comes out on the porch and opens fire on them.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

KEITH AND FIDEL

583

return fire at Travis, Fidel with the Browning and Keith with his .45 automatic. Keith empties his .45 and says to Fidel

KEITH

Kill him, Fidel! I know who he is  
and he has no right to be here either!

Keith turns, and, behind Fidel, unlocks the door to the church. Above, Annie, Gail and Suzanne are helping Finnegan overpower Felix as the struggle overflows from the belfry to the roof.

INT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

KEITH 584

enters with drawn bowie knife.

PAMELA, MARGARET AND LOUSIA 585

up against the wall.

KEITH 586

KEITH

Do you still wanna go with me, Pamela?

PAMELA 587

bites her lip, shakes her head no.

KEITH 588

moves toward her.

KEITH

Then I guess I gotta force you to go  
with me.

EXT - JUNGLE CHURCH - DAY

TRAVIS 589

emptying his Thompson into CAMERA.

REVERSE ANGLE ON FIDEL 590

getting mowed down against the wall of the church. On the roof, Finnegan, Gail, Annie and Suzanne are beating and choking Felix. We are SHOOTING PAST TRAVIS as he approaches. Suddenly the church door flies open and Keith runs out Pamela by the hair of her head with his knife jiggling against her throat.

KEITH

(to Travis)

Gangway!

As Keith circles 180 degrees around Travis, holding Pamela as a shield, CAMERA CIRCLES 180 DEGREES IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION:

TRAVIS

Let her go, Keith.

(then)

My name's David Travis, Pamela ...

KEITH

(backing out the gate)

Screw you, Travis.

HOLLERING, OFF. Travis turns around. Keith takes off toward the beach with Pamela.

FELIX, GAIL, ANNIE, SUZANNE AND FINNEGAN

591

roll down the roof, drop off the edge and fall to the dirt in a great heap. Felix landed on the bottom and is out like a light. Finnegan landed on top and says to Travis

FINNEGAN

I owe you an apology.

TRAVIS

592

TRAVIS

Go in the barracks and radio Admiral Daily to haul ass!

EXT - COVE IN JUNGLE SHORELINE - DAY

KEITH AND PAMELA

593

rapidly approaching the dock.

PAMELA

You're hurting me, Larry.

KEITH

Shut up and keep moving!

TRAVIS (OFF)

(calling)

They're comin', Keith!

TRAVIS

594

running with his Thompson.

TRAVIS

(continuing)

The U.S. Navy is comin'! Let her go, Keith.

KEITH, PAMELA

595

backing toward the dock as Travis runs up close.

TRAVIS

(continuing)

This place is gonna be crawling with Marines in a minute.

KEITH

You're gettin too close, Travis ...

CLOSE ON TRAVIS

596

He stops, panting.

KEITH

597

half drags Pamela out to the end of the dock. He frantically scans the water, then turns back toward Travis.

TRAVIS

598

moves toward the dock.

KEITH

599

dives the sharp blade of his bowie into Pamela's neck, drawing a trickle of blood.

KEITH

Set one foot on the dock and I cut off  
her head.

TRAVIS

600

abruptly stops.

KEITH

601

again scanning the water, again turns back to Travis and shouts past him

KEITH

GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME  
FROM, G-MAN!

TRAVIS

602

turns around. Finnegan is in the distance, hobbling double time toward them.

KEITH

(continuing)

TELL J. EDGAR HOOVER TO GIVE  
YOU A LEGAL ASSIGNMENT NEXT  
TIME ...

CLOSE ON FINNEGAN

603

hobbling, shouting

FINNEGAN

How about letting me take the girl back  
with me, Larry? Her parents would  
sure like to see her again.

KEITH

604

KEITH

Thanks for the offer, but I think I'll  
just take her along with me if you don't  
mind.

Keith resumes scanning the water.

FINNEGAN

605

slowing.

FINNEGAN

Suit yourself.

(stops next to Travis)

I hope you're not looking for your submarine, Larry.

KEITH

606

scanning.

FINNEGAN

(continuing)

Reason why I say that is because yesterday some of Admiral Chester Daily's boys spotted it changing its air and recaptured it before it had a chance to submerge.

Keith turns around and looks at

FINNEGAN

607

FINNEGAN

So the sub won't be coming, in case that's what you're -

BACK ON KEITH

608

KEITH

BULLSHIT, COPPER!

FINNEGAN

It ain't bullshit, Larry, I just talked -

KEITH

It's another FBI lie! You Feds never learn, do you? You think I'm a jerk? I know you're lying through your teeth.

FINNEGAN

Am I, Larry? Then listen to this. When they captured the sub, they took Charles French and two other members of your gang into custody. French was wearing a green and red striped polo shirt. Now there's no way I could know that, Larry, unless Daily really captured the sub and just a minute ago told me over the short wave radio.

TRAVIS

Hang it up, Keith. No sub is gonna come. It's all over. Let her go.

KEITH AND PAMELA

609

Silence. Keith's thinking.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

610

More silence.

BACK ON KEITH AND PAMELA

611

After a beat, Pamela says

PAMELA

Please, Larry.

Keith looks at her. Looks at Travis, says

KEITH

Hey, Travis, you got a pair of those handcuffs you brought with you?

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

612

look at each other, puzzled, then Travis says

TRAVIS

Ah . . . I don't understand -

Finnegan wips out his handcuffs and says to Keith

FINNEGAN

Yeah, I got a pair of handcuffs, Larry -

KEITH

613

KEITH

(fiercely)

SHUT UP! I'm talkin' to Travis!

(then)

Tell you what, Travis. Alright. I'll let her go. I'll let her go on one condition.

TRAVIS

What's the one condition?

KEITH

Let's make a deal. I want your G-man friend. I'll trade you, Travis. You get her and I get him.

TRAVIS

614

This is a tough proposition for him.

PAMELA

615

FINNEGAN

616

BACK ON TRAVIS

617

agonizing.

KEITH

618

KEITH

Hurry up, Travis, I ain't got all day.

TRAVIS

619

He softly says to Finnegan

TRAVIS

I'm gonna rush the son of a bitch.  
When I do, you grab the Thompson.

(then)

Tell you what, Keith -

FINNEGAN

(softly)

No, son. There's no way you can get  
him before he kills Pamela.

(then)

Okay, Keith. You can have me for  
her. But you got to let her go first.  
Otherwise no deal.

KEITH

620

beckons Finnegan with his finger.

KEITH

Come here, copper. Slowly. And bring  
your handcuffs.

TRAVIS AND FINNEGAN

621

TRAVIS

(softly)

Don't do it, Finnegan. We can wait him  
out.

FINNEGAN

I don't think we can, son.

Finnegan take one step and Travis points the Thompson at him.

TRAVIS

Halt!

PAMELA

622

cringes.

FINNEGAN

623

FINNEGAN

(softly)

Put down that gun, you idiot. What'd you think,  
I'm crazy? I got a plan for Christ's sake.

TRAVIS

What it it?

FINNEGAN

Put down that gun!

Travis lowers the machine gun. Finnegan slowly walks out on the  
toward Keith and Pam.

KEITH

624

KEITH

That's good.

FINNEGAN

(stops)

Okay, Larry. What's next?

KEITH

Put on the bracelets.

FINNEGAN

625

puts on one cuff, starts to put on the other.

KEITH

Hold it, copper. Put the hands behind  
the back.

FINNEGAN

I don't know whether I can do it that  
way.

(struggles to get  
them on)

You have to be a contortionist ...

KEITH

626

pulls the knife deeper into Pam's throat and says to Finnegan ...

KEITH

Then that's what you better be.

FINNEGAN

627

manages to handcuff himself behind his back.

KEITH

Now, lay face down on the deck.

Finnegan lays face down on the dock.

TRAVIS

628

winces.

KEITH

629

barks

KEITH

Travis! Throw that submachine away.  
Far away.

TRAVIS

No.

KEITH

Fine. The deal's off.

FINNEGAN

Throw it, Travis!

TRAVIS

630

More agonizing. He slings away the Thompson.

KEITH AND PAMELA

631

He says to her

KEITH

Remember how we met?

PAMELA

Yeah, New Year's Eve when you threw  
me in the water.

KEITH

That's the way we'll say goodbye.

He swings her into the water and starts toward Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

632

rolls over on this back.

FINNEGAN

I know you did your homework, Larry,  
so before you kill me, hear me out.

KEITH

Make it snappy, G-man.

ANGLE ON PAMELA SWIMMING PAST

633

FINNEGAN

Up to now, you haven't broken any law of  
the United States, because the Lindbergh  
Act only applies to kidnappings on American

soil.

FINNEGAN AND KEITH

634

FINNEGAN  
(continuing)

You did all your kidnapping on foreign soil.

KEITH

That was to keep the FBI out of the case. You see where that got me.

FINNEGAN

On the other hand, you're about to break a law that applies everywhere.

ANGLE ON PAMELA

635

striding out of the water toward Travis. Annie, Gail and Suzanne are approaching in BG with Cueball and Felix tied up, and bringing up the rear are Louisa and Margaret. Keith is saying to Finnegan

KEITH

I couldn't care less, copper.

TRAVIS

(to Pamela)

He's gonna kill that ol' man.

CLOSE ON FINNEGAN

636

worried.

FINNEGAN

You know what law that is, Larry? Assassination of certain Federal officers. Including FBI agents, Larry.

KEITH

So what's your point?

FINNEGAN

My point is that at least now when you go back, you'll only have to finish serving your sentence at Alcatraz which is one hell of a lot better than -

KEITH

637

KEITH

But my sentence at Alcatraz is life.

FINNEGAN

638

FINNEGAN

You got life for kidnapping?

BACK ON KEITH

639

KEITH

Right. Which is why I'm now going to kill you.

Keith starts toward Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

Wait ... what about parole ... What about ... ?

But Finnegan is drowned out by the SOUND of bubbling, gurgling and the sea erupting. Keith looks, sees

THE MIDGET SUBMARINE

640

swoosh to the surface.

TRAVIS

641

charges Keith. When he gets within 10 feet, he lunges head first.

KEITH

642

turns back a split second too late. Travis slams home like an artillery shell.

THE CONNING TOWER HATCH

643

opens, French wearing a red and green polo shirt appears and points at pistol at Travis wrestling with Keith for the knife.

PAMELA

644

charges out the dock with Travis's Thompson trained on French, shouting

PAMELA

DROP IT, FRENCH! I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T!

FRENCH

645

drops his pistol.

FRENCH

Don't shoot!

TRAVIS

646

gets Keith's knife, stands, says to Finnegan

TRAVIS

You okay, Finnegan?

FINNEGAN

I guess so.

French, Ruben and Henry climb out of the conning tower with their hands up. Travis asks Finnegan

TRAVIS  
How the hell did you know that he was wearing a green and red striped polo shirt?

FINNEGAN  
(indicating)  
I had that guy over there tell me.

CUEBALL

647

tied up, standing between Annie and Gail.

TRAVIS

648

laughs, puts his arm around Finnegan and gives him a strong hug.

EXT - SHIP - DAY

LONG SHOT - SHIP

649

Name on the bow is Empress of Singapore

EXT - SHIP'S DECK - DAY

PAMELA AND TRAVIS

650

Travis wearing his dark gaberdine suit. Allen and Eunice standing behind Pamela.

PAMELA  
I don't think it would be a good idea, David. But I'm flattered by your offer.

TRAVIS  
See I'm sure I could find demolition work in Philadelphia.  
(tugs his shirt collar)

EUNICE  
Actually, Mr. Travis, Pamela's pretty involved with a medical student.

TRAVIS  
Oh, well, I ...

Travis glances at Pamela who nods her head yes.

TRAVIS  
... didn't know about ... him ...

The ship's whistle SOUNDS. Somebody says "Last call. All ashore that's going ashore."

PAMELA  
 (holds out her hand  
 to shake)  
 Goodby, David. And thank you.

TRAVIS  
 (takes her hand)  
 And I want to thank you.

PAMELA  
 That's sweet of you to say that.

TRAVIS  
 You did save my life.

ALLEN  
 Goodby, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS  
 (a beat)  
 Well ... Okay ... Goodby, folks.  
 It's been a pleasure knowing all of you.

Pamela kisses Travis on the cheek, and she and her parents go OFF.

CLOSE ON TRAVIS

651

We watches them a moment, then walks OFF down the gangplank.

EXT - SHIP'S DECK - DAY

FINNEGAN AND KEITH

652

standing side by side on a lower deck. A raincoat is thrown over the handcuffs between them. Finnegan is looking OFF.

EXT - PIER TERMINAL - DAY

TRAVIS - FINNEGAN'S POV

653

steps off the gangplank onto the pier, turns around to take a last look at the great ship and his face breaks into a big grin.

EXT - SHIP'S DECK - DAY

FINNEGAN

654

waving.

EXT - PIER TERMINAL - DAY

BACK ON TRAVIS

655

waving back. Then he walks OFF.

EXT - PIER RESTAURANT - DAY

GINGER

656

sitting in one of the fan-backed chairs at BON VOYAGE, sipping a drink, looking OFF.

TRAVIS - GINGER'S POV

657

approaching.

GINGER

658

starts reading a magazine on her lap.

TRAVIS

659

spots Ginger, grins, takes off his coat, heads straight for her.

GINGER

660

pretends not to notice him.

TRAVIS

Hi!

GINGER

(angrily)

Hello.

TRAVIS

Can I sit down?

GINGER

661

looks at him a beat, then says

GINGER

(sarcastically)

Did you say goodbye to Pamela?

TRAVIS

I said goodbye to the whole family. Pamela's gonna marry a guy when they get back.

GINGER

Is she out of your system?

TRAVIS

Oh, no question about it.

GINGER

(a beat)

Are you sure?

TRAVIS

Positive.

GINGER

(firmly)

Here on in, Travis, I want you to level with me.

TRAVIS

I will, Ginger. That's a promise.

(sits down)

Can I ask you a question I never got to ask you though?

GINGER

Yeah.

TRAVIS

What'd you think of that massage?

They look at each other a second and burst out laughing. CAMERA RISES, PULLS BACK and we

FADE OUT